

For whom the bell tolls by Ernest Hemingway (Excerpts)



He looked at her hair, that was as thick* and short and rippling* when she passed her hand over it, now in embarrassment, as a grain field* in the wind on a hillside*. “It was shaved*,” she said. “They shaved* it regularly in the prison at Valladolid. It has taken three months to grow* to this. I was on the train. They were taking me to the south. Many of the prisoners were caught* after the train was blown up* but I was not. I came with these.”

“I found her hidden in the rocks,” the gypsy said. “It was when we were leaving. Man, but this one was ugly*. We took her along but many times I thought we would have to leave* her.”

“And the other one who was with them at the train?” asked Maria. “The other blond one. The foreigner*. Where is he?”

“Dead,” Robert Jordan said. “In April.”

“In April? The train was in April.” “Yes,” Robert Jordan said. “He died ten days after the train.”

“Poor man,” she said. “He was very brave*. And you do that same business?”

“Yes.”

“You have done trains, too?”

“Yes. Three trains.” (p.14)

Across the road at the sawmill* smoke was coming out of the chimney and Anselmo could smell it blown* toward him through the snow. The fascists are warm, he thought, and they are comfortable, and tomorrow night we will kill them. It is a strange thing and I do not like to think of it. I have watched them all day and they are the same men that we are. I believe that I could walk up to the mill* and knock* on the door and I would be welcome except that they have orders to challenge* all travelers and ask to see their papers. It is only orders that come between us. Those men are not fascists. I call them so, but they are not. They are poor men as we are. They should never be fighting against us and I do not like to think of the killing.

These at this post are Galicians*. I know that from hearing them talk this afternoon. They cannot desert because if they do their families will be shot. Galicians are either very intelligent or very dumb* and brutal. I have known both kinds*. Lister is a Galician from the same town as Franco. I wonder* what these Galicians think of this snow now at this time of year. They have no high mountains such as these and in their country it always rains and it is always green. (p. 106)

But remember this that as long as we can hold* them here we keep* the fascists tied up*. They can't attack any other country until they finish with us and they can never finish with us. If the French help at all, if only they leave* the frontier open and if we get planes from America they can never finish with us. Never, if we get anything at all. These people will fight forever* if they're well-armed. (p.230)

I think you better get down now, he thought. You better get fixed around* some way where you will be useful* instead of leaning against* this tree like a tramp*. You have had much luck*. There are many worse* things than this. Everyone has to do this, one day or another. You are not afraid of it once you know you have to do it, are you? No, he said, truly. It was lucky the nerve was crushed*, though. I cannot even feel* that there is anything below the break. He touched the lower part of his leg and it was as though* it were not part of his body. He looked down the hill slope* again and he thought, I hate to leave it, is all. I hate to leave it very much and I hope I have done some good in it. I have tried to with what talent I had. *Have, you mean. All right, have.* I have fought for what I believed in for a year now. If we win here we will win everywhere. The world is a fine* place and worth the fighting for and I hate very much to leave* it. And you had a lot of luck, he told himself, to have had such a good life. (p.249)

thick: épais – ripple: onduler – grain field: champ de céréales – hillside: flanc de colline – shave: raser – catch/caught: attraper – blow up: (faire) exploser – ugly: laide – take along: emmener – leave: laisser – foreigner: étranger – brave: courageux – sawmill: scierie – blow: souffler – mill: grow: croître, pousser – short for sawmill (scierie) – knock: frapper – challenge: (here) interpellier, faire une sommation – Galician: habitant de la Galice, région du Nord-Ouest de l'Espagne – dumb: stupide – kind: type, genre – wonder: se demander – hold: tenir, (ici) occuper – keep: garder – tied up: attaché, (ici) occupé – leave: laisser – forever: pour toujours – anything at all: quoi que ce soit – get fixed around: (here) s'installer – useful: utile – lean against: s'appuyer contre – tramp: vagabond – luck: chance – worse: pire – crush: écraser – feel: sentir, ressentir – as though: comme si – hill slope: flanc de la colline – fine: agréable – worth the fighting for: qui vaut la peine qu'on se batte – leave: quitter