



《孔乙己》

鲁迅

Kung I-Chi

Lu Xun

《孔乙己》是鲁迅小说集《呐喊》中的一篇小说，也是该篇小说的主人公。这篇小说是鲁迅在五四运动前继《狂人日记》之后写的第二篇白话小说。

Content

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鲁镇的酒店的格局，是和别处不同的：都是当街一个曲尺形的大柜台，柜里面预备着热水，可以随时温酒。做工的人，傍午傍晚散了工，每每花四文铜钱，买一碗酒，——这是二十多年前的事，现在每碗要涨到十文，——靠柜外站着，热热的喝了休息；倘肯多花一文，便可以买一碟盐煮笋，或者茴香豆，做下酒物了，如果出到十几文，那就能买一样荤菜，但这些顾客，多是短衣帮，大抵没有这样阔绰。只有穿长衫的，才踱进店面隔壁的房子里，要酒要菜，慢慢地坐喝。

The wine shops in Luchen are not like those in other parts of China. They all have a **right-angled** counter facing the street, where hot water is kept ready for warming wine. When men come off work at midday and in the evening they buy a bowl of wine; it cost four coppers twenty years ago, but now it costs ten. Standing beside the counter, they drink it warm, and relax. Another copper will buy a plate of salted bamboo **shoots** or peas flavoured with **aniseed**, to go with the wine; while for a dozen coppers you can buy a meat dish. But most of these customers belong to the short-coated class, few of whom can afford this. Only those in long **gowns** enter the **adjacent** room to order wine and dishes, and sit and drink at leisure.

二

我从十二岁起，便在镇口的咸亨酒店里当伙计，掌柜说，样子太傻，怕侍候不了长衫主顾，就在外面做点事罢。外面的短衣主顾，虽然容易说话，但唠唠叨叨缠夹不清的也很不少。他们往往要亲眼看着黄酒从坛子里舀出，看过壶子底里有水没有，又亲看将壶子放在热水里，

然后放心：在这严重监督之下，羸水【a】也很为难。所以过了几天，掌柜又说我干不了这事。幸亏荐头的情面大，辞退不得，便改为专管温酒的一种无聊职务了。

At the age of twelve I started work as a waiter in Prosperity **Tavern**, at the entrance to the town. The tavernkeeper said I looked too foolish to serve the long-gowned customers, so I was given work in the outer room. Although the short-coated customers there were more easily pleased, there were quite a few trouble-makers among them too. They would insist on watching with their own eyes as the yellow wine was **ladled** from the **keg**, looking to see if there were any water at the bottom of the wine pot, and inspecting for themselves the **immersion** of the pot in hot water. Under such keen scrutiny, it was very difficult to **dilute** the wine. So after a few days my employer decided I was not suited for this work. Fortunately I had been recommended by someone **influential**, so he could not dismiss me, and I was transferred to the dull work of warming wine.

三

我从此便整天的站在柜台里，专管我的职务。虽然没有什么失职，但总觉得有些单调，有些无聊。掌柜是一副凶脸孔，主顾【a】也没有好声气，教人活泼不得；只有孔乙己到店，才可以笑几声，所以至今还记得。

孔乙己是站着喝酒而穿长衫的唯一的人。他身材很高大；青白脸色，皱纹间时常夹些伤痕；一部乱蓬蓬的花白的胡子。穿的虽然是长衫，可是又脏又破，似乎十多年没有补，也没有洗。

他对人说话，总是满口之乎者也，教人半懂不懂的。因为他姓孔，别人便从描红纸上的“上大人孔乙己”这半懂不懂的话里，替他取下一个绰号，叫作孔乙己。孔乙己一到店，所有喝酒的人便都看着他笑，有的叫道，

Thenceforward I stood all day behind the counter, fully engaged with my duties. Although I gave satisfaction at this work, I found it **monotonous** and **futile**. Our employer was a fierce-looking individual, and the customers were a **morose** lot, so that it was impossible to be gay. Only when Kung I-chi came to the tavern could I laugh a little. That is why I still remember him.

Kung was the only long-gowned customer to drink his wine standing. He was a big man, strangely **pallid**, with scars that often showed among the wrinkles of his face. He had a large, **unkempt** beard, **streaked** with white. Although he wore a long gown, it was dirty and **tattered**, and looked as if it had not been washed or mended for over ten years. He used so many **archaisms** in his speech, it was impossible to understand half he said. As his surname was Kung, he was nicknamed "Kung I-chi," the first three characters in a children's copy-book. Whenever he came into the shop, everyone would look at him and **chuckle**. And someone would call out:

四

“孔乙己，你脸上又添上新伤疤了！”

他不回答，对柜里说，“温两碗酒，要一碟茴香豆。”便排出九文大钱。他们又故意的高声嚷道，

“你一定又偷了人家的东西了！”

孔乙己睁大眼睛说，“你怎么这样凭空污人清白……”

“什么清白？我前天亲眼见你偷了何家的书，吊着打。”

孔乙己便涨红了脸，额上的青筋条条绽出，争辩道，“窃书不能算偷……窃书！……读书人的事，能算偷么？”接连便是难懂的话，什么“君子固穷”，什么“者乎”之类，引得众人都哄笑起来：店内外充满了快活的空气。

“Kung I-chi! There are some fresh scars on your face!”

Ignoring this remark, Kung would come to the counter to order two bowls of heated wine and a dish of peas flavoured with aniseed. For this he produced nine coppers. Someone else would call out, in deliberately loud tones:

“You must have been stealing again!”

“Why ruin a man's good name **groundlessly**?” he would ask, opening his eyes wide.

"Pooh, good name indeed! The day before yesterday I saw you with my own eyes being hung up and beaten for stealing books from the Ho family!"

Then Kung would flush, the veins on his forehead standing out as he **remonstrated**:

"Taking a book can't be considered stealing...Taking a book, the affair of a scholar, can't be considered stealing!" Then followed quotations from the classics, like "A gentleman keeps his **integrity** even in poverty," *[1] and a **jumble** of archaic expressions till everybody was roaring with laughter and the whole tavern was **gay**.

*From *the Analects of Confucius*.

五

听人家背地里谈论，孔乙己原来也读过书，但终于没有进学【a】，又不会营生；于是愈过愈穷，弄到将要讨饭了。幸而写得一笔好字，便替人家钞钞书，换一碗饭吃。可惜他又有一样坏脾气，便是好喝懒做。坐不到几天，便连人和书籍纸张笔砚，一齐失踪。如是几次，叫他钞书的人也没有了。孔乙己没有法，便免不了偶然做些偷窃的事。但他在我们店里，品行却比别人都好，就是从不拖欠；虽然间或没有现钱，暂时记在粉板上，但不出一月，定然还清，从粉板上拭去了孔乙己的名字。

From gossip I heard, Kung I-chi had studied the classics but had never passed the official examination. With no way of making a living, he grew poorer and poorer, until he was practically reduced to **beggary**. Happily, he was a good **calligrapher**,

and could get enough copying work to support himself. Unfortunately he had **failings**: he liked drinking and was lazy. So after a few days he would **invariably** disappear, taking books, paper, brushes and **inkstone** with him. After this had happened several times, nobody wanted to employ him as a copyist again. Then there was no alternative for him but to take to occasional **pilfering**. In our tavern his behaviour was **exemplary**. He never failed to pay up, although sometimes, when he had no ready money, his name would appear on the board where we listed debtors. However, in less than a month he would always **settle**, and his name would be wiped off the board again.

六

孔乙己喝过半碗酒，涨红的脸色渐渐复了原，旁人便又问道，

“孔乙己，你当真认识字么？”

孔乙己看着问他的人，显出不屑置辩的神气。他们便接着说道，“你怎的连半个秀才也捞不到呢？”

孔乙己立刻显出颓唐不安模样，脸上笼上了一层灰色，嘴里说些话；这回可是全是之乎者也之类，一些不懂了。在这时候，众人也都哄笑起来：店内外充满了快活的空气。

After drinking half a bowl of wine, Kung would regain his **composure**. But then someone would ask:

“Kung I-chi, do you really know how to read?”

When Kung looked as if such a question were **beneath contempt**, they would continue: “How is it you never passed even the lowest official examination?”

At that Kung would look **disconsolate** and ill at ease. His face would turn pale and his lips move, but only to **utter** those unintelligible classical expressions. Then everybody would laugh heartily again, and the whole tavern would be merry.

七

在这些时候，我可以附和着笑，掌柜是决不责备的。而且掌柜见了孔乙己，也每每这样问他，引人发笑。孔乙己自己知道不能和他们谈天，便只好向孩子说话。有一回对我说道，

“你读过书么？”

我略略点一点头。他说，“读过书，……我便考你一考。茴香豆的茴字，怎样写的？”

我想，讨饭一样的人，也配考我么？便回过脸去，不再理会。孔乙己等了许久，很恳切的说道，

不能写罢？……我教给你，记着！这些字应该记着。将来做掌柜的时候，写账要用。”

我暗想我和掌柜的等级还很远呢，而且我们掌柜也从不将茴香豆上账；又好笑，又不耐烦，懒懒的答他道，“谁要你教，不是草头底下一个来回的回字么？”

孔乙己显出极高兴的样子，将两个指头的长指甲敲着柜台，点头说，“对呀对呀！……回字有四样写法，你知道么？”我愈不耐烦了，努着嘴走远。孔乙己刚用指甲蘸了酒，想在柜上写字，见我毫不热心，便又叹一口气，显出极惋惜的样子。

At such times, I could join in the laughter without being scolded by my master. In fact he often put such questions to Kung himself, to evoke laughter. Knowing it was no use talking to them, Kung would chat to us children. Once he asked me:

“Have you had any schooling?”

When I nodded, he said, “Well then, I'll test you. How do you write the character *huin hui-xiang* (aniseed--Translator) peas?”

I thought, “I'm not going to be tested by a beggar!” So I turned away and ignored him. After waiting for some time, he said very earnestly:

“You can't write it? I'll show you how. Mind you remember! You ought to remember such characters, because later when you have a shop of your own, you'll need them to make up your accounts.”

It seemed to me I was still very far from owning a shop; besides, our employer never entered *hui-xiang* peas in the account book. Amused yet **exasperated**, I answered **listlessly**: "Who wants you as a teacher? Isn't it the character *hui* with the grass radical?"

Kung was delighted, and tapped two long fingernails on the counter. "Right, right!" he said, nodding. "Only there are four different ways of writing *hui*. Do you know them?" My patience exhausted, I **scowled** and made off. Kung I-chi had dipped his finger in wine, in order to trace the characters on the counter; but when he saw how indifferent I was, he sighed and looked most disappointed.

八

有几回，邻舍孩子听得笑声，也赶热闹，围住了孔乙己。他便给他们茴香豆吃，一人一颗。孩子吃完豆，仍然不散，眼睛都望着碟子。孔乙己着了慌，伸开五指将碟子罩住，弯腰下去说道，“不多了，我已经不多了。”直起身又看一看豆，自己摇头说，“不多不多！多乎哉？不多也。”于是这一群孩子都在笑声里走散了。

孔乙己是这样的使人快活，可是没有他，别人也便这么过。

有一天，大约是中秋前的两三天，掌柜正在慢慢的结账，取下粉板，忽然说，“孔乙己长久没有来了。还欠十九个钱呢！”我才也觉得他的确长久没有来了。

一个喝酒的人说道, “他怎么会来?他打折了腿了。”

掌柜说, “哦!”

“他总仍旧是偷。这一回, 是自己发昏, 竟偷到丁举人家里去了。他家的东西, 偷得的么?”

“后来怎么样?”

“怎么样? 先写服辩【a】, 后来是打, 打了大半夜, 再打折了腿。”

“后来呢?”

“后来打折了腿了。”

“打折了怎样呢?”

“怎样?谁晓得? 许是死了。”

掌柜也不再问, 仍然慢慢的算他的账。

Sometimes children in the neighbourhood, hearing laughter, came to join in the fun, and surrounded Kung I-chi. Then he would give them peas flavoured with aniseed, one **apiece**. After eating the peas, the children would still hang round, their eyes on the dish. **Flustered**, he would cover the dish with his hand and,

bending forward from the waist, would say: "There isn't much. I haven't much as it is." Then straightening up to look at the peas again, he would shake his head. "Not much! Verily, not much, **forsooth!**" Then the children would **scamper** off, with shouts of laughter.

Kung I-chi was very good company, but we got along all right without him too.

One day, a few days before the Mid-Autumn Festival, the tavern keeper was **laboriously** making out his accounts. Taking down the board from the wall, he suddenly said: "Kung I-chi hasn't been in for a long time. He still owes nineteen coppers!" That made me realize how long it was since we had seen him.

"How could he come?" one of the customers said. "His legs were broken in that last beating."

"Ah!"

"He was stealing again. This time he was fool enough to steal from Mr. Ting, the provincial scholar! As if anybody could get away with that!"

"What then?"

"What then? First he had to write a confession, then he was beaten. The beating lasted nearly all night, until his legs were broken."

“And then?”

“Well, his legs were broken.”

“Yes, but after that?”

“After? ... Who knows? He may be dead.”

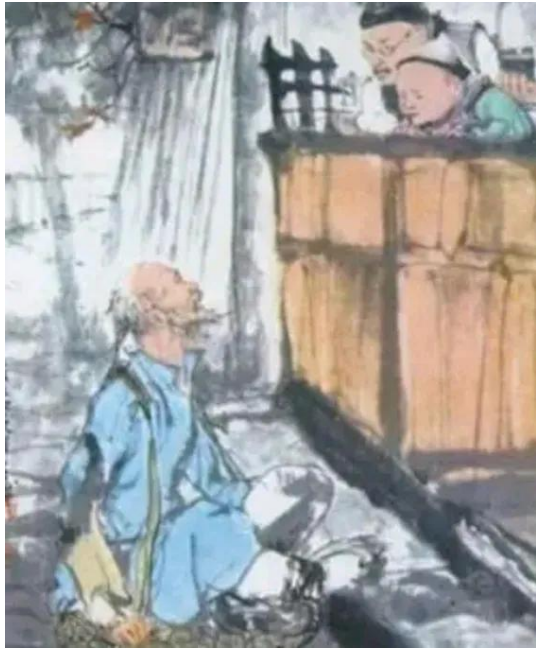
The tavern keeper did not pursue his questions, but went on slowly making up his accounts.

九

中秋过后，秋风是一天凉比一天，看看将近初冬；我整天的靠着火，也须穿上棉袄了。一天的下半天，没有一个顾客，我正合了眼坐着。忽然间听得一个声音，

“温一碗酒。”

这声音虽然极低，却很耳熟。看时又全没有人。站起来向外一望，那孔乙己便在柜台下对了门槛坐着。他脸上黑而且瘦，已经不成样子；穿一件破夹袄，盘着两腿，下面垫一个蒲包，用草绳在肩上挂住；见了我，又说道，



“温一碗酒。”

掌柜也伸出头去，一面说，“孔乙己么？你还欠十九个钱呢！”

孔乙己很颓唐的仰面答道，“这……下回还清罢。这一回是现钱，酒要好。”

掌柜仍然同平常一样，笑着对他说，

“孔乙己，你又偷了东西了！”

但他这回却不十分分辩，单说了一句

“不要取笑！”

“取笑？要是不偷，怎么会打断腿？”

孔乙己低声说道，“跌断，跌，跌……”他的眼色，很像恳求掌柜，不要再提。此时已经聚集了几个人，便和掌柜都笑了。我温了酒，端出去，放在门槛上。他从破衣袋里摸出四文大钱，放在我手里，见他满手是泥，原来他使用这手走来的。不一会，他喝完酒，便又在旁人的说笑声中，坐着用这手慢慢走去了。

After the Mid-Autumn Festival the wind grew colder every day, as winter came on. Even though I spent all my time by the stove, I had to wear my **padded** jacket. One afternoon, when the shop was empty, I was sitting with my eyes closed when I heard a voice:

“Warm a bowl of wine.”

The voice was very low, yet familiar. But when I looked up, there was no one in sight. I stood up and looked towards the door, and there, facing the **threshold**, beneath the counter, sat Kung I-chi. His face was **haggard** and **lean**, and he looked in a terrible condition. He had on a ragged **lined** jacket, and was sitting cross-legged on a **mat** which was attached to his shoulders by a straw rope. When he saw me, he repeated:

“Warm a bowl of wine.”

At this point my employer **leaned** over the counter and said: “Is that Kung I-chi? You still owe nineteen coppers!”

"That ...I'll settle next time," replied Kung, looking up disconsolately. "Here's read money; the wine must be good."

The tavern keeper, just as in the past, chuckled and said:

"Kung I-chi, you've been stealing again!"

But instead of **protesting** vigorously, the other simply said:

"You like your joke."

"Joke? If you didn't steal, why did they break your legs?"

"I fell," said Kung in a low voice. "I broke them in a fall." His eyes pleaded with the tavern keeper to let the matter drop. By now several people had gathered round, and they all laughed. I warmed the wine, carried it over, and set it on the threshold. He produced four coppers from his ragged coat pocket, and placed them in my hand. As he did so I saw that his hands were covered with mud—he must have **crawled** here on them. Presently he finished the wine and, amid the laughter and comments of the others, slowly **dragged** himself off by his hands.

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自此以后，又长久没有看见孔乙己。到了年关，掌柜取下粉板说，“孔乙己还欠十九个钱呢！”到第二年的端午，又说“孔乙己还欠十九个钱呢！”到中秋可是没有说，再到年关也没有看见他。

我到现在终于没有见——大约孔乙己的确死了。

A long time went by after that without our seeing Kung again. At the end of the year, when the tavern keeper took down the board, he said, "Kung I-chi still owes nineteen coppers!" At the Dragon Boat Festival the next year, he said the same thing again. But when the Mid-Autumn Festival came, he did not mention it. And another New Year came round without our seeing any more of him.

Nor have I ever seen him since—probably Kung I-chi is really dead.

一九一九年三月。

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鲁迅 一九三〇年九月
二十一日照于上海。
时年五十。