

英語長文・通訳論

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**Michael Jackson : The King of Pop****by Carl W Hart**

以下の英文を、未知語などに囚われず全体の流れを把握するつもりで読みましょう。

Michael Joseph Jackson was born in Gary Indiana on August 29, 1958. Gary is a poor industrial city in the northwest corner of Indiana near Chicago, Illinois. Gary had, and still has, the same problems that many cities in the U.S.A. have: high unemployment, gangs, drugs and crime. People in Gary were lucky to have jobs. Many worked in the steel mills along the southern shore of Lake Michigan. All day and all night, the smoke from the mills gave the air an awful smell. But nobody complained because it was the smell of jobs.

Gary's streets were lined with small single-family homes. The neighborhoods were quiet during the day but dangerous at night. After dark, the main streets of Gary came alive with nightlife. "Sin City" was what people called Gary. They gave it that name because it was where people from Chicago and other parts of India went to do things they could not do at home. Not far from the bright lights of Sin City, at 2300 Jackson Street, lived Joe and Katherine Jackson.

Joe Jackson had not had an easy life. He was born in Arkansas. When his parents divorced, he moved with his father to Oakland, California. His father was a school teacher who expected obedience from both his children and his pupils. Joe learned an important lesson from his father. He learned that survival depended on discipline and hard work. He became a strict hard-working man.

When his father remarried, Joe moved to East Chicago to live with his mother. He dropped out of high school and he became a boxer for a short time. Not long after that he met Katherine Scruse. They were married six months later in November 1949.

Joe was strict, but Katherine was warm and loving. She had strong Christian beliefs. Michael later said that his mother taught him that the most important things in life were "kindness, love and consideration for other people."

Joe was not interested in religion. He said it was "boring." He and Katherine shared a strong love of music however. In the 1950s, Joe had a job in a steel mill. In the evening he played the guitar in a band called The Falcons. The band had a little success in bars and nightclubs in Gary. Joe hoped to quit his job in the mill and become a full-time musician.

The Jacksons of Jackson Street already had a large family when Michael was born. Michael joined two sisters, Maureen (Rebbie) and La Toya, and four brothers, Jackie, Tito, Jermaine and

Marlon. Another brother, Randy, and another sister Janet, were born after Michael.

With nine children, the Jackson house was crowded. Michael later remembered that “our family’s house in Gary was tiny, only three rooms really, but at the time it seemed much larger to me. You could take five steps from the front door and you’d be out the back. It was no bigger than a garage, but when we lived there it seemed fine to us kids.”

Two bedrooms were not enough for a family of eleven. Joe and Katherine shared one bedroom. The boys slept in the other bedroom in a triple bunk bed. Tito and Jackie slept on top, Marlon and Michael slept in the middle and Jermaine slept on the bottom. The girls slept on a sofa in the living room. Later, when Randy was born, he slept on another sofa. In the winter, the family spent much of their time sitting around the kitchen stove to stay warm.

Raising a family in Gary in the 1960s was difficult. But raising a family of nine children on Joe’s small salary was even more difficult. Joe made only around sixty-five dollars a week. The family learned to be very careful with their money. Katherine bought clothes at the Salvation Army or made them herself. Meals were simple — soup, bologna sandwiches, macaroni and cheese and spaghetti.

Joe’s family grew faster than his musical career. He had to give up his dream of being a full-time professional musician. He kept his guitar, however, and still occasionally played with the band. Most of the music they played was by popular black performers of the time: Little Richard, Chuck Berry, Otis Redding and James Brown.

Joe’s three oldest sons, Jackie, Tito and Jermaine, loved to watch The Falcons play. Sometime, when Joe was not practicing with the band, he played his guitar while Katherine led the family in singing traditional songs. Katherine was pleased at how well her children could sing and even when Michael was a child, she noticed that he moved beautifully. From their earliest days, the children were surrounded by music. Their success grew from this. “The Jackson 5 were born out of this tradition,” Michael later said.

Joe made strict rules for his children. One of the most important rules was “Don’t touch my guitar.” But sometimes, when Katherine was busy in the kitchen, Tito took the guitar to his bedroom. There he practiced playing along with whatever song was on the radio. While he played, Jackie and Jermaine sang.

Sometimes Michael watched Tito, Jermaine and Jackie as they played and sang. One day Katharine discovered her sons with their father’s guitar. She said she would not tell Joe if they promised to be careful with it. She was happy that her children were interested in music and not outside getting into trouble. There was another reason that she let the boys continue playing with their father’s guitar. “I didn’t want to stop it,” she later explained, “because I saw a lot of talent there.”

One day, a string on the guitar broke while Tito was playing it. When Joe came home from work and saw the broken string, he asked his sons about it. At first, they said they did not know

anything about the broken string. Joe did not believe them. He knew the truth. He became so angry that Tito started to cry. Later Joe calmed down and came into the boys' room. Tito was still crying on the bed. He told his father, "You know, I can play that thing. I really can."

Joe handed the guitar to Tito. "OK, let me see what you can do," he said. Tito began to play. Jackie and Jermaine came and sang along. Joe was amazed. He did not know how much musical talent his sons had. On that day Joe had an idea. He could never imagine where that idea would take him and his family.

The next day, Joe did not come home at the usual time. Katherine began to worry. Finally he came through the door. He had a surprise. It was a shiny red guitar for Tito. Joe began to spend less time with The Falcons and more time teaching his sons about music. He brought home more musical instruments and worked to create a family band. Tito and Jackie played the guitar, Jermaine sang and Maureen and La Toya played the piano and clarinet. Sometimes Michael joined in the fun. He danced and sang words that he was too young to understand.

Katherine was happy that her family was together and enjoying themselves. But she worried about the money Joe was spending on musical instruments. It was money they needed to buy food and clothes. Sometimes Joe and Katherine argued. Joe always won the fight. He refused to give up his dream of a Jackson family band. Katherine knew that when her husband made a decision, nothing could change his mind.

問 1 この話から察すると、世界的歌手グループとなった The Jackson Five の構成メンバーは誰だと思いますか？

問 2 The Jackson Five が成功した原因として考えられるものをすべて挙げてみましょう。



**The Tragedy of Macbeth**

by William Shakespeare

以下の英文を、未知語などに囚われず全体の流れを把握するつもりで読みましょう。

Duncan was the king of Scotland. Macbeth was a great lord and the leader of the Scottish army. Banquo was also a lord and an army leader.

Macbeth had won a great battle against an army from Norway. He and Banquo were coming back from the battle, riding over some wild, open land in the storm. In the wildest part they saw three witches sitting around a fire. The witches stopped the two men.

'Who are you?' asked Banquo. 'You look like women, but you have beards.'

'Speak!' said Macbeth. 'What are you?'

'Greetings, Macbeth, Lord of Glamis,' the first witch said.

'Greetings, Macbeth, Lord of Cawdor,' the second witch said.

'Greetings, Macbeth. You will be king,' the third witch said.

Then they turned to Banquo.

'You will not be king,' the third witch said. 'But your children and grandchildren will become kings.'

Macbeth and Banquo rode away from the witches.

'I am already Lord of Glamis,' said Macbeth, 'but how can I become Lord of Cawdor? The Lord of Cawdor is still alive. And I do not believe that I will be king. They say your children will become kings, Banquo.' At that moment messengers from King Duncan came to Macbeth.

'The Lord of Cawdor helped the Norwegians,' one of them said. 'He fought against the king. Now the king wants you to be the new Lord of Cawdor.'

'Lord of Glamis and lord of Cawdor,' Macbeth said to Banquo in surprise.

'If you believe the witches you will become king,' said Banquo. 'perhaps these witches are telling the truth – and perhaps they want to cause trouble and death.'

\* \* \*

In Macbeth's castle, Lady Macbeth read a letter from her husband. 'The witches say that my husband will be king,' she thought. 'But Macbeth is too kind, too gentle. There are things that he must do, but he is afraid to do them. I must speak to him and must make him brave.'



Then Macbeth arrived at the castle. 'My dearest love, the king is coming here tonight,' he said. 'He wants to honour me.'

'When will he leave?'

'He says that he will leave tomorrow.'

'Oh, no! He must never leave! Macbeth, your face shows your thoughts and feelings. You must hide them. Leave everything to me.'

King Duncan arrived at Macbeth's castle with his two sons, Malcolm and Donalbain. After dinner, Macbeth came out of the dining hall.

'If I want to be king, I must kill King Duncan,' he said to himself. 'I must kill him quickly. But what will happen if I kill him? An act of this could harm me. The king is a guest in my house, so I should guard him against murderers, not kill him. Duncan is a good king and his death will cause great sorrow. No! I will not do it.'

Just then, Lady Macbeth came out of the dining hall. 'Why did you leave the room?' she asked.

'I do not want to kill the king,' said Macbeth. 'He is good to me. People like and admire me. I will not throw away their good opinion.'

Lady Macbeth was very angry with her husband.

'What are you saying?' she said. 'Why are you so afraid? You want to be king. Are you afraid to kill him?'

'I am a brave man,' Macbeth replied. 'I will do everything that a man should do – everything that is right.'

'You must be strong,' Lady Macbeth said.

'But what will happen if we fail?'

'Then we fail!' said Lady Macbeth. 'But if you're brave, we will succeed. Wait until Duncan is asleep. We will make everyone believe that the king's servants killed him. I will put something in their drink to make them sleep, and we will cover them with the king's blood.'

'Yes, we will do that,' said Macbeth. 'But we must look kind and happy, so no one knows our plans.'

The king and his two sons came out of the dining hall. The king was tired so he went to bed early.

Later that night, Banquo and his son Fleance met Macbeth in the garden of the castle.

'Here is a beautiful jewel from the king to your wife,' said Banquo. 'He has gone to bed.'

Midnight came. Lady Macbeth made the king's servants drink, so they knew nothing. She took her dagger and went to the king's bedroom. Duncan was sleeping deeply after his long journey. His face reminded Lady Macbeth of her father and she could not kill him, so she left.

Macbeth looked at the dagger in his hand. 'The witches told the truth. I must go into Duncan's room and kill him,' he thought. When he came out of the king's room, he said, 'Did you

hear anything? Did you speak? I thought I heard a voice. 'Macbeth has murdered sleep,' it said. He will never sleep again.'

'I heard nothing,' Lady Macbeth said. 'You imagined it. Now, get some water and wash the blood from your hands. Why did you bring your dagger here? You must leave it in the king's bedroom. Take it back and cover the sleeping servants with blood.'

'I cannot go into that room and see the king's body again,' Macbeth said. 'I am afraid.'

'You are weak,' said Lady Macbeth. 'Give me the dagger. I will spread the blood on the servants.'

When she came back, she showed her hands to Macbeth. 'Now look! My hands are as red as yours. But my heart is not as white with fear as your heart. Put on your night clothes. We want people to think that we are asleep.'

Suddenly there was a loud knock on the great gate of the castle.

'What is that?' cried Macbeth. 'Every noise frightens me.' He looked at his bloody hands. 'My hands! All the water in the oceans will not clean the blood from these hands!'

People were still beating on the gate. Macduff and Lennox, two Scottish lords, had arrived. Macbeth came out to greet them.

'Is the king awake?' asked Macduff.

'Not yet, but I will take you to his room.'

Macduff went into the king's room. A moment later, he ran out with a loud cry.

'What is the matter?' Lennox asked.

'It is too horrible!' Macduff cried. 'Quickly, wake Malcolm and Donalbain. Ring the castle bell.' Banquo came in. 'Oh, Banquo, Banquo!' cried Macduff. 'Our king is dead!'

Malcolm and Donalbain came out of their rooms.

'What is the matter?' Donalbain asked.

'Your father, the king, is dead!' Lennox said. 'We think his servants murdered him. They are covered with blood.'

'We must ask questions and try to find the answers,' Banquo said. 'This is a bloody piece of work. What does it mean?'

The king's two sons were afraid. Who could they trust?

'I will go to England,' said Malcolm. 'Someone in this castle murdered our father. They are only pretending to be sad.'

'And I will go to Ireland,' said Donalbain. 'We will be safer in different countries.'

After that night, strange and frightening things happened in Scotland. There was black fear in everyone's heart.

Banquo did not trust Macbeth. 'Now Macbeth has everything,' he said to himself. 'The death of Duncan makes him king. King, Cawdor, Glamis – he is everything that the witches promised. But they promised something for me too. I will be the father of kings. Will that be

true?’

Macbeth and Lady Macbeth invited people to a feast. ‘Fleance and I must ride out this afternoon,’ Banquo said. ‘But we will be back for the feast.’

‘Good,’ Macbeth replied. ‘I hear that Duncan’s sons, in England and Ireland, are telling lies about their father’s murderer.’

When the room was empty, Macbeth called a servant. ‘Bring in the two men who are waiting outside the palace gate,’ he said.

‘The witches said that Banquo’s sons would be kings of Scotland,’ he said to himself. ‘I have done this terrible thing for Banquo and his children, not for myself. He must die, and Fleance, his son, must die, too.’

The two men came in. They were murderers.

‘Banquo is your enemy,’ Macbeth said. ‘He is my enemy, too. You must kill him. I will tell you where you can wait to catch him and his son.’

Before the feast began, Lady Macbeth talked to her husband.

‘You spend too much time alone,’ she said. ‘Your only friends are your sad thoughts. It is too late to worry. Duncan is dead.’

‘We’re still in danger,’ Macbeth replied. ‘We both have terrible dreams every night. I am full of fear while the dead rest in peace.’

問 1 この話によると、王を殺したのは誰ですか。

問 2 王に即位して以降のマクベスの心情はどのようなものか。

## The Californian's Tale

by Mark Twain

以下の英文を、未知語などに囚われず全体の流れを把握するつもりで読みましょう。

When I was young, I went looking for gold in California. I never found enough to make me rich. But I did discover a beautiful part of the country. It was called "the Stanislaw." The Stanislaw was like Heaven on Earth. It had bright green hills and deep forests where soft winds touched the trees.

Other men, also looking for gold, had reached the Stanislaw hills of California many years before I did. They had built a town in the valley with sidewalks and stores, banks and schools. They had also built pretty little houses for their families.

At first, they found a lot of gold in the Stanislaw hills. But their good luck did not last. After a few years, the gold disappeared. By the time I reached the Stanislaw, all the people were gone, too.

Grass now grew in the streets. And the little houses were covered by wild rose bushes. Only the sound of insects filled the air as I walked through the empty town that summer day so long ago. Then, I realized I was not alone after all.

A man was smiling at me as he stood in front of one of the little houses. This house was not covered by wild rose bushes. A nice little garden in front of the house was full of blue and yellow flowers. White curtains hung from the windows and floated in the soft summer wind.

Still smiling, the man opened the door of his house and motioned to me. I went inside and could not believe my eyes. I had been living for weeks in rough mining camps with other gold miners. We slept on the hard ground, ate canned beans from cold metal plates and spent our days in the difficult search for gold.

Here in this little house, my spirit seemed to come to life again.

I saw a bright rug on the shining wooden floor. Pictures hung all around the room. And on little tables there were seashells, books and china vases full of flowers. A woman had made this house into a home.

The pleasure I felt in my heart must have shown on my face. The man read my thoughts. "Yes," he smiled, "it is all her work. Everything in this room has felt the touch of her hand."

One of the pictures on the wall was not hanging straight. He noticed it and went to fix it. He stepped back several times to make sure the picture was really straight. Then he gave it a gentle touch with his hand.

"She always does that," he explained to me. "It is like the finishing pat a mother gives her child's hair after she has brushed it. I have seen her fix all these things so often that I can do it just the way she does. I don't know why I do it. I just do it."

As he talked, I realized there was something in this room that he wanted me to discover. I looked around. When my eyes reached a corner of the room near the fireplace, he broke into a happy laugh and rubbed his hands together.

"That's it!" he cried out. "You have found it! I knew you would. It is her picture." I went to a little black shelf that held a small picture of the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. There was a sweetness and softness in the woman's expression that I had never seen before.

The man took the picture from my hands and stared at it. "She was nineteen on her last birthday. That was the day we were married. When you see her...oh, just wait until you meet her!"

"Where is she now?" I asked.

"Oh, she is away," the man sighed, putting the picture back on the little black shelf. "She went to visit her parents. They live forty or fifty miles from here. She has been gone two weeks today."

"When will she be back?" I asked. "Well, this is Wednesday," he said slowly. "She will be back on Saturday, in the evening."

I felt a sharp sense of regret. "I am sorry, because I will be gone by then," I said.

"Gone? No! Why should you go? Don't go. She will be so sorry. You see, she likes to have people come and stay with us."

"No, I really must leave," I said firmly.

He picked up her picture and held it before my eyes. "Here," he said. "Now you tell her to her face that you could have stayed to meet her and you would not."

Something made me change my mind as I looked at the picture for a second time. I decided to stay.

The man told me his name was Henry.

That night, Henry and I talked about many different things, but mainly about her. The next day passed quietly.

Thursday evening we had a visitor. He was a big, grey-haired miner named Tom. "I just came for a few minutes to ask when she is coming home," he explained. "Is there any news?"

"Oh yes," the man replied. "I got a letter. Would you like to hear it?" He took a yellowed letter out of his shirt pocket and read it to us. It was full of loving messages to him and to other people – their close friends and neighbors. When the man finished reading it, he looked at his

friend. "Oh no, you are doing it again, Tom! You always cry when I read a letter from her. I'm going to tell her this time!"

"No, you must not do that, Henry," the grey-haired miner said. "I am getting old. And any little sorrow makes me cry. I really was hoping she would be here tonight."

The next day, Friday, another old miner came to visit. He asked to hear the letter. The message in it made him cry, too. "We all miss her so much," he said.

Saturday finally came. I found I was looking at my watch very often. Henry noticed this. "You don't think something has happened to her, do you?" he asked me.

I smiled and said that I was sure she was just fine. But he did not seem satisfied.

I was glad to see his two friends, Tom and Joe, coming down the road as the sun began to set. The old miners were carrying guitars. They also brought flowers and a bottle of whiskey. They put the flowers in vases and began to play some fast and lively songs on their guitars.

Henry's friends kept giving him glasses of whiskey, which they made him drink. When I reached for one of the two glasses left on the table, Tom stopped my arm. "Drop that glass and take the other one!" he whispered. He gave the remaining glass of whiskey to Henry just as the clock began to strike midnight.

Henry emptied the glass. His face grew whiter and whiter. "Boys," he said, "I am feeling sick. I want to lie down."

Henry was asleep almost before the words were out of his mouth.

In a moment, his two friends had picked him up and carried him into the bedroom. They closed the door and came back. They seemed to be getting ready to leave. So I said, "Please don't go gentlemen. She will not know me. I am a stranger to her."

They looked at each other. "His wife has been dead for nineteen years," Tom said.

"Dead?" I whispered.

"Dead or worse," he said.

"She went to see her parents about six months after she got married. On her way back, on a Saturday evening in June, when she was almost here, the Indians captured her. No one ever saw her again. Henry lost his mind. He thinks she is still alive. When June comes, he thinks she has gone on her trip to see her parents. Then he begins to wait for her to come back. He gets out that old letter. And we come around to visit so he can read it to us."

"On the Saturday night she is supposed to come home, we come here to be with him. We put a sleeping drug in his drink so he will sleep through the night. Then he is all right for another year."

Joe picked up his hat and his guitar. "We have done this every June for nineteen years," he said. "The first year there were twenty-seven of us. Now just the two of us are left." He opened the door of the pretty little house. And the two old men disappeared into the darkness of the Stanislaw.

問 1 2 人の友人は何のために男を訪問していたのですか。

問 2 男の妻はいつ帰ってくるでしょうか。

## The Last Leaf

by O. Henry

以下の英文を、未知語などに囚われず全体の流れを把握するつもりで読みましょう。

Many artists lived in the Greenwich Village area of New York. Two young women named Sue and Johnsy shared a studio apartment at the top of a three-story building. Johnsy's real name was Joanna.

In November, a cold, unseen stranger came to visit the city. This disease, pneumonia, killed many people. Johnsy lay on her bed, hardly moving. She looked through the small window. She could see the side of the brick house next to her building.

One morning, a doctor examined Johnsy and took her temperature. Then he spoke with Sue in another room.

"She has one chance in – let us say ten," he said. "And that chance is for her to want to live. Your friend has made up her mind that she is not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?"

"She – she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples in Italy some day," said Sue.

"Paint?" said the doctor. "Bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking twice – a man for example?"

"A man?" said Sue. "Is a man worth – but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind."

"I will do all that science can do," said the doctor. "But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages at her funeral, I take away fifty percent from the curative power of medicines."

After the doctor had gone, Sue went into the workroom and cried. Then she went to Johnsy's room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep. She began making a pen and ink drawing for a story in a magazine. Young artists must work their way to "Art" by making pictures for magazine stories. Sue heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting – counting backward. "Twelve," she said, and a little later "eleven"; and then "ten" and "nine;" and then "eight" and "seven," almost together.

Sue looked out the window. What was there to count? There was only an empty yard and the blank side of the house seven meters away. An old ivy vine, going bad at the roots, climbed



half way up the wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken leaves from the plant until its branches, almost bare, hung on the bricks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, quietly. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head hurt to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now."

"Five what, dear?" asked Sue.

"Leaves. On the plant. When the last one falls I must go, too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I never heard of such a thing," said Sue. "What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine. Don't be silly. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were – let's see exactly what he said – he said the chances were ten to one! Try to eat some soup now. And, let me go back to my drawing, so I can sell it to the magazine and buy food and wine for us."

"You needn't get any more wine," said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window. "There goes another one. No, I don't want any soup. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go, too."

"Johnsy, dear," said Sue, "will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by tomorrow."

"Tell me as soon as you have finished," said Johnsy, closing her eyes and lying white and still as a fallen statue. "I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking. I want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves."

"Try to sleep," said Sue. "I must call Mister Behrman up to be my model for my drawing of an old miner. Don't try to move until I come back."

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor of the apartment building. Behrman was a failure in art. For years, he had always been planning to paint a work of art, but had never yet begun it. He earned a little money by serving as a model to artists who could not pay for a professional model. He was a fierce, little, old man who protected the two young women in the studio apartment above him.

Sue found Behrman in his room. In one area was a blank canvas that had been waiting twenty-five years for the first line of paint. Sue told him about Johnsy and how she feared that her friend would float away like a leaf.

Old Behrman was angered at such an idea. "Are there people in the world with the foolishness to die because leaves drop off a vine? Why do you let that silly business come in her brain?"

"She is very sick and weak," said Sue, "and the disease has left her mind full of strange ideas."

"This is not any place in which one so good as Miss Johnsy shall lie sick," yelled Behrman. "Some day I will paint a masterpiece, and we shall all go away."

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to cover the window. She and Behrman went into the other room. They looked out a window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other without speaking. A cold rain was falling, mixed with snow. Behrman sat and posed as the miner.

The next morning, Sue awoke after an hour's sleep. She found Johnsy with wide-open eyes staring at the covered window.

"Pull up the shade; I want to see," she ordered, quietly.

Sue obeyed.

After the beating rain and fierce wind that blew through the night, there yet stood against the wall one ivy leaf. It was the last one on the vine. It was still dark green at the center. But its edges were colored with the yellow. It hung bravely from the branch about seven meters above the ground.

"It is the last one," said Johnsy. "I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall today and I shall die at the same time."

"Dear, dear!" said Sue, leaning her worn face down toward the bed. "Think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?"

But Johnsy did not answer.

The next morning, when it was light, Johnsy demanded that the window shade be raised. The ivy leaf was still there. Johnsy lay for a long time, looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was preparing chicken soup.

"I've been a bad girl," said Johnsy. "Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how bad I was. It is wrong to want to die. You may bring me a little soup now."

An hour later she said: "Someday I hope to paint the Bay of Naples."

Later in the day, the doctor came, and Sue talked to him in the hallway.

"Even chances," said the doctor. "With good care, you'll win. And now I must see another case I have in your building. Behrman, his name is – some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man and his case is severe. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital today to ease his pain."

The next day, the doctor said to Sue: "She's out of danger. You won. Nutrition and care now – that's all."

Later that day, Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, and put one arm around her.

"I have something to tell you, white mouse," she said. "Mister Behrman died of pneumonia today in the hospital. He was sick only two days. They found him the morning of the first day in

his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were completely wet and icy cold. They could not imagine where he had been on such a terrible night.

And then they found a lantern, still lighted. And they found a ladder that had been moved from its place. And art supplies and a painting board with green and yellow colors mixed on it.

And look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it is Behrman's masterpiece – he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell.”

問 1 本文 4 行目にある a cold, unseen stranger とは何のことですか。本文中の 1 語で答えなさい。

問 2 Johnsy はなぜ、窓の外のツタの葉が落ちていくのを数えていたのでしょうか。

問 3 最後一枚の葉が残っていたのはなぜでしょうか。

## Pigs Is Pigs

by Ellis Parker Butler

以下の英文を、未知語などに囚われず全体の流れを把握するつもりで読みましょう。

Mike Flannery, the agent of the Interurban Express Company, leaned over the desk in the company's office in Westcote and shook his fist. Mr. Morehouse, angry and red, stood on the other side of the desk shaking with fury. The argument had been long and hot. At last Mr. Morehouse had become speechless.

The cause of the trouble lay on the desk between the two men. It was a box with two guinea pigs inside.

"Do as you like, then!" shouted Flannery. "Pay for them and take them. Or don't pay for them and leave them here. Rules are rules, Mr. Morehouse. And Mike Flannery is not going to break them."

"But you stupid idiot!" shouted Mr. Morehouse, madly shaking a thin book beneath the agent's nose. "Can't you read it here – in your own book of transportation rates? 'Pets, domestic, Franklin to Westcote, if correctly boxed, twenty-five cents each.'"

He threw the book on the desk. "What more do you want? Aren't they pets? Aren't they domestic? Aren't they correctly boxed? What?"

He turned and walked back and forth rapidly, with a furious look on his face. "Pets," he said. "P-E-T-S! Twenty-five cents each. Two times twenty-five is fifty! Can you understand that? I offer you fifty cents."

Flannery reached for the book. He ran his hand through the pages and stopped at page sixty-four.

"I don't take fifty cents," he whispered in an unpleasant voice. "Here's the rule for it: 'When the agent be in any doubt about which two rates should be charged on a shipment, he shall charge the larger. The person receiving the shipment may put in a claim for the overcharge.' In this case, Mr. Morehouse, I be in doubt. Pets them animals may be. And domestic they may be, but pigs I'm sure they do be. And my rule says plain as the nose on your face, 'Pigs, Franklin to Westcote, thirty cents each.'"

Mr. Morehouse shook his head savagely. "Nonsense!" he shouted. "Confounded nonsense, I tell you! That rule means common pigs, not guinea pigs!"

"Pigs is pigs," Flannery said firmly.

Mr. Morehouse bit his lip and then flung his arms out wildly. "Very well!" he shouted. "You shall hear of this! Your president shall hear of this! It is an outrage! I have offered you fifty cents. You refuse it. Keep the pigs until you are ready to take the fifty cents. But, by George, sir, if one hair of those pigs' heads is harmed, I will have the law on you!" He turned and walked out, slamming the door. Flannery carefully lifted the box from the desk and put it in a corner.

Mr. Morehouse quickly wrote a letter to the president of the transportation express company. The president answered, informing Mr. Morehouse that all claims for overcharge should be sent to the Claims Department.

Mr. Morehouse wrote to the Claims Department. One week later he received an answer. The Claims Department said it had discussed the matter with the agent at Westcote. The agent said Mr. Morehouse had refused to accept the two guinea pigs shipped to him. Therefore, the department said, Mr. Morehouse had no claim against the company and should write to its Tariff Department.

Mr. Morehouse wrote to the Tariff Department. He stated his case clearly. The head of the Tariff Department read Mr. Morehouse's letter. "Huh! Guinea pigs," he said. "Probably starved to death by this time." He wrote to the agent asking why the shipment was held up. He also wanted to know if the guinea pigs were still in good health.

Before answering, agent Flannery wanted to make sure his report was up to date. So he went to the back of the office and looked into the cage. Good Lord! There were now eight of them! All well and eating like hippopotamuses.

He went back to the office and explained to the head of the Tariff Department what the rules said about pigs. And as for the condition of the guinea pigs, said Flannery, they were all well. But there were eight of them now, all good eaters.

The head of the Tariff Department laughed when he read Flannery's letter. He read it again and became serious.

"By George!" he said. "Flannery is right. Pigs is pigs. I'll have to get something official on this." He spoke to the president of the company. The president treated the matter lightly. "What is the rate on pigs and on pets?" he asked.

"Pigs thirty cents, pets twenty-five," the head of the Tariff Department answered. "Then of course guinea pigs are pigs," the president said.

"Yes," the head of the Tariff Department agreed. "I look at it that way too. A thing that can come under two rates is naturally to be charged at the higher one. But are guinea pigs, pigs? Aren't they rabbits?"

"Come to think of it," the president said, "I believe they are more like rabbits. Sort of half-way between pig and rabbit. I think the question is this – are guinea pigs of the domestic pig family? I'll ask Professor Gordon. He is an expert about such things."

The president wrote to Professor Gordon. Unfortunately, the professor was in South America collecting zoological samples. His wife forwarded the letter to him.

The professor was in the High Andes Mountains. The letter took many months to reach him. In time, the president forgot the guinea pigs. The head of the Tariff Department forgot them. Mr. Morehouse forgot them. But agent Flannery did not. The guinea pigs had increased to thirty-two. He asked the head of the Tariff Department what he should do with them.

"Don't sell the pigs," agent Flannery was told. "They are not your property. Take care of them until the case is settled."

The guinea pigs needed more room. Flannery made a large and airy room for them in the back of his office.

Some months later he discovered he now had one hundred sixty of them. He was going out of his mind.

Not long after this, the president of the express company heard from Professor Gordon. It was a long and scholarly letter. It pointed out that the guinea pig was the *cavia aparoea*, while the common pig was the genus *sus* of the family *suidae*.

The president then told the head of the Tariff Department that guinea pigs are not pigs and must be charged only twenty-five cents as domestic pets. The Tariff Department informed agent Flannery that he should take the one hundred sixty guinea pigs to Mr. Morehouse and collect twenty-five cents for each of them.

Agent Flannery wired back. "I've got eight hundred now. Shall I collect for eight hundred or what? How about the sixty-four dollars I paid for cabbages to feed them?"

Many letters went back and forth. Flannery was crowded into a few feet at the extreme front of the office. The guinea pigs had all the rest of the room. Time kept moving on as the letters continued to go back and forth.

Flannery now had four thousand sixty-four guinea pigs. He was beginning to lose control of himself. Then, he got a telegram from the company that said: "Error in guinea pig bill. Collect for two guinea pigs – fifty cents."

Flannery ran all the way to Mr. Morehouse's home. But Mr. Morehouse had moved. Flannery searched for him in town but without success. He returned to the express office and found that two hundred six guinea pigs had entered the world since he left the office.

At last, he got an urgent telegram from the main office: "Send the pigs to the main office of the company at Franklin." Flannery did so. Soon, came another telegram. "Stop sending pigs. Warehouse full." But he kept sending them.

Agent Flannery finally got free of the guinea pigs. "Rules may be rules," he said, "but so long as Flannery runs this express office, pigs is pets and cows is pets and horses is pets and lions and tigers and Rocky Mountain goats is pets. And the rate on them is twenty-five cents."

Then he looked around and said cheerfully, "Well, anyhow, it is not as bad as it might have been. What if them guinea pigs had been elephants?"

問 1 フラネリとモアハウス氏のあいだで何をもめていたのでしょうか

問 2 結局モルモット（ギニーピッグ）はブタとして認定されたのでしょうか

問 3 フラネリはどんな性格でしょうか

**The Devil and Tom Walker**

by Washington Irving

以下の英文を、未知語などに囚われず全体の流れを把握するつもりで読みましょう。

Before we begin our story, let us go back three hundred years to the late sixteen hundreds. In those years, one of the most famous men in the world was Captain William Kidd. Captain Kidd was a pirate. He sailed the seas, capturing any ships he found. He and his men took money from these ships. Captain Kidd hid this money in different places.

Captain Kidd was captured by the English in Boston, Massachusetts and executed in the year 1701.

From that time on, people all over the world searched in many places for Captain Kidd's stolen money.

The people who lived in Massachusetts in the seventeen hundreds believed Captain Kidd buried some of his treasure near Boston. Not far from Boston was a small river which ran into the Atlantic Ocean. An old story said that Captain Kidd had come up this river from the ocean. Then he buried his gold and silver and jewels under a big tree.

The story said that this treasure was protected by the devil himself, who was a good friend of Captain Kidd.

In the year 1727, a man named Tom Walker lived near this place. Tom Walker was not a pleasant man. He loved only one thing – money. There was only one person worse than Tom. That was his wife. She also loved money. These two were so hungry for money that they even stole things from each other.

One day, Tom Walker was returning home through a dark forest. He walked slowly and carefully, so that he would not fall into a pool of mud.

At last, he reached a piece of dry ground. Tom sat down on a tree that had fallen. As he rested, he dug into the earth with a stick. He knew the story that Indians had killed prisoners here as sacrifices to the Devil. But this did not trouble him. The only devil Tom was afraid of was his wife.

Tom's stick hit something hard. He dug it out of the earth. It was a human skull. In the skull was an Indian ax.

Suddenly, Tom Walker heard an angry voice: "Don't touch that skull!"



Tom looked up. He saw a giant sitting on a broken tree. Tom had never seen such a man. He wore the clothes of an Indian. His skin was almost black and covered with ashes. His eyes were big and red. His black hair stood up from his head. He carried a large ax.

The giant asked, "What are you doing on my land?" But Tom Walker was not afraid. He answered, "What do you mean? This land belongs to Mr. Peabody."

The strange man laughed and pointed to the tall trees. Tom saw that one of the trees had been cut by an ax. He looked more closely and saw that the name Peabody had been cut into the tree. Mr. Peabody was a man who got rich by stealing from Indians.

Tom looked at the other trees. Every one had the name of some rich, important man from Massachusetts. Tom looked at the tree on which he was sitting. It also had a name cut into it – the name of Absalom Crowninshield. Tom remembered that Mr. Crowninshield was a very rich man. People said he got his money as Captain Kidd did – by stealing ships.

Suddenly, the giant shouted: "Crowninshield is ready to be burned! I'm going to burn many trees this winter!"

Tom told the man that he had no right to cut Mr. Peabody's trees. The stranger laughed and said, "I have every right to cut these trees. This land belonged to me a long time before Englishmen came to Massachusetts. The Indians were here. Then you Englishmen killed the Indians. Now I show Englishmen how to buy and sell slaves. And I teach their women how to be witches."

Tom Walker now knew that the giant was the Devil himself. But Tom Walker was still not afraid.

The giant said Captain Kidd had buried great treasures under the trees, but nobody could have them unless the giant permitted it. He said Tom could have these treasures. But Tom had to agree to give the giant what he demanded.

Tom Walker loved money as much as he loved life. But he asked for time to think.

Tom went home. He told his wife what had happened. She wanted Captain Kidd's treasure. She urged him to give the Devil what he wanted. Tom said no.

At last, Mrs. Walker decided to do what Tom refused to do. She put all her silver in a large piece of cloth and went to see the dark giant. Two days passed. She did not return home. She was never seen again.

People said later that Tom went to the place where he had met the giant. He saw his wife's cloth hanging in a tree. He was happy, because he wanted to get her silver. But when he opened the cloth, there was no silver in it – only a human heart.

Tom was sorry he lost the silver, but not sorry he lost his wife. He wanted to thank the giant for this. And so, every day he looked for the giant. Tom finally decided that he would give the giant what he wanted in exchange for Captain Kidd's treasure.

One night, Tom Walker met the giant and offered his soul in exchange for Captain Kidd's treasure. The Devil now wanted more than that. He said that Tom would have to use the treasure to do the Devils work. He wanted Tom to buy a ship and bring slaves to America.

As we have said, Tom Walker was a hard man who loved nothing but money. But even he could not agree to buy and sell human beings as slaves. He refused to do this.

The Devil then said that his second most important work was lending money. The men who did this work for the Devil forced poor people who borrowed money to pay back much more than they had received.

Tom said he would like this kind of work. So the Devil gave him Captain Kidd's treasure.

A few days later, Tom Walker was a lender of money in Boston. Everyone who needed help – and there were many who did – came to him. Tom Walker became the richest man in Boston. When people were not able to pay him, he took away their farms, their horses, and their houses.

As he got older and richer, Tom began to worry. What would happen when he died? He had promised his soul to the Devil. Maybe... maybe... he could break that promise.

Tom then became very religious. He went to church every week. He thought that if he prayed enough, he could escape from the Devil.

One day, Tom took the land of a man who had borrowed money. The poor man asked for more time to pay. "Please do not destroy me!" he said. "You have already taken all my money!"

Tom got angry and started to shout, "Let the Devil take me if I have taken any money from you!"

That was the end of Tom Walker. For just then, he heard a noise. He opened the door. There was the black giant, holding a black horse. The giant said, "Tom, I have come for you." He picked up Tom and put him on the horse. Then he hit the horse, which ran off, carrying Tom.

Nobody ever saw Tom Walker again. A farmer said that he saw the black horse, with a man on it, running wildly into the forest.

After Tom Walker disappeared, the government decided to take Tom's property. But there was nothing to take. All the papers which showed that Tom owned land and houses were burned to ashes. His boxes of gold and silver had nothing in them but small pieces of wood. The wood came from newly cut trees. Tom's horses died, and his house suddenly burned to ashes.

問 1 トムは悪魔とどのような契約をしましたか。

問 2 トムはどのような最期を迎えましたか。

問 3 悪魔はどのようにして富豪たちを殺めていたのでしょうか。

以下の英文を、未知語などに囚われず全体の流れを把握するつもりで読みましょう。

Many years ago, a very small *yadoya* in Tottori town received its first guest, an itinerant merchant. He was received with more than common kindness, for the landlord desired to make a good name for his little inn. It was a new inn, but as its owner was poor, most of its *dogu* — furniture and utensils — had been purchased from the *furuteya*. Nevertheless, everything was clean, comforting, and pretty. The guest ate heartily and drank plenty of good warm saké; after which his bed was prepared on the soft floor, and he laid himself down to sleep.

[But here I must interrupt the story for a few moments, to say a word about Japanese beds. Never; unless some inmate happen to be sick, do you see a bed in any Japanese house by day, though you visit all the rooms and peep into all the corners. In fact, no bed exists, in the Occidental meaning of the word. That which the Japanese call bed has no bedstead, no spring, no mattress, no sheets, no blankets. It consists of thick quilts only, stuffed, or, rather, padded with cotton, which are called *futon*. A certain number of *futon* are laid down upon the *tatami* (the floor mats), and a certain number of others are used for coverings. The wealthy can lie upon five or six quilts, and cover themselves with as many as they please, while poor folk must content themselves with two or three. And of course there are many kinds, from the servants' cotton *futon* which is no larger than a Western hearthrug, and not much thicker, to the heavy and superb *futon* silk, eight feet long by seven broad, which only the *kanemochi* can afford. Besides these there is the *yogi*, a massive quilt made with wide sleeves like a *kimono*, in which you can find much comfort when the weather is extremely cold. All such things are neatly folded up and stowed out of sight by day in alcoves contrived in the wall and closed with *fusuma* — pretty sliding screen doors covered with opaque paper usually decorated with dainty designs. There also are kept those curious wooden pillows, invented to preserve the Japanese coiffure from becoming disarranged during sleep.

The pillow has a certain sacredness; but the origin and the precise nature of the beliefs concerning it I have not been able to learn. Only this I know, that to touch it with the foot is considered very wrong; and that if it be kicked or moved thus even by accident, the clumsiness

must be atoned for by lifting the pillow to the forehead with the hands, and replacing it in its original position respectfully, with the word "*go-men*," signifying, I pray to be excused.]

Now, as a rule, one sleeps soundly after having drunk plenty of warm saké, especially if the night be cool and the bed very snug. But the guest, having slept but a very little while, was aroused by the sound of voices in his room — voices of children, always asking each other the same questions: — "*Ani-San samukaro?*" "*Omae samukaro?*" The presence of children in his room might annoy the guest, but could not surprise him, for in these Japanese hotels there are no doors, but only papered sliding screens between room and room. So it seemed to him that some children must have wandered into his apartment, by mistake, in the dark. He uttered some gentle rebuke. For a moment only there was silence; then a sweet, thin, plaintive voice queried, close to his ear, "*Ani-San samukaro?*" (Elder Brother probably is cold?), and another sweet voice made answer caressingly, "*Omae samukaro?*" [Nay, thou probably art cold?]

He arose and rekindled the candle in the *andon*, and looked about the room. There was no one. The *shoji* were all closed. He examined the cupboards; they were empty. Wondering, he lay down again, leaving the light still burning; and immediately the voices spoke again, complainingly, close to his pillow:

"*Ani-San samukaro?*"

"*Omae samukaro?*"

Then, for the first time, he felt a chill creep over him, which was not the chill of the night. Again and again he heard, and each time he became more afraid. For he knew that the voices were in the *futon*! It was the covering of the bed that cried out thus.

He gathered hurriedly together the few articles belonging to him, and, descending the stairs, aroused the landlord and told what had passed. Then the host, much angered, made reply: "That to make pleased the honourable guest everything has been done, the truth is; but the honourable guest too much august saké having drunk, bad dreams has seen." Nevertheless the guest insisted upon paying at once that which he owed, and seeking lodging elsewhere.

Next evening there came another guest who asked for a room for the night. At a late hour the landlord was aroused by his lodger with the same story. And this lodger, strange to say, had not taken any saké. Suspecting some envious plot to ruin his business, the landlord answered passionately: "Thee to please all things honourably have been done: nevertheless, ill-omened and vexatious words thou utterest. And that my inn my means-of-livelihood is — that also thou knowest. Wherefore that such things be spoken, right-there-is-none!" Then the guest, getting into a passion, loudly said things much more evil; and the two parted in hot anger.

But after the guest was gone, the landlord, thinking all this very strange, ascended to the empty room to examine the *futon*. And while there, he heard the voices, and he discovered that the guests had said only the truth. It was one covering — only one — which cried out. The rest were silent. He took the covering into his own room, and for the remainder of the night lay

down beneath it. And the voices continued until the hour of dawn: "*Ani-San samukaro?*" "*Omae samukaro?*" So that he could not sleep.

But at break of day he rose up and went out to find the owner of the *furuteya* at which the *futon* had been purchased. The dealer knew nothing. He had bought the *futon* from a smaller shop, and the keeper of that shop had purchased it from a still poorer dealer dwelling in the farthest suburb of the city. And the innkeeper went from one to the other, asking questions.

Then at last it was found that the *futon* had belonged to a poor family, and had been bought from the landlord of a little house in which the family had lived, in the neighbourhood of the town. And the story of the *futon* was this: —

The rent of the little house was only sixty *sen* a month, but even this was a great deal for the poor folks to pay. The father could earn only two or three yen a month, and the mother was ill and could not work; and there were two children — a boy of six years and a boy of eight. And they were strangers in Tottori.

One winter's day the father sickened; and after a week of suffering he died, and was buried. Then the long-sick mother followed him, and the children were left alone. They knew no one whom they could ask for aid; and in order to live they began to sell what there was to sell.

That was not much: the clothes of the dead father and mother, and most of their own; some quilts of cotton, and a few poor household utensils — *hibachi*, bowls, cups, and other trifles. Every day they sold something, until there was nothing left but one *futon*. And a day came when they had nothing to eat; and the rent was not paid.

The terrible *Dai-kan* had arrived, the season of greatest cold; and the snow had drifted too high that day for them to wander far from the little house. So they could only lie down under their one *futon*, and shiver together, and compassionate each other in their own childish way — "*Ani-San, samukaro?*" "*Omae samukaro?*"

They had no fire, nor anything with which to make fire; and the darkness came; and the icy wind screamed into the little house.

They were afraid of the wind, but they were more afraid of the house-owner, who roused them roughly to demand his rent. He was a hard man, with an evil face. And finding there was none to pay him, he turned the children into the snow, and took their one *futon* away from them, and locked up the house.

They had but one thin blue *kimono* each, for all their other clothes had been sold to buy food; and they had nowhere to go. There was a temple of Kwannon not far away, but the snow was too high for them to reach it. So when the landlord was gone, they crept back behind the house. There the drowsiness of cold fell upon them, and they slept, embracing each other to keep warm. And while they slept, the gods covered them with a new *futon* — ghostly-white and very beautiful. And they did not feel cold any more. For many days they slept there; then somebody found them, and a bed was made for them in the *hakaba* of the Temple of Kwannon-of-the-Thousand-Arms.

And the innkeeper, having heard these things, gave the *futon* to the priests of the temple, and caused the *kyo* to be recited for the little souls. And the *futon* ceased thereafter to speak.

問 1 宿屋で声を出していたものは何でしたか。また、それは誰の声ですか。

問 2 貧しい兄弟は最後にどうなりましたか。

by Jack London

1444 Words

以下の英文を、未知語などに囚われず全体の流れを把握するつもりで読みましょう。

Keesh lived at the edge of the polar sea. He had seen thirteen suns in the Eskimo way of keeping time. Among the Eskimos, the sun each winter leaves the land in darkness. And the next year, a new sun returns, so it might be warm again.

The father of Keesh had been a brave man. But he had died hunting for food. Keesh was his only son. Keesh lived along with his mother, Ikeega.

One night, the village council met in the big igloo of Klosh-kwan, the chief. Keesh was there with the others. He listened, then waited for silence.

He said, "It is true that you give us some meat. But it is often old and tough meat, and has many bones."

The hunters were surprised. This was a child speaking against them. A child talking like a grown man!

Keesh said, "My father, Bok, was a great hunter. It is said that Bok brought home more meat than any of the two best hunters. And that he divided the meat so that all got an equal share."

"Naah! Naah!" the hunters cried. "Put the child out! Send him to bed. He should not talk to gray-beards this way!"

Keesh waited until the noise stopped. "You have a wife, Ugh-gluk," he said. "And you speak for her. My mother has no one but me. So I speak. As I say, Bok hunted greatly, but is now dead. It is only fair then that my mother, who was his wife, and I, his son, should have meat when the tribe has meat. I, Keesh, son of Bok, have spoken."

Again, there was a great noise in the igloo. The council ordered Keesh to bed. It even talked of giving him no food.

Keesh jumped to his feet. "Hear me!" he cried. "Never shall I speak in the council igloo again. I shall go hunt meat like my father, Bok."

There was much laughter when Keesh spoke of hunting. The laughter followed Keesh as he left the council meeting.

The next day, Keesh started out for the shore, where the land meets the ice. Those who watched saw that he carried his bow and many arrows. Across his shoulder was his father's big hunting spear. Again there was laughter.



One day passed, then a second. On the third day, a great wind blew. There was no sign of Keesh. His mother, Ikeega, put burned seal oil on her face to show her sorrow. The women shouted at their men for letting the little boy go. The men made no answer, but got ready to search for the body of Keesh.

Early next morning, Keesh walked into the village. Across his shoulders was fresh meat. "Go you men, with dogs and sleds. Follow my footsteps. Travel for a day," he said. "There is much meat on the ice. A she-bear and her two cubs."

His mother was very happy. Keesh, trying to be a man, said to her, "Come, Ikeega, let us eat. And after that, I shall sleep. For I am tired."

There was much talk after Keesh went to his igloo. The killing of a bear was dangerous. But it was three times more dangerous to kill a mother bear with cubs. The men did not believe Keesh had done so. But the women pointed to the fresh meat. At last, the men agreed to go for the meat that was left. But they were not very happy.

One said that even if Keesh had killed the bear, he probably had not cut the meat into pieces. But when the men arrived, they found that Keesh had not only killed the bear, but had also cut it into pieces, just like a grown hunter.

So began the mystery of Keesh.

On his next trip, he killed a young bear ... and on the following trip, a large male bear and its mate.

Then there was talk of magic and witchcraft in the village. "He hunts with evil spirits," said one. "Maybe his father's spirit hunts with him," said another.

Keesh continued to bring meat to the village. Some people thought he was a great hunter. There was talk of making him chief, after old Klash-kwan. They waited, hoping he would come to council meetings. But he never came.

"I would like to build an igloo." Keesh said one day, "but I have no time. My job is hunting. So it would be just if the men and women of the village who eat my meat, build my igloo." And the igloo was built. It was even bigger than the igloo of the Chief Klash-kwan.

One day, Ugh-gluk talked to Keesh. "It is said that you hunt with evil spirits, and they help you kill the bear."

"Is not the meat good?" Keesh answered. "Has anyone in the village yet become sick after eating it? How do you know evil spirits are with me? Or do you say it because I am a good hunter?"

Ugh-gluk had no answer.

The council sat up late talking about Keesh and the meat. They decided to spy on him.

On Keesh's next trip, two young hunters, Bim and Bawn, followed him. After five days, they returned. The council met to hear their story.

"Brothers," Bim said, "we followed Keesh, and he did not see us. The first day he came to a great bear. Keesh shouted at the bear, loudly. The bear saw him and became angry. It rose high on its legs and growled. But Keesh walked up to it."

"We saw it," Bawn, the other hunter, said. "The bear began to run toward Keesh. Keesh ran away. But as he ran, he dropped a little round ball on the ice. The bear stopped and smelled the ball, then ate it. Keesh continued to run, dropping more balls on the ice. The bear followed and ate the balls."

The council members listened to every word. Bim continued the story. "The bear suddenly stood up straight and began to shout in pain."

"Evil spirits," said Ugh-gluk.

"I do not know," said Bawn. "I can tell only what my eyes saw. The bear grew weak. Then it sat down and pulled at its own fur with its sharp claws. Keesh watched the bear that whole day."

"For three more days, Keesh continued to watch the bear. It was getting weaker and weaker. Keesh moved carefully up to the bear and pushed his father's spear into it."

"And then?" asked Klash-kwan.

"And then we left."

That afternoon, the council talked and talked. When Keesh arrived in the village, the council sent a messenger to ask him to come to the meeting. But Keesh said he was tired and hungry. He said his igloo was big and could hold many people, if the council wanted a meeting.

Klash-kwan led the council to the igloo of Keesh. Keesh was eating, but he welcomed them. Klash-kwan told Keesh that two hunters had seen him kill a bear. And then, in a serious voice to Keesh, he said, "We want to know how you did it. Did you use magic and witchcraft?"

Keesh looked up and smiled. "No, Klash-kwan. I am a boy. I know nothing of magic or witchcraft. But I have found an easy way to kill the ice-bear. It is head-craft, not witchcraft."

"And will you tell us, O Keesh?" Klash-kwan asked in a shaking voice.

"I will tell you. It is very simple. Watch."

Keesh picked up a thin piece of whalebone. The ends were pointed and sharp as a knife. Keesh bent the bone into a circle. Suddenly he let the bone go, and it became straight with a sharp snap. He picked up a piece of seal meat.

"So," he said, "first make a circle with a sharp, thin piece of whale bone. Put the circle of bone inside some seal meat. Put it in the snow to freeze. The bear eats the ball of meat with the circle of bone inside. When the meat gets inside the bear, the meat gets warm, and the bone goes snap! The sharp points make the bear sick. It is easy to kill then. It is simple."

Ugh-gluk said, "Ohhh!" Klash-kwan said "Ahh!" Each said something in his own way. And all understood.

That is the story of Keesh, who lived long ago on the edge of the polar sea. Because he used head-craft, instead of witchcraft, he rose from the poorest igloo to be the chief in the village. And for all the years that followed, his people were happy. No one cried at night with pains of hunger.

問 1 キーシュの狩猟をいぶかった男たちはどのようなことをしましたか。

問 2 キーシュはどのような方法で狩猟をしていましたか。