

東江一紀『ねみみにみみず』所収、「女のすなる『アン訳』という所作、おじさん思いて、してみた候」、著者訳による『赤毛のアン』原文当該部分。

原文①

‘That’s Barry’s pond,’ said Matthew.

‘Oh, I don’t like that name, either. I shall call it — let me see — the Lake of Shining Waters. Yes, that is the right name for it. I know because of the thrill. When I hit on a name that suits exactly it gives me a thrill. Do things ever give you a thrill?’

Matthew ruminated.

‘Well now, yes. It always kind of gives me a thrill to see them ugly white grubs that spade up in the cucumber beds. I hate the look of them.’

‘Oh, I don’t think that can be exactly the same kind of a thrill. Do you think it can? There doesn’t seem to be much connexion between grubs and lakes of shining water, does there? But why do other people call it Barry’s pond?’

‘I reckon because Mr Barry lives up there in that house. Orchard Slope’s the name of his place. If it wasn’t for that big bush behind it you could see Green Gables from here. But we have to go over the bridge and round by the road, so it’s near half a mile further.’

‘Has Mr Barry any little girls? Well, not so very little either — about my size?’

‘He’s got one about eleven. Her name is Diana.’

‘Oh!’ with a long indrawing of breath. ‘What a perfectly lovely name!’

原文②

Since the day by the pond when she had refused to listen to his plea for forgiveness, Gilbert, save for the aforesaid determined rivalry, had evinced no recognition whatever of the existence of Anne Shirley. He talked and jested with the other girls, exchanged books and puzzles with them, discussed lessons and plans, sometimes walked home with one or the other of them from prayer-meeting or Debating Club. But Anne Shirley he simply ignored, and Anne found out that it is not pleasant to be ignored. It was in vain that she told herself with a toss of her head that she did not care. Deep down in her wayward, feminine little heart she knew that she did care, and that if she had that chance of the Lake of Shining Waters again she would answer very differently. All at once, as it seemed, and to her secret dismay, she found that the old resentment she had cherished against him was gone — gone just when she most needed its sustaining power. It was in vain that she recalled every incident and emotion of that memorable occasion and tried to feel the old satisfying anger. That day by the pond had witnessed its last spasmodic flicker. Anne realized that she had forgiven and forgotten without knowing it. But it was too late.

And at least neither Gilbert nor anybody else, not even Diana, should ever suspect how sorry she was and how much she wished she hadn't been so proud and horrid! She determined to 'shroud her feelings in deepest oblivion,' and it may be stated here and now that she did it so successfully that Gilbert, who possibly was not quite so indifferent as he seemed, could not console himself with any belief that Anne felt his retaliatory scorn. The only poor comfort he had was that she snubbed Charlie Sloane, unmercifully, continually, and undeservedly.