

京大過去問 1994年 第2問

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‘My God,’ said my father to my mother. ‘Again no money? But I gave you twelve dollars at the beginning of the week. What have you done with it?’

‘I don’t know. It went away.’

‘So quickly...by Tuesday? Impossible.’

(1)It couldn’t be helped. Some of it I used to pay old bills. We’ve owed money to Jacob for I don’t know how long.’

‘But did you have to pay him this week?’

(2)He’s right in the block. For two months now I’ve been coming home the long way around. I gave him three dollars.’

‘How could you! Haven’t you any sense? And what did you do with the rest? Joshua,’ he said, turning to me furiously. ‘Take a pencil and write these things down. I have to know where it all went. I bought eggs and butter on Tuesday.’

‘Seventy-five cents to the milkman,’ said Ma, earnest and frightened. She must have believed she had done something wrong.

‘Write it,’ he said.

(3)I had taken a piece of Ma’s checkered stationery and placed the figures carefully within the tiny boxes. I was shaken, too, and eager to escape condemnation.

‘Willie had a tooth out. It cost fifty cents.’

‘Fifty?’ he said.

‘Yes, it’s usually a dollar an extraction. I sent him up alone and told him to say it was all he had. And after he was done, I waited for him downstairs. I was ashamed to show my face to Dr Zadkin.’

‘Did it have to come out?’

‘There was nothing left of it but the walls. Do you want to look at it? The child was in pain... Then there was fifty cents to have the boys’ hair cut.’

(4)I’m going to buy a pair of clippers and do it myself, Pa said. He was always resolving to do this.

‘Fifty cents for the gas meter. Twenty cents for a coal shovel. Twenty-five cents to the insurance man. Twenty cents for a flatiron handle. I haven’t even started on the bigger things yet, such as meat.’

‘We have meat far too often,’ Pa said. ‘We don’t need it. I prefer milk soups anyway.’

‘Don’t expect me to stint on the stomach,’ my mother said with determination. ‘If I do nothing else, I’m going to feed the children.’

(5)‘They don’t look starved,’ said Pa. ‘Especially this one. I never look at him but he’s chewing.’

My appetite was large and I seemed never to have had enough. I ate all the leftovers. I chewed down apple parings, cold vegetables, chicken bones.

(6)‘If I knew how to do things more cheaply,’ said Ma, as though she now consented to take the blame.

‘You don’t bargain enough,’ my father said to her harshly.

‘And do you know how much money I’d have now if it weren’t for you and the children?’ he roared at her. ‘I’d be worth ten thousand dollars. Ten thousand, do you hear? And be a free man. Do you hear what I say?’ he glared with a strained throat.

(7)‘Why don’t you leave then?’ My mother wept.

‘That’s what I will do!’

He hurried out. It was night. He was gone for about an hour, and then I saw his cigarette glow on the front step, and he said to me, meekly, that he had only gone to buy a package of cigarettes.

*stint: 儉約する