

The Witches of Pendle 潘德尔的巫师

简介

17世纪的时候，英格兰有许多人相信巫术。巫师可能是一个老太婆，或是一个年轻女子——有时甚至会是一个成年男子或小男孩。不过，巫师通常都是女人。人们都害怕巫师，因为巫师仅凭一句诅咒就能使人丧命。

1612年，在兰开夏郡的潘德尔山附近住着一个名叫詹妮特·迪瓦斯的小女孩。那时她刚9岁，因家里穷时常饿肚子，长得很瘦弱。她缺衣少鞋，有时一连几天吃不上饭。生活对于她来说十分艰难。

詹妮特的外祖母老德姆代克是一个巫师。她的母亲伊丽莎白和她的姐姐艾丽森也都是巫师。就连她可怜兮兮、傻头傻脑的哥哥詹姆斯也是巫师……不管怎样，村民们是这样认为的。

本书以女主人公詹妮特的口吻来讲述她一家人的故事。故事从1634年讲起，当时詹妮特被关押在兰开斯特城堡监狱里……

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1 THE PEDLAR

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The spring of 1634 arrives, but in the prison of Lancaster Castle it stays cold. The twenty women in the prison are dirty, hungry and cold. There are no beds or chairs and so they sleep on the cold floor. There are no windows, so it is always dark. The women want to get out of the prison; they want to go home. Sometimes the guards open the big, old door and put some bread and water on the floor. Then they close the door again.

My name is Jennet Device, and I am one of the twenty women in prison. Day after day, I sit on the cold floor and wait. I want to feel warm again; I want to see the sky again, and Pendle Hill, the beautiful hill near my home. But I am in the dark prison of Lancaster Castle, and I sit on the cold floor and wait.

One day, something happens. The guards open the big, old door. 'Jennet Device! ' a guard calls. 'Come here at once, witch! Somebody wants to see you. '

I get up slowly because I'm very cold and I walk across the dark room to the door. Perhaps it's someone from Read Hall! Perhaps I'm going home! 'Jennet Device, be quick! ' the guard calls again.

Someone is standing at the door with the guard. 'Jennet, 'hesays quietly.

I see him then: atall man with brown hair and tired blue eyes. Heis not from Read Hall. It is Mr Webster, fromthe church at Kild wick. My legs stopmoving and suddenly I want to sit down.

'Come on, come on, 'the guard says angrily. He begins toclose the door.

'Come out here for a minute, Jennet, 'Mr Webster says quietly. 'Sit down andeat something. '

I sit down at a little table near the door. MrWebster gives me some bread and some meat and I begin to eat hungrily.

'Ten minutes, 'theguard says. 'After ten minutes, shegoes in again.

'Thank you, 'MrWebster says.

'How is everyone at Read Hall? 'Iask at last.

Mr Webster smiles. 'Everyoneis well. I was there yesterday. '

I close my eyes for a minute. 'Mr Webster, it' s not true. I'mnot a witch, you know. '

'I know, Jennet, 'MrWebster says. 'Last week, Ibrought Edmund Robinson and his father into my church, andasked them about the boy's story. Manypeople believed Edmund' s story, but somepeople didn' t. Edmund Robinson is goingto London tomorrow with his father, anda judge is going to ques-tion them. '

The guard comes back and begins to open the door.

' Time! ' he says.

Mr Webster stands up. 'Godis here with you, Jennet. Neverforget that. You can be happy, whenGod is with you. '

I stand up too, andtake the bread from the table. ' Yes, Mr Webster. Godis with me; I believe that. 'But happy? How can I be happy?

I go back into the dark prison, andthe guard closes the door behind me. Thewomen run to me. 'Bread! Giveus bread! 'they cry.

Quickly, I put thebread in my shirt. I don't want to loseit. I walk across the room and sit downon the floor. I am crying, butI feel a little better. Edmund Robinson, of Newchurch, isonly ten years old. Edmund told liesabout me and about many women: he saw usat a witches' meeting at a house called Hoarstones. It'snot true, but many people believed him. Whatis he going to say in London? The truth?

Or more lies.

But now, in the prison of Lancaster Castle, I want to tell my story. It is a story about rich men and angry villagers; about old women and hungry children. It is a true story, and it happened to me.

I was born in 1603. My family was always very poor, and after my father died, we were poorer. In winter, I was often ill and I was always cold and hungry. In summer, I was sometimes ill and I was often cold and hungry. We lived some miles from the village of New church, in an old house called Malkin Tower. It was dirty and cold. The rain came in through the windows and there were no doors. To the west, was the big hill called Pendle. Pendle Hill was beautiful. I loved Pendle Hill because it sat quietly all year and watched me.

My story begins on the eighteenth day of March in the year 1612. I was nine years old, and my life began to change on that day. My mother and my grandmother were ill and they sat on the floor, with their dogs, near the little fire.

My sister Alizon wanted to go out. 'I'm going to look for bread,' she said.

My brother James sat near the fire, his mouth open. 'Go and look for bread,' he said. 'Go and look for bread.' James often said things again and again.

Alizon ran out of the house and I followed her.

'Go and look for bread!' James called.

Alizon began to go east, up the hill and past the big trees behind Malkin Tower. Alizon walked fast. She was eighteen years old and she was tall with long, dirty brown hair and a white, hungry face. It was cold, but there was no rain. Alizon wore a coat and some shoes, but I had no coat and no shoes.

'Please wait a minute!' I called to my sister. 'I want to come with you.'

'No!' Alizon cried. 'Go back, I don't want you.'

Suddenly, a dog ran in front of Alizon.

'Good dog, good dog!' Alizon called. The dog ran to her and she put her hand on its head. It was my sister's dog and it liked her. It was a big dog with big teeth and I didn't like it because it was always hungry.

I followed Alizon and her dog along the river to Colne. But before we arrived at Colne, we met John Law. John Law was a big fat man, about fifty years old.

'Can I have some money, please?' Alizon called. 'I'm hungry.'

John Law didn't answer. He walked slowly because he was fat and because he

carried a big bag on his back. In his bag were a lot of beautiful things. He was a pedlar and he walked across the hills and visited all the villages.

'Can I have some money?' Alizon called again. 'I'm very hungry!'

John Law stopped. 'Stop following me,' he said. 'I'm not going to give you money.'

'Give me money!' Alizon said.

'I don't want to give you money,' the pedlar said. He took his hat off. There was not much hair on his head. 'I don't like you and I don't like your family. A lot of bad women, you are, and your father was a bad man, too.'

Alizon was angry. 'Don't talk about my father—he's dead now! Give me some money, old man!'

John Law's face was red. 'No!' he cried. He began to walk up the hill to the village. 'Go back to your dirty family!'

Alizon began to laugh angrily. 'A dead man! A dead man!' she called. 'Dead before dark, John Law!' She looked down at her dog and put her hand on its head. 'Go after him, dog,' she said. 'Go after him and get him!'

The big dog began to run after the pedlar. John Law stopped. He looked afraid and his face was very red. 'Call your dog back, you bad girl!' he shouted.

Suddenly, his mouth opened and his face went white. Slowly, he began to fall, and his big body hit the road. The dog came up to him, but the pedlar did not move.

Alizon watched John Law for a minute. Then she said to me, 'Go and call someone from the village.'

I felt afraid, but I ran along the road very quickly. 'Help! Help!' I called to the villagers. 'The pedlar is ill!'

The villagers came out of their houses and followed me down the hill. A young man looked at John Law carefully.

'He's not dead,' he said, 'but he's very ill. Let's move him to the nearest house. Someone must go and call his son.'

Just then, John Law began to talk very slowly. 'I can't move!' he said. 'I'm alive, but I can't move!'

I went back to stand near Alizon. The dog sat at her feet.

'That Device girl...'JohnLaw said slowly, 'she—she cursed me! She wanted me to die! And her dog came to get me.

All the villagers looked at Alizon.

'I'm sorry, 'Alizon said quickly. 'I'm very hungry and I wanted some money, that's all. '

'Go away! ' the villagers cried. 'You' re a witch, and we don' t want you in our village. '

Alizon began to run away down the hill and her dog followed. I watched the villagers. They carried John Law slowly up the hill to the nearest house. And then I followed my sister down the hill. I was hungry and tired and Malkin Tower was many miles away. I was nine years old and I was angry. I was angry because the pedlar was ill. I was angry because the villagers didn' t like me. And I was angry because my sister was a witch.

1 小 贩

1634 年的春天来了，但是在兰开斯特城堡监狱里却是寒冷依旧。关在狱中的 20 个女犯人又脏、又饿、又冷。牢房里既没有床也没有椅子，她们就睡在冰冷的地上。由于没有窗户，房间里总是一片黑暗。女囚们想离开监狱；她们想回家。有时候看守打开破旧的大门，把面包和水放在地上，然后又将大门牢牢地关上。

我叫詹妮特·迪瓦斯，是 20 个女囚犯中的一员。日复一日，我坐在冰冷的地上等待着。我希望再次感受到温暖，我希望重新看到蔚蓝的天空和我家附近的美丽的潘德尔山。然而，我却是在黑暗的兰开斯特城堡监狱里，坐在冰冷的地上等待着。

有一天，发生了一件事。看守打开了破旧的大门。“詹妮特·迪瓦斯！”看守喊道。“快过来，女巫！有人要见你。”

因为太冷了，我缓慢地爬起来，穿过黑暗的房间向门口走去。也许是从里德宅院来的什么人！也许我要回家了！

“詹妮特·迪瓦斯，快点！”那个看守又喊道。

有一个人站在门边，和看守在一起。“詹妮特，”他轻轻地说了一声。

这时，我看清楚他了：他是一个长着棕色头发的高个子男人，一双蓝眼睛里带着倦意。他不是里德宅院的人，他是从基尔德威克的教堂来的韦伯斯特先生。我的两条腿停止了挪动，突然，我想坐下来。

“快点，快点。”看守生气地说。他开始关上大门。

“出来呆会儿，詹妮特，”韦伯斯特先生平静地说。“坐下来吃点东西。”

我在靠门的一张小桌旁坐了下来。韦伯斯特先生给了我一些面包和肉，我大吃起来。

“10分钟，”看守说，“10分钟后她就得回去。”

“谢谢你，”韦伯斯特先生说。

“里德宅院的人们都好吗？”我终于开口问道。

韦伯斯特先生微笑着说：“大家都好。我昨天到那里去了。”

我闭上眼睛，过了一小会儿，我说：“韦伯斯特先生，这不是真的。你知道，我不是女巫。”

“我知道，詹妮特，”韦伯斯特先生说。“上个星期，我把埃德蒙·鲁滨逊和他的父亲带到我的教堂，向他们询问起了埃德蒙讲的故事。许多人相信埃德蒙的话，但是也有些人不相信。明天埃德蒙将和他的父亲一起去伦敦，在那里，法官会盘问他们的。”

那个看守回来了并打开了牢门。

“到时间了！”他说。

韦伯斯特先生站了起来。“上帝与你同在，詹妮特。别忘了这一点。当上帝陪伴着你时，你会快乐的。”

我也站起身来，把面包从桌上拿走。“是的，韦伯斯特先生。上帝与我同在；我相信。”可是，快乐？我怎么可能快乐呢？

我重又回到了黑暗的牢房，看守在我身后关上了牢门。女囚犯们向我跑来：“面包！给我们面包！”她们大喊着。

我迅速地把面包放进衬衣里。我可不愿失去它。我穿过房间坐到了地上。我在哭泣，但是我感觉稍好一些了。纽丘奇村的埃德蒙·鲁滨逊只有10岁。他说了有关我和很多妇女的谎话：他说他看到我们在一所名叫霍尔斯特通斯的房子里参加女巫会议。那不是真的，可是许多人相信他的话。在伦敦他会讲些什么呢？真话？也许是更多的谎言。

不过现在，在兰开斯特城堡监狱里，我想讲述我的故事。它是一个关于有钱人和愤怒的村民们；关于老年妇女和饥饿的儿童的故事。这是一个真实的故事，它就发生在我的身上。

我出生于1603年。我的家庭一直非常贫穷。自从我的父亲去世后，我们的日子更艰难了。一年到头，我吃不饱、穿不暖，还常常生病。我们住在一所名叫马尔金塔的老房子里，离纽丘奇村有几英里远。这所房子又脏又冷，连一扇门也没有。下雨时雨水便从窗户浇进来。我家西面有一座潘德尔大山。它很美丽。我爱这座山，因为它终年宁静地坐落在那里，注视着我。

我的故事从这里讲起，那是1612年3月18日。当时我9岁。就在那一天，我的生活开始发生了变化。那天，我的妈妈和外祖母都生着病，她们围着一小堆火，和她们的几条狗一起坐在地上。

我的姐姐艾丽森想到外面去。“我去找点面包，”她说。

我哥哥詹姆斯张着嘴靠火坐着。“去找面包，”他说，“去找面包。”詹姆斯经常不断地重复他的话。

艾丽森跑出房子，我在后面跟着她。

“去找面包！”詹姆斯喊道。

艾丽森向东走去。她爬上山，走过马尔金塔后面的棵棵大树。艾丽森走得很快。她那年18岁，个子高高的，棕色的长发脏乎乎的。她脸色苍白，饥肠辘辘。天气很冷，但是没有下雨。艾丽森穿着外衣和鞋子，而我却既没有外衣也没有鞋子。

“请等一下！”我冲姐姐喊道。“我想和你一起去。”

“不！”艾丽森大声说。“回去，我不需要你。”

忽然间，一只狗在艾丽森面前跑着。

“乖狗儿，乖狗儿！”艾丽森招呼道。那条狗跑到她面前，艾丽森把手放在它的头上。它是我姐姐的狗，它喜欢她。它是条大狗，牙齿很大，可我不喜欢它，因为它总是显得饥饿不堪。

我跟着艾丽森和她的狗沿着河向科恩村走去。在路上，我们遇到了约翰·劳。他是个大胖子，五十岁上下。

“您能给点钱吗？”艾丽森大声说。“我饿着呢。”

约翰·劳没有回答。他走得很慢，一来由于他胖，二来因为他背着一个大口袋，口袋里有许多好玩意儿。他是个小商贩，翻山越岭，跑遍了所有村庄。

“能给我点钱吗？”艾丽森又喊了一次。“我很饿！”

约翰·劳停住了。“别跟着我，”他说。“我不会给你钱的。”

“给我钱！”艾丽森说。

“我不想给你钱，”小贩说。他摘下帽子，他的头发已经很稀少了。“我不喜欢你，我不喜欢你们全家。你们都是些坏女人，你的爸爸也是个坏人。”

艾丽森生气了。“不许你提起我父亲——他已经死了！给我钱，老头！”

约翰·劳的脸涨红了。“不！”他喊道。他开始上山往村里走去。“回到你那肮脏的家里去吧！”

艾丽森愤怒地大笑起来。“一个死人！一个死人！”她大喊着。“天黑前就死，约翰·劳！”她低下头看看她的狗，把手放在它的头上。“去追他，”她说，“去追他，抓住他。”

那条大狗奔跑着去追赶小贩。约翰·劳停下了脚步。他看上去很害怕，满脸通红。“把你的狗叫回去，你这个坏女孩！”他大声喊着。

突然，他的嘴张开了，脸色煞白。慢慢地，他倒了下去，他那硕大的身躯摔倒在路上。大狗冲到他身旁，而小贩却一动不动。

艾丽森盯着约翰·劳看了片刻，然后她对我说：“去村里叫人来。”

我很害怕，但还是沿着路快跑起来。”救人呐！救人呐！”我向村民们大喊。“小贩生病了！”

村民们从各自家里出来，跟着我下了山。一个年轻人仔细地看了看约翰·劳。

“他没有死，”他说。“可是他病得很重。咱们把他抬到最近的房子里去吧。必须把他的儿子叫来。”

就在那时，约翰·劳十分缓慢地说道：“我动不了。”他说。“我还活着，可我动不了。”

我回到艾丽森身旁站着。大狗蹲在她的脚边。

“那个迪瓦斯家的女孩子……”约翰·劳慢吞吞地说。“她——她诅咒我！她想让我死！她的狗向我扑过来。”

村民们都看着艾丽森。

“我很抱歉。”艾丽森急忙说。“我很饿，我想要点钱，就是这么回事。”

“快走开！”村民们喊道。“你是个女巫，我们不想让你呆在我们村里。”

艾丽森向山下跑去，她的狗紧跟着她。我看着村民们。他们抬着约翰·劳缓慢地上山，向最近的一所房子走去。随后我跟着我的姐姐下了山。我又饿又乏，而马尔金塔远在数英里之外。那时我9岁，我很生气。我生气，因为小贩病了。我生气，因为村民们不喜欢我。我生气，因为我的姐姐是个女巫。

2 ROGER NOWELL

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John Law was ill because Alizon cursed him, and his son wanted Roger Nowell to question Alizon. Roger Nowell was a rich and important man in Lancashire, and he was the judge for all the villages near Pendle Hill. He lived at Read Hall, seven miles from Newchurch.

On the thirtieth day of March, Mr Nowell's men came to Malkin Tower. Mr Nowell wanted to see Alizon at once.

We walked from Malkin Tower to Read Hall: my sister Ali-zon, my brother James, and our mother, Elizabeth Device. I followed them because I didn't want to stay at home with my grandmother. My grandmother was a difficult old woman, and I didn't like her.

Read Hall was an old house with a big garden and many old trees. Mr Nowell's servant opened the door for us.

'Come in,' Mr Nowell said. He was a tall man with a lot of white hair. His black coat looked warm and expensive.

Alison followed Mr Nowell into a room with a big fire. When I saw the fire, I wanted to go in, too!

'Are you cold, little one?' Mr Nowell asked me. 'Come in, and sit near the fire.'

I went across the room and sat down on the floor, next to the wonderful, hot fire.

Mr Nowell sat behind a big table. Two or three men, in black coats, stood near the window. Alison stood in front of Mr Nowell. Her long hair was dirty, and her old dress looked dirtier.

'Two weeks ago, on the eighteenth day of March, you met John Law near Colne,' Roger Nowell said. His voice was slow and careful. 'Tell me about it.'

'I asked for money,' Alison said. 'The pedlar was very angry and I didn't like him. I was angry, too, and I wanted him to die!'

'Tell me about your dog.'

'The dog is my friend,' Alison said slowly. 'I wanted a friend, and I found that dog two months ago. I told my grandmother, and she liked the dog, too.'

'Did the dog run after the pedlar?'

'Yes, of course. I cursed the pedlar, and the dog ran after him!' Alison said. 'I'm sorry now, because Mr Law is ill.'

'She's a witch!' one of the men said quietly.

Roger Nowell stood up and walked across the room to the door. 'James Devere, come in. We want to question you.'

James came in and stood next to Alison. James was thirteen years old, nearly a man, but he was afraid of many things. He began to cry.

'Don't be afraid,' Mr Nowell said. 'We want you to talk about your grandmother, Old Demdike.'

But Alison wanted to talk. 'Don't ask him!' she said quickly. 'I can tell you about my grandmother because I'm with her every minute of the day. I go with her from village to village. I go with her across Pendle Hill. She asks people for money and

food, and I helper. 'Alizon stopped. She looked at James, and then she looked at Mr Nowell. 'She cursed a child once, and the child died later that year. '

'And you! 'James said. 'You cursed a child, too! Somebody told me! 'James suddenly sat down on the floor and began to laugh loudly.

'Be quiet! 'Roger Nowell said coldly. 'Alizon Device, tell me the truth: did you curse a child? '

'Yes, I did, 'Alizon cried. 'The child called me a witch, and I was angry. I cursed the child, but I was sorry when the child died. '

James looked up at Alizon, his mouth open. 'The child died, the child died, 'he said again and again.

'Alizon Device, you cannot go home again, 'Roger Nowell said slowly. 'You must go to the prison at Read. '

'But I need Alizon! 'my mother shouted angrily from the door. 'She takes care of Old Demdike, my mother. '

I looked at my mother, at her red, angry face. I looked at Alizon in her dirty dress, and at James on the floor with his mouth open. And then I looked at Mr Nowell: his brown eyes were warm, and his face was kind.

On the second day of April, Roger Nowell and his men came to Ashlar House, near the village of Fence. Mr Nowell wanted to talk to my grandmother, and we all went with her to Ashlar House. Fence was not far from Malkin Tower, and my grand-mother walked there easily.

Old Demdike was a little old woman with a fat face and no teeth. She was nearly eighty years old and she was a difficult old woman. Without Alizon, she was more difficult because my mother didn't take care of her.

When I saw Mr Nowell again at Ashlar House, I felt happy. I looked at his kind face and his warm brown eyes, and I wanted to be near him. But there were a lot of people in the room, and I was afraid to go to him.

'Old Demdike, I'm going to ask you some questions, 'Mr Nowell began.

Old Demdike was not afraid. She looked at all the men, in their expensive coats and hats. 'What can a poor old woman tell you rich men? 'She laughed, and when she laughed I felt afraid. My grandmother was going to tell them everything!

And she did!

'Twenty years ago, I met the Devil, 'Old Demdike said. 'He was a boy called Tibb and he was my friend. Then a cat came to visit me—a beautiful cat—and then a

dog. They were all my friends. '

Mr Nowell listened quietly to my grandmother, but some of the men began to talk angrily.

'Be careful, you richmen! 'my grandmother cried. 'I can curse you! I can kill people! I make clay pictures of people—man, woman or child. And when I break the clay, that man, woman or child dies! '

People began to shout.

'She's a witch! She must die! '

'Say no more; she must die, with all her family! '

Roger Nowell stood up. 'Be quiet! 'He looked at the guards near the door. 'Take her away, 'he said. 'Old Demdike and her granddaughter Alizon must go to the prison at Lancaster Castle. '

The guards took my grandmother by the arms and carried her out of the door and put her on a horse. Everyone ran out of Ashlar House. They ran after the horses and shouted: 'Kill the witch! '

I looked for Mr Nowell, but he was on his horse, too, and he followed the guards quickly through the village.

Slowly, I followed my mother and James. Malkin Tower was my home, but I didn't want to go back there. I was a little child, and I wanted someone kind to take care of me.

We stayed at home days, because we were afraid to go out. James sat in front of the fire, with his dog, and talked. 'Lancaster Castle, Lancaster Castle, 'he said, again and again. My mother hit me and shouted at me because she was angry with the rich men.

But after three days, my mother suddenly said, 'James! We're hungry and we must eat! '

James didn't answer.

My mother went across the room to James and pulled his hair. 'Get up! 'she shouted. 'Go out and find food for us! Your father isn't here now; you must find food for us. ' She hit him over the head.

James stood up slowly. 'Go out and find food, 'he said. 'I must go out and find food. '

It was dark, and James was out for hours. But in the morning, he came back

with a sheep.

'I went to Barley, 'Jamessaid happily. 'I got this sheep, andnow we can eat. '

'Get up, Jennet! 'mymother shouted 'Come and help me! '

It was Friday, thetenth day of April. My family had somefriends, poor people, andon that day they came to Malkin Tower. Theycame and asked about Old Demdike and Alizon, andthey stayed to eat and drink.

I helped my mother. Wecooked the sheep over a big fire, and ourvisitors ate with us. At the same time, they drank. Theysat by the fire and drank, and talkedabout Lancaster Castle.

'Let 's go there! 'anold woman cried. 'Let 's go to Lancast-erCastle and find Old Demdike and Alizon! '

'We can curse the guards, andbreak down the door! ' my mother said.

'Let' s bring them home! 'said an old man.

'Jennet, bring thebottle! We need more drink! 'shoutedmy mother.

I got up and took more drink to my mother. ButI fell over one of the dogs, and thebottle broke on the floor. The drink wasgone!

'You bad child! 'mymother shouted. 'You' re a witch, too, youknow! 'She got up and began to hit me. Shehit me over the head and pulled my hair. Anold man laughed, and then ev-eryonelaughed.

I ran back across the room. Iwasn 't a witch; I was a child, nineyears old, and I hated my mother and allher friends! My face felt very hotbecause I was angry. I left the room andwent out of the house. It was afternoon, but the sky was dark with rain. PendleHill was dark, too. Itsat quietly and watched me.

'I'm going to Mr Nowell, 'I said quietly, to Pendle Hill. 'I'mgoing to tell him about my mother and her friends. '

2 罗杰·诺埃尔

由于艾丽森的诅咒，约翰·劳病倒了。他的儿子希望罗杰·诺埃尔审问艾丽森。罗杰·诺埃尔是兰开夏郡一个有钱有势的人，他是潘德尔山一带所有村落的法官。他住在里德宅院，离纽丘奇村7英里远。

3月30日那天，诺埃尔先生手下的人来到了马尔金塔，因为诺埃尔先生想马上见一见艾丽森。

我们一行离开了马尔金塔步行前往里德宅院：我的姐姐艾丽森，我的哥哥詹姆斯，

还有我的母亲伊丽莎白·迪瓦斯。我之所以与他们同行是因为我不想和外祖母一起留在这里。我的外祖母是一个很难相处的老太婆，我不喜欢她。

里德宅院是一所老房子，里面有一个大花园和许多古树。诺埃尔先生的用人为我们打开了房门。

“进来，”诺埃尔先生说。他个子很高，白发苍苍。他的黑色大衣看起来既暖和又昂贵。

艾丽森跟着诺埃尔先生走进了一个房间，那里面生着旺旺的炉火。当我看到炉火时，真希望自己也能跟着进去！

“你冷吧，小家伙？”诺埃尔先生问我。“进来，坐到炉火旁边去。”

我穿过房间，坐到地板上，紧靠着那美妙的、暖烘烘的炉火。

诺埃尔先生在一张大桌子后面坐下。有两三个穿着黑大衣的男人靠近窗口站着。艾丽森站在诺埃尔先生面前，她的长发脏兮兮的，身上的旧裙子比头发还要脏。

“两个星期前，也就是3月18日那天，你在科恩村附近遇到了约翰·劳，”罗杰·诺埃尔说。他的声音低沉而谨慎。“给我讲讲这件事。”

“我向他要钱，”艾丽森说。“小贩很生气，我不喜欢他。我也很生气，我希望他死！”

“给我讲讲你的狗是怎么回事。”

“它是我的朋友，”艾丽森慢慢地说道。“我想要一个朋友，两个月前我找到了那条狗。我把这件事告诉了我的外祖母，她也喜欢那条狗。”

“那条狗是不是追赶小贩了？”

“当然追了。我诅咒了小贩，那条狗便去追赶他！”艾丽森说。“现在劳先生病了，我很抱歉。”

“她是个女巫！”一个男人轻声说。

罗杰·诺埃尔站了起来，穿过房间走到门口。“詹姆斯·迪瓦斯，进来。我们有话问你。”

詹姆斯走了进来，站在艾丽森身边。詹姆斯13岁，几乎是个男子汉了，但是，他对很多东西都感到恐惧。他哭了起来。

“别害怕，”诺埃尔先生说。“我们想让你讲讲你的外祖母老德姆代克的一些事。”

可是，这时候艾丽森却想说话。“别问他！”她急促地说。“我可以告诉你们关于我外祖母的事，因为我一天到晚和她在一起。我们俩一起翻越潘德尔山，走了一村又一村。她向人们讨饭要钱，我给她帮忙。”艾丽森停住了。她看了看詹姆斯，又看了看诺埃尔先生，接着说：“她曾经诅咒过一个小孩儿，后来，就在那一年，小孩儿死了。”

“还有你！”詹姆斯说。“你也诅咒过一个小孩儿！有人告诉我了！”詹姆斯突然坐到了地板上，大笑起来。

“安静！”罗杰·诺埃尔冷冷地说。“艾丽森·迪瓦斯，对我说真话：你曾诅咒过一个小孩儿吗？”

“是的，诅咒过，”艾丽森喊道。“那个孩子管我叫女巫，我生气了。我就诅咒了他但是对于他的死我很抱歉。”

詹姆斯抬起头，张着嘴看着艾丽森。“那个孩子死了，那个孩子死了，”他一遍遍地说着。

“艾丽森·迪瓦斯，你不能再回家了。”罗杰·诺埃尔缓慢地说道。“我们必须把你送进里德监狱。”

“可是我需要艾丽森！”我的妈妈在门边气愤地喊着。“是她照顾我的母亲老德姆代克。”

我看了看我的妈妈，她的脸涨得通红，脸上带着愤怒的表情。我又看了看穿着脏裙子的艾丽森，还有张着嘴坐在地上的詹姆斯。然后我看了一眼诺埃尔先生：他的棕色眼睛流露出热情，他的面容是和善的。

4月2日，罗杰·诺埃尔和他的随从人员来到了芬斯村附近的艾什拉屋。诺埃尔先生想和我的外祖母谈谈，于是我们全家和她一起去了艾什拉屋。芬斯村离马尔金塔不远，我的外祖母并没有费多少劲就走到了那里。

老德姆代克是个身材矮小的老太婆，她长着一张胖胖的脸，牙齿全掉光了。她快八十岁了，很难相处。艾丽森不在她更使性子，因为我的妈妈根本不照顾她。

当我在艾什拉屋再次看到诺埃尔先生时，我感到很高兴。看着他和善的面孔和充满热情的棕色眼睛，我很想靠他近一些。可是房间里人很多，我不敢过去。

“老德姆代克，我要问你一些问题。”诺埃尔先生说。

老德姆代克并不害怕。她看了看所有衣帽华贵的男人。“一个穷老太婆能告诉你们有钱人什么呢？”她哈哈大笑着说。她的笑声令我恐惧。我的外祖母就要把一切都告诉他们了！

她真地说了！

“20年前，我遇到了魔鬼，”老德姆代克说。“他是一个名叫蒂勃的男孩，他是我的朋友。后来有一只猫来拜访我——一只美丽的猫——随后又来了一条狗。他们都是我的朋友。”

诺埃尔先生安静地听着，但是有些男人生气地交谈起来。

“小心点，你们这些有钱人！”我的外祖母喊道。“我能诅咒你们！我能让人丧命！我用泥制成人像——男人的，女人的或是小孩的，当我打碎人像时，那个男人、女人或

小孩就会死去。”

人们开始大喊起来。

“她是个女巫！一定得要她的命！”

“不要再说些什么了，她必须死，和她的全家一起死！”

罗杰·诺埃尔站了起来。“安静！”他看了看守在门口的警卫。“把她带走。”他说。“必须把老德姆代克和她的外孙女艾丽森关进兰开斯特城堡监狱。”

卫兵们抓住我外祖母的胳膊，把她带出门，放到一匹马上。大家全都跑出了艾什拉屋。他们追赶着马队，高喊：“杀死女巫！”

我寻找着诺埃尔先生，可是他也上了马，跟在卫兵们后面迅速地穿过村子走了。

我跟在妈妈和詹姆斯后面慢慢地走着。马尔金塔是我的家，但是我并不想回去。我还是个孩子，我希望有个慈爱的人来关心我。

因为不敢出门，我们在家呆了好些天。詹姆斯和他的狗坐在火堆前，嘴里念叨着：“兰开斯特城堡，兰开斯特城堡。”他一遍又一遍地说着。我妈妈打我，冲我大嚷大叫，因为那些有钱人很让她恼火。

3天后，妈妈突然说：“詹姆斯！我们饿了，咱们得吃东西呀！”

詹姆斯没有答话。

妈妈穿过房间走到詹姆斯跟前，揪着他的头发。“起来！”她大喊着。“出去给我们找点吃的！你爸爸现在不在了，你必须给我们找吃找喝。”她打了一下他的头。

詹姆斯慢慢腾腾地站起来。“出去找吃的，”他说。“我必须出去找吃的。”

天黑了，詹姆斯已经出去好几个小时了。第二天早上，他带着一只羊回来了。

“我到巴利村去了。”詹姆斯高兴地说。“我找到了这只羊，现在我们可以吃饭了。”

“起来，詹妮特！”我妈妈喊道。“来给我帮忙！”

我们家有一些朋友，都是穷人。4月10日星期五那天，他们来到了马尔金塔。他们来询问老德姆代克和艾丽森的情况，然后留下来又吃又喝。

我帮助妈妈干活。我们在一大堆火上烤羊，客人们和我们一起吃饭。他们还喝起酒来他们围坐在火堆旁一边喝酒，一边谈论着兰开斯特城堡。

“咱们到那儿去吧！”一个老太太大声说。“咱们去兰开斯特城堡救出老德姆代克和艾丽森！”

“我们可以咒死看守，然后把门打破！”我妈妈说。

“咱们把她俩带回家来！”一个老头儿说。

“詹妮特，把酒瓶拿来！我们得再喝点！”妈妈喊道。

我站起来去给妈妈再拿些酒。可是我绊倒在一只狗身上，酒瓶掉在地上摔碎了，酒洒了！

“你这个坏孩子！”我妈妈嚷道。“你也是个女巫，你清楚！”她站起来打我。她打我的头，揪我的头发。一个老头哈哈大笑，大家也都跟着哄笑起来。

我穿过房间跑了回去。我不是女巫；我是个9岁的孩子。我恨妈妈和她所有的朋友！由于愤怒我的脸很烫。我离开房间，走出了这所房子。当时是下午，但是由于下着雨，天很黑。潘德尔山也是一片漆黑。它静静地坐落在那里，注视着我。

“我要去找诺埃尔先生，”我平静地对潘德尔山说。“我要告诉他有关我妈妈和她的朋友们的事情。”

3 A FAMILY OF WITCHES

3 A FAMILY OF WITCHES

I ran from Malkin Tower, down the hill into Newchurch. James followed me.

'I want to go to Read Hall, too,' he said.

We ran through the trees to Sabden Brook. The noise of the river was beautiful in my ears. We went along the river to the village of Sabden, and then it began to rain.

Suddenly, we heard the noise of horses behind us. We got off the road, and watched the horses. It was Roger Nowell with some of his men. They saw us, and Mr Nowell stopped.

'It's the Device children,' he said. 'What's your name, child?'

'My name is Jennet,' I said. 'We're going to Read Hall. I want to talk to you.'

Roger Nowell looked at me with his warm brown eyes. 'Very well,' he said. 'Come home with me, and we can talk.' He lifted me up on to his horse, and the horse moved quickly along the road to the village of Read. James ran along behind us.

Very soon, we arrived at Read Hall. The servant opened the door for us, and we went into the warm house. James came in, too, and sat down next to me near the fire.

Mr Nowell put his black hat down on the table. 'Bring a hot drink and some food for these children,' he told the servant. 'They're cold and hungry.'

The servant brought bread and hot milk for us, and James and I ate hungrily. I

felt warm and happy in Mr Nowell's house. I wanted to stay there all my life; I never wanted to go back to Malkin Tower.

When we finished eating, Mr Nowell looked up from his book. 'You wanted to talk to me,' he said quietly. 'Well, I'm listening.'

I got up, went across the room and stood in front of Mr Nowell. 'I'm afraid of my mother,' I began. 'I'm afraid because she's a witch and she can kill people.'

The room was quiet. Mr Nowell said nothing, but his brown eyes were kind.

'My mother and her friends are at Malkin Tower,' I told him. 'They want to go to Lancaster Castle and kill the guards. They're going to bring Old Demdike and Alizon home again.'

Mr Nowell got up and left the room. After some time, he came back with two of his friends. They all sat down at the table.

'Jennet, I want you to tell me again about your mother and her friends.'

'They want to kill the guards at Lancaster Castle and bring Old Demdike home to Malkin Tower,' I said. Then I began to cry.

'Don't cry,' Mr Nowell said kindly. 'We can help you, but we must talk to your brother first. James!' he called. 'Tell me about your mother. Is she a witch?'

'She's a witch. We're all witches,' James began. 'Old Demdike's a witch. One night, she went to the church at Newchurch and got some teeth from dead bodies there. The Devil talked to her and she brought the teeth to Malkin Tower. They're under the ground by our door!'

'Old Demdike's a witch; we know that,' Mr Nowell said. 'Tell us about your mother.'

'Mother's a witch,' James said. 'She killed Mr Robinson, from Barley village. She made a clay picture, and then she broke it, and Mr Robinson died a week later. James smiled at Mr Nowell. He liked Mr Nowell because Mr Nowell didn't shout at him. 'And I'm a witch, too! I can kill people!'

'No, James! I cried. 'You're not a witch! You don't kill people!'

'Yes, I do,' James said angrily. His face went red. 'My dog, Dandy, is the Devil and he killed a man for me. I wanted a shirt and Mr Duckworth was going to give me one of his old shirts. But in the end, he didn't give it to me and I was very angry. I nearly killed Mr Duckworth! But I called Dandy, and he killed Mr Duckworth for me!'

I began to cry. My brother was a witch, too! All my family were witches!

'Don't cry, Jennet, 'MrNowell said. 'Someone must take care ofyou. You can stay here at Read Hall withme. '

When Mr Nowell' s men brought my mother to Read Hall, she said nothing at first.

'Tell us about the pictures of clay, 'MrNowell said. 'My men found pictures ofclay at Malkin Tower. '

My mother said nothing.

'Your mother, OldDemdike, is a witch. Yourdaughter is a witch, 'Mr Nowell said. 'Yourson killed Mr Duckworth be—cause ofshirt. Now, tellus about the clay pictures. '

My mother said nothing.

'James told us about Mr Robinson of Barley, 'MrNowell said . ' Did you kill him? '

Suddenly, my mother's face went red and she began to shout at James. 'A good son, you are! You told this rich man about Jack Robinson of Barley. Well, you told the truth. I killed him! I made a clay picture, and then I broke it, and a week later he died. I killed him because I hated him. '

She stopped and looked at me. I wanted to run away but Mr Nowell's servant stood in front of the door. Then my mother laughed. 'Jennet Device, witch's daughter! You hate us, I know that. Well, it doesn't matter because you're right: you are different. You're my daughter, but you're not the daughter of my husband. Your father was a rich man, but he never gave me money. A witch's child, he called you. And when you were born, he never came near me again. Jack Robinson learnt the truth about your father. He told the villagers of Barley and they called me a bad woman, but they didn't call your father a bad man! Nobody in Barley gave me food again, because of Jack Robinson. I hated him, and so I killed him! '

The room was very quiet and my mother laughed again.

My hands felt cold and my face was hot, but I didn't cry. When Mr Device died, I cried for days. But he was not my father. I looked at my mother, at her dirty hair and her ugly face, at her angry eyes. I hated her then, and I hated her for many years.

3 巫师之家

我跑出马尔金塔，跑下潘德尔山来到了纽丘奇村。詹姆斯一直跟着我。

“我也想去里德宅院。”他说。

我们穿过树林来到了萨卜登小溪。潺潺的流水声在我听来十分悦耳。我们沿着河走到了萨卜登村，这时天下起雨来。

忽然，从我们身后传来了马蹄声。我们离开大路，看着那些马匹。那是罗杰·诺埃尔和他的手下。他们看到了我们俩，诺埃尔先生停了下来。

“原来是迪瓦斯家的孩子们，”他说。“孩子，你叫什么名字？”

“我叫詹妮特，”我说。“我们要去里德宅院。我想和您谈谈。”

罗杰·诺埃尔用他那双充满热情的棕色眼睛看了看我。“很好，”他说。“跟我一起回家吧，这样我们就可以谈谈了。”他把我举起来放到他的马上，马于是迅速地沿着大道向里德村行进。詹姆斯一路跑着跟在我们后面。

很快，我们到达了里德宅院。先生的用人打开屋门，我们走进了十分暖和的房子。詹姆斯也进来了，他挨着我坐在炉火边。

诺埃尔先生把他的黑帽子放在桌子上。“给孩子们拿点热饮和一些吃的来。”他吩咐用人说。“他们又冷又饿。”

用人给我们拿来了面包和热牛奶，詹姆斯和我大吃起来。在诺埃尔先生家里，我感到既温暖又快乐。我希望一辈子呆在那儿；我再也不想回到马尔金塔去了。

我们吃完了饭，诺埃尔先生不再看书，抬起头来。“你有事想对我说，”他轻声说。“好吧，我听着呢。”

我站起身，穿过房间，站在诺埃尔先生面前。“我害怕我妈妈，”我开始说道。“我害怕，因为她是女巫，她能杀人。”

房间里十分安静。诺埃尔先生什么也没说，但是他的棕色眼睛是友善的。

“现在，我妈妈和她的朋友们正聚在马尔金塔，”我告诉他说。“他们想要去兰开斯特城堡杀死看守。他们打算把老德姆代克和艾丽森带回家。”

诺埃尔先生站起身离开了房间。过了一些时候，他和他的两个朋友一起回来了。他们全都在桌前坐了下来。

“詹妮特，我要你再对我说一遍有关你母亲和她朋友的事。”

“他们想杀死兰开斯特城堡的看守，然后把老德姆代克带回马尔金塔。”我说。说完我哭了。

“别哭，”诺埃尔先生和蔼地说。“我们能帮助你，不过我们必须先和你哥哥谈谈。詹姆斯！”他喊了一声。“给我讲讲你母亲的事。她是女巫吗？”

“她是女巫。我们都是巫师。”詹姆斯说。“老德姆代克是个女巫。一天夜里，她去了纽丘奇村的教堂，从那里的尸体上取下了一些牙齿。魔鬼和她对了话，随后她把牙齿带回了马尔金塔，它们就在我家大门旁的地下。”

“老德姆代克是个女巫，这我们知道，”诺埃尔先生说。“把你母亲的事告诉我们。”

“妈妈是女巫，”詹姆斯说。“她杀死了巴利村的鲁滨逊先生。她做了一个泥像，然后把它打碎，一星期后鲁滨逊先生死去了。”詹姆斯对诺埃尔先生微笑了一下。他喜欢诺埃尔先生，因为诺埃尔先生不冲着他大喊大叫。“还有，我也是个巫师！我能害死人！”

“不，詹姆斯！”我喊道。“你不是巫师！你不杀人！”

“不，我杀人。”詹姆斯生气地说。他的脸红了起来。“我的狗丹迪是魔鬼，它为我杀过一个人。有一次我想要一件衬衣，达克沃思先生准备把他的一件旧衬衣给我。可是最后他没有给我，我非常生气。我差点儿杀了他！不过我喊来了丹迪，它为我杀死了达克沃思先生！”

我哭了起来。我的哥哥也是个巫师！我的全家都是巫师！

“别哭，詹妮特，”诺埃尔先生说。“必须有人照顾你。你可以留在里德宅院，和我在一起。”

诺埃尔先生手下的人把我妈妈带到了里德宅院，起初她一言不发。

“把泥塑像的事告诉我们，”诺埃尔先生说。“我手下的人在马尔金塔找到了一些泥塑像。”

我妈妈没有作声。

“你的母亲老德姆代克是女巫。你的女儿是女巫，”诺埃尔先生说。“你的儿子为了了一件衬衣杀死了达克沃思先生。现在把泥塑像的事告诉我们。”

我妈妈什么也没说。

“詹姆斯对我们讲了巴利村鲁滨逊先生的事，”诺埃尔先生说。“是你杀了他吗？”

突然间，我妈妈的脸涨红了，她冲着詹姆斯大喊：“你真是个好儿子！你把巴利村杰克·鲁滨逊的事告诉了那个有钱人。是的，你说的完全属实。是我杀了他！我做了一个泥像，然后把它打碎，一星期后他就死了。我杀了他是因为我恨他。”

她停下来看着我。我想跑开，可是诺埃尔先生的用人正站在门前。妈妈哈哈大笑着说：“詹妮特·迪瓦斯，巫师的女儿！我知道，你恨我们。嗯，这没什么，因为你是对的：你是不一样的。你是我女儿，但你不是我丈夫的女儿。你的父亲是个有钱人，可他从来不给我钱。他管你叫巫师的孩子。从你一出生，他就再也没靠近过我。杰克·鲁滨逊得知你亲生父亲的真相后，便告诉了巴利村的居民们。他们说我是坏女人，却不说你父亲是一个坏男人！从那以后，在巴利村，再也没有人给我吃的了，这都是杰克·鲁滨逊造成的。我恨他，所以我杀了他！”

房间里静悄悄的，我的妈妈又大笑起来。

我的手冰凉冰凉，我的脸热辣辣。不过我没有哭。迪瓦斯先生去世时，我哭了好几天然而他不是我父亲。我看着妈妈，看着她那肮脏的头发、丑陋的面容和愤怒的双眼。在那

一刻，我真恨她，许多年来我一直恨她。

4 TRUTH AND LIES

4 TRUTH AND LIES

On the twenty-seventh day of April, the guards took my mother and James to Lancaster Castle, and my life at Read Hall began. Suddenly, it was spring. The sky was blue and there were beautiful flowers on the hills. From Read Hall, Pendle Hill looked different: it looked smaller, and it was not so important in my life. Sometimes I walked along Sabden Brook to Sabden, and then to Newchurch, and I felt happy to be near Pendle Hill again. But I never visited Malkin Tower again.

Spring changed into summer, and in August I went to Lancaster with Mr Nowell. Lancaster was thirty miles from Read Hall, and I got very tired because I sat on a horse for hours. It was a big, noisy town. I never saw so many people before in my life and I felt afraid.

The trial of the witches of Pendle began at Lancaster Castle on the eighteenth day of August, and the judge was an important man from London. Judge Bromley listened to many people on that day, because there were a lot of witches from Lancashire in the prison. Old Demdike was not there because she died in May, before the judge arrived.

I waited with Mr Nowell's servant, and when a guard called my name, I went through a big door and saw the judge behind a table. Judge Bromley was rich and important, but his eyes were cold. Suddenly, I saw my mother! She was dirty and very thin. When she saw me, her face went red. My hair was clean now, and I wore shoes and an expensive dress. I saw my mother's eyes: she hated me!

'Are you a witch?' Judge Bromley asked my mother.

'No, I'm not,' my mother answered angrily.

'Did you kill Jack Robinson, of Barley village?'

'No, I did not.'

'Jennet Device is here,' a voice said quietly. It was Mr Nowell. 'She can tell us the truth about her mother.'

For a minute, my mother did not move. Then she ran across the room and shouted at me. 'You know nothing, you bad child! And I'm your mother! Don't forget that!'

The guards ran after my mother and pulled her to the floor.

'I'm no witch!' my mother shouted. 'It's all lies! Jennet, you're a witch—a child of the Devil! You're my daughter, and I know!'

I was afraid and I put my hands over my eyes. I didn't want to see my mother's ugly face. The guards pulled my mother out of the room and the noise stopped.

'Jennet Device, 'the judge said. 'Tell us the truth about your mother. '

Roger Nowell lifted me up and put me on a table in front of the judge.

'My mother is a witch, 'I began. 'She has a friend, a dog called Ball. When she wants to kill somebody, she tells Ball...' Italked and talked; I told the judge everything.

Judge Bromley listened carefully. 'My child, is this the truth? '

'Yes, 'I answered. 'I'm telling you the truth. '

The guards brought my mother back into the room again. Her face looked tired and her eyes were red.

'Elizabeth Device, your daughter told us about your dog, Ball. Your son, too, told us about the clay pictures. We know everything. '

My mother said nothing. She didn't look at the judge and she didn't look at me.

Next, the guards brought my brother James into the room. When I saw James, I wanted to cry. James was thin and dirty and his hair was very long. He looked at the judge and at all the rich and important men in the room and he began to cry. Then he sat down on the floor.

'Stand up, James Device, 'Judge Bromley said.

The guards pulled James up, but he fell to the floor again.

'You killed Mr Duckworth, 'Judge Bromley said.

'I wanted a shirt, 'James cried.

'Is your brother a witch? 'Judge Bromley asked me.

'Yes, 'I said. My brother sat on the floor, his mouth open. He looked at me, but he didn't know me. I was clean, and fat because of all the good food at Read Hall.

'James told me about his friend, Dandy, 'I began. 'Dandy was the Devil and—'

James heard the name Dandy, and he began to cry again. 'I want Dandy! I want to go home! '

The guards pulled him up from the floor and took him out of the room. I never saw my brother again.

When the guards brought my sister Alizon in front of the judge, I said nothing. John Law, the pedlar, came into the room. He was a thin man now. He walked slowly and he talked slowly and his face looked ill. He told the judge about that day near Colne when Alizon cursed him and her dog ran after him.

'I'm sorry!' Alizon said. 'I was angry with you that day, but I'm sorry now.' Alizon's eyes were dark and afraid, but she had no friends in that room and nobody wanted to listen to her.

Then Mr Nowell took me out and I waited with his servant in a different room. An hour later, there was the noise of many people shouting and crying.

The servant smiled. 'The trial is finished,' he said 'You're a good child Jenet. You told the judge the truth about the Witches.'

Mr Nowell took me home to Read Hall. And on the twenty-first day of August 1612, the guards took my mother, my sister and my brother out of prison, and hanged them in front of Lancaster Castle.

And so I lost my family.

When I was a child, I wanted to be happy. I wanted to be warm, to wear shoes, to eat good food. I wanted someone to take care of me. That's all. My mother gave me nothing. She gave me no love. She never took care of me. Because my mother was a witch, my father ran away and I never knew him. My father was a rich man without a name, and I lived hungry and cold with a witch. And so I told Judge Bromley the truth about my family. Was I wrong? I don't know.

I was happy for years at Read Hall. For twenty-one years, I forgot my family. I learned to cook for the Nowell family; I worked many hours every day but I was warm and I ate good food. Every Sunday, in my best dress, I went to church; every summer I walked over Pendle Hill. I never thought about my family, because I was happy at Read Hall.

In August 1612, the guards hanged my family in front of Lancaster Castle. But their dead faces waited for me there; and a year ago, in 1633, when the guards put me in the prison in Lancaster Castle, I met them again. Day after day, I see their ugly, dead faces and hear their cold, angry voices. I think of them all the time. God is with me here, in prison. I believe that. But my dead family is with me too.

Mr Webster, from the church at Kildwick, visits me again. His blue eyes are tired, but he smiles at me.

'Edmund Robinson and his father told the truth in London,' he says quietly. 'The child told lies about you because he was afraid of his father. He wanted his father to love him.'

I say nothing. Mr Webster wants to be kind, but he cannot help me. Mr Nowell cannot help me because he is dead. Edmund Robinson is only a child; he tells lies one day, and the truth the next day. But the truth cannot help me. What can I do against that, and lies? When Mr Nowell was alive, the villagers didn't talk about me. But when Mr Nowell died, the lies began. The villagers are all afraid of me—because my name is Device. They hate me—because my name is Device. They say I am a witch—because my name is Device.

I come from a family of witches, but I am not a witch. No one died because I cursed them. I never made clay pictures, I never had a cat or dog. I only wanted to live quietly at Read Hall and watch the changing skies over Pendle Hill.

When I was a child, I was always cold and hungry, and I hated my family because they were witches. In 1612, I told the truth, and the truth killed my family. Now, twenty-two years later, lies are going to kill me, here in Lancaster Castle, and I am cold and hungry again.

Mr Webster gives me bread, and I go back into the prison. I can never go back to Read Hall; I know that now. I must stay here in Lancaster Castle, with my dead family.

They are watching me, and waiting for me. I can never be free of them.

This is my true story; and I want to finish it now.

4 真相与谎言

4月27日,看守们把我妈妈和詹姆斯带到了兰开斯特城堡,我在里德宅院开始了新的生活。转眼间,春天来了。天空一片湛蓝,山上开着美丽的花朵。从里德宅院看去,潘德尔山显得和过去有些不同:它看起来小了点,而且它在我的生活中不再那么重要了。有时我沿着萨卜登小溪走到萨卜登村,然后再到纽丘奇村;我真高兴能再次靠近潘德尔山。但是我再也没有去过马尔金塔。

春去夏来,8月份我和诺埃尔先生一起去了兰开斯特。兰开斯特离里德宅院有30英里远,因为一连几小时坐在马背上,我很疲惫。兰开斯特是一个大而喧闹的市镇。我以前从来没有见过那么多人,所以有点害怕。

8月18日,在兰开斯特城堡开始了对潘德尔地区的巫师的审判。法官是一位从伦敦来的重要人物。由于监狱里关着许多兰开夏郡的巫师,布罗姆利法官在那一天听取了很多人的证词。老德姆代克没有出庭,因为在法官到达之前,她已经在5月份死去了。

我和诺埃尔先生的用人在一起等候出庭。当看守叫到我的名字时,我穿过一扇大门往前走去,看见了桌子后面的法官大人。布罗姆利法官十分富有并且地位显赫,但是他的眼睛冰冷无情。突然,我看到了妈妈!她又脏又瘦。当她看见我时,她的脸变红了。当时我的头发很干净,我还穿着鞋子和一条挺贵的裙子。我从她眼神中看出:她恨我!

“你是女巫吗？”布罗姆利法官问妈妈。

“不，我不是。”我妈妈生气地回答。

“你是不是害死了巴利村的杰克·鲁滨逊？”

“不，我没有。”

“詹妮特·迪瓦斯就在这里。”一个声音平静地说。那是诺埃尔先生。“她可以告诉我们有关她母亲的真实情况。”

有一小会儿，我的妈妈一动不动。随后她跑着穿过房间，向我大喊：“你什么也不知道，你这个坏孩子！我是你妈妈，别忘了这点！”

看守们追着我妈妈，把她拉倒在地上。

“我不是女巫！”妈妈喊道。“那全是谎言！詹妮特，你是个女巫——魔鬼的孩子！你是我女儿，我知道！”

我很害怕，用手挡住眼睛。我不想看到妈妈那张丑陋的脸。看守们把妈妈拉出了房间，吵嚷声止住了。

“詹妮特·迪瓦斯，”法官说，“把你母亲的真实情况告诉我们。”

罗杰·诺埃尔把我举起来，放在法官前面的一张桌子上。

“我的妈妈是个女巫，”我说道。“她有一个朋友，是一条名叫鲍尔的狗。当她想杀死谁的时候，她就告诉鲍尔……”我讲啊，讲啊，把一切都告诉了法官。

布罗姆利法官仔细地听着。“我的孩子，这是真的吗？”

“是的，”我回答说。“我说的都是真话。”

看守们又把我妈妈带回了房间。她面带倦容，眼睛红红的。

“伊丽莎白·迪瓦斯，你的女儿对我们讲了你的狗鲍尔的事。另外你的儿子对我们说了泥像的事。我们什么都知道了。”

我妈妈一声不吭。她既没有看法官，也没有看我。

接下来，看守们把我的哥哥詹姆斯带进了房间。当我看到哥哥时，我真想哭。詹姆斯又脏又瘦，头发长长的。他看了看法官和房间里有钱有势的人，哭了起来。然后，他坐在地上。

“站起来，詹姆斯·迪瓦斯，”布罗姆利法官说。

看守们把詹姆斯拖了起来，但是他又倒在了地上。

“你害死了达克沃思先生，”布罗姆利法官说。

“我想要件衬衣，”詹姆斯大声说。

“你哥哥是巫师吗？”布罗姆利法官问我。

“是，”我说。我哥哥张着嘴坐在地上。他看了我一眼，可是没认出我来。因为我干净、胖乎乎的，那是由于在里德宅院吃得很好的缘故。

“詹姆斯给我讲过他的朋友丹迪的事，”我说。“丹迪是魔鬼，并且——”

詹姆斯听到丹迪这个名字，又叫了起来：“我要丹迪！我想回家！”

看守们把他从地上拉起来，带了出去。从此，我再也没有见过哥哥。

当看守们把我姐姐艾丽森带到法官前面时，我什么话都没说。小贩约翰·劳走进了房间。他变得非常瘦，走路、说话都很缓慢，一脸病容。他对法官讲述了那一天在科恩村附近，艾丽森诅咒他以及她的狗追赶他的事情。

“我很抱歉！”艾丽森说。“那天我很生你的气，不过现在我感到抱歉。”艾丽森的眼睛黑黑的，流露出恐惧。但是在那个房间里她没有一个朋友，没有人肯听她的话。

后来，诺埃尔先生把我领了出去，我和他的用人在另外一个房间里等着。一小时后，传来了许多人的哭嚷声。

用人笑了。“审判结束了，”他说。“你是个好孩子，詹妮特，你把有关巫师们的真相告诉了法官。”

诺埃尔先生把我带回里德宅院。1612年8月20日，看守们把我的妈妈、姐姐和哥哥押出监狱，在兰开斯特城堡前绞死了他们。

就这样我失去了我的一家。

当我还是个孩子时，我希望过得快乐。我想穿得暖和，想有鞋穿，有好东西吃。我盼望有人来关心我。仅此而已。我的妈妈什么也没有给过我。她从未给过我一点爱。她从不关心我。因为妈妈是女巫，我的父亲跑掉了，我根本不知道他是谁。他是一个没有名字的有钱人，而我却和女巫一起生活，过着饥寒交迫的日子。因此，我把我一家的真相告诉了布罗姆利法官。我错了吗？我不知道。

在里德宅院我幸福地生活了很多年。21年来，我忘记了我的家人。我学着为诺埃尔一家做饭；虽然每天工作很长时间，但是我穿得暖吃得好。每个星期天，我穿上最好的衣服去教堂祈祷；每年夏天我在潘德尔山上漫步。我从未想到过我的家人，因为我在里德宅院生活得很愉快。

1612年8月，看守们在兰开斯特城堡前绞死了我的一家。然而他们死去的面孔在那里等待着我。一年前，也就是1633年，看守们把我关进了兰开斯特城堡监狱。在狱中，我又遇到了他们。日复一日，我能看见他们丑陋的死去的面孔，听得到他们冰冷、气愤的声音。我总是想到他们。上帝在这里，在监狱中与我同在，对此我深信不疑。可是我死去的一家也与我同在。

基尔德威克教堂的韦伯斯特先生又来看我了。他看上去很疲劳，但是他向我微笑着。

“埃德蒙·鲁滨逊和他父亲在伦敦说了实话，”他轻声说。“那个孩子过去所说的有关你的事都是扯谎，因为他害怕他父亲。他希望父亲爱他。”

我什么也没说。韦伯斯特先生尽量和善地待我，可是他帮不了我。诺埃尔先生也无法帮我，因为他已经去世了。埃德蒙·鲁滨逊只是个孩子；他今天说谎，明天说真话，但是真话也帮不了我。我能做什么来对抗仇恨和谎言呢？诺埃尔先生在世时，村民们没有议论过我。然而诺埃尔先生去世后，谎言便开始流传起来。村民们都害怕我——因为我姓迪瓦斯。他们恨我——因为我姓迪瓦斯。他们说我是女巫——因为我姓迪瓦斯。

我来自巫师之家，可我不是巫师。我从未咒死过任何人。我从未制作过泥像。我从未养过猫或狗。我只想在里德宅院平静地生活，我只想凝望潘德尔山顶上那片不断变化的天空。

孩提时代，我总是挨饿受冻，我恨我的家人，因为他们都是巫师。1612年，我说了真话，而真话害死了我的一家。22年后的今天，谎言将使我在兰开斯特城堡中丧生，我再次陷入了饥寒交迫的苦难中。

韦伯斯特先生给了我面包，我又回到了牢房里。我再也无法重归里德宅院了；现在我知道这点了。我必须呆在兰开斯特城堡监狱里，和我死去的一家在一起。

他们正在注视着我，等待着我，我永远也无法摆脱他们。

这是我的真实故事；就讲到这儿吧。