

**問題例 2.** 以下の下線部分の英文を日本語に翻訳しなさい。

In the middle of the thicket she halted, taking breath, and trying with all her might to think, to plan; but with every moment the tumult swept nearer, and she could distinguish high, unsteady laughter as of drunken men, and loud savage shouts of 'Maro, Maro! Kill! Kill!'

She was wondering if there were anyone left to kill besides herself, when, above the noise, and from the opposite quarter, she heard the short, sharp clattering noise that shod hoofs make when a horse is either bolting, or being ridden at a speed which spells out panic.

Elizabeth parted the stiff oleander stems and looked out. The air was grey with the twilight now, but she could see the mud wall that bounded the garden, and beyond it the dusty road. As she looked the dust flew up in a thick cloud, and a man on a black horse drove into sight. Still at the top of his speed he set the animal at the wall, and with a crash they were over it, and urging through the bushes towards the house.

'Mrs Oswald! Mrs Oswald!' called the rider with a shout, and as Elizabeth recognised young Carter, one of the subalterns in the regiment, the shout was answered by a roar.

A crackle of wide-flying shots sputtered out, and the mutineers, like a black wave, broke through the open gateway and surged towards the house.

James Carter glanced at them over his shoulder and called again, halting at the verandah steps, his fretting horse reined in, and the girl in the bushes measured the distance with her eye, and half started to run towards him. Then she shrank, for the black wave was very, very near, and as she hung irresolute another shot rang out, and young Carter flung up his arms and pitched sideways on to the verandah.

He was not dead, for he moved, and then Elizabeth saw a man come running through the study door, bend where the prostrate figure stirred, and stab once, twice, and again, with something that caught the lamplight the first time, and then was dulled and wet. Kirpa Ram had done his part! With a shrill whinny, James Carter's horse flung up its head, and crashed back through the bushes along the way that he and it had come. Far down the dusty road the clatter of the flying hoofs resounded, and Elizabeth thought that they hammered on her heart.

With a scream she turned and ran towards the ravine. Her hands beat back the red oleander flowers, her feet scarcely felt the ground, and behind her she heard a shouting and the thud of pursuing feet.

