

中文导读英文版

*The Beautiful Legend from the West-Italy & Russia*

# 美丽的西方传说 ——意大利&俄罗斯

王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社



( 中 文 导 读 英 文 版 )

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## 内 容 简 介

本书收集了 11 个意大利和 14 个俄罗斯经典传说故事, 这些故事具有浓郁、浪漫的西方色彩, 它们只占其众所周知和广为流传的西方传说宝库的一小部分。“白岩羚羊”、“神奇的蜥蜴”、“香桃树的孩子”、“仙猫”、“漂亮的范西里莎”、“冰霜”、“金鱼”和“魔镜”等脍炙人口的故事伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。

无论作为语言学习的课本, 还是作为通俗的文学读本, 本书对当代中国的青少年学生都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况, 进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平, 在每篇英文传说故事的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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在远古时代，诗人们和编故事的人们构想了许多关于公主与王子、魔鬼与天使、国王与平民、动物与智者、美女与勇士等传说，这些故事由一代代人口述着流传下来。后来人们把它们变成了文字，这些奇妙的故事就被记录下来。这些被记录下来的故事一般是寓言故事、神话传说、历史故事和名人传奇等，它们传诵的主要对象是青少年，是每个民族文化记忆中的核心内容，它们可以统称为传说或童话。它们以口承和文字形式代代相传绵绵不绝，既延续着一个个历久弥新的故事与文本的记载，同时也传递着一种精神的力量。世界上几乎每一个国家都重视对本国青少年的童话教育，特别是源于世界各地的著名童话故事教育，如中国的“花木兰”、丹麦的“丑小鸭”、德国的“小红帽”、意大利的“仙猫”、俄罗斯的“魔镜”、古希腊的“农夫和蛇”等。

基于以上原因，我们认为编写源于世界各地的美丽传说故事读本，对加强当代中国青少年学生素质教育和人文修养是非常有帮助的。作为世界童话宝库的一部分，本书内容取材于浓郁、浪漫的西方国度——意大利和俄罗斯的经典传说故事。这些美丽的传说故事之所以被选入本书，不仅因为它们具有内在美，具有鲜明的西方特色，而且是因为它们为世界传说与神话文学宝库增添了无限的生机。阅读本书，让我们不得不惊叹古人的美妙想象和活动。这些故事不仅在于内容的经典性和表达的完美性，而且要蕴含文化的理念和价值，让人们得到人文的熏陶，青少年读者可以从中得到有益的启示。

国内也曾有此类书出版，但主要集中在两个方面：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是中英文对照版。而其中的中英文对照读本比较受青少年读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。而从英文学习的角

# 前言



度上来看，直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国青少年读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、左新杲、黄福成、冯洁、徐鑫、马启龙、王业伟、王旭敏、陈楠、王多多、邵舒丽、周丽萍、王晓旭、李永振、孟宪行、熊红华、胡国平、熊建国、徐平国、王小红等。限于我们的文学素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，我们衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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# 1. 寻找金色尾毛的鸟

## The Quest of the Bird with the Golden Tail



很久以前，圣费斯切托王国的女王容貌虽美丽，但很傲慢。她嘲笑一个驼背腿瘸的小孩，使小孩的母亲很难过。仙女们诅咒女王会得到报应的。

女王很为自己英俊的儿子杰旺尼诺自豪，而几天后儿子全身长满了毛，变成了一头猪。杰旺尼诺知道只有一位美丽的姑娘嫁给他，才能使他恢复人形。

一天他来到磨坊，磨坊主的大女儿见到他，把他推下台阶，这让他备受打击，躲在房间几天不想出来。又一天他又碰到磨坊主的二女儿，遭到了同样的待遇。他想自己可能永远是一头猪了。

他不甘心，便去见磨坊主的小女儿孚米娜，孚米娜让他得到了爱情。他把姑娘带回王宫，大家为他俩举行了婚礼。杰旺尼诺单独和新娘在一起时，就变成英俊的青年。他告诉新娘再过三个月三天三小时，自己就永远保持英俊的模样了，但这段时间要保密。

两个月后，大家看新娘很幸福，流言便传到女王的耳朵里。她便问新娘为什么要嫁给他儿子，并要在儿子睡觉时观看他。新娘阻挡不住便答应了。

当女王看到儿子英俊的模样时，高兴得喊了起来。这时杰旺尼诺变成一只金尾巴的鸟飞走了，走前告诉妻子她必须穿破七双铁鞋、走七年、装满七瓶泪水他们才能相见。







姑娘准备了七双铁鞋、七根铁拐杖，开始了艰难的寻找。走了快七年，只剩下一双铁鞋在脚上和一根拐杖，泪水早已装满了七瓶。姑娘在一个树林的房子里问一个小矮人婆婆，见到一个金尾鸟没有。小矮人说自己丈夫可能知道，但他是食人魔，让她快走。姑娘请求在屋里躲一躲，便藏在酒桶里。

食人魔回来后在四处乱嗅。老婆婆说早上有人打听金尾鸟的事，食人魔说不知道，便拿出魔笛吹起来，使屋里的东西飞了起来。孚米娜躲在酒桶被撞得头昏脑胀，最后，食人魔睡了，第二天一早就打猎走了。

老婆婆给了孚米娜一粒栗子，让她困难时打开。她走到另一座房子，结果和前一次一样，这次得到了一粒核桃。天黑，她来到森林尽头的一幢房子。一个老巫婆赶她走，她问巫婆见没见过金尾鸟，并请求住一夜。

巫婆让她躲在地窖的垃圾和石块中间。食人魔回来后妻子问他金尾鸟的事，他说只有风之国王知道，就吹起了魔笛，孚米娜在地窖里被撞得鼻青脸肿。第二天食人魔走后，老婆婆让她顺着远方的大路去找风之国王，并给了她一颗长生果，让她在困难时打开。

孚米娜经过千辛万苦来到风之国的山下，歇了一会儿后来到山顶，一阵风把她推到一间大屋中。她问风金尾鸟在哪里，风说不知道，让她问东风，咆哮的东风让她问温柔的南风。最后她又问冰冷的北风，北风告诉她，如果不害怕可以带她去。

她坐在风的背上穿云跨海，风吹日晒，她的面目变得憔悴，迅速衰老了。终于来到一座漂亮的城堡外面，风告诉她，金尾鸟就住在里面，现在已经是英俊的青年了！孚米娜朝城堡旁边的农庄走去，有人称她老婆婆。听了这话，感到没法见杰旺尼诺，便说要找活干。于是，她被派去照料一群鹅。

她在小溪中照见自己的面容，觉得见杰旺尼诺已认不出她了。这时，鹅在旁边让把栗子剥开。孚米娜剥开栗子，里面有一套华丽的礼服。穿到身上，她立刻恢复了原来的模样。老女王过来，想把衣服据为己有，因为她想嫁给杰旺尼诺，但被她拒绝了。

孚米娜告诉老女王，如果让自己晚上在王子那里留宿，礼服就可以给她。老女王答应了，但在王子晚餐的葡萄酒里加了安眠药。王子在餐桌上睡着了，被抬上楼，孚米娜一晚上也没能和他说上一句话。



下午，孚米娜又把核桃打开，又一件更华丽的衣服在里面。老女王又用同样的条件得到了它。她又让人在王子的葡萄酒里放了安眠药。姑娘虽然伤心诉说着，可丈夫始终沉睡，一句也没听到，一夜又过去了。

姑娘又打开长生果，里面的衣服比前两件更漂亮，老女王又同样得到了。孚米娜想，这是最后的机会，如果不行，自己将永远失去他。

晚餐时，王子问侍臣，自己怎么两次在餐桌上睡着了，侍臣让他留心酒。晚餐时，王子趁人不备把酒倒在桌下，然后便上了楼。孚米娜上楼来诉说自己七双铁鞋的故事，王子知道她是谁了，把她抱在怀里。

第二天早上他们下楼时，老女王气得倒在地上死了。孚米娜和王子成了美丽城堡的统治者，举行了盛大的婚礼，过着幸福的生活。

*T*here was once upon a time, in the Kingdom of San Fiaschetto, a Queen who was as proud and disagreeable as she was beautiful.

One day, as she was driving about her kingdom, she saw at the door of a poor cottage a little lame and humpbacked boy. The wicked Queen, who hated the sight of ugly things, began laughing scornfully, so that the boy began to weep; and the boy's mother, who was inside the cottage, feeling very miserable and vexed, went to the fairies, complaining of the bad Queen who had laughed at a poor cripple.

"The Queen shall know all about this," said the fairies.

Now, the Queen had an only son, called Giovannino, of whom she was exceedingly proud, because he was the handsomest young man of all the country for miles around. A few days after this had happened, Giovannino began to grow hair all about his hands and face, and shortly after all over his body. Then, instead of walking on his feet, he began crawling on all fours. In fact, he was turned into a nasty-looking pig.

You may well imagine the horror of the Queen when she saw this! Weeping and sobbing, she ran to the fairies, and begged them to give the boy back his lovely features. But the fairies turned away murmuring incomprehensible words, and the Queen went back to the palace more unhappy

than ever, to find Giovannino all dirty and disagreeable because he had been wallowing in the mud.

Yet Giovannino knew all about his own fate, because a fairy godmother had come to him in his sleep and told him. He knew that, unless a beautiful girl would fall in love with him and marry him, he would remain a grubby pig to the end of his life. One day he went wandering about in the country, and came to a mill where there lived a miller with his three daughters, the prettiest in all San Fiaschetto. On the doorstep stood the eldest, and Giovannino went up to her, but the girl pushed him off, saying: "Get away, you dirty pig!"

Poor Giovannino rolled down the steps, feeling very much humiliated. A Prince to be treated like that by a miller's daughter! When he arrived at home, he shut himself up in his rooms and would neither eat nor drink for several days.

Yet after a while he made up his mind to try his luck again, and back he went to the mill. The second daughter was sitting on the steps, but when Giovannino came near she kicked him, crying: "Off with you, you horrid pig!"

This was very sad indeed for Giovannino, who began to think that never, never in his life would he find a beautiful girl, not alone to marry him, but even to look at him, and that he would have to remain a pig to the end of his days. So he threw himself under his bed and would not budge for a long time.

At last, out he crawled again, and went trotting along until he came once more in sight of the mill. In the yard the youngest and prettiest of the miller's daughters was very busy feeding the chickens.

"If she kicks me, I'll kill myself and make an end of it," said Giovannino to himself as he came nearer. He was looking rather unpleasant because, as there were several pools on the way from the palace, he had been wallowing in the mud. Yet he pulled himself together, and came very near little Firmina, who, instead of kicking him away, said in a kind voice: "You poor little beast!"

Giovannino, greatly encouraged, came nearer and whispered: "Tell me, pretty miller's daughter, do you think you could love me?"



"Yes, I could, poor little beastie," answered Firmina.

Giovannino at this answer felt bolder and bolder and stammered out: "Pretty miller's daughter, would you marry me?"

"Yes, I would," replied the girl.

Then the Prince-pig, almost beside himself with excitement, took his bride back to the palace: his people were delighted to know that he had found someone to marry him, ugly as he was, and there was a beautiful wedding.

When Giovannino was left alone with his bride, all of a sudden he was turned into the handsome young man he was before the accident, and to the delighted Firmina he said: "I shall always be like this if, for three months, three days, and three hours, nobody knows anything about it and nobody but you sees me."

Of course Firmina promised that she would never whisper a word to anybody, and for two months they were very happy. But then people began to feel envious, because the miller's daughter looked ever so happy and so much in love with her husband, in spite of his being a pig, and they whispered that either Firmina had married just for the sake of being a princess and that she hated Giovannino for all that, or that there was some secret and that the Prince was not really always a horrid pig.

All this came to the ears of the Queen, who was already a little suspicious, and she felt very jealous because she was almost sure there was something her daughter-in-law knew and she did not. So she began to worry the poor little thing, and one evening she called her up to her and said:

"Tell me, miller's daughter, why did you marry my son?"

"Because I loved him."

"Is it true, what I hear, that my son is at times changed into a fine young man?"

"It may be so, and it may not be so."

"What is my son like when he is alone with you?"

"That I cannot tell."

At this the Queen became more and more angry, and shouted out: "I'll see

my son when he is asleep.”

“That you shan’t,” said Firmina.

“You impudent little minx!” cried the Queen, in a paroxysm of rage. “I’ll teach you to answer a Queen like that! I shall see my son whenever I please, whether you will or not. I am the Queen, and I alone command here. If you say one more word I’ll have your silly head cut off.”

“Very well,” sobbed out Firmina.

So that night when Giovannino was asleep Firmina unlocked the door and let the Queen in, and when the Queen saw her boy so handsome and young she cried out: “Oh, my son, how beautiful you are!” This woke up Giovannino, who was immediately changed into a bird with a fine golden tail, and he flew out of the window, saying to his wife: “In order to find me you must walk for seven years, wear out seven pairs of shoes made of iron, and fill seven flasks with your tears, when I shall be yours once more.”

And off he flew, leaving a golden trail behind him.

The poor little miller’s daughter sobbed her heart out when she realised that her Giovannino had really gone. But, remembering his parting words, she immediately procured for herself the seven pairs of iron shoes, and seven iron rods to lean upon on the way, and began her sad quest, willed by the fates. For months and months she travelled on, through mountains and plains, on stones and crags and rocks, tearing herself on thorny bushes, losing her way through unknown countries, asking everyone she met whether they had seen the Bird with the Golden Tail. But nobody had seen him.

One day, when she had walked for nearly seven years, and used up all the shoes but the pair she was wearing, all the rods but the one she was leaning upon, and had cried and wept so much that all the seven flasks had been filled and she had no more tears to shed, because they were all dried up, she came to a dark wood, and in a dusky corner she saw a house. A little old wrinkled woman was at the window, and Firmina called out to her: “Dear little woman, have you seen the Bird with the Golden Tail?”

“I have not seen him, my dear. Perhaps my husband has seen him, but you



had better be off before he comes back, because he is an Ogre, and would eat you should he find you here. This is the country of the Ogres.”

“Pretty little Ogress, please let me hide in your house. Perhaps I may hear where my Giovannino is, and also I am so tired that I cannot walk another step to-night.”

The Ogress would not take her in at first because she was almost sure the Ogre would eat the poor little thing, and she felt so sorry for her. Yet after a while Firmina insisted so much that she was allowed to come in and was hid in an empty cask.

Presently the Ogre came home and began sniffing about. “I feel there is something to eat here. Where is it?”

“There is absolutely nothing here, you old stupid,” said his wife. “But some time this morning somebody came in and asked whether you had heard of a Bird with a Golden Tail.”

“I know nothing about the Bird with the Golden Tail,” growled the Ogre, “but I know there is something to eat in the house. I smell it!” And taking a magic whistle out of his pocket, he struck up a tune, so that presently everything in the house began to dance and kick about, and fly here and there and everywhere. You can imagine poor Firmina in the cask! She was all sore and knocked about, yet she did not utter a cry; and finally the Ogre, having satisfied himself that he could get hold of nothing to eat for the present, went to bed feeling cross and hungry, and early in the morning got up and went out hunting.

As soon as he was out of sight, the Ogress came up to the cask and let the girl out, saying kindly: “My poor child, I am so sorry for you: there you are, all sore and hurt, and yet you know nothing about your bird. Take this chestnut and open it when you are in need.”

Off went Firmina, and all the day she roamed about in the wood, until at night she reached another house in a thick cluster of trees. Firmina knocked at the door and begged to be let in for the night.

“Get away as fast as you can, my daughter,” answered the woman who



came to the door. "Don't you know this is the country of the Ogres? The wood is full of them. If Malfatto finds you here when he comes home, he will eat you on the spot."

"Dear little Ogress, I am looking for the Bird with the Golden Tail. If your husband is really an Ogre, he may know where the Bird is. Do let me in and have a chance."

The kind Ogress at last let the girl in, and hid her in a pair of the Ogre's shoes.

Presently Malfatto came in and began scenting the air.

"There is a human being in this house," he said to his wife.

"Don't you be an old idiot," cried his wife. "There is nobody in the house now, but this morning a girl came along and asked whether we knew of a Bird with a Golden Tail."

"I know nothing of the Bird with the Golden Tail," roared Malfatto, "but if I find something hidden here, I'll make you suffer for it." Pulling out a whistle, he began whistling until everything in the house was set going; the chairs went up to the window-sill, the table hit the ceiling, and as for the shoes Firmina was hidden in, they went right up and then down again with a big thud on to the floor, so that Firmina thought she was going to die, and yet she had learnt nothing about Giovannino.

In the morning, after Malfatto had gone, his wife let the girl out and gave her a walnut, saying: "Open this when you are in need."

The little miller's daughter crawled out cautiously, feeling very weary and sad and sore. Yet she would not stop to rest, and at night she had reached another house at the very end of the wood. A hideous old hag was at the window, who, when she saw Firmina coming near, shouted in an angry voice: "Get off, you silly thing, or I'll hit you."

"Please, madam, tell me, have you seen the Bird with the Golden Tail?"

"Get off, you and your iron shoes! I know nothing of a Bird with a Golden Tail. I daresay my husband knows all about it, because he knows everything; but you may have heard of Mangialupi. If he sees you he will eat you, iron





shoes and all. Ha, ha, ha!!!”

“Please, madam, please let me in for the night. I’d give anything for a chance of knowing where my little Bird has gone. Do let me hide in your house!”

“All right, if you want to be eaten, come in,” said the Ogress in a slightly less gruff voice. And pushing Firmina in, she hid her under a heap of rubbish and stones in a corner of the cellar.

At dusk Mangialupi came in, feeling very hungry and cross. As soon as he got to the house he began to sniff about and cry: “I smell some young meat.”

“Be quiet, you silly,” growled his wife; “but you might tell me, you old wretch, where the Bird with the Golden Tail is.”

“What do I know of your silly Bird? Am I the King of the Winds? Where did you hide that fresh meat?”

And as his wife, instead of giving him information, scolded him like an old trooper, he took out a whistle and started the usual Ogre tune. All the house went dancing about; the chairs, the stove, the cupboards, the tables, everything went whirling around, as if shaken by a hurricane and a wind combined. Even the poor old Ogress was shaken about and thrown against the window-panes and up to the ceiling.

As for the poor little miller’s daughter, who, as I have told you, was hiding in the cellar under a heap of rubbish and stones, you can easily guess how she was thrown against the walls and hurt by the stones that were supposed to hide her. By the time—and it was a long time!—that Mangialupi grew tired and stopped whistling and everything had gone to rest, the poor child was terribly bruised, she was bleeding sorely. Fortunately, Mangialupi could not see her, and he went to bed growling like a cross bear with a very sore head.

In the morning the Ogress went to Firmina to say that, as the Ogre had gone out, she might as well take her chance and flee. The poor old thing was very sore too, yet she seemed kinder towards the girl who was going through so much in order to find her lost love.

“Did you hear what Mangialupi said last night? It is not the Ogres you

must ask for news of your little Bird. The only one who knows is the King of the Winds.”

“Thank you, madam,” cried Firmina, overjoyed at the thought of gaining information; “and pray tell me, where does the King of the Winds live?”

“See that highroad in the distance? They all live over there. Now go, or you’ll get me into trouble. Here is a peanut for you. Open it when you are in need.”

The miller’s daughter thanked the Ogress, who after all, in spite of her rudeness, had been so helpful to her, and ran along to seek the house of the King of the Winds.

On and on she tramped through forests dark and full of crawling beasts that filled her with fear, through swamps and marshes, through rivers she had to swim across, through thorns and prickly bushes that tore her hands and feet; but at last she arrived at the foot of the mountain on the top of which was the home of the Winds.

There she stopped for a few minutes, to get a little breath; then she began climbing the steep rocks, until at last she reached the top and stood before the open door of the stronghold, when a great gust of wind pushed her into a big vaulted room without any furniture, because all the furniture that there was had been smashed by the winds that blew in and out when and as they pleased.

“Please, kind Wind,” said Firmina to the Wind that was shaking her about, “tell me where is the Bird with the Golden Tail?”

“I don’t know, my child, but ask my brother the East Wind: he may know,” and the Wind blustered out of the room. Presently Firmina felt that something was pushing her violently against the walls, and she felt the East Wind blowing in like a fury. But the East Wind knew nothing about the Bird, and went out very cross, shaking her, and making her feel chilly and sore.

Then the Southern Wind blew in very gently, and said that he knew nothing about the Bird, but that the North Wind was sure to know. Off he went, leaving Firmina on the floor, because, although he pretended to be so gentle and calm, yet he blew strongly all the same.