



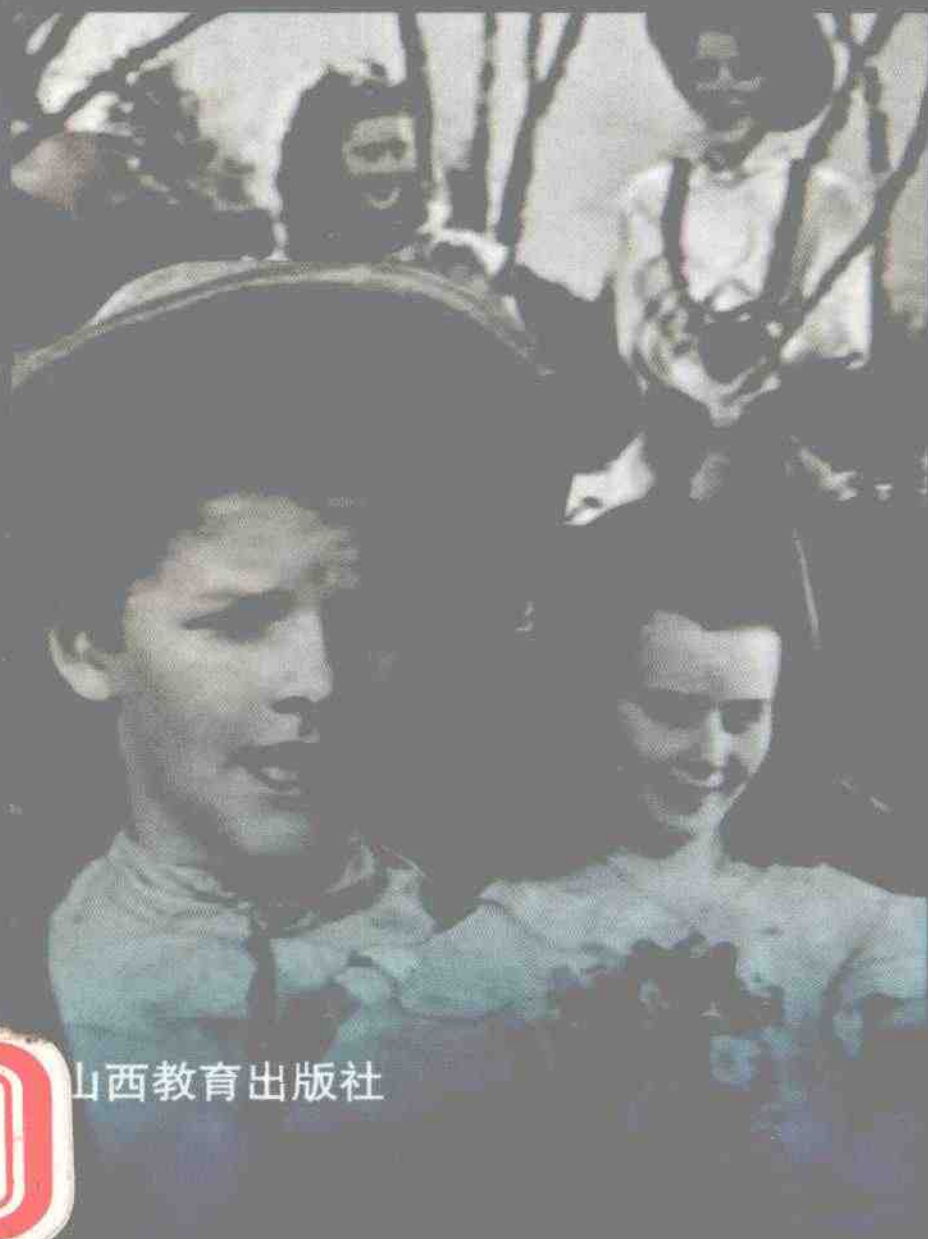
EC

英汉有声连环画库

# T 汤姆·索耶历险记

## THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

Mark Twain



山西教育出版社

EC 英汉有声连环画库

# T 汤姆·索耶历险记

## THE ADVENTURES

### OF TOM SAWYER



原著 马克·吐温  
改编 李心旧  
翻译 张 幺

山西教育出版社

图书在版编目 (C I P) 数据

汤姆·索耶历险记 / 李心旧改编; 张么译. —太原:  
山西教育出版社, 2003.1

(英汉有声连环画库 / 景海荣主编)

ISBN 7-5440-2480-6

I. 汤... II. ①李... ②张... III. 连环画—作品—  
中国—现代 IV. J228.4

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2002) 第102607号

山西教育出版社出版发行

(太原市迎泽园小区2号楼)

山西望月彩印有限公司

2003年1月第1版 2003年1月山西第1次印刷

开本: 880×1230毫米 1/72 印张: 3.75

字数: 132千字 印数: 1—10000册

定价: 6.50元

策    划：李少霖 仇小燕

主    编：景海荣

责任编辑：李少霖

复    审：王玉成

终    审：张金柱

装帧设计：薛  飞

图片制作：太原三原制版印刷有限责任公司

监    制：王和平



## 说 明

为了给广大英语学习者提供一种随意、放松、趣味、地道、直接的个性化学习模式，我们编辑了这套《英汉有声连环画库》。

**内 容** 本书是《英汉有声连环画库》第一辑(10本)中的一本，以马克·吐温所著《汤姆·索耶历险记》的主要情节为脚本、配有NORMAN TAUROG导演的《汤姆·索耶历险记》电影剧照、加拿大英语教师James Biello 朗读的英文脚本语音编辑而成。编辑时，保留原著句子的原貌及作者的写作风格，使读者欣赏到原汁原味的英文作品。

**特 点** 这套图书除了在英汉两种文本、文本与图片同步之外，克服了目前有声读物语音与文本图片不能完全同步的缺陷，可根据任何一页的内容找出同步语音。使文本、图片、语音达到完全同步。

**使用方法** 寻求语音与任意一页内容同步的方法：

**磁 带** 1. 根据该页上方所印语音同步图标粗步检索磁带位置。2. 根据磁带背景音页码确认。

**CD 光盘** 1. 根据语音同步图标中色柱个数按A、B、C、

D……累计确定光盘选段序号。2. 根据光盘背景音页码确认。

**建议学习步骤** 读者可根据自己的英文水平选择相应步骤。

1. 读中文连环画——欣赏名著、感悟情景
2. 两种文本对照阅读——比较两种文字对情景的描述，可提高英语阅读理解能力
3. 读英文连环画——欣赏英文对情景的描述
4. 听英语对照英文——提高英语听力
5. 听英语看连环画——直接用英语欣赏、感悟情景
6. 听英语——默想情景，用英语思维

**注** 书中有个别语言现象不合语法规范，为保持原著风貌我们予以保留。

由于我们学识所限，书中难免有错误和不恰当的地方，敬请读者指正。

Tom did play hookey, and he had a very good time. He got back home barely in time to help Jim, the small colored boy, saw next-day's wood and split the kindlings before supper--at least he was there in time to tell his adventures to Jim while Jim did three-fourths of the work. Tom's younger brother (or rather half-brother) Sid was already through with his part of the work (picking up chips), for he was a quiet boy, and had no adventurous, troublesome ways.



汤姆真的逃学了，而且玩得很痛快。他回家很迟勉强赶上帮黑孩子吉姆干活——帮他在晚饭前锯第二天用的木头，劈成引火用柴——至少没有耽误把他所干的事讲给吉姆听，而活却是吉姆干了3/4。汤姆的弟弟（确切地说是同父异母的弟弟）锡德已干完了他那份活儿（捡碎木块），因为他是个安静的孩子，从不干什么冒险的事，也不惹什么麻烦。



While Tom was eating his supper, and stealing sugar as opportunity offered, Aunt Polly asked him questions that were full of guile, and very deep -- for she wanted to trap him into damaging revealments. Like many other simple-hearted souls, it was her pet vanity to believe she was endowed with a talent for dark and mysterious diplomacy, and she loved to contemplate her most transparent devices as marvels of low cunning. She said: "Tom, it was middling warm in school, warn't it?"



吃晚饭的时候，汤姆一有机会就偷糖吃，波利姨妈问了他几个莫名其妙且藏有陷阱的问题，为的是使汤姆落入圈套说出实话来。跟其他许多单纯善良的人一样，她很自以为是，相信自己很有点子，手段精明，把那些极易被人识破的伎俩当做最高明的计策，她说：“汤姆，学校里挺热的，对吧？”



“Yes'm.” “Pretty warm, warn't it?” “Yes'm.”  
“Didn't you want to go in a-swimming, Tom?” A  
bit of a scare shot through Tom -- a touch of uncom-  
fortable suspicion. He searched Aunt Polly's face,  
but it told him nothing. So he said: “No'm -- well,  
not very much.”



“是的，姨妈。”“热的厉害，对不对？”“对，姨  
妈。”“你是不是想去游泳来着，汤姆。”汤姆忽然感到  
有点慌张——一丝不安和疑惑掠过心头。他偷眼察看  
波利姨妈的脸色，见她不动声色。于是他说：“没有啊，  
姨妈——呃，不太想去。”

The old lady reached out her hand and felt Tom's shirt, and said: "But you ain't too warm now, though." And it flattered her to reflect that she had discovered that the shirt was dry without anyone knowing that that was what she had in her mind. But in spite of her, Tom knew where the wind lay, now. So he forestalled what might be the next move: "Some of us pumped on our heads--mine's damp yet. See?"



老太太伸手摸摸汤姆的衬衣,说道:“可是你现在却并不怎么热,是吧!”她已发现衬衣是干的,却没有人知道她内心的真正用意,为此她感到很得意。而汤姆猜透了她的心思,所以他来了个先发制人。“我们几个在水泵下淋了淋头,你瞧,我的头发还是湿的呢!”

Aunt Polly was vexed to think she had overlooked that bit of circumstantial evidence, and missed a trick. Then she had a new inspiration: "Tom, you didn't have to undo your shirt collar where I sewed it, to pump on your head, did you? Unbutton your jacket!" The trouble vanished out of Tom's face. He opened his jacket. His shirt collar was securely sewed.



波利姨妈很懊恼，她居然没注意到这个明摆着的事实，以致错过了一次机会。可接着她又心生一计：“汤姆，你往头上浇水的时候，不必拆掉我给你衬衫上缝的领子吧？把上衣的纽扣解开！”汤姆脸上的不安马上就消失了。他解开上衣，衬衣的领子还是缝的好好的。



“Bother! Well, go 'long with you. I'd made sure you'd played hookey and been a-swimming. But I forgive ye, Tom. I reckon you're a kind of a singed cat, as the saying is--better'n you look. This time.” She was half sorry her sagacity had miscarried, and half glad that Tom had stumbled into obedient conduct for once.



“真是怪事。得，算了吧！我本以为你旷课去游泳了！我原谅你了，看来你就像俗话里说的烧焦毛的猫一样——并不像表面看起来的那样坏，虽说只这一回。”她一面为自己的计谋落空而惋惜，一面又为汤姆这一次竟能如此温顺听话而高兴。



But Sidney said: "Well, now, if I didn't think you sewed his collar with white thread, but it's black."

"Why, I did sew it with white! Tom!" But Tom did not wait for the rest. As he went out at the door he said: "Siddy, I'll lick you for that."



可是锡德尼却说：“哼，我记得你好像给他缝领子用的是白线，可现在却是黑线。”“嘿，我的确用白线缝的！汤姆！”可汤姆没等听完话就跑了，出门时说道：“锡德，我可要狠狠揍你一顿。”

“She’d never noticed if it hadn’t been for Sid. Confound it! sometimes she sews it with white, and sometimes she sews it with black. I wish to geeminy she’d stick to one or t’other--I can’t keep the run of ‘em. But I bet you I’ll lam Sid for that. I’ll learn him!” He was not the Model Boy of the village. He knew the model boy very well though--and loathed him.



“如果不是锡德，她是永远不会注意到的。真讨厌！有时她用白线缝，有时又用黑线。我真希望她总是用一种线——换来换去把我弄糊涂了。不过，我发誓非揍锡德一顿不可，我要好好教训教训他。”汤姆不是村里的模范男孩，但他对那位模范男孩非常熟悉，并且很讨厌他。

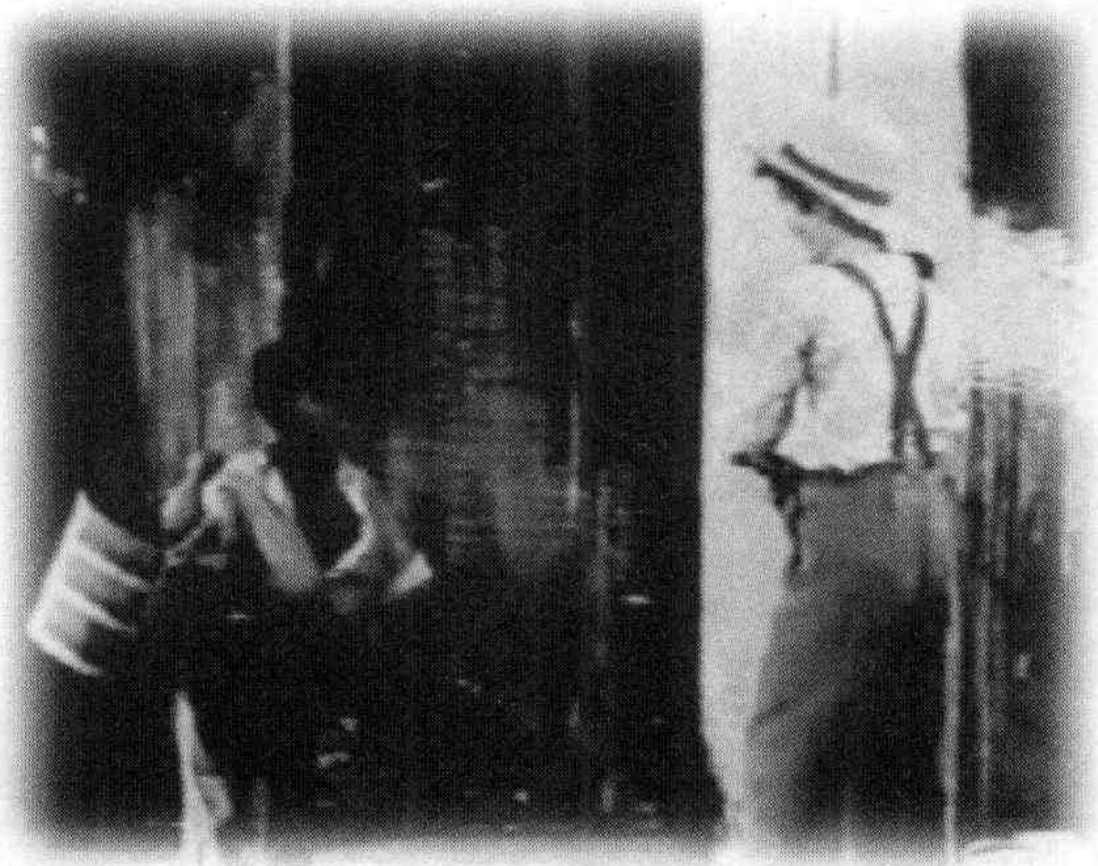
Saturday morning was come. Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again.



到了星期六的早晨，汤姆出现在人行道上，一手拎着一桶灰浆，另一手拿着长柄刷。他打量着栅栏，所有的快乐都逝去了，牢骚满腹。栅栏可是30码长，9英尺高啊。生命对他来说似乎太乏味空洞了，活着简直是负担。他叹了一口气，用刷子蘸上灰浆，从木板顶上刷起来。一遍一遍重复着。



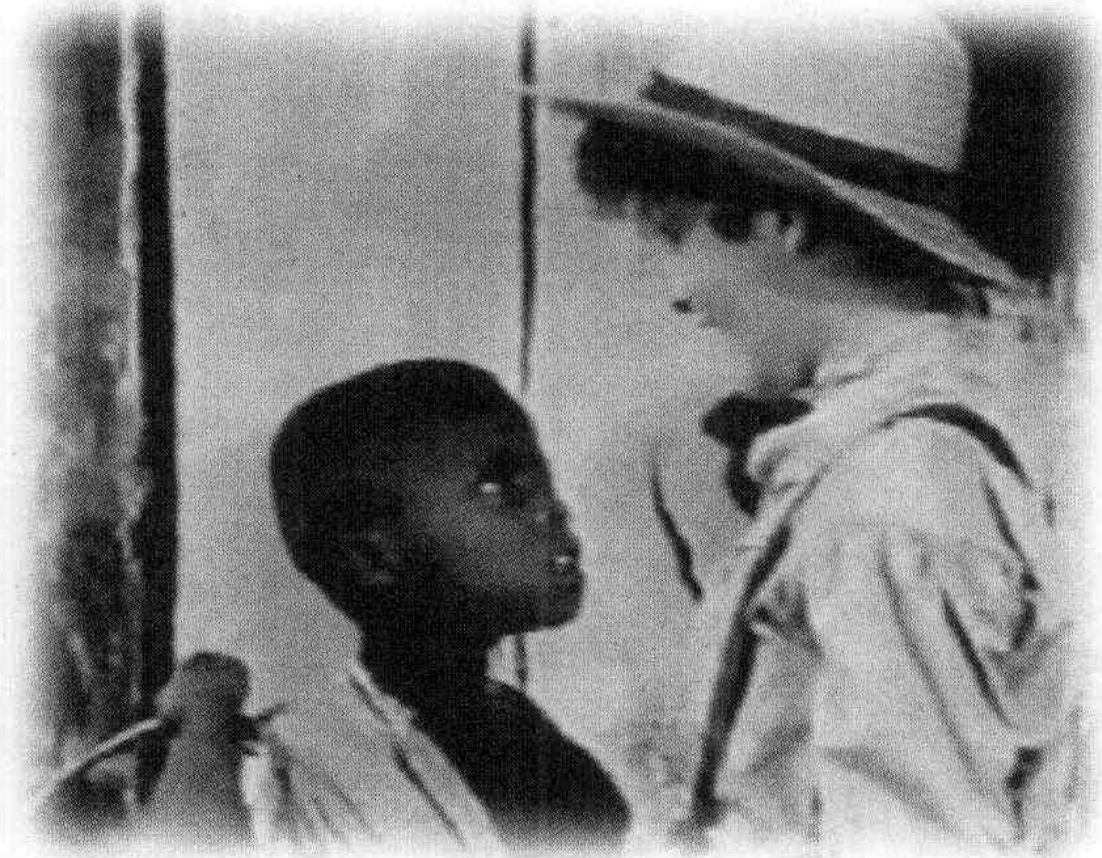
He compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged. Jim came skipping out at the gate with a tin pail, and singing ~Buffalo Gals. Bringing water from the town pump had always been hateful work in Tom's eyes, before, but now it did not strike him so.



汤姆看看刚刷过的不起眼的那块，和没刷的栅栏相比，气馁地一屁股坐在木箱上。这时，吉姆手里提着一个铁皮桶，口中唱着“布法罗女孩”蹦蹦跳跳从大门口跑出来。在汤姆眼中，到镇上从抽水机里拎水，一向是件令人厌烦的差事，现在他可不这样看了。



He remembered that there was company at the pump. White, mulatto, and negro boys and girls were always there waiting their turns, resting, trading playthings, quarrelling, fighting, skylarking. And he remembered that although the pump was only a hundred and fifty yards off, Jim never got back with a bucket of water under an hour--and even then somebody generally had to go after him. Tom said: "Say, Jim, I'll fetch the water if you'll whitewash some."



他记得在那里有很多伴儿：有白人孩子，黑人孩子，还有混血孩子，男男女女都在那排队等着提水。大家在那儿休息，交换各自玩的东西，吵吵闹闹，争斗嬉戏。而且他还记得尽管他们家离拎水处只有150码远，吉姆却从没有在一个小时里拎回一桶水来，即使如此也还得别人去催才行。汤姆说：“喂，吉姆，如果你来刷墙，我就去提水。”