

中文导读英文版

The Beautiful Legend from the Orient-India & Japan

美丽的东方传说 ——印度&日本

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 9 个印度和 13 个日本经典传说故事, 这些故事具有浓郁、神秘的东方色彩, 它只占众所周知和广为流传的神秘东方传说宝库的一小部分。“月亮里的兔子”、“白象的故事”、“兄弟历险记”、“索命绳”、“一个真正的武士”、“老鼠嫁女儿”、“拇指太郎”、“月亮的女儿”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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前言

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”、印度的“兄弟历险记”、日本的“拇指太郎”、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，本书内容取材于神秘的东方国度——印度和日本的经典传说故事。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，具有鲜明的东方特色，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。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。从英文学习的角度

前言



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，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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1. 兄弟历险记

The Adventurous Brethren

第一章 箭 敌

Part I The Rival Archers

从前，年老的毗湿摩君王统治着印度的大片土地。他的大儿子特拉思塔拉思特拉是个盲人，二儿子潘多已去世，他只有等孙子们长大接管王权。

君王大儿子的继承人杜尤丹勇敢但嫉妒心很强，人们称他和其弟兄“库鲁”；潘多家的五兄弟以“潘达瓦”闻名：老大约迪西斯拉，老二比摩，老三阿遮那，最小的是一对双胞胎。老毗湿摩想让孙儿们学习高超的武艺，可始终找不到合适的老师。

一天，男孩子们在野外玩耍时，把球踢到一个井里去了，他们想尽办法也捞不上来，最后球沉到了水底。

阿遮那看到不远处一个僧侣在看他们，便过去请求帮助。这位老婆罗门在他们的央求下来到井边，取下手上的戒指扔到井里。从旁边采来一把草，用一片叶子投到水下五十英尺的球上，牢牢戳进球内。又用第二片叶子穿入第一片叶子的根部，依次将草叶组成一个草链，将球拉了出来。他又取出弓箭，将箭射入水中的戒指，箭又迅速返回到他手中。

男孩们惊喜得跳了起来，约迪西斯拉问老婆罗门要什么报酬，僧侣让他们告诉国王，德罗纳现在又渴又饿。国王马上有请这位虽未谋面但早已闻名的贤德武士。





德罗纳私下告诉国王，自己从小和王子、王孙们共同受训。曾同现在的潘奇拉国君德拉帕达起誓，互相忠诚、互相帮助，随后自己当上了僧侣；多年后结婚生子，决定返俗，找到德拉帕达请求帮助，但这位儿时的朋友却不认他。他发誓要让德拉帕达用眼泪重新认识自己，听说国王为孙子们请教官便来了，国王让他留下教孙子们武艺。

次日，德罗纳带领年轻人来到森林的空地，问他们今后的武艺超过印度的其他王子时，能否帮他实现一个计划。王子中只有潘瓦达的阿遮那发誓将来让他做什么都会执行，这让二人的心贴得很近，不久，阿遮那的武艺超过了其他人。

一天晚上，他们在练功回去的途中吃东西时，阿遮那想到眼睛看不见照样可以凭感觉，就将食物吃下，然后拿出弓箭练习在黑暗中凭鸟叫声射鸟，得到了德罗纳的称赞，使在旁边本来对阿遮那就妒嫉的杜尤丹更加愤怒！

国王允许邻国的王公和贵族青年跟德罗纳学习武艺。其中有一位沉默寡言叫卡那的青年，没人知道他的父母是谁，但他学习十分努力，技艺与阿遮那不相上下。杜尤丹时常送他一些贵重礼物，并挑拨他和阿遮那的关系，使他们之间充满了敌对的情绪。

德罗纳开始考核他们，做了一只假鸟放在树上，让年长的杜尤丹先射，并问他看到了什么。他说看到了鸟、树及周围的人，德罗纳让他站到一边，终止了他的比赛。其他的王子也以同样原因被停止了比赛，最后只剩下卡那和阿遮那两个人。

德罗纳十分伤心：这么多人都没有通过简单的测验。如果剩下的两人也不能通过，自己只有承认无能。当卡那试射时，德罗纳问他看到了什么，他说看到了树、老师和鸟。德罗纳停止了试射。

阿遮那试射时说，只看到了鸟。德罗纳高兴地让他射箭，鸟头和身子立刻分了家。

德罗纳告诉其他人，射箭要盯准目标，不要看旁边的其他东西，阿遮那就是这样，他是这次的射箭冠军。

杜尤丹觉得老师事先告诉了阿遮那，但卡那认为阿遮那赢得十分公平，他不分昼夜地练习和研究，争取下次拿冠军，而杜尤丹不断在他耳边贬低潘达瓦家族。





Long years ago there ruled over a great part of India, an ancient King called Bhishma. He was really much too old for his duties, but of his sons, the elder, Dristarastra, was blind; and the younger, Pandu, was dead; so until the children of these two grew up, and were able to take over kingly duties, their white-haired grandfather was obliged to act both as their guardian, and protector of the realm.

The heir of Dristarastra was named Duryodhana—a brave but envious and ambitious youth—and he and his many brothers were called the “Kurus;” while Pandu’s children, five only in number, were known as the “Pandavas.” Yudhishtira was the eldest; then came Bhima; next Arjuna, who, even as a baby, showed remarkable strength and fearlessness; and last, the twins, who always played, worked, laughed and cried together.

Now old Bhishma was very anxious that the two families of cousins should be trained in every branch of princely accomplishment; but, try as he might, he had not yet found any one really fit to teach them the whole art of warfare, and he was beginning to grow anxious on this score, for Duryodhana and Yudhishtira were now approaching the years of manhood, and were still mere babes in the use of arms.

One day, however, the lads discovered a teacher for themselves— and a fortunate discovery it was.

They were playing near a well, and one of them kicked their ball, which was painted exquisitely with pictures of monkeys, tigers and other forest creatures, right into the water. With sticks and stones they tried to recover it, but only succeeded at length in making it sink to the bottom. They were about to give up their toy as lost for ever, when Arjuna, favourite among the Pandavas, spied a priest sitting cross-legged on the ground not far away, and looking earnestly towards them.

“Let us ask that old Brahman,” he said to the others. “Grandfather Bhishma has often told us that a good priest can work magic. Perchance he can direct us how to get back our ball.”

So the lads trooped up to the old man, and telling him their trouble, were reassured when he smiled at them and solemnly nodded his head. But then he assumed a grave expression and frowned—

“Fie, little princes!” he said. “Are you indeed the famous Kurus and Pandavas, sons of the Royal house, and can you not perform so simple a task as to shoot a ball up from the depths of a well? Fie! Fie! Who is your master of archery?”

“We have none,” answered the lads. “But, good sir priest, is it possible to shoot up our lost ball? Show us how! Show us how!”

Upon this the Brahman pulled a ruby ring from his finger, and threw it after the ball.

“There,” he said, “not only will I bring back your toy, but my ring also;” and, to the amazement of the princes, he plucked a handful of grass, and, selecting a blade, aimed it with great precision at the ball, which was clearly to be seen some fifty feet below in the water. The blade of grass pierced the ball as though it had been a needle piercing silk; and the sage then threw another blade, which struck through the upstanding end of the first one; then another and another, until he had formed a perfect chain of grass, by means of which he easily pulled the ball to the surface.

The princes watched this performance with bated breath. “Good, good!” and “Oh, wise and clever Brahman!” they shouted in chorus. “Now bring up the ring; bring up the ring!”

Immediately the priest took his bow, and carefully choosing an arrow from his quiver, shot it into the water. Imagine the amazement and delight of the onlookers when, in a second, the dripping arrow returned to the hand that had loosed it, bearing upon its feathered end the ruby ring.

The boys clapped their hands, and leapt round and round. This magic was even more fascinating than that of the travelling fakirs, with their dancing serpents and the swords that they swallowed whole! But Yudhishtira, eldest of the Pandavas, silenced the hubbub, and, pushing his way to the front, asked the Brahman what return he and his comrades could make for such a wonderful



exhibition of skill.

“Tell thy grandsire, the mighty Bhishma, that Drona, who wields the bow as well as he the sceptre, has travelled many miles, and is now hungry and in need of water.”

The lads scampered to the palace with the message, and broke in upon the King, each anxious to be the first to deliver it, and to enlarge upon the prowess of their newly-found friend.

“Drona here!” exclaimed Bhishma, when he heard the news. “Go out quickly, my sons, and bring him hither.” But he had scarcely spoken when two slaves drew back the rich hangings before the portal of the chamber, and the Brahman approached. He bowed low before the King, and then seated himself cross-legged upon the floor, and rested his head on his hands.

“Welcome, Drona,” said the old sovereign. “Never before have I seen thee, but the fame of thy skill with weapons, and of thy exceeding holiness, has travelled to me. Wherefore hast thou sought me out?”

“Give me private audience, oh Bhishma,” cried the priest, “and I will unfold my story.”

Whereupon, the chamber being cleared, he continued—

“In the days of my youth, oh King, I was nurtured and trained up with princes, and the sons of princes. Among the dearest of my comrades was Drupada, now King of Panchala, and he and I, ere we parted, swore a boyish oath each to the other, of eternal friendship, fidelity, and mutual assistance, if need arose.

“Now, I, after these early years, devoted myself to a life of holiness and poverty, giving up all my possessions and living in the forests amidst the hermits. But after some years I married and had a son, for whose sake I determined to return again to the world and the life of cities. In my need I went first to Drupada, and asked him for money and clothes, until such time as I could find pupils enough to instruct in the use of weapons—for even in the forests I had not let my heaven-sent skill rust disused. And Drupada scornfully sent me away, saying it was not meet for a King to speak with a poor priest, and

that he had no knowledge of me, nor had he ever heard of the name of Drona.”

“Therefore, oh Bhishma, have I vowed that he shall remember my name with sorrow and tears, but the time of my revenge is not yet, and, until the day dawns, I must needs turn schoolmaster. I heard thou went in need of such an one, for thy grandsons.”

Bhishma replied that Drona might, from this moment, live in the palace and regard himself as chief tutor to the Kuru and Pandava brethren, who, to say the truth, had been eagerly hoping for this end to their adventure of the morning.

The next day Drona took the youths to a clearing in the forest, and, before the first lesson began, he commanded them to seat themselves in a circle around him. He then solemnly asked them whether, if he taught them the use of every kind of weapon, so that they should become more skilled to attack and defend than any other princes in India, they would in return promise some day to carry out a certain plan he was treasuring in his heart.

More than that he would not tell them, and most of them, fearing what the plan might be, shook their heads wisely, and Duryodhana was heard to murmur something about the foolishness of a blindfold promise.

But Arjuna of the Pandavas sprang up from the circle and swore aloud that whatever Drona should in the future ask him to do, that he would perform.

Then Drona drew the lad to him and kissed him on the brow; after which it seemed that a special bond existed between these two, Drona ever watching his pupil as keenly and lovingly as a father, and Arjuna staying closer to his master than the others, and hanging on every word of instruction that issued from those pious lips.

Before long, such was Arjuna’s devotion that he had outstripped all his companions and could handle his weapons, especially his bow and arrow, almost as well as Drona himself.

One night they had pursued their lessons and practice in the forest until the sun sank, and they found themselves some way from home when darkness swept down on them. So Drona told them to sit, and gave each boy some rice and fruit, lest he should faint with hunger after the day’s exercise. As Arjuna



ate his portion, he began wondering why his hand so easily found its way to his mouth, though he could see nothing.

“It is because my hand is so used to the journey,” he thought. “And why should not that same hand learn to string a bow, and shoot towards a sound, without the help of the eye?” So he leapt up, and began practising in the dark, aiming at birds who sat chirruping on the trees about.

Drona heard the twang of the bow-strings, and, coming to him, embraced him, telling him that the name of Arjuna, the archer, should one day ring through the world.

Duryodhana was standing near. He had long felt envious of his cousin’s skill, and he now ground his teeth with anger. “If I cannot match thee myself,” he thought, “I will never rest till I have found a champion to outdo thee. Arjuna the archer, indeed! How I hate thee!” and the jealous youth’s anger grew bitterer, even as Arjuna’s prowess daily increased.

Now, though Drona was employed by King Bhishma, many princes and nobles from neighbouring territories were permitted to join the classes, the King having no apprehension that any rival youths could attain greater skill than his own grandsons. And among the newcomers was one lad called Karna, of sad and silent character, about whom little could be said except that he looked and spoke as if of noble blood. No one knew the name of his father or mother, but Drona accepted him for a pupil, and therefore his appearance among the others was never challenged, though many were the speculations and stories circulated about him.

From the day of his arrival he showed truly marvellous talent with all manner of weapons, and, by dint of constant attention to his master’s lessons, he quickly outstripped his comrades, until it was doubtful whether he were not as brilliant as Arjuna himself; and the two became keen though good-natured rivals.

As soon as Duryodhana perceived this, he did everything in his power to make friends with Karna, and gave him as a present, on one day alone, a ruby and an emerald, a purse of rupees, a young elephant, and an ebony box of great

value carved with a thousand figures, and exuding, when opened, the scent of spices.

Karna was naturally won over by these attentions from the eldest of the Kuru princes, and soon Duryodhana was trying to fan the harmless rivalry which existed between him and Arjuna into a feeling of hostility and hatred. He did not succeed very well at first, but gradually the pupils noticed that the silent youth scarcely ever spoke to the Pandavas, and kept more and more with the Kurus.

At length Drona decided that he would test the skill which his pupils had acquired, by an open competition in archery. So he procured an artificial bird and had it placed on the top of a high tree. Then he assembled his class, and said to them: "Stand in a circle thirty paces away from this tree, and be ready to shoot one by one. Look at the bird on the topmost branch. You are to shoot at his head and try to cut it off."

In great excitement the boys arranged themselves, each one practising his aim and hoping he might be the first to accomplish the task.

"Since he is the eldest of the noble princes assembled," went on Drona, "Duryodhana shall be the first to try." Duryodhana stood steady and raised his bow.

"Tell me, Prince," called his master, "do you see the bird?"

"I do," replied Duryodhana.

"What exactly do you see? Your comrades, or me, or the tree, or the bird?"

"I see all that you name, master; I see the bird, and the tree, and you and my companions."

"Put down your bow, Prince, and stand aside. You cannot compete."

Wondering what he had said or done to be thus disqualified, Duryodhana moved back, scarcely able to brook his bitter shame and disappointment, for he felt sure that he could have beheaded his target.

One by one Drona called upon his pupils. They were all asked the same question and they all gave the same answer—"Yes, master, we see you and our friends, the tree, and on the top of the tree, the bird." At last all were disqualified except Karma and Arjuna, who, as the champions, had been kept



till last. The tears were streaming down old Drona's face, such was his vexation, that none of his pupils had stood this very simple test.

"Alas!" he cried; "have I laboured so many months to such poor purpose? Come, Karna; either by you or Arjuna must the arrow be shot, or Drona will bury his weapons in the forest, and own himself shamed before all the Court."

Karna raised his bow and drew the string taut.

"What see you?" asked his master.

"I see the tree and the bird, sir," he replied.

"Stand back; thou canst not shoot. Arjuna, try thou. Dost thou, too, see the tree and the bird? And me, perchance also, and thy comrades?"

"Nay," answered Arjuna quickly. "I can see neither them nor thee; I cannot see the tree nor the branch; only the bird."

"Describe the bird to me," said Drona in a trembling voice.

"I cannot, master, for I perceive only its head."

"Then shoot," cried the old man exultingly, and Arjuna loosed an arrow, which whirred upward, and severed the head clean from the bird's body.

Drona turned to the others and spoke: "How often, oh my pupils, careless apes that ye are, have I told you that no man can hit if he let his eyes dance from his aim. Ye saw two things, three, four—Arjuna but one. Therefore doth Arjuna ever strike his mark: therefore is Arjuna champion among you all."

The youths then realised how foolish had been their answers, and loudly applauded the Pandava hero; only Duryodhana drew Karna aside and said to him—

"Are we always to be worsted by this 'champion'? Perchance Drona, since he loves him so, told him the trick before the trial began."

But Karna answered, "Nay, Prince, wrong not our master. Arjuna has won quite justly; but at the next contest, look you, he shall not win."

And after that he worked more earnestly than ever, rising in the night to study books upon the management of weapons, and even practising in the heat of the day, when the others slept; while ever at his ear whispered the malicious counsels of Duryodhana, poisoning his mind against the noble house of the Pandavas.

第二章 虫胶宫殿

Part II The House of Lac

通过三年的传授，德罗纳觉得是实现自己计划的时候了。他征得国王的同意，告诉学生们联合起来，把潘奇拉的国王德拉帕达绑起来，带到他跟前，以消解自己曾受到的侮辱。

青年们高兴极了，他们征集战车及人员，跟随德罗纳向潘奇拉进军。三天后到达，他们谎称拜见国王，进入城门后，都拔出刀来，向王宫冲去。而德拉帕达听说一支像是偷袭的部队入了城，马上组织卫队，把杜尤丹和卡那带领的库鲁兄弟打得四处逃散，两名指挥也受了伤。

这时，阿遮那率领着人马冲了上去，德拉帕达的军队抵挡不住强烈的攻势被打败，他本人也成了俘虏，当被带到德罗纳面前时他羞愧地低下了头。

德罗纳告诉德拉帕达既然德拉帕达只和国王交往，那就把德拉帕达的王国分给自己一半，以后他们就对等了，也可以继续交往下去。德拉帕达只好答应了。德罗纳告别弟子，去恒河以北统治他的土地。

阿遮那率领众人踏上回家的路程。一路上，他的弟子们唱着歌颂他的歌曲，杜尤丹和卡那羞愧地跟在后面。

国王封约迪西斯拉为皇太子，这个偏爱的决定使杜尤丹下决心立即除掉对手，他反复在父亲耳边唠叨着：堂兄弟们在皇宫，自己和弟兄们永无出头之日。盲人父亲终于同意将潘达瓦送到偏僻地方的计划，杜尤丹精心设计着这个狠毒的计划。

没过多久，宫中传说着第二年在贝拿勒斯将有一个极大的庆典，一些大臣在杜尤丹和他父亲的指示下，也在谈论着这座城市。阿遮那对这个庆典产生了极大兴趣，盲人伯父将此事告诉了国王，国王让他弟兄们去高兴一下。

潘达瓦兄弟为旅途准备了珠宝、卢比和衣服。却没想到这是杜尤丹设下的圈套，更没想到提前去准备的大臣普如奇那是杜尤丹买通好的，要用易燃的虫胶为他们造一座宫殿。

潘达瓦兄弟在宫中的舅舅维杜茹阿知道了这个阴谋，在他们即将启程时告诉他们有人要置他们于死地，在危险时会告诉他们的。