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穿上航天服去旅行

[美] Robert A. Heinlein 著

杨银春 译

Have Spacesuit
— Will Travel



中国宇航出版社

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· 北京 ·

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HAVE SPACESUIT - WILL TRAVEL

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His arms looked like snakes and his body had a faint musky odor. In place of jawbone and chin he had multiple mandibles that opened sideways as well as down, gaping on three irregular sides. There were rows of tiny teeth, but no tongue. Instead, the mouth was rimmed with cilia as long as angle-worms. They never stopped squirming.

I hadn't considered that there could be more than one like him. But if there was one, there were thousands—maybe millions or billions. I felt my stomach twist.

"What are they up to?" I asked.

"Haven't you guessed? They're moving in on us."

"You mean they're going to kill us off and take over Earth?"

She hesitated. "It might not be anything that nice."

"Uh... make slaves of us?"

"You're getting warmer. Kip—I think they eat meat..."



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他的手臂像一条蛇，身体里透出一股令人恶心的气味。他没有下巴，上颚朝两侧和下方开启，打哈欠时则变成了不规则的三角形。有几排细小的牙齿，但没有舌头。嘴巴边上有一小撮毛，像蚯蚓一样长，还在不停地蠕动。

我一直没想过长得像“他”这样的怪物会有更多。但是，如果有了一个，那就会有上百个，甚至成千上万个。我感觉我的肚子在隐隐作痛。

“他们到底要干什么？”我问。

“你想过没有？他们正向我们地球步步紧逼。”

“你的意思是说，他们想把我们都杀光，然后占领地球？”

她犹豫了一下，“那算是不错的了。”

“嗯……想把我们当作奴隶？”

“你别激动，基普——我想他们是吃肉的……”

ONE

YOU SEE, I had this space suit.
How it happened was this way:

“Dad,” I said, “I want to go to the Moon.”

“Certainly,” he answered and looked back at his book. It was Jerome K. Jerome’s *Three Men in a Boat*, which he must know by heart.

I said, “Dad, please! I’m serious.”

This time he closed the book on a finger and said gently, “I said it was all right. Go ahead.”

“Yes. . . but how?”

“Eh?” He looked mildly surprised. “Why, that’s your problem, Clifford.”

Dad was like that. Nothing fazed Dad, he meant what he said, he wouldn’t argue and he never gave in. So when he told me I could go to the Moon but the means were up to me, he meant just that. I could go tomorrow—provided I could wangle a billet in a space ship.

But he added meditatively, “There must be a number of ways to get to the Moon, son. Better check’em all. Reminds me of this passage I’m reading. They’re trying to open a tin of pineapple and



第一章

你瞧，我有一套航天服！
想知道是怎么得到的吗？让我给你从头讲起……

“爸，我想到月球上去。”

“这个主意不错。”他应了一声，继续看他的书——哲罗姆写的《三人同舟》，这本书他早已熟记于心了。

“爸，我是认真的！”

他合上书，慈祥地望着我说：“我说好的，你继续。”

“可我不知道怎样才能登上月球。”

“嗯？”他看上去有点儿吃惊，“但是，克利福德，这是你的问题。”

爸爸就是这样的一个人。总是那样处变不惊，言出必行，他从不和人争论，但也决不轻易让步。所以，当爸爸说它能够奔向月球，但是需要自己搞定登月计划的具体方案时，我深知，他决不是在敷衍我。如果能设法搞定宇宙飞船上的一个座位的话，明天我就能启航了。

他略有思索地说：“儿子，想去月球，有好多方法，你最好把它们全部弄清楚。帮我记着我读到哪一页了，故事正好讲到了他们正要开一罐菠萝罐头，可是哈里斯把起子落在了伦敦。他们想方设法……”他开始提高了嗓门，我趁机偷偷地溜了出去——那段故事，我听了就算没有五百遍，也至少

Harris has left the can opener back in London. They try several ways." He started to read aloud and I sneaked out—I had heard that passage five hundred times. Well, three hundred.

I went to my workshop in the barn and thought about ways. One way was to go to the Air Academy at Colorado Springs—if I got an appointment, if I graduated, if I managed to get picked for the Federation Space Corps, there was a chance that someday I would be ordered to Lunar Base, or at least one of the satellite stations.

Another way was to study engineering, get a job in jet propulsion, and buck for a spot that would get me sent to the Moon. Dozens, maybe hundreds, of engineers had been to the Moon, or were still there—for all sorts of work: electronics, cryogenics, metallurgy, ceramics, air conditioning, as well as rocket engineering.

Oh, yes! Out of a million engineers a handful got picked for the Moon. Shucks, I rarely got picked even playing post office.

Or a man could be an M. D. , or a lawyer, or geologist, or tool-maker, and wind up on the Moon at a fat salary—provided they wanted him and nobody else. I didn't care about salary—but how do you arrange to be number one in your specialty?

And there was the straightforward way: trundle in a wheelbarrow of money and buy a ticket.

This I would never manage—I had eighty-seven cents at that moment—but it had caused me to think about it steadily. Of the boys in our school half admitted that they wanted to space, half pretended not to care, knowing how feeble the chances were—plus



有三百遍了。

我回到我谷仓里的工作室，一门心思想着如何登上月球的事。一个办法就是去位于科罗拉多州斯普林斯的空军学院，如果我能在哪儿上学，如果我顺利毕业，如果我毕业后能幸运地被联邦太空部队选中，总有一天我将会被安排在月球基地上工作，至少也能去一个空间站。

另一个办法，就是去学工程，毕业后在喷气推进方面找一个工作，谋个好位置，就会有机会被派往月球。数十个、也许数百个工程师将会被派往月球，或者长期留住在那里，从事着各个领域的工作：电子学、低温技术、冶金学、材料学、空气调节和火箭工程。

你想，在成千上万的工程师中，只有那么寥寥几个人能够被选中派往月球。见鬼！我怎么会那么好的命啊！

还有一个办法，你若是医学博士、律师、地质学家或维修技师，如果月球上需要的非你不可，你就有机会登上月球了，而且还有一份不薄的薪水。薪水多少我倒不在乎，关键是怎样才能成为领域内的佼佼者呢？

除了这三种方法以外，还有一个直接的办法，那就是你不惜重金，购买一张去月球的旅行票。

那更是我想都不敢想的——那时候我手中只有 87 美分，不过这反而能使我能够静下心来从长计议。我们学校里，除了几个无论如何都不愿离开地球的胆小鬼外，有半数男孩子明确表示想去月球转转，还有近一半因为心里再也明白不过，去月球的机会简直是微乎其微而故意装作不闻不问。尽管如此，我们还是经常讨论这个话题，有些同学下定决心要去月球。我没有过多的举动，直到美国联邦快递公司和托马斯·库克公司宣布组织拓展训练。

a handful of creeps who wouldn't leave Earth for any reason. But we talked about it and some of us were determined to go. I didn't break into a rash until American Express and Thos. Cook & Son announced tourist excursions.

I saw their ads in National Geographic while waiting to have my teeth cleaned. After that I never was the same.

The idea that any rich man could simply lay cash on the line and go was more than I could stand. I would never be able to pay for it—or, at least, that was so far in the future. There was no use thinking about it. So what could I do to be sent?

You see stories about boys, poor-but-honest, who go to the top because they're smarter than anyone in the county, maybe the state. But they're not talking about me. I was in the top quarter of my graduating class but they do not give scholarships to M. I. T. for that—not from Centerville High. I am stating a fact; our high school isn't very good. It's great to go to—we're league champions in basketball and our square-dance team is state runner-up and we have a swell sock hop every Wednesday.

But not much studying.

The emphasis is on what our principal, Mr. Hanley, calls "preparation for life" rather than on trigonometry. Maybe it does prepare you for life; it certainly doesn't prepare you for CalTech.

The Saturday evening Dad called me into his study. He had a stack of textbooks on his desk and a chart of Centerville High School's curriculum, from American Folk Dancing to Life Sciences. Marked on it was my course, not only for that semester



在我等待洗牙的时候，我看见了《国家地理》杂志上登的广告。从此之后，情况发生了变化。

富人们一掷千金去遨游月球的那份潇洒，我永远无法享受到。我没有殷实的家底来支付那巨额的费用——至少现在不能，以后希望也不大，而整天苦思冥想也是徒劳。那么，如何才能美梦成真呢？

你知道一些贫穷但正直的男孩子出类拔萃的故事，那是因为他们比村里，甚至州里的所有孩子都聪明。但是，他们说的不是我。在我们毕业班里，我的成绩处于上游，但是我没有机会得到麻省理工学院的奖学金，森特维尔高中一个都得不到。我说的都是事实，我所在的高中不算好。这所学校拥有勇夺全联盟联赛冠军的篮球队、全州亚军的方形舞队，甚至每周三我校都会举行化装舞会。

然而，学生学习成绩却乏善可陈。

我们学校的培育重点，用我们的校长汉利先生的话来说，是“为生活作准备”，而不是学习三角几何。也许，这确实能帮助你为你以后的生活作好准备，但是，显然对于考上加州理工大学一点儿用处也没有。

一个星期六的晚上，爸爸叫我去他的书房。书桌上放了一张森特维尔高中的课程表 and 一堆课本，从美国民歌舞蹈到生命科学。凡是我学习的课程，都被标上了记号，不仅包括这学期的课程，还包括老师建议的和我计划选修的三、四年级的课程。

but for junior and senior years the way my faculty advisor and I had planned it.

Dad stared at me and said mildly, “Kip, do you intend to go to college?”

“Huh? Why, certainly, Dad!”

Dad sighed. “Kip, do you think that table was brought down from on high by an archangel?” He shook his head sadly. “It’s my fault, not yours. I should have looked into this years ago—but I had as-sumed, simply because you liked to read and were quick at figures and clever with your hands, that you were getting an education.”

“You think I’m not?”

“I know you are not. Son, Centerville High is a delightful place, well equipped, smoothly administered, beautifully kept. Not a ‘blackboard jungle,’ oh, no! —I think you kids love the place. You should. But this—” Dad slapped the curriculum chart angrily. “Twaddle! Beetle tracking! Occupational therapy for morons!”

I didn’t know what to say. Dad sat and brooded. At last he said, “The law declares that you must attend school until you are eighteen or have graduated from high school.”

“Yes, sir.”

“The school you are in is a waste of time. The toughest course we can pick won’t stretch your mind. But it’s either this school, or send you away.”

I said, “Doesn’t that cost a lot of money?”

He ignored my question. “I don’t favor boarding schools, a



爸爸目不转睛地看着我，温和地说：“儿子，你想不想上大学？”

“嘿！当然想，爸爸！”

爸爸长叹了一口气。“孩子，你认为美丽的天使会主动送录取通知书给你吗？”他摇了摇头，一脸沮丧。“这是我的错，不怪你。我早就该过问此事了，因为你酷爱读书，敏于算术，善于动手，所以我一直以为，你在学校里接受着良好的教育。”

“您觉得我没有正在接受良好的教育吗？”

“你没有，我现在非常清楚。孩子，森特维尔高中是一个令人愉快的地方，设备先进，管理科学，保持着优秀的传统。这不是一所秩序混乱的学校，绝对不是！孩子们肯定都喜欢这所学校，你肯定也是。但是，这……”他怒气冲冲地挥着手中的课程表，大叫起来：“简直是废纸一堆！一群无能的人！低能的专业教育！”

我一时语塞，不知说什么好。爸爸坐着，陷入了沉思。最后，他说：“依照法律规定，你在校接受教育必须到十八周岁或高中毕业。”

“是的，爸爸。”

“你在那样的学校上学，就是在白白浪费时间。可以选修的最棒的课程也无助于开拓你的思维。然而你要么继续在这儿上学，要么去别的学校。”

“那不是要花费很多的钱吗？”

teenager belongs with his family. Oh, a tough prep school back east can drill you so that you can enter Stanford, or Yale, or any of the best—but you can pick up false standards, too—nutty ideas about money and social position. It took me years to get rid of ones I acquired that way. Your mother and I did not pick a small town for your boyhood unpurposefully. So you'll stay in Centerville High."

I looked relieved.

"Nevertheless you intend to go to college. Do you intend to become a professional man? Or will you look for snap courses in more elaborate ways to make bayberry candles? Son, your life is yours, to do with as you wish. But if you have any thought of going to a good university and studying anything of importance, then we must consider how to make best use of your next three years."

"Why, gosh, Dad, of course I want to go to a good—"

"See me when you've thought it over. Good night."

I did for a week. And, you know, I began to see that Dad was right. Our project in "Family Living" was twaddle. What did those kids know about running a family? Or Miss Finchley? —unmarried and no kids. The class decided unanimously that every child should have a room of his own, and be given an allowance "to teach him to handle money." Great stuff... but how about the Quinlan family, nine kids in a five-room house? Let's not be foolish.

Commercial arithmetic wasn't silly but it was a waste of time. I read the book through the first week; after that I was bored.

Dad switched me to algebra, Spanish, general science,



他没理我的话，接着说：“我不喜欢寄宿学校，一个十几岁的孩子不应该离开家庭生活。对了，东部有一所非常棒的大学预科班，那里能帮助你顺利进入像斯坦福、耶鲁这样的一流名校，但是同时你也会产生错误的价值观，那就是对金钱、社会地位的狂热追求，我花了好多年才摈弃了这些观念。你妈妈和我决不是无意识地挑了一个小城镇让你度过童年的，所以你还呆森特维尔高中上学。”

我如释重负。

“毫无疑问你是要上大学的。你想成为一名专业人士，还是想学习一些更容易赚钱的课程，过更精致的生活呢？孩子，你的人生是属于你的，你自己选择你想做的事情。但是只要你想就读名校，学习你认为值得学习的东西，那么，我们就得考虑如何好好利用接下来的三年时间。”

“哎！爸爸！我当然想去名校了！”

“三思而后行。想好了再告诉我。晚安！”

接下去的一星期，我几乎是在冥思苦想中度过的。我渐渐地发现爸爸的话是对的。我们的那个名为“家庭生活”的讨论简直是一派胡言。一帮乳臭未干的孩子怎么可能懂得如何来经营好一个家庭？芬切利小姐懂吗？她既没有结婚，也没有孩子。整个班级一致认为，每个孩子应该有自己的房间，应该有零花钱来“教育他们如何掌控金钱”。简直是完美的设想！对于像昆兰那样有九个孩子而总共只有五个房间的家庭怎么办？别傻了！

商业数学课虽然并不弱智，但纯粹是浪费时间。第一星期我就读完了课本，然后我就再也提不起兴趣了。

English grammar and composition; the only thing unchanged was gym. I didn't have it too tough catching up; even those courses were watered down. Nevertheless, I started to learn, for Dad threw a lot of books at me and said, "Clifford, you would be studying these if you were not in overgrown kindergarten. If you soak up what is in them, you should be able to pass College Entrance Board Examinations. Possibly."

After that he left me alone; he meant it when he said that it was my choice. I almost bogged down—those books were hard, not the predigested pap I got in school. Anybody who thinks that studying Latin by himself is a snap should try it. I got discouraged and nearly quit—then I got mad and leaned into it. After a while I found that Latin was making Spanish easier and vice versa. When Miss Hernandez, my Spanish teacher, found out I was studying Latin, she began tutoring me. I not only worked my way through Virgil, I learned to speak Spanish like a Mexicano.

Algebra and plane geometry were all the math our school offered; I went ahead on my own with advanced algebra and solid geometry, and trigonometry and might have stopped so far as College Boards were concerned—but math is worse than peanuts. Analytical geometry seems pure Greek until you see what they're driving at—then, if you know algebra, it bursts on you and you race through the rest of the book. Glorious!

I had to sample calculus and when I got interested in electronics I needed vector analysis. General science was the only science course the school had and pretty general it was, too—about