

中文导读英文版

The Little Prince
小王子

[法] 圣埃克絮佩里 原著
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

The Little Prince, 中文译名为《小王子》, 是 20 世纪世界上最伟大的童话著作之一, 由法国著名作家圣埃克絮佩里 (Antoine de Saint-Exupery, 1900—1944) 编著。这是一部献给所有的孩子和“曾经是个孩子”的大人的童话, 是一部充满哲理和智慧的童话。主人公是来自遥远星球的一位可爱的小王子, 在与他的玫瑰花闹了点矛盾后, 便离开他的星球独自开始旅行。在拜访了一个又一个星球后, 最后来到了地球, 并与地球人“我”建立了永久不渝的友谊。在游历众多星球时, 他见识了独裁的国王、狂妄自大的酒鬼、唯利是图的商人、忠于职守的灯夫、死守教条的地理学家等等。他不明白这些人忙忙碌碌到底在追求什么。最后, 他笃信拥有了自己的玫瑰, 就拥有了自己的爱。于是, 一年之后, 他告别了朋友, 又回到自己的星球。

该书自从 1943 年在美国出版以来, 已被翻译成 100 多种语言, 并且被改编成戏剧、电影、电视剧、芭蕾舞、歌剧、木偶剧和卡通等, 被许多国家选入教科书, 成为青少年的必读书籍, 是世界上流传最广、影响最大的童话之一。

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圣埃克絮佩里（Antoine de Saint-Exupery，1900—1944），法国著名作家、飞行员。出生于法国里昂，1921—1923年在法国空军服役，后成为民用航空驾驶员，其间他一直坚持写作。1925年发表了第一部作品《舞蹈姑娘玛依》，随后又发表了短篇小说《飞行家》。1931年德国法西斯入侵法国，他坚决要求参加了抗德战争，被编入空军侦察大队。1940年复员后他只身来到美国。在美国期间，他继续从事写作，1940年发表了《战斗飞行员》，1943年发表了《给一个人质的信》和《小王子》。同年，在他的强烈要求下，他回到法国在北非的抗战基地阿尔及尔。1944年，在一次执行飞行任务时遭遇纳粹空军，壮烈牺牲。

在圣埃克絮佩里为数不多的作品中，《小王子》使他成为享有世界声誉的大作家。该书自出版以来，已被翻译成100多种语言，并且被改编成戏剧、电影、电视剧、芭蕾舞、歌剧、木偶剧和卡通等，被许多国家选入教科书，成为青少年的必读书籍，是世界上流传最广、影响最大的童话故事之一。

在中国，《小王子》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典童话作品之一。目前，在国内数量众多的《小王子》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：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。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《小王子》，并采用中文

前言



导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作简洁、精练、明快的风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国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。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

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、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、赵雪、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一章

Chapter 1



我六岁时，看过一本书，里面插图画的是——一条蟒蛇在吞一头大象。

我把它画下来后让大人看，他们说是一顶帽子。我又把蛇肚子剖面画出来，大人们让我把心思用在学习上。

我只好放弃画画，好好学习，长大后当了飞行员。

Once when I was six years old I saw a magnificent picture in a book, called True Stories from Nature, about the primeval forest. It was a picture of a boa constrictor in the act of swallowing an animal. Here is a copy of the drawing.

In the book it said: “Boa constrictors swallow their prey whole, without chewing it. After that they are not able to move, and they sleep through the six months that they need for digestion.”

I pondered deeply then, over the adventures of the jungle. And after some work with a colored pencil I succeeded in making my first drawing. My Drawing Number One. It looked like this:

I showed my masterpiece to the grown-ups, and asked them whether the drawing frightened them.



But they answered: "Frighten? Why should any one be frightened by a hat?"

My drawing was not a picture of a hat. It was a picture of a boa constrictor digesting an elephant. But since the grown-ups were not able to understand it, I made another drawing: I drew the inside of the boa constrictor, so that the grown-ups could see it clearly. They always need to have things explained. My Drawing Number Two looked like this:

The grown-ups' response, this time, was to advise me to lay aside my drawings of boa constrictors, whether from the inside or the outside and devote myself instead to geography, history, arithmetic and grammar. That is why, at the age of six, I gave up what might have been a magnificent career as a painter. I had been disheartened by the failure of my Drawing Number One and my Drawing Number Two. Grown-ups never understand anything by themselves, and it is tiresome for children to be always and forever explaining things to them.

So then I chose another profession, and learned to pilot airplanes. I have flown a little over all parts of the world; and it is true that geography has been very useful to me. At a glance I can distinguish China from Arizona. If one gets lost in the night, such knowledge is valuable.

In the course of this life I have had a great many encounters with a great many people who have been concerned with matters of consequence. I have lived a great deal among grown-ups. I have seen them intimately, close at hand. And that hasn't much improved my opinion of them.

Whenever I met one of them who seemed to me at all clear-sighted, I tried the experiment of showing him my Drawing Number One, which I have always kept. I would try to find out, so, if this was a person of true understanding. But, whoever it was, he or she, would always say:

"That is a hat."

Then I would never talk to that person about boa constrictors, or primeval forests, or stars. I would bring myself down to his level. I would talk to him about bridge, and golf, and politics, and neckties. And the grown-ups would be greatly pleased to have met such a sensible man.

第二章

Chapter 2



六年前，我的飞机出了故障，降落在撒哈拉沙漠。

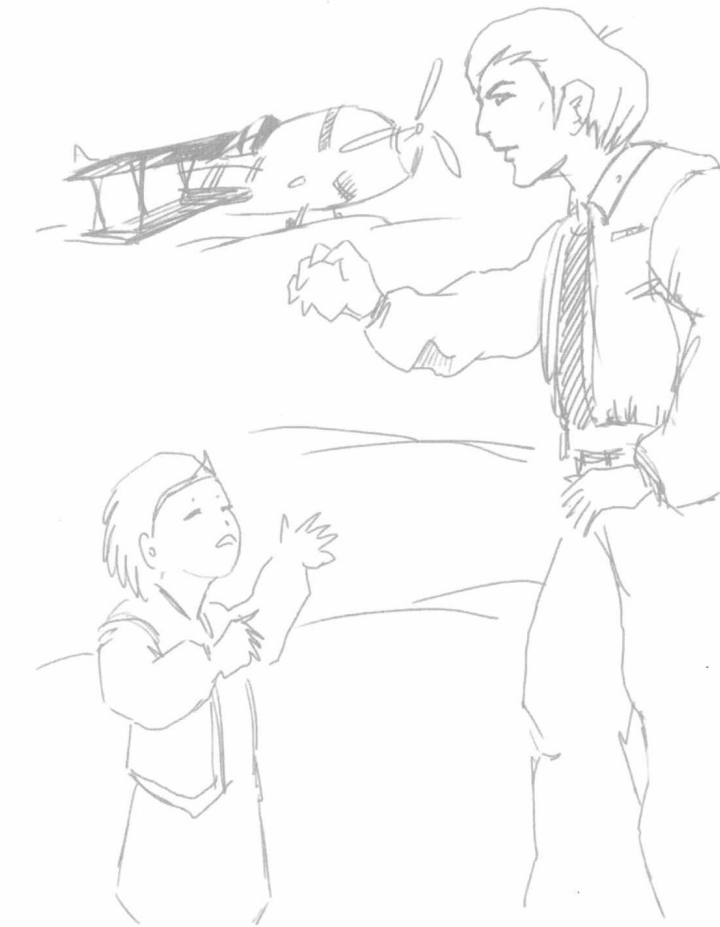
一天晚上，一个小孩的声音把我惊醒，让我给他画只绵羊。

我画了蟒蛇吞象的图给他看，小孩说他不要蟒蛇肚里的大象。我又画了两幅，他说不像。我烦了，给他画了一个木箱子，说绵羊在里边，他高兴极了。这样我便和小王子认识了。

So I lived my life alone, without anyone that I could really talk to, until I had an accident with my plane in the Desert of Sahara, six years ago. Something was broken in my engine. And as I had with me neither a mechanic nor any passengers, I set myself to attempt the difficult repairs all alone. It was a question of life or death for me: I had scarcely enough drinking water to last a week.

The first night, then, I went to, sleep on the sand, a thousand miles from any human habitation. I was more isolated than a shipwrecked sailor on a raft in the middle of the ocean. Thus you can imagine my amazement, at sunrise, when I was awakened by an odd little voice. It said:

“If you please—draw me a sheep!”



“What!”

“Draw me a sheep!”

I jumped to my feet, completely thunderstruck. I blinked my eyes hard. I looked carefully all around me. And I saw a most extraordinary small person, who stood there examining me with great seriousness. Here you may see the best portrait that, later, I was able to make of him. But my drawing is certainly very much less charming than its model.

That, however, is not my fault. The grown-ups discouraged me in my painter’s career when I was six years old, and I never learned to draw anything, except boas from the outside and boas from the inside.

Now I stared at this sudden apparition with my eyes fairly starting out of my head in astonishment. Remember, I had crashed in the desert a thousand miles from any inhabited region. And yet my little man seemed neither to be straying uncertainly among the sands, nor to be fainting from fatigue or hunger or thirst or fear. Nothing about him gave any suggestion of a child lost in the middle of the desert, a thousand miles from any human habitation. When at last I was able to speak, I said to him:

“But—what are you doing here?”

And in answer he repeated, very slowly, as if he were speaking of a matter of great consequence:

“If you please—draw me a sheep...”

When a mystery is too overpowering, one dare not disobey. Absurd as it might seem to me, a thousand miles from any human habitation and in danger of death, I took out of my pocket a sheet of paper and my fountain-pen. But then I remembered how my studies had been concentrated on geography, history, arithmetic and grammar, and I told the little chap (a little crossly, too) that I did not know how to draw. He answered me:

“That doesn’t matter. Draw me a sheep...”

But I had never drawn a sheep. So I drew for him one of the two pictures I had drawn so often. It was that of the boa constrictor from the outside. And I was astounded to hear the little fellow greet it with.

“No, no, no! I do not want an elephant inside a boa constrictor. A boa constrictor is a very dangerous creature, and an elephant is very cumbersome. Where I live, everything is very small. What I need is a sheep. Draw me a sheep.”

So then I made a drawing.

He looked at it carefully, then he said:

“No. This sheep is already very sickly. Make me another.”

So I made another drawing.

My friend smiled gently and indulgently.

“You see yourself,” he said, “that this is not a sheep. This is a ram. It has horns.”

So then I did my drawing over once more.

But it was rejected too, just like the others.

“This one is too old. I want a sheep that will live a long time.”

By this time my patience was exhausted, because I was in a hurry to start taking my engine apart. So I tossed off this drawing. And I threw out an explanation with it.

“This is only his box. The sheep you asked for is inside.”

I was very surprised to see a light break over the face of my young judge:

“That is exactly the way I wanted it! Do you think that this sheep will have to have a great deal of grass?”

“Why?”

“Because where I live everything is very small...”

“There will surely be enough grass for him,” I said. “It is a very small sheep that I have given you.”

He bent his head over the drawing:

“Not so small that—Look! He has gone to sleep.”

And that is how I made the acquaintance of the little prince.

第三章

Chapter 3



那天我修飞机，神气地告诉他，我可以在天上飞。他问我是从哪个星球来的？我问他是不是从别的星球上来的，他点头承认了。

我说还可以给绵羊画根绳子，把它拴住。

他慢慢地说，你画的箱子可以让它当房子，但没必要拴着它。

*I*t took me a long time to learn where he came from. The little prince, who asked me so many questions, never seemed to hear the ones I asked him. It was from words dropped by chance that, little by little, everything was revealed to me.

The first time he saw my airplane, for instance (I shall not draw my airplane; that would be much too complicated for me), he asked me:

“What is that object?”

“That is not an object. It flies. It is an airplane. It is my airplane.”

And I was proud to have him learn that I could fly. He cried out, then:

“What! You dropped down from the sky?”

“Yes,” I answered, modestly.

“Oh! That is funny!”

And the little prince broke into a lovely peal of laughter, which irritated



me very much. I like my misfortunes to be taken seriously.

Then he added:

“So you, too, come from the sky! Which is your planet?”

At that moment I caught a gleam of light in the impenetrable mystery of his presence; and I demanded, abruptly:

“Do you come from another planet?”

But he did not reply. He tossed his head gently, without taking his eyes from my plane:

“It is true that on that you can't have come from very far away...”

And he sank into a reverie, which lasted a long time. Then, taking my sheep out of his pocket, he buried himself in the contemplation of his treasure.

You can imagine how my curiosity was aroused by this half confidence about the “other planets”. I made a great effort, therefore, to find out more on this subject.

“My little man, where do you come from? What is this where I live, of which you speak? Where do you want to take your sheep?”

After a reflective silence he answered:

“The thing that is so good about the box you have given me is that at night he can use it as his house.”

“That is so. And if you are good I will give you a string, too, so that you can tie him during the day, and a post to tie him to.”

But the little prince seemed shocked by this offer:

“Tie him! What a queer idea!”

“But if you don't tie him,” I said, “he will wander off somewhere, and get lost.”

My friend broke into another peal of laughter:

“But where do you think he would go?”

“Anywhere. Straight ahead of him.”

Then the little prince said, earnestly:

“That doesn't matter. Where I live, everything is so small!”

And, with perhaps hint of sadness, he added:

“Straight ahead of him, nobody can go very far...”