

插图·中文导读英文版



Hauff's Fairy Tales

# 豪夫童话

[德] 威廉·豪夫 著

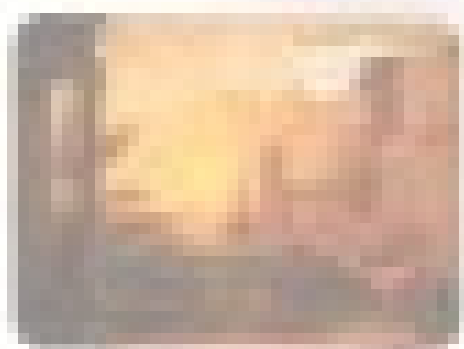
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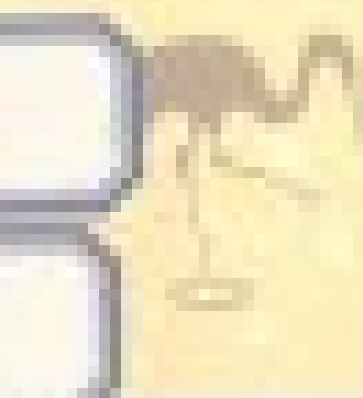
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北 京

## 内 容 简 介

《豪夫童话》是德国童话的杰出代表之一，是世界童话文库中的瑰宝。作为浪漫童话和艺术童话的杰出代表，豪夫童话在题材内容和艺术风格上是丰富多彩的。故事的背景不仅有荒无人烟的苏格兰岛屿，也有繁华但充满铜臭味的大都市；不仅有浩瀚的阿拉伯大沙漠，也有隐含有神秘法术的大森林。在艺术风格上，更是精雕细琢，故事的篇布局十分讲究。相比格林童话和安徒生童话，豪夫童话在情节上更加跌宕起伏，语言上更加轻松幽默，在想象上更是体现了浪漫派童话的诡秘和怪诞。和格林童话一样，豪夫童话在德国家喻户晓，而且被译成世界上各种语言，曾经无数次被改编成电影卡通片等。书中所展现的神奇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，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量的插图。

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威廉·豪夫（Wilhelm Hauff, 1802—1827），19 世纪德国著名小说家和童话作家。在德国“施瓦本浪漫派”里是最年轻、也是最具特色的一位，在德国文学史上是个彗星似的人物。虽然只有 25 年的人生，威廉·豪夫却有三部长篇小说、七部中篇小说和三部童话集，以及众多的散文、书评和随笔等，共 36 卷。

豪夫童话作为艺术童话的代表，不仅作品出自于作者本人，而且内容上不局限于惩恶扬善的思维套路，不以道德化的情节为教化服务，而是打破与现实的界限，或隐或现折射出作者所处的社会现实，这样内容也随之深化。作为富有寓意和象征的文学体裁，艺术童话成了揭示现代人充满矛盾的内心世界的表达手段。故事本身更具有趣味性和寓意，是真正为青少年准备的读物。

豪夫童话因思想内容深刻、艺术手法高超、故事情节生动、充满乐观进取的精神，已经成为世界文学中的瑰宝，至今仍深受世界各国青少年的喜爱。

在中国，《豪夫童话》也是青少年读者最熟悉、最喜爱的外国文学名著之一。在国内数量不多的《豪夫童话》书籍中，主要的出版形式是中文翻译版，难得见到英文原版。目前，各种英文原版越来越受到读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大



环境。从英文学习的角度来看，直接使用纯英文素材更有利于英语学习。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。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《豪夫童话》，并采用中文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。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读部分，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。同时，为了读者更好地理解书中内容，在部分章节中加入了插图。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。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、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、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，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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# 仙鹤哈里发

How the Caliph became a Stork



很久以前的一个下午，巴格达的哈里发（伊斯兰国家政教合一的领袖）查希德正躺在沙发上睡觉，一觉醒来，他感到神清气爽、心情舒畅。他的宰相曼舒尔每天总是在这个时候来见他。这天，宰相又来了，但显得有些郁闷。哈里发询问宰相为什么闷闷不乐，宰相告诉他，在宫殿的门口，他看到一个小贩有一批好货，因为身边没有太多的钱，所以心里有些不痛快。

哈里发非常喜欢宰相，早想送件礼物让他开心一下。于是，他就派人把小贩带进宫里。小贩是个身材矮小的胖子，肩上扛着一只箱子，里面装满了各种各样的货物，有珍珠、戒指、酒杯、梳子、镶着珠宝的小手枪等等。哈里发给宰相和自己各买了一个漂亮小手枪，给宰相妻子买了一把梳子。小贩正要关箱子的时候，哈里发忽然发现箱子里还有个抽屉，就问小贩里面装着什么货物。小贩拉开抽屉，里面装着一盒黑色的粉末，还有一张写着古怪字的纸条，哈里发和宰相都不认识那些字。但是哈里发有收集古老手稿的爱好，虽然看不懂写着什么，但总以拥有这类手稿而骄傲，于是毫不犹豫地买下了纸条和黑色粉末。

哈里发对纸上的文字发生了兴趣，很想知道上面写着什么，于是他就问宰相是否有人能解读这些文字。宰相告诉他，大清真寺的塞利姆通晓多种语言，或许能够认识这些神秘的文字。塞利姆很快被请来，他仔细研究起那些文字，忽然兴奋地告诉大家，这些是拉丁文。并开始翻译：“发现这张纸条的人，赞美真主的仁慈吧。任何人只要嗅一嗅黑色的粉末，然后说一声‘穆塔博尔’，他就可以变成任何动物，而且能听懂动物的语言。当他想恢复人形时，只要向东方鞠三个躬，再说一遍‘穆塔博尔’，就可以恢复原样。但是，切记在变成动物后千万不能发笑，否则那句咒语将从记忆中消失，那时将永远不能恢复人样了。”哈里发听后非常高兴，他赏赐了塞利姆，派人把他送走了。接着转身对宰相说，这真是一笔好买卖，只要有一次变成动物的经历，那就心满意足了。他吩咐宰相第二天早晨来见他，一起到野外去嗅嗅黑色粉末，也许真的可以听懂各种动物的谈话了。

第二天清晨，哈里发刚吃过早饭，宰相已经奉命来到。哈里发把那盒黑色粉末塞在腰带里，带上宰相就出发了。他们经过哈里发的许多花园，但是没有找到可以试验魔法的动物。最后，哈里发接受宰相的建议，来到远处的池塘边，他们看到一只仙鹤走来走去，正在寻找食物，而另一只仙鹤也正飞来。他们很欣赏仙鹤优雅的姿态，宰相建议变成仙鹤，哈里发很痛快地答应了。不过哈里发还是比较谨慎，他再次和宰相强调了变回人形的要诀——向东方鞠三个躬，说一遍“穆塔博尔”，并提醒自己和宰相在变成动物后千万不能笑，否则一切就完蛋了。

哈里发从腰间取出黑色粉末，深深地吸了一口，然后递给宰相，宰相也嗅了嗅，两人同时说了咒语“穆塔博尔”，瞬间，两人变成了两只美丽的仙鹤。他们走近那两只仙鹤，看是否可以听懂仙鹤的

对话。惊讶地是，他们真的能听懂仙鹤的对话，刚来的那只仙鹤告诉另一只，她来池塘边练习舞步，准备给她父亲的客人表演。哈里发和宰相很欣赏仙鹤的舞姿，但她滑稽的动作引得哈里发和宰相哈哈大笑。宰相首先意识到事态的严重性，想起在变成动物后是不能发笑的。顿时，恐惧笼罩着哈里发和宰相，他们努力回忆那句咒语，但是记忆从他们脑海里消失了。

这对无法恢复人形的君臣，很悲伤地在野外走来走去，他们不知道怎样才能摆脱眼前的困境。饿了，他们只能吃些野果来充饥，唯一的乐趣是能自由地飞翔。他们飞回巴格达，想看看他们消失后这里发生的一切。头两天，全城陷入悲痛和不安的气氛里，但在他们变形后第四天，看到一列华丽的队伍，一个男人骑着一匹高头骏马，居民都向他致敬。哈里发一眼就看出，那是他死敌喀什努尔的儿子，恶毒的魔法师喀什努尔曾经发誓要找机会陷害他，所以他们变成了现在的样子。但是哈里发没有失去信心，他计划到先知的坟地去找机会解除魔法。

他们从宫殿的屋顶起飞，朝着麦地那（伊斯兰教圣地）飞去。飞了几个小时后，宰相坚持不住了，恳请哈里发停下来休息，况且天色已晚，也该找地方过夜，哈里发同意了宰相的请求，朝山谷里的一片废墟飞去，这个地方看上去是个废弃的宫殿，从建筑上仍可以看出往日的豪华气派。他们在里面走来走去，忽然宰相曼舒尔听到附近有人的叹息和呻吟声，哈里发急于知道为什么这个废墟里会有人哭泣。他发现叹息和哭泣是从一个房间里发出的，打开房门，透过窗户外面的微光，看到一只巨大的猫头鹰正坐在窗台上哭泣。猫头鹰看到他们，很高兴地大叫起来，用地道的阿拉伯语告诉他们，曾经有人能预言，仙鹤会给她带来巨大的幸福。哈里发从惊讶中恢复了平静，然后告诉猫头鹰所发生的一切。猫头鹰听了他们的遭遇

后，也开始告诉他们发生在自己身上的事情。她原来是印度国王的独生女儿，因为父王拒绝了魔法师喀什努尔为他儿子的提亲，魔法师怀恨在心，装成一个女佣，给她喝了一杯饮料，所以变成这个样子。魔法师把她送到这里，并告诉她，除非有人不嫌弃她这副丑陋的模样，愿意娶她为妻，否则只有等死。

哈里发听了猫头鹰悲惨的故事，陷入了沉思，觉得他们的不幸之间应该有某种联系；猫头鹰也说，在她童年的时候，有一个占卜的女人曾经预言，一只仙鹤将给她带来巨大的幸福，而且她也许知道使他们得救的办法。哈里发十分惊讶，忙问什么巧妙的办法。猫头鹰告诉他们，给他们带来不幸的魔法师，每月都要来这里一次，和他的同伙一边吃喝，一边炫耀最近干过的勾当。在得意之际，也许会说出你们忘记的那句咒语。

哈里发十分兴奋，忙问魔法师什么时候来。猫头鹰沉默了片刻，然后说，只有他们答应她一个条件，才能满足他们的愿望。哈里发在这个时候，什么条件都愿意答应。猫头鹰说：和他们一样，她也向往获得自由，只有他们中间的一位，愿意娶她为妻，她的魔法才能解除，才能获得自由。这个条件让两只仙鹤感到惊愕，哈里发示意他的宰相跟他出去一会儿。到了外面，两人都劝说对方娶猫头鹰为妻，他们认真地讨论了很长时间，当哈里发看到他的宰相宁愿永远做只仙鹤也不愿娶猫头鹰为妻时，只得无可奈何地同意自己向猫头鹰求婚。猫头鹰高兴极了，告诉他们今夜魔法师们又将聚会在一起。

他们赶紧离开房间，朝着聚会的大厅走去。在黑暗中走了很长时间，他们终于到达了大厅，透过墙缝，他们看到大厅内灯火通明，大厅中间圆桌上摆满了美味，桌子周围坐着一群人，哈里发和宰相一眼就认出了那个商贩，就是把魔粉卖给他们的那个人。周围的人

让商贩讲讲最近的成果，商贩炫耀了很多成果，其中也提到了哈里发和宰相的故事。另一个魔法师不经意问了一句，你教给他们什么咒语，商贩很得意地说：“穆塔博尔”，一句非常难念的拉丁语。哈里发和宰相听到咒语，高兴得几乎发狂，迈开长腿朝废墟门口奔去，猫头鹰几乎追不上他们。哈里发是个讲诚信的人，他转过身说：“你是我和我朋友的救命恩人，我愿娶你为妻”。说完，转身面朝东方深深鞠了三个躬，和宰相同时说“穆塔博尔”。刹那间，他们恢复了人形。他们兴奋地拥抱在一起，忽然，他们面前出现了一位美丽动人的姑娘，哈里发和宰相一脸诧异。姑娘微笑着把手伸给哈里发——她就是猫头鹰。三个人实在是太高兴了，他们一起起程返回巴格达。哈里发从他衣服口袋里不但找到了魔粉，还找到了自己的钱袋，他们沿途买了生活用品，很快就到达了巴格达。

哈里发的突然出现，引起了巨大轰动，大家放声欢呼国王的返回。与此同时，哈里发派人抓住了魔法师和他的儿子。哈里发命令把魔法师送到废墟，关在猫头鹰曾经被关过的小屋，让手下把他处死。他的儿子不了解魔法师的恶行，哈里发给了他一个机会选择，或是去死，或者嗅一嗅黑色粉末。儿子选择了后者，宰相给他递上魔法粉末，哈里发念了咒语，瞬间，他变成了一只仙鹤。哈里发让人把仙鹤关在后花园的铁笼子里。

从那以后，哈里发和公主幸福地生活在一起。每天午后，宰相来叙谈的时候，那是他们最快乐的时光，他们会常常谈起曾经的冒险经历。

MANY years ago, on a lovely afternoon, the Caliph Casid of Bagdad sat at his ease on a luxurious sofa. It was a very hot

day; he had had a sound nap, and had awakened in the happiest of moods. He drew a few puffs through his long rosewood-stemmed pipe, sipped the coffee brought by an obsequious slave, and stroked his long beard with an air of extreme satisfaction. It was evident that the Caliph felt at peace with the world. Indeed, at such an hour he was easy to approach, and so every day he received a visit from his Grand Vizier, Mansor.

But on this particular afternoon the Grand Vizier seemed rather thoughtful and disinclined to talk; so the Caliph, taking his pipe from his mouth, said:

“What is the matter with you to-day, Mansor?”

The Grand Vizier crossed his arms on his breast, and bowing low answered:

“Mighty lord, there is really nothing the matter; but outside the Castle stands a merchant who has such beautiful wares that I feel quite unhappy that I have no money to spare and to spend.”

The Caliph, who had always rather favoured the Grand Vizier, at once sent a black slave to conduct the merchant to his presence. Not many moments did he wait ere a little fat man, with sunbrowned face and ragged garments, appeared. This was the merchant, and he carried a pack containing all sorts of treasures—pearls and rings, richly ornamented pistols, golden cups and combs. The Caliph and the Vizier turned the articles over and over, and the Caliph bought some fine pistols for himself and Mansor, and for the Vizier’s wife a

comb. While the merchant was packing up his wares in his box, the Caliph noticed therein a small drawer, and asked what it held. The merchant opened the drawer, and showed them a snuff-box containing some black powder, and a small piece of paper, on which was written something which neither the Caliph nor the Vizier could read.

“I got these from a merchant in Mecca,” said the pedlar, “and do not know what the writing means. If you like, you can have them for a trifling sum.”

The Caliph, who had in his library many rare manuscripts which he could not decipher, but in the possession of which he took pride, bought both snuff-box and paper and dismissed the pedlar. He was, however, very curious about the meaning of the writing, so asked the Vizier if he knew any one who could translate it.

“Gracious lord and master,” answered Mansor, “near the great Mosque lives a man named Selim the Scholar, who understands all languages. Bid him come hither; perhaps he can read these secret instructions.”

The learned man was sent for at once.

“Selim,” said the Caliph, “you are said to be well informed. Look at this writing: if you can read it you shall have a fine new coat; if you cannot, you shall be bastinadoed on back and feet, and every one shall know that Selim the Scholar has not the wisdom he pretends.”

Selim bowed humbly and said: "Thy will be done, great lord!" For some minutes he scanned the writing, then exclaimed: "This is Latin, great lord; if not, may I be hanged!"

"Then if it be Latin, tell us what it says," returned the Caliph.

Selim read thus: "'Thou, who this findest, praise Allah for his mercy! Whoever snuffs the powder in this box and says 'Mutabor,' changes himself to the form of an animal, and will be able to understand animal language. Should he desire to resume his manhood, he need only turn to the east, bow three times, and repeat the word. But he must beware lest during his metamorphosis he laugh; if so, he will forget the magic word and remain for ever an animal.'"

Satisfied with Selim's translation, the Caliph, binding him by solemn oaths not to divulge the secret between them, gave him a new kaftan and sent him away. To his Grand Vizier he said: "I call that a good bargain, Mansor! I should like for once in a way to be an animal. To-morrow morning come to me. We will go together outside the city, snuff a little of this powder, and understand, perhaps, the language of those which fly, swim, or crawl."

Hardly had the Caliph Casid breakfasted the following morning ere the Grand Vizier appeared ready for the appointed walk. The Caliph put the snuff-box safely in his sash, and bidding his followers remain in the city, set out alone with the Grand Vizier. First they walked through the gardens of the Caliphate; but hurriedly, for they were anxious to try the experiment, and the

Vizier spoke of a pond outside the walls where he had seen many animals, but particularly storks, whose dignified actions and hoarse cries had often attracted his attention.

The Caliph, therefore, decided in favour of the pond, and together they walked to its bank, where there were quite a number of these quaint birds, who took no notice of their approach, but continued to fish for frogs. At the same time they noticed overhead another stork which was hastening to join the rest.

“I’ll wager my beard,” said the Vizier, “that these storks have plenty to say to each other. What do you think of our turning storks for a time?”

“An excellent idea,” said the Caliph. “But first let us carefully remember exactly how to become men again. We must bow three times to the east, and say ‘Mutabor,’ then I shall be Caliph and you Grand Vizier. But, in the name of Allah, no laughing, or we shall indeed be in a fix!”

While the Caliph was speaking, he observed how the Stork above their heads balanced his wings and slowly dropped to earth. Quickly he drew forth the box, took a good pinch of snuff, the Vizier doing the same, and both cried: “Mutabor.”

Immediately their legs shrivelled and became thin and red; their lovely yellow slippers became storks’ feet and their arms wings; their necks stretched till they were nearly a yard long; their beards disappeared, and their bodies were covered with feathers.



哈里发和宰相同时说了咒语“穆塔博尔”