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导读

世界名著阅读丛书

Heidi

海蒂

[瑞士] 约翰娜·施皮里 著

蔡红昌 等编译



外文出版社
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内 容 简 介

《海蒂》是世界儿童文学宝库中的经典之作，是一部以情感人的文学名著，入选教育部推荐的中小学生必读书目。作者通过优美的笔触，把一个无比可爱，充满爱心的主人公海蒂栩栩如生地展现在读者眼前，使我们仿佛看到了一个爱的天使、爱的化身。海蒂是个聪明活泼、心地善良、纯真可爱的小姑娘，她热爱阿尔姆山美丽的自然风光，更爱那里的人们。她虽然出身贫寒，却有一颗金子般的心，她的纯真、善良深深地感染了周围的人。她用爱感化了性格孤僻的祖父，赢得了双目失明的老奶奶的爱；她用行动赢得了瑟思曼先生一家的喜爱，也赢得了长年与轮椅相伴富家少女克莱拉的友爱与信任；在她的帮助下，陷于丧女之痛的医生从悲伤中走了出来，贪玩厌学的小伙伴皮特开始爱读书……



前言

约翰娜·施皮里（Johanna Spyri，1827—1901），瑞士著名的儿童文学作家。

1827年6月，施皮里出生在瑞士苏黎世附近的一个风景秀丽的山村。父亲是一名医生，母亲是一个诗人。她的童年非常幸福，从小就受到良好的教育。在14岁那年，施皮里全家迁往苏黎世。25岁那年，与从事律师工作的约翰·伯恩哈德·施皮里结婚。此后，她的人生都在这个美丽的城市中度过。

从1879年起，她写了大量的故事，这些故事的书名总冠以“献给孩子以及那些热爱孩子的人们故事”。其中最著名的是1880年出版的《海蒂的学习和漫游岁月》和1881年出版的《海蒂学以致用》，合称为《海蒂》，这两部小说的出版在当时的文坛引起了强烈反响，同时也影响了许许多多后来的女作家和她们的作品：如伯内特夫人1905年出版的《小公主》和1911年出版的《秘密花园》、蒙哥马利1908年出版的《清秀佳人安妮》系列作品以及艾琳娜·波特1913年出版的《波莉安娜》。除了这些故事外，施皮里的重要作品还有《在弗里尼坎上的一片叶子》《没有故乡》《格里特利的孩子们》等。

在施皮里的所有作品中，《海蒂》是她最成功的作品，同时也是她的代表作。出版一百多年来，《海蒂》至今仍受到来自世界各地读者的欢迎，先后被译成几十种文字；曾先后20多次被改编成电影、电视和卡通片，它已成为一本经典的青少年读物。在

美国曾经做过一项历时数年的读者调查,《海蒂》总是位列“十部世界最佳儿童文学作品”前五名。

在中国,《海蒂》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典小说之一。基于以上原因,我们决定编译《海蒂》,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。为了读者更好地理解故事内容,书中加入了大量的插图。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。

本书由蔡红昌组织编译。参加本书编译工作的还有赵雪、刘乃亚、纪飞、陈起永、熊建国、程来川、龚武元、李毛华、徐平国、敖宗林、龚桂平、熊志勇、潘文华、陈凤英、谭学民、李丹妮、张灵玲、谭榜乾、付建平、汪疆玮、龚火荣、葛文聪、杨晓、葛文博、张雨、葛其昌、于丹等。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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1. 到山上去

CHAPTER I. UP THE MOUNTAIN TO ALM-UNCLE

导 读

梅恩菲尔德是瑞士的一个小镇，坐落在大山脚下一个风光优美的山谷里。小镇背后有一条路蜿蜒地通到山上。六月里，来了一个年轻姑娘，带着一个大约只有五岁的小姑娘。天气已经很热了，小姑娘却还穿着两层外衣，还用了一个红羊毛披肩围得严严实实，脸热得通红。年轻姑娘叫笛蒂，而小姑娘海蒂是她姐姐的女儿。走了一个多小时，她们来到半山腰的德夫里村，这里是年轻姑娘的老家。她此行的目的是要把小姑娘带给住在山上的“阿尔姆大叔”，也就是小姑娘的爷爷抚养。她自己在德国找了一个工作，带着小姑娘很不方便。

这时，镇上有个人巴贝尔和笛蒂认识，就跟她边走边聊。笛蒂提到要把海蒂交给大叔，巴贝尔就很替小女孩将来的生活担心。阿尔姆大叔一个人住在山上，过着几乎与世隔绝的生活。镇上的人们都不了解他，觉得他是个怪人，不愿与他交往。于是她们就聊起了阿尔姆大叔的过去。

阿尔姆大叔曾经拥有多莱姆斯最大的庄园。兄弟二人，他是哥哥，整日无所事事，酗酒、赌博，将家产挥霍光了。他的父母悲愤交加地离开了人世。弟弟离家出走，再无音信。后来，阿尔姆大叔也失踪了，只留下一些荒唐的事情作为人们茶后饭余的谈资。后来人们发现他在那不勒斯当兵，之后的十几年便没有了消息。有一天，他带着一个年幼的孩子突然回到多莱姆斯，想把孩子寄养在亲戚家，可是没有人愿意管他。他很是气愤，发誓再也不回多莱姆斯。从此他就带着这个叫图巴斯的孩子住在德里夫村。



海蒂被交给了爷爷

有人说他曾经在南部结过婚，但是不久妻子便死了。也有人说他是从那不勒斯逃回来的，因为他在那里杀过一个人。他积攒了一些钱，把图巴斯送到木匠那儿去当学徒。图巴斯是个好孩子，全村的人都喜欢他。后来他回到德里夫，娶了笛蒂的姐姐阿得蕾德，两人相亲相爱。两年后，图巴斯在帮人盖房的时候被木头砸中死了。阿得蕾德悲痛欲绝，几个星期之后也离开了人世。村里说这都是阿尔姆大叔年轻时所犯罪行的报应。阿尔姆大叔由此变得更加孤僻怪异，他搬到山上去住，再也不打算下来了。

就在她们聊天的时候，海蒂看到了一个牧羊的男孩，便跟着羊群爬上了山。男孩叫皮特，小山谷里的一个破旧的小木屋就是他的家。他爸爸也是个放羊的，在几年前伐木的时候遇到意外死了。妈妈叫布雷吉特。他还有个瞎眼的奶奶。皮特已经十一岁了，每天早上到德里夫村去召集各家的羊，领着羊群到山上牧草丰美的地方去，晚上又将羊群带回来，送回各家。每天他基本上很难见到其他的小孩子，山羊就是他的伙伴。

笛蒂跟巴贝尔聊完天才发现海蒂不见了，而这时海蒂正高高兴兴地跟着皮特牧羊。她脱掉了厚重的外套，好天气和美丽的景色使她开心起来。她感到自己像风一样自由，兴奋地到处乱跑。

笛蒂找回了海蒂，最终她们来到了阿尔姆大叔的小木屋前。海蒂被长胡子、浓眉毛的大叔吸引住了，冲上去说“爷爷，晚上好”。阿尔姆大叔很快明白了笛蒂的意图，他愤怒地叫笛蒂快滚。笛蒂飞快地跑了，但也开始有些良心不安。她答应过姐姐要好好照顾她的孩子。她安慰自己说，等多挣些钱就能为这个孩子做些什么。海蒂就这样被交给了爷爷。

From the old and pleasantly situated village of Mayenfeld, a foot-path winds through green and shady meadows to the foot of the mountains, which on this side look down from their stern and lofty heights upon the valley below. The land grows gradually wilder as the path ascends, and the climber has not gone far before he begins to inhale the fragrance of the short grass and sturdy mountain-plants, for the way is steep and leads directly up to the summits above.

On a clear sunny morning in June two figures might be seen climbing the narrow mountain path; one, a tall strong-looking girl, the other a child whom she was leading by the hand, and whose little cheeks were so aglow with heat that the crimson color could be seen even through the dark, sunburnt skin. And this was hardly to be wondered at, for in spite of the hot June sun the child was clothed as if to keep off the bitterest frost. She did not look more than five years old, if as much, but what her natural figure was like, it would have been hard to say, for she had apparently two, if not three dresses, one above the other, and over these a thick red woollen shawl wound round about her, so that the little body presented a shapeless appearance, as, with its small feet shod in thick, nailed mountain-shoes, it slowly and laboriously plodded its way up in the heat. The two must have left the valley a good hour's walk behind them, when they came to the hamlet known as Dorfli, which is situated half-way up the mountain. Here the wayfarers met with greetings from all sides, some calling to them from windows, some from open doors, others from outside, for the elder girl was now in her old home. She did not, however, pause in her walk to respond to her friends' welcoming cries and questions, but passed on without stopping for a moment until she reached the last of the scattered houses of the hamlet. Here a voice

called to her from the door: "Wait a moment, Dete; if you are going up higher, I will come with you."

The girl thus addressed stood still, and the child immediately let go her hand and seated herself on the ground.

"Are you tired, Heidi?" asked her companion.

"No, I am not," answered the child.

"We shall soon get to the top now. You must walk bravely on a little longer, and take good long steps, and in another hour we shall be there," said Dete in an encouraging voice.

They were now joined by a stout, good-natured-looking woman, who walked on ahead with her old acquaintance, the two breaking forth at once into lively conversation about everybody and everything in Dorfli and its surroundings, while the child wandered behind them.

"And where are you off to with the child?" asked the one who had just joined the party. "I suppose it is the child your sister left?"

"Yes," answered Dete. "I am taking her up to Uncle, where she must stay."

"The child stay up there with Alm-Uncle! You must be out of your senses, Dete! How can you think of such a thing! The old man, however, will soon send you and your proposal packing off home again!"

"He cannot very well do that, seeing that he is her grandfather. He must do something for her. I have had the charge of the child till now, and I can tell you, Barbel, I am not going to give up the chance which has just fallen to me of getting a good place, for her sake. It is for the grandfather now to do his duty by her."

"That would be all very well if he were like other people," asseverated stout Barbel warmly, "but you know what he is. And what can he

do with a child, especially with one so young! The child cannot possibly live with him. But where are you thinking of going yourself?"

"To Frankfurt, where an extra good place awaits me," answered Dete. "The people I am going to were down at the Baths last summer, and it was part of my duty to attend upon their rooms. They would have liked then to take me away with them, but I could not leave. Now they are there again and have repeated their offer, and I intend to go with them, you may make up your mind to that!"

"I am glad I am not the child!" exclaimed Barbel, with a gesture of horrified pity. "Not a creature knows anything about the old man up there! He will have nothing to do with anybody, and never sets his foot inside a church from one year's end to another. When he does come down once in a while, everybody clears out of the way of him and his big stick. The mere sight of him, with his bushy grey eyebrows and his immense beard, is alarming enough. He looks like any old heathen or Indian, and few would care to meet him alone."

"Well, and what of that?" said Dete, in a defiant voice, "he is the grandfather all the same, and must look after the child. He is not likely to do her any harm, and if he does, he will be answerable for it, not I."

"I should very much like to know," continued Barbel, in an inquiring tone of voice, "what the old man has on his conscience that he looks as he does, and lives up there on the mountain like a hermit, hardly ever allowing himself to be seen. All kinds of things are said about him. You, Dete, however, must certainly have learnt a good deal concerning him from your sister—am I not right?"

"You are right, I did, but I am not going to repeat what I heard; if it should come to his ears I should get into trouble about it."

Now Barbel had for long past been most anxious to ascertain particulars about Alm-Uncle, as she could not understand why he seemed to feel such hatred towards his fellow-creatures, and insisted on living all alone, or why people spoke about him half in whispers, as if afraid to say anything against him, and yet unwilling to take his Part. Moreover, Barbel was in ignorance as to why all the people in Dorfli called him Alm-Uncle, for he could not possibly be uncle to everybody living there. As, however, it was the custom, she did like the rest and called the old man Uncle. Barbel had only lived in Dorfli since her marriage, which had taken place not long before. Previous to that her home had been below in Prattigau, so that she was not well acquainted with all the events that had ever taken place, and with all the people who had ever lived in Dorfli and its neighborhood. Dete, on the contrary, had been born in Dorfli, and had lived there with her mother until the death of the latter the year before, and had then gone over to the Baths at Ragatz and taken service in the large hotel there as chambermaid. On the morning of this day she had come all the way from Ragatz with the child, a friend having given them a lift in a hay-cart as far as Mayenfeld. Barbel was therefore determined not to lose this good opportunity of satisfying her curiosity. She put her arm through Dete's in a confidential sort of way, and said: "I know I can find out the real truth from you, and the meaning of all these tales that are afloat about him. I believe you know the whole story. Now do just tell me what is wrong with the old man, and if he was always shunned as he is now, and was always such a misanthrope."

"How can I possibly tell you whether he was always the same, seeing I am only six-and-twenty and he at least seventy years of age; so you can hardly expect me to know much about his youth. If I was sure,

however, that what I tell you would not go the whole round of Prattigau, I could relate all kinds of things about him; my mother came from Domleschg, and so did he."

"Nonsense, Dete, what do you mean?" replied Barbel, somewhat offended, "gossip has not reached such a dreadful pitch in Prattigau as all that, and I am also quite capable of holding my tongue when it is necessary."

"Very well then, I will tell you—but just wait a moment," said Dete in a warning voice, and she looked back to make sure that the child was not near enough to hear all she was going to relate; but the child was nowhere to be seen, and must have turned aside from following her companions some time before, while these were too eagerly occupied with their conversation to notice it. Dete stood still and looked around her in all directions. The footpath wound a little here and there, but could nevertheless be seen along its whole length nearly to Dorfli; no one, however, was visible upon it at this moment.

"I see where she is," exclaimed Barbel, "look over there!" and she pointed to a spot far away from the footpath. "She is climbing up the slope yonder with the goatherd and his goats. I wonder why he is so late to-day bringing them up. It happens well, however, for us, for he can now see after the child, and you can the better tell me your tale."

"Oh, as to the looking after," remarked Dete, "the boy need not put himself out about that; she is not by any means stupid for her five years, and knows how to use her eyes. She notices all that is going on, as I have often had occasion to remark, and this will stand her in good stead some day, for the old man has nothing beyond his two goats and his hut."

"Did he ever have more?" asked Barbel.