

名著双语读物

中文导读+英文原版

*Dr. Lai in Jungle*

# 赖医生丛林记

[英] 休·洛夫汀 著

纪飞 等 编译



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## 内 容 简 介

《赖医生丛林记》是二十世纪最伟大的儿童文学作品之一。赖医生是一个奇怪的家伙，他医术高明，淡泊名利，而且非常喜欢动物。终于有一天，他转行成为了一名兽医，并带着自己的动物伙伴们远赴非洲，为猴子们治疗瘟疫。这一路上，发生了许多惊险而奇妙的事情，赖医生不仅和猴子们成为了朋友，还变成了一个大富翁！本书一出版，很快就成为当时最受关注和最畅销的英文儿童文学作品，至今已被译成世界上几十种文字。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。

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休·洛夫汀 (Hugh John Lofting, 1886—1947), 英国著名作家。虽然土木工程师出身,但他却创造了赖医生这个特色鲜明的人物——一个世界儿童文学中经久不衰的经典形象。

1886年1月14日,洛夫汀出生在英格兰东南部伯克郡的梅登黑德,他的父母分别是英格兰人和爱尔兰人。他的哥哥希拉里·洛夫汀是澳大利亚著名小说家,他于1915移民至此的。

洛夫汀毕业于英国德比郡的曼特圣玛丽学院。1905—1906年,他在美国麻省理工学院学习。作为一名土木工程师,他游历很广。之后,他加入英国军队的爱尔兰兵团并参加了第一次世界大战。战争期间,他经常给孩子们写信,但不想把战争的残酷写给孩子们,那些给孩子们写的极具想象力的信成为他后来创作赖医生系列小说的基础。洛夫汀在战争中受了重伤,之后移民美国并专门从事文学创作。

洛夫汀的大多数作品是围绕赖医生展开的,赖医生系列的首部作品《赖医生丛林记》出版后,立刻轰动英美两地,读者强烈要求他写续集。洛夫汀于1922年完成了续集《赖医生航海记》,之后又陆续出版了赖医生系列中其他作品,这些作品受到全世界读者的热烈欢迎。

在中国,赖医生系列小说同样是深受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典儿童文学作品之一。基于以上原因,我们决定编译赖医生系列小说中《赖医生丛林记》,并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。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。

本书是中文导读英文版名著系列丛书中的一种,编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对

# 前言



于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT 还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

本书的英文部分选自原著。原著有些词汇是老式的写法，现在的英汉词典大多已不再收录。为了忠实于原著，本次出版时以不修改为宜。望读者阅读时留意。

本书中文导读由纪飞组织编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、王茜、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平、汪疆玮、王卉媛等。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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# 第1章 泥塘镇

## Chapter 01 Puddleby



从前，有一位医术高明的赖医生，他住在泥塘镇的边上，拥有一个小巧的房子和气派的花园，妹妹赖莎拉帮他料理家务。

赖医生非常喜欢动物，在家里养了各种各样的宠物。其中，他最喜欢的莫过于鸭子呱呱、小狗吉普、小猪吧唧、鹦鹉波利尼西亚和猫头鹰图图了。

一天，一个患风湿症的老太太来看医生，一不小心坐到了正在沙发上睡觉的刺猬上。老太太被吓得从此再也不来了，而被动物们吓跑的病人还不止她一个。随着时间的流逝，医生养的动物越来越多，可是病人却越来越少，最后只剩下一个卖猫粮的小贩了。

尽管赖医生越来越穷，但是那些狗、猫还有孩子们见到他依然很开心。

ONCE upon a time, many years ago when our grandfathers were little children—there was a doctor; and his name was Dolittle—John Dolittle, M.D. “M.D.” means that he was a proper doctor and knew a whole lot.

He lived in a little town called, Puddleby-on-the-Marsh. All the folks, young and old, knew him well by sight. And whenever he walked down the street in his high hat everyone would say, “There goes the Doctor!—He’s a clever man.” And the dogs and the children would all run up and follow behind



him; and even the crows that lived in the church-tower would caw and nod their heads.

The house he lived in, on the edge of the town, was quite small; but his garden was very large and had a wide lawn and stone seats and weeping-willows hanging over. His sister, Sarah Dolittle, was housekeeper for him; but the Doctor looked after the garden himself.

He was very fond of animals and kept many kinds of pets. Besides the gold-fish in the pond at the bottom of his garden, he had rabbits in the pantry, white mice in his piano, a squirrel in the linen closet and a hedgehog in the cellar. He had a cow with a calf too, and an old lame horse—twenty-five years of age—and chickens, and pigeons, and two lambs, and many other animals. But his favorite pets were Dab-Dab the duck, Jip the dog, Gub-Gub the baby pig, Polynesia the parrot, and the owl Too-Too.

His sister used to grumble about all these animals and said they made the house untidy. And one day when an old lady with rheumatism came to see the Doctor, she sat on the hedgehog who was sleeping on the sofa and never came to see him any more, but drove every Saturday all the way to Oxenthorpe, another town ten miles off, to see a different doctor.

Then his sister, Sarah Dolittle, came to him and said,

“John, how can you expect sick people to come and see you when you keep all these animals in the house? It’s a fine doctor would have his parlor full of hedgehogs and mice! That’s the fourth personage these animals have driven away. Squire Jenkins and the Parson say they wouldn’t come near your house again—no matter how sick they are. We are getting poorer every day. If you go on like this, none of the best people will have you for a doctor.”

“But I like the animals better than the ‘best people’,” said the Doctor.

“You are ridiculous,” said his sister, and walked out of the room.

So, as time went on, the Doctor got more and more animals; and the people who came to see him got less and less. Till at last he had no one left—except the Cat’s-meat-Man, who didn’t mind any kind of animals. But the Cat’s-meat Man wasn’t very rich and he only got sick once a year—at



Christmas-time, when he used to give the Doctor sixpence for a bottle of medicine.

Sixpence a year wasn't enough to live on—even in those days, long ago; and if the Doctor hadn't had some money saved up in his money-box, no one knows what would have happened.

And he kept on getting still more pets; and of course it cost a lot to feed them. And the money he had saved up grew littler and littler.

Then he sold his piano, and let the mice live in a bureau-drawer. But the money he got for that too began to go, so he sold the brown suit he wore on Sundays and went on becoming poorer and poorer.

And now, when he walked down the street in his high hat, people would say to one another, "There goes John Dolittle, M.D.! There was a time when he was the best known doctor in the West Country—Look at him now—He hasn't any money and his stockings are full of holes!"

But the dogs and the cats and the children still ran up and followed him through the town—the same as they had done when he was rich.

## 第2章 动物的语言

### Chapter 02 Animal Language



一天，赖医生正在和卖猫粮的小贩聊天。小贩问：“医生，你为什么不当一个兽医呢？”

鹦鹉波利尼西亚也对赖医生说：“没错，放弃那些愚蠢的人类，转行照顾动物吧。”

“那儿已经有很多兽医了。”赖医生说。

“可是他们都不怎么样，而且，你知道动物们都会说话吗？”

“我只知道鹦鹉会说话。”赖医生回答道。

可是波利尼西亚却告诉他，所有的动物都有自己的语言。赖医生一下子兴奋起来，立刻拿出纸和笔，让他教动物语言。

没过多久，赖医生就能熟练地和动物交谈了，于是他放弃了给人当医生。

卖猫粮的小贩把赖医生要当动物医生的消息传播出去后，老太太们就带着她们被蛋糕撑坏肚子的哈巴狗、狮子狗们来了；农夫们也从大老远的地方赶来，带着自家生病的牛羊。

赖医生能听懂它们的话，就能很容易地进行诊断和治疗。所以，他的花园里挤满了想找他看病的动物们。

短短几年之内，方圆几百里的动物都知道了赖医生。那些迁徙的候鸟们，也把这位高明医生的事迹讲给外国的动物朋友们听，这样一来，赖医生的名声就名扬海外啦。



*I*T happened one day that the Doctor was sitting in his kitchen talking with the Cat's-meat-Man who had come to see him with a stomach-ache.

"Why don't you give up being a people's doctor, and be an animal-doctor?" asked the Cat's-meat-Man.

The parrot, Polynesia, was sitting in the window looking out at the rain and singing a sailor-song to herself. She stopped singing and started to listen.

"You see, Doctor," the Cat's-meat-Man went on, "you know all about animals—much more than what these here vets do. That book you wrote—about cats, why, it's wonderful! I can't read or write myself—or maybe I'D write some books. But my wife, Theodosia, she's a scholar, she is. And she read your book to me. Well, it's wonderful—that's all can be said—wonderful. You might have been a cat yourself. You know the way they think. And listen: you can make a lot of money doctoring animals. Do you know that? You see, I'd send all the old women who had sick cats or dogs to you. And if they didn't get sick fast enough, I could put something in the meat I sell 'em to make 'em sick, see?"

"Oh, no," said the Doctor quickly. "You mustn't do that. That wouldn't be right."

"Oh, I didn't mean real sick," answered the Cat's-meat-Man. "Just a little something to make them droopy-like was what I had reference to. But as you say, maybe it ain't quite fair on the animals. But they'll get sick anyway, because the old women always give 'em too much to eat. And look, all the farmers 'round about who had lame horses and weak lambs—they'd come. Be an animal-doctor."

When the Cat's-meat-Man had gone the parrot flew off the window on to the Doctor's table and said,

"That man's got sense. That's what you ought to do. Be an animal-doctor. Give the silly people up—if they haven't brains enough to see you're the best doctor in the world. Take care of animals instead—THEY'll soon find it out.

Be an animal-doctor."

"Oh, there are plenty of animal-doctors," said John Dolittle, putting the flower-pots outside on the window-sill to get the rain.

"Yes, there ARE plenty," said Polynesia. "But none of them are any good at all. Now listen, Doctor, and I'll tell you something. Did you know that animals can talk?"

"I knew that parrots can talk," said the Doctor.

"Oh, we parrots can talk in two languages—people's language and bird-language," said Polynesia proudly. "If I say, 'Polly wants a cracker,' you understand me. But hear this: Ka-ka oi-ee, fee-fee?"

"Good Gracious!" cried the Doctor. "What does that mean?"

"That means, 'Is the porridge hot yet?'—in bird-language."

"My! You don't say so!" said the Doctor. "You never talked that way to me before."

"What would have been the good?" said Polynesia, dusting some cracker-crumbs off her left wing. "You wouldn't have understood me if I had."

"Tell me some more," said the Doctor, all excited; and he rushed over to the dresser-drawer and came back with the butcher's book and a pencil. "Now don't go too fast—and I'll write it down. This is interesting—very interesting—something quite new. Give me the Birds' A.B.C. first—slowly now."

So that was the way the Doctor came to know that animals had a language of their own and could talk to one another. And all that afternoon, while it was raining, Polynesia sat on the kitchen table giving him bird words to put down in the book.

At tea-time, when the dog, Jip, came in, the parrot said to the Doctor, "See, HE'S talking to you."

"Looks to me as though he were scratching his ear," said the Doctor.

"But animals don't always speak with their mouths," said the parrot in a high voice, raising her eyebrows. "They talk with their ears, with their feet, with their tails—with everything. Sometimes they don't WANT to make a

noise. Do you see now the way he's twitching up one side of his nose?"

"What's that mean?" asked the Doctor.

"That means, 'Can't you see that it has stopped raining?'" Polynesia answered. "He is asking you a question. Dogs nearly always use their noses for asking questions."

After a while, with the parrot's help, the Doctor got to learn the language of the animals so well that he could talk to them himself and understand everything they said. Then he gave up being a people's doctor altogether.

As soon as the Cat's-meat-Man had told every one that John Dolittle was going to become an animal-doctor, old ladies began to bring him their pet pugs and poodles who had eaten too much cake; and farmers came many miles to show him sick cows and sheep.

One day a plow-horse was brought to him; and the poor thing was terribly glad to find a man who could talk in horse-language.

"You know, Doctor," said the horse, "that vet over the hill knows nothing at all. He has been treating me six weeks now—for spavins. What I need is SPECTACLES. I am going blind in one eye. There's no reason why horses shouldn't wear glasses, the same as people. But that stupid man over the hill never even looked at my eyes. He kept on giving me big pills. I tried to tell him; but he couldn't understand a word of horse-language. What I need is spectacles."

"Of course—of course," said the Doctor. "I'll get you some at once."

"I would like a pair like yours," said the horse—"only green. They'll keep the sun out of my eyes while I'm plowing the Fifty-Acre Field."

"Certainly," said the Doctor. "Green ones you shall have."

"You know, the trouble is, Sir," said the plow-horse as the Doctor opened the front door to let him out—"the trouble is that ANYBODY thinks he can doctor animals—just because the animals don't complain. As a matter of fact it takes a much cleverer man to be a really good animal-doctor than it does to be a good people's doctor. My farmer's boy thinks he knows all about horses. I wish you could see him—his face is so fat he looks as though he had no

eyes—and he has got as much brain as a potato-bug. He tried to put a mustard-plaster on me last week.”

“Where did he put it?” asked the Doctor.

“Oh, he didn’t put it anywhere—on me,” said the horse. “He only tried to. I kicked him into the duck-pond.”

“Well, well!” said the Doctor.

“I’m a pretty quiet creature as a rule,” said the horse—“very patient with people—don’t make much fuss. But it was bad enough to have that vet giving me the wrong medicine. And when that red-faced booby started to monkey with me, I just couldn’t bear it any more.”

“Did you hurt the boy much?” asked the Doctor.

“Oh, no,” said the horse. “I kicked him in the right place. The vet’s looking after him now. When will my glasses be ready?”

“I’ll have them for you next week,” said the Doctor. “Come in again Tuesday—Good morning!”

Then John Dolittle got a fine, big pair of green spectacles; and the plow-horse stopped going blind in one eye and could see as well as ever.

And soon it became a common sight to see farm-animals wearing glasses in the country round Puddleby; and a blind horse was a thing unknown.

And so it was with all the other animals that were brought to him. As soon as they found that he could talk their language, they told him where the pain was and how they felt, and of course it was easy for him to cure them.

Now all these animals went back and told their brothers and friends that there was a doctor in the little house with the big garden who really WAS a doctor. And whenever any creatures got sick—not only horses and cows and dogs—but all the little things of the fields, like harvest-mice and water-voles, badgers and bats, they came at once to his house on the edge of the town, so that his big garden was nearly always crowded with animals trying to get in to see him.

There were so many that came that he had to have special doors made for the different kinds. He wrote “HORSES” over the front door, “COWS” over



the side door, and “SHEEP” on the kitchen door. Each kind of animal had a separate door—even the mice had a tiny tunnel made for them into the cellar, where they waited patiently in rows for the Doctor to come round to them.

And so, in a few years’ time, every living thing for miles and miles got to know about John Dolittle, M.D. And the birds who flew to other countries in the winter told the animals in foreign lands of the wonderful doctor of Puddleby-on-the-Marsh, who could understand their talk and help them in their troubles. In this way he became famous among the animals—all over the world—better known even than he had been among the folks of the West Country. And he was happy and liked his life very much.

One afternoon when the Doctor was busy writing in a book, Polynesia sat in the window—as she nearly always did—looking out at the leaves blowing about in the garden. Presently she laughed aloud.

“What is it, Polynesia?” asked the Doctor, looking up from his book.

“I was just thinking,” said the parrot; and she went on looking at the leaves.

“What were you thinking?”

“I was thinking about people,” said Polynesia. “People make me sick. They think they’re so wonderful. The world has been going on now for thousands of years, hasn’t it? And the only thing in animal-language that PEOPLE have learned to understand is that when a dog wags his tail he means ‘I’m glad!’—It’s funny, isn’t it? You are the very first man to talk like us. Oh, sometimes people annoy me dreadfully—such airs they put on—talking about ‘the dumb animals.’ DUMB!—Huh! Why I knew a macaw once who could say ‘Good morning!’ in seven different ways without once opening his mouth. He could talk every language—and Greek. An old professor with a gray beard bought him. But he didn’t stay. He said the old man didn’t talk Greek right, and he couldn’t stand listening to him teach the language wrong. I often wonder what’s become of him. That bird knew more geography than people will ever know.—PEOPLE, Golly! I suppose if people ever learn to fly—like any common hedge-sparrow—we shall never hear the end of it!”



“You’re a wise old bird,” said the Doctor. “How old are you really? I know that parrots and elephants sometimes live to be very, very old.”

“I can never be quite sure of my age,” said Polynesia. “It’s either a hundred and eighty-three or a hundred and eighty-two. But I know that when I first came here from Africa, King Charles was still hiding in the oak-tree—because I saw him. He looked scared to death.”