

【插图·中文导读英文版】



*The Wonderful Adventures of Nils*

# 骑鹅旅行记

[瑞典] 塞尔玛·拉格洛夫 著  
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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北京

## 内 容 简 介

《骑鹅旅行记》是世界上最伟大的儿童文学名著之一，同时也是成年人喜爱的世界文学名著。故事的主人公尼尔斯是个不爱学习、专搞恶作剧的小男孩。一天，他因为捉弄小精灵，结果变成了一个拇指大的小人儿。为了阻止自己家的雄鹅跟着北飞的大雁群飞走，尼尔斯不慎被带到空中。于是，他骑在雄鹅背上，跟着一群大雁开始了一段奇异之旅。一路上，他饱览了瑞典的秀丽风光，了解了祖国的地理、历史知识和文化传统，聆听了许多动人的故事传说，也品尝了人世间的酸甜苦辣。在经历了无数的磨难和危险后，他逐渐改掉了以往的各种坏毛病，脱胎换骨为一名动物世界的小英雄，最终成为一个机智勇敢、吃苦耐劳、善良诚实、富于责任感和充满爱心的小男子汉。

本书一经出版，很快就成为当时最畅销的儿童文学作品，至今已被译成世界上几十种文字，曾经先后十多次被改编成电影、话剧和舞台剧。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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# 前言

塞尔玛·拉格洛夫（Selma Lagerlöf，1858—1940），瑞典著名作家，诺贝尔文学奖获得者。

1858年11月20日，塞尔玛·拉格洛夫出生在瑞典西部韦姆兰省的一个世袭贵族地主家庭。她的童年时代是在她家美丽的莫尔巴卡庄园中度过的。她的父亲是一位军官，每天工作之余，全家人都围坐在他身旁一起朗读诗歌和小说。拉格洛夫从父亲那里获得了两项极为宝贵的遗产，那就是对文学的热爱及对家乡风俗、传统的推崇，这对她日后的文学创作产生了很大的影响。

1885年，拉格洛夫从瑞典首都斯德哥尔摩的罗威尔女子师范学院毕业，之后受聘到伦茨克罗纳斯女子中学当老师，在这里她开始了文学创作。1891年，她出版了自己的第一部小说《戈斯泰·贝林的故事》，该作品以19世纪20年代一位年轻牧师的遭遇为主要情节，该书一出版便成为当时最畅销的小说，从此奠定了拉格洛夫在瑞典文坛的地位。1894年，拉格洛夫创作了短篇小说集《有形的锁环》。之后，她出版了赞扬宗教慈善事业的小说《假基督的故事》（1897）、故事集《古代斯堪的纳维亚神话集》（1899）、以巴勒斯坦瑞典移民的生活为题材的史诗小说《耶路撒冷》（1902）等，其中小说《耶路撒冷》被认为是她艺术才华发展到完美的表现。

1902年，拉格洛夫受瑞典国家教师联盟的委托，为孩子们编写一部以故事的形式来介绍地理学、生物学和民俗学等知识的教科书。为写好这样“一本关于瑞典的、适合孩子们在学校阅读的书……一本富有教益、严肃认真和没有一句假话的书”，她开始爬山涉水到瑞典全国各地考察。经过4年多的努力，1906年和1907年，她分别出版了以童话形式叙述的长篇小说《骑鹅旅行记》两卷本。该小说一出版便大受欢迎，这部童话巨著使她成为蜚声世界的文豪，赢得了与丹麦童话作家安徒生齐名的声誉。



之后，她出版了长篇小说《利尔耶克鲁纳之家》(1911)、《车夫》(1912)、《普初加里的皇帝》(1914)、《被开除教籍的人》(1918)，回忆录《莫尔巴卡》(1922)和《罗文舍尔德》三部曲(1925—1928)。晚年，她出版了回忆录《一个孩子的回忆》(1930)、《日记》(1932)和《秋天》(1933)。1938年，她出版了自己的最后一部小说《圣诞节的故事》，该作品体现了作者对劳动者的同情。

1907年5月，她荣获瑞典乌普萨拉大学荣誉博士。鉴于塞尔玛·拉格洛夫在文学创作上的杰出贡献，1909年，她由于“她作品中特有的高贵的理想主义、丰富的想象力、平易而优美的风格”获得诺贝尔文学奖。她是瑞典第一位得到这一荣誉的作家，同时也是世界上第一位获得这一奖项的女性。1914年，她被选为瑞典皇家科学院的第一位女院士，挪威、芬兰、比利时和法国等国家都把本国的最高勋章授予给她。1940年3月16日，拉格洛夫在自家的莫尔巴卡庄园去世。去世前不久，她还以她个人的影响力，通过瑞典皇室，向德国纳粹政权交涉，从集中营里救出了犹太著名女作家——后来于1966年获得诺贝尔文学奖的奈莉·萨克斯女士及她的母亲。为了表彰她对瑞典文学的贡献，1991年她的肖像出现在20克朗瑞典货币上。

塞尔玛·拉格洛夫一生著作颇丰，代表作有《假基督的故事》、《耶路撒冷》和《骑鹅旅行记》等，而使她名扬世界的还是她的童话巨著《骑鹅旅行记》。一百多年来，这部文学巨著一直是世界上最受欢迎的儿童文学作品之一，它被视为了解瑞典历史、地理的最佳教科书。这是一部集文艺性、知识性、科学性和教育性于一体的优秀儿童文学作品。作为一部畅销百年的童话巨著，该书将北欧美丽的自然风光与人物心灵的陶冶巧妙构成一体，成为了童话史上一部难以逾越的经典之作，它是瑞典文学史上一个辉煌的里程碑，对瑞典文学，乃至世界文学的发展都产生了深刻的影响。

在中国，《骑鹅旅行记》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典小说之一。作为世界文学宝库中的传世经典之作，它影响了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。基于这个原因，我们决定编译《骑鹅旅行记》，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。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、赵雪、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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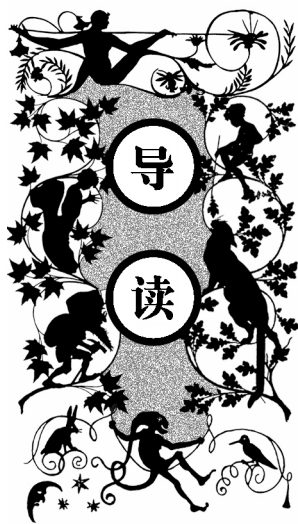
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# 第一章 小男孩

## Chapter 1 The Boy



### 小狐仙

#### The Elf

三月二十日 星期日

Sunday, March twentieth

从前有个男孩叫尼尔斯·霍尔耶松，瘦高个儿、头发淡黄、十四五岁左右，他整天好吃懒做，淘气异常。他生在穷苦人家，他的父母靠着辛勤的劳动，家境渐渐好转。父母最发愁的就是这个不爱读书、粗野顽皮的儿子。

一个星期天的早上，尼尔斯的父母要去教堂，担心他独自在家里胡闹，所以要求他把讲章读完，回家考他，如果没念完会狠狠教训他。父母出发了，男孩翻了几页讲章就开始打盹儿，不知不觉睡着了。不知过了多久，他在轻微的响声中醒来。从镜子里看到只有妈妈能打开的大木箱的盖子开了。他很害怕，继续看着镜子，原来箱子边上有一个还没有人的手掌横过来那么高的小狐仙。这下男孩不害怕了，他想捉弄一下小狐仙，就拿起一个旧纱罩，跑过去贴着箱子边扣了上去。小狐仙被捉住了，恳求男孩放掉他，答应给男孩一个古银圆、一把小银勺和一块手表表盘大的金币。小男孩不觉得这些东西诱人，不过和异类纠缠在一起的感觉让他有点恐惧，他同意了。但他转念一想，应该让小狐仙把讲章变到他脑子里，正当他想再次捉住小狐仙时，突然挨了一记重重的耳光，摔倒在地失去了知觉。

当他醒来时，屋子里只有他一个人，一切都恢复了原样，只有挨过耳光的右颊火辣辣的。他想父母不会相信小狐仙的事，要赶快念讲章应付他

们的考试。他朝着桌子走时，发现房子里所有的东西都比原来大了好多，他不站到书上去就一个字都看不到。是小狐仙给屋子施法术了么？他无意间一照镜子，发现镜子里有个和自己穿戴一模一样的小人儿，他不相信地做着各种古怪的动作，镜子里的小人也同时照做了。他明白了：小狐仙在他身上施了法术，镜子里的小人儿就是自己。

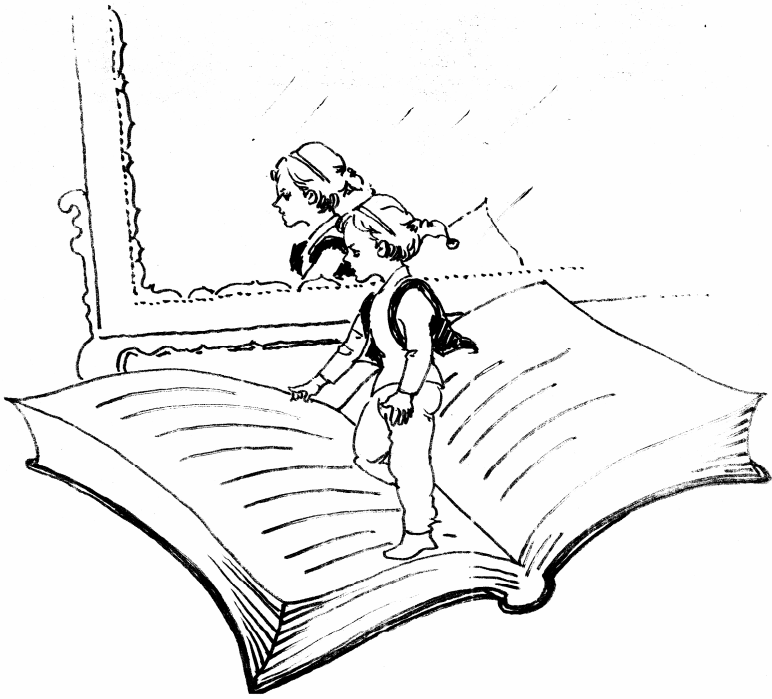
ONCE there was a boy. He was — let us say — something like fourteen years old; long and loose jointed and towheaded. He wasn't good for much, that boy. His chief delight was to eat and sleep; and after that — he liked best to make mischief.

It was a Sunday morning and the boy's parents were getting ready to go to church. The boy sat on the edge of the table, in his shirt sleeves, and thought how lucky it was that both father and mother were going away, and the coast would be clear for a couple of hours. "Good! Now I can take down pop's gun and fire off a shot, without anybody's meddling interference," he said to himself.

But it was almost as if father should have guessed the boy's thoughts, for just as he was on the threshold — ready to start — he stopped short, and turned toward the boy: "Since you won't come to church with mother and me," he said, "the least you can do, is to read the service at home. Will you promise to do so?" "Yes," said the boy, "that I can do easy enough." And he thought, of course, that he wouldn't read any more than he felt like reading.

The boy thought that never had he seen his mother so persistent. In a second she was over by the shelf near the fireplace, and took down Luther's Commentary and laid it on the table, in front of the window — opened at the service for the day. She also opened the New Testament, and placed it beside the Commentary. Finally, she drew up the big arm-chair, which was bought at the parish auction the year before, and which, as a rule, no one but father was permitted to occupy.

The boy sat thinking that his mother was giving herself altogether too much trouble with this spread; for he had no intention of reading more than a page or so. But now, for the second time, it was almost as if his father were



尼尔斯站到书上

able to see right through him. He walked up to the boy, and said in a severe tone: "Now, remember, that you are to read carefully! For when we come back, I shall question you thoroughly; and if you have skipped a single page, it will not go well with you."

"The service is fourteen and a half pages long," said his mother, just as if she wanted to heap up the measure of his misfortune. "You'll have to sit down and begin the reading at once, if you expect to get through with it."

With that they departed. And as the boy stood in the doorway watching them, he thought that he had been caught in a trap. "There they go congratulating themselves, I suppose, in the belief that they've hit upon something so good that I'll be forced to sit and hang over the sermon the whole time that they are away," thought he.

But his father and mother were certainly not congratulating themselves upon anything of the sort; but, on the contrary, they were very much distressed. They were poor farmers, and their place was not much bigger than a garden-plot. When they first moved there, the place couldn't feed more than one pig and a pair of chickens; but they were uncommonly industrious and capable folk — and now they had both cows and geese. Things had turned out very well for them; and they would have gone to church that beautiful morning — satisfied and happy — if they hadn't had their son to think of. Father complained that he was dull and lazy; he had not cared to learn anything at school, and he was such an all-round good-for-nothing, that he could barely be made to tend geese. Mother did not deny that this was true; but she was most distressed because he was wild and bad; cruel to animals, and ill-willed toward human beings. "May God soften his hard heart, and give him a better disposition!" said the mother, "or else he will be a misfortune, both to himself and to us."

The boy stood for a long time and pondered whether he should read the service or not. Finally, he came to the conclusion that, this time, it was best to be obedient. He seated himself in the easy chair, and began to read. But when he had been rattling away in an undertone for a little while, this mumbling seemed to have a soothing effect upon him — and he began to nod.

It was the most beautiful weather outside! It was only the twentieth of

March; but the boy lived in West Vemminghög Township, down in Southern Skåne, where the spring was afready in full swing. It was not as yet green, but it was fresh and budding. There was water in all the trenches, and the colt's-foot on the edge of the ditch, was in bloom. All the weeds that grew in among the stones were brown and shiny. The beech-woods in the distance seemed to swell and grow thicker with every second. The skies were high — and a clear blue. The cottage door stood ajar, and the lark's trill could be heard in the room. The hens and geese pattered about in the yard, and the cows, who felt the spring air away in their stalls, lowed their approval every now and then.

The boy read and nodded and fought against drowsiness. "No! I don't want to fall asleep," thought he, "for then I'll not get through with this thing the whole forenoon."

But — somehow — he fell asleep.

He did not know whether he had slept a short while, or a long while; but he was awakened by hearing a slight noise back of him.

On the window-sill, facing the boy, stood a small looking-glass; and almost the entire cottage could be seen in this. As the boy raised his head, he happened to look in the glass; and then he saw that the cover to his mother's chest had been opened.

His mother owned a great, heavy, iron-bound oak chest, which she permitted no one but herself to open. Here she treasured all the things she had inherited from her mother, and of these she was especially careful. Here lay a couple of old-time peasant dresses, of red homespun cloth, with short bodice and plaited shirt, and a pearl-bedecked breast pin. There were starched white-linen head-dresses, and heavy silver ornaments and chains. Folks don't care to go about dressed like that in these days, and several times his mother had thought of getting rid of the old things; but somehow, she hadn't had the heart to do it.

Now the boy saw distinctly — in the glass — that the chest-lid was open. He could not understand how this had happened, for his mother had closed the chest before she went away. She never would have left that precious chest open when he was at home, alone.

He became low-spirited and apprehensive. He was afraid that a thief had

sneaked his way into the cottage. He didn't dare to move; but sat still and stared into the looking-glass.

While he sat there and waited for the thief to make his appearance, he began to wonder what that dark shadow was which fell across the edge of the chest. He looked and looked — and did not want to believe his eyes. But the thing, which at first seemed shadowy, became more and more clear to him; and soon he saw that it was something real. It was no less a thing than an elf who sat there — astride the edge of the chest!

To be sure, the boy had heard stories about elves, but he had never dreamed that they were such tiny creatures. He was no taller than a hand's breadth — this one, who sat on the edge of the chest. He had an old, wrinkled and beardless face, and was dressed in a black frock coat, knee-breeches and a broad-brimmed black hat. He was very trim and smart, with his white laces about the throat and wrist-bands, his buckled shoes, and the bows on his garters. He had taken from the chest an embroidered piece, and sat and looked at the old-fashioned handiwork with such an air of veneration, that he did not observe the boy had awakened.

The boy was somewhat surprised to see the elf, but, on the other hand, he was not particularly frightened. It was impossible to be afraid of one who was so little. And since the elf was so absorbed in his own thoughts that he neither saw nor heard, the boy thought that it would be great fun to play a trick on him; to push him over into the chest and shut the lid on him, or something of that kind."

But the boy was not so courageous that he dared to touch the elf with his hands, instead he looked around the room for something to poke him with. He let his gaze wander from the sofa to the leaf-table; from the leaf-table to the fireplace. He looked at the kettles, then at the coffee-urn, which stood on a shelf, near the fireplace; on the water bucket near the door; and on the spoons and knives and forks and saucers and plates, which could be seen through the half-open cupboard door. He looked at his father's gun, which hung on the wall, beside the portrait of the Danish royal family, and on the geraniums and fuchsias, which blossomed in the window. And last, he caught sight of an old butterfly-snare that hung on the window frame. He had hardly set eyes on that

butterfly-snare, before he reached over and snatched it and jumped up and swung it alongside the edge of the chest. He was himself astonished at the luck he had. He hardly knew how he had managed it — but he had actually snared the elf. The poor little chap lay, head downward, in the bottom of the long snare, and could not free himself.

The first moment the boy hadn't the least idea what he should do with his prize. He was only particular to swing the snare backward and forward, to prevent the elf from getting a foothold and clambering up.

The elf began to speak, and begged, oh! so pitifully, for his freedom. He had brought them good luck — these many years — he said, and deserved better treatment. Now, if the boy would set him free, he would give him an old coin, a silver spoon, and a gold penny, as big as the case on his father's silver watch.

The boy didn't think that this was much of an offer; but it so happened — that after he had gotten the elf in his power, he was afraid of him. He felt that he had entered into an agreement with something weird and uncanny; something which did not belong to his world, and he was only too glad to get rid of the horrid thing.

For this reason he agreed at once to the bargain, and held the snare still, so the elf could crawl out of it. But when the elf was almost out of the snare, the boy happened to think that he ought to have bargained for large estates, and all sorts of good things. He should at least have made this stipulation: that the elf must conjure the sermon into his head. "What a fool I was to let him go!" thought he, and began to shake the snare violently, so the elf would tumble down again.

But the instant the boy did this, he received such a stinging box on the ear, that he thought his head would fly in pieces. He was dashed — first against one wall, then against the other; he sank to the floor, and lay there — senseless.

When he awoke, he was alone in the cottage. The chest-lid was down, and the butterfly-snare hung in its usual place by the window. If he had not felt how the right cheek burned, from that box on the ear, he would have been tempted to believe the whole thing had been a dream. "At any rate, father and mother will be sure to insist that it was nothing else," thought he. "They are not likely

to make any allowances for that old sermon, on account of the elf. It's best for me to get at that reading again," thought he.

But as he walked toward the table, he noticed something remarkable. It couldn't be possible that the cottage had grown. But why was he obliged to take so many more steps than usual to get to the table? And what was the matter with the chair? It looked no bigger than it did a while ago; but now he had to step on the rung first, and then clamber up in order to reach the seat. It was the same thing with the table. He could not look over the top without climbing to the arm of the chair.

"What in all the world is this?" said the boy. "I believe the elf has bewitched both the armchair and the table — and the whole cottage."

The Commentary lay on the table and, to all appearances, it was not changed; but there must have been something queer about that too, for he could not manage to read a single word of it, without actually standing right in the book itself.

He read a couple of lines, and then he chanced to look up. With that, his glance fell on the looking-glass; and then he cried aloud: "Look! There's another one!"

For in the glass he saw plainly a little, little creature who was dressed in a hood and leather breeches.

"Why, that one is dressed exactly like me!" said the boy, and clasped his hands in astonishment. But then he saw that the thing in the mirror did the same thing. Then he began to pull his hair and pinch his arms and swing round; and instantly he did the same thing after him; he, who was seen in the mirror.

The boy ran around the glass several times, to see if there wasn't a little man hidden behind it, but he found no one there; and then he began to shake with terror. For now he understood that the elf had bewitched him, and that the creature whose image he saw in the glass— was he, himself.

## 大 雁

### The Wild Geese

镜子里的人外貌、穿戴和小男孩完全一样，只是变得很小很小。尼尔