

TheAdventuresofPinocchio 木偶奇遇记

[意] CarloCollodi 编著

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作 者: 原著: [意] Carlo Collodi

编译: 王照岩

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序

我们心目中的好书应当是这样的，它适于端坐几前阅读，但在等车的间隙中看上几行也可以。它既让你在愉悦的同时体会到生活的美妙、自然的神奇、心灵的感动，也使你在不知不觉中获得深合自心的知识。

基于这样的认识，我们选编了这套《掌上书斋》丛书。所谓“掌上”，是就其开本而言。大部头的书精深，但不利于携带。而可置于掌上之书，则可置于袋中，有星星点点的时间亦可善加利用。所谓“书斋”，也就不言而喻了。

《掌上书斋》首批为英汉对照版的四部哲理童话：《秘密花园》《小王子》《木偶奇遇记》《快乐王子及其他》。这四部作品都是享誉世界、长盛不衰的经典，历来译本多多。此次我们编译英汉对照读本的目的，是使读者在欣赏精彩的世界名著时，亦可体验经典英语的流畅、简洁及传神，从而潜移默化地提高自己的英语水平。不知不觉，寓学于读，又何乐而不为呢？

《木偶奇遇记》是意大利儿童文学作家卡洛·科洛迪（Carlo Collodi, 1826 - 1890）1881年的作品。科洛迪原名卡洛·洛伦齐尼，出生于一个厨师家庭。他一生翻译和创作了很多儿童文学作品，其中最负盛名的还是《木偶奇遇记》。1881年，科洛迪将关于这个木偶的小故

事寄给编辑，附言说“这点儿傻玩意儿”，请他随便处理好了。正是“这点儿傻玩意儿”以及接下来的故事，成了意大利有史以来最伟大的童话。

故事中，杰皮托用一根会说话的木头雕刻成了一个小木偶皮诺丘，他的本意是想带他四处表演赚钱谋生，但等到皮诺丘真的出现在他面前，他却忍不住将他当作自己的亲生儿子。他把自己的早餐让给他吃，为了让他接受教育，甚至在大冷的天卖掉外套为他买来识字书。为了寻找出走的皮诺丘，他不顾风急浪高，以至于被鲨鱼吞下肚。而顽皮的皮诺丘一出现就害得父亲被抓进了警察局，此后则经历了一系列的冒险，终于在改正错误后变成了一个真正的男孩。皮诺丘天真无邪、头脑简单，对未知世界充满了好奇，他像我们身边的大多数孩子一样，心地善良、聪明可爱，但又缺乏恒心，难以抵抗外来的诱惑。可以说，他就是孩子的化身，就是我们曾经有过的童年的化身。

《木偶奇遇记》是一部充满劝戒的书。书中的正面人物都从正面给了皮诺丘以劝告，而反面人物则都从反面给他以教训。皮诺丘不愿吃梨皮和梨核，杰皮托劝告他说，“人不能太挑剔食物。我的小宝贝，我们永远不会知道以后的生活会是什么样子！”他撒谎时，鼻子就会不断长长；他受到同学的诱惑，到玩乐国玩了五个月后，就变成了驴子，被坏人卖到了马戏团；但当他出于同情救了警犬阿利多若，随后阿利多若就从油锅边救了他的命；皮诺丘把父亲从鲨鱼肚子里救出来后，为了治好父亲的病，他不辞劳苦，为农民做苦力，没日没夜地

干活儿，最终感动了仙女，把他从木偶变成了真正的男孩。

在给孩子的故事中充满教训，这是早期童话书的一个重要特点。因为在创作前，作者常有一个先验的想法：孩子都是无知的，是有缺陷、待成熟的个体，需要成人以生活的经验引导使之逐步完善。科洛迪在给孩子们讲着好玩、可笑的故事的同时也在给他们一些教训，希望他们能从这个好玩的故事中，懂得基本的做人道理：诚实、有责任心、爱学习、尊重父母，等等。虽然如此，但由于作者用孩子的眼睛观察世界，用孩子的头脑思考世界，用浅显平易的语言极尽夸张和幽默，将孩子身边的世界通过荒诞变形，使之充满趣味。塑造的人物形象鲜明，故事情节跌宕起伏，能够让读者完全融入其中，同主人公共同经历种种冒险，故读来不觉丝毫枯燥乏味。

本书出版后被译为上百种文字，木偶皮诺丘的形象风靡全球。他不但受到孩子的欢迎，就连成年人也对之深怀喜爱。同时，他对后来的童话创作也有深远影响。张天翼著名童话《大林和小林》就能明显看出受其影响的痕迹；就在《木偶奇遇记》出版一百年后，奥地利著名女作家涅斯特林格根据这一形象写出了《新木偶奇遇记》，也获得了相当的成功。

后来的人们，在科洛迪镇为皮诺丘竖立了一个铜像，台座上刻着：“献给不朽的皮诺丘！”

编者

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Chapter 1

Once upon a time there was a piece of wood. It was not an expensive piece of wood. Far from it. Just a common block of firewood, one of those thick, solid logs that are put on the fire in winter to make cold rooms cozy and warm.

I do not know how this really happened, yet the fact remains that one day this piece of wood found itself in the shop of an old carpenter. His real name was Antonio, but everyone called him Mastro Cherry, for the tip of his nose was so round and red and shiny that it looked like a ripe cherry.

As soon as he saw that piece of wood, Mastro Cherry was filled with joy. Rubbing his hands together happily, he mumbled half to himself: “ This has come in the nick of time. I shall use it to make the leg of a table. ”

He grasped the hatchet quickly to peel off the bark and shape the wood. But as he was about to give it the first blow, he stood still with arm uplifted, for he had heard a wee, little voice say in a beseeching tone: “ Please be careful! Do not hit me so hard! ”

What a look of surprise shone on Mastro Cherry 's face! His funny face became still funnier.

第一章

很久以前有一段木头。它不是什么贵重的木头。恰恰相反，它只是普普通通的一段木头，就是冬天用来生火取暖，能让冰冷的屋子变得温暖舒适的那种木柴，又粗又结实。

也不知道是怎么回事，反正有那么一天，这段木头出现在一个老木匠的铺子里。老木匠的真正名字是安东尼奥，但人人都叫他樱桃师傅，因为他的鼻尖又圆又红，还闪闪发亮，看上去像极了一个熟透了的樱桃。

一看到这段木头，樱桃师傅满怀喜悦。他高兴地搓着手，喃喃自语：“来的正是时候。我要用来做桌子腿。”

他马上抓起斧头，想剥去树皮，把木头砍成桌子腿的样子。但第一斧还没砍下去，他就举着胳膊停住不动了，因为他听到一个细小的声音恳求道：“请小心些啊！别弄疼我了！”

樱桃师傅该多吃惊呀！他的脸看起来更滑稽了。

He turned frightened eyes about the room to find out where that wee, little voice had come from and he saw no one! He looked under the bench - no one! He peeped inside the closet - no one! He searched among the shavings - no one! He opened the door to look up and down the street - and still no one! " Oh, I see! "he then said, laughing and scratching his Wig. " It can easily be seen that I only thought I heard the tiny voice say the words! Well, well - to work once more. "

He struck a most solemn blow upon the piece of wood.

" Oh, oh! You hurt! "cried the same far-away little voice.

Mastro Cherry grew dumb, his eyes popped out of his head, his mouth opened wide, and his tongue hung down on his chin.

As soon as he regained the use of his senses, he said, trembling and stuttering from fright: " Where did that voice come from, when there is no one around? Might it be that this piece of wood has learned to weep and cry like a child? I can hardly believe it. Here it is - a piece of common fire-wood, good only to burn in the stove, the same as any other. Yet - might someone be hidden in it? If so, the worse for him. I 'll fix him! "

With these words, he grabbed the log with both hands and started to knock it about unmercifully. He threw it to the floor, against the walls of the room, and even up to the ceiling.

他吓坏了，环顾四周想看看那个细小的声音是从哪儿发出的，但是一个人也看不到！他探头看工作台底下——没有人！他向壁橱里张望——没有人！他在刨花堆里翻了翻——没有人！他甚至打开门看了外面街上——仍然没有人！“噢，我明白了！”他搔搔假发笑着说，“很显然，肯定是我听错了。哎，哎——我还是工作吧。”

他又抡起斧头，结结实实地砍了下去。

“哎哟！你弄疼我了！”还是那个细小的声音叫了起来。

樱桃师傅傻了，两眼瞪得鼓鼓的，嘴巴张得大大的，连舌头也拖到下巴上了。

等他回过神来，他哆哆嗦嗦、结结巴巴地说：“周围一个人也没有，这声音到底是哪儿来的啊？难道是这段木头会像娃娃一样又哭又叫？我可不相信。就这段木头——普普通通的，能用来烧炉子，和别的木柴没什么两样呀！还是说——会有人藏在这段木头里？要是这样，他就惨了。看我来收拾他！”

说着，他两手抓住这段木头，毫不仁慈地把它往墙上撞。他把这段木头扔在地板上，撞在墙上，甚至抛到天花板上。

He listened for the tiny voice to moan and cry. He waited two minutes - nothing; five minutes - nothing; ten minutes - nothing.

“ Oh, I see, ”he said, trying bravely to laugh and ruffling up his wig with his hand. “ It can easily be seen I only imagined I heard the tiny voice! Well, well - to work once more! ”

The poor fellow was scared half to death, so he tried to sing a gay song in order to gain courage.

He set aside the hatchet and picked up the plane to make the wood smooth and even, but as he drew it to and fro, he heard the same tiny voice. This time it giggled as it spoke: “ Stop it! Oh, stop it! Ha, ha, ha! You tickle my stomach. ”

This time poor Mastro Cherry fell as if shot. When he opened his eyes, he found himself sitting on the floor. His face had changed; fright had turned even the tip of his nose from red to purple.

In that very instant, a loud knock sounded on the door. “ Come in, ”said the carpenter, not having an atom of strength left with which to stand up.

At the words, the door opened and a dapper little old man came in. His name was Geppetto, but to the boys of the neighborhood he was Polendina, on account of the wig he always wore which was just the color of yellow corn.

Geppetto had a very bad temper. Woe to the one who called him Polendina! He became as wild

他等着听那个细小的声音呻吟、哭叫。两分钟了——没有声音；五分钟了——没有声音；十分钟了——还是没有声音。

“啊，我明白了，”他一面抓着头上的假发，一面故作勇敢地笑着，“肯定是我幻想着我听到了那细小的声音！哎，哎——还是干活吧！”

这个可怜的老头刚刚被吓得要死，所以这会儿哼着歌来壮胆。

他放下斧头拿起刨子，要把木头刨平。可他一这么一来一回地推刨子，就又听到了那个细小的声音。这回它边说边咯咯地笑：“停下吧！啊，停下呀！哈哈！你弄得我直痒痒。”

这回可怜的樱桃师傅像遭雷击了一般倒了下来。等睁开眼时，他发现自己坐在地上。他吓得脸都变了颜色，甚至连红鼻尖也变成了紫色。

正在这时，有人重重地敲门。“请进。”木匠回答，他连站起来的力气都没有了。

话音一落，门开了，进来了一个矮小的老头。这个老头叫杰皮托，但附近的孩子们都叫他“老玉米糊”，因为他总戴着一顶黄玉米色的假发。

杰皮托脾气很坏。谁要是叫他老玉米糊，他就凶得跟野兽一样，任谁也劝服不住。

as a beast and no one could soothe him.

“ Good day, Mastro Antonio, ”said Geppetto. “ I have come to you to beg for a favor. ”

“ Here I am, at your service, ”answered the carpenter, raising himself on to his knee.

“ I thought of making myself a beautiful wooden Marionette. It must be wonderful, one that will be able to dance, fence, and turn somersaults. With it I intend to go around the world, to earn my crust of bread and cup of wine. What do you think of it? ”

“ Bravo, Polendina! ”cried the same tiny voice which came from no one knew where.

On hearing himself called Polendina, Mastro Geppetto turned the color of a red pepper and, facing the carpenter, said to him angrily: “ Why do you insult me? ”

“ Who is insulting you? ”

“ You called me Polendina. ”

“ I did not. ”

“ I suppose you think I did! Yet I know it was you. ”

“ No! ”

“ Yes! ”

And growing angrier each moment, they went from words to blows, and finally began to scratch

“你好啊，安东尼奥师傅，”杰皮托说，“我来是求你给我帮忙呢！”

“是吗？愿意为你效劳。”木匠一边说，一边站了起来。

“我想做个木偶。他一定要很出色，会跳舞、会耍剑、会翻跟头。我想带着他周游世界，靠他挣面包吃、讨酒喝。你看怎样呢？”

“太妙了，老玉米糊！”又是那个细小的声音不知从哪儿传出来了。

一听人叫自己“老玉米糊”，杰皮托脸涨得通红，像只红辣椒，他转脸生气地对木匠说：“你为什么要侮辱我？”

“谁侮辱你了？”

“你叫我‘老玉米糊’。”

“我没有叫啊。”

“难道是我叫了吗！我知道你叫了。”

“没叫！”

“你叫了！”

他俩越吵越生气，从动口发展到动手，最后他俩又撕又咬，打得不可开交。等他俩打完

and bite and slap each other. When the fight was over, Mastro Antonio had Geppetto 's yellow wig in his hands and Geppetto found the carpenter 's curly wig in his mouth.

“ Give me back my wig! ”shouted Mastro Antonio in a surly voice.

“ You return mine and we 'll be friends. ”

The two little old men, each with his own wig back on his own head, shook hands and swore to be good friends for the rest of their lives.

“ Well then, Mastro Geppetto, ”said the carpenter, to show he bore him no ill will, “ what is it you want? ”

“ I want a piece of wood to make a Marionette. Will you give it to me? ”

Mastro Antonio, very glad indeed, went immediately to his bench to get the piece of wood which had frightened him so much. But as he was about to give it to his friend, with a violent jerk it slipped out of his hands and hit against poor Geppetto 's thin legs.

“ Ah! Is this the gentle way, Mastro Antonio, in which you make your gifts? You have made me almost lame! ”

“ I swear to you I did not do it! ”

“ It was I, of course! ”

了，杰皮托的假发在安东尼奥手里抓着，而老木匠卷卷的假发却咬在杰皮托嘴里。

“把假发还给我！”老木匠没好气地说。

“你把我的还我，我们还是好朋友。”

两个矮小的老头各自套上假发后握手言和，并发誓这辈子都做好朋友。

“好了，杰皮托，”为表示自己没有恶意，木匠说，“要我帮你什么忙呢？”

“我想要块木头做木偶。你能给我吗？”

老木匠喜出望外，立即去工作台上拿了那段把他吓得半死的木头。可他正要把木头给他的朋友，木头猛地一扭，从他手里滑了出来，砸在可怜的杰皮托的细腿上。

“哎呀！安东尼奥师傅，你送礼物给人就是这样友善吗？我都要被你打瘸了！”

“我发誓，我没打你！”

“那是我自己打的不成？”

“ It 's the fault of this piece of wood. ”

“ You 're right; but remember you were the one to throw it at my legs. ”

“ I did not throw it! ”

“ Liar! ”

“ Geppetto, do not insult me or I shall call you Polendina. ”

“ Idiot. ”

“ Polendina! ”

“ Donkey! ”

“ Polendina! ”

“ Ugly monkey! ”

“ Polendina! ”

On hearing himself called Polendina for the third time, Geppetto lost his head with rage and threw himself upon the carpenter. Then and there they gave each other a sound thrashing.

After this fight, Mastro Antonio had two more scratches on his nose, and Geppetto had two buttons missing from his coat. Thus having settled their accounts, they shook hands and swore to be good friends for the rest of their lives.

“是这段木头打的。”

“没错；但正是你把木头扔在我腿上的。”

“我没扔！”

“你说谎！”

“杰皮托，你别侮辱我，不然我叫你老玉米糊。”

“白痴！”

“老玉米糊！”

“蠢驴！”

“老玉米糊！”

“丑猴子！”

“老玉米糊！”

听到这第三声“老玉米糊”，杰皮托气昏了头，朝老木匠冲了过去。他们又狠狠地打了一架。

这场架打完，安东尼奥师傅的鼻子上又多了两道抓伤，杰皮托的外衣也丢了两颗纽扣。算清账后，两人又握手言和，并发誓这辈子都是好朋友。