



中文导读英文版
少儿系列

Course

爱的教育

[意] 亚米契斯 著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社

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北京

内 容 简 介

《爱的教育》是意大利著名作家亚米契斯的代表作之一，是公认的文学经典名著。该书采用日记的形式，通过一个小男孩的视角，时间从 10 月份四年级开学的第一天开始，一直到第二年 7 月份，共讲述了 100 个与孩子有关的故事；主要内容由三部分构成：主人公的日记，他的父母给他写的劝诫、启发性的文章，十则老师在课堂上宣读的精彩“每月故事”。每个故事、每篇日记，都把“爱”表现得精髓深入、淋漓尽致，大至国家、社会、民族的大爱，小至父母、师长、朋友间的小爱，每一种爱都不是惊天动地的，但却感人肺腑。日记所反映的真实的爱、热切的情感，无不让人热泪盈眶。

该书自出版以来，一直受到全世界读者的喜爱，已被译成世界上一百多种语言，并被改编为动画片、电影、连环画。书中所展现的故事感染了一代又一代读者的心灵。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的读者，特别是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。

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前言

埃得蒙多·德·亚米契斯（Edmondo De Amicis，1846—1908），意大利著名作家、民族复兴运动时期的爱国志士。

亚米契斯 1846 年 10 月 31 日出生在意大利。中学毕业后，他进入军校学习，后来参加了统一意大利的爱国战争。亚米契斯在军队期间就开始写一些具有爱国风味的短篇故事。1868 年，他发表了处女作《军营生活》，该书使他一举成名，并从此走上了文学创作的道路。他曾周游世界各国，撰写了许多游记，其中著名的有《西班牙》、《伦敦游记》、《摩洛哥》和《巴黎游记》等。亚米契斯还创作了许多反映教育和爱的作品，如《一个教师的故事》、《学校与家庭之间》、《朋友们》和《在海洋上》等。1886 年，亚米契斯发表了《爱的教育》，该书为他赢得了世界声誉，使他的创作生涯达到顶峰。1908 年 3 月 12 日，亚米契斯因心脏病逝世。

在亚米契斯的众多作品中，《爱的教育》被认为是他最重要的代表作，是其最广为人知的作品，也是世界经典儿童文学名著之一。该书被认为是意大利人必读的十本小说之一，同时被公认为最富爱心和教育性的读物，受到许多青少年和家长读者的喜爱，对全世界亿万青少年的成长产生了深远影响。该书自出版以来，一直畅销不衰，并且曾多次被改编为动画片、电影、连环画，读者遍布全世界。

《爱的教育》在 20 世纪 20 年代被译介到中国，在我国获得了久远的、广泛的传播，是一部家喻户晓的外国文学名著，赢得了中国教育界和广大读者的喜爱。朱光潜、丰子恺、茅盾、夏衍等知名学者曾将此书推荐为青少年朋友的重点读物。《爱的教育》目前仍是受到广大中国读者欢迎的外国经典名著之一。在国内数量众多的《爱的教育》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是英文版。其中的英文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

前言



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，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，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《爱的教育》，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故事主线。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。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。

本书的主要内容由王勋、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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十月

October



周一，17日，开学第一天

Monday, 17th. The First Day of School

今天是开学第一天。我还没有从长假中缓过神来，就要上四年级了！许多家长来送孩子报名上学。街道上人来人往，学校里也熙熙攘攘，一年级学生那里更加乱糟糟。我发现许多同学和老师都有了变化，还碰见了以前的老师。我找到了自己的班级，却想着过去的假期和以前的老师，心中升起一丝伤感。

Today is the first day of school. The three months of vacation in the country have passed like a dream. This morning my mother took me to the Baretti schoolhouse to have me enter for the third elementary grade: I was thinking of the country, and went unwillingly.

The streets were swarming with boys: the two book-shops were thronged with fathers and mothers who were purchasing bags, portfolios, and copy-books, and in front of the school so many people had collected, that the beadle and the policeman found it hard to keep the entrance clear. Near the door, I felt myself touched on the shoulder: it was my master of the second grade, cheerful, as usual, and with his red hair ruffled.

He said to me: "So we are to part forever, Enrico?"

I knew it well, yet the words pained me.

We made our way in with difficulty. Ladies, gentlemen, women of the people, workmen, officials, nuns, and servants, all leading boys with one hand, and holding the promotion books in the other, filled the anteroom and the stairs, making such a buzzing, that it seemed like entering a theatre. I was glad to see once more that large room on the ground floor, with the doors leading to the seven classes, where I had passed nearly every day for three years. There was a throng of teachers going and coming. My schoolmistress of the first upper class greeted me from the door of the classroom, and said:

“Enrico, you are going to the floor above, this year. I shall not even see you pass by any more!” And she gazed sadly at me.

The principal was surrounded by women who were much worried because there was no room for their sons; and it struck me that his beard was a little whiter than it had been last year.

I found the boys had grown taller and stouter. On the ground floor, where the divisions had already been made, there were little children of the first and lowest section, who did not want to enter the classrooms, and who pulled back like donkeys: they had to be dragged in by force, and some ran away from the benches; others, when they saw their parents leave, began to cry, and the parents had to go back and comfort them, or take them away; while the teachers were in despair.

My little brother was placed in the class of Mistress Delcati: I was put with Master Perboni, upstairs on the first floor.

At ten o'clock we were all in our classes: fifty-four of us; only fifteen or sixteen of my companions of the second class, among them, Derossi, the one who always gets the first prize.

The school seemed so small and gloomy to me when I thought of the woods and the mountains where I had passed the summer! I thought again, too, of my master in the second class, who was so good, and who always smiled at us, and was so small that he seemed to be one of us; and I grieved that I should no longer see him, with his tumbled red hair. Our present teacher is tall; he has no beard; his hair is gray and long; and he has a straight line running crosswise on his forehead. He has a big voice, and he looks at us fixedly, one after the

other, as though he were reading our very thoughts; and he never smiles.

I said to myself: "This is my first day. There are nine months more. What work, what monthly examinations, what weariness!" I wanted to see my mother when I came out, and I ran to kiss her hand!

She said to me: "Courage. Enrico! We will study together."

And I returned home content. But I no longer have my master, with his kind, merry smile, and school does not seem so nice to me as it did before.

周二，18日，我们的班主任

Tuesday, 18th. Our Master

新班主任佩伯尼老师端坐在教室里，他看上去历经沧桑，不苟言笑。许多从门口经过的同学都同他打招呼。老师看到一个同学脸上长了痘痘，就关切地询问他。老师缓慢地告诉我们：他在这世上已经没有亲人，我们这些孩子就是他的一切。课后，一个之前在他背后做鬼脸的同学向老师道歉。我忽然喜欢上了佩伯尼老师。

I like my new teacher too, since this morning. While we were coming in, and when he was already seated, some of his scholars of last year every now and then peeped in at the door to salute him; they would present themselves and greet him:

"Good morning, Signor Teacher!" "Good morning, Signor Perboni !"

Some came in, touched his hand, and ran away. It was plain that they liked him, and would have been glad to return to him. He responded "Good morning" and shook the hands which were held out to him, but he looked at no one: at every greeting his smile remained serious, with that deep wrinkle on his brow, with his face turned towards the window, and staring at the roof of the house opposite; and instead of being cheered by these greetings, he seemed to suffer from them. Then he looked at us closely, one after the other. While he was dictating, he got down and walked among the benches. Catching sight of a boy whose face was all red with little pimples, he stopped dictating, took the lad's face between his hands and examined it; then he asked him what was the



matter with him, and laid his hand on his forehead to feel if it were hot. Meanwhile, a boy behind him got up on the bench, and began to play the marionette. The teacher turned round suddenly; the boy sat down at one dash, and remained there, with head hanging, in dread of being punished. The master placed one hand on his head and said to him:

“Don’t do so again.” Nothing more.

Then he returned to his table and finished the dictation. When he was done, he looked at us a moment in silence; then he said, very, very slowly, with his big but kind voice: “Listen. We have a year to pass together; let us see that we pass it well. Study and be good. I have no family; you are my family. Last year I had mother; she is dead. I am left alone. I have no one but you in all the world; I have no other affection, no other thought than you: you must be my sons. I wish you well, and you must like me too. I do not wish to be obliged to punish any one. Show me that you are boys of heart: our school shall be a family, and you shall be my comfort and my pride. I do not ask you to give me a promise; I am sure that in your hearts you have already answered ‘yes’, and I thank you.”

Just then the beadle came in to announce the close of school. We all left our seats as quietly as could be. The boy who had stood up on the bench went up to the master, and said to him, in a trembling voice:

“Forgive me, Signor Master.”

The master kissed him on the brow, and said, “Go, my son.”

周五，21日，不幸事件 Friday, 21st. An Accident

早上，我看到许多人在学校门口和校长办公室门口围着，其中夹杂着医生和警察。原来，今早在街道十字路口处，三年级的罗贝蒂为了救一个低年级的同学不幸被汽车轧伤了脚。罗贝蒂是一位炮兵上尉的孩子。他的妈妈发疯般地挤了过来，不停地哭泣。很快，一些人簇拥着罗贝蒂去医院了。

*T*he year has begun with an accident. On my way to school this