
THE YELLOW FAIRY BOOK
The Emperor's New Clothes
皇帝的新衣



朗格世界童话大系
金色系列之一

皇帝的新衣

The Emperor s New Clothes

龚章霞　王建新　王　珺　译



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出版前言

安德鲁·朗格（1844—1912 年）是英国著名的文学家、历史学家、诗人、民俗学家，以研究神话、民间传说闻名于世，由他编纂并分别以十二种颜色命名的“世界童话集”自 1889 年问世以来，历久不衰，备受世界各国人民的喜爱。本书即其中之一。

“金色系列”共收录童话四十八篇，配有一百多幅精美插图，英汉对照，辑为三册。本系列所收童话主要包括德国、法国、冰岛、印第安人和其他故事，既有人们耳熟能详的格林童话和安徒生童话；也有匈牙利、波兰、俄罗斯等国家新颖奇特的民间传说。这些文字清浅、妙趣横生、寓意幽深的童话故事读来令人爱不释手，获益匪浅。

童话作为一种民间传说是人类最古老的文学作品，蕴涵着深刻的做人的道理，人们口口相传，历久弥新。童话不仅儿童们喜爱，成年人亦可从中汲取丰富的知识。通过童话那质朴生动的语言，尤其是朗格那散文般的英语，了解世界各国的风土人情、文化传统，增长我们学习掌握地道英语所不可或缺的背景知识，这便是我们出版英汉对照“朗格世界童话大系”的初衷。希望本书能给读者朋友们带来快乐，有所帮助。

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序　言

本编者再出版一本童话书，我想孩子们是完全能够体谅的。我们已经有了蓝色童话，红色童话，绿色童话，现在则是金色童话。如果孩子们高兴，如果他们能善意地说上一句，他们真的是高兴，本编者便不很在乎别人会说些什么。印刷这许多配有插图的童话故事，且以蓝色和红色封面出版，有位绅士好像觉得不大合宜。此人即劳伦斯·戈姆先生，他是一个学术机构，叫做民俗学会的会长。他每年一次向全体会员发表演说，本编者便是一名会员，约瑟夫·雅各布先生（他出版了许多优美而配有美丽插图的童话故事）也是一名会员。那么想想吧，会长说他认为他们出版童话书并非佳选，尤其是红色、绿色和蓝色童话，雅各布先生和本编者听了有多么困惑！他们说，他们不觉得这有何害处，还准备“在国内出面”，接受儿童陪审团的审判。他们的确仍不觉得这有何害处。不，正像诗中的威廉神父，他们准备“一次次坚持下去”。

害处何在？事实上，由国内最睿智、最有学问和最优雅的男女会员组成的民俗学会热衷于研究的是仙境的历史和地理，而这常包含在非常古老的故事中，比如乡下人讲的，还有野蛮人：

“小苏人和小克劳人，
冰霜般的小爱斯基摩人。”

这些人被认为是最了解仙境和仙境的居民。但是在这本金色童话以及其他童话故事中，许多讲故事的既不是野蛮人也不是粗

俗者，像奥尔努瓦夫人和安徒生。民俗学会，或者说民俗学会的会长，批评“他们的”故事不如别的故事真实，不应和别的故事一起出版。但我们说，所有的故事都很动人，对我们来说也足够真实。这些故事就在这里，还配有福特先生绘制的插图，不管插图还是故事，我们以为都是不可能误导孩子们。

至于是否真的有神仙，这是一个难以回答的问题。赫胥黎教授认为没有，本编者也未亲眼所见，但知道有人曾看见——在苏格兰高地，还听过神仙们的音乐。如果你去下洛哈伯地区登上仙山，就可以亲耳聆听仙乐，如同成年人一般，不过必须是一个晴朗的日子。话说回来，如果真的没有神仙，为什么全世界的人都相信有呢？古希腊人相信，古埃及人，印度人，北美印第安人也都相信，如果没有神仙，这么多不同民族的人都曾看到、听到，这可能吗？巴林-古尔德牧师大人小时候游历吟游诗人之地时见过若干神仙。因此，本编者认为神仙自然是存在的，但是他们从来没有危害过任何人；在英格兰，他们是被烟和小学校长吓跑的。至于说巨人，他们都已销声匿迹，但真正的小矮人在非洲丛林里却常常出没。许多童话故事也许不完全真实，但是这样的故事也讲述拿破仑，克拉弗豪斯，恺撒和圣女贞德，他们可都确有其人。因此，聪明的孩子长大和成为民俗学会会员之后，会记得这本书里的故事并不完全真实，印出来只是为了消遣。真正的事实可以以后再去了解，或者干脆搁置一旁。

本书所收童话包括德国、法国、冰岛、北美印第安人和其他故事。译者是齐普小姐、阿尔玛小姐、塞拉·阿莱恩小姐、塞勒小姐、克雷吉先生（他翻译了冰岛故事）、布莱克利小姐、登特女士和朗格女士，而北美印第安人的故事则选自美国史密森学会民族学分会出版的英文版本。福特先生为本书做插图，希望孩子们能发现本书与他们已经关注的那些书同样趣味盎然。本编者在说再见之前还要建议孩子们，在追求学业的同时，阅读已故撒克

里先生撰写并插图的《玫瑰与指环》。这本书是每个孩子的必读书，应督促父母一有机会就购买，因为缺失此书，教育便不完全。

安德鲁·朗格

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猫鼠结伴

猫认识了一只老鼠，不断地向老鼠倾诉她由衷的喜爱之情，非常想和她做朋友。终于，老鼠答应了和她住在一起，共同料理家务。“我们该为冬天准备食物了，不然，我们会挨饿的！”猫说，“你呀，小老鼠，千万不要到处去冒险，万一掉到陷阱里就惨了！”老鼠接受了好友的劝告，于是她们买来了一小罐油。可是她们不知道把罐子放在哪儿才好。商量了半天，最终，猫说：“放在教堂里最好，我想不出比教堂更好的地方了。没人会费神把它从那儿拿走，我们把油罐藏在一个角落里，等需要的时候再去拿。”于是，小油罐被妥当地放在了安全的地方。可是，过了不久，猫就很想吃那罐油了。于是，她对老鼠说：“我跟你说，小老鼠，我表姐生了个小儿子，雪白的毛上嵌着棕斑，她想让我做孩子的教母。今天我要出门去，你可以一个人照看家吗？”



“好啊，你去吧！”老鼠答道，“你吃好东西的时候，别忘了我啊！我也很想尝尝洗礼仪式上红红的葡萄酒。”

可是，这都是些骗人的话。猫根本没有表姐，也没人请她做教母。猫径直去了教堂，悄悄地溜到油罐那儿，开始舔罐里的油。她舔啊舔，把上边一层都吃完了。然后，她来到镇里的屋顶

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上散步看风景，她在太阳底下伸了伸懒腰，每次一想起那罐油，她都舔舔嘴巴。直到天黑，猫才回家。

“啊！你终于回来啦！”老鼠说，“你今天一定过得很开心吧！”

“一切顺利！”猫回答说。

“那小孩叫什么名字啊？”老鼠问道。

“上边没了。”猫冷冷地说。

“上边没了？”老鼠应声叫道，“这个名字真够稀奇的。你家族中有这样的名字吗？”

“这有什么好奇怪的？”猫说，“总比你那个教子叫什么面包小偷的要好！”



不久，猫又馋了。她对老鼠说：“你这么好心，一定还乐意一个人看家吧。又有人请我做教母了，这回，这个孩子的脖子上有一道白圈，我实在无法推辞。”

好心的老鼠同意了，可是，猫却沿着城墙根偷偷溜进教堂，吃光了半罐油。她说：“独自享用真是美妙无比啊！”这天的事她非常满意。当猫回到家时，老鼠问她：“这个小孩叫什么啊？”

“一半光了。”猫答道。

“一半光了？这是什么名字啊？我长这么大从没听过这种名字！我敢说，姓名录上也不会有的！”

很快，猫又想起那罐油，馋得直流口水。“好事成三嘛！”她对老鼠说，“又有人请我做教母了，这个孩子，浑身黑毛，可爪子雪白雪白，身上其他部位却再也找不出一根白毛了。这种情

况，两年里才碰着一回呢！你让我出去吧?”

“上边没了！一半光了!”老鼠念道，“他们的名字真是太古怪了，真让人难以捉摸啊!”

“你啊！整天呆在家里，穿着个深灰色外套，拖着长尾巴，就爱瞎想。”猫说，“你大白天老不出门，才会这样的!”

猫走之后，老鼠把家里打扫得干干净净，收拾得整整齐齐。可是，贪心的猫却把一罐油吃了个精光，一点儿也不剩。

“全吃光了才安心!”猫嘀咕着，直到晚上才油光光的，心满意足地回家了。老鼠又一次问她第三个孩子的名字。

“这一次你也不会多满意。”猫说，“他叫精精光。”

“精精光?”老鼠又叫了一遍，“我也不相信书上有这样的名字。精精光！这是什么意思啊?”她摇摇头，蜷了蜷身子，睡着了。

从这以后，再也没有人请猫做教母了。冬天到了，外面找不到吃的东西。老鼠想起了她们的储藏品，说：“走吧！猫！我们找藏好的那罐油去！一定香甜可口!”





“哦！真是，”猫回答说，“对你来说，那一定好吃极了，就像把你的小舌头伸到窗外去品尝空气！”

她们出发前往教堂，罐子还放在原地，可是罐子里却空空如也，什么也没有。

“啊！”老鼠说道，“现在，我终于明白了。一切都真相大白！你可真够朋友！你每次做教母，都是来吃油，把油都吃光了。第一次，上边没了，然后，一半光了，接着——

“少废话！”猫喊道，“再说我吃了你！”

“精精光！”三个字已经到了可怜的老鼠的嘴边，可还没等说出口，猫就纵身扑了过去，抓住她，一口吞下。

你看，这个世界就是这个样子！

The Cat and the Mouse in Partnership

A cat had made acquaintance with a mouse, and had spoken so much of the great love and friendship she felt for her, that at last the Mouse consented to live in the same house with her, and to go shares in the housekeeping. 'But we must provide for the winter or else we shall suffer hunger, said the Cat. 'You, little Mouse, cannot venture everywhere in case you run at last into a trap.' This good counsel was followed, and a little pot of fat was bought. But they did not know where to put it. At length, after long consultation, the Cat said, 'I know of no place where it could be better put than in the church. No one will trouble to take it away from there. We will hide it in a corner, and we won't touch it till we are in want.' So the little pot was placed in safety; but it was not long before the Cat had a great longing for it, and said to the Mouse, 'I wanted to tell you, little Mouse, that my cousin has a little son, white with brown spots, and she wants me to be godmother to it. Let me go out to-day, and do you take care of the house alone.

'Yes, go certainly,' replied the Mouse, 'and when you eat anything good, think of me; I should very much like a drop of the red christening wine.

But it was all untrue. The Cat had no cousin, and had not been asked to be godmother. She went straight to the church, slunk to the little pot of fat, began to lick it, and licked the top off. Then she took a walk on the roofs of the town, looked at the view, stretched herself out in the sun, and licked her lips whenever she thought of the little pot of fat. As soon as it was evening she went home again.

'Ah, here you are again!' said the Mouse; you must certainly have had an enjoyable day.

'It went off very well,' answered the Cat.

'What was the child's name? asked the Mouse.

'Top Off,' said the Cat drily.

'Topoff!' echoed the Mouse, it is indeed a wonderful and curious name. Is it in your family?'

'What is there odd about it?' said the Cat. 'It is not worse than Breadthief, as your godchild is called.'

Not long after this another great longing came over the Cat. She said to the Mouse, 'You must again be kind enough to look after the house alone, for I have been asked a second time to stand godmother, and as this child has a white ring round its neck, I cannot refuse.

The kind Mouse agreed, but the Cat slunk under the town wall to the church, and ate up half of the pot of fat. 'Nothing tastes better, said she, 'than what one eats by oneself,' and she was very much pleased with her day's work. When she came home the Mouse asked, 'What was this child called?'

'Half Gone, answered the Cat.

'Halfgone! what a name! I have never heard it in my life. I don't believe it is in the calendar.'

Soon the Cat's mouth began to water once more after her licking business. 'All good things in threes,' she said to the Mouse; 'I have again to stand godmother. The child is quite black, and has very white paws, but not a single white hair on its body. This only happens once in two years, so you will let me go out?'

'Topoff! Halfgone!' repeated the Mouse, 'they are such curious names; they make me very thoughtful.'

'Oh, you sit at home in your dark grey coat and your long tail,' said the Cat, 'and you get fanciful. That comes of not going out in the day.

The Mouse had a good cleaning out while the Cat was gone, and made the house tidy; but the greedy Cat ate the fat every bit up.

'When it is all gone one can be at rest,' she said to herself, and at night she came home sleek and satisfied. The Mouse asked at once after the third child's name.

'It won't please you any better, said the Cat, 'he was called Clean Gone.

'Cleangone!' repeated the Mouse. 'I do not believe that name has been printed any more than the others. Cleangone! What can it mean?' She shook her head, curled herself up, and went to sleep.

From this time on no one asked the Cat to stand godmother; but when the winter came and there was nothing to be got outside, the Mouse remembered their provision and said, 'Come, Cat, we will go to our pot of fat which we have stored away; it will taste very-good.'

'Yes, indeed,' answered the Cat; 'it will taste as good to you as if you stretched your thin tongue out of the window.'

They started off, and when they reached it they found the pot in its place, but quite empty!

'Ah,' said the Mouse, ' now I know what has happened! It has all come out! You are a true friend to me! You have eaten it all when you stood godmother; first the top off, then half of it gone, then—'

'Will you be quiet!' screamed the Cat. 'Another word and I will eat you up.

'Cleangone was already on the poor Mouse s tongue, and scarcely was it out than the Cat made a spring at her, seized and swallowed her.

You see that is the way of the world.

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