

中文导读英文版

The Adventures of Pinocchio

木偶奇遇记

[意] 卡尔洛·科洛迪 原著
王助 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社



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内 容 简 介

The Adventures of Pinocchio, 中文译名为《木偶奇遇记》, 是 19 世纪和 20 世纪世界上最伟大的童话著作之一, 由意大利著名儿童文学作家卡尔洛·科洛迪 (Carlo Collodi, 1826—1890) 编著。木偶皮诺乔是一个可爱但毛病多多的孩子。他调皮、天真无邪、头脑简单、好奇心强; 缺乏主见、没有恒心、经不住诱惑, 屡次下定决心却总是半途而废。他不断地犯错误、不断地历险, 又不断地明白事理、记取教训, 终于得到了自我完善, 变成了一个懂礼貌、爱学习、勤奋工作、孝敬长辈、关爱他人的好孩子。在成长过程中, 皮诺乔经历了充满童趣的奇遇, 例如只要他一说谎话, 鼻子就会长长, 直到他承认了自己的错误。故事构思奇特、幽默夸张, 充满奇特想象和幻想的艺术魅力, 自从 1883 年出版以来, 已被翻译成 100 多种语言, 并且被改编成戏剧、电影、电视剧、芭蕾舞、歌剧、木偶剧和卡通等等, 是世界上流传最广、影响最大的童话之一。

书中所展现的神奇故事伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。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。

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图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

木偶奇遇记=The Adventures of Pinocchio: 中文导读英文版/ (意) 科洛迪 (Collodi, C.) 原著; 王勋等编译. —北京: 清华大学出版社, 2009.4
ISBN 978-7-302-19619-8

I. 木… II. ①科… ②王… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②童话—意大利—近代
IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2009) 第 025680 号

责任编辑: 李 晔

插图绘制: 王 轲

责任校对: 李建庄

责任印制:

出版发行: 清华大学出版社

地 址: 北京清华大学学研大厦 A 座

<http://www.tup.com.cn>

邮 编: 100084

社总机: 010-62770175

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投稿与读者服务: 010-62776969, c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

质量反馈: 010-62772015, zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

印 刷 者:

装 订 者:

经 销: 全国新华书店

开 本: 170×260 印 张: 10.5

字 数: 166 千字

版 次: 2009 年 4 月第 1 版

印 次: 2009 年 4 月第 1 次印刷

印 数:

定 价: 元

本书如存在文字不清、漏印、缺页、倒页、脱页等印装质量问题, 请与清华大学出版社出版部联系调换。联系电话: 010-62770177 转 3103 产品编号:

前言

卡尔洛·科洛迪（Carlo Collodi，1826—1890），原名卡尔洛·洛伦齐尼，意大利著名儿童文学作家。科洛迪于1826年11月24日出生在意大利托斯坎纳地区一个名叫科洛迪的小镇，他的笔名便是由这个小镇的名称而来。科洛迪精通法文，曾翻译过法国贝罗的童话。

科洛迪一生中写过许多短篇小说、随笔、评论，然而最有影响的却是他为孩子们写的童话故事。这些童话故事构思丰富、人物形象栩栩如生、情节曲折动人，为他赢得了巨大的声誉。科洛迪的主要作品有：《小手杖》、《小木片》、《小手杖漫游意大利》、《小手杖地理》、《小手杖文法》、《木偶奇遇记》、《眼睛和鼻子》、《快乐的故事》、《愉快的符号》和《讽刺杂谈》等。

在科洛迪的众多杰作中，《木偶奇遇记》是其中的典型代表，该童话小说也使他成为享有世界声誉的大作家。1881年，科洛迪开始创作《木偶奇遇记》。最初，这部书是以《木偶的故事》为名发表在《儿童杂志》上的。1883年出版了该书的单行本，改名为《皮诺乔奇遇记》。这部小说以丰富的想象力、栩栩如生的人物形象、曲折生动的情节获得了小读者的文学喜爱，也为科洛迪赢得了巨大的声誉。该书被誉为“意大利儿童读物的杰作”、“意大利儿童读物中最美的书”。为了纪念他，意大利还专门设立了“科洛迪儿童文学奖”。

在中国，《木偶奇遇记》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典童话作品之一。目前，在国内数量众多的《木偶奇遇记》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是中英文对照版。而其中的中英文对照读本比较受读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。而从英文学习的角度上来看，直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于

前言



英语学习。考虑到对英文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，这样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《木偶奇遇记》，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、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，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



CONTENTS

第一章/Chapter 1	1
第二章/Chapter 2	4
第三章/Chapter 3	6
第四章/Chapter 4	11
第五章/Chapter 5	14
第六章/Chapter 6	17
第七章/Chapter 7	20
第八章/Chapter 8	23
第九章/Chapter 9	27
第十章/Chapter 10	30
第十一章/Chapter 11	33
第十二章/Chapter 12	36
第十三章/Chapter 13	42
第十四章/Chapter 14	46
第十五章/Chapter 15	49
第十六章/Chapter 16	52
第十七章/Chapter 17	57
第十八章/Chapter 18	62
第十九章/Chapter 19	66
第二十章/Chapter 20	70
第二十一章/Chapter 21	74
第二十二章/Chapter 22	77
第二十三章/Chapter 23	81
第二十四章/Chapter 24	86

目录



CONTENTS

第二十五章/Chapter 25	92
第二十六章/Chapter 26	96
第二十七章/Chapter 27	99
第二十八章/Chapter 28	105
第二十九章/Chapter 29	111
第三十章/Chapter 30	118
第三十一章/Chapter 31	124
第三十二章/Chapter 32	129
第三十三章/Chapter 33	135
第三十四章/Chapter 34	140
第三十五章/Chapter 35	146
第三十六章/Chapter 36	151

第一章

Chapter 1



很久以前，有个木匠叫安东尼奥。因为他的鼻子长得像樱桃，大家都叫他樱桃师傅。

一天，一根木头来到他的铺子里。他想，正好可以做个桌子腿。当他拿起斧子，忽然听到一个声音央求不要打他。木匠环顾四周，没发现有人。以为听错了，便砍了下去，一阵痛苦的声音使他惊呆了。

缓过神后，他想，是否这木头里边藏有人呢？便将木头摔向墙角，等到了好长时间，也没动静。他以为自己听错了，又拿起刨子干了起来。这时他更加真切地听到了，那是木头嫌他把自己身上刨得很痒的叫声。他吓倒在地上。

Once upon a time there was...

“A king?” my little readers will immediately say.

No, children, you are mistaken. Once upon a time there was a piece of wood. It was not fine wood, but a simple piece of wood from the wood yard, like the kind we put in the fireplaces so as to make a fire and heat the rooms.

I do not know how it happened, but one beautiful day a certain old woodcutter found a piece of this kind of wood in his shop. The name of the old

man was Antonio, but everybody called him Mastro Cherry on account of the point of his nose, which was always shiny and purplish, just like a ripe cherry.

As soon as Mastro Cherry saw that piece of wood he was overjoyed; and rubbing his hands contentedly, he mumbled to himself: "This has come in very good time. I will make it into a table leg."

No sooner said than done. He quickly took a sharpened axe to shape the wood; but when he was on the point of striking it he stopped with his arm in the air, because he heard a tiny, thin little voice say, "Do not strike so hard!"

Just imagine how surprised good old Mastro Cherry was! He turned his bewildered eyes around the room in order to see where that little voice came; but he saw no one. He looked under the bench, and no one was there; he looked in a sideboard which was always closed; he looked in the basket of chips and shavings; he opened the door in order to glance around his house; still he could see no one. What then?

"I understand," he said, laughing and scratching his wig, "I imagined I heard that little voice, I will begin to work again."

He took up the axe and gave the piece of wood another hard blow.

"Oh! you have hurt me!" cried the little voice, as if in pain.

This time Mastro Cherry was dumb. His eyes nearly popped out of his head; his mouth opened wide, and his tongue hung down on his chin, like that of gorgon head on a fountain.

As soon as he could speak he said, trembling and stammering from fright, "But where did that little voice come from? There is nothing alive in this room. Can it be that this piece of wood has learned to cry and scream like a baby? I cannot believe it. This is an ordinary piece of wood for the fireplace, like all other pieces with which we boil a pot of beans. What next? What if there is some one hidden inside? If there is so much the worse for him. I will settle him." And saying this, he seized with both hands the poor piece of wood and knocked it against the wall.

Then he stopped to listen, so as to hear if any voice complained. He waited two minutes, and heard nothing; five minutes, and nothing; ten minutes, and

nothing.

“I understand,” he said, forcing a laugh and rubbing his wig; “I imagined that I heard a voice cry ‘Oh!’ I will begin to work again.”

And because he was somewhat frightened, he tried to hum an air so as to make himself courageous.

At the same time he stopped working with the axe and took up a plane to make the wood even and clean; but while he planed he heard again the little voice, this time in a laughing tone, “Stop! you are taking the skin off my body.”

This time poor Mastro Cherry fell down as if shot. When he opened his eyes he found himself sitting on the ground. His face expressed utter amazement, and the end of his nose, which was always purple, became blue from great fear.

第二章

Chapter 2



这时，外号叫玉米糊的小老头杰佩托来到木匠铺。想找一根木头做会表演的木偶，然后带着木偶去周游世界，来挣钱养自己。

他听到有个声音在夸玉米糊的主意不错，以为是樱桃师傅侮辱他。而樱桃师傅感到自己受了冤枉，两人吵着吵着便打了起来。直打得都把对方的头套弄了下来，他们才讲和。为表示诚意，樱桃师傅把那根使他惊恐的木头给了杰佩托。这时，木头突然砸到杰佩托的腿上，两人又吵了起来，气得樱桃师傅直叫玉米糊。两人便又打了起来，杰佩托的扣子掉了，樱桃师傅的鼻子也被抓伤了，两人才又和好。

杰佩托拿着木头，瘸着腿走了。

At this moment there was a knock at the door. "Come in," said the woodcutter, without having strength enough to arise.

Then a lively old man called Geppetto entered the room.

"Good morning, Mastro Antonio," said Geppetto, "What are you doing on the ground?"

"I am teaching the ants their ABC's. What has brought you here, brother Geppetto?"

“I have come to ask a favor of you, Mastro Antonio.”

“Here I am prompt to serve you!” replied the woodcutter, raising himself on his knees.

“This morning I had an idea.”

“Let me hear it.”

“I thought that I would make a pretty wooden marionette; I mean a wonderful marionette, one that can dance, walk, and jump. With this marionette I wish to travel through the world and earn for myself a little bread.”

“What then, brother Geppetto, can I do for you?”

“I should like a piece of wood to make a marionette. Will you give it to me?”

Mastro Antonio gladly took up the piece of wood that had frightened him so. But when he was about to hand it to Geppetto the piece of wood gave a spring, and, slipping violently from his hands, fell and struck the shins of poor Geppetto.

“Ah! you are very polite when you give presents! Truly, Mastro Antonio, you have nearly lamed me.”

“I swear to you that I did not do it.”

“Surely it was you who threw the piece of wood at my legs.”

“I did not throw it. The fault is all in this wood.”

“Truly?”

“Truly!”

Upon that Geppetto took the piece of wood in his arms, and, thanking Mastro Antonio, went home, limping all the way.

第三章

Chapter 3



杰佩托回到简陋的家里，屋内有一把很旧的椅子、一张破桌和床。墙边壁炉上画着火和冒着热气的锅。

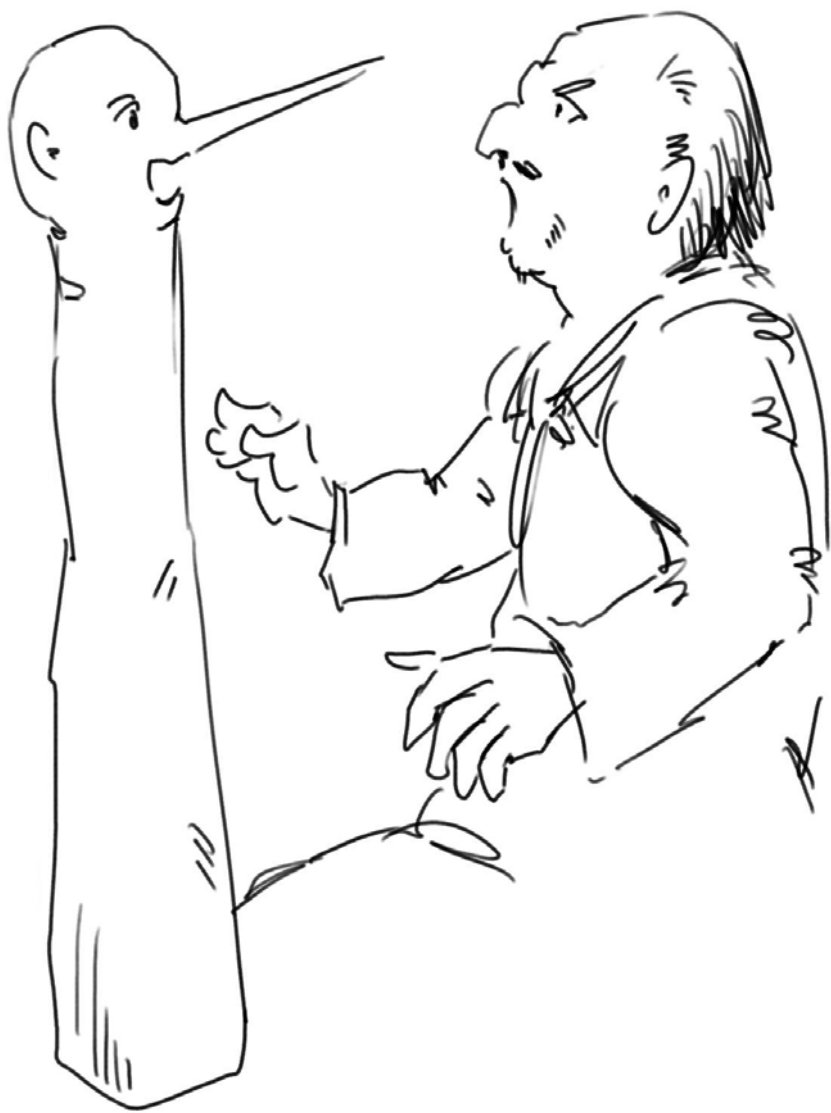
在雕刻之前，杰佩托把木偶取名为皮诺乔。他先刻头发和前额，眼睛刻好后立刻转动了起来；杰佩托十分惊讶，鼻子刻好后一个劲地长，怎么也削不短。而嘴巴刻好就会嘲笑他。杰佩托继续刻下去，感觉发套被摘走了，一看正戴在皮诺乔头上。杰佩托伤心极了，但还是继续将腿和脚刻好，可他的鼻子上又挨了一脚。他想这真是自作自受啊！

杰佩托将皮诺乔放到地板上，教他学走路。学会后皮诺乔溜到街上跑起来，杰佩托怎么也追不上，惹得街上的人都来看热闹，但没人帮他。

这时，一个宪兵以为谁的马驹子跑了，便站在路中间，将皮诺乔抓到，交给了杰佩托。

杰佩托想揪他的耳朵，这才发现没有给他刻耳朵。便揪着他的脖子，拉他回去算账。皮诺乔赖在地上不起来，看热闹的人七嘴八舌地议论杰佩托要对皮诺乔下毒手。宪兵听了便把皮诺乔放掉，将杰佩托关进了监狱。

Geppetto's home consisted of one room on the ground floor. It received light from a window under a staircase. The furniture could not have



been more simple: a broken chair, a hard bed, and a dilapidated table. On one side of the room there was a fireplace with wood burning, but the fire was painted, and above it there was also painted a boiling pot with clouds of steam all around it that made it quite real.

As soon as he entered Geppetto began to make a marionette. “What name shall I give him?” he said to himself. “I think I will call him Pinocchio. That name will bring with it good fortune. I have known a whole family called Pinocchio. Pinocchio was the father, Pinocchio was the mother, and the children were called little Pinocchios, and everybody lived well. It was a happy family.”

When he had found the name for the marionette he began to work with a will. He quickly made the forehead, then the hair, and then the eyes.

After he had made the eyes, just imagine how surprised he was to see them look around, and finally gaze at him fixedly! Geppetto, seeing himself looked at by two eyes of wood, said to the head, “Why do you look at me so, eyes of wood?”

No response.

After he had made the eyes he made the nose; but the nose began to grow, and it grew, grew, grew, until it became a great big nose, and Geppetto thought it would never stop. He tried hard to stop it, but the more he cut at it the longer that impertinent nose became.

After the nose he made the mouth. The mouth was hardly finished when it commenced to sing and laugh. “Stop laughing,” said Geppetto, vexed; but it was like talking to the wall. “Stop laughing, I tell you,” he said again in a loud tone. Then the features began to make grimaces.

Geppetto feigned not to see this impertinence and continued to work. After the mouth he made the chin, then the neck, then the shoulders, then the body, then the arms and hands.

Hardly had he finished the hands when Geppetto felt his wig pulled off. He turned quickly, and what do you think he saw? His yellow wig in the hands of the marionette! “Pinocchio! give me back my wig immediately,” said the

old man. But Pinocchio, instead of giving back the wig, put it on his own head, making himself look half smothered.

At this disobedience Geppetto looked very sad, and did a thing he had never done before in all his life. Turning to Pinocchio, he said: "Bad little boy! You are not yet finished and already lack respect to your father. Bad, bad boy!" And he dried a tear.

There now, only the legs and feet to make. Scarcely were they finished when they began to kick poor Geppetto. "It is my fault," he said to himself, "I ought to have thought of this at first! Now it is too late!" Then he took the marionette in his arms and placed him on the ground to make him walk. Pinocchio behaved at first as if his legs were asleep and he could not move them. Geppetto led him around the room for some time, showing him how to put one foot in front of the other. When his legs were stretched Pinocchio began to walk and then to run around the room. When he saw the door open he jumped into the street and ran away.

Poor Geppetto ran as fast as he could, but he was not able to catch him. Pinocchio jumped like a rabbit. He made a noise with his wooden feet on the hard road like twenty pairs of little wooden shoes.

"Stop him! stop him!" cried Geppetto; but the people in the street, seeing the wooden marionette running as fast as a rabbit, stopped to look at it, and laughed, and laughed, and laughed, so that it is really hard to describe how they enjoyed it all.

Finally, through good fortune, a soldier appeared, who, hearing all the noise, thought that some colt had escaped from its Mastro. He planted himself in the middle of the road and with a fixed look determined to catch the runaway. Pinocchio, when he saw the soldier in the road, tried to pass between his legs, but he could not do it.

The soldier, scarcely moving his body, seized the marionette by the nose(which was a very ridiculous one, just the size to be seized by a soldier) and consigned him to the hands of Geppetto, who tried to correct him by pulling his ears. But just imagine; when he searched for the ears he could not

find them! Do you know why? Because, in the haste of making Pinocchio, he did not finish carving them.

Taking him by the neck, Geppetto led him back, saying as he did so, “When we get home I must punish you.”

Pinocchio, at this threat, threw himself on the ground and refused to walk farther. Meanwhile the curious people and the loungers began to stop and surround them. First one said something, then another. “Poor marionette!” said one of them, “He is right not to want to go back to his home. Who knows how hard Geppetto beats him?” And others added maliciously, “That Geppetto appears to be a kind man, but he is a tyrant with boys. If he gets that poor marionette in his hands, he will break him in pieces.”

Altogether they made so much noise that the soldier gave Pinocchio back his liberty and took to prison instead the poor old man, who not finding words at first with which to defend himself, wept bitterly, and on approaching the prison stammered out: “Wicked son! and to think I tried so hard to make a good marionette! I ought to have thought of all this at first.”

What happened afterwards is a story so strange that you will hardly believe it. However, I will tell it to you in the following chapters.