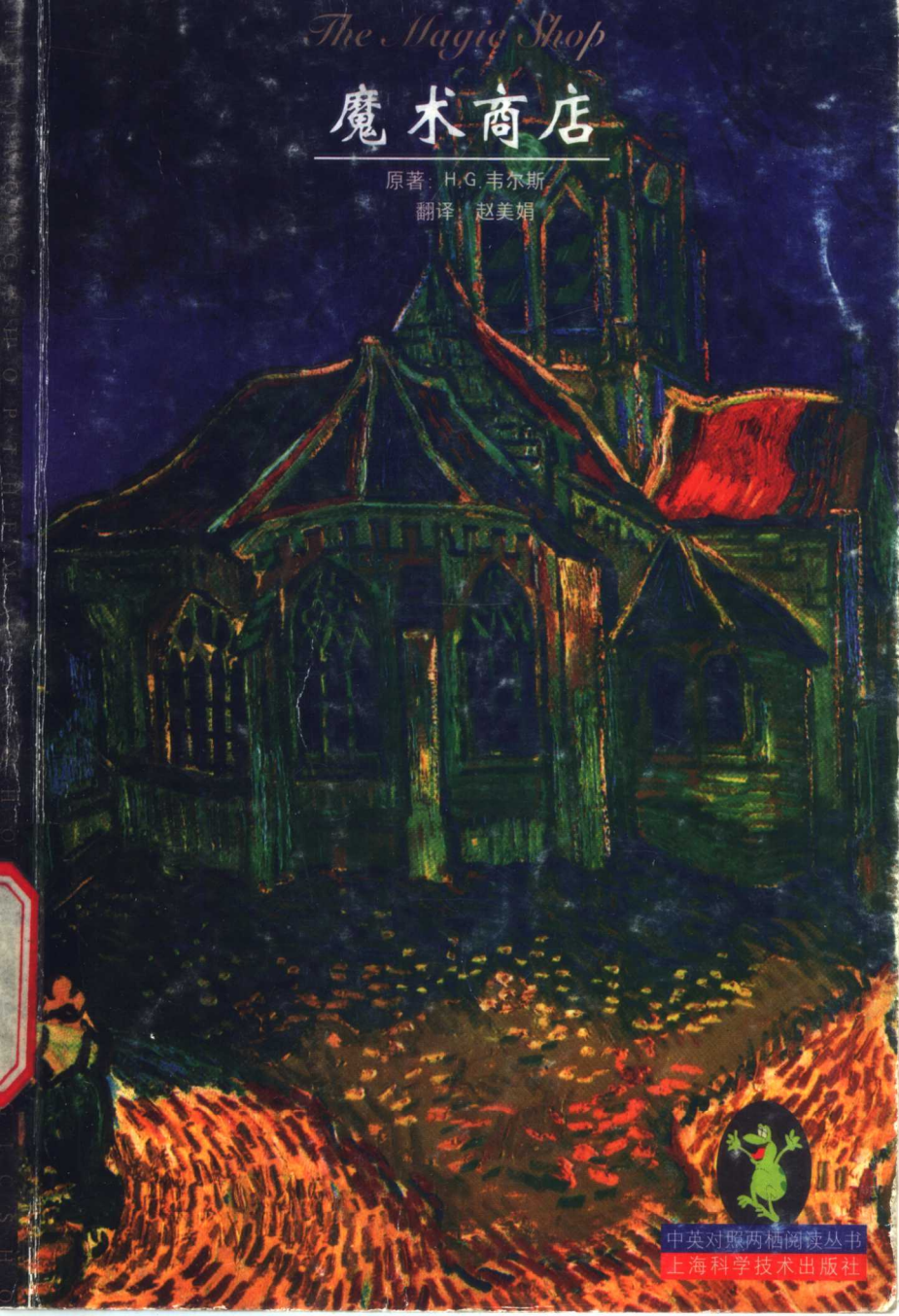


*The Magic Shop*

# 魔术商店

原著：H.G. 韦尔斯

翻译：赵美娟



中英对照两栖阅读丛书  
上海科学技术出版社

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[英] H. G. 韦尔斯 著    赵美娟 译

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### 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

魔术商店/(英)韦尔斯著;赵美娟译. —上海:上海科学技术出版社, 2001. 9.

(中英对照两栖阅读丛书)

ISBN 7-5323-6041-5

I. 魔... II. ①韦... ②赵... III. 英语—对照读物, 小说—汉、英 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2001)第 044944 号

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上海科学技术出版社出版发行

(上海瑞金二路 450 号 邮政编码 200020)

常熟市文化印刷厂印刷 新华书店上海发行所经销

2001 年 9 月第 1 版 2001 年 9 月第 1 次印刷

开本 787×1092 1/32 印张 4.75 字数 77 000

印数 1—5 000 定价: 9.50 元

本书如有缺页、错装或坏损等严重质量问题,  
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## 内 容 提 要

H. G. 韦尔斯 (1866—1946) 是著名的英国科幻小说家。在科幻小说发展史上，他与凡尔纳一起算得上鼻祖级的人物，恰是由于他们的共同努力，科幻小说才正式成为文学中的一支。韦尔斯擅长短篇著述，以科技发明、未来预言和社会讽刺方面的题材见长，本书选择了其中的精彩四篇。《魔术商店》讲述的是一对父子顾客在一家商店里的奇遇记。《帕尔克拉夫特的真相》和《新加速剂》均是作者关于新药物方面的奇思怪想，在他的笔下，服用了新药的主人公有了一段颇为令人惊奇和捧腹的遭遇。在《恒星》的故事中，作者则描述了一场来自天外的劫难，笔触细腻生动，耐人寻味。

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## The Magic Shop

I had seen the Magic Shop from afar several times; I had passed it once or twice, a shop window of alluring little objects, magic balls, magic hens, wonderful cones, ventriloquist dolls, the material of the basket trick, packs of cards that looked all right, and all that sort of thing, but never had I thought of going in until one day, almost without warning, Gip hauled me by my finger right up to the window, and so conducted himself that there was nothing for it but to take him in. I had not thought the place was there, to tell the truth—a modest-sized frontage in Regent Street, between the picture shop and the place where the chicks run about just out of patent incubators, but there it was sure enough. I had fancied it was down nearer the Circus, or round the corner in Oxford Street, or even in Holborn; always over the way and a little inaccessible it had been, with something of the mirage in its position; but here it was now quite indisputably, and the fat end of Gip's pointing finger made a noise upon the glass.

"If I was rich," said Gip, dabbing a finger at the Disappearing Egg, "I'd buy myself that. And that"—which was The Crying Baby, Very Human . "and that," which was a



## 魔术商店

我几次从远处看到过魔术商店，有那么一两次还从它旁边经过。商店橱窗里满是诱人的小玩意：魔术球、魔术鸡、美妙的球果、口技玩偶、投篮戏法的材料、看上去很正常的一副副纸牌，林林总总这类东西。但我从未想到过走进。直到有一天，几乎毫无预兆地，基普拉着我的手指，把我一路拖到了橱窗。如此这般，没办法，只好带他进去。说实话，我从未想过那地方就在那儿——伦琴街上一家规模不太大的沿街商店，夹在图画店和用专利孵化器孵小鸡的场所之间。但确实无疑，它就在那儿。我曾经以为它在马戏团附近，或在牛津街的街角处，或甚至在霍尔本；它的位置在某种程度上犹如幻影，就在街对面，但总有点难以接近。但是，现在它不容置疑地就在这儿，基普伸出手指，胖胖的指尖在玻璃上划出声响。

“要是我有钱，”基普说，手指轻轻戳着隐形鸡蛋，“我要为自己买那个，还有那个……”——那个是仿真哭娃。“还有那个。”那是个神秘物，往里插进一张干净的卡，它就会



## The Magic Shop

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mystery, and called, so a neat card asserted, "Buy One and Astonish Your Friends."

"Anything," said Gip, "will disappear under one of those cones. I have read about it in a book."

"And there, dad-da, is the Vanishing Halfpenny—, only they've put it this way up so we can't see how it's done."

Gip, dear boy, inherits his mother's breeding, and he did not propose to enter the shop or worry in any way; only, you know, quite unconsciously he lugged my finger doorward, and he made his interest clear.

"That," he said, and pointed to the Magic Bottle.

"If you had that?" I said; at which promising inquiry he looked up with a sudden radiance.

"I could show it to Jessie," he said, thoughtful as ever of others.

"It's less than a hundred days to your birthday, Gibbles," I said, and laid my hand on the door-handle.

Gip made no answer, but his grip tightened on my finger, and so we came into the shop.

It was no common shop this; it was a magic shop, and all the prancing precedence Gip would have taken in the matter of mere toys was wanting. He left the burthen of the conversation to me.

It was a little, narrow shop, not very well lit, and the door-bell pinged again with a plaintive note as we closed it behind us. For





叫：“买一个，让你的朋友大吃一惊。”

“任何东西，”基普说，“只要放到一个那样的球果下，就会消失。我在一本书里读到过的。”

“还有那儿，爸爸，那是隐形半便士……只要他们把它这面朝上放，我们就看不出它是怎么消失的。”

基普，我亲爱的孩子，继承了他母亲的血统，他不会以任何方式提出上商店的要求或表示什么忧虑，你知道，他只是下意识地向着门的方向硬扯着我的手指，就这样，他把他的兴趣表示得明白无误了。

“那个，”他指着魔术瓶说。

“如果你拥有那个……”我说。听到这个有指望的询问，他一下子面露喜色，抬起了头。

“我可以给杰西看，”他说，像以往一样关心他人。

“离你生日不到一百天了，基普，”我说，边把手放到门把手上。

基普没有回答，但他把我的手指抓得更紧了。于是，我们进了商店。

这可不是普通的商店，这是魔术商店。基普平时看到玩具总是说个不停，而今天却一言不发。他把交谈的重担



## The Magic Shop

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a moment or so we were alone and could glance about us. There was a tiger in papier-mache on the glass case that covered the low counter—a grave, kind-eyed tiger that waggled his head in a methodical manner; there were several crystal spheres, a china hand holding magic cards, a stock of magic fish-bowls in various sizes, and an immodest magic hat that shamelessly displayed its springs. On the floor were magic mirrors; one to draw you out long and thin, one to swell your head and vanish your legs, and one to make you short and fat like a draught; and while we were laughing at these the shopman, as I suppose, came in.

At any rate, there he was behind the counter—a curious, sallow, dark man, with one ear larger than the other and a chin like the toe-cap of a boot.

“What can we have the pleasure?” he said, spreading his long, magic fingers on the glass case; and so with a start we were aware of him.

“I want,” I said, “to buy my little boy a few simple tricks.”

“Legerdemain?” he asked. “Mechanical? Domestic?”

“Anything amusing?” said I.

“Um!” said the shopman, and scratched his head for a moment as if thinking. Then, quite distinctly, he drew from his head a glass ball. “Something in this way?” he said, and held it out.



留给了我。

这是家狭小的小商店，灯光不太亮，我们关上门时，门铃又哀歌似地响了起来。有那么一会儿，就我俩在店里，可以四下打量一番。低矮的柜台上放着个玻璃盒，里面是一只纸板做的老虎——神情严肃、目光和善、不慌不忙地晃着头的老虎；还有几个水晶球、一只拿着魔术纸牌的瓷器手、大大小小的魔术鱼碗，还有一顶夸张的魔术礼帽不体面地露出了弹簧。地上还有魔术镜，一面把你照得又长又瘦，一面把你的头照得硕大无比却看不到脚，还有一面把你照得又矮又胖，像个酒桶。我们正笑着，店主进来了——我想是店主。

不管怎么说，他到了柜台后面，一个奇怪的人，皮肤呈灰黄色，一只耳朵比另一只大，下巴像靴子的外包头。

“我们可以有些怎样的乐趣？”他说，长长的有魔法的手指摊开在玻璃盒上。从一开始，我们就注意上他了。

“我想，”我说，“为我的小孩买一些简单的戏法道具。”

“障眼法？”他问：“机械的？家用的？”

“有什么有趣的东西吗？”我说。

“啊！”店主说，挠了会儿头，好像在思索。然后，很引人注目地从头上取出一只玻璃球。“类似这样的玩意？”他边



The action was unexpected. I had seen the trick done at entertainments endless times before—it's part of the common stock of conjurers— but I had not expected it here.

"That's good," I said, with a laugh.

"Isn't it?" said the shopman.

Gip stretched out his disengaged hand to take this object and found merely a blank palm.

"It's in your pocket," said the shopman, and there it was!

"How much will that be?" I asked.

"We make no charge for glass balls," said the shopman politely. "We get them,"—he picked one out of his elbow as he spoke—"free." He produced another from the back of his neck, and laid it beside its predecessor on the counter. Gip regarded his glass ball sagely, then directed a look of inquiry at the two on the counter, and finally brought his round-eyed scrutiny to the shopman, who smiled.

"You may have those too," said the shopman, "and, if you don't mind, one from my mouth. So!"

Gip counselled me mutely for a moment, and then in a profound silence put away the four balls, resumed my reassuring finger, and nerved himself for the next event.

"We get all our smaller tricks in that way," the shopman remarked.

I laughed in the manner of one who subscribes to a jest. "Instead of going to the wholesale shop," I said. "Of course,



说边把它递了过来。

这举动可真出乎意料。以前我在娱乐场所无数次地看到这样的戏法——这是魔术师都会的一手——但我没有料到在这儿看到它。

“好，”我笑着说。

“怎么样？”店主问。

基普伸出他那只空着的手，想把那东西拿过来，却发现他手掌上什么也没有。

“在你口袋里，”店主说。果真在那里。

“那要多少钱？”我问。

“玻璃球我们不要钱，”店主客气地说。“我们免费得到的。”他一边说，一边从肘部取出一个。他又从脖子后面拿出一个，与前面的那个并排放在柜台上。基普明智地看着他的玻璃球，把狐疑的目光投向柜台上的两个，最后瞪圆了眼睛审视着店主。店主笑了。

“这些你也可以拿去。”他说，“而且，如果你不介意的话，还有一个从我嘴里出来的。瞧！”

基普无声地征询我的意见，然后默默地放下了四个球，重新抓住我那可使它放心的手指，紧张地等待下一个节目。

“我们所有的小戏法用具都是那样得来的，”店主声明。



it's cheaper."

"In a way," the shopman said. "Though we pay in the end. But not so heavily—as people suppose... Our larger tricks, and our daily provisions and all the other things we want, we get out of that hat... And you know, sir, if you'll excuse my saying it, there isn't a wholesale shop, not for Genuine Magic goods, sir. I don't know if you noticed our inscription—the Genuine Magic shop." He drew a business-card from his cheek and handed it to me. "Genuine," he said, with his finger on the word, and added, "There is absolutely no deception, sir."

He seemed to be carrying out the joke pretty thoroughly, I thought.

He turned to Gip with a smile of remarkable affability. "You, you know, are the Right Sort of Boy."

I was surprised at his knowing that, because, in the interests of discipline, we keep it rather a secret even at home; but Gip received it in unflinching silence, keeping a steadfast eye on him.

"It's only the Right Sort of Boy gets through that doorway."

And, as if by way of illustration, there came a rattling at the door, and a squeaking little voice could be faintly heard. "Nyar! I want to go in there, dad-da, I want to go in there. Ny-a-a-ah!" and then the accents of a down-trodden parent, urging consolations and propitiations. "It's locked, Edward," he said.



我犹如人们听到笑话时那样大笑起来。“不必通过批发商，”我说，“当然更便宜了。”

“在某种方面，是的。”店主说。“虽然我们最终还是付钱的，但不像人们认为的那么多……大一些的戏法道具、日常的供给和我们想要的所有东西，我们都是从那顶帽子中得到的……你知道，先生，如果你能原谅我这么说，根本没有批发商店，没有销售真正神奇货的批发商店，先生。我不知道你有没有注意到我们的招牌——‘真正的魔术商店’。”他从脸颊处抽出一张名片，递给我。“真正的，”他说着，手指着这个词，接着说：“绝对没有作假，先生。”

他似乎把这个玩笑开得相当彻底，我想。

他转身非常慈祥地对基普笑道：“你要知道，你正是最合适的那类孩子。”

我很吃惊，他竟连这也知道，因为，为了有助于守纪，我们就是在家也把这当个大秘密守着。但是，基普听到后，默不作声、毫不畏缩，眼睛直愣愣地看着他。

“只有最合适的那类孩子才能进入那扇门。”

似乎是举例说明，门上传来了一阵格格响声，隐约可以听到尖尖的童声。“不！我想进去，爸爸。我想进去。不，不！”然后传来了疲惫的父亲的声音，安慰着、劝解着：“门



"But it isn't," said I.

"It is, sir," said the shopman, "always—for that sort of child," and as he spoke we had a glimpse of the other youngster, a little, white face, pallid from sweet-eating and over-sapid food, and distorted by evil passions, a ruthless little egotist, pawing at the enchanted pane. "It's no good, sir," said the shopman, as I moved, with my natural helpfulness, doorward, and presently the spoilt child was carried off howling.

"How do you manage that?" I said, breathing a little more freely.

"Magic!" said the shopman, with a careless wave of the hand, and behold! sparks of coloured fire flew out of his fingers and vanished into the shadows of the shop.

"You were saying," he said, addressing himself to Gip, "before you came in, that you would like one of our 'Buy One and Astonish your Friends' boxes?"

Gip, after a gallant effort, said "Yes."

"It's in your pocket."

And leaning over the counter—he really had an extraordinarily long body—this amazing person produced the article in the customary conjurer's manner. "Paper," he said, and took a sheet out of the empty hat with the springs; "string," and behold his mouth was a string-box, from which he drew an unending thread, which when he had tied his parcel he bit off—and, it seemed to me, swallowed the ball of string.





锁着，爱德华。”

“但门没锁，”我说。

“锁着，先生，”店主说，“对于那种孩子，一直锁着。”他说话时，我们瞥见了那个小孩，一张白白的小脸，因吃多了甜食和美食而显得苍白，因邪恶的情感而变得扭曲，一个冷酷的小自私自利者，拼命地抓着那扇有魔法的门。我天生乐于助人，往门的方向走过去。“没用的，先生，”店主说。一会儿，那个被宠坏的孩子嚎哭着被带走了。

“你怎么做到的？”我问，呼吸稍微畅快些。

“魔术！”店主说，并大大咧咧地挥了挥手，瞧！星星点点的彩色火花从他手指间飞出，消失在店堂的黑暗处。

他对基普说：“你进来前是不是说你想要一个‘买一个让你的朋友大吃一惊’的盒子？”

基普鼓足勇气，说：“是的。”

“它在你的口袋里。”

他俯身靠在柜台上——他的身体真的长得出奇——这个令人惊叹的人用魔术师惯用的方式取出了东西。“纸，”他边说边从带弹簧的帽子里拿出了一张纸；“线，”只见他的嘴成了线盒，他从中拉出一根长得没有尽头的线，捆好包裹后，他咬断了线，在我看来，好像是把线团吞了下去。然