

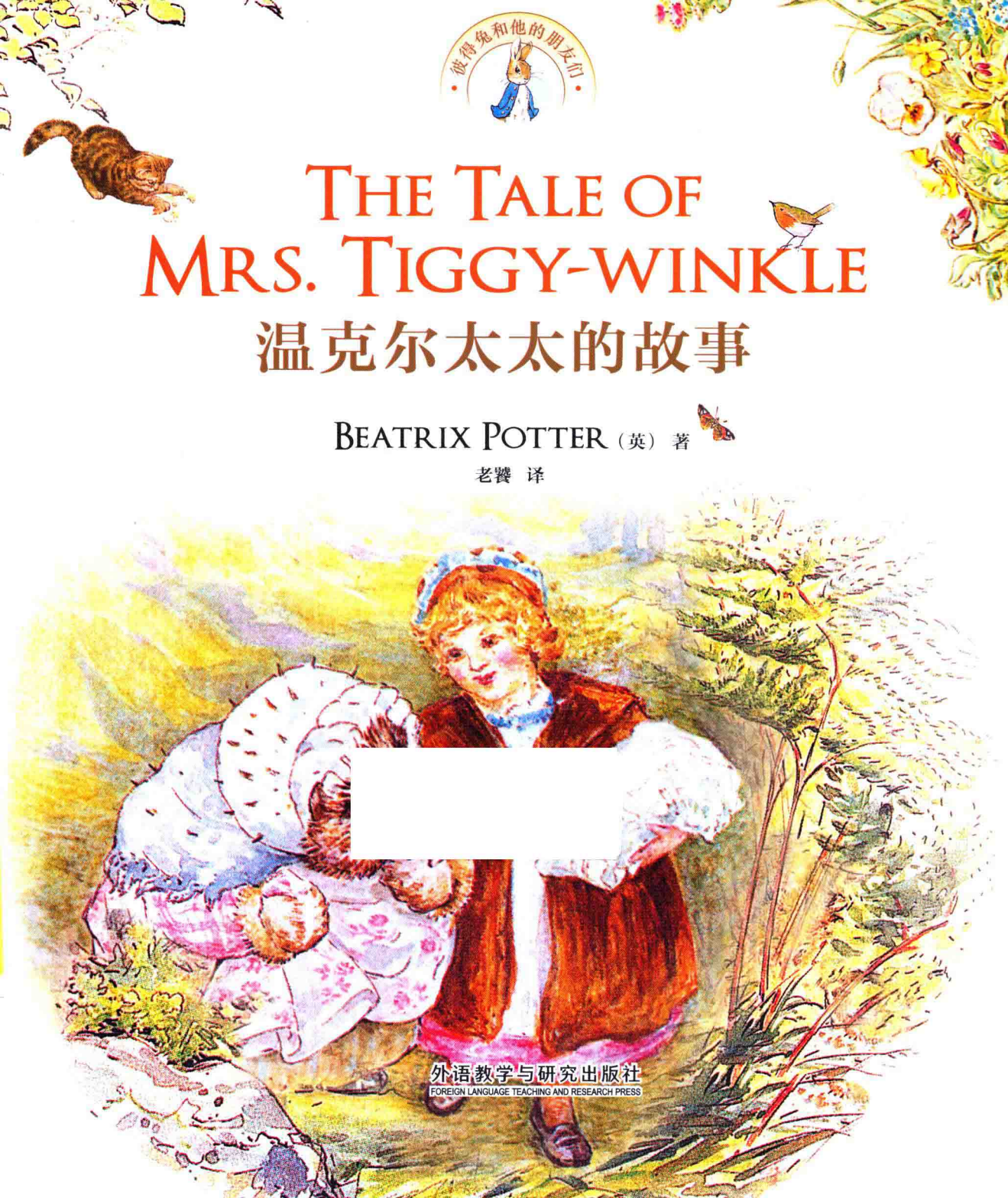


THE TALE OF MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE

温克尔太太的故事

BEATRIX POTTER (英) 著

老饕 译



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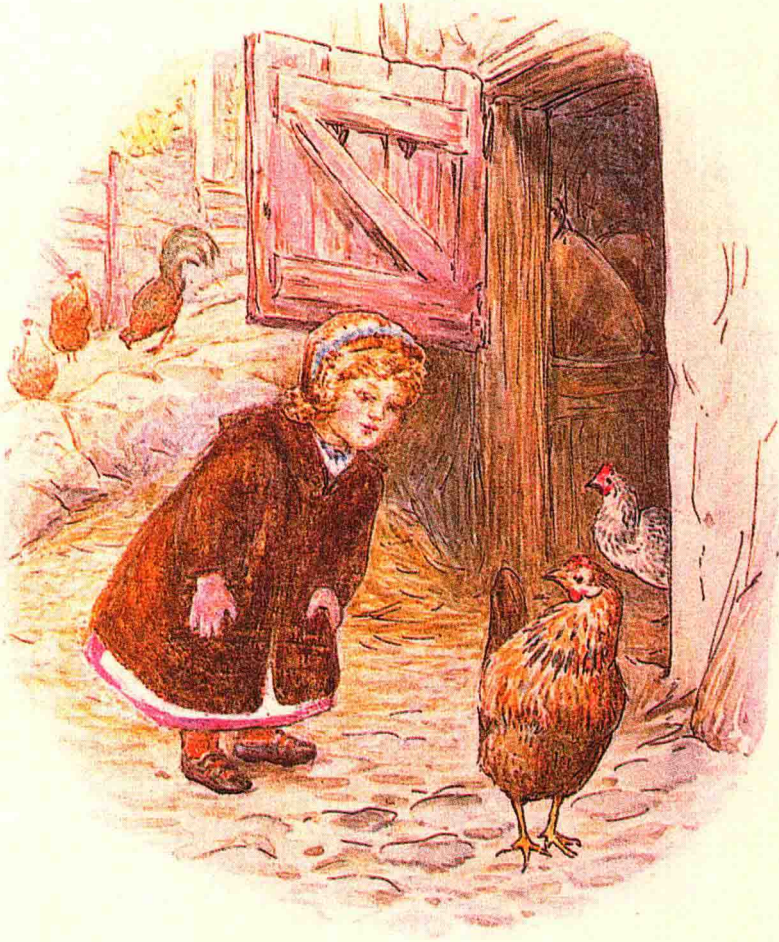
Once upon a time there was a little girl called Lucie, who lived at a farm called Little-town. She was a good little girl—only she was always losing her pocket-handkerchiefs!

很久以前，有一个叫玲珑小镇的农场，那里住着一个名叫露西的小女孩。露西是一个乖巧的女孩子——只是她总是把手帕弄丢！

One day little Lucie came into the farm-yard crying—oh, she did cry so! “I’ve lost my pocket-handkin! Three handkins and a pinny! Have you seen them, Tabby Kitten?”

一天，小露西哭着走进农场的院子里——啊，她哭得好伤心！“我把手帕弄丢了！三块手帕呢，还有一条小围裙！你见过我的手帕和围裙吗，小虎斑猫？”





The Kitten went on washing her white paws; so
Lucie asked a speckled hen—

小虎斑猫只顾舔自己的白爪子。露西只好去问一只小花母鸡——

“Sally Henny-penny, have you found
three pocket-handkins?”

“小母鸡萨莉，你见过我的三块手帕吗？”

But the speckled hen ran into a barn, clucking—

但是，小花母鸡转身跑进鸡棚里，咯咯叫着——

“I go barefoot, barefoot, barefoot!”

“我光着脚走路呀，光着脚呀，光着脚！”



And then Lucie asked Cock Robin
sitting on a twig.

然后，露西问一只蹲在小树枝上的知更鸟。

Cock Robin looked sideways at Lucie with his
bright black eye, and he flew over a stile and away.

知更鸟的眼睛又黑又亮，他斜瞅了露西一眼，越过一个台阶飞走了。

Lucie climbed upon the stile and looked up at
the hill behind Little-town—a hill that goes up—
up—into the clouds as though it had no top!

露西爬上台阶，抬头看见玲珑小镇后面的山——山一直向上向上延伸，直入云层，仿佛没有顶一样！

And a great way up the hill-side she thought she
saw some white things spread upon the grass.

在远远的半山腰上，露西仿佛看到草地上铺着一些白色的东西。





Lucie scrambled up the hill as fast as her short legs would carry her; she ran along a steep pathway—up and up—until Little-town was right away down below—she could have dropped a pebble down the chimney!

露西迈开小腿儿，用最快的速度往山上爬。她沿着一条十分陡峭的小路一直往上跑，跑呀跑，直到玲珑小镇就在她的眼皮底下，简直都能把小石头扔到下面的烟囱里！







Presently she came to a spring, bubbling out from the hill-side.

过了不久，露西来到一股泉水边上，泉水从山坡里一直往外涌。

Some one had stood a tin can upon a stone to catch the water—but the water was already running over, for the can was no bigger than an egg-cup! And where the sand upon the path was wet—there were foot-marks of a very small person.

有人在泉水底下的石头上放了个小桶——但是那个桶只有一个蛋杯那么大，水早已经满得溢出来了！小路上沙子是湿的地方——上面有一串串小脚印。

Lucie ran on, and on.

露西接着跑啊跑。





The path ended under a big rock. The grass was short and green, and there were clothes-props cut from bracken stems, with lines of plaited rushes, and a heap of tiny clothes pins—but no pocket-handkerchiefs!

小路的尽头有一块大岩石。那里的草又矮又绿，草地上立着几根用砍下的凤尾草草秆做成的晾衣架，晾衣架拉着几条灯芯草编的草绳，草绳上挂着一大堆小小的衣服夹子，但是露西没有看到自己的手帕！

But there was something else—a door! straight into the hill; and inside it some one was singing—

不过，她看到了别的东西——一扇门！直接通到了山的里面；里面有人在唱歌——

“Lily-white and clean, oh!

With little frills between, oh!

Smooth and hot—red rusty spot

Never here be seen, oh!”

“白白净净百合般，
中间带点小褶边，
衣服熨完滑又热，
熨坏衣服红污点，
在我这里从未见。”



Lucie knocked—once—twice, and interrupted the song. A little frightened voice called out “Who’s that?”

露西敲了敲门——一次——又一次，歌声被打断了。“谁呀？”里面传来一个小小的声音，像是吓了一跳！

Lucie opened the door: and what do you think there was inside the hill?—a nice clean kitchen with a flagged floor and wooden beams—just like any other farm kitchen. Only the ceiling was so low that Lucie’s head nearly touched it; and the pots and pans were small, and so was everything there.

露西推开门：你猜猜山的里面是什么？——一间干净漂亮的厨房，铺着石地板，架着木横梁——和农场的其他厨房一个样。就是天花板太低，露西的头差点就能碰到了。屋子里的锅碗瓢盆，都好小啊！这里的每一件东西都这么小！

