

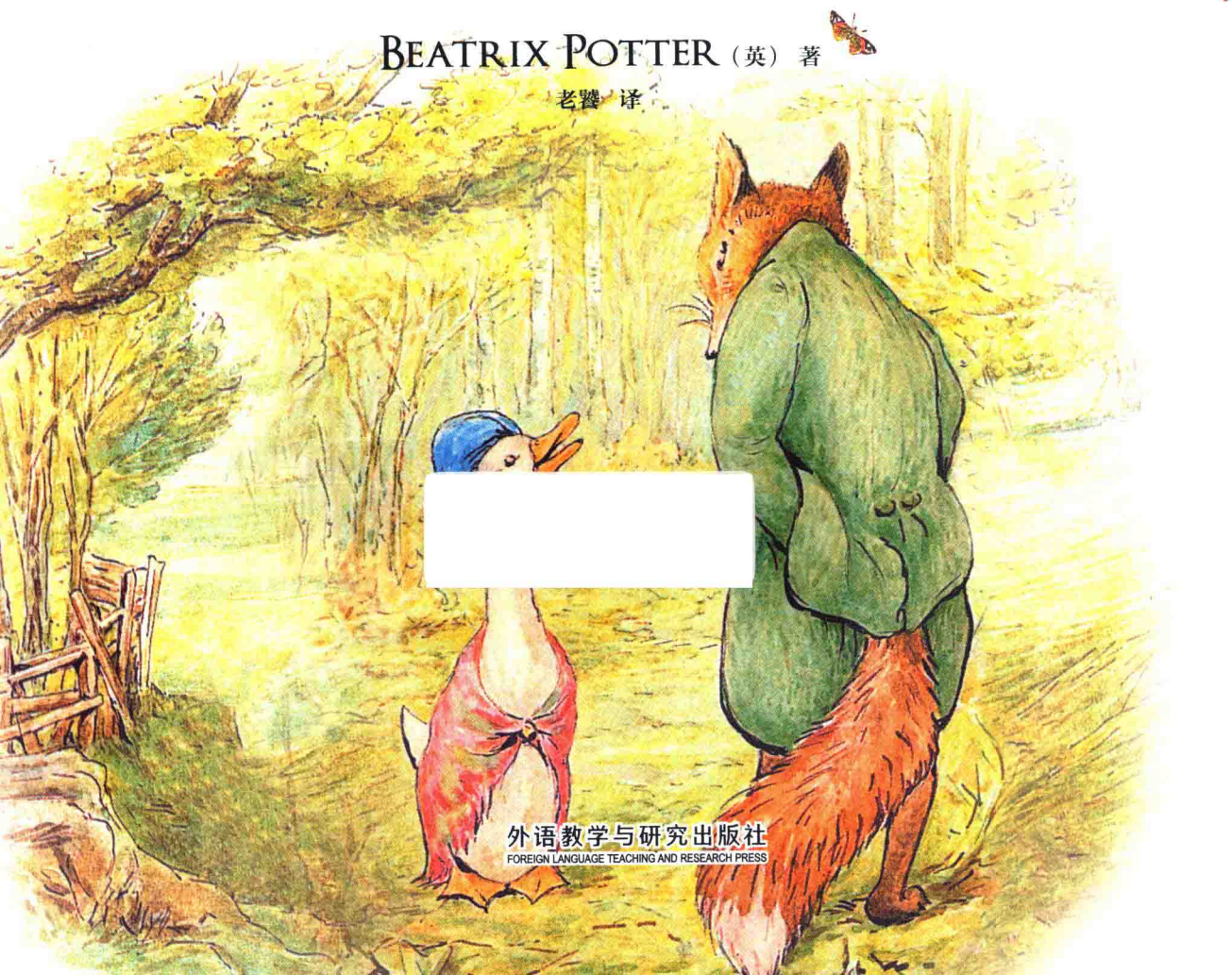


THE TALE OF JEMIMA PUDDLE-DUCK

水坑鸭杰迈玛的故事

BEATRIX POTTER (英) 著

老饕 译



外语教学与研究出版社
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What a funny sight it is to see a brood of ducklings with a hen!

多么有意思的一幕啊，一窝小鸭子竟然围着一只母鸡转！

—Listen to the story of **Jemima Puddle-duck**, who was annoyed because the farmer's wife would not let her hatch her own eggs.

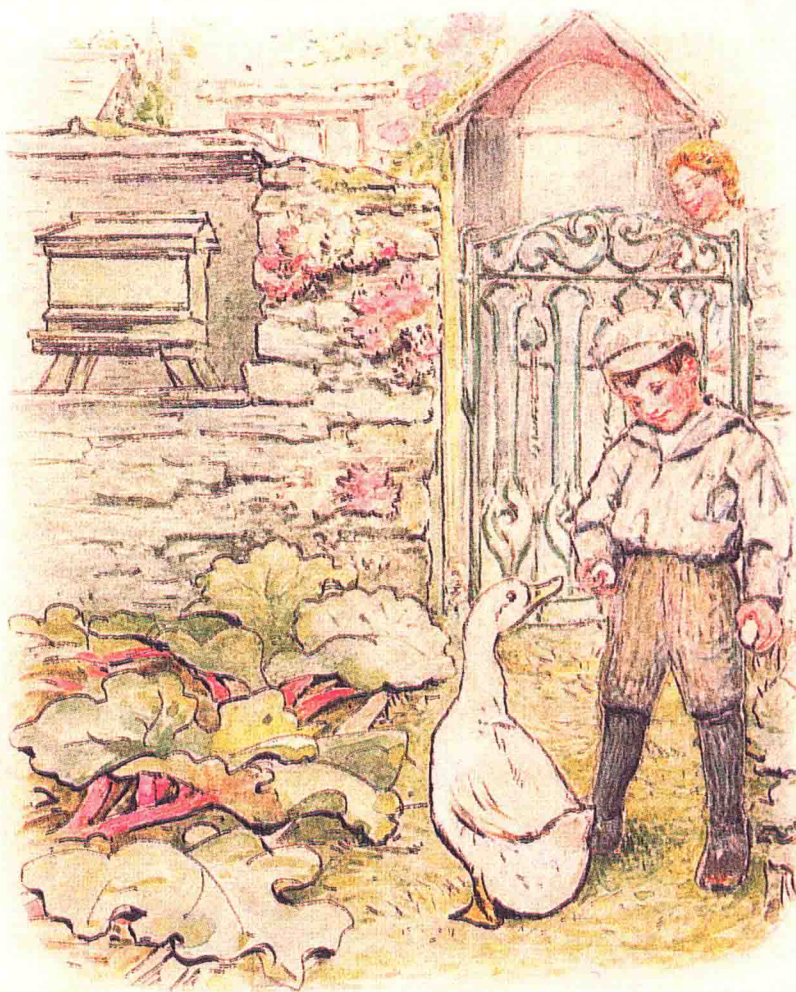
——我来讲一讲水坑鸭杰迈玛的故事吧。农场主的妻子不让她自己孵蛋，她为此正烦着呢！

Her sister-in-law, **Mrs. Rebecca Puddle-duck**, was perfectly willing to leave the hatching to some one else—“I have not the patience to sit on a nest for twenty-eight days; and no more have you, **Jemima**. You would let them go cold; you know you would!”

她的嫂子，水坑鸭丽贝卡太太，总是非常乐意让别人来替她孵蛋——

“我可没有耐心在窝里一坐就是二十八天。你也不会有耐心的，杰迈玛。你会让蛋受凉的，你自己心里清楚！”





"I wish to hatch my own eggs; I will hatch them all by myself," quacked Jemima Puddle-duck.

“我希望能自己孵蛋，我要亲自把它们孵出来。”
水坑鸭杰迈玛嘎嘎叫道。

She tried to hide her eggs; but they were always found and carried off.

她试了各种办法把自己的蛋藏起来，但它们总被找到，然后被拿走。

Jemima Puddle-duck became quite desperate. She determined to make a nest right away from the farm.

水坑鸭杰迈玛终于受不了了，她决定在远离农场的地方搭一个窝！



She set off on a fine spring afternoon along the cart-road that leads over the hill.

一个春光明媚的午后，杰迈玛出发了。她沿着通往山那一边的马车道向前走。

She was wearing a shawl and a poke bonnet.

她穿着披肩，戴着一顶宽檐帽。

When she reached the top of the hill, she saw a wood in the distance.

她爬到山顶上，看到远处有一片树林。

She thought that it looked a safe quiet spot.

她心想，那里看起来应该是个既安全又安静的地方。





Jemima Puddle-duck was not much in the habit of flying. She ran downhill a few yards flapping her shawl, and then she jumped off into the air.

水坑鸭杰迈玛平时不怎么飞。她扇动披肩，沿着山坡向下跑了几步，然后一跃而起跳向空中。

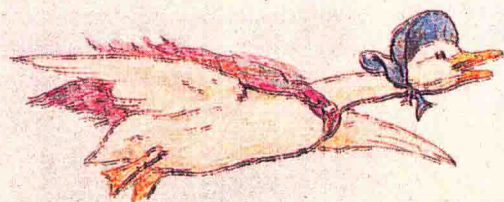
She flew beautifully when she had got a good start.

她顺利地起飞了，姿势还挺优美。

She skimmed along over the tree-tops until she saw an open place in the middle of the wood, where the trees and brushwood had been cleared.

她飞掠过树梢，直到看见树林中间有一片开阔的空地，那里的树和灌木都被砍掉了。







Jemima alighted rather heavily, and began to waddle about in search of a convenient dry nesting-place. She rather fancied a tree-stump amongst some tall fox-gloves.

杰迈玛重重地落在地上。她一摇一摆地走着，开始寻找一个既方便又干燥的地方搭窝。她看上了一个树桩，四周长着一些高高的狐狸手套花（我们管它叫毛地黄）。

But—seated upon the stump, she was startled to find an elegantly dressed gentleman reading a newspaper.

但是——她惊奇地发现，树桩上坐着一位衣着体面的绅士，他正在看报纸。

He had black prick ears and sandy-coloured whiskers.

他有一对高高竖起的黑耳朵和浅棕色的胡须。





**“Quack?” said Jemima Puddle-duck,
with her head and her bonnet on
one side—“Quack?”**

“嘎嘎？”水坑鸭杰迈玛叫道，她戴着宽檐帽的
脑袋歪向一边——“嘎嘎？”

**The gentleman raised his eyes above
his newspaper and looked curiously
at Jemima—**

那个绅士抬起头，将视线从报纸上移开，好奇地盯
着杰迈玛——

**“Madam, have you lost your way?” said he. He
had a long bushy tail which he was sitting upon,
as the stump was somewhat damp.**

“女士，你迷路了吗？”他问道。树桩有点潮湿，因此他坐在自己毛
茸茸的长尾巴上。



Jemima thought him mighty civil and handsome. She explained that she had not lost her way, but that she was trying to find a convenient dry nesting-place.

杰迈玛心想，他可真有礼貌，还那么帅气。她解释说她没有迷路，而是在找一个既方便又干燥的地方搭窝。

“Ah! is that so? indeed!” said the gentleman with sandy whiskers, looking curiously at Jemima. He folded up the newspaper, and put it in his coat-tail pocket.

“啊！这样啊？真的！”长着浅棕色胡须的绅士一边说，一边好奇地盯着杰迈玛。他叠起报纸，装进外衣后下摆的口袋里。

Jemima complained of the superfluous hen.

杰迈玛抱怨着那只多余的母鸡。

