

# 铁门胡同

The Iron Gate Alleyway

北京记忆  
The Memory Of Beijing

一 保冬妮 / 文  
一 吴翟 / 绘



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— 保冬妮 / 文 — 吴翟 / 绘

新疆青少年出版社



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保冬妮 / 文 吴翟 / 绘



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那儿，是我小时候的家。



## ■ 陪你走了很远的一棵树

名家赏析

北京到底有多少胡同？

北京人说：有名的胡同三千六，没名的胡同数不清。

通常我们提起的“胡同”，多指的是小胡同。书中的铁门胡同位于南城菜市口附近，讲述这个故事的时候，八十五岁高龄的老奶奶——昔日的小英子带我们来到了这处胡同。图画书里所有的房屋在现实中几乎都不见了，唯有那棵老树还在。老人家用双手抚摸着老树，就像回到了自己小时候。

小英子成长的那个年代，生活并不富裕，不同境遇的人们住在同一条胡同里，彼此间相敬如宾。那时的街坊邻居见面都会问安，小英子跟着妈妈挨家送粽子，把左邻右舍的故事带进了人生。那一片片沉静的四合院，记录着风情醇厚、耐人寻味的市井百态。

时间的魔术棒会把一个稚气未脱的孩童变成白发苍苍的老者。或许，这一切的改变叫我们难以捉摸；但是，生活会继续。就像那棵生长在胡同深处的老树，任凭风吹雨打，依旧每日里迎着晨光，抖擞着茂密的枝叶，淡然地观望着周围的事世变化。

一个胡同的变迁，一个世纪的瞬间，令我们看到的是醇厚、博大、稳健和真诚。那些挥之不去的旧日时光，其实正映现着现在与未来。我们在变与不变中追忆过去，也在乐观泰然中期待未来。





保冬妮：中国作家协会会员、儿童文学作家、心理咨询师。

我喜欢小金鱼儿，也喜欢北京的胡同儿。小时候住景山公园东边的三眼井胡同，夏天，老有悠长的叫卖声从窗外钻进来：“卖小金鱼儿嘞——”特别好听，叫唤声让孩子们心里都像被猫抓了似的往胡同里跑。那时候街上干净，也清静，没那么多车，挺安全。小孩儿们围着卖金鱼儿的老头儿看啊看啊……常常忘了回家。

作者已在海内外出版作品六十余部、三百万余字，著作曾荣获“第四届全国优秀儿童文学奖”、“第五届全国优秀少儿图书奖”、“冰心儿童图书奖”、“冰心儿童文学新作奖”、“新闻出版总署向青少年推荐的百种优秀图书”等荣誉，现为全国妇联《超级宝宝》杂志主编。



吴翟：职业插画家、绘本画家。

生于西安，长于北京。

喜欢温暖而亲切的人、事、物，也希望用手中的画笔为大孩子和小孩子们画出温暖而亲切的图画。



雪芹 (Qin Xue Herzberg)：翻译

出生于北京，毕业于北京师范大学中文系。1987年赴美国加尔文大学留学，自1990年在加尔文大学执教高年级汉语至今。雪芹在中美两地的报刊、杂志上已发表了上百篇文章。她和丈夫Larry喜欢到世界各地旅行。雪芹热爱动物，最喜欢的小动物是猫。



何乐礼 (Larry Herzberg)：翻译

美国加尔文大学汉语和日语教授。他热爱属于中国的一切事物。2008年，他和妻子雪芹合作出版了一本有关中国旅游的书，受到了广大读者的赞誉。何乐礼多才多艺，喜爱写作和旅行，还是位出色的小提琴手，每年都会在美国的大溪流城交响乐团演奏130场。



- | Story / Bao Dongni
- | Drawing / Wu Di
- | Translation / Qin Xue Herzberg & Larry Herzberg

英文翻译



\_\_\_\_\_

This is the home where I lived when I was a child.



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I lived in a small alleyway called Iron Gate.



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In the spring, when Mom and I ran into our neighbor, Mr. Zhao, in our small alleyway, Mr. Zhao always patted my head and said to my mom: "Good morning."



Mr. Zhao was a reporter with the newspaper. Even the famed novelist, Zhang Henshui, often came to Mr. Zhao's courtyard to have tea with him. Mr. Zhao's courtyard was always so lively.



In the summer, after lunch every courtyard in the alleyway was especially quiet. Dragonflies flew into the old musician's courtyard that lay across the street from our courtyard. We children followed it quietly.



The Dragon Boat Festival came. Mom made a lot of traditional sticky rice pudding. When it was all cooked, we took some to give to our neighbors in the alleyway.



First we went to Mrs. Wen's home.

The squeaky door opened. Mrs. Wen took the rice pudding from my mom with a smile. She thanked my mom, and closed the door. Mrs. Wen was very unfortunate. Even though she married a high-ranking army officer, she cried every day. Since she didn't have children, she didn't even have a person to talk to.



When we got to Mr. Qi's door, it happened that he and his wife were just coming out. Mr. Qi was a school teacher. His daughter died several years ago. Every time he saw me, he always said to me that I looked like his daughter. "Ah! How fortunate we are to taste your rice pudding again!" Mr. Qi took over the rice pudding and he took out some money from his pocket for me: "Little Yingzi, this is for you to buy some fruit, like crabapples and apricots." I put my hands behind my back and turned around to look at my mom. Mom smiled and said: "It's all right. Since this is from Mr. Qi, you can accept it."



Autumn came. Old maid Wang and several other neighbors were gossiping about how her master's home was haunted. Old maid Wang's master was a jeweler and their courtyard gate was always shut. I ran past them, feeling scared, and hurried straight home as fast as I could go.



Dad came home earlier these days, because his business had gotten more difficult since the Japanese occupied Beijing.



Winter came. My dad left.

Mom said that since the Japanese invaders arrived, Dad's printing business had collapsed and as a result, Dad could not repay the debt by the end of the year. He had no choice but to hide somewhere else to avoid the creditors.



On the 23rd of the twelfth month on the traditional Chinese lunar calendar, the beginning of the Chinese Spring Festival, Mom brought festive barley candies home. We were going to use the candies to offer a sacrifice to the Kitchen God, who protects the well-being of the family.



On the evening of the 30th of the twelfth month, Dad finally came back home. "We'll celebrate the New Year!"



The whole family got together again at last. Listening to the sound of the firecrackers' explosion outside, Dad smiled and said: "Let's hope next year's business will be better."



On the 15th of the first month, the Lantern Festival, my brother, my sister and I carried our lanterns and followed our parents to a Chinese opera house. It was really bustling and exciting in the opera house.



When the opera was over, we came out and saw there was a very heavy snow. The snow already covered all the roofs and you couldn't see anything in the distance.



You can never see such heavy snow in Beijing any more these days. The trees are still in their old places, but the small alleyways are gone.





我家住在铁门儿胡同。



春天。

妈妈带我出门，遇上隔壁的赵先生，赵先生总是摸摸我的头，对妈笑笑：「您早啊。」





赵先生是报社的记者，小说家张恨水常去他家里喝茶。

他们的院子里总是很热闹。

