

双语版

东方沃野

The Tale of Peter Rabbit 彼得兔经典故事

全集 VI

[英] 毕翠克丝·波特/文&图
依然/译



江西高校出版社
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彼得兔经典故事全集（双语版）VI

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文 字：[英] 毕翠克丝·波特

绘 画：[英] 毕翠克丝·波特

翻 译：依 然

出版发行：江西高校出版社

地 址：南昌市洪都北大道96号（330046）

电 话：(010)64461648

经 销：全国新华书店

印 刷：北京友谊印刷有限公司

开 本：889mm×1194mm 1/24

印 张：5

版 次：2013年8月第1版

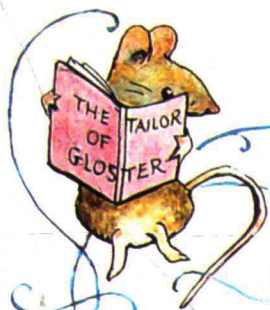
印 次：2013年8月第1次印刷

书 号：ISBN 978-7-5493-1981-7

定 价：19.80元

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彼得兔经典故事

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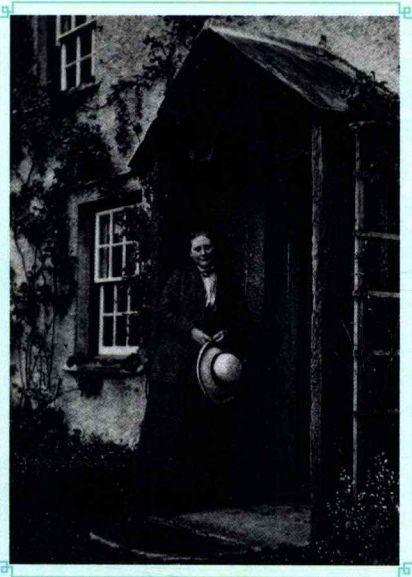
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序



毕翠克丝·波特（Beatrix·Potter，1866~1943）出生于英国伦敦一个富有的家庭，她一直是一个害羞、内向的人，但是她的一生是真正的传奇，她创作的小动物童话故事集《小兔彼得和他的朋友们》赢得了全世界孩子们的心，至今已被翻译成36种语言在数十个国家出版发行，销售量数以千万计。在英语国家里，几乎每一个小孩子都有过一两本她的故事书。

毕翠克丝·波特出身贵族，没有上过学，然而，她并不孤单，她和弟弟一起收养了许多小动物，兔子、蜥蜴、青蛙、蛇、睡鼠、狗、刺猬……这些小动物就是她故事中的主角。比如《小兔彼得的故事》中的彼得，就是她的宠物兔子。另一只有名的兔子本杰明也是她的宠物，是她从伦敦的一家鸟店里买来的。《小猪布兰德的故事》里的那只漂亮的黑底白斑小猪布兰德是毕翠克丝放在床边用奶瓶喂大的，后来它成了她忠诚的伴侣，跟着她进进出出。

让全世界的读者着迷的除了毕翠克丝·波特的文字，还有她自己手绘的插图。从很小的时候，毕翠克丝·波特就开始不厌其烦地画这些小动物，所以她画的小动物们都高度真实，充满了动人

的细节；在毕翠克丝的心里，这些动物是和我们人一样的生灵，有着和人一样的喜怒哀乐，所以她画的小动物又高度拟人化，每一个都有自己的个性，让人看了还想看。

1893年9月4日这一天，波特给她过去的家庭女教师安妮患病的5岁的儿子诺埃尔·莫尔写了一封信：“亲爱的孩子，我不知道该对你说什么，就让我给你讲一只小兔子的故事吧，他的名字叫彼得……”这封带插图的信长达八页，讲述了一只名叫彼得的小兔子的故事。自此，“彼得”诞生了！

当我们读完这本精美的书，轻轻合上，慢慢闭上眼睛，相信孩子们脑海中浮现的会是那个独自在家、在幼儿室里和她的小动物们相亲相爱的小姑娘，还有淘气而又胆小怕事的小兔彼得、尖酸贪婪的老鼠大胡子塞缪尔、不谙世事而又颇有主张的水鸭杰迈玛、大智若愚而又心胸开阔的小猪布兰德，他们一起住在一个美丽的山村，永远不会老……并伴随着每一代、每一个纯真的孩子一点点地美好地成长。

编者



目录

小猪鲁宾逊的故事

7

三只小老鼠

105

狡猾的老猫

109

小兔子的圣诞晚会

117



小豬魯賓遜的故事

The Tale of Little Pig Robinson



1923



第一章



我小的时候，常去海边度假。我们居住在一个小镇上，那儿有海港、渔船和渔民。渔民们天天扬帆远航，撒网捕鲱鱼。每当渔船返航归来，有的渔民只捕到几条鲱鱼，有的却因捕到的鲱鱼太多，以至于无法把鱼全部卸到码头上。于是，就会有人驾着马车到浅滩去迎接满载而归的渔船。鱼从船的一侧被铲进马车，运到火车站，然后装进等在那儿的运鱼专列。

When I was a child I used to go to the seaside for the holidays. We stayed in a little town where there was a harbor and fishing boats and fishermen. They sailed away to catch herrings in nets. When the boats came back home again some had only caught a few herrings. Others had caught so many that they could not all be unloaded on to the quay. Then horses and carts were driven into the shallow water at low tide to meet the heavily laden boats. The fish were shoveled over the side of the boat into the carts, and taken to the railway station, where a special train of fish trucks was waiting.

每当渔船满载而归的时候，人们总是兴奋不已。小镇一半的居民，包括猫，都会跑到码头去迎接。

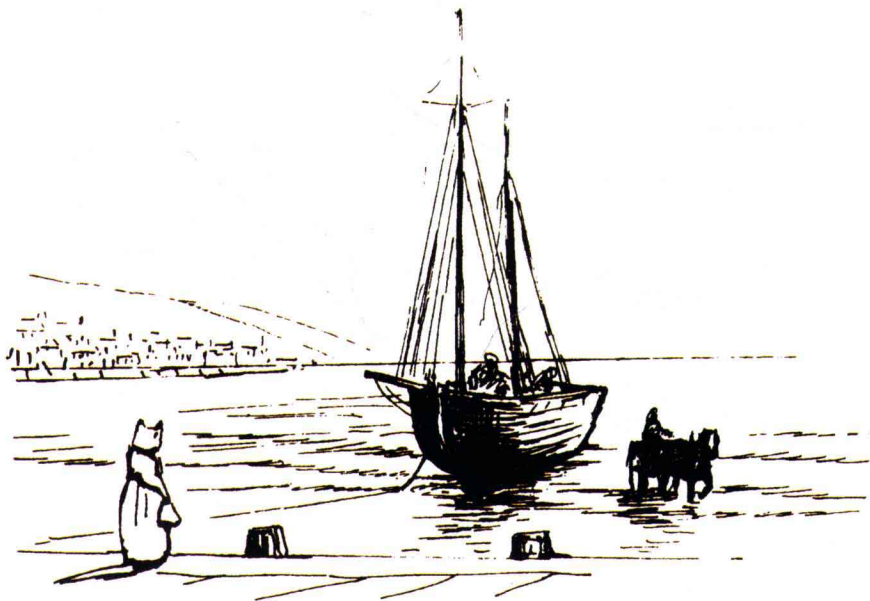
Great was the excitement when the fishing boats returned with a good catch of herrings. Half the people in the town ran down to the quay, including cats.





其中有一只名叫苏珊的白猫，她从未错过迎接渔船的日子。她的主人是老渔夫萨姆的太太贝琪。贝琪患有风湿病，没有儿女，只有苏珊和五只母鸡。贝琪总是坐在火炉旁，因为她有背痛的毛病，每当她为炉火加煤或搅动锅里的东西时，她的嘴里都会发出“噢！噢！”的呻吟声。苏珊坐在贝琪对面，为贝琪感到难过，她多希望自己懂得怎样加煤和搅动锅里的东西啊！萨姆出海捕鱼的时候，她们就整天坐在火炉旁，喝杯茶和一些牛奶。

There was a white cat called Susan who never missed meeting the boats. She belonged to the wife of an old fisherman named Sam. The wife's name was Betsy. She had rheumatics, and she had no family except Susan and five hens. Betsy sat by the fire; her back ached; she said "Ow! Ow!" whenever she had to put coal on, and stir the pot. Susan sat opposite to Betsy. She felt sorry for Betsy; she wished she knew how to put the coal on and stir the pot. All day long they sat by the fire, while Sam was away fishing. They had a cup of tea and some milk.





“苏珊，”贝琪说，“我几乎站不起来了。你去门口等候主人的船吧。”

苏珊去了又回，在花园里进出了三四次。黄昏时分，她终于看到了船队的桅帆从远处的海面驶了过来。

“Susan,” said Besty, “I can hardly stand up. Go to the front gate and look out for Master’s boat.”

Susan went out and came back. Three or four times she went out into the garden. At last, late in the afternoon, she saw the sails of the fishing fleet, coming in over the sea.

“你去港口向主人要六条鲱鱼，我要拿它们做晚餐。拿着篮子，苏珊。”

苏珊提起篮子，还借了贝琪的女帽和小花格呢披肩。我看见她匆匆忙忙地向港口走去。

“Go down to the harbor; ask Master for six herrings, I will cook them for supper. Take my basket, Susan.”

Susan took the basket; also she borrowed Betsy’s bonnet and little plaid shawl. I saw her burying down to the harbour.

其他猫也从村舍里跑了出来，沿着通往海边的斜坡路奔向海边。到海边去的还有鸭子。我记得鸭子们头上的顶冠是最奇特的，看起来像戴着一顶苏格兰式的宽边圆帽。每一个人都急匆匆地赶去迎接渔船——几乎每一个人。而我却遇到了一只叫斯达姆比的狗，他正走在街道的对面，嘴里还叼着一个纸袋。

Other cats were coming out of the cottages, and running down the steep streets that lead to the sea front. Also ducks. I remember that they were most peculiar ducks with top-knots that looked like tam-o’-shanter caps. Everybody was hurrying to meet the boats – nearly everybody. I only met one person, a dog called Stumpy, who was going the opposite way. He was carrying a paper parcel in his mouth.



有些狗不喜欢吃鱼。斯达姆比去肉店给自己、鲍勃、珀西和罗斯小姐买羊排。斯达姆比是一只严肃的、守规矩的短尾棕色大狗。他和猎狗鲍勃、小猫珀西以及负责看管房子的罗斯小姐住在一起。斯达姆比过去的主人是一位富有的老绅士，老绅士去世后，给斯达姆比留了一笔钱——每周十先令，直到斯达姆比去世。这就是斯达姆比、鲍勃和小猫珀西一起住在一座美丽的小房子里的原因。

Some dogs do not care for fish. Stumpy had been to the butcher's to buy mutton chops for himself and Bob and Percy and Miss Rose. Stumpy was a large, serious, well-behaved brown dog with a short tail. He lived with Bob the retriever and Percy the cat and Miss Rose who kept house. Stumpy had belonged to a very rich old gentleman; and when the old gentleman died he left money to Stumpy – ten shillings a week for the rest of Stumpy's life. So that was why Stumpy and Bob and Percy the cat all lived together in a pretty little house.

在布罗德大街的拐角，提着篮子的苏珊遇到了斯达姆比。苏珊向斯达姆比行了一个屈膝礼。要不是她急着要去迎接渔船，她肯定会停下来，问一问珀西到底怎么样了。珀西的腿瘸了，是被运奶马车的车轮碾坏的。

Susan with her basket met Stumpy at the corner of Broad Street. Susan made a curtsy. She would have stopped to inquire after Percy, only she was in a hurry to meet the boat. Percy was lame; he had hurt his foot. It had been trapped under the wheel of a milk cart.







斯达姆比用眼角的余光看到了苏珊。他向苏珊摇了摇尾巴，可是没有停下来。他既不能向她鞠躬，也不能说“下午好”，要不他嘴里叼的那包羊排就会掉下来。他从布罗德大街出来，拐进了伍德拜恩小巷，他就住在那里。他推开大门，走进房子。不久，屋里便飘出一股肉香，我相信斯达姆比、鲍勃和罗斯小姐一定正在享用羊排。

吃晚饭的时候，珀西不见了。他从窗户溜了出去，像镇上其他的猫一样，跑到港口迎接渔船去了。

Stumpy looked at Susan out of the corner of his eye; he wagged his tail, but he did not stop. He could not bow or say “good afternoon” for fear of dropping the parcel of mutton chops. He turned out of Broad Street into Woodbine Lane, where he lived; he pushed open the front door and disappeared into a house. Presently there was a smell of cooking, and I have no doubt that Stumpy and Bob and Miss Rose enjoyed their mutton chops. Percy could not be found at dinner-time. He had slipped out of the window, and, like all the other cats in the town, he had gone to meet the fishing boats.

苏珊沿着布罗德大街匆匆赶路，她走下一道陡峭的台阶，抄小道赶往港口。鸭子们则聪明地选择了另一条路绕到海边，对于腿脚不如猫利索的鸭子来说，台阶实在是太陡峭、太光滑了。苏珊轻快地走下台阶！在房后的高墙之间有四十三级台阶，那里漆黑而泥泞。

Susan hurried along Broad Street and took the short cut to the harbor, down a steep flight of steps. The ducks had wisely gone another way, round by the sea front. The steps were too steep and slippery for anyone less sure-footed than a cat. Susan went down quickly and easily. There were forty-three steps, rather dark and slimy, between high backs of houses.



绳索和沥青的气味伴随着嘈杂声从下面传来。台阶的底部就是码头，也就是港湾登陆的地方。

潮水退了，码头上没有水，船只停泊在肮脏的淤泥上。有几只渔船停靠在码头边，其他的船则停泊在防洪大堤内。

A smell of ropes and pitch and a good deal of noise came up from below. At the bottom of the steps was the quay, or landing place, beside the inner harbor.

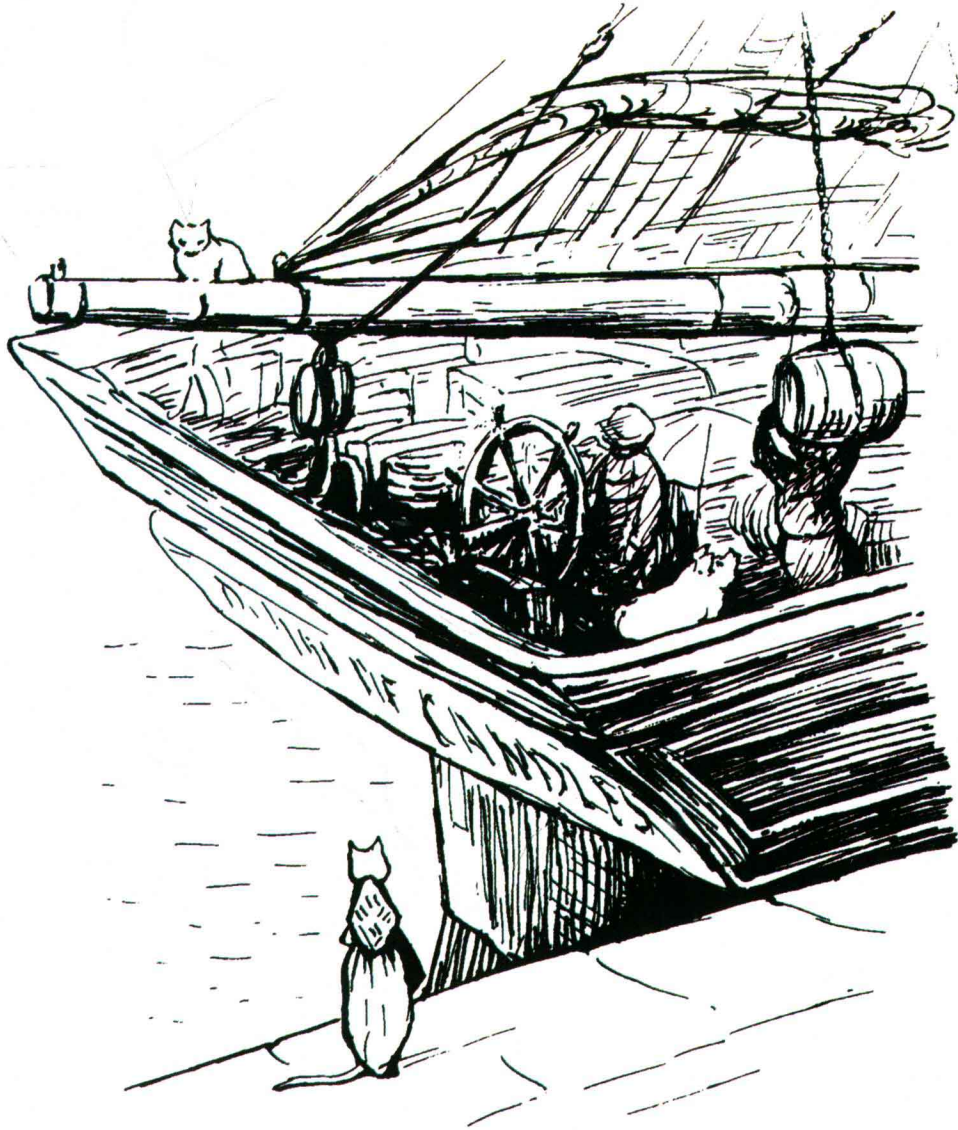
The tide was out; there was no water, the vessels rested on the dirty mud. Several ships were moored beside the quay, others were anchored inside the breakwater.

在台阶旁，两艘肮脏的运煤船正在卸煤，一艘是森德兰港的“马乔里·道”号，另一艘是加得夫港的“珍妮·琼斯”号。男人们推着一车车煤在木板上奔跑。岸上的吊车摆动着煤斗，卸下煤斗里的煤，发出一阵阵巨大的“隆隆”声和“嘎嘎”声。

码头的另一侧，一艘名为“堪德斯的庞德”的货船正往船上装杂货。一包包、一桶桶、一箱箱——各式各样的货物被装入船舱。水手和搬运工的叫喊声、铁链的碰撞声响成了一片。苏珊找了个机会悄悄溜过嘈杂的人群。她看到一桶苹果酒在半空摇晃着，正从码头移向“堪德斯的庞德”的甲板。一只黄猫坐在帆索上，也在盯着那只酒桶。

Near the steps, coal was being unloaded from two grimy colliers called the “Margery Dawe” of Sunderland, and the “Jenny Jones” of Cardiff. Men ran along planks with wheelbarrowfuls of coal; coal scoops were swung ashore by cranes, and emptied with loud thumping and rattling.

Farther along the quay, another ship called the “Pound of Candles” was taking a mixed cargo on board. Bales, casks, packing-cases, barrels – all manner of goods were being stowed into the hold; sailors and stevedores shouted; chains rattled and clanked. Susan waited for an opportunity to slip past the noisy crowd. She watched a cask of cider that bobbed and swung in the air, on its passage from the quay to the deck of the “Pound of Candles”. A yellow cat who sat in the rigging was also watching the cask.





绳索通过滑轮慢慢移动，酒桶摇摇晃晃地滑到甲板上。一个水手等在那儿，他在下面说：

“留神啊！小心你的脑袋，年轻的先生！别挡道！”

“哼，哼，哼！”一只粉色小猪哼叫着在“堪德斯的庞德”号甲板上惊慌地四处奔跑。绳索上的那只黄猫看了看粉色小猪，又看了看码头那边的苏珊，眼睛一眨一眨的。

The rope ran through the pulley; the cask went down bobbitty on to the deck, where a sailor man was waiting for it. Said the sailor down below:

“Look out! Mind your head, young sir! Stand out of the way!”

“Wee, wee, wee!” grunted a small pink pig, scampering round the deck of the “Pound of Candles”.

The yellow cat in the rigging watched the small pink pig. The yellow cat in the rigging looked across at Susan on the quay. The yellow cat winked.

苏珊看到一只猪在轮船上，感到很惊讶，但是她正忙着赶路，没心思理会这些。她沿着码头向前挤。码头上到处都是煤、起重机、推着手推车的男人，还有噪音和气味。她走过鱼市、鱼箱子、分鱼工人，还有鱼桶——妇女们正在往桶里装鲱鱼和盐。

Susan was surprised to see a pig on board a ship. But she was in a hurry. She threaded her way along the quay, amongst coal and cranes, and men wheeling hand-trucks, and noises and smells. She passed the fish auction, and fish boxes, and fish sorters, and barrels that women were filling with herrings and salt.