

· 中英对照全译本 ·

THE CHRONICLES OF NARNIA

纳尼亚传奇

1

魔法师的外甥

The Magician's Nephew

[英] C.S. 刘易斯 著

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译

世界图书出版公司

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[英] C.S. 刘易斯 著

C.S. Lewis



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前言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释，部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

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the garden next door and put his face over the wall. Polly was very surprised because up till now there had never been any children in that house, but only Mr Ketterley and Miss Ketterley, a brother and sister, old bachelor and old maid, living together. So she looked up, full of curiosity. The face of the strange boy was very grubby. It could hardly have been grubbier if he had first rubbed his hands in the earth, and then had a good cry, and then dried his face with his hands. As a matter of fact, this was very nearly what he had been doing.

“Hullo,” said Polly.

“Hullo,” said the boy. “What’s your name?”

“Polly,” said Polly. “What’s yours?”

“Digory,” said the boy.

“I say, what a funny name!” said Polly.

“It isn’t half so funny as Polly,” said Digory.

“Yes it is,” said Polly.

“No, it isn’t,” said Digory.

“At any rate I *do* wash my face,” said Polly, “Which is what you need to do; especially after —” and then she stopped. She had been going to say “After you’ve been blubbing,” but she

的墙往上爬，在墙头露出了他的脸。波莉感到非常吃惊，因为到目前为止，那幢房子从来没有出现过任何孩子，只有老光棍儿凯特利先生和老处女凯特利小姐住在那里，他们是一对兄妹。所以她充满好奇心地向上方看去，那个陌生男孩儿的脸真是太脏了，即使他先把手放在地上蹭一蹭，再痛哭一次，然后再用手擦脸，都很难脏到这个地步。而事实上，这和他刚才做的事非常接近。

“你好啊！”波莉向他打招呼。

“你好！”男孩说道，“你叫什么名字？”

“波莉，”波莉说，“你呢？”

“迪戈里。”男孩回答道。

“哈哈，多么滑稽的名字啊！”波莉说道。

“还没有波莉这个名字一半滑稽呢。”

“就是滑稽。”波莉接着说道。

“不，一点也不滑稽。”男孩说道。

“无论如何，我可是会洗脸的，”波莉说，“而这正是你需要

thought that wouldn't be polite.

"All right, I have then," said Digory in a much louder voice, like a boy who was so miserable that he didn't care who knew he had been crying. "And so would you," he went on, "if you'd lived all your life in the country and had a pony, and a river at the bottom of the garden, and then been brought to live in a beastly Hole like this."

"London isn't a Hole," said Polly indignantly. But the boy was too wound up to take any notice of her, and he went on —

"And if your father was away in India — and you had to come and live with an Aunt and an Uncle who's mad (who would like that?) — and if the reason was that they were looking after your Mother — and if your Mother was ill and was going to — going to — die." Then his face went the wrong sort of shape as it does if you're trying to keep back your tears.

"I didn't know. I'm sorry," said Polly humbly. And then, because she hardly knew what to say, and also to turn Digory's mind to cheerful subjects, she asked:

"Is Mr Ketterley really mad?"

"Well either he's mad," said Digory,

做的，尤其是在……"然后她没有吱声。其实她打算说的是“在你痛哭之后”，但是她想了想，觉得这样说不是很礼貌。

“没错，我刚才哭了。”迪戈里提高音量说道，就像一个极度悲伤的男孩儿，根本就不在意别人知道他号啕大哭过。“并且你也会这么做的，”他继续说道，“如果你从前生活在乡间，拥有一匹小马驹，还能在花园尽头处看到小河流过，但是现在却要住在一个令人讨厌的洞里的话。”

“伦敦才不是洞呢。”波莉气愤地反驳道。但是那个男孩儿实在太伤心了，以至于没有注意到她的态度。他继续说道：

“如果你的父亲住在遥远的印度——你必须来投奔姨妈以及已经疯了的舅舅（谁会愿意呢？）——如果这正是他们照料你母亲的理由，如果你的母亲病重，马上就会——就会——死去。”然后，他的脸因为试图强忍住泪水而显得变了形。

“我不知道这些，对不起。”波莉恭恭敬敬地道歉。接下来，因为真的不知道该聊些什么，也不知道如何把迪戈里的心思转移到快乐的话题上，她问道：

“凯特利先生真的疯了？”

“or there’s some other mystery. He has a study on the top floor and Aunt Letty says I must never go up there. Well, that looks fishy to begin with. And then there’s another thing. Whenever he tries to say anything to me at meal times – he never even tries to talk to *her* – she always shuts him up. She says, ‘Don’t worry the boy, Andrew’ or ‘I’m sure Digory doesn’t want to hear about *that*’ or else ‘Now, Digory, wouldn’t you like to go out and play in the garden?’”

“What sort of things does he try to say?”

“I don’t know. He never gets far enough. But there’s more than that. One night – it was last night in fact – as I was going past the foot of the attic stairs on my way to bed (and I don’t much care for going past them either) I’m sure I heard a yell.”

“Perhaps he keeps a mad wife shut up there.”

“Yes, I’ve thought of that.”

“Or perhaps he’s a coiner.”

“Or he might have been a pirate, like the man at the beginning of *Treasure Island*, and be always hiding from his old shipmates.”

“How exciting!” said Polly, “I never knew your house was so interesting.”

“可能疯了，”迪戈里说道，“也可能有着其他秘密。他在顶楼设了个书房，莱蒂姨妈嘱咐我绝对不能到那里去。这就是疑点的开始。还有一件事，每当他试着在吃饭时对我说些什么——他从不和姨妈交流——姨妈就会叫他闭嘴。她总是说‘不要打扰这个孩子，安德鲁’，或者是‘我确信迪格雷不想听那些事情’，又或者‘迪格雷，难道你现在不想到外面的花园里玩玩吗？’”

“他想告诉你什么呢？”

“不清楚，他一向很少说话。另外还有一件事，某天夜里——其实就是昨天晚上——我准备回屋休息，在经过顶楼楼梯口的时候（我很介意经过那里），我确信自己听到了喊叫声。”

“也许他把一个疯掉了的妻子关在了那里吧。”

“我也这么认为。”

“没准他是个伪造货币者。”

“也有可能他从前是个海盗，就像《金银岛》里那个在开场时出现的人一样，总是躲着过去的同船伙伴。”

“太让人兴奋了！”波莉说道，“那幢房子原来这么有意思，

"You may think it interesting," said Digory. "But you wouldn't like it if you had to sleep there. How would you like to lie awake listening for Uncle Andrew's step to come creeping along the passage to your room? And he has such awful eyes."

That was how Polly and Digory got to know one another: and as it was just the beginning of the summer holidays and neither of them was going to the sea that year, they met nearly every day.

Their adventures began chiefly because it was one of the wettest and coldest summers there had been for years. That drove them to do indoor things: you might say, indoor exploration. It is wonderful how much exploring you can do with a stump of candle in a big house, or in a row of houses. Polly had discovered long ago that if you opened a certain little door in the box-room attic of her house you would find the cistern and a dark place behind it which you could get into by a little careful climbing. The dark place was like a long tunnel with brick wall on one side and sloping roof on the other. In the roof there were little chunks of light between the slates. There was no floor in this tunnel: you

我以前都不知道。”

“在你眼里可能很有意思,”迪戈里说,“但你肯定不会喜欢住在那里。睡得迷迷糊糊的时候,听到安德鲁舅舅的脚步声从楼道里传来,慢慢向你靠近,你愿意吗?况且他还有一双可怕的眼睛。”

这就是波莉和迪戈里相识的过程,当时暑假才刚刚开始。那年他们俩谁都没有去海边,差不多每天都会见到彼此。

接下来他们的冒险就开始了,但是由于那个夏天是这些年当中最阴冷潮湿的夏天之一,所以他们的活动范围仅限于屋子里,因此也可以称之为室内冒险。点燃一支残蜡,在一幢大房子或一排房子里探查搜索,真是一种奇妙的体验。波莉早就发现,如果打开顶楼储藏室的某扇小门,就能看见蓄水池以及其后一块阴暗的地方,可以小心地爬过去。这块阴暗的地方就像一条长隧道,一侧是砖砌的墙,一侧是倾斜的屋顶。微弱的光会从屋顶板岩间的缝隙里射进来。隧道里没装地板,只能从一根椽子跨到另一根椽子,椽子之间铺着石膏。如果踏在了石膏上,你就会穿过天花板掉进下面的屋子里。

had to step from rafter to rafter, and between them there was only plaster. If you stepped on this you would find yourself falling through the ceiling of the room below. Polly had used the bit of the tunnel just beside the cistern as a smugglers' cave. She had brought up bits of old packing cases and the seats of broken kitchen chairs, and things of that sort, and spread them across from rafter to rafter so as to make a bit of floor. Here she kept a cash-box containing various treasures, and a story she was writing and usually a few apples. She had often drunk a quiet bottle of ginger-beer in there: the old bottles made it look more like a smugglers' cave.

Digory quite liked the cave (she wouldn't let him see the story) but he was more interested in exploring.

"Look here," he said. "How long does this tunnel go on for? I mean, does it stop where your house ends?"

"No," said Polly. "The walls don't go out to the roof. It goes on. I don't know how far."

"Then we could get the length of the whole row of houses."

"So we could," said Polly, "And oh, I say!"

波莉过去总把蓄水池旁的这条隧道看作是“走私犯的洞穴”。旧包装箱的纸板和厨房坏椅子的坐垫等这类东西曾被她带到上面，铺在椽子之间作为地板。她还放了一个钱盒，里面装了各类宝贝，有她正在创作的故事书，一般还会有几个苹果。她经常躲在那里悄悄地喝一瓶姜汁啤酒，那些丢弃的旧酒瓶让这个地方看起来更像“走私犯的洞穴”了。

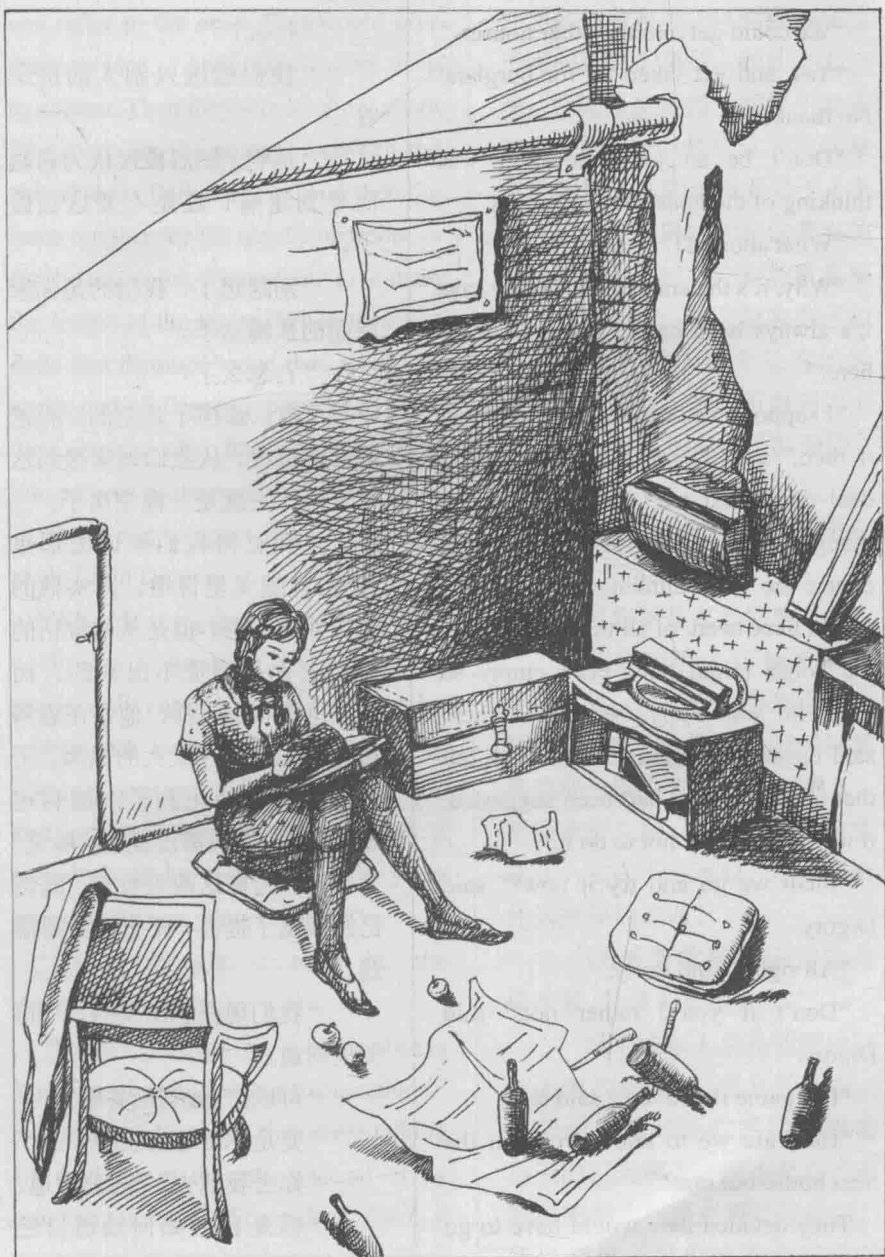
迪戈里非常喜欢那个洞穴（波莉从不让他见到那本故事书），不过他更喜欢冒险。

“喂，”迪戈里说，“这条隧道到底有多长？我的意思是它的终点就是你家房子的最边缘处吗？”

“不，”波莉说，“屋顶那里并不是墙的终点。我也不清楚这条隧道能通到哪里。”

“所以我们可以把这一整排房子都走个遍。”

“的确可以，”波莉说，“哦，



“What?”

“We could get *into* the other houses.”

“Yes, and get taken up for burglars! No thanks.”

“Don’t be so jolly clever. I was thinking of the house beyond yours.”

“What about it?”

“Why, it’s the empty one. Daddy says it’s always been empty since we came here.”

“I suppose we ought to have a look at it then,” said Digory. He was a good deal more excited than you’d have thought from the way he spoke. For of course he was thinking, just as you would have been, of all the reasons why the house might have been empty so long. So was Polly. Neither of them said the word “haunted”. And both felt that once the thing had been suggested, it would be feeble not to do it.

“Shall we go and try it now?” said Digory.

“All right,” said Polly.

“Don’t if you’d rather not,” said Digory.

“I’m game if you are,” said she.

“How are we to know we’re in the next house but one?”

They decided they would have to go out into the box-room and walk across

听我讲!”

“什么?”

“我们能进入别人的房子呀!”

“是啊,然后被误认为窃贼而受到逮捕!还是不要这么做了。”

“别瞎想了,我指的是你家后面的那幢房子。”

“它怎么了?”

“哎,那房子是空的。我爸爸告诉过我,从我们把家搬到这里开始,它就是一幢空房子。”

“我觉得我们应该去那里看看。”迪戈里说道。其实他的内心非常兴奋,但是从他说话的语气上你是察觉不出来的。而且,也许和你一样,他也在思考那幢房子空了这么久的原因。所有理由都被他想到了,波莉也是。不过,他们都没说出“闹鬼”二字。因为在这两人看来,既然已经做出了提议,不去会显得懦弱。

“我们现在就出发吗?”迪戈里问道。

“可以。”波莉回答道。

“要是你不想去就算了。”

“你去我就去。”波莉说道。

“但是我们如何知道自己恰好到了那幢房子呢?”

it taking steps as long as the steps from one rafter to the next. That would give them an idea of how many rafters went to a room. Then they would allow about four more for the passage between the two attics in Polly's house, and then the same number for the maid's bedroom as for the box-room. That would give them the length of the house. When they had done that distance twice they would be at the end of Digory's house; any door they came to after that would let them into an attic of the empty house.

"But I don't expect it's really empty at all," said Digory.

"What do you expect?"

"I expect someone lives there in secret, only coming in and out at night, with a dark lantern. We shall probably discover a gang of desperate criminals and get a reward. It's all rot to say a house would be empty all those years unless there was some mystery."

"Daddy thought it must be the drains," said Polly.

"Pooh! Grown-ups are always thinking of uninteresting explanations," said Digory. Now that they were talking by daylight in the attic instead of by candlelight in the Smugglers' Cave it seemed much less likely that the empty

他们想出的办法是，先进入外面的储藏室里，以两根相邻椽子间的距离为单位，如此走上一遍，就能算出走完一间屋子要经过多少根椽子。他们认为波莉家两个阁楼之间的走廊要多于4个椽子，女佣的房间则和储藏室的椽子一样多。把它们相加就是整幢房子的长度。迪戈里家房子的终点就在两倍于这个长度的地方。走过终点，他们所遇到的下一扇门即可通到空房子的阁楼。

"我觉得那不是一幢空房子。"迪戈里说道。

"那你猜是怎么回事?"

"我觉得有人正秘密地居住在那里，只能在夜里靠昏暗的灯笼进进出出。我们没准可以就此发现一群失去了希望的犯人，然后获得奖励。一幢房子能空置这么久实在不可思议，除非它有什么神秘的东西。"

"我爸爸觉得里面肯定是排水管。"波莉说道。

"呸！成年人总是能想出这种无趣的解释！"迪戈里说道。由于他们此时是在阁楼里借着白天的日光聊天，而不是在“走私犯的洞穴”里点着蜡烛说话，所以空房子里也就不大可能有

house would be haunted.

When they had measured the attic they had to get a pencil and do a sum. They both got different answers to it at first, and even when they agreed I am not sure they got it right. They were in a hurry to start on the exploration.

"We mustn't make a sound," said Polly as they climbed in again behind the cistern. Because it was such an important occasion they took a candle each (Polly had a good store of them in her cave).

It was very dark and dusty and draughty and they stepped from rafter to rafter without a word except when they whispered to one another, "We're opposite your attic now" or "This must be halfway through our house". And neither of them stumbled and the candles didn't go out, and at last they came to where they could see a little door in the brick wall on their right. There was no bolt or handle on this side of it, of course, for the door had been made for getting in, not for getting out; but there was a catch (as there often is on the inside of a cupboard door) which they felt sure they would be able to turn.

"Shall I?" said Digory.

鬼魂了。

他们量出阁楼的距离后,就开始用铅笔算总长度。起初,他们俩得出的结果不一样,但是就算最后答案一样了,他们是否真的算对了也很值得怀疑。毕竟他们急于开始一场冒险。

"我们绝对不可以弄出动静。"当他们再一次从蓄水池后钻入隧道时,波莉说道。他们一人抬着一支蜡烛(波莉在她的洞穴里储存了不少)。

隧道里黑暗而通风,还落满了灰尘。他们一言不发地踩着橡子向前走着,不时地会对彼此低声说道,"这里是我家阁楼对面"或者"现在是我家房子的中部"。他们俩谁也没有摔倒过,蜡烛也始终燃烧着。最终,他们走到了一个地方,在那里,他们发现身体右侧的砖墙上有一道小门。门的其中一侧没装门闩,也没装把手,很明显,这道门是用来进房间,而不是出房间的。但是有个挂钩在门上(就是那种经常装在橱柜门内侧的挂钩),他们确信自己可以打开。

"我去打开吗?"迪戈里