

红叶英语工作室
曹华民 王冠梅 注解

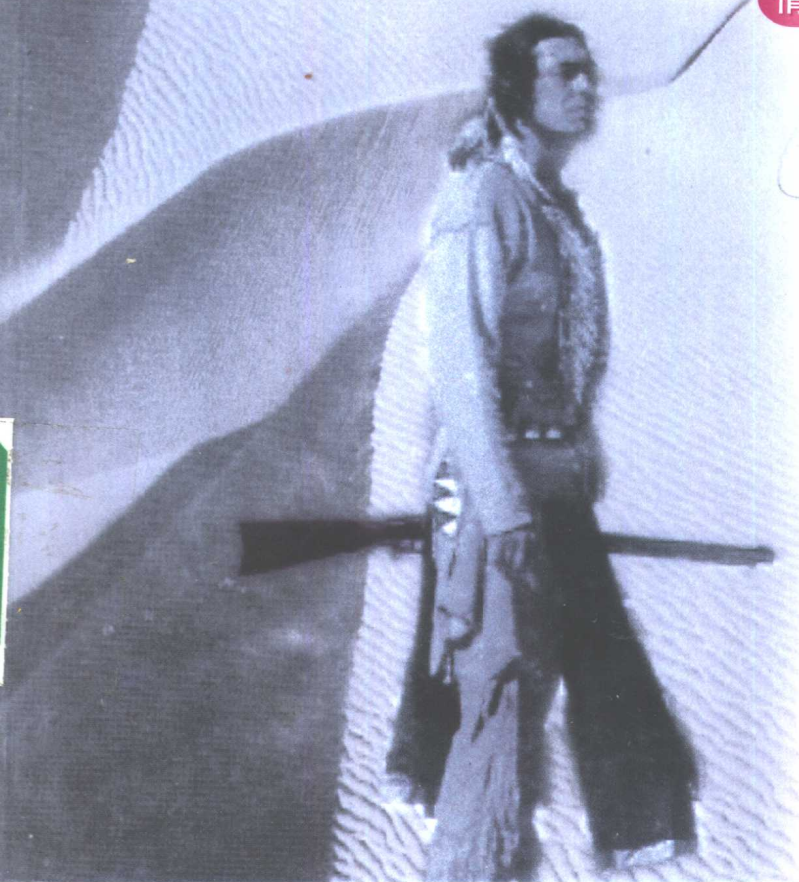
华中科技大学出版社

布哈拉历险记

心 动 驿 站 系 列

ADVENTURES IN BUKHARA

情节注解



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常青藤寄语



“英语常青藤”系列图书自 1998 年推出以来,受到了广大读者的热烈欢迎和喜爱,虽一再重印仍供不应求,单本累计印数最高已达近十万册。在此谨向支持我们的读者致以衷心的感谢。

我们收到了许多热心读者的来信,他们对“英语常青藤”图书给予了充分的肯定和赞誉,这对于我们出版者来说,真是莫大的欣慰和鼓励,同时也鞭策我们向更高的目标迈进,为读者提供更多更好的英语轻松阅读类的图书。

时值人类迈入又一个新千年之际,我们对“英语常青藤”读物进行了重大改版和扩充,不仅内容更精彩、更可读了,而且版式更好看、装帧更精美了;呈现在读者面前的也不再是仅有的两个辑子,而是包括“精品回味”、“名家名篇”、“名人小传”、“开心草莓”、“人与自然”、“心动驿站”、“象牙塔”、“咖啡屋”等近十个子系列的大型系列丛书。读者朋友在这里不仅能接触到纯正、地道的英语,增强综合运用英语的能力,而且能领略到国外生活的方方面面,扩大与外部世界的沟通,成为新世纪的新型人才。

新版“英语常青藤”图书具有以下几大特点:

(1) **内容丰富,表达地道。**读物所选的英文材料绝大多数直接取自国外原版,内容广泛,涉及语言、文化、风俗、习惯、历史、传统等许多方面。

(2) 形式活泼, 易学易用。编排方式新颖活泼, 所配插图清新高雅, 使读书学习变得轻松愉快, 给读者以美的享受。读物多采用英汉对照形式, 必要处还加有注释, 方便读者学习。

(3) 装帧精美, 适于收藏。装帧设计力求精美大方, 加之内容实用可读, 因此颇具收藏价值; 若将其作为礼品, 馈赠亲友, 则更显得温馨高雅, 意义非凡。

最后依然是我们出版人的宗旨: 愿“英语常青藤”带给您的, 不仅是常青的英语, 更是常青的人生。

出版者

前言

给好的英语文学读物加注以便于更准确地理解读物的内容和提高英语水平,这种做法已有近一个世纪或更长的历史了。如这套丛书的《初恋》便是丰子恺先生曾于 1922 年春初译并加注,1929 年 6 月重校,1931 年 4 月初版发行的,而此前已有藤浪氏的日译本,丰子恺先生在译者序的结尾说:“我的汉译当然是依据 Garnett 的英译本的。又参考藤浪氏的日译本,注解大都是抄藤浪氏的。谨声明于此。”

第一注解者所保存下来的这些英语读物绝大部分都是上个世纪 50 年代初期和中期在北京外文书店或东安市场的旧书店购买的,个别的如屠格涅夫的《初恋》(英汉对照本)则是在 40 年代初同班同学赠送的。现在把这些读物的英译文加注奉献给本世纪的青少年,我的心情你们有兴趣可以猜想,但最好还是把兴趣集中在小说上吧。

注解者
于喻家山麓

布哈拉历险记

【故事梗概】

本书为前苏联作家 L·索罗夫耶夫所著,描写机智勇敢的游侠纳斯雷丁在布哈拉大沙漠的惊险经历及与埃米尔王朝的殊死斗争。主人公在一文不名、敌众我寡的困境中总能化险为夷,绝处逢生。故事情节曲折,妙趣横生,极具中亚式东方传奇的魅力。



Chapter 1

"They also relate that a simpleton was walking along holding on to the bridle of his ass which followed behind."

(*Sheherazade's three hundred and eighty-second night.*)

1

*K*hoja¹ nasreddin's thirty-fifth birthday found him on the road.

He had spent over ten years *in exile*², wandering from town to town, from country to country, crossing seas and deserts, and sleeping where *night overtook him*³. On the bare earth by a shepherd's *meagre*⁴ camp-fire, in a crowded caravanserai, where all night long, in the dusty gloom, camels sigh and scratch themselves with a hollow tinkling of bells, or in a smoky, sooty tea-house among sprawling water-carriers, beggars, drivers and other poor folk, who *at the break of dawn*⁵ fill the bazaars and the narrow streets of the town with their shrill cries.

*Many a night*⁶ he had spent too on the soft silk cushions of some *Persian dignitary's harem*⁷, while the master of the house, accompanied by

(谢荷拉莎德的第
382 夜——《天方
夜谭》)

1. 侠士

2. 流浪
【纳斯雷丁浪迹天涯】

3. *night overtakes*
one 赶上天黑

4. 暗淡的

5. 一到破晓

6. 不少个晚上

7. 波斯贵人藏娇
的闺房

guards, would be scouring the tea-houses and caravanserais for that impious vagabond whom he would *impale*⁸ if he caught him.

A *light streak*⁹ appears in the sky through the latticed window, the stars pale, the breeze heralding the dawn rustles gently and damply among the foliage, and on the window-ledge gay *turtle-doves begin to coo and to preen themselves*¹⁰. Khoja Nasreddin says, kissing the *languid*¹¹ beauty:

"It is time. Farewell, my matchless pearl. Do not forget me."

"Stay," she pleads, clasping her lovely arms round his neck. "Are you going away *for good*¹²? Listen, tonight, as soon as it is dark, I shall send the old woman to fetch you again."

"No. I have long forgotten what it is to *spend two nights under the same roof*¹³. I must be on my way. I am in a hurry."

"On your way? Have you *pressing business*¹⁴ in some other town? Where are you going?"

"I do not know. But it is light already: the city gates are open and the first caravans are moving out. Do you hear the tinkle of camels' bells? When I hear it *jinn*¹⁵ seem to possess my feet and I *cannot keep still*¹⁶."

"Go, then!" petulantly exclaims the harem beauty, vainly trying to hide the tears which

8.把...钉在尖桩上

9.一线淡淡的曙光

【良宵苦短】

10.斑鸠开始咕咕

细语,整理羽毛

11.娇弱无力的

12.永远

13.在一所房子里
度两个良宵

14.急事

15.魔鬼

16.不能不动

【佳人难留】



惻然心動情深處
相酒灯前談書時



glisten on her long eyelashes. "But at least tell me your name before you go."

"My name? Listen then: you have spent the night with Khoja Nasreddin. I am Khoja Nasreddin, the Disturber of the Peace and the Sower of Discord, a man with a high price on his head: every day *town-criers*¹⁷ announce it in public places and bazaars. Yesterday they were offering three thousand *tomans*¹⁸, and I was tempted to sell my own head at such a good price. You laugh, my little star? Well, give me your lips for the last time. I wish I could give you an emerald, but as I have no emerald take this little white pebble to remember me by."

He pulls on his ragged *khalat*¹⁹, burnt through in many places by the sparks of campfires, and steals away. At the door snores the lazy, stupid *eunuch*²⁰ in turban and soft slippers with turned-up toes—negligent guardian of *the most precious treasure of the palace*²¹. Further on, stretched out on rugs and felts snore the guards, their heads *pillowed on naked daggers*²². Khoja Nasreddin creeps past them on tiptoe, always safely, *as though for the time being rendered invisible*²³.

And once more the stony road rings and smokes under the brisk hooves of his ass. The sun shines upon the world out of a blue sky. Khoja Nasreddin can look up at it without blinking.

【何日君再来】

17. 市镇公差

18. 古波斯金币

19. 长袍
【如入无人之境】

20. 太监;家奴

21. 豪宅中最珍爱的人儿

22. 枕戈而卧

23. 仿佛使了隐身法一样

【再上征途】

Dewy fields and barren deserts where camels' bones gleam white among the *sand-drifts*²⁴, green gardens and *foaming rivers*²⁵, bleak hills and smiling pastures hear Khoja Nasreddin's song. On and on he rides without a backward glance, without regret for what he is leaving behind nor fear of what awaits him.

But in the town which he has just left memory of him survives for ever. Mullahs and notables *pale with rage*²⁶ at the mere mention of his name. Water-carriers, drivers, weavers, coppersmiths and saddlers foregathering at night in the tea-houses entertain each other with stories of his adventures which always end to his advantage. The *languorous harem beauty*²⁷ often gazes at the white pebble and hastens to slip it into a mother-of-pearl casket at the sound of her lord's footsteps.

"Ough!" says the fat dignitary panting and grunting as he *struggles out of his brocaded khalat*²⁸. "This accursed vagabond Khoja Nasreddin has *worn us all out*²⁹. He has stirred up and upset the whole country. Today I received a letter from my old friend, the worthy governor of the province of Khorasan. What do you think? Hardly had this tramp, this Khoja Nasreddin, appeared in his towns than all at once the blacksmiths stopped paying the taxes and the inn-keepers refused to feed the guards without

24. 沙丘

25. 波涛汹涌的河水

【乡亲不忘侠士】

26. 气得面无人色

27. 闺房中心事重重的美人

【贵人无知妄言】

28. 费力地脱锦缎长袍

29. wear... out: 把...累坏



惻然心切情深處

酒燈前讀書時



payment. *To crown all*³⁰, this thief, this defiler of Islam, this son of sin, dared enter the governor's harem and seduce his favourite wife! Verily, the world has never yet seen such a miscreant! Pity this worthless beggar did not try to make his way into my harem, for then his head would have been already sticking on a pole in the main square."

The beauty remains silent, *smiling wistfully to herself*³¹.

Meanwhile the road rings and smokes under the brisk hooves of the ass to the sound of Khoja Nasreddin's singing.

In these ten years he had been everywhere: in Baghdad, Stambul and Tehran, in Bakhchesaray, Echmiadzin and Tiflis, in Damascus and Trebizond. He knew all these cities and many others besides, and everywhere he left an unforgettable memory.

Now he was on his way back to his native town, *Bukhara-yi Sherif*, Noble Bukhara, where he hoped to rest awhile from his endless wanderings under cover of an *assumed name*³².

30. 更为严重的是

31. 只是兀自若有
所思地微笑着

【各有所思】

【名场四方】

【踏上归途】

32. 改名换姓

2

He crossed the frontier of Bukhara with a large merchant caravan to which he had attached himself, and on the eighth day of the

journey glimpsed far ahead in the dusty haze the familiar *minarets*¹ of the great and famous city.

The camel-drivers, exhausted by thirst and heat, raised a hoarse shout, and the camels *stepped out faster*². The sun was setting and there was need to *make haste*³ to enter Bukhara before the city gates were shut. Khoja Nasreddin rode at the *tail-end*⁴ of the caravan, wrapped in a thick and heavy cloud of dust: this was his very own, sacred dust which seemed to him to smell better than the dust of other distant lands. Sneezing and coughing he kept saying to his ass:

"Well, here we are. Home at last! By *Allah*⁵, success and happiness await us here."

The caravan reached the town wall just as the guards were shutting the gates.

"Wait for us, *for Allah's sake*⁶!" shouted the chief of the caravan exhibiting from afar a gold coin.

But the gates had already closed, *the bolts fell with a clang*⁷, and the guards took up their posts at the guns on the towers. A fresh breeze sprang up, the pink gleam died away in the misty sky, *the slender crescent of the young moon stood out sharply*⁸, and in the twilit stillness there floated out from all the innumerable minarets the high, long-drawn, mournful voices of the *muezzins*⁹, calling the faithful to evening prayer.

1. 清真寺尖塔

【游子归来】

2. 走得更快

3. 赶着

4. 最后面

5. 安拉在上

6. 看在安拉份上

【风物依旧】

7. 门栓咣的一声
落下了

8. 一弯蛾眉新月
分外皎洁

9. 报告祈祷时间
的人



怦然心动情深处

泪洒灯前读书时



As the merchants and drivers *sank to their knees*¹⁰, Khoja Nasreddin quietly drew aside with his ass.

"These merchants have something to thank Allah for," he said, "they have dined today and now they expect to sup. You and I, my faithful ass, have not dined, nor shall we sup. If Allah desires our thanks let him send me a bowl of *pilau*¹¹ and you a bundle of clover."

He tethered his ass to a roadside tree and lay down by his side on the bare earth with a stone for pillow. Looking up into the *dark transparency of the sky*¹² he could see the *shining network of the stars*¹³. Every constellation was familiar to him. How often in these ten years had he looked up into *the open sky*¹⁴! It always seemed to him that these hours of wise and silent contemplation made him richer than the richest, for each has his *lot*¹⁵ in this world: though the wealthy man may eat off gold dishes, yet he is obliged to spend the night *under a roof*¹⁶, and so is unable to savour in *the midnight quiet*¹⁷ the feeling of the flight of the earth through the *cool blue starry mist*¹⁸.

Meanwhile in the caravanserais and tea-houses clustering *outside the crenellated city wall*¹⁹ fires had sprung up under huge cauldrons, and sheep *set up a pitiful bleating*²⁰ as they were dragged to the slaughter. Wise in experience, Khoja Nasreddin had selected for his night's rest

10. sink to one's
knees 跪下

【饥肠辘辘】

11. 肉饭

【十年坎坷】

12. 黑莹莹的天空

13. 闪烁如织的繁星

14. 辽阔的天空

15. 命运

16. 在屋子里面

17. 在深夜的阒寂中

18. 清凉深碧繁星
如雾

【驿站栖身】

19. 在筑满了炮眼的
城墙外

20. 发出凄厉的哀叫

a spot windward from the tantalizing smell of food²¹ so that it should not disturb him. Knowing well the customs of Bukhara he had resolved to save the last of his money to *pay the toll at the city gates on the morrow*²².

For a long time he kept tossing from side to side but sleep would not come. It was not hunger that made him sleepless but the bitter thoughts which beset and tormented him.

He loved his native land, it was his greatest love, this astute and merry fellow with a little black beard on his copper-coloured, sun-tanned face and a roguish *twinkle*²³ in his clear eyes. And the farther away from Bukhara he wandered in his patched coat, greasy skull-cap and shabby boots, the more strongly he loved it and missed it. In his exile he cherished the memory of the little streets, so narrow that the *araba*²⁴ scrapes the mud walls on either side in its passage; of the tall minarets with their *patterned*²⁵ glazed-brick tops which catch the fiery reflection of sunrise and sunset; of the ancient sacred plane-trees cradling among their branches the *dark masses of storks' nests*²⁶.

He remembered the gay tea-houses over the irrigation ditches in the shade of rustling poplars, the smoke and smell of cooking food in the overheated cook-shops, the *motley bustle of the bazaars*²⁷; he remembered the hills and streams of his native land, its villages, fields, pastures and

21. 一个与可望而不可及的美食香味风向相反的地

22. 做明天进城的买路钱

【故乡情深】

23. 调皮的闪光

24. 二轮运货马车

25. 五彩缤纷的

26. 一簇簇乌黑的鹤鸟巢

27. 市集上的嘈杂喧嚷



怦然心动情深处

泪洒灯前读书时

deserts, and when in Baghdad or Damascus he recognized a fellow-countryman by the pattern of his skull-cap or the peculiar cut of his robe, Khoja Nasreddin's heart missed a beat and his throat contracted²⁸.

On his return he found his country still more unhappy than when he had left it. The old Emir had been buried long ago. Within the last eight years the new Emir had managed to bring Bukhara to the verge of ruin. Khoja Nasreddin saw broken-down bridges, meagre, sunparched *roughly cultivated crops of wheat and barley*²⁹ dry beds of irrigation ditches cracked by the heat. Fields were going to waste overgrown with weeds and thorns, gardens withered for lack of water; the peasants had neither bread nor cattle; beggars lined the roads clamouring for alms from others as *needy*³⁰ as themselves.

The new Emir had posted detachments of guards in every village with orders to the villagers to feed them at their own expense. He founded many mosques and then ordered the people to finish building them. The new Emir was very pious and never failed to perform a pilgrimage twice a year to the relics of the most holy and peerless Shaikh Baha ed-din, whose tomb was situated in the neighbourhood of Bukhara. To the existing four taxes he had added three more; he introduced tolls at every bridge, raised the taxes

28. 激动得像是心跳都停了一下, 喉咙也像给什么东西堵住了

【民不聊生】

29. 草草种下的干枯瘦瘠的小麦和大麦

30. 贫穷的

【敲骨吸髓】



on trade and *legal dues*³¹, and had minted a quantity of debased coin. Crafts were falling into decay, trade was on the decline.

It was a sorry homecoming for Khoja Nasreddin.

... Early in the morning the muezzins again sounded their call from all the minarets. The gates opened and the caravan slowly entered the city with a hollow tinkling of bells.

Once through the gates the caravan came to a standstill; the road was barred by the guards. They were very numerous; some were *shod*³² and well dressed, others who had not had time yet to fatten in the Emir's service were bare-footed and half-naked. They shouted and pushed each other, quarrelling over the loot that was going to be theirs. At last the tax-collector emerged from a teahouse, obese and *sleepy-looking*³³, clothed in a silk khalat with greasy sleeves, *bare feet thrust into slippers*³⁴, and his bloated face bearing all the marks of *self-indulgence*³⁵ and vice. He inspected the merchants with a greedy eye and said:

"Welcome, o merchants! May you be successful in your business! And *know you that*³⁶ the Emir has ordered that any man who conceals the tiniest portion of his wares shall die under the *bastinado*³⁷."

The merchants, perplexed and alarmed, silently stroked their dyed beards. The tax-coll-

31. 法定捐税

【豺狼当道】

32. 穿着鞋

33. 睡眠惺忪

34. 光脚趿着拖鞋

35. 纵情声色

36. 跟大家说

37. 鞭刑(打脚底)

【横征暴敛】



怦然心动
情深处
泪洒灯前
读书时