



Little House on the Prairie

草原小屋

〔美〕劳拉·英格尔斯·怀尔德 著

712.84

中国对外翻译出版公司

• 英汉对照读物 •

*LITTLE HOUSE ON
THE PRAIRIE*

草 原 小 屋

Laura Ingalls Wilder

(美) 劳拉·英格尔斯·怀尔德 著

加思·威廉斯 插图

宁凝 朱玲 艾桂梅 译

中国对外翻译出版公司

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

草原小屋: 英汉对照/(美)怀尔德著. —北京: 中国
对外翻译出版公司, 1999

ISBN 7-5001-0358-1

I. 草… I. 怀… II. 英语-语言教学-语言读物
N. H319.4

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (95) 第 04468 号

出版发行/中国对外翻译出版公司

地 址/北京市西城区太平桥大街 4 号

电 话/6168195 66168639

邮 编/100810

责任编辑/章婉凝

责任校对/李信淑

封面设计/常燕生

印 刷/北京富生印刷厂

经 销/新华书店北京发行所

规 格/787×1092 毫米 1/32

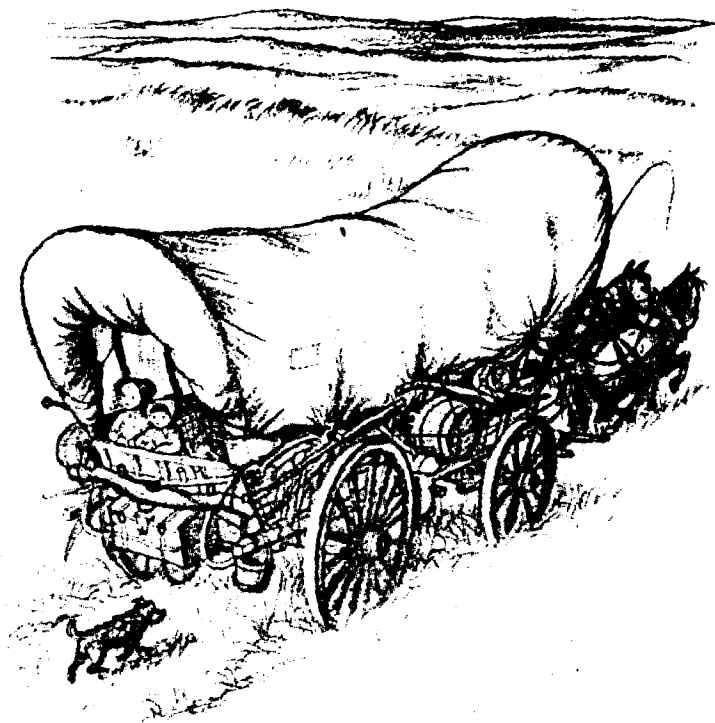
印 张/13.75

版 次/1999 年 8 月第一版

印 次/1999 年 8 月第一次

ISBN 7-5001-0358-1/H·114 定价 19.00 元





Chapter 1

GOING WEST

A LONG time ago, when all the grandfathers and grandmothers of today were little boys and little girls or very small babies, or perhaps not even born, Pa and Ma and Mary and Laura and Baby Carrie left their little house in the Big Woods of Wisconsin. They drove away and left it lonely and empty in the



第一章

去西部

很久以前，在今天所有的爷爷、奶奶还是小男孩和小女孩，或是襁褓中的婴儿，或者甚至还没有出生的时候，爸爸和妈妈带着玛丽、劳拉和小卡里离开了他们在威斯康星州大森林中的小屋，他们赶着马车走了，把小屋空荡荡、孤零零地留在了高

clearing among the big trees, and they never saw that little house again.

They were going to the Indian country.

Pa said there were too many people in the Big Woods now. Quite often Laura heard the ringing thud of an ax which was not Pa's ax, or the echo of a shot that did not come from his gun. The path that went by the little house had become a road. Almost every day Laura and Mary stopped their playing and stared in surprise at a wagon slowly creaking by on that road.

Wild animals would not stay in a country where there were so many people. Pa did not like to stay, either. He liked a country where the wild animals lived without being afraid. He liked to see the little fawns and their mothers looking at him from the shadowy woods, and the fat, lazy bears eating berries in the wild-berry patches.

In the long winter evenings he talked to Ma about the Western country. In the West the land was level, and there were no trees. The grass grew thick and high. There the wild animals wandered and fed as though they were in a pasture that stretched much farther than a man could see, and there were no settlers. Only Indians lived there.

One day in the very last of the winter Pa said to Ma, "Seeing you don't object, I've decided to go see the West. I've had an offer for this place, and we can sell it now for as much as we're ever likely to get, enough to give us a start in a new country."

"Oh, Charles, must we go now?" Ma said. The weather was so cold and the snug house was so comfortable.

大树林中开出来的那片空地上。从此以后，他们再也没有见到那座小屋。

他们要去印第安地区。

爸爸说眼下大森林里人多起来了。劳拉经常听到斧子砍树的咚咚声，但那也不是爸爸的斧声；她还经常听到枪声的回音，但那不是爸爸的枪发出的。小屋前面的小路已变成了大道，几乎每天都有马车吱吱嘎嘎慢慢悠悠地经过这条大道；每逢这时，劳拉和玛丽总是停下玩耍，用惊奇的目光盯着马车看个不停。

野生动物不喜欢在人多的地方栖息，爸爸也不喜欢。爸爸喜欢那种能让野生动物不受惊吓地生活的地方。他喜欢看到小鹿和它们的妈妈在有阴影的树林里向他张望，他喜欢看到胖乎乎、懒洋洋的熊在野浆果地里吃野果。

漫长的冬夜，爸爸和妈妈谈西部。在西部，地是平坦的，没有树林。草长得又密又高。在那里，野生动物四处游荡，寻觅食物，仿佛它们是生活在一片一望无际的牧场上，那里没有定居者，只有印第安人。

晚冬的一天，爸爸对妈妈说：“既然你不反对，我已决定要去看看西部。有人答应买下我们这块地，我们现在卖掉它，能得到一大笔钱，足可以使我们在一个新地方建一个新家了。”

“噢，查尔斯！我们必须现在走吗？”妈妈说。天气是那樣的寒冷，而温暖的小屋又是这么舒适。

"If we are going this year, we must go now," said Pa. "We can't get across the Mississippi after the ice breaks."

So Pa sold the little house. He sold the cow and calf. He made hickory bows and fastened them upright to the wagon box. Ma helped him stretch white canvas over them.

In the thin dark before morning Ma gently shook Mary and Laura till they got up. In firelight and candlelight she washed and combed them and dressed them warmly. Over their long red-flannel underwear she put wool petticoats and wool dresses and long wool stockings. She put their coats on them, and their rabbit-skin hoods and their red yarn mittens.

Everything from the little house was in the wagon, except the beds and tables and chairs. They did not need to take these, because Pa could always make new ones.

There was thin snow on the ground. The air was still and cold and dark. The bare trees stood up against the frosty stars. But in the east the sky was pale and through the gray woods came lanterns with wagons and horses, bringing Grandpa and Grandma and aunts and uncles and cousins.

Mary and Laura clung tight to their rag dolls and did not say anything. The cousins stood around and looked at them. Grandma and all the aunts hugged and kissed them and hugged and kissed them again, saying good-by.

Pa hung his gun to the wagon bows inside the canvas top, where he could reach it quickly from the seat. He hung his bullet-pouch and powder-horn beneath it. He laid the fiddle-box carefully between pillows, where jolting would not hurt the fiddle.

The uncles helped him hitch the horses to the wagon. All the cousins were told to kiss Mary and Laura, so they did. Pa

“如果我们要今年离开，就必须马上走，”爸爸说，“冰河裂开以后我们就无法过密西西比河了。”

于是，爸爸卖掉了小屋，卖掉了母牛和小牛。他用胡桃木制作了篷架，然后把篷架竖着紧固在马车车厢上。妈妈帮着爸爸把白色的车篷罩在篷架上。

在早晨到来之前，天色微暗，妈妈轻轻地摇动玛丽和劳拉，直到她们起床。在火光和烛光的照耀下，她给她们梳洗，给她们穿得暖暖和和的：先穿上红色长法兰绒内衣，然后再穿上羊绒裙子、上衣和长筒毛袜。最后穿上短大衣，戴上兔皮兜帽和红色纱手套。

小屋里的所有东西统统放进了马车，但床、桌子和椅子留下了，他们不需要带这些东西，因为爸爸总是可以做新的。

地上有薄薄的积雪。空气是清冷的，天空是黑色的。干裸的大树耸立着，正对着天上冻结了的星星。但在东方，天空是苍白色的，在灰濛濛的树林中出现了的亮光，那是爷爷、奶奶、姑姑、叔叔和堂兄妹们坐着几辆马车来了。

玛丽和劳拉紧紧地搂着她们那用碎布做成的娃娃，默不作声。堂兄妹们站在旁边看着她们，奶奶和姑姑们一次又一次地拥抱和亲吻她们，跟她们道别。

爸爸把他的枪挂在车篷内的篷架上，这可以使他很快地从座位上够到它。他把子弹袋和角制火药筒挂在枪下面。然后他又小心翼翼地把提琴盒放在枕头之间，这样，无论马车怎么颠簸，也不会弄坏提琴。

叔叔们帮爸爸把马套上车，大人让堂兄妹们亲吻玛丽和劳拉，孩子们都照大人的吩咐做了。于是，爸爸抱起玛丽，然后抱起劳拉，把她们放在马车后部的床上，他帮助妈妈爬上马车



picked up Mary and then Laura, and set them on the bed in the back of the wagon. He helped Ma climb up to the wagon seat, and Grandma reached up and gave her Baby Carrie. Pa swung up and sat beside Ma, and Jack, the brindle bulldog, went under the wagon.

So they all went away from the little log house. The shutters were over the windows, so the little house could not see them go. It stayed there inside the log fence, behind the two big oak trees that in the summertime had made green roofs for Mary and Laura to play under. And that was the last of the little house.

Pa promised that when they came to the West, Laura should see a papoose.

"What is a papoose?" she asked him, and he said, "A papoose is a little, brown, Indian baby."



的驭手座位，奶奶举臂将小卡里递给了妈妈。爸爸跃上了马车，坐在妈妈身旁。那条花斑大狗杰克走到马车下边。

就这样他们全家远离了小木屋。小屋的百叶窗是关着的，所以小屋看不见他们离别的情景。小屋的外面是木围栏，在它前面有两棵高大的橡树，到了夏天，这两棵橡树就用树叶为玛丽和劳拉搭成绿色的“屋顶”，供她们在下边玩耍。这就是最后的小屋。

爸爸保证，等他们到了西部，劳拉可以看到印第安小孩。

“印第安小孩什么样？”她问他。他说：“印第安小孩就是小小的棕色的印第安婴儿。”

They drove a long way through the snowy woods, till they came to the town of Pepin. Mary and Laura had seen it once before, but it looked different now. The door of the store and the doors of all the houses were shut, the stumps were covered with snow, and no little children were playing outdoors. Big cords of wood stood among the stumps. Only two or three men in boots and fur caps and bright plaid coats were to be seen.

Ma and Laura and Mary ate bread and molasses in the wagon, and the horses ate corn from nosebags, while inside the store Pa traded his furs for things they would need on the journey. They could not stay long in the town, because they must cross the lake that day.

The enormous lake stretched flat and smooth and white all the way to the edge of the gray sky. Wagon tracks went away across it, so far that you could not see where they went; they ended in nothing at all.

Pa drove the wagon out onto the ice, following those wagon tracks. The horses' hoofs clop-clopped with a dull sound, the wagon wheels went crunching. The town grew smaller and smaller behind, till even the tall store was only a dot. All around the wagon there was nothing but empty and silent space. Laura didn't like it. But Pa was on the wagon seat and Jack was under the wagon; she knew that nothing could hurt her while Pa and Jack were there.

At last the wagon was pulling up a slope of earth again, and again there were trees. There was a little log house, too, among the trees. So Laura felt better.

他们赶着马车穿过覆盖着白雪的树林，走过一条长长的路，最后来到了丕平城。玛丽和劳拉以前来过这个城镇，但今天它看上去却完全不同了。商店和所有住户的门都关着，树桩上覆盖着雪，没有小孩在户外玩耍。树桩之间堆放着大捆大捆的木材。只能看到两三个脚穿靴子、头戴皮帽、身穿色彩明快的花呢格子大衣的成年人。

妈妈、劳拉、玛丽在车里吃面包和糖蜜，马吃马粮袋里的玉米，而爸爸到商店里出售毛皮，换回他们在旅途中所需要的东西。他们不能在这个城镇逗留很久，因为他们必须在那一天过湖。

宽大的湖面平坦、光滑、洁白，一直伸向灰色的天边。马车车道跨越湖面，向远方延伸，使你看不到它们去向何方，最后在远处完全消失。

爸爸赶着马车出了城镇，沿着那些马车车道来到结冰的湖上。马蹄响着单调的嗒嗒声，车轮发出嘎吱嘎吱的响声。城镇在后面变得越来越小，最后连那高高的商店也变成了一个黑点。马车的周围什么也没有，只有空旷而寂静的空间，劳拉感到闷闷不乐。但是，爸爸坐在马车上，还有杰克在马车下奔跑。劳拉知道，只要爸爸和杰克在，什么也不能伤害她！

最后，马车又上了一个土坡，土坡上又出现了树林。在树丛中也有一座小木屋。于是劳拉感觉好受多了。

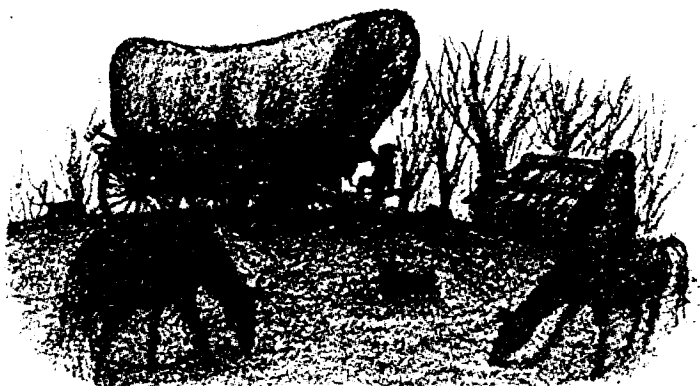
Nobody lived in the little house; it was a place to camp in. It was a tiny house, and strange, with a big fireplace and rough bunks against all the walls. But it was warm when Pa had built a fire in the fireplace. That night Mary and Laura and Baby Carrie slept with Ma in a bed made on the floor before the fire, while Pa slept outside in the wagon, to guard it and the horses.

In the night a strange noise wakened Laura. It sounded like a shot, but it was sharper and longer than a shot. Again and again she heard it. Mary and Carrie were asleep, but Laura couldn't sleep until Ma's voice came softly through the dark. "Go to sleep, Laura," Ma said. "It's only the ice cracking."

Next morning Pa said, "It's lucky we crossed yesterday, Caroline. Wouldn't wonder if the ice broke up today. We made a late crossing, and we're lucky it didn't start breaking up while we were out in the middle of it."

"I thought about that yesterday, Charles," Ma replied, gently.

Laura hadn't thought about it before, but now she thought what would have happened if the ice had cracked under the wagon wheels and they had all gone down into the cold water in the middle of that vast lake.



小屋里没有人住，它是一个安营的地方。这是一座小房子，说来奇怪，里边有个大壁炉，靠着墙壁有简陋的床铺。爸爸在壁炉里升起火以后，屋子里就暖和了。那天夜晚，玛丽、劳拉、小卡里随妈妈睡在壁炉前的地铺上，爸爸睡在外面的马车里，守卫着小屋和马匹。

夜里，一种奇怪的声音把劳拉吵醒。这声音听起来像枪声，但它比枪声要尖要长。劳拉一次又一次地听到这种响声。玛丽和卡里都睡着了，但她睡不着，一直到黑暗中传来妈妈温柔的声音。妈妈说：“睡吧，劳拉，那只是冰裂开的声音。”

第二天早晨，爸爸说：“幸亏我们昨天过了湖，卡罗琳。真不知道冰会在今天裂开。我们过湖太晚了，不过还算走运，我们走到冰湖中央时冰没有开始裂。”

“我昨天就想到这点了，查尔斯。”妈妈温柔地答道。

劳拉以前没想过这件事，可现在她在想：如果马车从冰上面经过时冰裂了，他们全都会掉入那辽阔大潮中央的冰冷水中，那将出现怎样可怕的情景？

"You're frightening somebody, Charles," Ma said, and Pa caught Laura up in his safe, big hug.

"We're across the Mississippi!" he said, hugging her joyously. "How do you like that, little half-pint of sweet cider half drunk up? Do you like going out west where Indians live?"

Laura said she liked it, and she asked if they were in the Indian country now. But they were not; they were in Minnesota.

It was a long, long way to Indian territory. Almost every day the horses traveled as far as they could; almost every night Pa and Ma made camp in a new place. Sometimes they had to stay several days in one camp because a creek was in flood and they couldn't cross it till the water went down. They crossed too many creeks to count. They saw strange woods and hills, and stranger country with no trees. They drove across rivers on long wooden bridges, and they came to one wide yellow

