



[美] 丹·穆克奇 著

# 彩颈鸽传奇

GAY-NECK

THE STORY OF A PIGEON

英汉对照读物

中国对外翻译  
出版公司





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中学生英语阅读精选系列

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马红军 译

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## 出版前言

许多中学生和英语爱好者都十分关注如何能尽快提高英语水平,掌握更地道、更标准的英语。

对于语言学习者而言,广泛地阅读,尤其阅读英文原著是提高英语水平行之有效的方法。因为语言技能的掌握是在实践活动中知识积累的过程,而阅读则是这一过程的主体。以汉语为母语的学习者在英语学习中,只有依靠博览英文原著才能积累语言知识,才能对英语及其文化有深入的了解,从而达到掌握英语的目的。

我们本次推出的六本书——《杨柳风》《航海奇遇记》《黑骏马》《神犬莱西》《远古神奇》《彩颈鸽传奇》均选自英语儿童文学名著,颇具权威性和代表性。这些书自问世之后均曾被译成多种文字在世界各地出版,深受英语学习者的欢迎。从中可以欣赏到简练、优美的语言文字,生动、曲折的故事情节;并能领略到异域风情,体味人与动物、与自然如何相处,感悟其中折射出的人性美,丰富并启发人们的想象力。

本套丛书的翻译颇佳,有志于翻译事业的同学和朋友通过中英文言文字的比较阅读会获益匪浅。

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## 本丛书已出版的图书如下：

- 阿丽思漫游奇境记
- 长腿爸爸
- 阿丽思镜中奇遇记
- 小公主
- 101条花斑狗
- 草原小屋
- 小孤女
- 银冰鞋
- 小爵爷
- 珊瑚岛
- 幸福王子
- 小海蒂

# 译 序

《彩颈鸽传奇》是深受少年儿童喜爱的经典动物传奇故事，于1928年荣获全美“纽伯瑞儿童文学奖”。小说文笔清新自然，故事情节跌宕起伏，将彩颈鸽的传奇经历刻画得细腻生动、真实感人。

彩颈是一羽与众不同的信鸽，作者穆克奇通过亲身经历，详细记述了它从破壳出世到屡立战功的全过程。彩颈的传奇经历充满坎坷——父亲于暴风雨中丧生，母亲惨死在游隼的利爪下，伙伴被敌机射杀；自己既要面对凶残狡猾的土豹和野猫，又要躲避阴险狠毒的游隼与猫头鹰，但它依靠自己的机智神勇，顽强地生存下来。经过不断磨炼，彩颈最终在硝烟弥漫的战场屡立奇功，先后冲破敌人的枪林弹雨，避开敌机的疯狂追杀，把情报送达英国及印度军队，从而挽救了士兵生命，扭转了战争局势。

作者以洗炼传神的笔触，将彩颈的机智勇敢、小主人的天真执著、猎手冈德的质朴干练、寺院高僧的虔诚善良描述得淋漓尽致。追随彩颈的翅膀，你时而攀越崇高而奇伟的喜马拉雅山雪峰，时而进入残酷而神秘的热带丛林；你还会结识神奇的金雕、凶残的野牛、忠诚的野狗、灵巧的雨燕、霸道的野象、爱美的孔雀、吓人的巨蟒、呆笨的野鹅……

彩颈不仅仅是一羽神勇的信鸽，更是一名出色的信使，它传递给我们一份勇气、一份爱心、一份忠诚，也让我们铭记这样一句名言：亲近自然、了解世界；亲近动物，感悟人生。

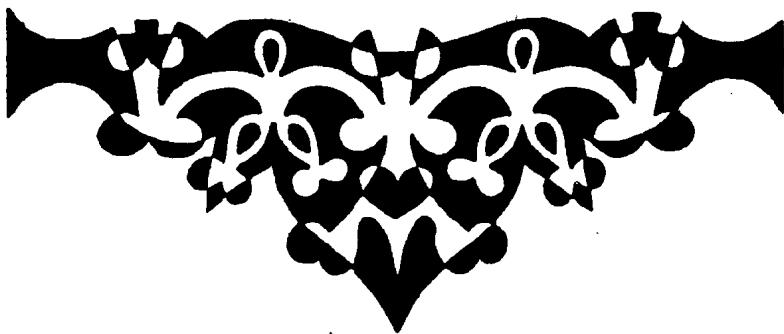
译 者

2001年11月于南开大学



## 作者简介

丹·穆克奇(Dhan Gopal Mukerji)生于1890年,印度加尔各答人,出身僧侣贵族阶层,19岁留学美国,就读于加利福尼亚大学和斯坦福大学,随后在美国定居,开始写作与讲学生涯。他的大部分作品均为儿童读物,主要描绘自己的童年生活,介绍印度的风土人情与宗教习俗。穆克奇的动物传奇故事尤其深受儿童喜爱,比较著名的有《小象卡里》(*Kari The Elephant*)、《丛林小英雄哈里》(*Hari The Jungle Lad*)、《神奇猎手冈德》(*Ghond The Hunter*)及《彩颈鸽传奇》(*Gay-Neck: The Story Of A Pigeon*);其中,《彩颈鸽传奇》于1928年荣获全美“纽伯瑞儿童文学奖”。



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# PART ONE

## 第一部





## Chapter 1

# Birth of Gay-Neck

The city of Calcutta, which boasts of a million people, must have at least two million pigeons. Every third Hindu boy has perhaps a dozen pet carriers, tumblers, fantails and pouters. The art of domesticating pigeons goes back thousands of years in India, and she has contributed two species of pigeons as a special product of her bird fanciers, the fan-tail and the pouter. Love and care have been showered on pigeons for centuries by emperors, princes and queens in their marble palaces, as well as by the poor, in their humble homes. The gardens, grottos and fountains of the Indian rich—the small field of flowers and fruits of the common folk, each has its ornament and music—many-coloured pigeons and cooing white doves with ruby eyes.

Even now, any winter morning, foreigners who visit our big cities may see on the flat-roofed houses innumerable boys waving white flags as signals to their pet pigeons flying up in the crisp cold air. Through the blue heavens flocks of the birds soar like vast clouds. They start in small flocks, and spend about twenty minutes circling over the roofs of their owners' homes. Then they slowly ascend, and all the separate groups from different houses of the town merge into one big flock, and float far out of sight. How they ever return to their own homes is a wonder, for all the house-tops look alike in shape in spite of their rose, yellow, violet and white colours.

But pigeons have an amazing sense of direction and love of their owners. I have yet to see creatures more loyal than pigeons and elephants. I have played with both, and the tusker on four feet in the country, or the bird on two wings in the city, no matter how far they wandered, were by



## 1

## 破壳出世



印度加尔各答市的人口多达 100 万,而城里的鸽子总数至少超过 200 万。每三名当地男孩儿中,就有一个喂养玩赏鸽,数量不下十几只,品种包括信鸽、翻头鸽、扇尾鸽和球胸鸽。印度的驯鸽术已有数千年历史,培育出了两种备受鸽迷喜爱的家鸽——扇尾和球胸。几百年来,无论奢华宫殿里的王室贵族,还是简居陋室中的贫苦百姓,都对鸽子关爱备至。放眼

望去,富贵人家的花园里、假山上、喷泉边,平民百姓家窄小的花圃和果园内,处处点缀着斑斓色彩,时时传出悦耳鸣叫,它们便是五颜六色、咕咕低语的鸽子,就连那些白色羽装的家鸽,也都配着红宝石般的眼睛。

如今,即使在冬天的早晨,如果你到印度的大城市观光旅游,也能发现无以计数的男孩子站在自家平顶屋上。他们挥舞着白色旗子,向清冷天空中飞翔的爱鸽打着旗语。蓝天上,成群的鸽子展翅翱翔,宛如一片片壮观的云朵。鸽子成群结队地起飞,在自家屋顶上方盘旋;20 分钟后,它们开始升空;接着,来自各家的鸽群汇聚一处,渐渐飘向远方,最终消失得无影无踪。鸽子的返巢本领真是不可思议,因为城内所有屋顶的样式都相差无几,只不过颜色有别,分玫瑰色、蛋黄色、紫罗兰色和乳白色罢了。

鸽子的方向感让人称奇,对主人的迷恋程度更是令人赞叹。我见过的所有动物中,就属鸽子和大象最为忠诚。我和这两种动物都相处过,无论是乡下的四足长牙大象,还是城里的双翼飞鸽,不管它们离家



their almost infallible instinct brought back to their friend and brother—Man.

My elephant friend was called Kari, of whom you have heard before, and the other pet that I knew well was a pigeon. His name was Chitra-griva; Chitra meaning “painted in gay colours,” and Griva, “neck”—in one phrase, pigeon Gay-Neck. Sometimes he was called “Iridescence-throated.”

Of course, Gay-Neck did not come out of his egg with an iridescent throat; he had to grow the feathers week by week; and until he was three months old, there was very little hope that he would acquire the brilliant collar; but at last, when he did achieve it, he was the most beautiful pigeon in my town in India, and the boys of my town owned forty thousand pigeons.

But I must begin this story at the very beginning, I mean with Gay-Neck’s parents. His father was a tumbler who married the most beautiful pigeon of his day; she came from a noble old stock of carriers. That is why Gay-Neck proved himself later such a worthy carrier pigeon in war as well as in peace. From his mother he inherited wisdom, from his father bravery and alertness. He was so quick-witted that sometimes he escaped the clutches of a hawk by tumbling at the last moment right over the enemy’s head. But of that later, in its proper time and place.

Now let me tell you what a narrow escape Gay-Neck had while still in the egg. I shall never forget the day when, through a mistake of mine, I broke one of the two eggs that his mother had laid. It was very stupid of me. I regret it even now. Who knows? Maybe with that broken egg perished the finest pigeon of the world. It happened in this way. Our house was four stories high—and on its roof was built our pigeon-house. A few days after the eggs were laid I decided to clean the pigeon-hole in which Gay-Neck’s mother was sitting on them. I lifted her gently and put her on the roof beside me. Then I lifted each egg carefully and put it most softly



多远,总能凭借天生的本领,准确无误地回到自己的朋友与伙伴——人类——身边。

我的大象朋友名叫卡里,你们以前可能读到过有关它的书;我熟识并深爱的鸽子叫奇特拉·格雷瓦。奇特拉的意思是“五彩斑斓”,格雷瓦的含义为“脖颈”,合到一起就是“彩颈”,人们有时也叫它“虹彩脖儿”。

当然,彩颈鸽刚破壳出世时,脖颈上并没有彩虹般的色泽,它的羽装是一天天慢慢长成的。起初,人们实在看不出它将来会拥有鲜艳的颈羽,可等到三个月大时,它竟然出落成当地最最漂亮的鸽子。别忘了,我们那儿的男孩子总共喂养着四万只鸽子呢。

要讲述彩颈鸽的传奇故事,必须从它的出身讲起,这就得提到它的父母。它的父亲是只翻头鸽,与当时最漂亮的一只母鸽成亲,而这只母鸽来自古老而高贵的信鸽家族。后来,无论是战争年代,还是和平时期,彩颈鸽都证明自己是不可多得的信使。可以说,彩颈的父母造就了彩颈;它继承了母亲的智慧,学到了父亲的果敢与机敏。它反应极其敏捷,往往能在游隼就要抓到自己时,猛然一个空翻,恰好越过天敌的头顶,从而避开游隼的利爪。关于彩颈的种种历险经历,我会在以后讲给你们。

彩颈还未出壳时,曾有过一次死里逃生的经历,那一天我永生难忘。当时,母鸽产下了两枚蛋,而我不慎打碎了其中的一枚。我真是愚蠢极了,现在想起来都十分懊悔。随着蛋壳的破碎,一只胎鸽夭亡了,兴许那正是全世界最美丽的鸽子呢,这事儿谁也不准。事情的原委是这样的。我家住一幢四层高的楼房,鸽舍就建在楼顶上。彩颈的妈妈产蛋几天后,我打算清扫一下鸽巢。当时,鸽妈妈正在孵蛋,我先慢慢把它抱出来放到一边,又小心翼翼地捡起那两枚蛋,轻轻放入相邻的



in the next pigeon-hole, which, however, had no cotton or flannel on its hard wooden floor. Then I busied myself with the task of removing the debris from the birth-nest. As soon as that was done, I brought one egg back and restored it to its proper place. Next I reached for the second one and laid a gentle but firm hand on it. Just then something fell upon my face like a roof blown by the storm. It was Gay-Neck's father furiously beating my face with his wings. Worse still, he had placed the claws of one of his feet on my nose. The pain and surprise of it was so great that ere I knew how, I had dropped the egg. I was engrossed in beating off the bird from my head and face, and at last he flew away. But too late: the little egg lay broken in a mess at my feet. I was furious with its clumsy father and also with myself. Why with myself? Because I should have been prepared for the father bird's attack. He took me for a stealer of his eggs, and in his ignorance was risking his life to prevent my robbing his nest. May I impress it upon you that you should anticipate all kinds of surprise attacks when cleaning a bird's home during nesting season.

But to go on with our story. The mother bird knew the day when she was to break open the eggshell with her own beak, in order to usher Gay-Neck into the world. Though the male sits on the egg pretty nearly one-third of the time—for he does that each day from morning till late afternoon—yet he does not know when the hour of his child's birth is at hand. No one save the mother bird arrives at that divine certainty. We do not yet understand the nature of the unique wireless message by which she learns that within the shell the yolk and the white of her egg have turned into a baby-bird. She also knows how to tap the right spot so that the shell will break open without injuring her child in the slightest. To me that is as good as a miracle.

Gay-Neck's birth happened exactly as I have described. About the twentieth day after the laying of the egg, I noticed that the mother was not sitting on it any more. She pecked the father and drove him away



鸽巢内——那个巢里只有一层硬硬的木板，既没铺棉絮，也没垫绒布。我抓紧时间打扫完巢内的垃圾，马上将一枚蛋放回原来的地方，接着又去拿另一枚。我轻轻把它捏住，突然，不知什么东西猛打在我脸上，那阵势如同暴风雨猛拍房顶。原来是彩颈的爸爸返巢了，它愤怒地用双翼拍击我的脸。更为可怕的是，它的一只爪子已抓住我的鼻子。突如其来的剧痛和惊吓令我不知所措，不经意间，鸽蛋从手里滑落。我倾尽全力把它从头顶赶开，鸽爸爸最终飞走了，可一切都完了：那枚可怜的鸽蛋摔碎了。望着眼前破碎的卵，我既恨毛手毛脚的鸽爸爸，也恨我自己。为什么要恨自己呢？因为对鸽爸爸的突然袭击，我早就该料到。它不晓得我的好意，反而把我当成了偷蛋贼，为了阻止我，竟不惜自己的生命。请朋友们千万牢记：在孵蛋期打扫鸽巢时，一定要警惕各种偷袭。

还是接着讲彩颈鸽的故事吧。鸽妈妈知道小彩颈将在哪一天出世，到时候，它会用喙敲开蛋壳。鸽爸爸也帮助鸽妈妈孵蛋，差不多每天有三分之一的时间趴在鸽蛋上——从上午直到傍晚。尽管如此，鸽爸爸可不清楚雏鸽何时破壳出世。这种直觉判断力，只有鸽妈妈才有。母鸽能从蛋壳内收听到神奇的无线电波，并探知里面的蛋黄蛋清何时能变成雏鸽。这里面的奥秘，谁也说不明白。母鸽还能选择最合适的地方敲开蛋壳，而且一点儿都不会啄伤雏鸽。对我来说，这一切简直不可思议。

彩颈的出世与我上面描述的过程一模一样。在产蛋后 20 天左右，鸽妈妈就不再孵蛋了。不仅如此，每当鸽爸爸从屋顶上飞下来，并主动





every time he flew down from the roof of the house and volunteered to sit on the egg. Then he cooed, which meant, "Why do you send me away?"

She, the mother, just pecked him the more, meaning, "Please go. The business on hand is very serious."

At that, the father flew away. That worried me, for I was anxious for the egg to hatch, and was feeling suspicious about its doing it at all. With increased interest and anxiety I watched the pigeonhole. An hour passed. Nothing happened. It was about the third quarter of the next hour that the mother turned her head one way and listened to something—probably a stirring inside that egg. Then she gave a slight start. I felt as if a tremor were running through her whole body. With it a great resolution came into her. Now she raised her head, and took aim. In two strokes she cracked the egg open, revealing a wee bird, all beak and a tiny shivering body! Now watch the mother. She is surprised. Was it this that she was expecting all these long days? Oh, how small, how helpless! The moment she realizes her child's helplessness, she covers him up with the soft blue feathers of her breast.