

C·S·刘易斯经典·纳尼亚传奇系列(5)



THE VOYAGE OF THE DAWN TREADER

《中英双语典藏版》



“黎明”号的远航

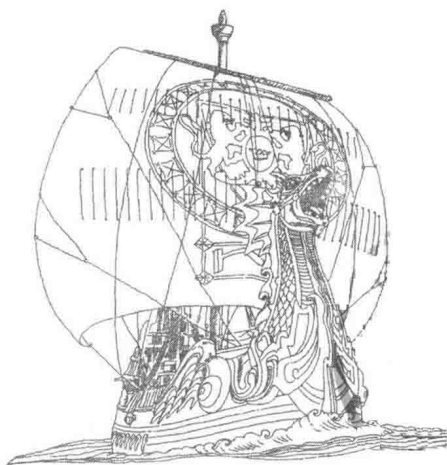
[英] C·S·刘易斯 / 著 向和平 / 译

C. S. Lewis

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网址: <http://www.tjrmcbs.com>

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译者序

经过两年多不懈的努力，“纳尼亚”系列经典的译文终于杀青了！这时，我既感到完成任务的轻松与喜悦，又隐隐感到一丝不舍。以前，也曾经读过“纳尼亚”系列，但那时是一目十行，不求甚解。翻译则不同，不仅要对作者思想和时代背景有较深入的了解，而且要尽量将其语言风格表达出来。这大概就是翻译所谓的“神似”与“形似”吧。

C·S·刘易斯可以称得上是一代宗师，被誉为“最伟大的牛津人”。他博学多才，著述颇丰。有人说，“纳尼亚”系列是“儿童的圣经”。要想读懂这套传奇故事，我们就必须对作者的信仰历程有所了解。

刘易斯的父母都是虔诚的新教徒。刘易斯出生后不久，就在爱尔兰的教会受洗。由于青少年时期的叛逆，他曾一度远离了自己的信仰。后来，在《魔戒》的作者、好友托尔金和其他朋友的影响下，32岁时他又回到了上帝的怀抱。回归信仰之后，刘易斯创作出了许多不朽的传世之作。

在“纳尼亚”的奇幻世界中，那位无所不在的狮子阿斯兰正是耶稣的化身。狮子是百兽之王，而圣经启示录则称耶稣为“犹太支派中的狮子”、“万王之王”。刘易斯藉着一系列的故事，轻松地阐释了上帝创造宇宙、魔鬼诱使人类犯罪、耶稣为罪人赎罪舍命、然后从死里复活等基督教教义。

刘易斯曾广泛涉猎欧洲的神话，因此“纳尼亚”系列经典中也出现了小矮人、半人马、潘恩、树精和狼人等形象。大师的想象力异常丰富，不受时空的限制，可谓天马行空，驰骛八极。套用刘勰的话来说，就是“思接千载，视通万里”。加上他的词汇量丰富，时常用诗一般的语言来描绘

高山、峡谷、密林、瀑布和清泉等自然景观。因此，尽管译者自嘲中英文功底都比较深厚，但不时也会感到“词穷”。有时，为了一句话、一个词，我会多方求教于英、美的朋友，真正体会到了译事之难。

在第一部《魔法师的外甥》中，作者展开想象的翅膀，带领我们“上天”，亲眼目睹了纳尼亚被创造的过程：随着狮子跌宕起伏的歌声，从土壤中接连冒出了树木、花草、动物和飞鸟。狮子赐给一部分动物和飞鸟说话的能力，使他们成为自己的“选民”。

除了“上天”，刘易斯还带着我们“入地”。在《银椅子》中，我们跟随作者来到了黑暗的地下王国，经历了一场惊心动魄的属灵争战。

“七”在《圣经》中是一个完全的数字，因为上帝在七天中创造了宇宙万物。故此，“纳尼亚”系列经典一共有七册书。这个系列中人物众多，场景变幻莫测。在《“黎明”号的远航》中，卡斯宾王等在海上的历险和奇遇扣人心弦；在《马儿与少年》中，我们又体验到了异国情调和大漠风光。而《最后的决战》栩栩如生地描绘了善与恶两个阵营，恶神塔西和白女巫、绿女巫一样，都象征着魔鬼撒旦，它们都逃脱不了失败与灭亡的命运。

何光沪老师在《从岁首到年终》的序言中说过，同刘易斯交上一年的朋友，会使你变得更好。两年多来，与刘大师朝夕相处，虽然不敢说自己变得更好了，但在这个过程中的确获益匪浅，虽苦也甜。

向和平

2013年12月



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CHAPTER 1

THE PICTURE IN THE BEDROOM

卧室里的图画

There was a boy called Eustace Clarence Scrubb, and he almost deserved it. His parents called him Eustace Clarence and masters called him Scrubb. I can't tell you how his friends spoke to him, for he had none. He didn't call his Father and Mother "Father" and "Mother", but Harold and Alberta. They were very up-to-date and advanced people. They were vegetarians, non-smokers and tee-totallers and wore a special kind of underclothes. In their house there was very little furniture and very few clothes on beds and the windows were always open.

Eustace Clarence liked animals, especially beetles, if they were dead and pinned on a card. He liked books if they were books of information and had pictures of grain elevators or of fat foreign children doing exercises in model schools.

Eustace Clarence disliked his cousins the four Pevensies—Peter, Susan, Edmund and Lucy. But he was quite glad when he heard that Edmund and Lucy were coming to stay. For deep down inside him he liked bossing and bullying; and, though he was a puny little person who couldn't have stood up even to Lucy, let alone Edmund, in a fight, he knew that there are dozens of ways to give people a bad time if you are in your own home and they are only visitors.

Edmund and Lucy did not at all want to come and stay with Uncle Harold and Aunt Alberta. But it really couldn't be helped. Father had got a job lecturing in America for sixteen weeks that summer, and Mother was to go with him because she hadn't had a real holiday for ten years. Peter was working very hard for an exam and he was to spend the holidays being coached by old Professor Kirke in whose house these four children had had wonderful adventures long ago in the war years. If he had still been in that house he would have had them all to stay. But he had somehow become poor since the old days and was living in a small cottage with only one bedroom to spare. It would have cost too much money to take the other three all to America, and so only Susan had gone.

Grown-ups thought her the pretty one of the family and she was no good at school work (though otherwise very old for her age) and Mother said she “would get far more out of a trip to America than the youngsters”. Edmund and Lucy tried not to grudge Susan her luck, but it was dreadful having to spend the summer holidays at their Aunt's. “But it's far worse for me,” said Edmund, “because you'll at least have a room of your own and I shall have to share a bedroom with that record stinker, Eustace.”

The story begins on an afternoon when Edmund and Lucy were stealing a few precious minutes alone together. And of course they were talking about Narnia, which was the name of their own private and secret country. Most of us, I suppose, have a secret country but for most of us it is only an imaginary country. Edmund and Lucy were luckier than other people in that respect. Their secret country was real. They had already visited it twice; not in a game or a dream but in reality. They had got there of course by Magic, which is the only way of getting to Narnia. And a promise, or very nearly a promise, had been made them in Narnia itself that they would some day get back. You may imagine that they talked about it a good deal, when they got the chance.

They were in Lucy's room, sitting on the edge of her bed and looking at a picture on the opposite wall. It was the only picture in the

house that they liked. Aunt Alberta didn't like it at all (that was why it was put away in a little back room upstairs), but she couldn't get rid of it because it had been a wedding present from someone she did not want to offend.

It was a picture of a ship—a ship sailing straight towards you. Her prow was gilded and shaped like the head of a dragon with a wide-open mouth. She had only one mast and one large, square sail which was a rich purple. The sides of the ship—what you could see of them where the gilded wings of the dragon ended—were green. She had just run up to the top of one glorious blue wave, and the nearer slope of that wave came down towards you, with streaks and bubbles on it. She was obviously running fast before a gay wind, listing over a little on her port side. (By the way, if you are going to read this story at all, and if you don't know already, you had better get it into your head that the left of a ship when you are looking ahead, is *port*, and the right is *starboard*.) All the sunlight fell on her from that side, and the water on that side was full of greens and purples. On the other, it was darker blue from the shadow of the ship.

“The question is,” said Edmund, “whether it doesn't make things worse, *looking* at a Narnian ship when you can't get there.”

“Even looking is better than nothing,” said Lucy. “And she is such a very Narnian ship.”

“Still playing your old game?” said Eustace Clarence, who had been listening outside the door and now came grinning into the room. Last year, when he had been staying with the Pevensies, he had managed to hear them all talking of Narnia and he loved teasing them about it. He thought of course that they were making it all up; and as he was far too stupid to make anything up himself, he did not approve of that.

“You're not wanted here,” said Edmund curtly.

“I'm trying to think of a limerick,” said Eustace. “Something like this:

“Some kids who played games about Narnia
Got gradually balmier and balmier—”

“Well, *Narnia* and *balmier* don't rhyme, to begin with,” said Lucy.

“It's an assonance,” said Eustace.

“Don't ask him what an assy-thingummy is,” said Edmund. “He's only longing to be asked. Say nothing and perhaps he'll go away.”

Most boys, on meeting a reception like this, would either have cleared out or flared up. Eustace did neither. He just hung about grinning, and presently began talking again.

“Do you like that picture?” he asked.

“For Heaven's sake don't let him get started about Art and all that,” said Edmund hurriedly, but Lucy, who was very truthful, had already said, “Yes, I do. I like it very much.”

“It's a rotten picture,” said Eustace.

“You won't see it if you step outside,” said Edmund.

“Why do you like it?” said Eustace to Lucy.

“Well, for one thing,” said Lucy, “I like it because the ship looks as if it were really moving. And the water looks as if it were really wet. And the waves look as if they were really going up and down.”

Of course Eustace knew lots of answers to this, but he didn't say anything. The reason was that at that very moment he looked at the waves and saw that they did look very much indeed as if they were going up and down. He had only once been in a ship (and then only as far as the Isle of Wight) and had been horribly seasick. The look of the waves in the picture made him feel sick again. He turned rather green and tried another look. And then all three children were staring with open mouths.

What they were seeing may be hard to believe when you read it in print, but it was almost as hard to believe when you saw it happening. The things in the picture were moving. It didn't look at all like a cinema either; the colours were too real and clean and out-of-doors for that. Down went the prow of the ship into the wave and up went a great shock of spray. And then up went the wave behind her, and her stern and her deck became visible for the first time, and then disappeared as the next wave came to meet her and her bows went up again. At the same moment an exercise book which had been lying

beside Edmund on the bed flapped, rose and sailed through the air to the wall behind him, and Lucy felt all her hair whipping round her face as it does on a windy day. And this was a windy day; but the wind was blowing out of the picture towards them. And suddenly with the wind came the noises—the swishing of waves and the slap of water against the ship's sides and the creaking and the overall high steady roar of air and water. But it was the smell, the wild, briny smell, which really convinced Lucy that she was not dreaming.

“Stop it,” came Eustace's voice, squeaky with fright and bad temper. “It's some silly trick you two are playing. Stop it. I'll tell Alberta—Ow!”

The other two were much more accustomed to adventures but, just exactly as Eustace Clarence said “Ow,” they both said “Ow” too. The reason was that a great cold, salt splash had broken right out of the frame and they were breathless from the smack of it, besides being wet through.

“I'll smash the rotten thing,” cried Eustace; and then several things happened at the same time. Eustace rushed towards the picture. Edmund, who knew something about magic, sprang after him, warning him to look out and not to be a fool. Lucy grabbed at him from the other side and was dragged forward. And by this time either they had grown much smaller or the picture had grown bigger. Eustace jumped to try to pull it off the wall and found himself standing on the frame; in front of him was not glass but real sea, and wind and waves rushing up to the frame as they might to a rock. He lost his head and clutched at the other two who had jumped up beside him. There was a second of struggling and shouting, and just as they thought they had got their balance a great blue roller surged up round them, swept them off their feet, and drew them down into the sea. Eustace's despairing cry suddenly ended as the water got into his mouth.

Lucy thanked her stars that she had worked hard at her swimming in the summer term. It is true that she would have got on much better if she had used a slower stroke, and also that the water felt a great deal colder than it had looked while it was only a picture. Still, she kept her head and kicked her shoes off, as everyone ought to do who falls into

deep water in their clothes. She even kept her mouth shut and her eyes open. They were still quite near the ship; she saw its green side towering high above them, and people looking at her from the deck. Then, as one might have expected, Eustace clutched at her in a panic and down they both went.

When they came up again she saw a white figure diving off the ship's side. Edmund was close beside her now, treading water, and had caught the arms of the howling Eustace. Then someone else, whose face was vaguely familiar, slipped an arm under her from the other side. There was a lot of shouting going on from the ship, heads crowding together above the bulwarks, ropes being thrown. Edmund and the stranger were fastening ropes round her. After that followed what seemed a very long delay during which her face got blue and her teeth began chattering. In reality the delay was not very long; they were waiting till the moment when she could be got on board ship without being dashed against its side. Even with all their best endeavours she had a bruised knee when she finally stood, dripping and shivering, on the deck. After her Edmund was heaved up, and then the miserable Eustace. Last of all came the stranger—a golden-headed boy some years older than herself.

“Ca—Ca—Caspian!” gasped Lucy as soon as she had breath enough. For Caspian it was; Caspian, the boy king of Narnia whom they had helped to set on the throne during their last visit. Immediately Edmund recognized him too. All three shook hands and clapped one another on the back with great delight.

“But who is your friend?” said Caspian almost at once, turning to Eustace with his cheerful smile. But Eustace was crying much harder than any boy of his age has a right to cry when nothing worse than a wetting has happened to him, and would only yell out, “Let me go. Let me go back. I don't *like* it.”

“Let you go?” said Caspian. “But where?”

Eustace rushed to the ship's side, as if he expected to see the picture frame hanging above the sea, and perhaps a glimpse of Lucy's bedroom. What he saw was blue waves flecked with foam, and paler

blue sky, both spreading without a break to the horizon. Perhaps we can hardly blame him if his heart sank. He was promptly sick.

“Hey! Rynelf,” said Caspian to one of the sailors. “Bring spiced wine for their Majesties. You’ll need something to warm you after that dip.” He called Edmund and Lucy their Majesties because they and Peter and Susan had all been Kings and Queens of Narnia long before his time. Narnian time flows differently from ours. If you spent a hundred years in Narnia, you would still come back to our world at the very same hour of the very same day on which you left. And then, if you went back to Narnia after spending a week here, you might find that a thousand Narnian years had passed, or only a day, or no time at all. You never know till you get there. Consequently, when the Pevensie children had returned to Narnia last time for their second visit, it was (for the Narnians) as if King Arthur came back to Britain, as some people say he will. And I say the sooner the better.

Rynelf returned with the spiced wine steaming in a flagon, and four silver cups. It was just what one wanted, and as Lucy and Edmund sipped it they could feel the warmth going right down to their toes. But Eustace made faces and spluttered and spat it out and was sick again and began to cry again and asked if they hadn’t any Plumtree’s Vitaminized Nerve Food and could it be made with distilled water and anyway he insisted on being put ashore at the next station.

“This is a merry shipmate you’ve brought us, Brother,” whispered Caspian to Edmund with a chuckle; but before he could say anything more, Eustace burst out again.

“Oh! Ugh! What on earth’s *that!* Take it away, the horrid thing.”

He really had some excuse this time for feeling a little surprised. Something very curious indeed had come out of the cabin in the poop and was slowly approaching them. You might call it—and indeed it was—a Mouse. But then it was a Mouse on its hind legs and stood about two feet high. A thin band of gold passed round its head under one ear and over the other and in this was stuck a long crimson feather. (As the Mouse’s fur was very dark, almost black, the effect was bold and striking.) Its left paw rested on the hilt of a sword very

nearly as long as its tail. Its balance, as it paced gravely along the swaying deck, was perfect, and its manners courtly. Lucy and Edmund recognized it at once—Reepicheep, the most valiant of all the Talking Beasts of Narnia, and the Chief Mouse. He had won undying glory in the second Battle of Beruna. Lucy longed, as she had always done, to take Reepicheep up in her arms and cuddle him. But this, as she well knew, was a pleasure she could never have: it would have offended him deeply. Instead, she went down on one knee to talk to him.

Reepicheep put forward his left leg, drew back his right, bowed, kissed her hand, straightened himself, twirled his whiskers, and said in his shrill, piping voice:

“My humble duty to your Majesty. And to King Edmund, too.” (Here he bowed again.) “Nothing except your Majesties’ presence was lacking to this glorious venture.”

“Ugh, take it away,” wailed Eustace. “I hate mice. And I never could bear performing animals. They’re silly and vulgar and—and sentimental.”

“Am I to understand,” said Reepicheep to Lucy after a long stare at Eustace, “that this singularly discourteous person is under your Majesty’s protection? Because, if not—”

At this moment Lucy and Edmund both sneezed.

“What a fool I am to keep you all standing here in your wet things,” said Caspian. “Come on below and get changed. I’ll give you my cabin of course, Lucy, but I’m afraid we have no women’s clothes on board. You’ll have to make do with some of mine. Lead the way, Reepicheep, like a good fellow.”

“To the convenience of a lady,” said Reepicheep, “even a question of honour must give way—at least for the moment—” and here he looked very hard at Eustace. But Caspian hustled them on and in a few minutes Lucy found herself passing through the door into the stern cabin. She fell in love with it at once—the three square windows that looked out on the blue, swirling water astern, the low cushioned benches round three sides of the table, the swinging silver lamp overhead (Dwarfs’ work, she knew at once by its exquisite delicacy)

and the flat gold image of Aslan the Lion on the forward wall above the door. All this she took in in a flash, for Caspian immediately opened a door on the starboard side, and said, “This’ll be your room, Lucy. I’ll just get some dry things for myself—” he was rummaging in one of the lockers while he spoke—“and then leave you to change. If you’ll fling your wet things outside the door I’ll get them taken to the galley to be dried.”

Lucy found herself as much at home as if she had been in Caspian’s cabin for weeks, and the motion of the ship did not worry her, for in the old days when she had been a queen in Narnia she had done a good deal of voyaging. The cabin was very tiny but bright with painted panels (all birds and beasts and crimson dragons and vines) and spotlessly clean. Caspian’s clothes were too big for her, but she could manage. His shoes, sandals and sea-boots were hopelessly big but she did not mind going barefoot on board ship. When she had finished dressing she looked out of her window at the water rushing past and took a long deep breath. She felt quite sure they were in for a lovely time.

❖ 中文阅读 ❖

有一个名叫尤斯塔斯·克拉伦斯·斯克拉布的男孩子，他也基本上名副其实^①。他的父母管他叫尤斯塔斯·克拉伦斯，而老师们则喊他斯克拉布。我无法告诉你，他的朋友怎么称呼他，因为他没有一个朋友。他对自己的父母不叫“爸爸”和“妈妈”，而是直呼其名，喊他们哈罗德和艾伯塔。他们俩是非常新潮的时代领军人物，是素食主义者，从不吸烟，滴酒不沾，穿一种特殊的内衣。在他们的房子里，家具少得可怜，床上的被褥也寥寥无几，而且窗户总是敞开着。

尤斯塔斯喜爱动物，特别喜欢钉在卡片上的甲虫标本。他喜欢读那些能够获取知识的书籍，里面有一些插图，画着粮仓，或者胖嘟嘟的外国儿童在模范学校里做操。

① 斯克拉布有矮小、低劣与卑鄙的含义——译者注。

尤斯塔斯不喜欢珀文西家的四个表兄表姐——彼得、苏珊、埃德蒙和露西。不过，听说埃德蒙和露西要来做客，他还是蛮高兴的。因为他打心眼儿里喜欢颐指气使，欺负别人。虽说他还只是一个小屁孩儿，打起架来，甚至不是露西的对手，更不用说埃德蒙了，可他毕竟是在自己家里，而他们不过是客人，他有几十种招数，可以使客人痛苦不堪。

埃德蒙和露西压根儿也不想来艾伯特姨妈和哈罗德姨父家里做客，可是他们没有办法。那年夏天，父亲得到一个美差，要到美国去讲学十六周，母亲要陪他一同前去，因为在过去的十年间，她从来都没有度过一个像样的假期。彼得正在勤奋学习，准备参加一场考试。这个暑期，他将在老教授柯克的指导下紧张备考。在很久之前的“二战”期间，就是在这位老教授的家里，四个孩子曾经有过一番奇妙的历险。如果教授还住在那座大房子里，他肯定会邀请他们全都过去做客。但是有好长时间了，教授不知怎么就破产了，现在住在一个小屋里，只有一间多余的卧室。父母决定只带苏珊一个人去美国，如果把另外三个孩子都带上，花销太大，他们承受不了。

大人们认为，苏珊是个漂亮的女孩子，在学校成绩不怎么样（说起来，她也是个大姑娘了）。妈妈说，苏珊“到美国去旅游，能比两个小不点儿学到更多的东西”。埃德蒙和露西尽力不去妒忌苏珊的好运气，但到姨妈家过暑假，的确是件很不爽的事情。“对我来说尤其郁闷，”埃德蒙说，“你至少还有自己的一间卧室，而我则必须跟那个超讨厌的尤斯塔斯同住一间卧室。”

故事发生在一天下午，埃德蒙和露西抽出宝贵的几分钟独自待在一起。自然而然的，他们又谈论起了纳尼亚，纳尼亚是他们所拥有的神秘国度的名字。我想，大多数人都有一个神秘国度，但那个国度只是存在于我们的想象中而已。在这一点上，埃德蒙和露西比其他人都要幸运。他们的神秘国度真实存在，他们已经亲自去过两次，而不是在游戏时，或者在梦中见到的。当然，他们是凭借着魔法去的，那是到纳尼亚去的唯一途径。在纳尼亚，他们曾经得到过一个应许，或者说是一个承诺，即有一天他们还会旧地重游。你可以想象得到，他们一有机会，就会大谈特谈这些经历。

他们是在露西的房间里，坐在床边，看着对面墙上的一张画。那是他们在这座房子里唯一喜爱的一张画。艾伯特姨妈对这张画一点儿也不感兴趣（那