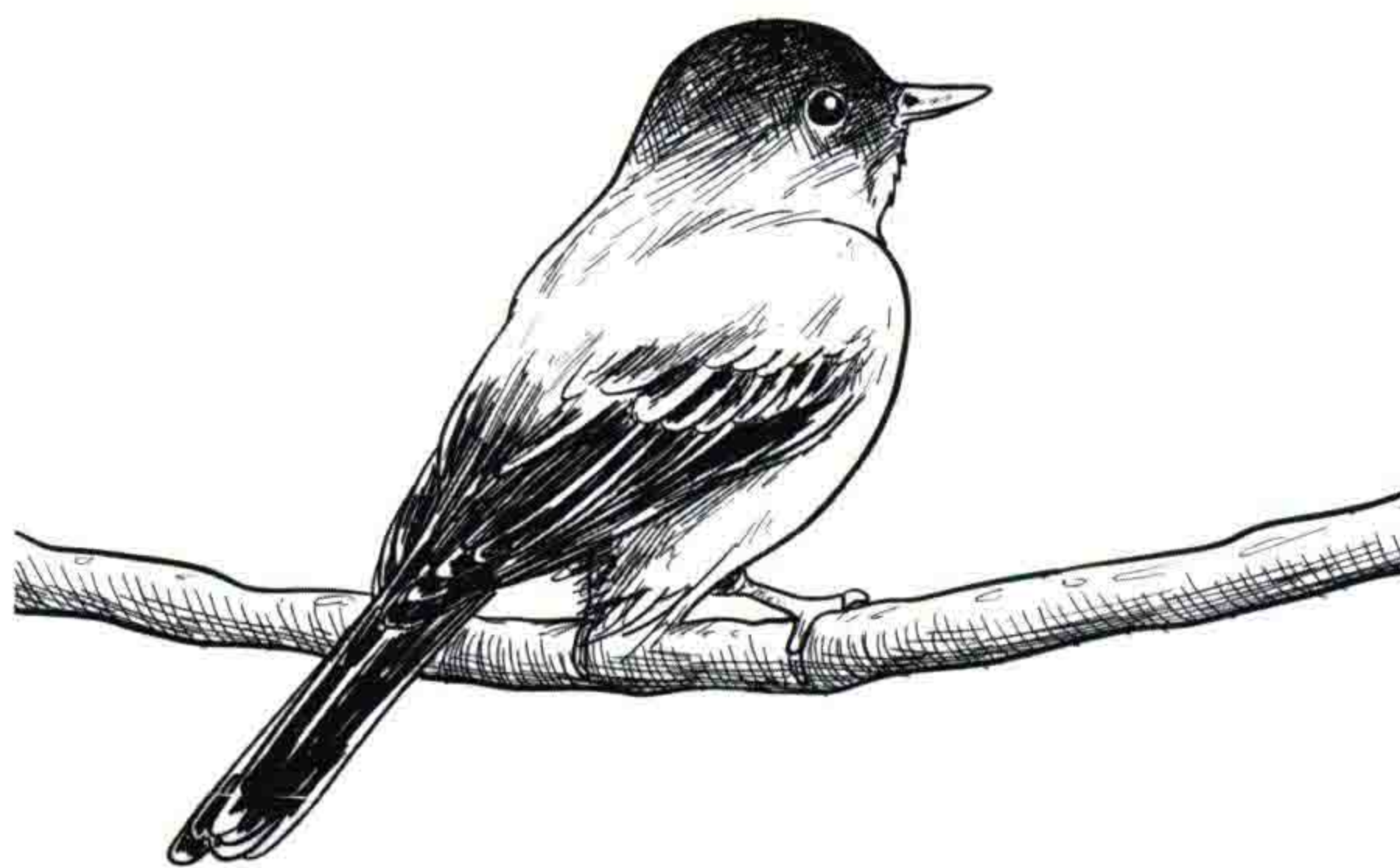


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BIRD STORIES

鸟的故事

[美] 伊迪丝·M. 派奇 著 亢海宏 李鲁闽 译



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Chick, D.D.

山雀奇客 D.D.: 圣诞树王国里的小牧师

Right in the very heart of Christmas-tree Land there was a forest of firs that pointed to the sky as straight as steeples. A hush lay over the forest, as if there were something very wonderful there, that might be meant for you if you were quiet and waited for it to come. Perhaps you have felt like that when you walked down the aisle of a church, with the sun shining through the lovely glass in the windows. Men have often called the woods "temples"; so there is, after all, nothing so very strange in having a preacher live in the midst of the fir forest that grew in Christmas-tree Land.

在“圣诞树王国”的最中心有一片枞树,树尖笔直挺

拔，像教堂的塔尖，直指天空。枞树林里悄无声息，像藏着什么神奇的东西。嘘！别出声，静静地等着吧，那东西可能就是给你的。也许当你走在教堂的甬道上，阳光透过色彩斑斓的玻璃窗洒满你的全身时，你曾有过这样的感觉。人们常常把树林称作“神殿”；所以，“圣诞树王国”的这片枞树林里住着一位牧师也就无须大惊小怪了。

And the sermon itself was not very strange, for it was about peace and good-will and love and helping the world and being happy—all very proper things to hear about while the bells in the city churches, way, way off, were ringing their glad messages from the steeples.

要说这位牧师的布道，其实也没什么好奇怪的，讲的无非都是和平、亲善和友爱，还有如何帮助这个世界和做一个幸福的人——城市教堂的塔尖上，钟声远远地响起，送来一阵阵福音，这个时候聆听这些布道再合适不过了。

But the minister was a queer one, and his very

first words would have made you smile. Not that you would have laughed at him, you know. You would have smiled just because he had a way of making you feel happy from the minute he began.

不过,这位牧师很特别,他一张口,就会惹你笑;喂,我可不是说你会嘲笑他,我是说,从他张口的那一刻起,不知为什么他就会让你感到很开心,你就会不由自主地笑起来。

He sat on a small branch, and looked down from his pulpit with a dear nod of his little head, which would have made you want to cuddle him in the hollow of your two hands.

他坐在一根小小的树枝上,低头注视着讲坛下的一切,点一下小脑袋,神情可爱极了,让你忍不住想伸出双手捧住他。

His robe was of gray and white and buff-colored feathers, and he wore a black-feather cap and bib.

他身着灰、白和暗黄三色长羽袍,戴着一顶黑色的羽帽,披着一条黑色的羽毛挂肩。



Firs that pointed to the sky.

直指云天的枞树林。

He began by singing his name. "Chick, D.D.," he called. Now, when a person has "D.D." written after his name, we have a right to think that he is trying to live so wisely that he can teach us how to be happier, too. Of course Minister Chick had not earned those letters by studying in college, like most parsons; but he had learned the secret of a happy heart in his school in the woods.

他的布道从自报姓名开始。“奇客 D.D.”，他大声唱道。喂，如果一个人在他的名字后面加上“D.D.”（神学博士），那我们就能做如下推测：他正在努力打造睿智人生，所以，他可以告诉我们怎样才能更快乐。当然了，和多数牧师不同，奇客牧师的这些学识可不是在大学里得来的；他拥有快乐之心的秘方是在他的学校——树林里学到的。

Yes, he began his service by singing his name; but the real sermon he preached by the deeds he did and the life he lived. So, while we listen to his happy song, we can watch his busy hours, until we are acquainted with the little black-capped minister who called himself "Chick, D.D."

是的，他的布道从自报姓名开始。可是，他真正的布

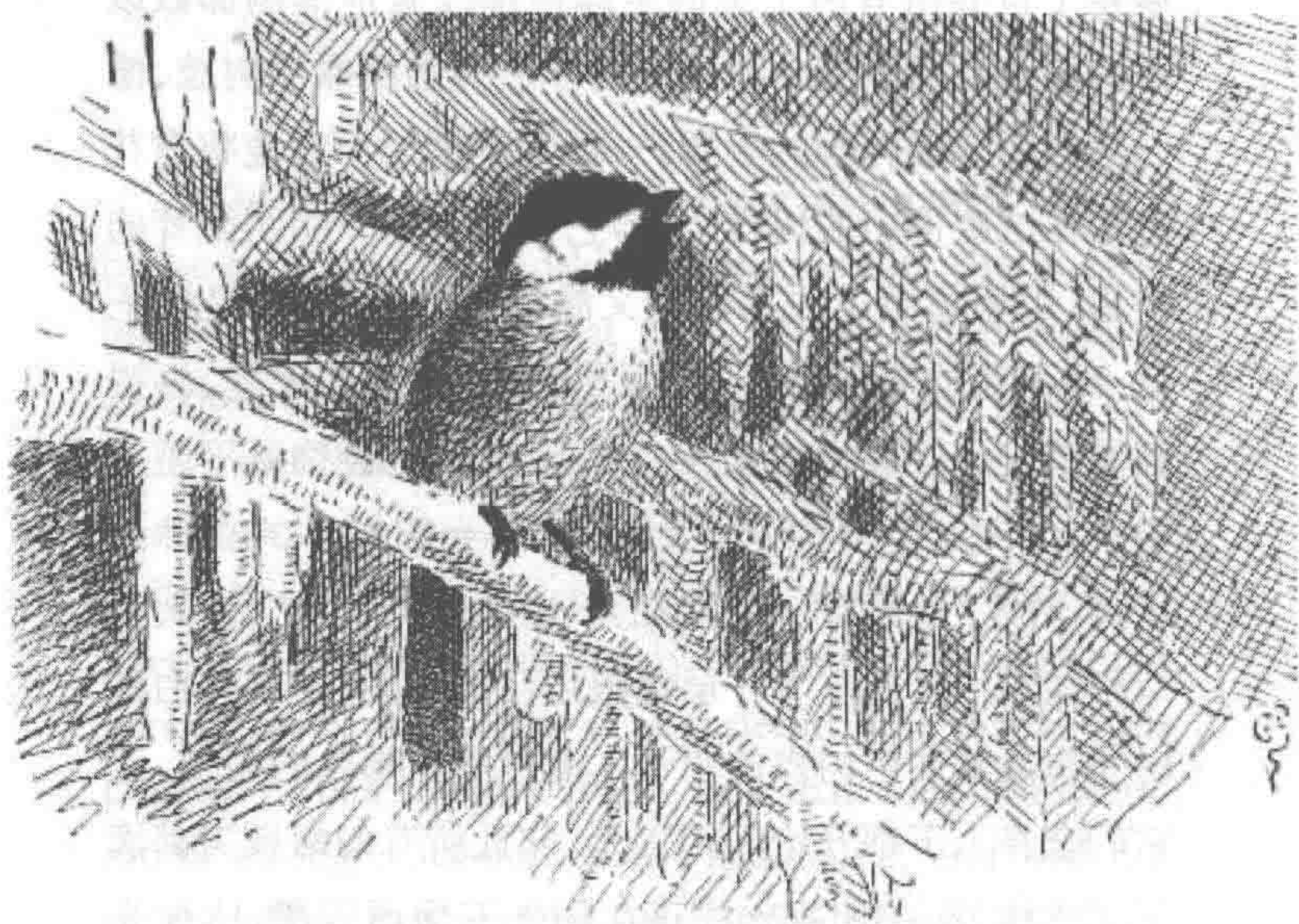
道却是通过行动和生活方式来进行宣讲的。所以，我们在聆听他快乐的鸣唱时，还可以观察他那忙忙碌碌的日子，直到和这位自称“奇客 D.D.”的黑顶小牧师相识相知。

Chick's Christmas-trees were decorated, and no house in the whole world had one lovelier that morning than the hundreds that were all about him as far as he could see. The dark-green branches of the pines and cedars had held themselves out like arms waiting to be filled, and the snow had been dropped on them in fluffy masses, by a quiet, windless storm. It had been very soft and lovely that way—a world all white and green below, with a sky of wonderful blue that the firs pointed to like steeples. Then, as if that were not decoration enough, another storm had come, and had put on the glitter that was brightest at the edge of the forest where the sun shone on it. The second storm had covered the soft white with dazzling ice. It had swept across the white-barked birch trees and their purple-brown branches, and had left them shining all over. It had dripped icicles from the tips of all the twigs that now shone in the sunlight brighter than candles, and tinkled like little bells, when the breezes clicked them

together, in a tune that is called, "Woodland Music after an Ice-Storm."

奇客的圣诞树都已经装饰一新,在他眼里,那天早晨整个世界所有房子里的圣诞树都没有他周围那数以百计的圣诞树漂亮。松树和西洋杉伸出墨绿的树枝,像一只只期待着礼物的手臂。一场大雪悄无声息地将雪花撒落在这些伸出的树枝上,为它们盖上了一团团茸茸的积雪,那景象看上去可真是又温馨又漂亮:下面是白茫茫、绿茵茵的双色世界,上面是碧蓝、碧蓝的天空,枞树则像塔尖一样直指着蓝天。然而,这样的装饰似乎还不够美,于是,又下了一场大雪,把阳光照耀下的森林边缘装点成了最晶莹、最亮眼的一道风景。这第二场大雪为松软的积雪覆上了一层耀眼炫目的冰。它还漫过白桦树那包裹着白色树皮的树干,漫过那棕褐色的树枝,让它们全身上下都开始闪闪发光。它让所有的嫩枝尖都滴下了冰柱,现在那些冰柱正在阳光下熠熠闪耀,比烛光还要明亮;微风吹来,冰柱撞在一起,像小铃铛一样叮当作响,就像是在奏乐,乐曲的名字就叫“冰暴过后的森林之乐”。

That is the tune that played all about the black-



Woodland Music after an Ice-Storm.

冰暴过后的森林之乐。

capped bird as he flitted out of the forest, singing, "Chick, D.D.," as he came. The clear cold air and the exercise of flying after his night's sleep had given Chick a good healthy appetite, and he had come out for his breakfast.

当这位黑顶的鸟儿像来的时候那样唱着“奇客, D. D.”,掠过树丛,飞出森林的时候,他的四周到处都在演奏这首乐曲。昨天睡了一个好觉,今天森林里空气又清新凛冽,再加上不时地飞来飞去,让奇客胃口大开,这不,他出来找早餐吃了。

He liked eggs very well, and there were, as he knew, plenty of them on the birch trees, for many a time he had breakfasted there. Eggs with shiny black shells, not so big as the head of a pin; so wee, indeed, that it took a hundred of them or more to make a meal for even little Chick.

奇客特别喜欢吃卵,他还知道白桦树上就有许多卵,因为他已经在那里吃了很多次早餐了。这些卵的外壳亮亮的、黑黑的,还没有大头针的针头大;的确,它们太小了,甚至连小小的奇客一顿都要吃上一百多个。

But he wasn't lazy. He didn't have to have eggs cooked and brought to his table. He loved to hunt for them, and they were never too cold for him to relish; so out he came to the birch trees, with a cheery "Chick, D.D.", as if he were saying grace for the good food tucked here and there along the branches.

不过,奇客并不懒惰。他无须找人把卵做熟端到他的餐桌上。他喜欢自己去寻卵吃,而且,尽管这些卵吃起来凉冰冰的,却从来也不影响他的食欲。所以,他出来,飞进了白桦林,兴高采烈地唱着“奇客 D.D.”,好像在感谢他能吃到藏在树枝各处的美食。

When he alighted, though, it wasn't the bark he found, but a hard, thick coating of ice. The branches rattled together as he moved among them and the icicles that dangled down rang and clicked as they struck one another. The ice-storm had locked in Chick's breakfast eggs, and, try as he would with his little beak, he couldn't get through to find them.

可是,奇客落下来站定时,才发现他的脚下不是树皮,而是一层硬邦邦、厚墩墩的冰。他在树枝间穿梭跳跃的时候,树枝就吱吱咯咯响作一团,悬挂着的冰柱相互撞击,也叮当作响。冰暴已经把奇客的早饭锁起来了,

无论他的小嘴巴怎么使劲地凿，都无法凿穿冰层找到那些卵。

So Chick's Christmas Day began with hardship: for, though he sang gayly through the coldest weather, he needed food to keep him strong and warm. He was not foolish enough to spend his morning searching through the icy birch trees, for he had a wise little brain in his head and soon found out that it was no use to stay there. But he didn't go back to the forest and mope about it. Oh, no. Off he flew, down the short hill slope, seeking here and there as he went.

就这样，奇客的圣诞节刚开始就遇到了麻烦：虽然，天寒地冻的日子里，他一直在欢快地鸣唱，可是他也需要食物保持体力，还有体温。奇客不会笨得整个早晨都在冰天雪地的白桦林里觅食，他的小脑瓜聪明着呢，很快他就发现继续待在这里毫无用处。不过，奇客并没有返回森林，也没有因此而闷闷不乐。哦，不会的。他飞走了，沿着小山坡往下飞去，一边飞还一边四处寻觅。

Where the soil was rocky under the snow, some

sumachs grew, and their branches of red berries looked like gay Christmas decorations. The snow that had settled heavily on them had partly melted, and the soaked berries had stained it so that it looked like delicious pink ice-cream. Some of the stain had dripped to the snow below, so there were places that looked like pink ice-cream there, too. Then the ice-storm had crusted it over, and now it was a beautiful bit of bright color in the midst of the white-and-green-and-blue Christmas.

积雪下岩石比较多的地方,长着一些漆树,一枝枝红红的漆果看起来就像是欢乐喜庆的圣诞装饰。树枝上厚厚的积雪已经开始融化,浸透雪水的漆果染红了积雪,让这些正在融化的积雪看起来就像是美味的粉色冰激凌。一些染红的雪水滴落到下面的积雪上,所以,那儿有的地方也变成了粉色冰激凌。接着,冰暴又把这些粉色冰激凌变成了硬硬的冰壳,为这个白茫茫、绿茵茵、蓝莹莹的圣诞大世界点缀出一抹亮丽。

Chick stopped hopefully at the sumach bushes, not because he knew anything about ice-cream or cared a great deal about the berries; but sometimes there were plump little morsels hidden among them,