



布哈拉历险记

[英汉对照]

探险与传奇经典文学
双语系列丛书

Adventures of Nasreddin

[俄] L·索罗夫耶夫 / 著 青闰 何晓瑶 冉玉体 / 译注

东华大学出版社

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编者的话

“探险与传奇经典文学双语系列丛书”第一辑《金银岛》、《所罗门王的宝藏》、《冠军的童年》、《死亡诗社》和《月亮宝石》推出后,受到了广大读者的一致好评。应读者的强烈要求,我们又适时组译了第二辑,包括《鲁滨逊漂流记》、《80天环游地球》、《时间机器》和《布哈拉历险记》。

“探险与传奇经典文学双语系列丛书”顾名思义是在我们营造的探险与传奇的文学氛围中领略大师经典,让你晓畅自如地穿行在英语世界的广阔天地中,采撷芬芳,咀嚼英华,潜移默化,分享知识带给你的快慰和力量。

在选材上,我们披沙拣金,尽可能多方位、多角度、多层面地体现探险与传奇的风姿与魅力。

在翻译上,我们反复斟酌推敲,力求准确到位,传神达韵,让你体味到汉语言的博大精深和独特韵味。

在设计上,我们追求精美韵致、别出心裁,让你一见倾心、爱不释手、一读难忘。

我们推出的这套“探险与传奇经典文学双语系列丛书”既有惊心动魄、缠绵悱恻的迷人故事,又有地道纯正、原汁原味的英语经典。而且,为了照顾多层次读者的阅读需求和欣赏品味,我们尽可能做到兼收并蓄、雅俗共赏。

我们相信她们一定会让你赏心悦目、流连忘返,增加对英语的浓厚兴趣和深切感悟,使你的英语水平在不知不觉中迅速得

到提升,同时也使你的汉语悟性更上一层楼。

“探险与传奇经典文学双语系列丛书”由焦作大学宋金柱(青闰)主持翻译、注解和统稿,在翻译过程中得到了东华大学出版社沈衡先生,以及望岳、常明月、黎明春、丹冰、云中君等同志的悉心指导,在此深表谢忱。

青 闰

2008年2月18日

前 言

《布哈拉历险记》是我们的“探险与传奇经典文学双语系列丛书”奉上的第九道精美大餐。

《布哈拉历险记》是俄罗斯经典作家 L·索罗夫耶夫的传世力作。

本书栩栩如生地描写了行侠仗义、智勇双全的游侠纳斯雷丁在布哈拉城和其他地方的一次次惊险经历,他常常在敌众我寡、险象环生的困境中化险为夷、绝处逢生,让人拍案叫绝、叹为观止。

另外,本书还以独特的视角和巧妙的手法描述了游侠纳斯雷丁和古尔珍之间曲折浪漫的爱情故事,同时美丽动人的古尔珍、乐善好施的茶馆老板阿里、勤劳善良的陶工尼亚兹,以及昏庸无道的埃米尔国王、巧取豪夺的放高利贷者贾法、老奸巨滑的巴蒂亚、如狼似虎的阿斯兰贝克等人物的艺术形象跃然纸上,不露任何雕琢之痕,令人信服。

本书语言简洁明快,幽默诙谐,生动传神。无论写景、抒情还是对话都独树一帜、力透纸背,富有中亚式东方传奇的艺术魅力,堪称都市版的“Robin Hood(罗宾汉)”。

青 闰

2008 年 2 月 18 日

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本书栩栩如生地描写了行侠仗义、智勇双全的游侠纳斯雷丁在布哈拉城和其他地方的一次次惊险经历，他常常在敌众我寡、险象环生的困境中化险为夷、绝处逢生，让人拍案叫绝、叹为观止。

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Chapter 1

Khoja Nasreddin's thirty-fifth birthday found him on the road.

He had spent over ten years in exile^①, wandering from town to town, from country to country, crossing seas and deserts, and sleeping where night overtook him.

A light streak^② appears in the sky through the latticed^③ window, the stars pale, the breeze heralding^④ the dawn rustles gently among the foliage, and on the window-ledge gay turtledoves begin to coo and to preen^⑤ themselves. Khoja Nasreddin says, kissing the languid^⑥ 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? 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. I must be on my way. I am in a hurry."

"On your way? Have you pressing business 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, jinns^⑦ seem to possess my feet and I cannot keep still."

① in exile 过流放生活；过离乡背井生活

② streak *n.* 条纹；线条；条痕

③ latticed *adj.* 装有格子的

④ herald *vt.* 预示；预报

⑤ preen *vt.* (鸟)用喙整理羽毛

⑥ languid *adj.* 无精打采的；疲倦的

⑦ jinn *n.* 神灵

第1章

游侠纳斯雷丁在途中度过了35岁生日。

他浪迹天涯已经10多年了，总是游走在城乡之间，穿越大海和沙漠，而且赶上天黑就睡觉。

透过格子窗，一线淡淡的晨光出现在天空中，星光暗淡，微风轻拂，树叶飒飒作响，预示着黎明已经来临，窗台上的几只斑鸠开始欢快地咕咕鸣叫，并用嘴整理羽毛。游侠纳斯雷丁亲吻着慵懒的美人儿说：“时间到了。再见，我的绝代佳人。别忘了我。”

“等一下，”她用迷人的胳膊抱住他的脖子恳求道。“你要永远离开吗？听着，今晚，天一黑，我就让老太太把你再带回来。”

“不，我早已忘记在同一个屋檐下连睡两晚是什么滋味了。我必须上路。我有急事儿。”

“上路？你在另一个城市有急事儿非办不可吗？你要去哪里？”

“我不知道。但天已经亮了：城门开了，第一批商队正在离去。你听到驼铃声了吗？我听到驼铃声，就像神灵左右我的脚步，所以我无法停下来。”

“Go, then!” petulantly^① exclaims the beauty, vainly trying to hide the tears which 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, a man with a high price on his head: every day town criers announce it in public places and bazaars^②. Yesterday they were offering three thousand tomans^③, 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, burnt through in many places by the sparks of campfires, and steals away. At the door snores the negligent^④ guardian of the most precious treasure of the palace. Further on, stretched out on rugs and felts snore the guards, their heads pillowed on naked daggers. Khoja Nasreddin creeps past them on tiptoe, always safely, as though for the time being rendered^⑤ invisible.

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. Dewy fields and barren desert where camels' bones gleam white among the sand-drifts, green gardens and foaming rivers, 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.

Now he was on his way back to his native town, where he hoped to rest awhile from his endless wanderings under cover of an assumed^⑥ name.

① petulantly *adv.* 任性地; 易怒地

② bazaar *n.* (东方国家的) 集市, 市场

③ toman *n.* 古波斯之金币

④ negligent *adj.* 疏忽的; 粗心大意的

⑤ render *vt.* 表现; 描写 (个性等)

⑥ assumed *adj.* 假装的; 虚构的

“那就走吧!”美人儿徒劳地尽力掩饰着长睫毛上的晶莹泪珠，任性地说道。“但至少你走前把你的名字告诉我。”

“我的名字?那就听着:你和游侠纳斯雷丁度过了一个良宵。我是游侠纳斯雷丁,一个脑袋很值钱的人。每天街头公告员都在公共场合和集市宣布,昨天他们悬赏了3000金币,我禁不住想以这个高价卖掉自己的脑袋。你笑了,我的小星星?好,最后一次吻我吧。我真希望能送给你一颗绿宝石,可我没有绿宝石,所以想我时,就拿着这个白色小圆石吧。”

他穿上被篝火星烧了好多窟窿的破长袍,然后悄悄溜走。豪宅中最珍爱的人儿的卫兵玩忽职守,正在门口打鼾。再往前走,那些卫兵伸展身体躺在地毯上和毛毡上,也在打鼾,他们的头枕在出鞘的短剑上。游侠纳斯雷丁蹑手蹑脚从他们身边走了过去,总是平安无事,好像暂时施了隐身法一般。

随后,石子路上又响起了铃声,他的毛驴轻快地扬起蹄子,腾起了一股尘烟。天空蔚蓝,太阳普照。游侠纳斯雷丁可以眼睛一眨不眨地望着天空。露湿的田野、沙堆间骆驼白骨森森的荒漠、绿色花园、汨汨流动的河流、荒山、喜气洋洋的牧场,到处都能听到游侠纳斯雷丁的歌声。他骑着毛驴不停地向前飞奔,从不回头,也不留下什么遗憾,更不怕前方等待自己的是什么。

现在他正在回故乡的路上。他希望在那里停止没有尽头的流浪,隐姓埋名休息一阵。

Chapter 2

He crossed the frontier of Bukhara with a large merchant caravan^①, and on the eighth day of the journey glimpsed far ahead in the dusty haze the familiar minarets^② of the great and famous city.

The camel-drivers, exhausted by thirst and heat, raised a hoarse shout, and the camels stepped out faster. The sun was setting and there was need to make haste to enter Bukhara before the city gates were shut. Khoja Nasreddin rode at the tail end of the caravan, wrapped in a thick and heavy cloud of dust. Sneezing and coughing he kept saying to his ass: "Well, here we are. Home at last! By Allah, 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!" shouted the chief of the caravan exhibiting from afar a gold coin.

But the gates had already closed, 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, and in the twilight stillness there floated out from all the innumerable minarets the high, long-drawn, mournful voices of the muezzins^③, calling the faithful to evening prayer.

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

① caravan *n.* (在沙漠或危险地区结伴而行的) 旅行队; 商队

② minaret *n.* 宣礼塔; (伊斯兰教寺院的) 尖塔

③ muezzin *n.* (伊斯兰寺院的) 祷告时间报告人

第2章

他和一个大商队一起穿过了布哈拉的边界。旅行到第八天时，他远远地看见了前方尘雾笼罩的那个著名大城市的一座座尖塔。

那些赶驼人又渴又热，筋疲力尽，提高嗓音嘶哑吆喝，驼队走得更快了。夕阳西下，他们必须赶在城门关闭之前进入布哈拉城。游侠纳斯雷丁骑着毛驴走在商队的最后面，商队笼罩在厚重的烟尘之中。他一边打喷嚏、咳嗽，一边不停地对他的毛驴说：“好了，我们到了。终于到家了！真主安拉，成功和幸福在这里等着我们。”

商队走到城墙时，卫兵们正要关门。

“看在真主安拉的分上，等等我们！”商队首领远远地就亮出一枚金币，大声喊道。

可是，城门已经关闭，卫兵们都扛起枪到城堡上站岗去了。

一阵清新的微风吹过，粉红色的光渐渐地消失在薄雾笼罩的天空，一弯细长的新月突然出现。在暮色苍茫的寂静中，从无数尖塔中传来祷告时间报告人高昂、悠长、悲怆的声音，号召信徒们晚祷。

当商人们和赶驼人跪倒时，游侠纳斯雷丁和他的毛驴静静地站在一边。

“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^① and you a bundle of clover^②. ”

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^③ of the sky he could see the shining network of the stars. Every constellation^④ was familiar to him. How often in these ten years had he looked up into the open sky!

Wise in experience, Khoja Nasreddin had selected for his night's rest a spot windward from the tantalizing^⑤ smell of food 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.

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 thought which beset and tormented him.

He loved his native land, it was his greatest love. And the farther away from Bukhara he wandered, the more strongly he loved it and missed it.

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.

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.

① pilau *n.* 肉饭（亦作 pilaf 或 pilaff，由大米加鱼或肉及调料煮成）

② clover *n.* 三叶草；苜蓿

③ transparency *n.* 透明（性）

④ constellation *n.* 星座；星群；（占星术中的）星宿

⑤ tantalizing *adj.* 诱人的

“这些商人真得感谢真主安拉，”他说。“他们今天已经吃过饭，现在希望喝点儿酒。我和你——我忠实的毛驴——还没有吃饭，更别说喝酒了。如果真主安拉想得到我们的感谢，就让他送给我一碗肉饭，给你一捆三叶草。”

他把毛驴拴到了路边的一棵树上，然后侧身头枕一块石头躺在光地上。他抬头望着黑荧荧的夜空，可以看到闪烁如织的繁星。每一个星座他都熟悉。这十年里，他有多少次望着辽阔的天空啊！

根据经验，游侠纳斯雷丁明智地选了一个迎风的地方过夜，这样可以避开食物诱人的香味，免得打扰他。他熟悉布哈拉的风俗习惯，所以决定省下最后的钱，交明天的城门通行费。

他翻来覆去好长时间，都难以入睡。让他无法入睡的不是饥饿，困扰折磨着他的是痛苦的思想。

他热爱故乡，这是他最伟大的爱。他流浪得离布哈拉越远，他就爱得越强烈、思念得越强烈。

归来时，他发现故乡比他离开时更不幸了。旧埃米尔国王王朝早已被埋葬了。在过去的八年里，新埃米尔国王王朝已经使布哈拉到了毁灭的边缘。

对游侠纳斯雷丁来说，这是一次遗憾的回乡之行。

第二天一大早，所有的尖塔里又响起了祷告时间报告人的喊声。城门打开，商队伴着低沉的驼铃声缓缓地进城了。