

中文导读英文版

Peter Pan

彼得·潘

[英] 詹姆斯·巴里 原著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社



I561.4/YB275P=2

2008

(中 文 导 读 英 文 版)

Peter Pan

彼得·潘

[英] 詹姆斯·巴里 原著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社
北京

内 容 简 介

Peter Pan, 中文译名为《彼得·潘》, 也称《小飞侠》, 是 20 世纪最伟大的童话巨著之一, 它是由英国著名小说家、剧作家詹姆斯·巴里编著而成。这是一个充满魔幻、神奇的美丽故事。小飞侠彼得·潘是个永远长不大的勇敢小子, 调皮且喜爱冒险, 在神秘的梦幻岛上快乐地生活着, 那里还住着小仙子、美人鱼、印第安人和凶恶的海盗。一天, 小飞侠邀请小朋友温蒂和她的两个弟弟来到梦幻岛游玩。于是, 在那里发生了一件一件令温蒂无法想象和忘却的传奇故事: 落户大树底下的神奇之家; 与小仙子、美人鱼一起游玩; 和印第安人结盟智斗海盗, 等等。

该书一经出版, 很快就成为当时最受关注和最畅销的童话作品, 至今被译成世界上几十种文字, 曾经先后多次被改编成戏剧、电影、电视和卡通片等。书中所展现的神奇故事伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。

无论作为语言学习的课本, 还是作为通俗的文学读本, 全文引进该书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况, 进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平, 在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

本书封面贴有清华大学出版社防伪标签, 无标签者不得销售。

版权所有, 侵权必究。侵权举报电话: 010-62782989 13701121933

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

彼得·潘=Peter Pan: 中文导读英文版/(英)巴里(Barrie, J. M.)原著; 王勋等编译. —北京: 清华大学出版社, 2008.6

ISBN 978-7-302-17773-9

I. 彼… II. ①巴…②王… III. ①英语-语言读物②童话-英国-近代
IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2008)第 074307 号

责任编辑: 李 晔

责任校对: 焦丽丽

插图绘制: 侯诗洋

责任印制: 杨 艳

出版发行: 清华大学出版社

地 址: 北京清华大学学研大厦 A 座

<http://www.tup.com.cn>

邮 编: 100084

社 总 机: 010-62770175

邮 购: 010-62786544

投稿与读者服务: 010-62776969, c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

质 量 反 馈: 010-62772015, zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

印 装 者: 北京鑫海金澳胶印有限公司

经 销: 全国新华书店

开 本: 170×260 印 张: 11 字 数: 198 千字

版 次: 2008 年 6 月第 1 版 印 次: 2008 年 6 月第 1 次印刷

印 数: 1~5000

定 价: 19.00 元

本书如存在文字不清、漏印、缺页、倒页、脱页等印装质量问题, 请与清华大学出版社出版部联系调换。联系电话: (010)62770177 转 3103 产品编号: 030306-01



詹姆斯·巴里（1860—1937），英国著名小说家、剧作家。出生于苏格兰，1882年毕业于爱丁堡大学获学士学位。1885年迁居伦敦，从事新闻编辑工作，并开始小说创作。巴里早年爱好戏剧，1897年将自己创作的畅销作品、长篇小说《小牧师》改编成剧本上演并获成功。此后，他的大部分创作作品是戏剧。1928年他当选为英国作家协会主席，1930年受聘为爱丁堡大学名誉校长。

他一生为青少年创作了许多童话故事和童话剧，其中影响最大、最著名的是1904年出版的《彼得·潘》（后来也称《小飞侠》）。《彼得·潘》出版后立刻引起了轰动，之后被搬上舞台戏院。1953年，迪士尼公司出品了动画版的《小飞侠》影片。1991年，好莱坞著名导演斯皮尔伯格，又根据《小飞侠》的故事拍摄了电影《虎克船长》。2003年，根据小说《彼得·潘》改编的电影《小飞侠》再次在全世界公映。《彼得·潘》之所以赢得了各国大小读者的欢心，原因在于巴里在这部充满梦幻的作品中创造了一个十分诱人的童话境界——梦幻岛。书中极力渲染梦幻岛上儿童式的欢乐，讴歌了美好纯真的童心。在梦幻岛上，有孩子们早就从童话故事中熟知的小仙女、海盗、印第安人、美人鱼等，在那个用蘑菇当烟囱的地下之家，生活快乐无忧。彼得与海盗，海盗与红人之间的“大战”，鲜明地烙着儿童打仗游戏的印证。巴里正是通过奇妙的梦幻岛和不肯长大的男孩彼得·潘这样的童话形象告诉人们：童年是人生中最美的乐章，珍惜可贵的童年时代，让孩子们尽情地享受那仅仅属于他们的欢乐。

《彼得·潘》是世界儿童文学的瑰宝，该书出版一百多年来被译成几十种文字，受到全世界各国人民的喜爱。以小飞侠故事为内容的连环画、纪念册、版画、邮票等至今风行世界各地。在中国，《彼得·潘》同样是最



受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典童话作品之一。作为世界童话文学宝库中的传世经典之作，它影响了一代又一代中国人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。目前，在国内数量众多的《彼得·潘》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种，一种是中文翻译版，另一种中英文对照版。而其中的中英文对照读本比较受读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。而从英文学习的角度上来看，直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《彼得·潘》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作简洁、精练、明快的风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中一定会有一些不当之处，我们衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



第一章 彼得·潘闯了进来\	
Chapter 1 Peter Breaks Through.....	1
第二章 影子\	
Chapter 2 The Shadow	11
第三章 走吧，走吧！\	
Chapter 3 Come Away, Come Away!	21
第四章 飞行\	
Chapter 4 The Flight	37
第五章 真正的岛\	
Chapter 5 The Island Comes True	48
第六章 小屋子\	
Chapter 6 The Little House.....	59
第七章 地下的家\	
Chapter 7 The Home under the Ground.....	68
第八章 美人鱼的环礁湖\	
Chapter 8 The Mermaid's Lagoon	75
第九章 梦幻鸟\	
Chapter 9 The Never Bird.....	89
第十章 快乐的家庭\	
Chapter 10 The Happy Home	94
第十一章 温蒂的故事\	
Chapter 11 Wendy's Story.....	101
第十二章 孩子们被抓走了\	
Chapter 12 The Children Are Carried Off.....	111

目录



第十三章 你相信仙子吗? \

Chapter 13 Do You Believe in Fairies?..... 118

第十四章 海盗船\

Chapter 14 The Pirate Ship 127

第十五章 “和胡克拼个你死我活” \

Chapter 15 “Hook or Me This Time”..... 136

第十六章 回家\

Chapter 16 The Return Home 148

第十七章 温蒂长大了\

Chapter 17 When Wendy Grew Up..... 159



第一章 彼得·潘闯了进来

Chapter 1 Peter Breaks Through



温蒂一家住在街上的 14 号房子里。温蒂的妈妈达林太太甜美可人，她那充满奇思妙想的头脑就像一个神秘的小盒子。达林先生自认为学问高深，谈起股票头头是道。达林夫妇一共有三个孩子，从大到小分别是：女儿温蒂、大儿子约翰、小儿子迈克。

三个孩子的降生使达林先生发现他的预算开始变得紧张，但要强的他又不想输给邻居们，所以他还是请了个保姆——一条叫娜娜的干净的纽芬兰大狗。娜娜很是细心周到，每晚就睡在婴儿房的窝里，早晨护送孩子们上学。但达林先生还是担心邻居们会有闲言碎语。尽管如此，在那个叫彼得·潘的孩子到来之前，他们一家一直快乐幸福地生活在一起。

达林太太第一次听说彼得时是在给孩子们清洗头脑。清洗头脑是家长们经常做的事，当孩子们睡着后，达林太太把孩子们头脑中的东西一个个地拿出来，把好的念头整齐地叠在一起，把那些不好的、调皮的想法扔到一边，这样第二天孩子们就少了很多小坏念头。小孩的头脑中都有一个梦幻岛，每个人心中的岛又不大一样，不同孩子头脑中的岛上有着不一样的故事。但达林太太发现在三个孩子的头脑中都有彼得这个名字，很是困惑。她想起自己童年时也有一个叫彼得的孩子，据说他和仙子们住在一起。但达林太太现在已经有些记不清了，她只好去问温蒂，温蒂告诉妈妈彼得一





直没有长大。

一天温蒂告诉妈妈彼得晚上会来到婴儿室，她还说地板上的树叶就是证据。达林太太仍是半信半疑，认为是温蒂在做梦。

这天晚上，达林太太做了个梦，梦见梦幻岛就在眼前，一个陌生的男孩出现了。就在她做梦时，婴儿室的窗户被吹开了，一个男孩真的站在了地板上，他身上裹着枯叶，看到达林太太时，他咧开嘴露出一排珍珠般的小乳牙。

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she **plucked** another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end.

Of course they lived at 14 (their house number on their street), and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet **mocking** mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and her sweet mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly **conspicuous** in the right-hand corner.

The way Mr. Darling won her was this: the many gentlemen who had been boys when she was a girl discovered **simultaneously** that they loved her, and they all ran to her house to propose to her except Mr. Darling, who took a cab and **nipped** in first, and so he got her. He got all of her, except the innermost box and the kiss. He never knew about the box, and in time he gave up trying for the kiss. Wendy thought Napoleon could have got it, but I can picture him trying, and then going off in a **passion, slamming** the door.

Mr. Darling used to boast to Wendy that her mother not only loved him but respected him. He was one of those deep ones who know about stocks and shares. Of course no one really knows, but he quite seemed to know, and he often said stocks were up and shares were down in a way that would have made any woman respect him.

Mrs. Darling was married in white, and at first she kept the books perfectly, almost **gleefully**, as if it were a game, not so much as a Brussels sprout was missing; but by and by whole cauliflowers dropped out, and instead of them there were pictures of babies without faces. She drew them when she should have been **totting** up. They were Mrs. Darling's guesses.

Wendy came first, then John, then Michael.

For a week or two after Wendy came it was doubtful whether they would be able to keep her, as she was another mouth to feed. Mr. Darling was frightfully proud of her, but he was very honourable, and he sat on the edge of Mrs. Darling's bed, holding her hand and calculating expenses, while she looked at him **imploringly**. She wanted to risk it, come what might, but that was not his way; his way was with a pencil and a piece of paper, and if she confused him with suggestions he had to begin at the beginning again.

"Now don't interrupt," he would beg of her.

"I have one pound seventeen here, and two and six at the office; I can cut off my coffee at the office, say ten shillings, making two nine and six, with your eighteen and three makes three nine seven, with five naught naught in my cheque-book makes eight nine seven—who is that moving?—eight nine seven, dot and carry seven—don't speak, my own—and the pound you lent to that man who came to the door—quiet, child—dot and carry child—there, you've done it! —did I say nine nine seven? yes, I said nine nine seven; the question is, can we try it for a year on nine nine seven?"

"Of course we can, George," she cried. But she was **prejudiced** in Wendy's favour, and he was really the grander character of the two.

"Remember mumps," he warned her almost threateningly, and off he went again. "Mumps one pound, that is what I have put down, but I daresay it will be



more like thirty shillings—don't speak—measles one five, German measles half a guinea, makes two fifteen six—don't waggle your finger—whooping-cough, say fifteen shillings"—and so on it went, and it added up differently each time; but at last Wendy just got through, with mumps reduced to twelve six, and the two kinds of measles treated as one.

There was the same excitement over John, and Michael had even a narrower squeak; but both were kept, and soon, you might have seen the three of them going in a row to Miss Fulsom's Kindergarten school, **accompanied** by their nurse.

Mrs. Darling loved to have everything just so, and Mr. Darling had a passion for being exactly like his neighbours; so, of course, they had a nurse. As they were poor, owing to the amount of milk the children drank, this nurse was a **prim** Newfoundland dog, called Nana, who had belonged to no one in particular until the Darlings engaged her. She had always thought children important, however, and the Darlings had become acquainted with her in Kensington Gardens, where she spent most of her spare time peeping into **perambulators**, and was much hated by careless nursemaids, whom she followed to their homes and complained of to their mistresses. She proved to be quite a treasure of a nurse. How thorough she was at bath-time, and up at any moment of the night if one of her charges made the slightest cry. Of course her kennel was in the nursery. She had a genius for knowing when a cough is a thing to have no patience with and when it needs stocking around your throat. She believed to her last day in old-fashioned remedies like rhubarb leaf, and made sounds of contempt over all this new-fangled talk about germs, and so on. It was a lesson in **propriety** to see her escorting the children to school, walking **sedately** by their side when they were well behaved, and butting them back into line if they **strayed**. On John's footer (in England soccer was called football, footer for short) days she never once forgot his sweater, and she usually carried an umbrella in her mouth in case of rain. There is a room in the basement of Miss Fulsom's school where the nurses wait. They sat on forms, while Nana lay on the floor, but that was the only difference. They **affected** to

ignore her as of an **inferior** social status to themselves, and she **despised** their light talk. She **resented** visits to the nursery from Mrs. Darling's friends, but if they did come she first whipped off Michael's pinafore and put him into the one with blue braiding, and smoothed out Wendy and made a dash at John's hair.

No nursery could possibly have been conducted more correctly, and Mr. Darling knew it, yet he sometimes wondered uneasily whether the neighbours talked.

He had his position in the city to consider.

Nana also troubled him in another way. He had sometimes a feeling that she did not admire him. "I know she admires you tremendously, George," Mrs. Darling would **assure** him, and then she would sign to the children to be specially nice to father. Lovely dances followed, in which the only other servant, Liza, was sometimes allowed to join. Such a midget she looked in her long skirt and maid's cap, though she had sworn, when engaged, that she would never see ten again. The gaiety of those romps! And gayest of all was Mrs. Darling, who would pirouette so wildly that all you could see of her was the kiss, and then if you had dashed at her you might have got it. There never was a simpler happier family until the coming of Peter Pan.

Mrs. Darling first heard of Peter when she was tidying up her children's minds. It is the nightly custom of every good mother after her children are asleep to rummage in their minds and put things straight for next morning, repacking into their proper places the many articles that have wandered during the day. If you could keep awake (but of course you can't) you would see your own mother doing this, and you would find it very interesting to watch her. It is quite like tidying up drawers. You would see her on her knees, I expect, **lingering** humorously over some of your contents, wondering where on earth you had picked this thing up, making discoveries sweet and not so sweet, pressing this to her cheek as if it were as nice as a kitten, and hurriedly stowing that out of sight. When you wake in the morning, the naughtiness and evil passions with which you went to bed have been folded up small and placed at



the bottom of your mind and on the top, beautifully aired, are spread out your prettier thoughts, ready for you to put on.

I don't know whether you have ever seen a map of a person's mind. Doctors sometimes draw maps of other parts of you, and your own map can become intensely interesting, but catch them trying to draw a map of a child's mind, which is not only confused, but keeps going round all the time. There are zigzag lines on it, just like your temperature on a card, and these are probably roads in the island, for the Neverland is always more or less an island, with astonishing splashes of colour here and there, and coral reefs and rakish-looking craft in the offing, and savages and lonely lairs, and gnomes who are mostly tailors, and caves through which a river runs, and princes with six elder brothers, and a hut fast going to decay, and one very small old lady with a hooked nose. It would be an easy map if that were all, but there is also first day at school, religion, fathers, the round pond, needle-work, murders, hangings, verbs that take the dative, chocolate pudding day, getting into braces, say ninety-nine, three-pence for pulling out your tooth yourself, and so on, and either these are part of the island or they are another map showing through, and it is all rather confusing, especially as nothing will stand still.

Of course the Neverlands vary a good deal. John's, for instance, had a lagoon with flamingoes flying over it at which John was shooting, while Michael, who was very small, had a flamingo with lagoons flying over it. John lived in a boat turned upside down on the sands, Michael in a wigwam, Wendy in a house of leaves deftly sewn together. John had no friends, Michael had friends at night, Wendy had a pet wolf forsaken by its parents, but on the whole the Neverlands have a family **resemblance**, and if they stood still in a row you could say of them that they have each other's nose, and so forth. On these magic shores children at play are for ever beaching their coracles (simple boat). We too have been there; we can still hear the sound of the surf, though we shall land no more.

Of all delectable islands the Neverland is the snuggest and most **compact**, not large and sprawly, you know, with tedious distances between one adventure

and another, but nicely crammed. When you play at it by day with the chairs and table-cloth, it is not in the least alarming, but in the two minutes before you go to sleep it becomes very real. That is why there are night-lights.

Occasionally in her travels through her children's minds Mrs. Darling found things she could not understand, and of these quite the most **perplexing** was the word Peter. She knew of no Peter, and yet he was here and there in John and Michael's minds, while Wendy's began to be scrawled all over with him. The name stood out in **bolder** letters than any of the other words, and as Mrs. Darling gazed she felt that it had an oddly cocky appearance.

"Yes, he is rather cocky," Wendy admitted with regret. Her mother had been questioning her.

"But who is he, my pet?"

"He is Peter Pan, you know, mother."

At first Mrs. Darling did not know, but after thinking back into her childhood she just remembered a Peter Pan who was said to live with the fairies. There were **odd** stories about him, as that when children died he went part of the way with them, so that they should not be frightened. She had believed in him at the time, but now that she was married and full of sense she quite doubted whether there was any such person.

"Besides," she said to Wendy, "he would be grown up by this time."

"Oh no, he isn't grown up," Wendy assured her **confidently**, "and he is just my size." She meant that he was her size in both mind and body; she didn't know how she knew, she just knew it.

Mrs. Darling consulted Mr. Darling, but he smiled pooh-pooh. "Mark my words," he said, "it is some nonsense Nana has been putting into their heads; just the sort of idea a dog would have. Leave it alone, and it will blow over."

But it would not blow over and soon the troublesome boy gave Mrs. Darling quite a shock.

Children have the strangest adventures without being troubled by them. For instance, they may remember to mention, a week after the event happened, that when they were in the wood they had met their dead father and had a game



with him. It was in this **casual** way that Wendy one morning made a disquieting revelation. Some leaves of a tree had been found on the nursery floor, which certainly were not there when the children went to bed, and Mrs. Darling was puzzling over them when Wendy said with a **tolerant** smile:

“I do believe it is that Peter again!”

“Whatever do you mean, Wendy?”

“It is so naughty of him not to wipe his feet,” Wendy said, **sighing**. She was a tidy child.

She explained in quite a matter-of-fact way that she thought Peter sometimes came to the nursery in the night and sat on the foot of her bed and played on his pipes to her. Unfortunately she never woke, so she didn’t know how she knew, she just knew.

“What nonsense you talk, precious. No one can get into the house without knocking.”

“I think he comes in by the window,” she said.

“My love, it is three floors up.”

“Were not the leaves at the foot of the window, mother?”

It was quite true; the leaves had been found very near the window.

Mrs. Darling did not know what to think, for it all seemed so natural to Wendy that you could not dismiss it by saying she had been dreaming.

“My child,” the mother cried, “why did you not tell me of this before?”

“I forgot,” said Wendy lightly. She was in a hurry to get her breakfast.

Oh, surely she must have been dreaming.

But, on the other hand, there were the leaves. Mrs. Darling examined them very carefully; they were skeleton leaves, but she was sure they did not come from any tree that grew in England. She crawled about the floor, peering at it with a candle for marks of a strange foot. She rattled the poker up the chimney and tapped the walls. She let down a tape from the window to the pavement, and it was a sheer drop of thirty feet, without so much as a spout to climb up by.

Certainly Wendy had been dreaming.

But Wendy had not been dreaming, as the very next night showed, the night on which the extraordinary adventures of these children may be said to have begun.

On the night we speak of all the children were once more in bed. It happened to be Nana's evening off, and Mrs. Darling had bathed them and sung to them till one by one they had let go her hand and slid away into the land of sleep.

All were looking so safe and cosy that she smiled at her fears now and sat down **tranquilly** by the fire to sew.

It was something for Michael, who on his birthday was getting into shirts. The fire was warm, however, and the nursery dimly lit by three night-lights, and presently the sewing lay on Mrs. Darling's lap. Then her head nodded, oh, so **gracefully**. She was asleep. Look at the four of them, Wendy and Michael over there, John here, and Mrs. Darling by the fire. There should have been a fourth night-light.

While she slept she had a dream. She dreamt that the Neverland had come too near and that a strange boy had broken through from it. He did not alarm her, for she thought she had seen him before in the faces of many women who have no children. Perhaps he is to be found in the faces of some mothers also. But in her dream he had rent the film that **obscures** the Neverland, and she saw Wendy and John and Michael peeping through the gap.

The dream by itself would have been a **trifle**, but while she was dreaming the window of the nursery blew open, and a boy did drop on the floor. He was accompanied by a strange light, no bigger than your fist, which darted about the room like a living thing and I think it must have been this light that wakened Mrs. Darling.

She started up with a cry, and saw the boy, and somehow she knew at once that he was Peter Pan. If you or I or Wendy had been there we should have seen that he was very like Mrs. Darling's kiss. He was a lovely boy, clad in skeleton leaves and the juices that ooze out of trees but the most **entrancing** thing about him was that he had all his first teeth. When he saw she was a grown-up, he gnashed the little pearls at her.