

英汉对照阅读丛书·童话篇

BABEL'S SERIES · FAIRY TALES

# 牧羊猪

THE SHEEP-PIG



湖南人民出版社

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周静萍 译

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## 内 容 提 要

### 《牧羊猪》

狗牧羊不稀奇，可你听说过牧羊猪吗？有这么一只小猪，它原本是牧场主霍盖特先生赢回家，准备作圣诞节的美味的。猪的命运不就是这样？可是“巴比”却改变了自己作为猪的命运，他聪明、勇敢，对别人体贴、尊重，赢得了大家的喜爱：主人对他宠爱有加，甚至准允他享受猫的待遇——坐在起居室的毯子上看电视；老牧羊犬福来视他为亲生儿女，教会他牧羊的本领；那些一贯敌视狗的羊则非常信赖他，把他当自己人。巴比的努力得到了报偿：他成了最出色的牧羊猪。

### 《柳林风》

鼯鼠、水老鼠、獾和蛤蟆都生活在河岸上的柳林旁，他们非常要好。动物们的生活本来是非常平静的，春去秋来，他们在四季的更替中快活安宁。可是蛤蟆却是个惹事生非的家伙，他就像人间的富家子一样给宠坏了，最后吃了大亏，被抓进了监狱，豪宅也被黄鼠狼侵占了。幸好他有几个忠诚的朋友，他们合力帮助他重新开始了生活。

《英汉对照阅读丛书》采用优秀的英文原作，配以准确精致的译文，为广大英语学习者提供最新的阅读文本。近期将陆续推出《童话篇》、《故事篇》、《诗歌篇》等。

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# THE SHEEP-PIG

Dick King-Smith



**Chapter 1****"Guess my weight"**

"What's that noise?" said Mrs Hogget, sticking her comfortable round red face out of the kitchen window. "Listen, there 'tis again, did you hear it, what a racket, what a row, anybody'd think someone was being murdered, oh dearie me, whatever is it, just listen to it, will you?"

Farmer Hogget listened. From the usually quiet valley below the farm came a medley of sounds: the oompah oompah of a brass band, the shouts of children, the rattle and thump of a skittle alley, and every now and then a very high, very loud, very angry-sounding squealing lasting perhaps ten seconds.

Farmer Hogget pulled out an old pocket-watch as big round as a saucer and looked at it. "Fair starts at two," he said. "It's started."

"I knows that," said Mrs Hogget, "because I'm late now with all theseyer cakes and jams and pickles and preserves as is meant to be on the Produce Stall this very minute, and who's going to take them there, I'd like to know, why you



## 第一章

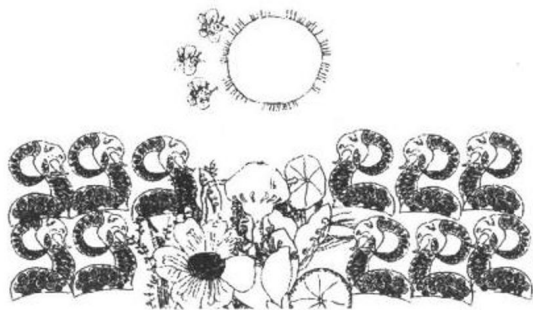
### “猜猜我有多重”

“那是什么叫声？”霍盖特太太问，一边把她那令人愉悦的圆圆的红脸伸出厨房的窗外。“听，又叫了，你听见了吧，叫得多响，叫得多凶，别人还以为杀人了呢，哎呀呀，管它是什么，你只听听这叫声。”

牧场主霍盖特听了听。农场下面往常宁静的山谷里传来各种嘈杂声：有铜管乐器（发出的）低沉的嗡吧、嗡吧声；有孩子们嬉戏的吵闹声；有九柱戏球的碰撞声；间或还夹杂着一个尖尖的、响亮的、非常生气的尖叫声，每次持续大约十秒钟。

霍盖特掏出一只碟子般大的老式怀表，看了看。“集市两点开始，”他说。“已经开始了。”

“这我知道，”霍太太说，“因为我弄的这些糕点、果酱、泡菜、蜜饯已经赶不上趟了，这会儿本来该摆在土产摊上的，我倒想知道谁能把这些东西弄去，喔，你去呀，可趁你还没



are, but afore you does, what's that noise?"

The squealing sounded again.

"That noise"?

Mrs Hogget nodded a great many times. Everything that she did was done at great length, whether it was speaking or simply nodding her head. Farmer Hogget, on the other hand, never wasted his energies or his words.

"Pig," he said.

Mrs hogget nodded a lot more.

"I thought 'twas a pig, I said to myself that's a pig that is, only nobody round here do keep pigs, 'tis all sheep for miles about, what's a pig doing, I said to myself, anybody'd think they was killing the poor thing, have a look when you take all this stuff down, which you better do now, come and give us a hand, it can go in the back of the Land Rover, 't isn't raining, 'twon't hurt, wipe your boots afore you comes in."

"Yes," said Farmer Hogget.

When he had driven down to the village and made his delivery to the Produce Stall, Farmer Hogget walked across the green, past the Hoopla Stall and the Coconut Shy and the Aunt Sally and the skittles and the band, to the source of the squealing noise, which came every now and again from a small pen of hurdles in a far corner, against the churchyard wall.

By the pen sat the Vicar, notebook in hand, a cardboard box on the table in front of him. On the hurdles hung a notice— "Guess my weight. Ten pence ago." Inside was a

走，（告诉我）这是什么在叫？”

那尖叫声又响起来了。

“这个叫声吗？”

霍太太一个劲儿地点头。她无论做什么都没完没了，不管是说话还是只是点点头，霍盖特却恰恰相反，他从不浪费精力，从不说废话。

“猪，”他说。

霍太太的头点得更起劲了。

“我就知道是猪嘛。我心里说那是猪它就是猪吧。只是咱们这儿没人养猪，这儿周围全是羊，要猪干嘛呢？我心里说别人还以为有人在宰这可怜的猪呢。你去山下送货时顺便看看，你最好现在就动身，过来帮我一把，这可以放在越野车的后面，没有下雨，不会淋湿，进屋之前先擦擦你的靴子。”

“是，”霍盖特说。

他开车来到山下的村子里，到土产摊上交了货，然后穿过草坪，走过投环套物游戏摊、以椰子为靶的投靶游戏摊、投掷萨利大婶的游戏摊、还有九柱戏游戏摊和铜管乐队，朝发出那个尖叫声的地方走去。那叫声是从前边拐角处教堂墙边一个用枝条编的小围栏里传出来的。

牧师坐在围栏边，手里捧着笔记本，他面前的桌子上摆着一只硬纸盒。围栏上贴着一张告示——“猜猜我有多重，十便士一次”，里面圈着一只小猪仔。



little pig.

As Farmer Hogget watched, a man leaned over and picked it out of the pen. He lifted it in both hands, frowning and pursing his lips in a considering way, while all the time the piglet struggled madly and yelled blue murder. The moment it was put down, it quietened. Its eyes, bright intelligent eyes, met the farmer's. They regarded one another.

One saw a tall thin brown-faced man with very long legs, and the other saw a small fat pinky-white animal with very short ones.

"Ah, come along, Mr Hogget!" said the Vicar. "You never know, he could be yours for ten pence. Guess his weight correctly, and at the end of the day you could be taking him home!"

"Don't keep pigs," said Farmer Hogget. He stretched out a long arm and scratched its back. Gently, he picked it up and held it before his face. It stayed quite still and made no sound.

"That's funny," said the Vicar. "Every time so far that someone has picked him up he's screamed his head off. He seems to like you. You'll have to have a guess."

Carefully, Farmer Hogget put the piglet back in the pen. Carefully, he took a ten pence piece from his pocket and dropped it in the cardboard box. Carefully, he ran one finger down the list of guesses already in the Vicar's notebook.

"Quite a variation," said the Vicar. "Anything from twenty pounds to forty, so far." He wrote down 'Mr

就在霍盖特立足观望之际，一个人弯腰将小猪仔拎了起来，双手托着他掂量着，只见他皱着眉头，噙着嘴巴，一副思量的模样，与此同时，小猪仔不停地拚命挣扎，恐怖地大声嚎叫。那人一放下他，他便立刻安静下来。他那明亮而机灵的目光与霍盖特的目光相遇。他俩互相打量着。

一个看到的是一位皮肤黝黑、两腿修长的瘦高个；一个看到的是一只白里透红、四肢短小的胖猪仔。

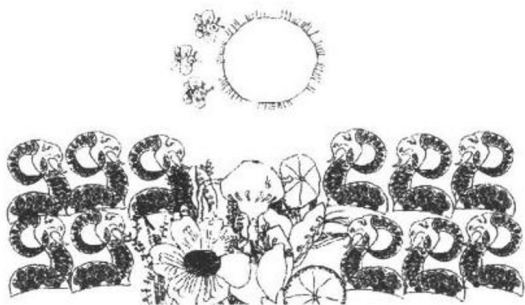
“啊，来吧，霍盖特先生！”牧师说。“说不定花上十便士，他就归你了。猜中了他的重量，晚上就可以把他抱回家了！”

“我不养猪，”霍盖特说。他伸出一只长手搔了搔他的背。轻轻地，他把他提起来举到面前。小猪仔一动不动，一声不吭。

“真有意思，”牧师说。“每次别人拎他，他都拚命叫唤。看来他喜欢你。你一定得猜猜。”

霍盖特小心翼翼地把小猪仔放回栏里，慢腾腾地从口袋里摸出十便士，放进纸盒里，他的指头慢慢滑过牧师笔记本里那些已猜过的数字。

“猜什么数的都有，”牧师说。“一般在二十镑到四十镑之间。”他写下“霍盖特先生”，然后握着铅笔等待着。



Hogget' and waited, pencil poised.

Once again, slowly, thoughtfully, the farmer picked the piglet up.

Once again, it remained still and silent.

"Thirty-one pounds," said Farmer Hogget. He put the little pig down again. "And a quarter," he said.

"Thirty-one and a quarter pounds. Thank you, Mr Hogget. We shall be weighing the little chap at about half past four."

"Be gone by then."

"Ah well, we can always telephone you. If you should be lucky enough to win him."

"Never win nothing."

As he walked back across the green, the sound of the pig's yelling rang out as someone else had a go.

"You do never win nothing," said Mrs Hogget at tea-time, when her husband, in a very few words, had explained matters, "though I've often thought I'd like a pig, we could feed 'un on scraps, he'd come just right for Christmas time, just think, two nice hams, two sides of bacon, pork chops, kidneys, liver, chitterling, trotters, save his blood for black pudding, there's the phone."

Farmer Hogget picked it up.

"Oh," he said.

霍盖特又一次慢慢地、若有所思地拎起了小猪仔。

小猪仔又一动不动，一声不吭。

“三十一磅，”霍盖特说。他把小猪仔又一次放下。“再加四分之一磅，”他说。

“三十一又四分之一磅。谢谢，霍盖特先生。我们四点半左右会称这小家伙的重量。”

“那时我已经走了。”

“喔，我们可以给你来电话。如果你运气好赢到了他的话。”

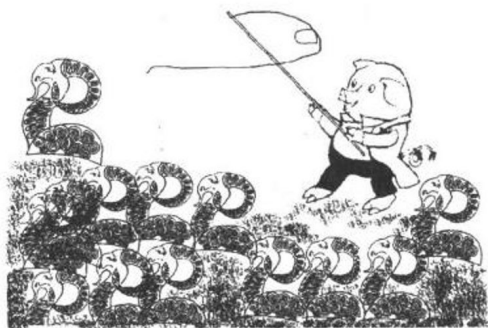
“我从没赢过。”

他返身走过草坪时，又响起了小猪仔被人拎起时发出的尖叫声。

“你确实从没赢过什么，”喝茶时，她丈夫三言两语告诉她事情的经过时，霍太太说，“虽说我时常想养头猪，就用残渣剩饭来喂养，正好可以赶上过圣诞，想想看，两只肘子、两大块腊肉、猪排、猪腰子、猪肝、猪小肠、猪蹄、猪血留着做黑香肠，电话响了。”

霍盖特拿起话筒。

“噢，”他说。



## **Chapter 2**

**"There. Is that nice?"**

In the farmyard, Fly the black and white collie was beginning the training of her four puppies. For some time now they had shown an instinctive interest in anything that moved, driving it away or bringing it back, turning it to left or right, in fact herding it. They had begun with such things as passing beetles, but were now ready, Fly considered, for larger creatures.

She set them to work on Mrs Hogget's ducks.

Already the puppies were beginning to move as sheep-dogs do, seeming to creep rather than walk, heads held low, ears pricked, eyes fixed on the angrily quacking birds as they manoeuvred them about the yard.

"Good boys," said Fly. "Leave them now. Here comes the boss."

The ducks went grumbling off to the pond, and the five dogs watched as Farmer Hogget got out of the Land Rover. He lifted something out of a crate in the back, and carried it into the stables.



## 第二章

“你看，好不好？”

农场的空地上，长着一身黑白相间长毛的大牧羊犬福来正开始训练她的四只幼犬。小狗们对任何能动的东西都表现出本能的兴趣，把它赶开又弄回来，轰到左边，撵到右边，实际上跟放牧一样，这已有些日子了。他们开始时赶像甲壳虫这样的小东西，而现在可以，福来认为，对付大些的东西了。

她让他们去赶霍太太的鸭子。

小狗们的举止已有点像牧羊犬了，他们看上去不是大摇大摆，而是慢慢地移动，低着头，竖起耳朵，眼睛盯着气得嘎嘎直叫的鸭子，把他们赶得满院子跑。

“好孩子，”福来说，“别赶了。主人过来了。”

鸭子咕呱着扑向水塘，五只狗望着霍盖特钻出越野车。他从后面的板条箱里拎出个什么，把它抱进了马厩。

