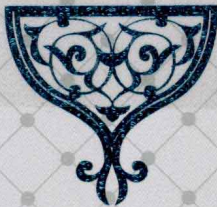





中文导读英文版



清华大学出版社





插图·中文导读英文版
儿童文学名著

The Little Prince

小王子

[法] 圣埃克絮佩里 著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社
北京

内 容 简 介

《小王子》是 20 世纪世界上最伟大的童话著作之一。这是一部献给所有的孩子和“曾经是孩子”的大人的童话，是一部充满哲理和智慧的童话。主人公是来自遥远星球一位可爱的小王子，那里还有一朵玫瑰花，小王子很喜欢她，可是却不懂如何爱她。在与玫瑰花一次别扭后，小王子离开了他的星球开始独自旅行。在拜访了一个又一个星球后，最后来到了地球，并与地球人“我”建立了永恒的友谊。在游历众多星球时，他见识了独裁的国王、狂妄自大的酒鬼、唯利是图的商人、忠于职守的灯夫、死守教条的地理学家等等。他不明白这些人忙忙碌碌到底在追求什么。最后，他写信拥有了自己的玫瑰花，就拥有了自己的爱。于是一年之后，他告别了朋友，又回到自己的星球。整个故事充满了诗意的忧郁、淡淡的哀愁，令人回味无穷。

该书自从 1943 年在美国出版以来，已被翻译成一百多种语言，并且被改编成戏剧、电影、电视剧、芭蕾舞、歌剧、木偶剧和卡通等，还被许多国家选入教科书，成为青少年的必读书籍，是世界上流传最广、影响最大的童话之一。

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圣埃克絮佩里（Antoine de Saint-Exupery，1900—1944），法国著名作家、飞行员。

1900年6月29日，圣埃克絮佩里出生在法国里昂一个富有的天主教家庭。1921—1923年，在法国空军服役，1926年退役后成为航空公司民用航空驾驶员，其间他一直坚持写作。1929年，出版小说《南方邮件》；1931年，出版小说《夜航》并获“费米纳”文学奖，从此他在法国文坛上声名鹊起。1939年，又一部作品《人类的大地》（英文版书名为《风沙星辰》）问世。1939年，为了抗击德国法西斯，他再次应征入伍，被编入空军侦察大队。1940年6月13日，法国巴黎被德军占领，法国战败，之后圣埃克絮佩里流亡美国。在美国期间，他继续从事写作。1942年，出版了《战区飞行员》；1943年出版了《给一个人质的信》和《小王子》。1943年，在他的强烈要求下，回到法国在北非的抗战基地阿尔及尔做飞行员。1944年7月31日，在一次执行飞行任务时遭遇纳粹空军，壮烈牺牲。

在圣埃克絮佩里为数不多的作品中，《小王子》使他成为享有世界声誉的大作家。该书自出版以来，已被翻译成一百多种语言，并且被改编成戏剧、电影、电视剧、芭蕾舞、歌剧、木偶剧和卡通等，还被许多国家选入教科书，成为青少年的必读书籍，是世界上流传最广、影响最大



的童话小说之一。

在中国,《小王子》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典童话作品之一。目前,在国内数量众多的《小王子》书籍中,主要的出版形式有两种:一种是中文翻译版,另一种是中英文对照版。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。从英文学习的角度来看,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《小王子》,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。同时,为了读者更好地理解故事内容,书中加入了大量的插图。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、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、赵雪、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,书中难免会有不当之处,衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一章

Chapter 1



我六岁时，看过一本书，里面插图画的是一条蟒蛇在吞一头大象。

我把它画下来后让大人看，他们说是一项帽子。我又把蛇肚子剖面画出来，大人们让我把心思用在学习上。

我只好放弃画画，好好学习，长大后当了飞行员。

Once when I was six years old I saw a magnificent picture in a book, called True Stories from Nature, about the primeval forest. It was a picture of a boa constrictor in the act of swallowing an animal. Here is a copy of the drawing.

In the book it said: "Boa constrictors swallow their prey whole, without chewing it. After that they are not able to move, and they sleep through the six months that they need for digestion."

I pondered deeply then, over the adventures of the jungle. And after some work with a colored pencil I succeeded in making my first drawing. My Drawing Number One. It looked like this:



蟒蛇吞大象

I showed my masterpiece to the grown-ups, and asked them whether the drawing frightened them.

But they answered: "Frighten? Why should any one be frightened by a hat?"

My drawing was not a picture of a hat. It was a picture of a boa constrictor digesting an elephant. But since the grown-ups were not able to understand it, I made another drawing: I drew the inside of the boa constrictor, so that the grown-ups could see it clearly. They always need to have things explained. My Drawing Number Two looked like this:

The grown-ups' response, this time, was to advise me to lay aside my drawings of boa constrictors, whether from the inside or the outside and devote myself instead to geography, history, arithmetic and grammar. That is why, at the age of six, I gave up what might have been a magnificent career as a painter. I had been disheartened by the failure of my Drawing Number One and my Drawing Number Two. Grown-ups never understand anything by themselves, and it is tiresome for children to be always and forever explaining things to them.

So then I chose another profession, and learned to pilot airplanes. I have flown a little over all parts of the world; and it is true that geography has been very useful to me. At a glance I can distinguish China from Arizona. If one gets lost in the night, such knowledge is valuable.

In the course of this life I have had a great many encounters with a great many people who have been concerned with matters of consequence. I have lived a great deal among grown-ups. I have seen them intimately, close at hand. And that hasn't much improved my opinion of them.

Whenever I met one of them who seemed to me at all clearsighted, I tried the experiment of showing him my Drawing Number One, which I have

always kept. I would try to find out, so, if this was a person of true understanding. But, whoever it was, he or she, would always say:

“That is a hat.”

Then I would never talk to that person about boa constrictors, or primeval forests, or stars. I would bring myself down to his level. I would talk to him about bridge, and golf, and politics, and neckties. And the grown-ups would be greatly pleased to have met such a sensible man.

第二章

Chapter 2



六年前，我的飞机出了故障，降落在撒哈拉沙漠。

一天晚上，一个小孩的声音把我惊醒，让我给他画只绵羊。

我画了蟒蛇吞象的图给他看，小孩说他不要蟒蛇肚里的大象。我又画了两幅，他说不像。我烦了，给他画了一个木箱子，说绵羊在里边，他高兴极了。这样我便和小王子认识了。

S

I lived my life alone, without anyone that I could really talk to, until I had an accident with my plane in the Desert of Sahara, six years ago. Something was broken in my engine. And as I had with me neither a mechanic nor any passengers, I set myself to attempt the difficult repairs all alone. It was a question of life or death for me: I had scarcely enough drinking water to last a week.

The first night, then, I went to, sleep on the sand, a thousand miles from any human habitation. I was more isolated than a shipwrecked sailor on a raft in the middle of the ocean. Thus you can imagine my amazement, at sunrise,



我和飞机降落在撒哈拉沙漠

when I was awakened by an odd little voice. It said:

“If you please—draw me a sheep!”

“What!”

“Draw me a sheep!”

I jumped to my feet, completely thunderstruck. I blinked my eyes hard. I looked carefully all around me. And I saw a most extraordinary small person, who stood there examining me with great seriousness. Here you may see the best portrait that, later, I was able to make of him. But my drawing is certainly very much less charming than its model.

That, however, is not my fault. The grown-ups discouraged me in my painter’s career when I was six years old, and I never learned to draw anything, except boas from the outside and boas from the inside.

Now I stared at this sudden apparition with my eyes fairly starting out of my head in astonishment. Remember, I had crashed in the desert a thousand miles from any inhabited region. And yet my little man seemed neither to be straying uncertainly among the sands, nor to be fainting from fatigue or hunger or thirst or fear. Nothing about him gave any suggestion of a child lost in the middle of the desert, a thousand miles from any human habitation. When at last I was able to speak, I said to him:

“But—what are you doing here?”

And in answer he repeated, very slowly, as if he were speaking of a matter of great consequence:

“If you please—draw me a sheep...”

When a mystery is too overpowering, one dare not disobey. Absurd as it might seem to me, a thousand miles from any human habitation and in danger of death, I took out of my pocket a sheet of paper and my fountain-pen. But

then I remembered how my studies had been concentrated on geography, history, arithmetic and grammar, and I told the little chap (a little crossly, too) that I did not know how to draw. He answered me:

“That doesn’t matter. Draw me a sheep...”

But I had never drawn a sheep. So I drew for him one of the two pictures I had drawn so often. It was that of the boa constrictor from the outside. And I was astounded to hear the little fellow greet it with.

“No, no, no! I do not want an elephant inside a boa constrictor. A boa constrictor is a very dangerous creature, and an elephant is very cumbersome. Where I live, everything is very small. What I need is a sheep. Draw me a sheep.”

So then I made a drawing.

He looked at it carefully, then he said:

“No. This sheep is already very sickly. Make me another.”

So I made another drawing.

My friend smiled gently and indulgently.

“You see yourself,” he said, “that this is not a sheep. This is a ram. It has horns.”

So then I did my drawing over once more.

But it was rejected too, just like the others.

“This one is too old. I want a sheep that will live a long time.”

By this time my patience was exhausted, because I was in a hurry to start taking my engine apart. So I tossed off this drawing. And I threw out an explanation with it.

“This is only his box. The sheep you asked for is inside.”

I was very surprised to see a light break over the face of my young

judge:

“That is exactly the way I wanted it! Do you think that this sheep will have to have a great deal of grass?”

“Why?”

“Because where I live everything is very small...”

“There will surely be enough grass for him,” I said. “It is a very small sheep that I have given you.”

He bent his head over the drawing:

“Not so small that—Look! He has gone to sleep.”

And that is how I made the acquaintance of the little prince.

第三章

Chapter 3



那天我修飞机，神气地告诉他，我可以在天上飞。他问我是从哪个星球来的？我问他是不是从别的星球上来的，他点头承认了。

我说还可以给绵羊画根绳子，把它拴住。

他慢慢地说，你画的箱子可以让它当房子，但没必要拴着它。

*I*t took me a long time to learn where he came from. The little prince, who asked me so many questions, never seemed to hear the ones I asked him. It was from words dropped by chance that, little by little, everything was revealed to me.

The first time he saw my airplane, for instance (I shall not draw my airplane; that would be much too complicated for me), he asked me:

“What is that object?”

“That is not an object. It flies. It is an airplane. It is my airplane.”

And I was proud to have him learn that I could fly. He cried out, then: