

美丽英文系列丛书

烂漫的童年

BRILLIANT CHILDHOOD

童年总是充满着美好的回忆，每每带给我们都是满天灿烂的繁星、母亲温暖的怀抱，还有草窠里的小虫，清清的小溪，黄黄的泥巴……

励志美文 英汉对照

余平姣◎编著

 企业管理出版社
ENTERPRISE MANAGEMENT PUBLISHING HOUSE

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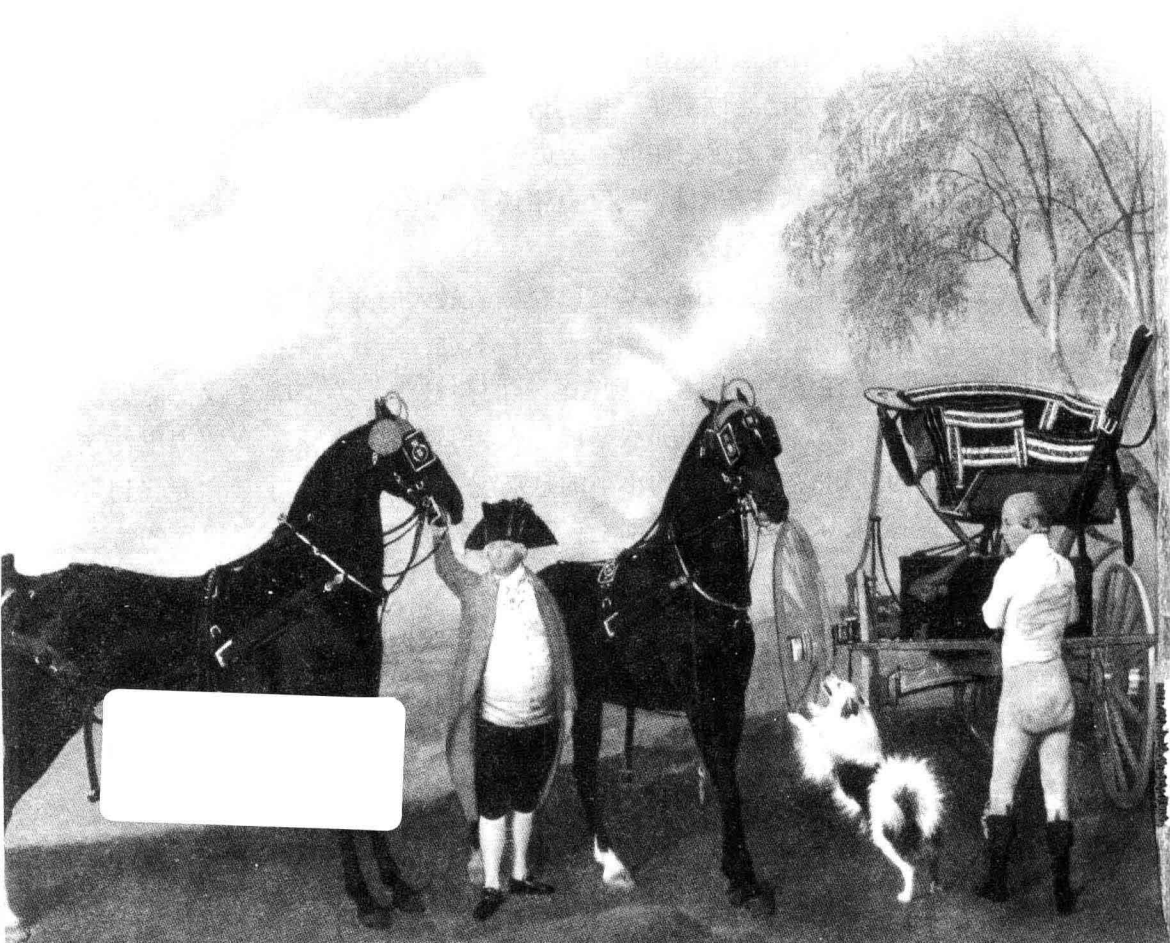
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A hedge between keeps friendship green.

君子之交淡如水。



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Whitewash

Mark Twain

马克·吐温 (Mark Twain, 1835~1910), 美国批判现实主义文学的奠基人, 马克·吐温是笔名, 他原名是塞缪·朗荷恩·克列门斯, 生于密苏里州的佛罗里达的一个地方法官家庭。父亲是一名乡村律师, 家中生活拮据。12岁时父亲去世, 他开始自谋生计, 年轻时当过报童、印刷所学徒、排字工、水手、淘金工人和舵手, 所以他的创作具有坚实的生活基础, 作品大多取材于童年生活。26岁时, 他当上了记者, 并采用马克·吐温这个笔名发表作品。他的创作大致可分为三个时期: 早期作品表现了对美国民主所存的幻想, 以短篇为主, 幽默与讽刺结合, 批判不足, 作品有《竞选州长》、《高尔斯的朋友再度出洋》等; 中期以长篇小说为主, 讽刺性加强, 重要作品有《镀金时代》《汤姆·索亚历险记》《哈克贝利·芬历险记》《王子与贫儿》等; 后期作品则由幽默讽刺转到愤怒的揭发、谴责、甚至有悲观的情绪, 主要作品有《游记》、《给范斯顿将军辩护》等。马克·吐温擅长使用幽默和讽刺, 文笔轻松诙谐, 幽默中透着对丑恶的挖苦和讥讽, 针砭时弊, 毫不留情。他的作品对后来的美国文学产生了巨大深远的影响。人们普遍认为马克·吐温是美国文学史上的一大里程碑。

Saturday morning was come, and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart; and if the heart was young the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face and a

spring in every step. The **locust**-trees were in bloom and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air.

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of **whitewash** and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged.

Jim came skipping out at the gate with a tin pail, and singing **Buffalo Gals**. Tom said: "Say, Jim, I'll fetch the water if you'll whitewash some."

Jim shook his head and said: "Can't, Mars Tom. Ole missis, she tole me I got to go an' git dis water an' not stop foolin' roun' wid anybody."

"Oh, never you mind what she said, Jim. Gimme the bucket-I won't be gone only a **minute**."

"Oh, I dasn't, Ole missis she'd take an' tar de head off'n me. "

"She! She never licks anybody. She talks awful, but talk don't hurt anyways it don't if she don't cry. Jim, I'll give you a marvel. I'll give you a white alley!"

Jim began to waver.

"And besides, if you will I'll show you my sore toe."

Jim was only human-this attraction was too much for him. He put down his pail, took the white alley, and bent over the toe with absorbing interest. In another moment he was flying down the street with his pail and a **tingling** rear, Tom was whitewashing with vigor, and Aunt Polly was retiring from the field with a slipper in her hand and triumph in her eye.

But Tom's energy did not last. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work—the very thought of it burnt him like fire. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a

great, magnificent inspiration.

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently—the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, **melodious** whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat.

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment and then said: “Hi-Yi! You’re up a stump, ain’t you!”

No answer. Tom **surveyed** his last touch with the eye of an artist, then he gave his brush another gentle sweep and surveyed the result, as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom’s mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work.

Ben said: “Hello, old chap, you got to work, hey?”

Tom wheeled suddenly and said: “Why, it’s you, Ben! I wasn’t noticing.”

“Say—I’m going in a swimming, I am. Don’t you wish you could? But of course you’d druther work—wouldn’t you?”

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said: “What do you call work?”

“Why, ain’t that work?”

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly: “Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain’t. All I know, is, it suits Tom Sawyer.”

“Oh come, now, you don’t mean to let on that you like it?”

“Like it? Well, I don’t see why I oughtn’t to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?”

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there criticised the effect again—Ben watching every move and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said: “Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little.”

Tom considered, was about to consent; but he altered his mind: “No—no—I reckon it wouldn’t hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly’s awful **particular** about

this fence-right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind and she wouldn't."

"Oh come, now—lemme just try. Only just a little."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest injun; but Aunt Polly... Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it..."

"Oh, shucks, I'll be just as careful. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here...No, Ben, now don't. I'm afeard..."

"I'll give you all of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while the late **steamer** worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite, in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with-and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was **literally** rolling in wealth. He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.





热词空间

locust n. 蝗虫; 蝉; 蚱蜢

whitewash n. 石灰水, 白粉胶泥水, 白色涂料

buffalo n. 水牛

v. 恐吓; 愚弄; 使困惑

minute n. 分; 一会儿, 片刻; 备忘录

tingle n. 刺痛; 激动; 震颤; 叮叮声

v. 造成麻刺的感觉, 丁丁作响

melodious adj. 旋律美妙的, 音乐性的, 调子优美的

survey n. 调查; 民意调查; 调查报告; 全面的考察

v. 调查, 测量, 审视, 勘定; 测量土地

particular n. 个别项目, 详细说明

adj. 特别的, 挑剔的, 独有的

steamer n. 汽船, 蒸汽机

munch v. 咯吱咯吱地咀嚼; 津津有味地嚼

literally adv. 逐字地, 照字面地; 实在地, 不加夸张地; 正确

地; 简直

刷墙

[美] 马克·吐温

星期六的早晨到了，夏天的整个世界，阳光明媚，空气清新，到处是一片生机勃勃的景象。每个人的心中都荡漾着一首歌，年轻人情不自禁地唱起了这首歌。每个人的脸上都洋溢着欢乐，每个人的脚步都是那样地轻快。洋槐树上的花儿正在盛开，空气中弥漫着沁人心脾的芳香。

汤姆出现在人行道上，一手拎着涂料，一手拿着长把的刷子。他审视了一下栅栏，所有的欢乐立刻烟消云散，心中充满了惆怅。叹了一口气，他用刷子蘸上涂料，从最上面一层的木板开始刷起来。刷了一两下，他停下来，看看刚刚刷过的那一丁点儿地方，与剩下的一大片无边无际的栅栏比了比，汤姆一下子泄了气，在木箱子上坐了下来。

这时，吉姆手里提着一个锡桶，嘴里唱着“布法罗的姑娘们”，一蹦一跳地从大门口跑出来。汤姆说：“喂，吉姆，如果你来刷点墙，我就去提水。”

“不行，汤姆少爷。老太太叫我去提水，不准在路上停下来和别人玩。”

“咳，吉姆，你别去管她说的那一套。把水桶给我——我很快就回来。”

“哦，不，我可不敢。要是我那样干，老太太准会把我的脑袋给拧下来的。”

“她吗？她可从来没揍过谁。她不过是嘴巴上说得凶，被她说说又没

什么大不了的——只要她不冲你大叫大嚷就没事儿。吉姆，我给你一个好玩意，给你一个白石头子儿！”

吉姆开始动摇了。

“还有，吉姆，要是你答应的话，我还给你看我那只肿脚趾头。”

吉姆到底是个凡人——这个诱惑对他来说是太大了。他放下水桶，接过白石头子儿，还饶有兴致地弯腰看了看汤姆的那只肿脚趾。突然，吉姆拎着水桶飞快地沿着街道跑掉了，一手捂着被踹痛的屁股。汤姆继续用劲刷墙，波莉姨妈此时从田里干活回来，眼里流露出满意的神色。

不过，汤姆这股干劲儿没持续多久。过了一会儿，那些个自由自在的男孩子们就会蹦蹦跳跳地跑过来，做五花八门的好玩游戏，他们要是看见他不得不干活准会大肆挖苦他——想到这儿，他心里火烧火燎。正在快要绝望的时候，他忽然想出了一个好主意。这实在是个精彩绝伦的好点子。

他拿起刷子，闷声不响地干起活来。不一会儿，本·罗杰斯一蹦一跳出现了——在所有的孩子中，这个男孩最让汤姆害怕，他那挖苦人的本事令汤姆头疼不已。他正在吃苹果，不时地发出一声动听的“呜——”的声音，每隔一会儿还“叮叮当、叮叮当”地学铃声响，他这是在扮一艘蒸汽轮船。

汤姆继续刷他的栅栏，不去理会那只蒸汽轮船，本瞪大眼睛看了一会儿，说：“哎呀，你又闯祸啦，是不是？”

汤姆没有回答。只是用艺术家的眼光审视他刚刚刷过的那一块，接着轻轻地刷了一下，又像刚才那样打量着自己的成果。本走过来站在他身旁。看见那苹果，汤姆馋得直流口水，可他还是继续刷他的墙。

本说：“嘿，老伙计，你还得干活呀，咦？”

汤姆猛地转过身来说道：“咳！是你呀，本。我还没看到你呢。”

“哈，告诉你吧，我可是要去游泳了，现在就去。难道你不想去吗？当然啦，你宁可在这干活呗，对不对？”

汤姆上下打量了一下那男孩，说：“你说啥？这也叫干活？”

“这还不叫干活，那该叫什么？”

汤姆又重新开始刷墙，漫不经心地说：“也许是，也许不是。我只知

道汤姆·索亚干这个挺带劲儿。”

“哦，得了吧！你不会是说你爱干这活儿吧？”

“喜欢干？哎，我真搞不懂干嘛我不能喜欢干这个，哪个男孩子能天天有机会刷栅栏？”

这话听起来倒挺新鲜的。于是，本停止了啃苹果。汤姆灵巧地用刷子来回刷着——不时地停下来后退几步看看效果——这里补一刷，那里补一刷——然后再打量一下效果——本仔细地观察着汤姆的一举一动，越看越觉得有趣，渐渐看得入了迷。后来他说：“喂，汤姆，让我来刷几下看看。”

汤姆想了一下，正打算答应他；可是他立刻又改变了主意：“不——不行，本，我想这恐怕不行。要知道，波莉姨妈对这面栅栏可是非常讲究的——这可是当街的一面呀——要是后边那一面，你刷刷倒还可以，姨妈也不会在乎的。”

“哎，就让我试一试吧。我只刷一点儿。”

“本，我倒是愿意，说真的；不过，波莉姨妈那儿……现在，你难道没看到我正干得起劲吗？要是你来摆弄这道栅栏，万一出了什么状况……”

“啊，没事，我会小心的。还是让我来试试吧。嘿——我把我的苹果核给你。”

“唉，这样……不行，本，还是算了吧。我怕……”

“我把这苹果全给你！”

汤姆把刷子让给了本，脸上虽然露出不情不愿的表情，心里却乐开了花。当刚才那只蒸汽轮船大汗淋漓地在烈日下干活时，这位隐退了的艺术家却在附近的阴凉处，坐在一只木桶上，跷着二郎腿，大口大口啃着苹果，心里还在暗暗盘算如何引诱更多的傻瓜上当。这样的傻瓜还真不少。每过一阵子，就会有些男孩子碰巧从这经过：起先他们都想来取笑汤姆，可是结果都被留下来刷栅栏。在本累得筋疲力尽的时候，汤姆早已经和比利·费希尔做好了交易，比利用一个做得很好的风筝换来了接替本的机会。等到比利也快累趴下的时候，约翰尼·米勒用一只死老鼠和拴着它的小绳

子买了这个特权——接连几个钟头里，傻小子们一个又一个地上钩。下午过去一半的时候，早上还是个贫困潦倒的穷小子的汤姆，转眼就变成了腰包鼓鼓的阔佬了。他一直过得舒服惬意——有很多同伴——而且栅栏被刷上了厚厚三层。要不是他的涂料用光了的话，他会让村里的每个孩子都掏空腰包彻底破产的。



An Ad

After a beautiful purebred puppy wandered onto our back porch and made himself at home, my husband composed an ad for the “Lost and found” column of the local newspaper. It read: “A puppy, male, approximately nine months old, no collar, very friendly, found on Rockbridge Road.” I feared all the detail might encourage an unscrupulous person to claim the dog. As I methodically explained why each clue revealed too much, my husband dutifully crossed out the words. Finally, in frustration, he rewrote the ad, reducing it to a single sentence that I couldn’t refute.

It read: “Guess what I found?”

广告

一只漂亮的纯种狗来到我们的后门廊并以此为家了。我丈夫为当地的“失物招领”栏目构思了一则广告。它是这样写的：“小狗，雄性，近九个月年龄，无项圈，很友善，发现于石桥路。”我害怕这样的细节会给那些昧着良心要狗的人以可乘之机。我有条不紊地解释为什么每个线索都透露得太多，我丈夫就尽职地划去一些词。终于，出于为难，他重新写了广告，把它缩为一个我无法反驳的句子。它是这样写的：“猜猜我发现了什么？”

Little Princess—Sara

Frances Hodgson Burnett

弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特 (Frances Hodgson Burnett, 1849~1924), 英国儿童文学作家。伯内特夫人创作的几部儿童小说都是经久不衰的畅销作品, 曾多次被改编成话剧或搬上银幕。她的代表作有《小公主》《秘密花园》《方特勒罗小王爷》等。

The **change** in her life did not come about gradually, but was made all at once.

The next morning, when she went down to breakfast she saw that her seat at Miss Minchin's side was occupied by Lavinia, and Miss Minchin spoke to her coldly.

"You will begin your new duties, Sara," she said, "by taking your seat with the younger children at a smaller table. You must keep them quiet, and see that they behave well and do not waste their food."

That was the beginning, and from day to day the duties given to her were added to. She taught the younger children French and heard their other lessons, and these were the least of her **labors**. It was found that she could be made use of in numberless directions. She could be sent on errands at any time and in all weathers. She could be told to do things other people neglected. The cook and the housemaids took their tone from Miss Minchin, and rather enjoyed ordering

about the “young one” who had been made so much fuss over for so long. They were not servants of the best class, and had neither good manners nor good **tempers**, and it was frequently convenient to have at hand someone on whom blame could be laid.

During the first month or two, Sara thought that her willingness to do things as well as she could, and her silence under reproof, might soften those who drove her so hard. In her proud little heart she **wanted** them to see that she was trying to earn her living and not accepting charity. But the time came when she saw that no one was softened at all; and the more willing she was to do as she was told, the more **domineering** and exacting careless housemaids became, and the more ready a scolding cook was to blame her.

If she had been older, Miss Minchin would have given her the bigger girls to teach and saved money by dismissing an instructress; but while she remained and looked like a child, she could be made more useful as a sort of little superior errand girl and maid of all work. An ordinary errand boy would not have been so clever and reliable. Sara could be trusted with difficult **commissions** and complicated messages. She could even go and pay bills, and she combined with this the ability to dust a room well and to set things in order.

Her own lessons became things of the past. She was taught nothing, and only after long and busy days spent in running here and there at everybody's orders was she grudgingly allowed to go /into/ the deserted schoolroom, with a pile of old books, and study alone at night.

“If I do not remind myself of the things I have learned, perhaps I may forget them,” she said to herself. “I am almost a scullery maid, and if I am a **scullery** maid who knows nothing, I shall be like poor Becky.”

One of the most curious things in her new existence was her changed position among the pupils. Instead of being a sort of small royal **personage** among them, she no longer seemed to be one of their number at all. She was kept so constantly at work that she scarcely ever had an opportunity of speaking