



阳 程 王 黄◆主编

(英文版)

童年在挪威

展现英语文学魅力

搭建双语学习桥梁

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远方出版社

英语 PARTY

童年在挪威 Boyhood in Norway

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运动出版社

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

童年在挪威/阳程,王萤主编. —呼和浩特:远方出版社,2006.8
(2007.12 重印)

(英语 PARTY)

ISBN 978-7-80723-044-1

I. 童... II. ①阳... ②王... III. ①英语—语言读物
②短篇小说—挪威—现代 IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2006) 第 079467 号

英语 PARTY

童 年 在 挪 威

著 者	<i>Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen</i> (挪威)
主 编	阳 程 王 萤
出 版	远方出版社
社 址	呼和浩特市乌兰察布东路 666 号
邮 编	010010
发 行	新华书店
印 刷	廊坊市华北石油华星印务有限公司
版 次	2007 年 12 月第 2 版
印 次	2007 年 12 月第 2 次印刷
开 本	787×1092 1/32
印 张	298.5
字 数	4765 千
印 数	2000
标准书号	ISBN 978-7-80723-044-1

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前 言

往事如烟,岁月如歌。在生活的旅途中,我们总会在心灵深处,去释放情怀,去重温回忆,去瞻仰经典,去领悟生活。每一次当心灵之语流过你的心河,你是否坚守信仰的庄严,是否释放心灵的微笑,是否感动记忆的声音,是否感恩生活的赏赐。脚步在不停地走,心就有不断的追求。憧憬每一份惬意的灵动感受,一切就在我们为你营造的英语 PARTY 现场。

在这套丛书中,你将体验到:时尚前沿的超级冲击,域外风情的宜人风采,文坛诗海的字字珠玑,谚语神话的美妙奇幻,异国情调的清新独特,超强口语的纯正顺畅,人生丰碑的熠熠光辉,多元时空的绚丽多彩,爱意无限的神圣伟大,唐诗双声的意味深长,小品幽默的生活滋味,还有时间流逝的永恒定格等等。丰富、自然、悠扬、愉悦,是我们为青少年朋友举办这场 PARTY 的宗旨,相信



你定会在这里邂逅生活的美好与奇特。让我们一起来亲临感受、回味感悟吧！

由于编写的内容只是亿万之一，加之编者水平有限，不足之处，愿大家批评和指正。

编 者

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CHAPTER I

THE BATTLE OF THE RAFTS





☆ CHAPTER I ☆

I. The Origin of the War

A deadly feud was raging among the boys of Numedale. The East-Siders hated the West-Siders, and thrashed them when they got a chance; and the West-Siders, when fortune favored them, returned the compliment with interest. It required considerable courage for a boy to venture, unattended by comrades, into the territory of the enemy; and no one took the risk unless dire necessity compelled him.

The hostile parties had played at war so long that they had forgotten that it was play; and now were actually inspired with the emotions which they had formerly simulated. Under the leadership of their chieftains, Halvor Reitan and Viggo Hook, they held councils of war, sent out scouts, planned midnight surprises,



and fought at times mimic battles. I say mimic battles, because no one was ever killed; but broken heads and bruised limbs many a one carried home from these engagements, and unhappily one boy, named Peer Oestmo, had an eye put out by an arrow.

It was a great consolation to him that he became a hero to all the West-Siders and was promoted for bravery in the field to the rank of first lieutenant. He had the sympathy of all his companions in arms and got innumerable bites of apples, cancelled postage stamps, and colored advertising-labels in token of their esteem.

4 But the principal effect of this first serious wound was to invest the war with a breathless and all-absorbing interest. It was now no longer “make believe,” but deadly earnest. Blood had flowed; insults had been exchanged in due order, and offended honor cried for vengeance.

It was fortunate that the river divided the West-Siders from the East-Siders, or it would have been difficult to tell what might have happened. Viggo Hook, the West-Side general, was a handsome, high-spirited lad of fifteen, who was the last person to pocket an injury, as long as red blood flowed in his veins, as he was wont to express it. He was the eldest son of Colonel Hook of



the regular army, and meant some day to be a Von Moltke or a Napoleon. He felt in his heart that he was destined for something great; and in conformity with this conviction assumed a superb behavior, which his comrades found very admirable.

He had the gift of leadership in a marked degree, and established his authority by a due mixture of kindness and severity. Those boys whom he honored with his confidence were absolutely attached to him. Those whom, with magnificent arbitrariness, he punished and persecuted, felt meekly that they had probably deserved it; and if they had not, it was somehow in the game.

There never was a more absolute king than Viggo, nor one more abjectly courted and admired. And the amusing part of it was that he was at heart a generous and good-natured lad, but possessed with a lofty ideal of heroism, which required above all things that whatever he said or did must be striking. He dramatized, as it were, every phrase he uttered and every act he performed, and modelled himself alternately after Napoleon and Wellington, as he had seen them represented in the old engravings which decorated the walls in his father's study.

He had read much about heroes of war, ancient and modern, and he lived about half his own life imagining himself by turns all



sorts of grand characters from history or fiction.

His costume was usually in keeping with his own conception of these characters, in so far as his scanty opportunities permitted. An old, broken sword of his father's, which had been polished until it "flashed" properly, was girded to a brass-mounted belt about his waist; an ancient, gold-braided, military cap, which was much too large, covered his curly head; and four tarnished brass buttons, displaying the Golden Lion of Norway, gave a martial air to his blue jacket, although the rest were plain horn.

6 But quite independently of his poor trappings Viggo was to his comrades an august personage. I doubt if the Grand Vizier feels more flattered and gratified by the favor of the Sultan than little Marcus Henning did, when Viggo condescended to be civil to him.

Marcus was small, round-shouldered, spindle-shanked, and freckle-faced. His hair was coarse, straight, and the color of maple sirup; his nose was broad and a little flattened at the point, and his clothes had a knack of never fitting him. They were made to grow in and somehow he never caught up with them, he once said, with no intention of being funny. His father, who was Colonel Hook's nearest neighbor, kept a modest country shop, in



which you could buy anything, from dry goods and groceries to shoes and medicines. You would have to be very ingenious to ask for a thing which Henning could not supply. The smell in the store carried out the same idea; for it was a mixture of all imaginable smells under the sun.

Now, it was the chief misery of Marcus that, sleeping, as he did, in the room behind the store, he had become so impregnated with this curious composite smell that it followed him like an odoriferous halo, and procured him a number of unpleasant nicknames. The principal ingredient was salted herring; but there was also a suspicion of tarred ropes, plug tobacco, prunes, dried codfish, and oiled tarpaulin.

7

It was not so much kindness of heart as respect for his own dignity which made Viggo refrain from calling Marcus a “Muskrat” or a “Smelling-Bottle.” And yet Marcus regarded this gracious forbearance on his part as the mark of a noble soul. He had been compelled to accept these offensive nicknames, and, finding rebellion vain, he had finally acquiesced in them.

He never loved to be called a “Muskrat,” though he answered to the name mechanically. But when Viggo addressed him as “base minion,” in his wrath, or as “Sergeant Henning,” in his



sunnier moods, Marcus felt equally complimented by both terms, and vowed in his grateful soul eternal allegiance and loyalty to his chief.

He bore kicks and cuffs with the same admirable equanimity; never complained when he was thrown into a dungeon in a deserted pigsty for breaches of discipline of which he was entirely guiltless, and trudged uncomplainingly through rain and sleet and snow, as scout or spy, or what-not, at the behest of his exacting commander.

8 It was all so very real to him that he never would have thought of doubting the importance of his mission. He was rather honored by the trust reposed in him, and was only intent upon earning a look or word of scant approval from the superb personage whom he worshipped.

Halvor Reitan, the chief of the East-Siders, was a big, burly peasant lad, with a pimpled face, fierce blue eyes, and a shock of towy hair. But he had muscles as hard as twisted ropes, and sinews like steel.

He had the reputation, of which he was very proud, of being the strongest boy in the valley, and though he was scarcely sixteen years old, he boasted that he could whip many a one of twice



his years. He had, in fact, been so praised for his strength that he never neglected to accept, or even to create, opportunities for displaying it.

His manner was that of a bully; but it was vanity and not malice which made him always spoil for a fight. He and Viggo Hook had attended the parson's "Confirmation Class," together, and it was there their hostility had commenced.

Halvor, who conceived a dislike of the tall, rather dainty, and disdainful Viggo, with his aquiline nose and clear, aristocratic features, determined, as he expressed it, to take him down a peg or two; and the more his challenges were ignored the more persistent he grew in his insults.

He dubbed Viggo "Missy." He ran against him with such violence in the hall that he knocked his head against the wainscoting; he tripped him up on the stairs by means of canes and sticks; and he hired his partisans who sat behind Viggo to stick pins into him, while he recited his lessons. And when all these provocations proved unavailing he determined to dispense with any pretext, but simply thrash his enemy within an inch of his life at the first opportunity which presented itself. He grew to hate Viggo and was always aching to molest him.



Halvor saw plainly enough that Viggo despised him, and refused to notice his challenges, not so much because he was afraid of him, as because he regarded himself as a superior being who could afford to ignore insults from an inferior, without loss of dignity. During recess the so-called “genteel boys,” who had better clothes and better manners than the peasant lads, separated themselves from the rest, and conversed or played with each other. No one will wonder that such behavior was exasperating to the poorer boys. I am far from defending Viggo’s behavior in this instance. He was here, as everywhere, the acknowledged leader; and therefore more cordially hated than the rest. It was the Roundhead hating the Cavalier; and the Cavalier making merry at the expense of the Roundhead.

There was only one boy in the Confirmation Class who was doubtful as to what camp should claim him, and that was little Marcus Henning. He was a kind of amphibious animal who, as he thought, really belonged nowhere. His father was of peasant origin, but by his prosperity and his occupation had risen out of the class to which he was formerly attached, without yet rising into the ranks of the gentry, who now, as always, looked with scorn upon interlopers. Thus it came to pass that little Marcus, whose



inclinations drew him toward Viggo's party, was yet forced to associate with the partisans of Halvor Reitan.

It was not a vulgar ambition "to pretend to be better than he was" which inspired Marcus with a desire to change his allegiance, but a deep, unreasoning admiration for Viggo Hook. He had never seen any one who united so many superb qualities, nor one who looked every inch as noble as he did.

It did not discourage him in the least that his first approaches met with no cordial reception. His offer to communicate to Viggo where there was a hawk's nest was coolly declined, and even the attractions of fox dens and rabbits' burrows were valiantly resisted. Better luck he had with a pair of fan-tail pigeons, his most precious treasure, which Viggo rather loftily consented to accept, for, like most genteel boys in the valley, he was an ardent pigeon-fancier, and had long vainly importuned his father to procure him some of the rarer breeds

He condescended to acknowledge Marcus's greeting after that, and to respond to his diffident "Good-morning" and "Good-evening," and Marcus was duly grateful for such favors. He continued to woo his idol with raisins and ginger-snaps from the store, and other delicate attentions, and bore the snubs which of-