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SERIES OF MASTERPIECES OF CHINESE
CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

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JINZENGHAO

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

小巷木屐声：汉、英对照／金曾豪著．—太原：希望出版社，1999.10

(中华儿童文学名家名作书系；15／琚林勇主编)

ISBN 7-5379-2165-2

I. 小… II. 金… III. 儿童文学—短篇小说—中国—当代—汉、英 IV. I287.47

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(1999)第64160号

中华儿童文学名家名作书系

小巷木屐声

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英文审校：马卓华

绘 画：李晓林

摄 影：王泉珍

美术设计：华 程

出 版 者：希望出版社

太原市并州北路69号

发 行 者：山西省新华书店

印 刷：山西人民印刷厂

开 本：787×960 1/16

印 张：3.25

印 数：1—2000

印 次：1999年10月第1版

1999年10月第1次印刷

ISBN 7-5379-2165-2/I·262

定价：22.00元

小巷木屐声：汉、英对照

金曾豪

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Publisher: Hope Publishing House

(No. 69 North Bingzhou

Road Taiyuan)

Distributor: Xinhua Bookstore of

Shanxi

Press: People's Press of Shanxi

Format: 787×960 1/16

Printed sheet: 3.25

Impression: 1—2000

作品介绍

阿芒是个木匠的儿子。这个穿着自制的木屐、从小失去母爱的孩子比他的同龄人更懂得爱。他对同学楠楠倾注了诚挚的感情，而这美好的情感却被楠楠母亲曲解了……

Introduction

An abstract of *The Sounds of Wooden Sandals in the Lane*: Amang was the son of a carpenter. This boy wearing wooden sandals and knowing nothing about motherly love in his childhood knew more about love than other children of his age. He bestowed his true feelings on his classmate Nannan, yet his sincere feelings were misunderstood and distorted by Nannan's mother...



金曾豪，江苏常熟人。出版长篇小说，中短篇小说集十一部。其中长篇小说《青春口哨》、《狼的故事》，先后获中国作协第二、第三届全国优秀儿童文学奖，中篇小说《迷人的追捕》获全国优秀少儿文艺读物一等奖。

Jin Zenghao, born in Changshu, Jiangsu, has published eleven full-length novels and collections of novelettes and short stories, of which the full-length novels *The Youth Whistle* and *The Wolf's Story* were awarded respectively prizes for fine children's literature works at the second and third national selections by the Chinese Writer's Association and his novelette *A Fascinating Chase* was awarded a national first prize for fine children's readers of literature and arts.

我曾经有个很被窝、睡觉的坏习惯。那迷迷糊糊的滋味比甜牛奶迷人一百倍！不过，上学迟到、挨批评的滋味可不好受。怎样戒掉这杯“迷魂汤”呢？东东出了个主意，让我临睡时喝三杯开水，让尿憋着我早起。一试，不灵，我还是忍不住钻回被窝去。再说，这太危险，一不小心会“画地图”。

咳，要改掉一个坏习惯真难啊！

可是，阿芒说：“不难，一点也不难，只要你写三个字。”他递给我一张纸，纸上写着：

保 证 书

本人保证六点半以前起床，超过时间，阿芒有权用钉子刺本人的屁股。

保证人

I used to have a bad habit of sleeping late. The feeling of being half asleep and half awake was one hundred times sweeter than sweet milk! However, it felt bad to be criticized for being late for school. How could I give it up? Dongdong hit upon an idea. He let me drink three mugs of water and let my need to go to the bathroom force me to get up earlier. I tried it once, only to find it did not work, for I could not help going back to bed. And it was also too precarious as I might draw a "map" on the bed if I was not careful.

Ugh, it is really difficult to get rid of a bed habit.

But Amang said, "No, it isn't difficult at all. You have only to write three characters." He passed me a piece of paper on which were written a few words:

Guarantee

I guarantee to get up before 6:30. If later, Amang is entitled to stick me on the bottom with a nail.

Guarantor

阿芒眯细了眼，盯着我的眼睛：“敢不敢？”

我咬了咬嘴唇：“敢。”

当时东东正在旁边画水彩画。阿芒捉住我一只手指蘸了点红颜料，说：“自己按！”

我在“保证人”后头按了一下，忽然想起《白毛女》里的杨白劳，憋不住“格格格”笑起来。

阿芒不笑，一脸严肃，从书包里掏出来一根三寸长的钉子，亮闪闪一晃：“看，就是这真家伙！”

东东夺过钉子，装作日本军官的样子，说：“还是乖乖大大的，不然，死啦死啦的！”

这下子阿芒也乐了。

He narrowed his eyes, staring into mine, "Dare you?"

Biting my lips, I said, "Yes."

At that moment, Dongdong was drawing a water-color picture, and Amang dipped one of my fingers in the red color and said, "Press yourself!"

I pressed my finger after "Guarantor", suddenly thinking of Yang Bailao in "The White-Haired Girl", and I could not help giggling.

Without a smile, Amang was serious. Taking out a three inch long nail and swaying it in a flash, "Look, I'm serious with this!" he said.

Seizing the nail, Dongdong pretended to be a Japanese army officer, "Be obedient or we'll take your life!"

This time, Amang also burst into laughter.



二

第二天清早，在似醒非醒的朦胧中，我忽然听得一阵呱呱呱的声音，自远而近。

啊，是阿芒来了！这是他穿着木屐走在围墙外石板巷子里的声音。那时候，在我们小镇上还见不到海绵拖鞋什么的，天热了，好多人就穿木屐。可四月里穿木屐的人是极少的，好像只有阿芒和他的爸爸。阿芒没有妈妈，他爸爸只会做木匠活，不会做鞋子

B

Early the next morning, in a twilight sleep, I heard a peal of thumping sound coming nearer and nearer.

It was Amang coming. It was the sound of his wooden sandals walking on the stone slates outside the wall in the lane. At that time, few people in our little town wore sponge sandals or any other kind. When it was getting hot, many would wear wooden sandals. But almost no people wore wooden sandals in April, seemingly, except Amang and his father. He had no mother and his father could do carpentry but could not make shoes.

果然是他。听，他在唱
山歌呐！

黄箬壳，青竹篾，
一黄昏编只小斗笠。
蒙蒙雨，雨蒙蒙，
雨打斗笠淅沥沥……

我蓦地想起了那根亮闪
闪的钉子，觉得屁股上一阵
麻，便一掀被子下了床。

It was him for sure. Listen,
he was singing a mountain
folk song:

*Yellow and green bamboo
strips are knitted
into a hat in the twilight.
Mizzling and drizzling,
on the hat the raindrops are
falling...*

Suddenly I thought of that
shiny nail, feeling numb in
my bottom, and I threw away
the quilt and got out of bed.

围墙的花格子那边晃动着
一只淡黄色的斗笠。

外边在下雨，蒙蒙的
雨。

我打开窗子喊：“阿芒，
进来！院子门没锁。”

花格子里伸进一只手
来，打了个“注意这里”的手
势就缩回去了，斗笠也不见
了。小巷里又响起呱哒呱哒
的木屐声。

花格子里放着一只烘山
芋，用张新鲜的桑叶包着，
桑叶上刺着一个“奖”字，对
了，必定是用那只钉子刺
的。

It was drizzling outside.

A yellowish bamboo hat
popped outside the square -
holed top of the wall.

I opened the window and
cried, "Amang, come in.
The gate is not latched."

A hand squeezed in through
a square hole, made a ges-
ture as if to say "see here",
and then withdrew. So the
bamboo hat left with the
sound of wooden sandals
dying away in the lane.

Found in the square hole
was a roast sweet potato
wrapped up in a fresh mul-
berry leaf on which a char-
acter "PRIZE" was stung. It
must have be stung with that
nail for sure.



烘山芋的皮是黑的、硬的,掰开来里头却是黄的、软的,立即窜出一股白气,香得叫人流口水。我把烘山芋拿进屋,放在桌子上,赶紧到院子里漱口。正漱着,听得妈妈在屋里大惊小怪地咕哝:“呀,这是啥?哎唷!”

我满嘴牙膏沫,说不上话。等我回到屋里,那烘山芋已躺在畚箕的垃圾堆里了。我把漱口杯碰得山响:“这是阿肯特地送我的!这是对我第一次早起的奖励。”

Its peel was black and hard, but the inside was yellow and soft when it was opened and the steam that came from it smelled so good that it made my mouth water. Taking it into my room and putting it on the table, I hurried out to brush my teeth in the yard. While I was gargling, I heard my mother making a fuss inside my room, “Oh, what’s this?”

I could not answer as my mouth was full of toothpaste. When I returned to my room, I found the roast sweet potato already lying with the garbage in the dustbin. I clanked the gargling cup loudly, “Amang brought that to me as a reward for getting up early for the first time.”

“那不卫生，吃了肚子痛，你看，妈妈给你买馒头来了。快趁热……”

我背起书包朝外走。妈妈追上来给我馒头，我死活也不要。

到了学校，阿芒问我：“楠楠，烘山芋夹生不夹生？”我支吾了一下，说：“有，有一点。”阿芒用空心拳敲了一下额角：“都怪我太性急，夹生了，不好吃。”

我心里很难过，总觉得阿芒受了委屈。

“It's not clean. You will have a stomachache if you eat it. Look, I've bought you steamed buns. Eat them while they are hot ...”

With my schoolbag on the back, I made way to the door. Mother ran over to give me the buns, which I refused to take.

At school, Amang asked me, “Nannan, was the sweet potato still raw?” Hesitantly, I said, “A bit raw.” Amang hit himself in the temple with a half clenched fist. “It's me to blame. I was too impatient and it was raw and not ready to eat.” I felt wretched, for he had been wronged.

三

坏习惯要用好习惯来替代。每天早晨,我不再睡回笼觉,醒来,就期待着阿芒的木屐声。小巷,窄窄的,铺着青石板、黄石板,石板下边是空的,是阴沟。穿木屐在小巷里走,有几种回声,有一种特别的韵味。阿芒脚下的木屐是柏树做的,声音比一般杨树木屐的钝一点。呱哒,呱哒,呱哒……似乎包含有一种不容违拗的意思,使人想起阿芒倔强的嘴角。

C

A bad habit had to be replaced with a good one. Every morning, I no longer slept late. On waking up, I expected the sound of Amang's wooden sandals. The lane was narrow and was covered with gray or yellowish stone slates under which was a hollow space, used as a sewer. Walking in wooden sandals in the lane produced several kinds of echoes, each of which had its own appeal. Amang's wooden sandals were made of cypress wood and they sounded a bit dull. "Thump, thump, thump..." the sounds seemed to contain some sense of irresistibility, reminding one of the stubbornness suggested by the corners of Amang's mouth.

