



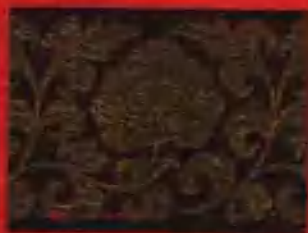
神笔马良

中华儿童文学名家名作书系
希望出版社

The Magic Brush Ma Liang

SERIES OF MASTERPIECES OF CHINESE
CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

HOPE PUBLISHING HOUSE



中华儿童文学名家
名作书系

洪汛涛
HONGXUNTAO

SERIES OF MASTERPIECES OF CHINESE
CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

神笔马良

The Magic Brush Ma Liang

希望出版社

HOPE PUBLISHING HOUSE

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

神笔马良 / 洪汛涛著. - 太原: 希望出版社,
1999. 6
(中华儿童文学名家名作书系; 3 / 傅锦瑞主编)
ISBN 7-5379-2121-0

I. 神… II. 洪… III. 童话-中国-当代 IV. I287.7

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(1999)第18936号

中华儿童文学名家名作书系

神 笔 马 良

洪 汛 涛

总 策 划 | 庄之明
主 编 | 傅锦瑞
责任编辑 | 陈 炜 华 程
助理责编 | 李 军
翻 译 | 程 前
英文审校 | 马卓华
绘 画 | 李晓林
摄 影 | 王泉珍
艺术设计 | 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 | 2.25
印 数 | 1—2000
出 次 | 1999年6月第1版
| 1999年6月第1次印刷

ISBN 7-5379-2121-0/I·237

定价: 15.00元

THE MAGIC BRUSH MALIANG

洪 汛 涛

Plotter | Zhuang Zhiming
Editor-in-Chief | Fu Jinrui
Executive Editor | Chen Wei
Hua Cheng
Assistant Editor | Li Jun
Translator | Cheng Qian
English Proof-Reader |
Joshua Haynes Mandell
Painter | Li Xiaolin
Photographer | Wang Quanzhen
Art Designer | Hua Cheng
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 | 2.25
Impression | 1—2000

作品介绍

马良是中国少年儿童非常熟悉和爱戴的文学形象，是中国孩子智慧、正义的化身。神笔是中华民族优秀文化和博大理想的象征。孩子们称马良是“中华第一大文侠”，说这一作品是圆了“一个中国孩子的梦”。一代一代中国孩子都爱读这个童话。

Introduction

An abstract of The Magic Brush Ma Liang: Ma Liang is a literary image highly familiarized and loved by the Chinese children. To them he embodies wisdom and justice, while the magic brush is the symbol of the rich culture and lofty ideal of the Chinese nationality. The Chinese children call Ma Liang "the first Chinese chivalrous brushman" and say the story satisfies the Chinese children in their dreams. Generation after generation of them have enjoyed reading it.



洪汛涛, 1928年生, 中国作家、童话研究学者。40年代中期开始出版作品, 半个多世纪以来, 已出版各类著作百余种。主要作品是童话, 出版有《洪汛涛童话选》、《洪汛涛童话新作选》等诸多集子。《神笔马良》和《报喜笔的来历》, 是他童话创作前期的代表作, 合称“两笔”。理论研究专著有《童话学》、《童话论》等。世界各地有不少他作品的译本, 世界各地都有他作品的读者。

Hong Xuntao (1928 -), a Chinese writer and scholar in the study of fairy tales, began to publish works in the middle of the 1940s and in more than half a century, he has published more than 100 works of various kinds, chiefly in the form

of fairy tales gathered in the collections like *The Selected Fairy Tales of Hong Xuntao* and *The Collection of New Fairy Tales by Hong Xuntao*. *The Magic Brush Ma Liang* and *The Origin of a Brush Made of Weasel's Hair* are his representative works in his earlier and later literary creation and the two works are called together "The Two Brushes". His works of theoretic studies include *A Study of Fairy Tales* and *On Fairy Tales*. Many of his works have been translated into different languages and well received by the readers all over the world.

听人家说，从前，有个孩子名字叫做马良，父亲母亲早就死了，靠他自己打柴、割草过日子。他从小喜欢学画，可是，他连一支笔也没有啊！

一天，他走过一个学馆门口，看见学馆里的画师，拿着一支笔，正在画画，他不知不觉地走了进去，对画师说：

“我很想学画，借给我一支笔可以吗？”

画师瞪了他一眼，“呸！”一口唾沫吐在他脸上，骂道：

“穷孩子想拿笔，还想学画画？做梦啦！”

说完，就将他撵出门去。

Long, long ago there was a boy named Ma Liang. His parents had been dead for a long time, so he had made a living by collecting firewood and cutting grass. Ever since he was a child he loved to draw, but he had never had a brush.

One day, when he was passing a school he saw a painter inside drawing with a brush. Unintentionally he walked in and said to him,

“I want dearly to learn to draw. Would you lend me a brush?” The man stared at him, “Pooh!” spat in his face, and cursed, “A brush for a poor kid to learn to draw? You can only dream!” After saying this, he drove him out.

马良是个有志气的孩子，他想：

“为什么穷孩子不能拿笔，连画也不能学呢？我就是要学画画！”

从此，他下决心学画，每天用心苦练。他到山上打柴时，捡一根枯树枝，在沙地里学着描飞鸟。他到河边割草时，用草根蘸蘸河水，在岸石上学着描游鱼。晚上，回到家里，拿一块木炭，在窑洞的壁上，又把白天描过的东西，一件一件再画一遍。他没有笔，但还是坚持学画画。

一年一年过去了，马良学画没有一天间断过。他窑

But Ma was a boy with high aspirations. He thought,

“Why can't a poor child have a brush to learn to draw. I'm determined to learn it!”

From then on, he made up his mind to learn to draw and practised hard every day. When he was collecting firewood in the mountains, he would pick up a dried tree branch and learn to draw flying birds; when he was cutting grass on the riverside, he would dip grassroots in the water and learn to draw swimming fish. At night, when he was at home, he would take a piece of charcoal and redraw on the walls of his cave the pictures he had drawn during the day. Every picture would be redone once. Although he did not have a brush, he kept on trying to learn to draw.

Year after year, Ma did not stop practising for a single



洞的四壁，画上叠画，麻麻花花全是画了。当然，进步也很快，真是画出的鸟就差不多会叫了，画出的鱼就差不多会游了。一回，他在村口画了只小母鸡，村口的上空就成天有老鹰打转；一回，他在山后画了只黑毛狼，吓得牛羊不敢在山后吃草。但是马良还没有一支笔啊！他多么想自己能有一支笔。

一天晚上，马良躺在窑洞里，因为他整天干活、学画，已经很疲倦，一躺下来，就迷迷糊糊地睡着了。

不知道什么时候，窑洞里亮起五彩的光芒，来了个白胡须老人，把一支笔送给他，说：

day. Pictures overlapped pictures, one covering another on all the four walls of his cave. He, of course, was making rapid progress. The birds and fish he drew were almost able to chirp and swim. Once he drew a little hen at the end of the village and from then on there would be an eagle hovering above the spot. Another time, he drew a black wolf on the other side of the mountain, and the cattle and sheep have dared not graze there ever since. Yet, he still did not have a brush of his own. How he wanted to have one of his own to use!

One night, he was lying in the cave. Tired after a day's work and drawing, he fell asleep soon after he lay down.

Some time during the night, the cave was lit up by colourful brilliant rays of light. A white-bearded old man appeared. He gave him a brush and said,



“这是一支神笔，要好好用它。”

马良接过来一看，那笔金光灿灿的；拿在手上，沉甸甸的。他乐得蹦下床来：

“谢谢您，老爷爷……”

马良的话没有说完，白胡须老人已经不见了。

马良一惊，就醒过来，揉揉眼睛，原来是个梦呢！可又不是梦啊，那支笔不是好好地自己的手里吗！

他十分高兴，就奔出窑洞，挨家挨户去敲门，把伙伴都叫醒，告诉他们：“我有支笔啦！”这时才半夜哩！

“This is a magic brush and you have to make good use of it.” Taking it in hand, he noticed it was heavy and shone with golden light. He jumped with joy out of the bed, “Thank you, Sir...”

The old man had disappeared before he could finish.

Ma was so surprised that he woke up. Rubbing his eyes, he thought it was only a dream. Yet it was not, as the brush was really in his hand.

He was so full of joy that he dashed out of the cave. He went from door to door, waking up all his friends and telling them, “I’ve got a brush.” By that time it was only midnight.



他用笔画了一只鸟，鸟扑扑翅膀，飞到天上去，对他嘁嘁喳喳地唱起歌来。他用笔画了一条鱼，鱼弯弯尾巴，游进水里去，对他摇摇摆摆地跳起舞来。他喜极了，说：

“这神笔，多好啊！”

马良有了这支神笔，天天替村里的穷苦人画画：谁家没有犁耙，他就给他画犁耙；谁家没有耕牛，他就给他画耕牛；谁家没有水车，他就给他画水车；谁家没有石磨，他就给他画石磨……

天下没有不透风的墙，消息很快传进了邻近庄园里一个恶财主的耳朵。这财主向来贪婪、霸道，就派两个家丁来把他抓去，逼他画画。

He drew a bird with the brush. The bird fluttered its wings, flew into the sky, and sang him a song. Then he drew a fish and it bent its tail and swam in the water, swaying for him like a dancer. He was filled with excitement,

“What an incredible brush!”

After Ma got this magic brush, he kept drawing pictures for the poor in the village every day. He would draw a plow for families without one; an ox for those who did not have one; a stone mill for those who needed one...

This cat could not be kept in the bag. A wicked landlord, living on a nearby plantation, soon heard of Ma's magic brush. He was terribly greedy and bossy. He sent two henchmen to bring Ma back and force him to paint pictures for him.



马良年纪虽小，却生来是个硬性子。他看透这财主的坏心肠，任凭财主怎样哄他、吓他，要他画金元宝，他就是不肯画。财主将他关在马厩里，也不给他饭吃，非要他画金元宝不可。

夜晚，雪纷纷扬扬地落着，地上已经积起了厚厚一层。财主想，马良这一下一定受不了啦。他走到马厩去看看，只见里面透出红红的亮光，远远闻到一股香喷喷的味道。他觉得奇怪，悄悄走近，往里一看，啊！马良烧起了一堆木柴，一面烤着火，一面正吃着热烘烘的饼子呢！财主知道，这柴火和饼子，是马良用神笔画的，就气呼呼地去叫家丁来，要他们夺过马良手上那支神笔。

Young as he was, Ma was born a dauntless man. He saw all the wickedness in the landlord. No amount of bargaining could make him draw shoe-shaped gold ingots for the landlord. The landlord then locked him up in his stable, denying him food until he promised to draw such ingots.

That night, it snowed and the ground was covered with a thick layer. The landlord did not think Ma could bear it any longer, so he went to the stable to have a look. But from a distance he saw some red light radiating, and smelt something savoury. Confused, he walked closer. Looking inside, he saw Ma burning a pile of firewood and eating hot pancakes over the fire. The landlord knew the fire and the pancakes were all drawn by Ma with his magic brush. He angrily sent for his henchmen and ordered them to seize the brush.

