



红 葫 芦

中华儿童文学名家名作书系
希望出版社

A Red Gourd

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CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

红葫芦 / 曹文轩著. - 太原: 希望出版社,
1999. 6
(中华儿童文学名家名作书系; 8 / 傅锦瑞主编)
ISBN 7-5379-2119-9

I. 红… II. 曹… III. 儿童文学-短篇小说-
作品集-中国-当代 IV. I287.47

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (1999) 第 18951 号

中华儿童文学名家名作书系

红葫芦

曹文轩

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
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 | 3.75
印 数 | 1—2000
印 次 | 1999 年 6 月第 1 版
| 1999 年 6 月第 1 次印刷

ISBN 7-5379-2157-1/1·254

定价: 25.00 元

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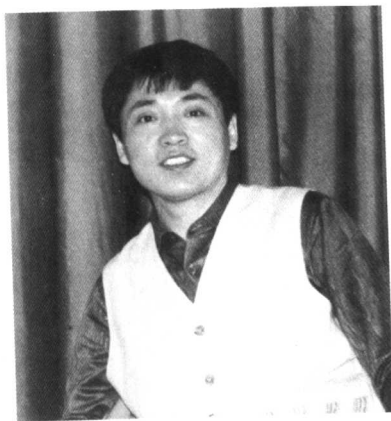
Plotter | Zhuang Zhiming
Editor-in-Chief | Fu Jinrui
Executive Editor | Chen Wei
Hua Cheng
Assistant Editor | Li Jun
Translator | Cheng Qian
English Proof-Reader |
Joshua Haynes Mandell
Painter | Li Xiaolin
Photographer | Wang Quanzhen
Art Designer | Hua Cheng
Publisher | Hope Publishing House
(No. 69 North Bingzhou
Road Taiyuan)
Distributor | Xinhua Bookstore of
Shanxi
Press | People's Press of Shanxi
Format | 787 × 960 1/16
Printed sheet | 3.75
Impression | 1—2000

作品介绍

一条大河，河这边住着一户人家，河那边住着一户人家，两户人家的孩子之间很陌生。河这边人家的小男孩因为父亲是个大骗子而深陷自卑和孤独，内心十分希望河那边人家的小女孩能够注意他。经过努力，小女孩终于开始与他对话，并慢慢地走近了他。他和她忘记了一切，充满快乐地在阳光下的大河里玩耍。后来，一次重大的误会，使小女孩离开了他。当小女孩突然发现自己误会了他而匆匆来找他时，他已离开了这个地方，到远处的地方上学去了。

Introduction

An abstract of A Red Gourd: A big river separated the two families on its banks and turned the two children of the two families into strangers to each other. The little boy felt self – debased and lonely due to his father being a big cheat, and therefore he yearned to draw the attention of the girl on the other side of the river. Finally he managed to converse with the girl and make her approach to him. Then he and she played merrily in the river in the sunshine, forgetting the things around them. But later a big misunderstanding between them led the girl away from him. When the girl found out in the end that she had misunderstood him and came back to see him, she only found that he had left for somewhere else far away to go on with his education.



Cao Wenxuan, born in January, 1954 in Yancheng, Jiangsu, where he went to school and did farming for twenty years, entered the Chinese language department of Beijing University as a student in September, 1974 and since his graduation in July, 1977 has been teaching Chinese literature as a professor tutoring doctorate candidates there. Now he is a member of the Chinese Writ-

曹文轩,男,1954年1月生于江苏盐城农村,在此读书务农二十个年头。1974年9月入北京大学中文系读书,1977年7月毕业后留校任教,现为中国作家协会会员,北京大学教授、博士生导师。主要作品有《山羊不吃天堂草》、《朦胧岁月》等。短篇小说《再见了,我的小星星》获中国作家协会第一届全国优秀儿童文学奖;长篇小说《山羊不吃天堂草》获中国作家协会第二届全国优秀儿童文学奖、第三届宋庆龄文学奖金奖;短篇小说《蓝花》获冰心文学大奖。

ers' Association. His main works include *The Goat Adverse to the Grass of Heaven*, *The Obscure Days* and some others. His short story *Farewell, My little Star* won a prize at the first national congress on fine children's literature works of the Chinese Writers' Association and his full length novel *The Goat Adverse to the Grass of Heaven* a gold prize at the second national congress on fine children's literature works of the Chinese Writers' Association and a gold prize at the third works selection for the Song Qingling Literature Prize and his short story *The Blue Flower* the Bingxin Grand Literature Prize.

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姐姐只要走出家门，总能看见那个叫湾的男孩抱着一只鲜亮的红葫芦泡在大河里。只要一看到湾，她便会把头扭到一边去看爬上篱笆的黄瓜蔓，或扭到另一边去看那棵小树丫丫上的一只圆溜溜的鸟巢，要不，就仰脸望大河上那片飞着鸽子的清蓝清蓝的天空，但耳边却响着被湾用双脚拍击出的闹人的水声。临了，她还是要用双眼来看湾泡在大河里，只不过是把一副毫不在意的样子明确地做出来。

姐姐对这个男孩几乎一无所知，唯一的一点了解是：这男孩的父亲是这方圆几百里有名的大骗子。

A

Once Niuniu was outside the door, she would see the boy, named Wan, with a bright red gourd in the big river. Once she saw Wan, she would turn her head aside to look at the cucumber vines climbing on the fence or at a round bird's nest in the branches of a small tree, or to look up at the clear blue sky where pigeons were flying. But in her ears were the sounds of that pair of feet splashing in the water. At length, she would look at Wan in the river, only pretending to be totally indifferent.

Niuniu knew almost nothing about that boy except that his father was a big cheat, known in the vicinity of hundreds of square kilometers.

大河又长又宽。她家和
他家遥遥相望。河这边，只
有她们一家，河那边也只有
他们一家。这无边的世界
里，仿佛就只有这两户孤立
的人家。

大河终日让人觉察不出
地流淌着，偶尔会有一只远
方来的篷船经过。吱呀吱呀
的橹声，把一番寂寞分明地
衬托出来后，便慢慢地消失
在大河的尽头了。

正是夏天，两岸的芦苇
无声地生发着，从一边看另
一边，只见一线屋脊，其余
的都被遮住了。

The river was both long and
wide, and from opposite
sides her home and his faced
each other. On this side of
the river there was only her
family and on the other side
only his. In this boundless
world only these two families
seemed to exist.

The river flowed unawares,
day in and day out. Occa-
sionally a passing boat, with
its sculling sounds, would
break the silence and then it
would slowly disappear
where one's eyes could
see the farthest.

It was summer. The reeds
were growing silently on
both sides of the river. From
side to side everything was
shielded except the ridges of
the roofs.



每天太阳一升起，湾就用双手分开芦苇闪现在水边。他先把那只红葫芦扔进水里，然后，往身上撩水。水有点凉，他夸张地打着寒噤，并抖抖索索地仰空大叫，然后跃起，扎入水中，手脚一并用力，以最大的可能把水弄响。

碧水上，漂浮着的那只红葫芦，宛如一轮初升的新鲜的小太阳。

这地方上的孩子下河游泳，总要抱一只晒干了的的大葫芦，作用跟城里孩子用的救生圈一样。生活在船上的小孩，也都在腰里吊一只葫芦，怕的是落水沉没了。大概是为了醒目，易于觉察和寻找，都把葫芦漆成鲜艳的红色。

Every day when the sun rose, Wan would make his way through the reeds and appear by the river. He first hurled his red gourd into the water, and then splashed water onto his body. The water was still a bit cold, so he would quiver exaggeratedly and then shout into the sky as he quivered. Then he sprang and dived into the water, exerting himself with both his hands and feet and making the loudest possible sounds in the water.

Floating on the blue water was that red gourd like a small sun that had just risen.

The children always carried a big, dried gourd when they went swimming in the river, just as the children in the city use life-buoys. The children who lived on boats all carried gourds on their waists because they were afraid of being drowned were they to fall into the water. To make their gourds more conspicuous, and easier to see and locate, they all painted their gourds bright red.

红葫芦就在水面上漂，
闪耀着挡不住的光芒。

湾用双手去使劲拍打
水，激起一团团水花，要不
就迅捷地旋转身子，用手在
水上刮出一个圆形的浪圈。
那升腾到空中去的水，像薄
薄的瀑布在阳光下闪着彩
虹。

妞妞的黑眼睛禁不住这
些形象、声音和色彩的诱
惑。她只好去望水，望“瀑
布”，望精着身子的湾和红
葫芦。

湾知道河那边有一双眼
睛终于在看着他，于是，他就
拿出所有的本领来表现自
己。

The red gourd was floating
on the surface of the water,
shining forth irresistibly.

Wan slapped the water
with both his hands, splash-
ing the water up, or twisted
his body swiftly, making the
water swirl with his hands.
The water splashed up in the
air and shone in the sunlight
like a rainbow formed by thin
waterfalls.

Niuniu's black eyes could
not resist the temptation of
these scenes, sounds, and
colors, but turned to the
water, the waterfalls, naked
Wan, and the red gourd.

Wan knew a pair of eyes,
across the river, were
watching him, so he showed
all his paces.

他赤条条地躺在水面上，一只胳膊压在后脑勺下，另一只胳膊慵懒地耷拉在红葫芦的腰间，一动不动，仿佛在一张舒适的大床上睡熟了。随着河水的缓缓流动，他也跟着缓缓流动。

妞妞很惊奇，但不知道是惊奇这河水的浮力，还是惊奇湾凫水的本领。

风向的缘故，湾朝妞妞这边漂过来了。岸上的妞妞俯视水面，第一回如此真切地看到了湾。她的一个突出印象便是：湾是一个不漂亮的、瘦得出奇的男孩。

Lying in the nude on the surface of the water with one arm under his head and the other listless on the red gourd on his waist, he kept motionless as if he were sleeping soundly on a big comfortable bed, floating slowly with the water.

Niuniu was surprised but did not know whether her surprise was caused by the buoyant force of the river or Wan's ability.

Wan drifted over with the wind to Niuniu, who looked over the river and got a clear view of Wan. He left a clear impression with her — a homely boy, extremely thin.



湾似乎睡透彻了，伸了伸胳膊，一骨碌翻转身，又趴在了水面上。他看了一眼妞妞，他觉得她已经开始注意他。他往前一扑，随即将背一拱，一头扎进水中，但却把两条细腿高高地竖在水面上。

妞妞觉得这一形象很可笑，于是就笑了——反正湾也看不见。

一只蜻蜓飞过来，以为那两条纹丝不动的腿为静物，便起了歇脚的心，倾斜着身子，徐徐落下，用爪子抱住了其中一只脚趾头。

He seemed to have had a thorough rest. He stretched his arms and turned over on his front. He threw a glance at her and felt that she had begun to notice him. He sprang forward, with his back up and his face in the water, and his two thin legs sticking up above it.

Feeling it ridiculous, Niuniu smiled—anyway Wan could not see her.

A dragonfly came over. Thinking the two motionless legs were something stationary, it intended to take a rest, so it banked, and then perched on one of his toes.

湾感到痒痒，打一个翻身，钻出水面，然后把脑袋来回一甩，甩出一片水珠，两只眼睛便在水上忽地闪闪发亮。

这一形象便深深地印在了妞妞的脑子里。

他很快乐地不停地喷吐着水花。

妞妞便在河岸上坐下来。

他慢慢地沉下去了，直到完全消失了。

妞妞在静静的水面上寻觅，但并不紧张。

但他却久久地未再露出水面来。

望着孤零零的红葫芦，妞妞突然害怕起来，站起身，用眼睛在水面上匆匆忙忙、慌慌张张地搜寻。

Feeling the itch, Wan pulled his head out of the water, shook off many beads of water, as his two eyes flashed on the water.

This was branded on her memory.

He kept merrily belching water.

Niuniu then sat down on the bank. He sank slowly and disappeared entirely.

Niuniu kept her eyes searching across the water, but did not feel nervous.

However, he did not come out of the water for a long time.

Looking at the lonely red gourd, Niuniu suddenly felt frightened. She stood up and searched the water with her eyes in quick confusion.

依然只有红葫芦。

大河死了一般。

妞妞大叫起来：“妈——妈——！”

后面茅屋里走出妈妈来：“妞妞！”

“妈——妈——！”

“妞妞，你怎么啦？”

“他……”

近处的一片荷叶下，钻出一张微笑的脸。

妞妞立即用手捂住了自己还想大叫的嘴巴。

“妞妞，你怎么啦？”妈妈过来了。

“怎么啦？”

妞妞摇摇头，直往家走……

But there was only the red gourd.

The river seemed to be dead.

Niuniu exclaimed, “Mom—Mom—!”

Her mother came out of the thatched house behind Niuniu, “Niuniu!”

“Mom—Mom—!”

“What’s wrong, Niuniu?”

“He…”

A smiling face squeezed out from under a lotus leaf nearby.

Niuniu suddenly covered her mouth, which had been ready to shout.

“What happened to you, Niuniu?” Mother came over.

“What’s wrong?”

Niuniu shook her head and made her way straight home…

