

英汉对照全译



木偶奇遇记

The Adventures of Pinocchio

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"What a look of surprise shone on Mastro Cherry's face! His funny face became still funnier.

He turned frightened eyes about the room to find out where that wee, little voice had come from and he looked under the bench—no one! He searched the cupboard—no one! He searched the closet—no one! He opened the door

他赶紧抓起斧头，飞快地剥去树皮，给木头塑形。正当他准备挥下第一斧的时候，却听到一个微弱的小声音从哪儿发出来的。但他一个人都没有看到！他朝工枱上面看了看——没人！他偷偷地朝壁橱里看了看——没人！他打开了门

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他转动着那双惊恐的眼睛在屋子里打量着，去寻找那个微小声音是从哪里发出来的。但他一个人都没有看到！他朝工枱上面看了看——没人！他偷偷地朝壁橱里看了看——没人！他打开了门






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木偶奇遇记

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英语学习大书虫研究室 译

伊犁人民出版社·YILI PEOPLE'S PRESS

责任编辑:韩新帮

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

世界文学名著英汉对照全译精选/王惠君,王惠玲译—奎屯:
伊犁人民出版社,2002.10

ISBN 7-5425-0685-4

I. 世… II. ①大… ②王… ③王… III. 英语——对照读物,
小说—英、汉 IV. H319.4; I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2002)第 080895 号

英语大书虫世界文学名著文库
——世界文学名著英汉对照全译精选
王惠君,王惠玲 译

伊犁人民出版社出版发行
(奎屯北京西路28号 邮编 833200)
各地新华书店经销 中牟胶印厂印刷
880×1230 毫米 32 开 552 印张 12000 千字
2003 年 1 月第 1 版 2003 年 1 月第 1 次印刷
印数 1—3000 套

ISBN 7-5425-0685-4/I·272

定价:828.80 元

如有印装问题,请直接同承印厂调换

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导 读

《木偶奇遇记》的作者卡洛·科洛迪(Carlo Collodi),一八二六年十一月二十四日出生于意大利佛罗伦萨乡下的一个厨师家庭。他原名叫卡洛·洛伦齐尼(Carlo Lorenzini),科洛迪是他的笔名,这个名字取自他母亲生活的一个镇名。他在教会学校毕业后,就开始给地方报纸写稿,他曾经积极参加意大利的民族解放运动,并志愿参加了一八四八年的意大利民族解放战争。随后,他参与出版讽刺杂志《路灯》和《斗争》,写短篇小说、随笔、评论,对意大利资产阶级社会进行讽刺,同情穷人,维护民主和民族艺术。他在一八六〇年还做过戏剧审查员。

作为一位儿童文学作家,科洛迪在世界上享有盛名。一八七五年,他的朋友菲利切·帕吉请他翻译了法国儿童文学作家佩罗的三篇童话,发表后受到小读者们的欢迎。科洛迪接触这些童话以后,马上就想为儿童写作,接着就写了一系列儿童小说、童话、以及配合教学的读物。他在一八七六年写了《小手杖》,一八七八年写了《小木片》,后来又写了《小手杖游意大利》、《小手杖地理》、《小手杖文法》,又在一八八一年写了《木偶奇遇记》和《眼睛和鼻子》,在一八八七年写了《快乐的故事》。科洛迪死于一八九〇年十月二十六日,死时还在构思一部新的儿童小说。他的最后两部作品《愉快的符号》和《讽刺杂谈》是在他去世后的一八九二年出版的。

长篇童话《木偶奇遇记》是科洛迪最为著名的作品。本篇童话记叙了一个由普通木头雕刻而成的木偶最终变成了一个真正孩子的故事。文中,作者的语言诙谐幽默,故事情节环环相扣。从正反两方面来教育孩子们要听大人的话,爱学习、爱劳动、爱自己的家人,让孩子们明白没有付出就没有回报的道理。这篇童话最初是以《木偶的故事》为题发表在一本杂志上的。最初的几期发表之后,引起了强烈的反响,于是杂志社就逼着作者赶快续写。一期一期连载完毕后,一八

八三年再由菲利切帕吉在佛罗伦萨出版单行本，改名为《皮诺乔奇遇记》。

这篇童话发表以来，已经被译成世界上两百多种文字，多次被改编拍成美术片和故事片，深受各国儿童欢迎，对后来的童话创作也产生了巨大的影响。

CHAPTER 1

How it happened that Mastro Cherry, carpenter found a piece of wood that wept and laughed like a child

Centuries ago there lived - -

‘A king!’ my little readers will say immediately. No, children, you are mistaken. Once upon a time there was a piece of wood. It was not an expensive piece of wood. Far from it. Just a common block of firewood, one of those thick, solid logs that are put on the fire in winter to make cold rooms cozy and warm.

I do not know how this really happened, yet the fact remains that one fine day this piece of wood found itself in the shop of an old carpenter. His real name was Mastro Antonio, but everyone called him Mastro Cherry, for the tip of his nose was so round and red and shiny that it looked like a ripe cherry.

As soon as he saw that piece of wood, Mastro Cherry was filled with

第一章

樱桃师傅怎么啦, 这个木匠发现一段木头又会哭, 又会笑, 像是一个孩子。

在很久很久以前……

“一个国王!”我的小读者们会马上这么说。不, 孩子们, 你们错了。从前有一段木头。它根本不是一段贵重的木头。它只不过是一段普通的木柴, 在这些木柴当中有一根结实的木头, 到了冬天, 把这根木头丢进火里, 冰冷的房间就会变得舒适温暖。

我真不知道发生了什么事, 但这是个事实: 有一天, 这根木头发现自己在在一个老木匠的店铺里。老木匠的真名叫安东尼奥, 但是, 每一个人都把他叫做樱桃师傅, 因为他的鼻子是那么的圆润、又红又亮, 看上去就像是一颗成熟的樱桃。

樱桃师傅一看到那根木头, 心里就充满了喜悦。他高兴地

joy. Rubbing his hands together happily, he mumbled half to himself:

‘This has come in the nick of time. I shall use it to make the leg of a table.’

He grasped the hatchet quickly to peel off the bark and shape the wood. But as he was about to give it the first blow, he stood still with arm uplifted, for he had heard a wee, little voice say in a beseeching tone: ‘Please be careful! Do not hit me so hard!’

What a look of surprise shone on Mastro Cherry’s face! His funny face became still funnier.

He turned frightened eyes about the room to find out where that wee, little voice had come from and he saw no one! He looked under the bench — no one! He peeped inside the closet — no one! He searched among the shavings — no one! He opened the door to look up and down the street — and still no one!

‘Oh, I see!’ he then said, laughing and scratching his Wig. ‘It can easily be seen that I only thought I heard the tiny voice say the words! Well, well — to work once more.’ He struck a most solemn blow upon the piece of

把两只手放到一起搓着，喃喃自语道：

“这根木头来得可真是时候。我要用它做个桌子腿。”

他急忙拿起一把短柄斧去剥树皮，要把这根木头刻成桌腿。但是当他正要砍下第一斧的时候，却举着胳膊静静地站在那里，因为他听到了一个微弱的声音：“请您小心！不要把我砍得那么重！”

樱桃师傅非常地惊讶！他那张古怪的脸变得更加古怪了。

他转动着那双惊恐的眼睛在屋子里打量着，去寻找那个微小声音是从哪里发出来的，但他一个人都没有看到！他朝工作台下面看了看——没人！他偷偷地朝壁橱里看了看——没人！他在刨花里面找了找——也没有人！他打开门在街上到处找——还是没有人！

于是，他说：“哦，我明白了，”边笑边挠了挠自己的假发，“显然，我把自己听到的这个细小的声音当作说话声，好吧，好吧——接着干活吧。”他抓起短柄斧狠狠地朝那根木头砍了下

wood.

‘Oh, oh! You hurt!’ cried the same far - away little voice. Mastro Cherry grew dumb, his eyes popped out of his head, his mouth opened wide, and his tongue hung down on his chin.

As soon as he regained the use of his senses, he said, trembling and stuttering from fright:

‘Where did that voice come from, when there is no one around? Might it be that this piece of wood has learned to weep and cry like a child? I can hardly believe it. Here it is - - a piece of common firewood, good only to burn in the stove, the same as any other. Yet - - might someone be hidden in it? If so, the worse for him. I’ll fix him!’

With these words, he grabbed the log with both hands and started to knock it about unmercifully. He threw it to the floor, against the walls of the room, and even up to the ceiling.

He listened for the tiny voice to moan and cry. He waited two minutes - - nothing; five minutes - - nothing; ten minutes - - nothing.

去。

“哦，哦！你弄疼我了！”同样是那个微弱的声音哭叫起来。樱桃师傅惊得目瞪口呆，他的眼睛都从脑袋里鼓出来了，他的嘴巴张得大大的，连舌头也垂到下巴底下去了。

当他重新恢复知觉的时候，他吓得浑身发抖，结结巴巴地说：

“这个微弱的声音是从哪里发出来的，当时，周围没有人？难道这块木头也学会了像小孩子那样又哭又叫吗？我简直无法相信了。这是——一根普通的柴火，只有放到炉子里烧火才有用，它跟其它木头一样。但是——难道有人藏在里面吗？如果是这样的话，就糟糕了。我要把他修理一番！”

他说着用两只手一把抓起那根木头，开始无情地敲打着它。把它扔到地上，撞到屋里的墙上，甚至把它扔到了天花板上。

他想听听有没有微弱的呻吟声、哭喊声，他等了两分钟——什么也没有；五分钟——什么也没有；十分钟——还是什么也没有。

‘Oh, I see,’ he said, trying bravely to laugh and ruffling up his wig with his hand. ‘It can easily be seen I only imagined I heard the tiny voice! Well, well — to work once more!’

The poor fellow was scared half to death, so he tried to sing a gay song in order to gain courage.

He set aside the hatchet and picked up the plane to make the wood smooth and even, but as he drew it to and fro, he heard the same tiny voice. This time it giggled as it spoke:

‘Stop it! Oh, stop it! Ha, ha, ha! You tickle my stomach.’ This time poor Mastro Cherry fell as if shot. When he opened his eyes, he found himself sitting on the floor. His face had changed; fright had turned even the tip of his nose from red to deepest purple.

“哦，我明白了，”他说，尽量勇敢地笑了起来，还挠着头上的假发。“显然，我只是想像着自己听到了那种微弱的声音！好啦，好啦——继续干活吧！”

这个可怜的家伙给吓得半死，于是他就试着唱起一支欢快的歌谣，来为自己壮胆。

他放下短柄斧，拿来了一把刨子，要把这根木头刨得更加光滑，但在他来回刨的时候，又听到了同样微弱的声音。这一次，这块木头嘻嘻笑着说：

“停下来！噢，停！哈，哈，哈！你弄得我的肚子痒痒的。”这一次，可怜的樱桃师傅感觉像被枪击中了一样。当他把眼睛睁开的时候，发现自己坐在地面上。他的脸色都变了，甚至连鼻尖都从红色变成了深紫色。

CHAPTER 2

Mastro Cherry gives the
piece of wood to his friend
Geppetto, who takes it to make
himself a Marionette that will
dance, fence, and turn somersaults

In that very instant, a loud knock sounded on the door. 'Come in,' said the carpenter, not having an atom of strength left with which to stand up.

At the words, the door opened and a dapper little old man came in. His name was Geppetto, but to the boys of the neighborhood he was Polendina, on account of the wig he always wore which was just the color of yellow corn.

Geppetto had a very bad temper. Woe to the one who called him Polendina! He became as wild as a beast and no one could soothe him.

'Good day, Mastro Antonio,' said Geppetto. 'What are you doing on the floor?'

第二章

樱桃师傅把这根木头
送给了他的朋友杰佩托,他
把它带走了,为的
是要这块木头刻成一个木偶,
让它跳舞、击剑、翻筋斗。

就在这个时候,响起了一阵咚咚的敲门声。“进来吧。”木匠说。他身上没一点儿力气,站不起来了。

话音未落,门开了,一个精神矍铄的小老头进来了。他的名字叫杰佩托,但是对于邻居的小孩子来说,他是“老玉米糊”,那是因为他总是戴着假发,假发的颜色就和黄玉米一样。

杰佩托的脾气糟糕透了。要是谁叫他“老玉米糊”,那可要倒大霉!他会变得像野兽一样疯狂,而且没人能让他平静下来。

“您好啊,安东尼奥师傅。”杰佩托说,“您坐在地板上做什么呢?”

‘I am teaching the ants their A B C’s.’

‘Good luck to you!’

‘What brought you here, friend Geppetto?’

‘My legs. And it may flatter you to know, Mastro Antonio, that I have come to you to beg for a favor.’

‘Here I am, at your service,’ answered the carpenter, raising himself on to his knees.

‘This morning a fine idea came to me.’

‘Let’s hear it.’

‘I thought of making myself a beautiful wooden Marionette. It must be wonderful, one that will be able to dance, fence, and turn somersaults. With it I intend to go around the world, to earn my crust of bread and cup of wine. What do you think of it?’

‘Bravo, Polendina!’ cried the same tiny voice which came from no one knew where.

On hearing himself called Polendina, Mastro Geppetto turned the color of a red pepper and, facing the carpenter, said to him angrily:

‘Why do you insult me?’

‘Who is insulting you?’

“我正在教蚂蚁念 A、B、C 呢。”

“祝您好运!”

“是什么把你带到这里来了,杰佩托朋友?”

“是我的腿。您知道的,安东尼奥师傅,我来您这里是想求您帮个忙,你可能会乐意的。”

“我乐意为您效劳。”木匠回答着,跪了起来。

“今天早上,我想到了一个好主意。”

“那就让我们听听吧。”

“我想亲自做一个漂亮的木偶。这是一个顶呱呱的木偶,它能够跳舞、击剑、还会翻筋斗。我打算带着它去周游世界,挣几块硬皮面包和几杯酒。您认为怎么样?”

“太好了,老玉米糊!”还是那个微弱的声音在叫,没人知道这个声音是从哪儿发出来的。

一听到自己被人叫做老玉米糊,杰佩托的脸马上变成了红辣椒的颜色,他气冲冲地对老木匠说:

“您为什么侮辱我?”

“谁侮辱您了?”

‘You called me Polendina.’

‘I did not.’

‘I suppose you think I did! Yet I
KNOW it was you.’

‘No!’

‘Yes!’

‘No!’

‘Yes!’

And growing angrier each moment,
they went from words to blows, and finally
began to scratch and bite and slap
each other.

When the fight was over, Mastro
Antonio had Geppetto’s yellow wig in
his hands and Geppetto found the car-
penter’s curly wig in his mouth.

‘Give me back my wig!’ shouted
Mastro Antonio in a surly voice.

‘You return mine and we’ll be
friends.’

The two little old men, each with his
own wig back on his own head, shook
hands and swore to be good friends for
the rest of their lives.

‘Well then, Mastro Geppetto,’ said
the carpenter, to show he bore him no
ill will, ‘what is it you want?’

‘I want a piece of wood to make a
Marionette. Will you give it to me?’
Mastro Antonio, very glad indeed,

“您叫我老玉米糊!”

“我没有。”

“难道你认为那是我叫的!
可我知道是你叫的。”

“不是!”

“是的!”

“不是!”

“是的!”

他们吵着吵着变得越来越
生气最后竟动起手来,又抓又
咬。

架打完的时候,安东尼奥师
傅手里抓着杰佩托那黄色的假
发,而杰佩托的嘴里正咬着老木
匠那花白的假发。

“把我的假发还给我!”安东
尼奥师傅粗暴地大喊道。

“你把我的也还给我,我们
还是朋友。”

两个小老头各自把假发戴
到了头上,握了握手,然后发誓
为了他们将来的生活,要成为
一对好朋友。

老木匠为表示自己对他并
没有恶意,就说:“那好吧,杰佩
托师傅,您想要什么?”

“我想要根木头做个木偶。
您能给我一根吗?”安东尼奥师
傅真是欣喜万分,立即朝他的工

went immediately to his bench to get the piece of wood which had frightened him so much. But as he was about to give it to his friend, with a violent jerk it slipped out of his hands and hit against poor Geppetto's thin legs.

'Ah! Is this the gentle way, Mastro Antonio, in which you make your gifts? You have made me almost lame!'

'I swear to you I did not do it!'

'It was I, of course!'

'It's the fault of this piece of wood.'

'You're right; but remember you were the one to throw it at my legs.'

'I did not throw it!'

'Liar!'

'Geppetto, do not insult me or I shall call you Polendina.'

'Idiot.'

'Polendina!'

'Donkey!'

'Polendina!'

'Ugly monkey!'

'Polendina!'

On hearing himself called Polendina for the third time, Geppetto lost his head with rage and threw himself upon the carpenter. Then and there they

作台走去,去拿那根把他吓得半死的木头。但是当他把这根木头交给自己朋友的时候,这根木头猛地扭了一下,从他的手里滑下来了,正好击中了可怜的杰佩托的细腿。

“啊!你就是这样礼貌地给别人东西的吗,安东尼奥师傅?你几乎让我变成瘸子了!”

“我向你发誓,不是我干的!”

“肯定是我干的了!”

“都是这块木头的过错。”

“你说得没错;但是你得记住,是你把木头扔到我腿上的。”

“我没有扔木头!”

“撒谎!”

“杰佩托,不要侮辱我,不然的话,我就叫您老玉米糊!”

“白痴!”

“老玉米糊!”

“笨蛋!”

“老玉米糊!”

“丑陋的猴子!”

“老玉米糊!”

听到自己第三次被叫做老玉米糊,杰佩托便气得没头没脑地扑向老木匠。他们又在那里打了一架。

gave each other a sound thrashing.

After this fight, Mastro Antonio had two more scratches on his nose, and Geppetto had two buttons missing from his coat. Thus having settled their accounts, they shook hands and swore to be good friends for the rest of their lives. Then Geppetto took the fine piece of wood, thanked Mastro Antonio, and limped away toward home.

这一架打完之后,安东尼奥师傅的鼻子多了两道抓伤,而杰佩托的背心上掉了两颗扣子。他们就这样把帐算清了,于是又握了握手,接着又发誓说为了他们以后的生活,要成为一对好朋友。后来,杰佩托拿起了那根木头,谢过安东尼奥师傅,就一瘸一拐地回家了。

CHAPTER 3

As soon as he gets home, Geppetto fashions the Marionette and calls it Pinocchio. The first pranks of the Marionette.

Little as Geppetto's house was, it was neat and comfortable. It was a small room on the ground floor, with a tiny window under the stairway. The furniture could not have been much simpler: a very old chair, a rickety old bed, and a tumble-down table. A fireplace full of burning logs was painted on the wall opposite the door. Over the fire, there was painted a pot full of something which kept boiling happily away and sending up clouds of what looked like real steam.

As soon as he reached home, Geppetto took his tools and began to cut and shape the wood into a Marionette. 'What shall I call him?' he said to himself. 'I think I'll call him PINOCCHIO. This name will make his for-

第三章

杰佩托一回到家
里,就把它做成了一个木
偶,并把它叫做皮
诺乔。木偶的最初几次捣鬼。

杰佩托的那间小屋子又整洁又舒适。那是一楼的一个小房间,楼梯下面有一个小小的窗户。这里的设备简单得不能再简单了:一把旧椅子、一张摇摇晃晃的旧床、一张歪歪斜斜的桌子。门对面的墙上画着一个壁炉,里面装满了正在燃烧的木柴。火的上面画着一个装满了东西的壶,壶上又画着沸腾的热气,热气画得就像是真的一样。

一回到家里,杰佩托就拿起了工具,开始切啊,削啊,要把这块木头刻成一个木偶。“我给他起个什么名字呢?”他自言自语着,“我想我可以叫他皮诺乔。这个名字将会带给他好运的。