

一天一点英文
Enjoy a Bit of English Everyday

中英双语，全新完美呈现

一天一点 英文

盛丹丹/编译

Enjoy a Bit of English Everyday

最童话·梦幻岛

Zui Fairy Tale · Dream Island

生活是一张白纸，
每个人都在上面写上自己的一两句话。


Life is a leaf of paper white,
thereon each of us may write his word or two.



大连理工大学出版社
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洗涤心灵的精神SPA

第一品牌美文

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最童话 · 梦幻岛 

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写在前面的话

Previous Remark

秉着对英语文学的无比敬意和对汉语翻译的深切尊重,我们酝酿并出版了“一天一点英文”中英双语阅读书系,其中包括《最散文·光芒星》、《最小说·天空城》、《最诗歌·灵之翼》、《最童话·梦幻岛》、《最寓言·新月海》、《最幽默·长乐风》六种,力求以点代面综合凸显英语文学的魅力和汉译的艰辛,使亲爱的读者朋友们有种寓学于乐的感觉。《最散文》形散而神不散,行文斑驳而不失寓意;《最小说》风格多样,人物鲜活,描写细腻而情节引人入胜;《最诗歌》追求情调多样、情浓意厚,新颖和经典并存;《最童话》以求索之心唤醒沉睡的童真,故事老少皆宜;《最寓言》每篇短小而深刻,传统道德中融入现代的审美;《最幽默》气氛轻松惬意,让读者在莞尔一笑中增添生活的智慧。

在这喧嚣的、快节奏的现代生活中,如果我们能给读者朋友们送去一点点休闲和一点点快乐,那正是我们的心愿,倘若还能多上一点点深刻,我们则求之不得。我们希望此书能成为一部望远镜,把艰难的英文阅读向读者拉近,使之变成一种乐趣。本书系的选材和语言都力求无愧于“最”字,虽然文学之海浩渺无垠、无穷无尽,但是我们坚信,若是读者朋友们能把我们的书系读得通透,定会大受裨益。

本书系是整个团队合作的结晶,非常感谢参与丛书编译的全体人员,我们共同的努力协作保证了这套书的质量和品位,我们也期待着来自读者的反馈和意见。

“一天一点英文”书系全体编辑

2010.3

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第一卷

古怪精灵

The Winsome Fairy

夜莺

The Nightingale

夜莺,夜的歌手,它的喉中唱出的是珠圆玉润,可你知道吗,这只夜莺,不仅拥有“大珠小珠落玉盘”的绝唱,还会吐出“钻石”颗颗……

There once was an Emperor; his palace was the most magnificent in the world, built entirely^[1] of the finest colorful porcelain^[2]. It was very costly^[3], but so fragile that it could hardly stand being touched, so one had to be careful.

In the garden we're to see the most wonderful flowers; to the most beautiful of them were fastened with silver bells, which tinkled^[4] all the time, so that no one could pass by without noticing the flowers. Indeed, everything in the Emperor's garden was cleverly thought-out; and it was so large that the gardener himself did not know where it ended. If you kept on walking, you came to a most beautiful forest, with lofty^[5] trees and deep lakes. The forest went right down to the deep blue sea; great ships could sail right in under its branches, and a nightingale lived in here, who sang so exquisitely that even the poor fisherman, who had so many other things to attend to, would rest on his oars and listen to him when he went out at night to pull in his nets. "How beautiful it is!" he would say; but he had to look after his nets and forget the bird. Yet, when he was singing again next night, and the fisherman came there, he said the same thing: "How beautiful it is!"

Visitors came from all parts of the world to the Emperor's city and admired it, as well as the palace and the garden; but when they came to hear the nightingale, they all said: "That is the best of all!"

Then, on their return home they spoke of all that they had seen, and the

learned wrote many books about the city, the palace, and the garden, but they did not forget the nightingale, which they praised beyond everything; and those who could write poetry wrote the most beautiful poems, all about the nightingale in the forest by the deep blue sea.

These books went all over the world, and at last some of them reached the Emperor. He sat in his golden chair and read and read; every moment he nodded his approval, for it pleased him to read the splendid descriptions of the city, the palace, and the garden.

"But the nightingale is the best of all!" said the books.

"What's this?" said the Emperor, "the nightingale! I don't know anything at all about him! Is there such a bird in my empire, and in my garden, too? I have never heard of him. To think one has to find out such things from books!"

And so he called his chamberlain, "There is, I hear, a most remarkable bird here, called a nightingale!" said the Emperor, "they say he is the best thing in my great empire. Why have I never been told anything about him?"

"I have never heard him mentioned before," said the chamberlain, "he has never been presented at Court!"

"It is my wish that he shall appear here this evening and sing before me!" said the Emperor. "It seems the whole world knows what I possess, and I know nothing about it!"

"I have never heard him mentioned before," said the chamberlain cautiously, "I shall look for him, I shall find him!"

But where was he to be found? The chamberlain ran up and down all the staircases, through the halls and corridors^[6]; not one of those he met had heard of the nightingale; and the chamberlain ran back to the Emperor

[1] entirely adv. 全然

[2] porcelain n. 瓷器

[3] costly adj. 豪华的、昂贵的

[4] tinkle v. (使)叮当的响

[5] lofty adj. 骄傲的、崇高的

[6] corridor n. 走廊



again, and said it must all be a fable, invented by those who wrote the book. “Your Imperial Majesty must not believe all that is written. It is fiction, or what is called the black art!”

“But the book in which I have read it,” said the Emperor, “has been sent me by the great and mighty Emperor of Japan and it cannot therefore be a falsehood. I will hear the nightingale! He must be here this evening! He shall have my most gracious^[7] patronage^[8]. And if he does not come, the whole of the Court shall have their stomachs punched after they have had their supper!”

“Tsing-pe!” said the chamberlain, and again he ran up and down all the staircases, and through all the halls and corridors; and half the Court ran after him, for they did not like the idea of having their stomachs punched.

And inquiries were made right and left after the wonderful nightingale which all the world knew of, but of which the Court knew nothing.

At last they came across a poor little girl in the kitchen. She said:

“Oh, yes! The nightingale! I know him well. How he can sing! Every evening they let me take home some leavings from the table for my poor sick mother, who lives down by the shore; and when I feel tired on my way back, and rest in the forest, I hear the nightingale sing. It brings tears to my eyes; it is just as if my mother was kissing me!”

“My little kitchen maid,” said the chamberlain, “I will get you a permanent^[9] place in the kitchen, and permission to see the Emperor eat, if only you can take us to the nightingale. He has been commanded to appear at Court this evening.”

And so they all set out for the forest, where the nightingale used to sing, and half the Court went with them. As they walked along a cow began lowing.

“Ah!” said one of the courtiers, “there it is! What wonderful strength for such a small creature to possess! I have certainly heard it before!”

“No, that’s the cows lowing!” said the little kitchen maid. “We are still far from the place.”

Some frogs now began croaking in a pool.

“Beautiful!” said the palace dean, “now I hear it; it sounds just like tiny church bells!”

“No, that’s the frogs!” said the little kitchen maid. “But I think we shall soon hear him!”

Just then the nightingale began to sing.

“There he is!” said the little girl. “Listen, listen! And there he sits!” and she pointed at a little grey bird up among the branches.

“Is it possible?” said the chamberlain, “I never imagined he would be like that! How common he looks! He must have lost his colour at seeing so many grand folks here!”

“Little nightingale!” cried the little kitchen maid quite loudly, “our gracious Emperor would like so much to hear you sing before him.”

“With the greatest pleasure!” said the nightingale, and began to sing in good earnest.

“It sounds like crystal^[10] bells,” said the chamberlain, “and how he does use his little throat! It is most remarkable that we have never heard him before. He will be a great success at Court!”

“Shall I sing once more before the Emperor?” said the nightingale, believing that the Emperor was present.

“My excellent little nightingale!” said the chamberlain, “I have great pleasure in commanding you to appear at a Court festival this evening, where you shall enchant^[11] his Imperial Majesty with your charming singing!”

“It sounds best in the greenwood,” said the nightingale; but he was quite willing to go when he heard that the Emperor wished it.

At the palace everything had been polished and smartened up. The walls and floors, which were all of porcelain, shone in the light of many

[7] gracious adj. 殷勤、客气、宽大

[8] patronage n. 保护

[9] permanent adj. 永久性的

[10] crystal adj. 透明的、水晶的

[11] enchant v. 用魔法迷惑



thousands of golden lamps. The most beautiful flowers with tinkling silver bells were placed along the corridors; there was such a running to and fro; and such a draught, that all the bells were set tinkling, until at last one could not hear one's self speak.

In the middle of the great hall, where the Emperor sat, a golden perch had been fixed, and on this the nightingale was to sit. The whole Court was present, and the little kitchen maid had got permission to stand behind the door, for she was now a real kitchen maid by tide. All were dressed in their best finery, and all were looking at the little grey bird, at which the Emperor was nodding his head.

And the nightingale sang so beautifully that tears came into the Emperor's eyes, and rolled down his cheeks, and then the nightingale sang still more beautifully; his song went straight to every one's heart, and the Emperor was so happy, and said that the nightingale should have his golden slipper to wear round his neck. But the nightingale declined the honor with thanks; he had already received sufficient reward.

"I have seen tears in the Emperor's eyes," the nightingale said, "that is the greatest reward you can give me. An Emperor's tears possess wonderful virtue. Heaven knows I have been sufficiently rewarded!" And so he sang again with his sweet, blessed voice.

He was now to remain at Court, to have his own cage, with liberty to take a walk twice a day, and once at night. He had twelve footmen to attend upon him, each of whom had a silk ribbon which was fastened to his leg, and which they all held tightly. There was no pleasure at all in that kind of outing.

One day a large parcel arrived for the Emperor, and on the outside was written: "Nightingale".

"Here we have a new book about our celebrated bird!" said the Emperor; but it was not a book, it was a small mechanical toy, which lay in a box, an artificial nightingale, which had been made to look exactly like the living one, but was set with diamonds, rubies and sapphires. As soon as the

artificial bird had been wound up, it began to sing one of the songs of the real bird, while the tail moved up and down, sparkling with silver and gold. Around its neck hung a small ribbon, on which was written: "The Emperor of Japan's nightingale is poor compared with the Emperor of China's."

"It is beautiful!" exclaimed all, and he who had brought the artificial bird received at once the title of "Imperial Nightingale—Carrier-in-Chief".

"Now they must sing together! What a duet it will be!"

And so they had to sing together; but they did not get on well, for the real nightingale sang in his own way, while the artificial bird was dependent upon its barrels.

"It's not its fault," said the musical director; "it keeps time beautifully, and sings quite in my style!" So the artificial bird was to sing alone. It had just as much success as the real bird, and then it was so much prettier to look at; it glittered like diamond bracelets and brooches.

It sang the same piece thirty-three times over, and still it was not tired; the audience would have liked to hear it from the beginning again, but the Emperor thought that the living nightingale ought also to sing a little; but where was he? Nobody had noticed that he had flown out through the open window, away into its green forest.

"But what's the meaning of this?" said the Emperor; and all the courtiers began abusing the nightingale, saying he was a most ungrateful creature.

"But we have the best bird after all!" they said, and so the artificial bird had to sing again, and they heard the same piece for the thirty-fourth time, but still they did not know it, for it was rather difficult to learn, and the musical director was loud in his praises of the bird; nay, he even protested that it was better than the real nightingale, not only as regards its attire, and its many beautiful diamonds, but also with regard to its internal arrangements.

"For you must know, ladies and gentlemen, and, above all, your Imperial Majesty, that with the real nightingale you can never be sure of what is coming; but with the artificial bird everything has been arranged



beforehand. So what is coming, will come, and nothing else. Everything can be accounted for; it may be ripped open and will show what human thought and skill can do; you may see how the barrels are placed, how they are worked, and how one thing is the result of another..."

"That's exactly what we have been thinking!" they all said. And the musical director got permission to show the bird to the people on the following Sunday. "They should also hear it sing," said the Emperor. And they heard it, and were as pleased as if they had got too merry on strong tea, for that's quite Chinese, you know. They all exclaimed, "Oh!" and held up their forefingers and nodded their heads; but the poor fisherman, who had heard the real nightingale, said: "It sounds pretty enough, and it is very like the other; but there's something wanting, I can't tell exactly what!"

The real nightingale was banished from the land.

The artificial bird was placed on a silk cushion close to the Emperor's bed; all the presents which it had received, the gold and the precious stones, lay round about it, and its title had been raised to "Singer of the Imperial in-chief", to rank number one on the left side, for the Emperor considered that the side nearest the heart was of most importance, for even an Emperor had his heart on the left side.

And the musical director wrote twenty-five volumes about the artificial bird; they were very learned and long, and full of the most difficult Chinese words, and everybody said that they had read them and understood them, for otherwise they would, of course, have been stupid, and would then have had their stomachs punched.

In this way a whole year passed by, the Emperor, the Court, and all the other Chinamen knew by heart every little note in the artificial bird's song, but just on that account they liked it best; they could now join in the song themselves, which they did. The boys in the street sang "Ze-ze-ze! Cluck-cluck-cluck!" and the Emperor sang the same. Yes, it was really delightful!

But one evening, when the artificial bird was singing its best, and the

Emperor lay in bed listening to it, something inside the bird went “pop”; a spring had broken, and, “whir-r-r,” round went all the wheels, and then the music stopped.

The Emperor jumped out of bed at once and called for his physician; but how could he be of any help? Then they fetched the watchmaker, and after a great deal of talking and a long and careful examination he got the bird into something like order, but he said it must not be used so much, for the pinions were so worn—and it was not possible to put in new ones—that one could not be sure of the music. This caused a great deal of sorrow in the land. Only once a year did they venture to let the artificial bird sing, and that was almost too often; but then the musical director made a little speech, full of difficult words, and said it was just as good as ever, —and so it was, of course, just as good as ever.

Five years had passed, when the whole of the country was threatened with a very great affliction, for the people were really fond of their Emperor, and now he was ill, and it was said he was not expected to live. A new Emperor had already been chosen, and the people stood outside in the street and asked the chamberlain how it fared with their Emperor.

“P!” he said, and shook his head.

The Emperor lay pale and cold in his large and gorgeous bed. All the Court thought he was dead, and every one ran off to greet the new Emperor; the footmen rushed out to gossip about it, and the chambermaids gave a great coffee-party at the palace. All the floors of the halls and the corridors had been covered with carpets, so that no footsteps should be heard, and therefore it was so silent and so quiet there. But the Emperor was not dead yet; pale and stiff he lay in his splendid bed, with the long velvet curtains and the heavy golden tassels; high above, a window stood open and the moon shone in upon the Emperor and the artificial bird.

The poor Emperor could scarcely breathe; he felt as if someone was sitting on his chest. He opened his eyes, and then he saw it was Death, who was sitting on his chest and had put on his golden crown, and held in one



hand the Emperor's golden saber and in the other his gorgeous banner, while round about were strange faces peering forth from among the folds of the large velvet bed-curtains; some of them were horrible, others kind and gentle-looking—they were the Emperor's evil and good deeds, which were looking at him, now that Death sat over his heart.

Suddenly the most lovely song was heard close to the window; it was the little, living nightingale, which sat outside on a branch; he had heard of the Emperor's illness, and had therefore come to sing to him of life and hope; and as he sang the specters grew paler and paler, the blood began to course more and more rapidly through the Emperor's weak body, and Death himself listened and said: "Go on, you little nightingale, go on!"

"Yes, if you will give me that splendid golden saber! Yes, if you will give me that costly banner! Will you give me the Emperor's crown?"

And Death gave each of the precious things for a song. And still the nightingale went on singing. He sang of the quiet churchyard, where the white roses grow, where the elder-tree perfumes the air, and where the fresh grass is moistened by the tears of those left behind; then Death began to long for his garden, and floated like a cold white mist out through the window.

"Thanks, thanks!" said the Emperor. "You heavenly little bird, I knew you well! I banished you from land and realm, and yet you have driven away with your song the horrible visions from my bed, and Death from my heart! How shall I reward you?"

"You have rewarded me!" said the nightingale. "I drew tears from your eyes the first time I sang before you; I shall never forget that! Those are the jewels that bring joy to a singer's heart; but go to sleep now, and grow well and strong. I will sing to you!"

And he sang—the Emperor fell into a sweet sleep; so gentle and refreshing was that sleep.

The sun was shining in through the windows at him, when he awoke hale and hearty; none of his servants had as yet returned, for they thought he was dead, but the nightingale still sat and sang.

"You must stay with me always!" said the Emperor. "You shall only sing

when you please, and the artificial bird I will break into a thousand pieces.”

“Do not do that!” said the nightingale. “It has done what it could. Keep it as before. I cannot settle down and live in the palace; let me come when I like; I will then sit on the branch outside the window in the evenings and sing to you, so that you can be happy and be inspired with fruitful thoughts; I will sing to you about those who are happy and about those who suffer^[12]; I will sing about the good and the evil around you which are kept hidden from you, for the little song-bird flies far around to the poor fisherman, to the peasant’s roof, to every one, far away from you and your Court. I love your heart better than your crown, and yet the crown has a fragrance of sanctity about it! I will come, I will sing to you—but one thing you must promise me!”

“Everything!” said the Emperor, as he stood there in his imperial robes, which he had himself put on, pressing the golden saber to his heart.

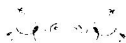
“One thing I beg of you! Do not tell anyone that you have a little bird that tells you everything, and then all will go still better with you!” And then the nightingale flew away.

The servants came in to look after the dead Emperor; yes, there they stood, and the Emperor said: “Good morning!”



从前有一个皇帝，他的皇宫是全世界最华丽的，全用最富丽堂皇的彩釉瓷砖砌成，那瓷砖价钱昂贵，不过却又薄又脆，一碰就碎，所以要摸它非要小心才行。

御花园里见得到天下最珍稀的花，那些名贵的花上都系着小银铃铛，会发出叮叮当当的清脆响声，使得走过的人不得不看它们。是呀，皇宫御花园里一切东



[12] suffer v. 承受