



中文导读英文版

The Adventures of Pinocchio
木偶奇遇记

〔意〕卡尔洛·科洛迪 著 王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社





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内 容 简 介

《木偶奇遇记》是19世纪世界上最伟大的童话著作之一。故事的主人公匹诺曹是个木偶人，他可爱、但却毛病多多。他逃学、撒谎、结交坏朋友，屡次上当却屡教不改。为了教育匹诺曹，仙女给他施以魔法并告诉他，只要他说谎一次鼻子就会长一截，他连说三次谎，鼻子便长得很长很长。匹诺曹有所醒悟，但还是禁不住坏孩子的引诱。几个月后，匹诺曹的头上长出了一对驴耳朵，后来又变成了一头驴子被卖到了马戏团。不久，匹诺曹在演出中摔断了腿，他被马戏团卖给了商人削皮做鼓面。紧急关头，仙女搭救了他。匹诺曹决定痛改前非，终于变成了一个懂礼貌、爱学习、勤奋工作、孝敬长辈、关爱他人的好孩子。故事构思奇特、幽默夸张，充满奇特想象和幻想的艺术魅力。

该书自从出版以来，已有一百多种语言的译本面世，并且被改编成戏剧、电影、电视剧、芭蕾舞、歌剧、木偶剧和卡通等，是世界上流传最广、影响最大的童话之一。书中所展现的神奇故事伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量的插图。

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卡尔洛·科洛迪（Carlo Collodi, 1826—1890），原名卡尔洛·洛伦齐尼，意大利著名儿童文学作家。

1826年11月24日，科洛迪出生在意大利托斯卡纳地区一个名叫科洛迪的小镇，他的笔名便是由这个小镇的名称而来。科洛迪精通法文，曾翻译过法国贝罗的童话。

科洛迪一生中写过许多短篇小说、随笔、评论，然而最有影响的却是他的童话作品。这些童话故事构思丰富、人物形象栩栩如生、情节曲折动人，为他赢得了巨大的声誉。科洛迪的主要作品有《小手杖》、《小木片》、《小手杖漫游意大利》、《小手杖地理》、《小手杖文法》、《木偶奇遇记》、《眼睛和鼻子》、《快乐的故事》、《愉快的符号》和《讽刺杂谈》等。

在科洛迪的众多杰作中，《木偶奇遇记》是其中的典型代表，该童话小说也使他成为享有世界声誉的大作家。1881年，科洛迪开始创作《木偶奇遇记》。最初，这部书是以《木偶的故事》为名发表在《儿童杂志》上的。1883年出版了该书的单行本，改名为《匹诺曹奇遇记》。这部小说以丰富的想象力、栩栩如生的人物形象、曲折生动的情节获得了小读者的文学喜爱，也为科洛迪赢得了巨大的声誉。该书被誉为“意大利儿童读物的杰作”、“意大利儿童读物中最美的书”。为了纪念他，意大利还专



门设立了“科洛迪儿童文学奖”。

在中国,《木偶奇遇记》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典童话作品之一。目前,在国内数量众多的《木偶奇遇记》书籍中,主要的出版形式有两种:一种是中文翻译版,另一种是中英文对照版。其中的中英文对照读本比较受读者的欢迎,这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英语的大环境。从英语学习角度来看,直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读,使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式,也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排,这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因,我们决定编译《木偶奇遇记》,并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中,我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓,也尽可能保留原作简洁、精练、明快的风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前,可以先阅读中文导读内容,这样有利于了解故事背景,从而加快阅读速度。同时,为了读者更好地理解故事内容,书中加入了大量的插图。我们相信,该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者,特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平,书中难免会有不当之处,衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一章

Chapter 1



很久以前，有个木匠叫安东尼奥。因为他的鼻子长得像樱桃，大家都叫他樱桃师傅。

一天，一根木头来到他的铺子里。他想，正好可以做个桌子腿。当他拿起斧子，忽然听到一个声音央求不要打他。木匠环顾四周，没发现有人。以为听错了，便砍了下去，一阵痛苦的叫声使他惊呆了。

缓过神后，他想，是否这木头里边藏有人呢？便将木头摔向墙角，等到了好长时间，也没动静。他以为自己听错了，又拿起刨子干了起来。这时他更加真切地听到了，那是木头嫌他把自己身上刨得很痒的叫声。他被吓倒在地上。

Once upon a time there was...

"A king?" my little readers will immediately say.

No, children, you are mistaken. Once upon a time there was a piece of wood. It was not fine wood, but a simple piece of wood from the wood yard, like the kind we put in the fireplaces so as to make a fire and heat the rooms.



安东尼奥听到一阵痛苦的叫声

I do not know how it happened, but one beautiful day a certain old woodcutter found a piece of this kind of wood in his shop. The name of the old man was Antonio, but everybody called him Mastro Cherry on account of the point of his nose, which was always shiny and purplish, just like a ripe cherry.

As soon as Mastro Cherry saw that piece of wood he was overjoyed; and rubbing his hands contentedly, he mumbled to himself: "This has come in very good time. I will make it into a table leg."

No sooner said than done. He quickly took a sharpened axe to shape the wood; but when he was on the point of striking it he stopped with his arm in the air, because he heard a tiny, thin little voice say, "Do not strike so hard!"

Just imagine how surprised good old Mastro Cherry was! He turned his bewildered eyes around the room in order to see where that little voice came; but he saw no one. He looked under the bench, and no one was there; he looked in a sideboard which was always closed; he looked in the basket of chips and shavings; he opened the door in order to glance around his house; still he could see no one. What then?

"I understand," he said, laughing and scratching his wig, "I imagined I heard that little voice, I will begin to work again."

He took up the axe and gave the piece of wood another hard blow.

"Oh! you have hurt me!" cried the little voice, as if in pain.

This time Mastro Cherry was dumb. His eyes nearly popped out of his head; his mouth opened wide, and his tongue hung down on his chin, like that of gorgon head on a fountain.

As soon as he could speak he said, trembling and stammering from fright, "But where did that little voice come from? There is nothing alive in this

room. Can it be that this piece of wood has learned to cry and scream like a baby? I cannot believe it. This is an ordinary piece of wood for the fireplace, like all other pieces with which we boil a pot of beans. What next? What if there is some one hidden inside? If there is so much the worse for him. I will settle him.” And saying this, he seized with both hands the poor piece of wood and knocked it against the wall.

Then he stopped to listen, so as to hear if any voice complained. He waited two minutes, and heard nothing; five minutes, and nothing; ten minutes, and nothing.

“I understand,” he said, forcing a laugh and rubbing his wig; “I imagined that I heard a voice cry ‘Oh!’ I will begin to work again.”

And because he was somewhat frightened, he tried to hum an air so as to make himself courageous.

At the same time he stopped working with the axe and took up a plane to make the wood even and clean; but while he planed he heard again the little voice, this time in a laughing tone, “Stop! you are taking the skin off my body.”

This time poor Mastro Cherry fell down as if shot. When he opened his eyes he found himself sitting on the ground. His face expressed utter amazement, and the end of his nose, which was always purple, became blue from great fear.

第二章

Chapter 2



这时，外号叫玉米糊的小老头杰佩托来到木匠铺。想找一根木头做会表演的木偶，然后带着木偶去周游世界，来挣钱养自己。

他听到有个声音在夸玉米糊的主意不错，以为是樱桃师傅侮辱他。而樱桃师傅感到自己受了冤枉，两人吵着吵着便打了起来。直打得都把对方的头套弄了下来，他们才讲和。为表示诚意，樱桃师傅把那根使他惊恐的木头给了杰佩托。这时，木头突然砸到杰佩托的腿上，两人又吵了起来，气得樱桃师傅直叫玉米糊。两人便又打了起来，杰佩托的扣子掉了，樱桃师傅的鼻子也被抓伤了，两人才又和好。杰佩托拿着木头，瘸着腿走了。

At this moment there was a knock at the door. "Come in," said the woodcutter, without having strength enough to arise.

Then a lively old man called Geppetto entered the room.

"Good morning, Mastro Antonio," said Geppetto, "What are you doing on the ground?"



杰佩托拿起木头走了

"I am teaching the ants their ABC's. What has brought you here, brother Geppetto?"

"I have come to ask a favor of you, Mastro Antonio."

"Here I am prompt to serve you!" replied the woodcutter, raising himself on his knees.

"This morning I had an idea."

"Let me hear it."

"I thought that I would make a pretty wooden marionette; I mean a wonderful marionette, one that can dance, walk, and jump. With this marionette I wish to travel through the world and earn for myself a little bread."

"What then, brother Geppetto, can I do for you?"

"I should like a piece of wood to make a marionette. Will you give it to me?"

Mastro Antonio gladly took up the piece of wood that had frightened him so. But when he was about to hand it to Geppetto the piece of wood gave a spring, and, slipping violently from his hands, fell and struck the shins of poor Geppetto.

"Ah! you are very polite when you give presents! Truly, Mastro Antonio, you have nearly lamed me."

"I swear to you that I did not do it."

"Surely it was you who threw the piece of wood at my legs."

"I did not throw it. The fault is all in this wood."

"Truly?"

"Truly!"

Upon that Geppetto took the piece of wood in his arms, and, thanking Mastro Antonio, went home, limping all the way.

第三章

Chapter 3



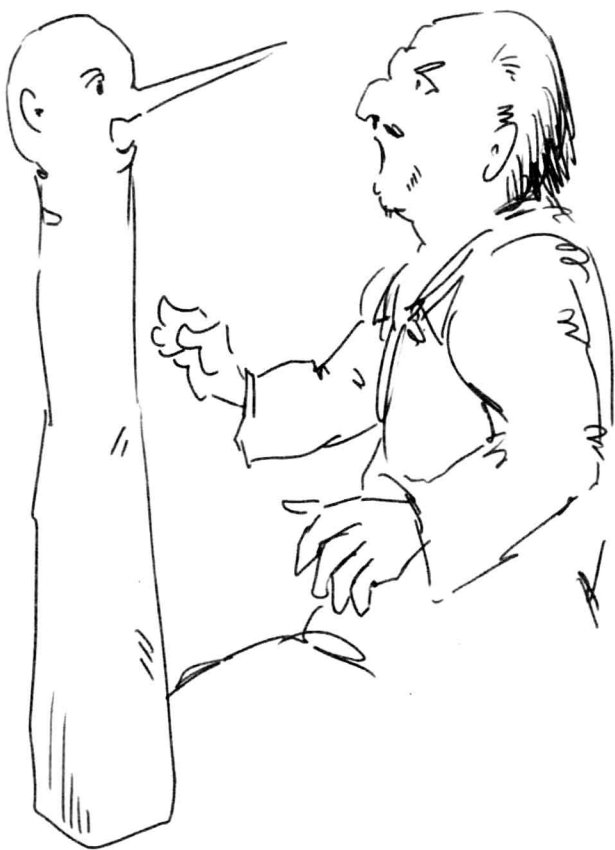
杰佩托回到简陋的家里，屋内有一把很旧的椅子、一张破桌和床。墙边壁炉上画着火和冒着热气的锅。

在雕刻之前，杰佩托把木偶取名为匹诺曹。他先刻头发和前额，眼睛刻好后立刻转动了起来；杰佩托十分惊讶，鼻子刻好后一个劲地长，怎么也削不短。而嘴巴刻好就会嘲笑他。杰佩托继续刻下去，感觉发套被摘走了，一看正戴在匹诺曹头上。杰佩托伤心极了，但还是继续将腿和脚刻好，可他的鼻子上又挨了一脚。他想这真是自作自受啊！

杰佩托将匹诺曹放到地板上，教他学走路。学会后匹诺曹溜到街上跑起来，杰佩托怎么也追不上，惹得街上的人都来看热闹，但没人帮他。

这时，一个宪兵以为谁的马驹子跑了，便站在路中间，将匹诺曹抓到，交给了杰佩托。

杰佩托想揪他的耳朵，这才发现没有给他刻耳朵。便揪着他的脖子，拉他回去算账。匹诺曹赖在地上不起来，看热闹的人七嘴八舌地议论杰佩托要对匹诺曹下毒手。宪兵听了便把匹诺曹放掉，将杰佩托关进了监狱。



杰佩托把木偶取名为匹诺曹

Geppetto's home consisted of one room on the ground floor. It received light from a window under a staircase. The furniture could not have been more simple: a broken chair, a hard bed, and a dilapidated table. On one side of the room there was a fireplace with wood burning, but the fire was painted, and above it there was also painted a boiling pot with clouds of steam all around it that made it quite real.

As soon as he entered Geppetto began to make a marionette. "What name shall I give him?" he said to himself. "I think I will call him Pinocchio. That name will bring with it good fortune. I have known a whole family called Pinocchio. Pinocchio was the father, Pinocchio was the mother, and the children were called little Pinocchios, and everybody lived well. It was a happy family."

When he had found the name for the marionette he began to work with a will. He quickly made the forehead, then the hair, and then the eyes.

After he had made the eyes, just imagine how surprised he was to see them look around, and finally gaze at him fixedly! Geppetto, seeing himself looked at by two eyes of wood, said to the head, "Why do you look at me so, eyes of wood?"

No response.

After he had made the eyes he made the nose; but the nose began to grow, and it grew, grew, grew, until it became a great big nose, and Geppetto thought it would never stop. He tried hard to stop it, but the more he cut at it the longer that impertinent nose became.

After the nose he made the mouth. The mouth was hardly finished when it commenced to sing and laugh. "Stop laughing," said Geppetto, vexed; but it