

【名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版】



E d u c a t i o n

爱的教育

[意大利] 埃得蒙多·德·亚米契斯 著
苏雅卓 编译

清华大学出版社



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内 容 简 介

《爱的教育》是世界公认的文学经典名著，被教育部指定为中小学语文新课标课外阅读书目之一。该书采用日记的形式，通过一个小男孩的视角，时间从10月份四年级开学的第一天开始，一直到第二年7月份，共讲述了100个与孩子有关的故事；主要内容由三部分构成：主人公的日记，他的父母给他写的劝诫、启发性的文章，十则老师在课堂上宣读的精彩“每月故事”。每个故事、每篇日记，都把“爱”表现得精髓深入、淋漓尽致，大至国家、社会、民族的大爱，小至父母、师长、朋友间的小爱，每一种爱都不是惊天动地的，但却感人肺腑。日记所反映的真实的爱、热切的情感，无不让人热泪盈眶。

该书自出版以来，被译成了一百多种文字，是公认的一部最富有爱心及教育性的读物。书中所展现的故事感染了一代又一代读者的心灵。无论作为语言学习的资料，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的读者，特别是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。

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十月

October



周一，17日，开学第一天

Monday, 17th. The First Day of School

今天是开学第一天。我还没有从长假中缓过神来，就要上四年级了！许多家长来送孩子报名上学。街道上人来人往，学校里也熙熙攘攘，一年级学生那里更加乱糟糟。我发现许多同学和老师都有了变化，还碰见了以前的老师。我找到了自己的班级，却想着过去的假期和以前的老师，心中升起一丝伤感。

Today is the first day of school. The three months of vacation in the country have passed like a dream. This morning my mother took me to the Baretti schoolhouse to have me enter for the third elementary grade: I was thinking of the country, and went unwillingly.

The streets were swarming with boys: the two book-shops were thronged with fathers and mothers who were purchasing bags, portfolios, and copy-books, and in front of the school so many people had collected, that the beadle and the policeman found it hard to keep the entrance clear. Near the door, I felt myself touched on the shoulder: it was my master of the second grade, cheerful, as usual, and with his red hair ruffled.

He said to me: "So we are to part forever, Enrico?"

I knew it well, yet the words pained me.

We made our way in with difficulty. Ladies, gentlemen, women of the people, workmen, officials, nuns, and servants, all leading boys with one hand, and holding the promotion books in the other, filled the anteroom and the stairs, making such a buzzing, that it seemed like entering a theatre. I was glad to see once more that large room on the ground floor, with the doors leading to the seven classes, where I had passed nearly every day for three years. There was a throng of teachers going and coming. My schoolmistress of the first upper class greeted me from the door of the classroom, and said:

“Enrico, you are going to the floor above, this year. I shall not even see you pass by any more!” And she gazed sadly at me.

The principal was surrounded by women who were much worried because there was no room for their sons; and it struck me that his beard was a little whiter than it had been last year.

I found the boys had grown taller and stouter. On the ground floor, where the divisions had already been made, there were little children of the first and lowest section, who did not want to enter the classrooms, and who pulled back like donkeys: they had to be dragged in by force, and some ran away from the benches; others, when they saw their parents leave, began to cry, and the parents had to go back and comfort them, or take them away; while the teachers were in despair.

My little brother was placed in the class of Mistress Delcati: I was put with Master Perboni, upstairs on the first floor.

At ten o'clock we were all in our classes: fifty-four of us; only fifteen or sixteen of my companions of the second class, among them, Derossi, the one who always gets the first prize.

The school seemed so small and gloomy to me when I thought of the woods and the mountains where I had passed the summer! I thought again, too, of my master in the second class, who was so good, and who always smiled at us, and was so small that he seemed to be one of us; and I grieved that I should no longer see him, with his tumbled red hair. Our present teacher is tall; he has no beard; his hair is gray and long; and he has a straight line running crosswise on his forehead. He has a big voice, and he looks at us fixedly, one after the

other, as though he were reading our very thoughts; and he never smiles.

I said to myself: "This is my first day. There are nine months more. What work, what monthly examinations, what weariness!" I wanted to see my mother when I came out, and I ran to kiss her hand!

She said to me: "Courage. Enrico! We will study together."

And I returned home content. But I no longer have my master, with his kind, merry smile, and school does not seem so nice to me as it did before.

周二，18日，我们的班主任

Tuesday, 18th. Our Master

新班主任佩伯尼老师端坐在教室里，他看上去历经沧桑，不苟言笑。许多从门口经过的同学都同他打招呼。老师看到一个同学脸上长了痘痘，就关切地询问他。老师缓缓地告诉我们：他在这世上已经没有亲人，我们这些孩子就是他的一切。课后，一个之前在他背后做鬼脸的同学向老师道歉。我忽然喜欢上了佩伯尼老师。

I like my new teacher too, since this morning. While we were coming in, and when he was already seated, some of his scholars of last year every now and then peeped in at the door to salute him; they would present themselves and greet him:

"Good morning, Signor Teacher!" "Good morning, Signor Perboni!"

Some came in, touched his hand, and ran away. It was plain that they liked him, and would have been glad to return to him. He responded "Good morning" and shook the hands which were held out to him, but he looked at no one: at every greeting his smile remained serious, with that deep wrinkle on his brow, with his face turned towards the window, and staring at the roof of the house opposite; and instead of being cheered by these greetings, he seemed to suffer from them. Then he looked at us closely, one after the other. While he was dictating, he got down and walked among the benches. Catching sight of a boy whose face was all red with little pimples, he stopped dictating, took the lad's face between his hands and examined it; then he asked him what was the



佩伯尼老师



matter with him, and laid his hand on his forehead to feel if it were hot. Meanwhile, a boy behind him got up on the bench, and began to play the marionette. The teacher turned round suddenly; the boy sat down at one dash, and remained there, with head hanging, in dread of being punished. The master placed one hand on his head and said to him:

“Don’t do so again.” Nothing more.

Then he returned to his table and finished the dictation. When he was done, he looked at us a moment in silence; then he said, very, very slowly, with his big but kind voice: “Listen. We have a year to pass together; let us see that we pass it well. Study and be good. I have no family; you are my family. Last year I had mother; she is dead. I am left alone. I have no one but you in all the world; I have no other affection, no other thought than you: you must be my sons. I wish you well, and you must like me too. I do not wish to be obliged to punish any one. Show me that you are boys of heart: our school shall be a family, and you shall be my comfort and my pride. I do not ask you to give me a promise; I am sure that in your hearts you have already answered ‘yes’, and I thank you.”

Just then the beadle came in to announce the close of school. We all left our seats as quietly as could be. The boy who had stood up on the bench went up to the master, and said to him, in a trembling voice:

“Forgive me, Signor Master.”

The master kissed him on the brow, and said, “Go, my son.”

周五, 21 日, 不幸事件

Friday, 21st. An Accident

早上, 我看到许多人在学校门口和校长办公室门口围着, 其中夹杂着医生和警察。原来, 今早在街道十字路口处, 三年级的罗贝蒂为了救一个低年级的同学不幸被汽车轧伤了脚。罗贝蒂是一位炮兵上尉的孩子。他的妈妈发疯般地挤了过来, 不停地哭泣。很快, 一些人簇拥着罗贝蒂去医院了。

*T*he year has begun with an accident. On my way to school this

morning I was repeating to my father the words of our teacher, when we noticed that the street was full of people, who were pressing close to the door of the schoolhouse. Suddenly my father said:

“An accident! The year is beginning badly!”

We passed through with some difficulty. The big hall was crowded with parents and children, whom the teachers had not succeeded in placing in the classrooms, and all were turning towards the principal's room, and we heard the words, “Poor boy! Poor Robetti!”

Over their heads, at the end of the room, we could see the helmet of a policeman, and the bald head of the principal; then a gentleman with a tall hat entered, and all said, “That is the doctor.” My father inquired of a master, “What has happened?” “A wheel has passed over his foot,” replied the latter. “His foot has been crushed,” said another. He was a boy belonging to the second class, who, on his way to school through the Dora Grossa street, seeing a little child of the lowest class, who had run away from its mother, fall down in the middle of the street, a few paces from an omnibus which was bearing down upon it, had hastened forward boldly, caught up the child, and placed it in safety; but, as he had not withdrawn his own foot quickly enough, the wheel of the omnibus had passed over it. He is the son of a captain of artillery.

While we were being told this, a woman entered the big hall, like mad, and forced her way through the crowd: she was Robetti's mother, who had been sent for. Another woman hastened towards her, and flung her arms about her neck, with sobs: it was the mother of the baby who had been saved. Both flew into the room, and desperate cry made itself heard: “Oh my Giulio ! My child !”

At that moment a carriage stopped before the door, and a little later the principal made his appearance, with the boy in his arms; the latter leaned his head on his shoulder, with pallid face and closed eyes. Every one stood very still; the sobs of the mother were audible. The principal paused a moment quite pale, and raised the boy up a little in his arms, in order to show him to the people. And then the masters, mistresses, parents, and boys all murmured together: “Bravo, Robetti! Bravo, poor child!” and they threw kisses to him; the mistresses and boys who were near him kissed his hands and his arms. He

opened his eyes and said, "My satchel !" The mother of the little boy whom he had saved showed it to him and said, amid her tears, "I will carry it for you, my dear little angel; I will carry it for you." And in the meantime, she bore up the mother of the wounded boy, who covered her face with her hands. They went out, placed the lad comfortably in the carriage, and the carriage drove away. Then we all entered school in silence.

周六，22日，卡拉布利亚的孩子

Saturday, 22nd. The Calabrian Boy

我们班来了一位新同学。老师说，新同学来自卡拉布利亚，他的家乡是意大利的一片光荣的土地，出过许多名人，风景也很优美。老师要我们善待他。老师请我们的班长德罗西上台，代表大家拥抱他，以示欢迎。老师又说，我们意大利人不论在哪里，都要互相尊重和爱护。大家都非常高兴，送给这位新同学许多学习用品。

Yesterday afternoon, while the master was telling us the news of poor Robetti, who will have to go on crutches, the principal entered with a new pupil, a lad with a very brown face, black hair, large black eyes, and thick eyebrows which met on his forehead: he was dressed entirely in dark clothes, with a black morocco belt round his waist. The principal went away, after speaking a few words in the master's ear, leaving beside the latter the boy, who glanced about with his big black eyes as though frightened. The master took him by the hand, and said to the class:

"You ought to be glad. Today there enters our school a little Italian born in Reggio, in Calabria, more than five hundred miles from here. Love your brother who has come from so far a way. He was born in a glorious land, which has given illustrious men to Italy, and which now furnishes her with stout laborers and brave soldiers; in one of the most beautiful lands of our country, where there are great forests, and great mountains, inhabited by people full of talent and courage. Treat him well, so that he shall not feel that he is far away from the city in which he was born; make him see that an Italian boy, in