



中文导读英文版

Peter Pan  
彼得·潘

〔英〕詹姆斯·巴里 著 王勋 纪飞 等 编译



清华大学出版社





插图·中文导读英文版  
儿童文学名著

*Peter Pan*

# 彼得·潘

[英] 詹姆斯·巴里 著  
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北京

## 内 容 简 介

《彼得·潘》(也称《小飞侠》)是20世纪世界上最伟大的童话作品之一。这是一个充满魔幻、神奇的美丽故事。故事的主人公彼得·潘,绰号小飞侠,是个永远长不大的勇敢小子,调皮且喜爱冒险,在神秘的梦幻岛上快乐地生活着。梦幻岛上还住着小仙子、美人鱼、印第安人和凶恶的海盗。一天,小飞侠邀请小朋友温蒂和她的两个弟弟来梦幻岛游玩,并开始了令温蒂无法想象和忘却的传奇故事:落户大树底下的神奇之家;与小仙女、美人鱼一起游玩;与印第安人结盟智斗海盗等等。

该书一经出版,很快就成为当时最受关注和最畅销的童话作品,至今已被译成世界上几十种文字,曾经先后多次被改编成戏剧、电影、电视和卡通片等。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,进而提高阅读速度的阅读水平,在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。同时,为了让读者更好地理解故事内容,书中加入了大量插图。

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詹姆斯·巴里 (James Matthew Barrie, 1860—1937), 英国著名小说家、剧作家。

1860年5月9日, 巴里出生于苏格兰, 他自幼酷爱读书写作, 1882年毕业于爱丁堡大学获学士学位。1885年迁居伦敦, 从事新闻编辑工作, 并开始小说创作。巴里早年爱好戏剧, 1897年将自己创作的畅销作品、长篇小说《小牧师》改编成剧本上演并获成功。此后, 他的大部分创作作品是戏剧。1928年他当选为英国作家协会主席, 1930年受聘为爱丁堡大学名誉校长。

他一生为青少年创作了许多童话故事和童话剧, 而使他名扬世界的是1904年出版的《彼得·潘》(也称《小飞侠》)。《彼得·潘》出版后立刻引起了轰动, 之后被搬上舞台戏院。1953年, 迪士尼公司出品了动画版的《小飞侠》影片。1991年, 好莱坞著名导演斯皮尔伯格又根据《小飞侠》的故事拍摄了电影《虎克船长》。2003年, 根据小说《彼得·潘》改编的电影《小飞侠》再次在全世界公映。《彼得·潘》之所以赢得了各国大小读者的欢心, 原因在于巴里在这部充满梦幻的作品中创造了一个十分诱人的童话境界——梦幻岛。书中极力渲染梦幻岛上儿童式的欢乐, 讴歌了美好纯真的童心。在梦幻岛上, 有孩子们早就从童话故事中熟知的小仙女、海盗、印第安人、美人鱼等, 在那个用蘑菇当烟囱的地下之家, 生活快乐无忧。彼得与海盗,



海盗与红人之间的“大战”，鲜明地烙着儿童打仗游戏的印证。巴里正是通过奇妙的梦幻岛和不肯长大的男孩彼得·潘这样的童话形象告诉人们：童年是人生中最美的乐章，珍惜可贵的童年时代，让孩子们尽情地享受那仅仅属于他们的欢乐。

《彼得·潘》是世界儿童文学的瑰宝，该书出版一百多年来被译成几十种文字，受到全世界各地读者的喜爱。以小飞侠故事为内容的连环画、纪念册、版画、邮票等至今风行世界各地。自从《彼得·潘》被搬上银幕，每年圣诞节，西方各国都在电视上播放这个节目，作为献给孩子们的礼物。

在中国《彼得·潘》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典童话作品之一。作为世界童话文学宝库中的经典之作，它影响了一代又一代中国人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。目前，在国内数量众多的《彼得·潘》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。而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文的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看，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《彼得·潘》，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、赵雪、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 彼得·潘闯了进来

## Chapter 1 Peter Breaks Through



温蒂一家住在街上的 14 号房子里。温蒂的妈妈达林太太甜美可人，她那充满奇思妙想的头脑就像一个神秘的小盒子。达林先生自认为学问高深，谈起股票头头是道。达林夫妇一共有三个孩子，从大到小分别是：女儿温蒂、大儿子约翰、小儿子迈克。

三个孩子的降生使达林先生发现他的预算开始变得紧张，但要强的他又不想输给邻居们，所以他还是请了个保姆——一条叫娜娜的干净的纽芬兰大狗。娜娜很是细心周到，每晚就睡在婴儿房的窝里，早晨护送孩子们上学。但达林先生还是担心邻居们会有闲言碎语。尽管如此，在那个叫彼得·潘的孩子到来之前，他们一家一直快乐幸福地生活在一起。

达林太太第一次听说彼得是在给孩子们清洗头脑时。清洗头脑是家长们经常做的事。当孩子们睡着后，达林太太把孩子们头脑中的东西一个个地拿出来，把好的念头整齐地叠在一起，把那些不好的、调皮的想想法扔到一边，这样第二天孩子们就少了很多小坏念头。小孩的头脑中都有一个梦幻岛，每个人心中的岛都不大一样，不同孩子头脑中的岛上有着不一样的故事。但达林太太发现在三个孩子的头脑中都有彼得这个名字，很是困惑。她想起自己童年时也有一个叫彼得的孩子，据说他和仙



达林太太梦到身上裹着柏叶的彼得

子们住在一起。但达林太太现在已经有些记不清了，她只好去问温蒂，温蒂告诉妈妈彼得一直没有长大。

一天温蒂告诉妈妈彼得晚上会来到婴儿室，她还说地板上的树叶就是证据。达林太太仍是半信半疑，认为是温蒂在做梦。

这天晚上，达林太太做了个梦，梦见梦幻岛就在眼前，一个陌生的男孩出现了。就在她做梦时，婴儿室的窗户被吹开了，一个男孩真的站在了地板上，他身上裹着枯叶，看到达林太太时，他咧开嘴露出一排珍珠般的小乳牙。

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end.

Of course they lived at 14 (their house number on their street), and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and her sweet mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner.

The way Mr. Darling won her was this: the many gentlemen who had

been boys when she was a girl discovered simultaneously that they loved her, and they all ran to her house to propose to her except Mr. Darling, who took a cab and nipped in first, and so he got her. He got all of her, except the innermost box and the kiss. He never knew about the box, and in time he gave up trying for the kiss. Wendy thought Napoleon could have got it, but I can picture him trying, and then going off in a passion, slamming the door.

Mr. Darling used to boast to Wendy that her mother not only loved him but respected him. He was one of those deep ones who know about stocks and shares. Of course no one really knows, but he quite seemed to know, and he often said stocks were up and shares were down in a way that would have made any woman respect him.

Mrs. Darling was married in white, and at first she kept the books perfectly, almost gleefully, as if it were a game, not so much as a Brussels sprout was missing; but by and by whole cauliflowers dropped out, and instead of them there were pictures of babies without faces. She drew them when she should have been totting up. They were Mrs. Darling's guesses.

Wendy came first, then John, then Michael.

For a week or two after Wendy came it was doubtful whether they would be able to keep her, as she was another mouth to feed. Mr. Darling was frightfully proud of her, but he was very honourable, and he sat on the edge of Mrs. Darling's bed, holding her hand and calculating expenses, while she looked at him imploringly. She wanted to risk it, come what might, but that was not his way; his way was with a pencil and a piece of paper, and if she confused him with suggestions he had to begin at the beginning again.

"Now don't interrupt," he would beg of her.

"I have one pound seventeen here, and two and six at the office; I can cut

off my coffee at the office, say ten shillings, making two nine and six, with your eighteen and three makes three nine seven, with five naught naught in my cheque-book makes eight nine seven—who is that moving?—eight nine seven, dot and carry seven—don't speak, my own—and the pound you lent to that man who came to the door—quiet, child—dot and carry child—there, you've done it! —did I say nine nine seven? yes, I said nine nine seven; the question is, can we try it for a year on nine nine seven?"

"Of course we can, George," she cried. But she was prejudiced in Wendy's favour, and he was really the grander character of the two.

"Remember mumps," he warned her almost threateningly, and off he went again. "Mumps one pound, that is what I have put down, but I daresay it will be more like thirty shillings—don't speak—measles one five, German measles half a guinea, makes two fifteen six—don't waggle your finger—whooping-cough, say fifteen shillings"—and so on it went, and it added up differently each time; but at last Wendy just got through, with mumps reduced to twelve six, and the two kinds of measles treated as one.

There was the same excitement over John, and Michael had even a narrower squeak; but both were kept, and soon, you might have seen the three of them going in a row to Miss Fulsom's Kindergarten school, accompanied by their nurse.

Mrs. Darling loved to have everything just so, and Mr. Darling had a passion for being exactly like his neighbours; so, of course, they had a nurse. As they were poor, owing to the amount of milk the children drank, this nurse was a prim Newfoundland dog, called Nana, who had belonged to no one in particular until the Darlings engaged her. She had always thought children important, however, and the Darlings had become acquainted with her in

Kensington Gardens, where she spent most of her spare time peeping into perambulators, and was much hated by careless nursemaids, whom she followed to their homes and complained of to their mistresses. She proved to be quite a treasure of a nurse. How thorough she was at bath-time, and up at any moment of the night if one of her charges made the slightest cry. Of course her kennel was in the nursery. She had a genius for knowing when a cough is a thing to have no patience with and when it needs stocking around your throat. She believed to her last day in old-fashioned remedies like rhubarb leaf, and made sounds of contempt over all this new-fangled talk about germs, and so on. It was a lesson in propriety to see her escorting the children to school, walking sedately by their side when they were well behaved, and butting them back into line if they strayed. On John's footer (in England soccer was called football, footer for short) days she never once forgot his sweater, and she usually carried an umbrella in her mouth in case of rain. There is a room in the basement of Miss Fulsom's school where the nurses wait. They sat on forms, while Nana lay on the floor, but that was the only difference. They affected to ignore her as of an inferior social status to themselves, and she despised their light talk. She resented visits to the nursery from Mrs. Darling's friends, but if they did come she first whipped off Michael's pinafore and put him into the one with blue braiding, and smoothed out Wendy and made a dash at John's hair.

No nursery could possibly have been conducted more correctly, and Mr. Darling knew it, yet he sometimes wondered uneasily whether the neighbours talked.

He had his position in the city to consider.

Nana also troubled him in another way. He had sometimes a feeling that

she did not admire him. "I know she admires you tremendously, George," Mrs. Darling would assure him, and then she would sign to the children to be specially nice to father. Lovely dances followed, in which the only other servant, Liza, was sometimes allowed to join. Such a midget she looked in her long skirt and maid's cap, though she had sworn, when engaged, that she would never see ten again. The gaiety of those romps! And gayest of all was Mrs. Darling, who would pirouette so wildly that all you could see of her was the kiss, and then if you had dashed at her you might have got it. There never was a simpler happier family until the coming of Peter Pan.

Mrs. Darling first heard of Peter when she was tidying up her children's minds. It is the nightly custom of every good mother after her children are asleep to rummage in their minds and put things straight for next morning, repacking into their proper places the many articles that have wandered during the day. If you could keep awake (but of course you can't) you would see your own mother doing this, and you would find it very interesting to watch her. It is quite like tidying up drawers. You would see her on her knees, I expect, lingering humorously over some of your contents, wondering where on earth you had picked this thing up, making discoveries sweet and not so sweet, pressing this to her cheek as if it were as nice as a kitten, and hurriedly stowing that out of sight. When you wake in the morning, the naughtiness and evil passions with which you went to bed have been folded up small and placed at the bottom of your mind and on the top, beautifully aired, are spread out your prettier thoughts, ready for you to put on.

I don't know whether you have ever seen a map of a person's mind. Doctors sometimes draw maps of other parts of you, and your own map can become intensely interesting, but catch them trying to draw a map of a child's

mind, which is not only confused, but keeps going round all the time. There are zigzag lines on it, just like your temperature on a card, and these are probably roads in the island, for the Neverland is always more or less an island, with astonishing splashes of colour here and there, and coral reefs and rakish-looking craft in the offing, and savages and lonely lairs, and gnomes who are mostly tailors, and caves through which a river runs, and princes with six elder brothers, and a hut fast going to decay, and one very small old lady with a hooked nose. It would be an easy map if that were all, but there is also first day at school, religion, fathers, the round pond, needle-work, murders, hangings, verbs that take the dative, chocolate pudding day, getting into braces, say ninety-nine, three-pence for pulling out your tooth yourself, and so on, and either these are part of the island or they are another map showing through, and it is all rather confusing, especially as nothing will stand still.

Of course the Neverlands vary a good deal. John's, for instance, had a lagoon with flamingoes flying over it at which John was shooting, while Michael, who was very small, had a flamingo with lagoons flying over it. John lived in a boat turned upside down on the sands, Michael in a wigwam, Wendy in a house of leaves deftly sewn together. John had no friends, Michael had friends at night, Wendy had a pet wolf forsaken by its parents, but on the whole the Neverlands have a family resemblance, and if they stood still in a row you could say of them that they have each other's nose, and so forth. On these magic shores children at play are for ever beaching their coracles (simple boat). We too have been there; we can still hear the sound of the surf, though we shall land no more.

Of all delectable islands the Neverland is the snuggest and most compact, not large and sprawly, you know, with tedious distances between one



adventure and another, but nicely crammed. When you play at it by day with the chairs and table-cloth, it is not in the least alarming, but in the two minutes before you go to sleep it becomes very real. That is why there are night-lights.

Occasionally in her travels through her children's minds Mrs. Darling found things she could not understand, and of these quite the most perplexing was the word Peter. She knew of no Peter, and yet he was here and there in John and Michael's minds, while Wendy's began to be scrawled all over with him. The name stood out in bolder letters than any of the other words, and as Mrs. Darling gazed she felt that it had an oddly cocky appearance.

"Yes, he is rather cocky," Wendy admitted with regret. Her mother had been questioning her.

"But who is he, my pet?"

"He is Peter Pan, you know, mother."

At first Mrs. Darling did not know, but after thinking back into her childhood she just remembered a Peter Pan who was said to live with the fairies. There were odd stories about him, as that when children died he went part of the way with them, so that they should not be frightened. She had believed in him at the time, but now that she was married and full of sense she quite doubted whether there was any such person.

"Besides," she said to Wendy, "he would be grown up by this time."

"Oh no, he isn't grown up," Wendy assured her confidently, "and he is just my size." She meant that he was her size in both mind and body; she didn't know how she knew, she just knew it.

Mrs. Darling consulted Mr. Darling, but he smiled pooh-pooh. "Mark my words," he said, "it is some nonsense Nana has been putting into their heads;