



中文导读英文版

〔英〕查尔斯·金斯利 著 王勋 纪飞 等 编译

水孩子

The Water Babies



清华大学出版社





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北京

内 容 简 介

《水孩子》是世界上最伟大的童话名著之一，由英国著名作家查尔斯·金斯利编著。主人公汤姆是位孤儿，跟着师傅靠扫烟囱维持生计，受尽了他人的凌辱和师傅的虐待，同时染上了不少恶习。一次，他因被误认为是小偷而受到追捕。逃跑途中，他偶遇仙女，在仙女的引导下，汤姆成为一个水孩子。之后，汤姆开始了奇妙的海底之旅，同水中的各种动物打交道，历经各种奇遇。在仙女的感化、教育下，汤姆不断成长，他懂得了真、善、美，并努力克服性格缺陷，成为一个真正的男子汉。

该书出版一百多年来，一直畅销至今，被译成世界上几十种语言，并被改编成电影、动画片、戏剧等。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的少年儿童都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每篇英文故事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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查尔斯·金斯利（Charles Kingsley, 1819—1875），19 世纪英国著名作家。

1819 年 6 月 12 日，金斯利出生在英国德文郡的一个普通的牧师家庭。他曾在英国皇家学院、伦敦大学和剑桥大学学习法律，并于 1843 年毕业于剑桥大学。大学毕业后，他当过牧师，后任剑桥大学现代史教授。金斯利是一位知识渊博的作家，其代表作有历史小说《希帕蒂亚》、《向西方》、《踪迹至此》等，剧作《圣者的悲剧》，自然历史小说《海岸的奇迹》，儿童文学作品《英雄们》、《水孩子》、《如何夫人和为何小姐》等。

在金斯利的众多作品中，让他享誉世界的是 1863 年出版的童话故事《水孩子》，该书被誉为世界十大富含哲理的童话佳作之一。该书一经出版，便成为当时最有影响、最畅销的小说，并一直畅销至今。一百多年来，该书被翻译成几十种语言，并被改编拍成电影、动画片、戏剧等，影响了一代又一代青少年读者的心灵。

在中国，《水孩子》是青少年读者最熟悉、最喜爱的外国文学名著之一。目前，在国内数量众多的《水孩子》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是英文原版。其中的英文原版越来越受到读者的欢迎，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，直接使用纯英文素材更有利于英语学习。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《水孩子》，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，也尽可能体现原作的故事主线。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部分，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，书中加入大量的插图。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国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、李智能、李鑫、熊红华、傅颖、乐贵明、王婷婷、熊志勇、聂利生、傅建平、蔡红昌、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、张镇、熊建国、张文绮、王多多、陈楠、彭勇、邵舒丽、黄福成、冯洁、王晓旭、王业伟、龚桂平、徐鑫、周丽萍、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



很久以前有一个扫烟囱的孩子，他的名字叫汤姆。他和脾气暴躁的师傅——格林麦思先生住在一起。汤姆不会读书，也不会写字，他自己也不想读书写字。他从不洗脸，他住的院子那边也没有水。他最大的梦想就是长大以后也能够当上扫烟囱的师傅，和那脾气暴躁的格林麦思一样。一天，约翰爵士家的小马童来请他们师徒去清扫爵士家的烟囱。约翰爵士的家是一个大庄园，那里有藏着野鸡的灌木丛，也有产鲑鱼的河，汤姆的师傅常常到那里去偷偷捕鱼，所以师傅很喜欢那里，对这个新主顾非常满意。第二天，汤姆和师傅早早就起程了，在路上他们遇到了一个可怜的爱尔兰妇人，她衣着褴褛、面容憔悴。妇人讨厌粗鲁的师傅，所以只是和汤姆边走路边聊天，并不理师傅。后来师傅和妇人发生了争执，汤姆被发脾气的师傅狠狠修理了一顿，生气的妇人训斥了师傅然后转身离开了，师徒重新开始行进，师傅也没有再为难汤姆。终于师徒两个来到了约翰爵士家。在仆人的引领下汤姆开始了他的工作——钻到烟囱里开始清扫。说不清汤姆扫了多少烟囱，他累坏了，而且他在复杂的烟囱里面完全转迷糊了。结果他钻到了一个漂亮的房间，房间里漂亮的陈设深深



汤姆和师傅起程去约翰爵士家



吸引了汤姆，他还在房间里看到了一个至今为止见过的最漂亮的小姑娘，小姑娘躺在床上睡着了。汤姆第一次觉得自己太脏了，他不好意思在这里多待，所以想跑开，结果撞到了炉栅，炉栅发出的声响把漂亮的小姑娘惊醒了。小姑娘尖叫了起来，汤姆吓得逃跑了。汤姆跑出了爵士家，身后一大群人在追赶他，有身强力壮的老保姆、有剪草的园丁、有被马踢瘸了腿的马夫、有被貂鼠粪便迷了眼睛的约翰爵士等，好多人都在追赶汤姆，这其中还有那个爱尔兰妇人。机灵的汤姆用小诡计甩开了追逐的人群，他穿过树林走进了一片荒野。这个地方对他来说像是一个全新的世界，他看到了背上有着十字花纹的蜘蛛、出来觅食的狐狸一家，还有预言世界末日的老松鸡。他感到十分新鲜有趣。汤姆的一切都被那爱尔兰妇人看在眼里，原来只有她一直跟在汤姆的身后，没有被甩掉。汤姆走了很远很远，他觉得又渴又饿，这时候他看到山脚下有一个小屋，一个老太太正在院子里。汤姆决定去碰碰运气，看看能不能得到些吃的东西。

Once upon a time there was a little chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom. That is a short name, and you have heard it before, so you will not have much trouble in remembering it. He lived in a great town in the North country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep, and plenty of money for Tom to earn and his master to spend. He could not read nor write, and did not care to do either; and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived. He cried half his time, and laughed the other half. He cried when he had to climb the dark flues, rubbing his poor



爱尔兰妇人与汤姆边走路边聊天



knees and elbows raw; and when the soot got into his eyes, which it did every day in the week; and when his master beat him, which he did every day in the week; and when he had not enough to eat, which happened every day in the week likewise. And he laughed the other half of the day, when he was tossing half-pennies with the other boys, or playing leap-frog over the posts, or bowling stones at the horses' legs as they trotted by, which last was excellent fun, when there was a wall at hand behind which to hide, As for chimney-sweeping, and being hungry, and being beaten, he took all that for the way of the world, like the rain and snow and thunder, and stood manfully with his back to it till it was over, as his old donkey did to a hailstorm; and then shook his ears and was as jolly as ever: and thought of the fine times coming, when he would be a man, and a master sweep, and sit in the public-house with a quart of beer and a long pipe, and play cards for silver money, and wear velveteens and ankle-jacks, and keep a white bull-dog with one grey ear, and carry her puppies in his pocket, just like a man. And he would have apprentices, one, two, three, if he could. How he would bully them, and knock them about, just as his master did to him; and make them carry home the soot sacks, while he rode before them on his donkey, with a pipe in his mouth and a flower in his button-hole, like a king at the head of his army. Yes, there were good times coming; and, when his master let him have a pull at the leavings of his beer, Tom was the jolliest boy in the whole town.

One day a smart little groom rode into the court where Tom lived. Tom was just hiding behind a wall, to heave half a brick at his horse's legs, as is the custom of that country when they welcome strangers; but the groom saw him, and halloed to him to know where Mr. Grimes, the chimney-sweep, lived. Now, Mr. Grimes was Tom's own master, and Tom was a good man of business, and always civil to customers, so he put the half-brick down quietly behind the wall, and proceeded to take orders.

Mr. Grimes was to come up next morning to Sir John Harthover's, at the Place, for his old chimney-sweep was gone to prison, and the chimneys wanted sweeping. And so he rode away, not giving Tom time to ask what the sweep had gone to prison for, which was a matter of interest to Tom, as he had been in prison once or twice himself. Moreover, the groom looked so very neat and clean, with his drab gaiters, drab breeches, drab jacket, snow-white tie with a smart pin in it, and clean round ruddy face, that Tom was offended and disgusted at his appearance, and considered him a stuck-up fellow, who gave himself airs because he wore smart clothes, and other people paid for them; and went behind the wall to fetch the half-brick after all. but did not, remembering that he had come in the way of business, and was, as it were, under a flag of truce.

His master was so delighted at his new customer that he knocked Tom down out of hand, and drank more beer that night



汤姆看到了漂亮的小姑娘

than he usually did in two, in order to be sure of getting up in time next morning; for the more a man's head aches when he wakes, the more glad he is to turn out, and have a breath of fresh air. And, when he did get up at four the next morning, he knocked Tom down again, in order to teach him (as young gentlemen used to be taught at public schools) that he must be an extra good boy that day, as they were going to a very great house, and might make a very good thing of it, if they could but give satisfaction.

Harthover Place was really a grand place, even for the rich North country; with a house so large that in the frame-breaking riots, which Tom could just remember, the Duke of Wellington, with ten thousand soldiers and cannon to match, were easily housed therein; at least, so Tom believed; with a park full of deer, which Tom believed to be monsters who were in the habit of eating children; with miles of game-preserves, in which Mr. Grimes and the collier-lads poached at times, on which occasions Tom saw pheasants, and wondered what they tasted like; with a noble salmon-river, in which Mr. Grimes and his friends would have liked to poach; but then they must have got into cold water, and that they did not like at all. In short, Harthover was a grand place, and Sir John a grand old man, whom even Mr. Grimes respected, for not only could he send Mr. Grimes to prison when he deserved it, as he did once or twice a week; not only did he own all the land about for miles; not only was he a jolly, honest, sensible squire as ever kept a



小姑娘躺在床上睡着了

pack of hounds, who would do what he thought right by his neighbours, as well as get what he thought right for himself, but, what was more, he weighed full fifteen stone, was nobody knew how many inches round the chest, and could have thrashed Mr. Grimes himself in fair fight. which very few folk round there could do, and which, my dear little boy, would not have been right for him to do, as a great many things are not which one both can do, and would like very much to do. So Mr. Grimes touched his hat to him when he rode through the town. and called him a “bairdly awd chap,” and his young ladies “gradely lasses,” which are two high compliments in the North country; and thought that that made up for his poaching Sir John’s pheasants; whereby you may perceive that Mr. Grimes had not been to a properly inspected Government National School.

Now, I dare say, you never got up at three o’clock on a midsummer morning. Some people get up then because they want to catch salmon; and some, because they want to climb Alps: and a great many more, because they must, like Tom. But, I assure you, that three o’clock on a midsummer morning is the pleasantest time of all the twenty-four hours, and all the three hundred and sixty-five days; and why every one does not get up then, I never could tell, save that they are all determined to spoil their nerves and their complexions, by doing all night, what they might just as well do all day. But Tom, instead of going out to dinner at half-past eight at



night, and to a ball at ten, and finishing off somewhere between twelve and four, went to bed at seven, when his master went to the public-house, and slept like a dead pig.. for which reason he was as piert as a gamecock (who always gets up early to wake the maids), and just ready to get up when the fine gentlemen and ladies 'were just ready to go to bed.

So he and his master set out; Grimes rode the donkey in front, and Tom and the brushes walked behind; out of the court, and up the street, past the closed window-shutters, and the winking weary policemen, and the roofs all shining grey in the grey dawn.

They passed through the pitmen's village, all shut up and silent now; and through the turnpike; and then they were out in the real country, and plodding along the black dusty road, between black slag walls, with no sound but the groaning and thumping of the pit-engine in the next field. But soon the road grew white, and the walls likewise; and at the wall's foot grew long grass and gay flowers, all drenched with dew; and instead of the groaning of the pit-engine, they heard the skylark saying his matins high up in the air, and the pit-bird warbling in the sedges, as he had warbled all night long.

All else was silent. For old Mrs. Earth was still fast asleep; and, like many pretty people, she looked still prettier asleep than awake. The great elm-trees in the gold-green meadows were fast asleep above, and the cows fast asleep beneath them; nay, the few clouds