

现在我六岁了

(英) 米尔恩 著 马旭红 译 李璐 绘

每个孩子都是天生的诗人



"小熊维尼爸爸"传世佳作全球畅销50年

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天津出版传媒集团

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祝他快乐, 祝他好运,



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却不是爱人和朋友寄来, 张张都是他写给自己的——顾影自怜。 约翰国王一直不幸福, 他有希望也有怨念, 记不清多个圣诞节他没有礼物,

他有希望也有怨念, 记不清多个圣诞节他没有礼物, 多少个圣诞节如此孤单, 唱诗班的颂吟过后, 年轻人的献礼到来时, 约翰国王逃进阁楼, 带着虔诚和希望 把长统袜挂在床边。

约翰国王一直不幸福, 他的生活很孤单, 孤零零地爬上屋顶,





他想写一封信, 在烟囱的柱子上, 写下祝愿: "写给—— 远在天边、近在眼前的 所有圣诞老人" 此时他的签名不再写"约翰国王", "杰克"是他谦卑的落款。

"我想要鞭炮和糖果, 我盼望一盒巧克力,出现在我的身边。 没有桔子也行, 可坚果一定要全! 我多想要一把随身带的小折刀, 一把真正能切东西的小折刀。 还有…… 哦,如果你爱我, 亲爱的圣诞老人, 我想要一个大皮球,又红又圆! 不幸福的约翰国王, 写完信回到自己的房间, 把它从烟囱口放下

用希望的灯把圣诞老人的路缀满。

整个晚上,

他躺在床上紧张地祈祷,

"我想他这就来了,"

(焦虑沾湿了他的额头)

"不管怎么说,

他会带一个礼物给我—

我的第一份礼物,我等了这么多年。

忘掉鞭炮和甜糖吧; 我知道巧克力不会送到我身旁; 我不喜欢桔子,也不要坚果, 我那把随身的小折刀, 勉强也能切东西。 但是,哦!亲爱的圣诞老人, 如果你当真爱我, 我只想要一个大皮球,又红又圆!



"我真的想要鞭炮, 我真的想要甜糖, 我知道一盒巧克力 一定会来到我的身旁; 我确实喜欢桔子, 也真的想要些坚果。 我其实没有随身带的小折刀, 没有真正能切东西的小折刀。 而且,哦!如果圣诞老人当真爱我, 他本该给我带一个红色的大皮球!"

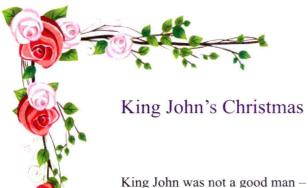
我的长统袜里什么也没有!"

约翰国王站在窗旁, 皱着眉头向下望, 成群结对的孩子, 快乐地在雪地里玩耍。 他站在那里看了好一会儿, 嫉妒着他们有人陪伴……

就在这时,皮球, 一个红色的大皮球 穿过窗子,贴着他高贵的头, 飞进来,弹起来,落在了他的床上的, 正是他想要的大皮球,又红又圆!

哦,亲爱的圣诞老人, 感谢您的赐福, 感谢您送他那个 红色的大大的皮球!





He had his little ways.

And sometimes no one spoke to him

For days and days and days.

And men who came across him,

When walking in the town,

Gave him a supercilious stare,

Or passed with noses in the air —

And bad King John stood dumbly there,

Blushing beneath his crown.

King John was not a good man,
And no good friends had he.
He stayed in every afternoon...
But no one came to tea.
And, round about December,
The cards upon his shelf
Which wished him lots of Christmas cheer,
And fortune in the coming year,

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Were never from his near and dear, But only from himself.

King John was not a good man,
Yet had his hopes and fears.
They'd given him no present now
For years and years and years.
But every year at Christmas,
While minstrels stood about,
Collecting tribute from the young
For all the songs they might have sung,
He stole away upstairs and hung
A hopeful stocking out.

King John was not a good man,

He lived his life aloof;

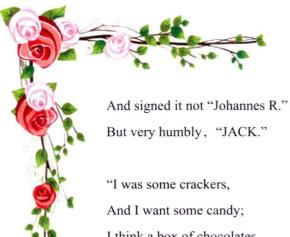
Alone he thought a message out

While climbing up the roof.

He wrote it down and propped it

Against the chimney stack:

"TO ALL AND SUNDRY –NEAR AND FARF. CHRISTMA
IN PARTICULAR."



And I want some candy; I think a box of chocolates Would come in handy;

I don't mind oranges,

I do like nuts!

And I SHOULD like a pocket -knife

That really cuts.

And, oh! Father Christmas, if you love me at all,

Bring me a big, red india -rubber ball!"





"He'll bring one present, anyhow – The first I've had for years."

"Forget about the crackers,
And forget about the candy;
I'm sure a box of chocolates
Would never come in handy;
I don't like oranges,
I don't want nuts,
And I HAVE got a pocket –knife
That almost cuts.
But, oh! Father Christmas, if you love me at all,
Bring me a big, red india –rubber ball!"

King John was not a good man –

Next morning when the sun

Rose up to tell a waiting world

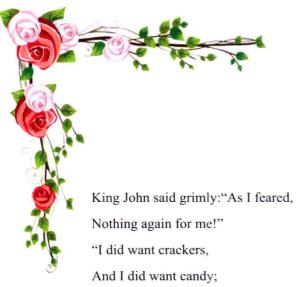
That Christmas had begun,

And people seized their stockings,

And opened them with glee,

And crackers, toys and games appeared,

And lips with sticky sweets were smeared,



I know a box of chocolates

Would come in handy;

I do love oranges,

I did want nuts

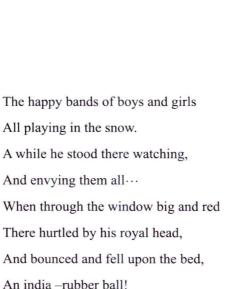
I haven't got a pocket -knife -

Not one that cuts.

And, oh! if Father Christmas had loved me at all,

He would have brought a big, red india -rubber ball!"





AND OH, FATHER CHRISTMAS, MY BLESSINGS ON YOU FALL FOR BRINGING HIM A BIG, RED, INDIA -RUBBER BALL!

