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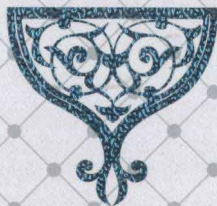
〔英〕肯尼斯·格雷厄姆 著 王勋 纪飞 等 编译

# 柳林风声

The Wind in the Willows



清华大学出版社





插图·中文导读英文版  
儿童文学名著



*The Wind in the Willows*

# 柳林风声

[英] 肯尼斯·格雷厄姆 著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社  
北京

## 内 容 简 介

《柳林风声》是20世纪最著名的童话作品之一。作者以浪漫的笔调塑造了一系列可爱的动物形象：胆小怕事、爱好冒险的鼹鼠，热情好客、充满浪漫情趣的河鼠，侠义十足、具有领袖风范的狗獾，喜欢吹牛、追求时髦的蟾蜍，敦厚老实的水獭……春天，鼹鼠兴奋地拱出地面，结识了柳林河畔见多识广的河鼠。从此，鼹鼠的生活充满了兴奋和冒险，他有了新的朋友：水獭和狗獾，当然少不了聪明的蟾蜍先生。他们生活在河岸或大森林里，随着四季的更替，不同情趣的生活故事也随之发生；他们有乐同享，有难同当。这是一部妙趣横生的童话作品，生动地刻画了柳林中萦绕的友谊与温情。

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，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分都增加了中文导读。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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肯尼斯·格雷厄姆（Kenneth Grahame，1859—1932），英国著名的小说家、童话作家。

格雷厄姆于1859年3月8日出生在苏格兰的爱丁堡。在他幼年时，父母先后去世，由于生活困难，中学毕业后便进入银行工作。格雷厄姆酷爱文学，经常利用晚上和假期进行写作。1895年，格雷厄姆出版了小说《黄金时代》，真实地描写了他不幸的童年，此书一出版便大获成功，从此奠定了他在英国文坛的地位。1898年，他又出版了《黄金时代》的续篇《梦幻的日子》，该书也深受读者的喜爱，这两部小说被誉为当时儿童文学的革新之作。1908年，格雷厄姆出版了《柳林风声》，该书被誉为英国散文作品的典范，格雷厄姆也因此蜚声文坛。

在格雷厄姆的众多作品中，《柳林风声》是他的代表作。该书出版一百多年来，先后被译成几十种文字，受到世界各地人民的喜爱。曾经先后多次被改编成戏剧、电影和卡通片，《柳林风声》中的动物形象已深入人心。《柳林风声》对大自然的描写丰富流畅，而且故事曲折有趣，富含哲理，该书甚至引起了当时美国总统罗斯福的注意，罗斯福总统曾写信告诉格雷厄姆说自己把《柳林风声》一口气读了三遍。毫无疑问，《柳林风声》是英文世界里最伟大的



儿童文学作品之一，是世界儿童文学的瑰宝。

在中国，《柳林风声》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，《柳林风声》影响了一代又一代中国人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《柳林风声》，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。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读的内容，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。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。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、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。限于我们的文学素养和英语水平，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 河 岸

## Chapter 1 The River Bank



春天来了，鼯鼠整个上午都在忙着打扫卫生、刷房子。突然，一种不安和渴望涌上心头，他扔掉刷子、蹿出屋子、拱出了地面，来到灿烂的阳光下，感到很舒服。

他跑到一个树篱前，一只兔子要他留下买路钱，他没理兔子就跑了过去。鼯鼠看到一派充满生机的景象，感到很受鼓舞。他四处游荡，来到一条河边，他感到有些疲倦，便坐到了河岸上。

他看见河对岸露出水面的地方有一个洞，洞中有一只河鼠，他们相互问了好。河鼠问他是否想过河，他说过这条河没那么容易。

河鼠把一条蓝色小船的缆绳解开，里面可以坐下两只动物。河鼠把船划了过来，鼯鼠坐了上去。他还没有坐过船，感到很过瘾。他们两个只顾说话，船撞到了河岸上，鼯鼠被摔了个四脚朝天。

河鼠邀请鼯鼠顺流而下玩上一天，这可乐坏了鼯鼠。河鼠把船拴在码头上，回到洞内又顶着一个午餐篮子出来了。篮子里面装满了火腿、牛肉、黄瓜等食物，鼯鼠觉得太丰盛了。于是，他们上船开始了航行。

鼯鼠认为河鼠虽然住在河边很舒服，但没人聊天也许会感到寂



鼯鼠拱出了地面



寞。河鼠告诉他，这条河就是他的兄弟姐妹，他整天就在这条河里吃喝和洗漱，虽说现在有些动物搬走了，但还有水獭、翠鸟、水鸡等居住在这里。

鼯鼠指着水草后面的森林问河鼠那是什么。河鼠告诉他：那是树林，里面的松鼠不错，兔子有好有坏，黄鼠狼、白鼬、狐狸和他是朋友，大家碰到了就玩一天，但不能完全信任他们。河鼠又告诉他：走过树林，就是外面的世界了，自己没去过那里。这时，到了一个泊船的地方，河鼠把船靠了岸。鼯鼠把食品篮子拿上岸，在征得河鼠的同意后，他就开始往外拿食物，每拿一样，就感到特别满足。他们吃了些东西，鼯鼠看到水面上出现了一串泡泡，之后一只水獭从水里爬出来了，他们也成了朋友。

一会儿，从他们身后传来沙沙声，一只老獾跑过来，看到他们，转身就跑了。他们又说起了蟾蜍，现在蟾蜍驾驶的是一艘新的赛艇，他原来迷恋过帆船，后来又去撑平底船，去年又喜欢上了船屋；他干什么都只有三分钟的热度，很快就会厌倦。

远处的蟾蜍正奋力划船，河鼠和他打招呼，他也不理。一只蜉蝣从水中蹿出，很快就消失不见了，水獭也随着消失了。动物就是这样，往往不辞而别。

这时，河鼠说该走了，但他不愿收拾篮子。鼯鼠赶忙收拾，但他总也收拾不完，后来在河鼠的指挥下，总算收拾好了。

太阳落山了，河鼠往回划船，鼯鼠也想划。河鼠告诉他，划船需要一段时间训练才行。话音未落，鼯鼠跳起来夺过船桨，使劲将桨向后划，但桨没碰到水面，自己却落到了水里。河鼠跳下水，用两只船桨插在他胳膊下，将他推到了岸边，然后将他身上的水拧干，又让他在岸边跑，使身上干爽起来。

河鼠将漂在水中的东西放到岸边，又从水底摸到篮子，拖回岸

边，然后他们又上船出发了。河鼠邀请鼹鼠到他家住几天，还说要教会鼹鼠划船、游泳，这使鼹鼠感动得掉下了眼泪。这时，两只红松鸡见他满身泥巴，便讥笑他，他们斗起嘴来。

到家后，河鼠生起了炉火，又让鼹鼠换上睡衣和拖鞋，还给他讲起了大河里的故事。晚餐后鼹鼠就困了，他在河鼠楼上最好的卧室里伴随着大河的波浪声睡着了。

*T*he Mole had been working very hard all the morning, spring-cleaning his little home. First with brooms, then with dusters; then on ladders and steps and chairs, with a brush and a pail of whitewash; till he had dust in his throat and eyes, and splashes of whitewash all over his black fur, and an aching back and weary arms. Spring was moving in the air above and in the earth below and around him, penetrating even his dark and lowly little house with its spirit of divine discontent and longing. It was small wonder, then, that he suddenly flung down his brush on the floor, said "Bother!" and "O blow!" and also "Hang spring-cleaning!" and bolted out of the house without even waiting to put on his coat. Something up above was calling him imperiously, and he made for the steep little tunnel which answered in his case to the gravelled carriage-drive owned by animals whose residences are nearer to the sun and air. So he scraped and scratched and scabbled and scrooged and then he scrooged again and scabbled and scratched and scraped, working busily with his little paws and muttering to himself, "Up we go! Up we go!" till at last, pop! His snout came out into the sunlight, and he found himself rolling in the warm grass of a great meadow.

"This is fine!" he said to himself. "This is better than whitewashing!" The sunshine struck hot on his fur, soft breezes caressed his heated brow, and after the seclusion of the cellarge he had lived in so long the carol of happy birds fell on his dulled hearing almost like a shout. Jumping off all his four legs at once, in the joy of living and the delight of spring without its cleaning, he pursued his way across the meadow till he reached the hedge on the further side.

"Hold up!" said an elderly rabbit at the gap. "Sixpence for the privilege of passing by the private road!" He was bowled over in an instant by the impatient and contemptuous Mole, who trotted along the side of the hedge chaffing the other rabbits as they peeped hurriedly from their holes to see what the row was about. "Onion-sauce! Onion-sauce!" he remarked jeeringly, and was gone before they could think of a thoroughly satisfactory reply. Then they all started grumbling at each other. "How stupid you are! Why didn't you tell him—", "Well, why didn't you say—" "You might have, reminded him—" and so on, in the usual way; but, of course, it was then much too late, as is always the case.

It all seemed too good to be true. Hither and thither through the meadows he rambled busily, along the hedgerows, across the copses, finding everywhere birds building, flowers budding, leaves thrusting—everything happy, and progressive, and occupied. And instead of having an uneasy conscience pricking him and whispering "whitewash!" he somehow could only feel how jolly it was to be the only idle dog among all these busy citizens. After all, the best part of a holiday is perhaps not so much to be resting yourself, as to see all be other fellows busy working.

He thought his happiness was complete when, as he meandered aimlessly along, suddenly he stood by the edge of a full-fed river. Never in

his life had he seen a river before—this sleek, sinuous, full-bodied animal, chasing and chuckling, gripping things with a gurgle and leaving them with a laugh, to fling itself on fresh playmates that shook themselves free, and were caught and held again. All was a-shake and a-shiver—glints and gleams and sparkles, rustle and swirl, chatter and bubble. The Mole was bewitched, entranced, fascinated. By the side of the river he trotted as one trots, when very small, by the side of a man who holds one spell-bound by exciting stories; and when tired at last, he sat on the bank, while the river still chattered on to him, a babbling procession of the best stories in the world, sent from the heart of the earth to be told at last to the insatiable sea.

As he sat on the grass and looked across the river, a dark hole in the bank opposite, just above the water's edge, caught his eye, and dreamily he fell to considering what a nice snug dwelling-place it would make for an animal with few wants and fond of a bijou riverside residence, above flood level and remote from noise and dust. As he gazed, something bright and small seemed to twinkle down in the heart of it, vanished, then twinkled once more like a tiny star. But it could hardly be a star in such an unlikely situation; and it was too glittering and small for a glow-worm. Then, as he looked, it winked at him, and so declared itself to be an eye; and a small face began gradually to grow up round it, like a frame round a picture.

A brown little face, with whiskers.

A grave round face, with the same twinkle in its eye that had first attracted his notice.

Small neat ears and thick silky hair.

It was the Water Rat!

Then the two animals stood and regarded each other cautiously.

"Hullo, Mole!" said the Water Rat.

“Hullo, Rat!” said the Mole.

“Would you like to come over?” enquired the Rat presently.

“Oh, its all very well to talk,” said the Mole, rather pettishly, he being new to a river and riverside life and its ways.

The Rat said nothing, but stooped and unfastened a rope and hauled on it; then lightly stepped into a little boat which the Mole had not observed. It was painted blue outside and white within, and was just the size for two animals; and the Mole’s whole heart went out to it at once, even though he did not yet fully understand its uses.

The Rat sculled smartly across and made fast. Then he held up his forepaw as the Mole stepped gingerly down. “Lean on that!” he said. “Now then, step lively!” and the Mole to his surprise and rapture found himself actually seated in the stern of a real boat.

“This has been a wonderful day!” said he, as the Rat shoved off and took to the sculls again. “Do you know, I’ve never been in a boat before in all my life.”

“What?” cried the Rat, open-mouthed: “Never been in a—you never—well I—what have you been doing, then?”

“Is it so nice as all that?” asked the Mole shyly, though he was quite prepared to believe it as he leant back in his seat and surveyed the cushions, the oars, the rowlocks, and all the fascinating fittings, and felt the boat sway lightly under him.

“Nice? It’s the only thing,” said the Water Rat solemnly, as he leant forward for his stroke. “Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing—absolute nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats. Simply messing,” he went on dreamily: “messing—about—in—boats; messing—”

“Look ahead, Rat!” cried the Mole suddenly.

It was too late. The boat struck the bank full tilt. The dreamer, the joyous oarsman, lay on his back at the bottom of the boat, his heels in the air.

“—about in boats—or with boats,” the Rat went on composedly, picking himself up with a pleasant laugh. “In or out of them, it doesn’t matter. Nothing seems really to matter, that’s the charm of it. Whether you get away, or whether you don’t; whether you arrive at your destination or whether you reach somewhere else, or whether you never get anywhere at all, you’re always busy, and you never do anything in particular; and when you’ve done it there’s always something else to do, and you can do it if you like, but you’d much better not. Look here! If you’ve really nothing else on hand this morning, supposing we drop down the river together, and have a long day of it?”

The Mole waggled his toes from sheer happiness, spread his chest with a sigh of full contentment, and leaned back blissfully into the soft cushions. “What a day I’m having!” he said. “Let us start at once!”

“Hold hard a minute, then!” said the Rat. He looped the painter through a ring in his landing-stage, climbed up into his hole above, and after a short interval reappeared staggering under a fat, wicker luncheon-basket.

“Shove that under your feet,” he observed to the Mole, as he passed it down into the boat. Then he untied the painter and took the sculls again.

“What’s inside it?” asked the Mole, wriggling with curiosity.

“There’s cold chicken inside it,” replied the Rat briefly; “cold tongue, cold ham, cold beef, pickledgherkins saladfrenchrolls, cress, sandwiches, potted meat, ginger beer, lemonade, sodawater—”

"O stop, stop," cried the Mole in ecstasies: "This is too much!"

"Do you really think so?" enquired the Rat seriously. "It's only what I always take on these little excursions; and the other animals are always telling me that I'm a mean beast and cut it very fine!"

The Mole never heard a word he was saying. Absorbed in the new life he was entering upon, intoxicated with the sparkle, the ripple, the scents and the sounds and the sunlight, he trailed a paw in the water and dreamed long waking dreams. The Water Rat, like the good little fellow he was, sculled steadily on and forebore to disturb him.

"I like your clothes awfully, old chap," he remarked after some half an hour or so had passed. "I'm going to get a black velvet smoking-suit myself some day, as soon as I can afford it."

"I beg your pardon," said the Mole, pulling himself together with an effort. "You must think me very rude; but all this is so new to me. So—this—is—a—River!"

"The River," corrected the Rat.

"And you really live by the river? What a jolly life!"

"By it and with it and on it and in it," said the Rat. "It's brother and sister to me, and aunts, and company, and food and drink, and (naturally) washing. It's my world, and I don't want any other. What it hasn't got is not worth having, and what it doesn't know is not worth knowing. Lord! The times we've had together! Whether in winter or summer, spring or autumn, it's always got its fun and its excitements. When the floods are on in February, and my cellars and basement are brimming with drink that's no good to me, and the brown water runs by my best bedroom window; or again when it all drops away and, shows patches of mud that smells like plum-cake, and the rushes and weed clog the channels, and I can potter

about dry shod over most of the bed of it and find fresh food to eat, and things careless people have dropped out of boats!”

“But isn’t it a bit dull at times?” the Mole ventured to ask. “Just you and the river, and no one else to pass a word with?”

“No one else to—well, I mustn’t be hard on you,” said the Rat with forbearance. “You’re new to it, and of course you don’t know. The bank is so crowded nowadays that many people are moving away altogether. O no, it isn’t what it used to be, at all. Otters, kingfishers, dabchicks, moorhens, all of them about all day long and always wanting you to do something—as if a fellow had no business of his own to attend to!”

“What lies over there?” asked the Mole, waving a paw towards a background of woodland that darkly framed the water-meadows on one side of the river.

“That? O, that’s just the Wild Wood,” said the Rat shortly. “We don’t go there very much, we river-bankers.”

“Aren’t they—aren’t they very nice people in there?” said the Mole, a trifle nervously. “W-e-ll,” replied the Rat, “let me see. The squirrels are all right. And the rabbits—some of ’em, but rabbits are a mixed lot. And then there’s Badger, of course. He lives right in the heart of it; wouldn’t live anywhere else, either, if you paid him to do it. Dear old Badger! Nobody interferes with him. They’d better not,” he added significantly.

“Why, who should interfere with him?” asked the Mole.

“Well, of course—there—are others,” explained the Rat in a hesitating sort of way. “Weasels—and stoats—and foxes—and so on. They’re all right in a way—I’m very good friends with them—pass the time of day when we meet, and all that—but they break out sometimes, there’s no denying it, and then—well, you can’t really trust them, and that’s the fact.”



The Mole knew well that it is quite against animal-etiquette to dwell on possible trouble ahead, or even to allude to it; so he dropped the subject.

“And beyond the Wild Wood again?” he asked, “Where it’s all blue and dim, and one sees what may be hills or perhaps they mayn’t, and something like the smoke of towns, or is it only cloud-drift?”

“Beyond the Wild Wood comes the Wide World,” said the Rat. “And that’s something that doesn’t matter, either to you or me. I’ve never been there, and I’m never going, nor you either, if you’ve got any sense at all. Don’t ever refer to it again, please. Now then! Here’s our backwater at last, where we’re going to lunch.”

Leaving the main stream, they now passed into what seemed at first sight like a little land-locked lake. Green turf sloped down to either edge, brown snaky tree-roots gleamed below the surface of the quiet water, while ahead of them the silvery shoulder and foamy tumble of a weir, arm-in-arm with a restless dripping mill-wheel, that held up in its turn a grey-gabled mill-house, filled the air with a soothing murmur of sound, dull and smothery, yet with little clear voices speaking up cheerfully out of it at intervals. It was so very beautiful that the Mole could only hold up both forepaws and gasp, “O my! O my! O my!”

The Rat brought the boat alongside the bank, made her fast, helped the still awkward Mole safely ashore, and swung out the luncheon-basket. The Mole begged as a favour to be allowed to unpack it all by himself; and the Rat was very pleased to indulge him, and to sprawl at full length on the grass and rest, while his excited friend shook out the table-cloth and spread it, took out all the mysterious packets one by one and arranged their contents in due order, still gasping, “O my! O my!” at each fresh revelation. When all was ready, the Rat said, “Now, pitch in, old fellow!” and the Mole