

STORIES I LIKE TO TELL

柯斯碧老師講故事

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编者说明

罗伯特·柯斯碧(Robert C. Cosby)教授,加拿大人,1914年出生于美国,1948年在美国俄亥俄州州立大学获美国文学博士学位。1964年由美国到加拿大定居,在加拿大里贾那大学任教,历任教授、文学院院长等职。

柯斯碧教授长期从事英语、英美文学教学与研究,学术造诣精深,教学经验丰富,科研成果累累。他曾发表论文数十篇、专著及小说多种,开过20多门课程,并指导攻读硕士学位研究生的论文。他在加拿大及美国的文学艺术界享有一定的声誉,是美国和加拿大20多个学术团体的成员。

柯斯碧教授于1979年首次到南开大学执教,担任外国文教专家。至今已经十几次到南开大学讲课并指导研究生论文,培养了许多外语人才。他对我国非常热情友好,尊重我国人民的风俗习惯,称中国是他的“第二故乡”。每当回到加拿大或美国,他都在电台、报刊和集会上宣传中国改革开放的伟大成就,是促进中外文化交流的友好使者。

柯斯碧教授在南开讲课的同时,还向学校赠送了英美文学图书6000余册,以及一些视听器材及其它教学设备等,并将自己节余的1万元人民币捐赠外文系,设立

“柯斯碧研究生奖学金”基金，奖励品学兼优的学生；他还捐赠了1000元人民币给天津少年宫，作为天津青少年的活动基金。

柯斯碧教授对中国和中国人民怀有特殊的情感，热爱自己执教的南开大学，对外语教学与科研作出了优异的成绩与特殊的贡献，于1984年被授予南开大学名誉教授称号，1993年获全国首届友谊奖章，1994年获天津市首届海河奖章等荣誉称号，受到国家和天津市领导人的接见，也赢得了南开大学师生的尊敬与爱戴。

柯斯碧先生博学、友善，常在紧张繁忙的教学工作中抽时间给同学们讲故事。他那幽默风趣的故事给十几届学生留下了深刻的印象。本书是我们根据柯斯碧先生讲故事时的录相整理而成的，以书和磁带的形式同时出版发行。内容有中外民间故事、神话故事、圣经故事等等。英语爱好者在分享故事趣味的同时还可以练习听力和口语能力，在一个小小的语言环境中提高英语水平。

柯斯碧教授对本书中的文字做了一些删改，但内容与录音带内容是一致的。

1996年3月

PREFACE

I am delighted that some of the stories I tell have been collected in this book and on these tapes, so that many people will have a chance to enjoy them.

Where do they come from, these stories I tell? They are part of a very old tradition, going back long before the invention of printing. In every country, such stories have been passed down from generation to generation. Before there were books or magazines, long before radio and television, kings, lords, and ordinary people spent the long evenings listening to stories.

As for me, I heard some of these stories when I was a child. Some I have learned from other storytellers, in various countries, for we love to swap stories. Some I have read in published collections. I've told them in schools, in theatres, at folk festivals, around campfires, at birthday parties, in informal gatherings, and even on the radio.

I hope you will like some of them so much that you, too, will want to tell them. Go ahead! Nobody

owns such stories — or, rather, everybody owns them, including you.

Robert C. Cosbey

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DAY ONE

Today I want to tell you some stories, and I also want to talk about where stories come from. I'll start by telling one of my favorites, a story from Greece. Like many stories, it's one that you could pick up some version of around the world. This story is called "The Man Who Married the Sea Turtle." For years I thought it was only told in Greece, but then I looked in a collection of old Chinese stories, and I found one called "The Man that Married the Giant Water Snail." Maybe you know that story. It's the same story, basically. It's one of the wonders of folklore how these stories can be so similar around the world. Did they spread? Did they just happen in different places? Are they just accidentally the same? Is there something in human nature that needs that kind of story, so it develops everywhere? We don't know. But anyway, this story has been collected for over a hundred years, and it may be many hundreds of years old — we have no way of knowing. Like most folktales, it existed as an oral story, so we don't know how old it is.

The Man Who Married a Sea Turtle

Once upon a time, in a little fishing village in Greece, there was a young fisherman who had no wife. Every morning he would get up before it was light. He would take the oars and the sail of his boat and walk down the rocky path to the water. He would put his boat in the water and then row out, row out, row out to where the wind was and put up his sail and sail out. It was still dark, and he could hear all the other boats in the dark rowing out alongside of him. He would fish all day. He would throw his net in, pull it up to see if he had anything, throw it in and pull it up. And at night, he came back in the dark, and he had just time to eat his supper and fall into bed. So how was he going to find a wife? Besides, he was very poor. Sometimes he only caught enough fish for himself to eat, sometimes he caught enough to sell, and sometimes he didn't catch anything, you know, and then he had to go hungry.

Well, one day, this fisherman woke up, and he took his oars, and he took his sail and walked down the path and got in his boat, and he rowed out and rowed out. And he said, "Today I'm going to row out farther

than the others and see if I can change my luck." And he went farther out, farther out. There wasn't any wind, so he had to row, and it was very hard. And he rowed, and he rowed, and he rowed. Then he started throwing his net in, pulling it up, throwing it in, pulling it up. Nothing. Throwing it in, pulling it up. Nothing. Throwing it in, pulling it up. Nothing. Throwing it in, pulling it up. Whoop! Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Whoa! He couldn't ... it was very heavy ... something very heavy in this net. He couldn't pull it up ... pulling, he put his foot against the edge of the boat, and he p-u-l-l-e-d, and he p-u-l-l-e-d, and it came up. There was a giant sea turtle in his net. And he pulled and finally got it into the boat, and he got it out of the net. Huh! Look at that! A giant sea turtle! Look at that! And the sea turtle looked at him with great big eyes and just looked at him. He said, "My goodness! Look at that sea turtle! Ah!" And he started rowing back again.

All the other fishermen in the other boats came rowing over to see what it was.

"Why is he going in so early? He must have something great."

And they rowed over.

"Look what he's got! Look what he's got!"

"A giant sea turtle!"

“Look at that!”

“He can sell that for a lot of money. The restaurant owner will buy it; the hotelman will buy it; anybody will buy it.”

And he started smiling, rowing it in. And he said, “Now I’m going to have some money. Maybe I can take a few days off and go looking for girls.”

Rowing, rowing and rowing, and all the time the sea turtle was looking at him with big, big eyes, and he kept rowing, and as he got to the village, all the villagers came running, running, running to see.

“Why is the fisherman coming in so early? He must have something important.”

But somehow, the closer he got, the slower he rowed. And he looked at that sea turtle, and that sea turtle looked at him with those great big eyes. And he went slower, and slower, and he started frowning.

When he got to the dock, all the people were shouting, “Look at the giant sea turtle! Look at that!”

And the restaurant owner came pushing through and said, “Out of the way! Out of the way! I’ll buy it. I’ll buy it.”

And the fisherman looked at the sea turtle and looked at the restaurant owner, and he said, “It’s not for sale.”

“Say, what do you mean ‘it’s not for sale’?”

And the hotelkeeper pushed through and said, "He's saving it for me. I'll pay you twice as much."

"It's not for sale."

"Why, are you crazy or something? What are you going to do with it? You're going to throw it back in for somebody else to catch?"

"Oh, no, no, no! I can't do that!"

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to keep it."

"How can you keep a sea turtle? That's ridiculous!"

He said, "Never mind. I'm going to keep it."

And he put his boat in, and he took the great big sea turtle in his arms and staggered up the path to his house. And he staggered into the house, and he put the sea turtle on the floor. And then he looked at it, and the sea turtle looked up at him, and he said, "What am I going to do with you?"

So he got a pan of water, and he put it down and said, "You see, I didn't catch any fish today. All I caught was you, and if I don't sell you . . . ugh, ugh, ugh! What am I going to do?"

He had a couple of little fish from yesterday, and he put them down for the turtle. And then he didn't know what to do, and all night long he was wondering, "What can I do with that sea turtle?"

Well, the next morning, he woke up early as usual, and it was dark. He forgot all about the sea turtle. He was rowing out his boat before he remembered the sea turtle.

"Ah! I forgot to put something down for the sea turtle, some fresh water — that's all I've got. Well, maybe my luck will change."

And he rowed out. And that day he caught quite a few fish and came back quite happy.

"Now I wonder what I'm going to do with that sea turtle. Anyhow there's enough for the sea turtle and enough for me." So he carried his bag across his back with the fish, and he took the oars and the sail, and he walked up the brush path to his house. And as he opened the door to his house, he smelled the most wonderful smell. He said, "I smell something cooking!" And he opened the door and he rushed in. Nobody there but the sea turtle.

He said, "Sea Turtle, what's happening? What's happening?"

And he rushed over to the stove, and he looked in the stove, and there was a nice casserole of fish, all bubbling and bumbling. And there were onions in it and potatoes in it and tomatoes in it, and he said, "What happened? Who's been here?"

He put the casserole on the table and sat down.

Then he took a spoon, and he said to the sea turtle, "Sea Turtle, you know what? The only way this could happen was my neighbor's wife took pity on me, and after she cooked for her family, she cooked for me, too, and brought it over for me. That's nice." And he ate it all up and went to bed.

Well, the next morning, he went down to the ocean again, and he rowed out and he rowed out, and he got a pretty good catch of fish that day, and he came back up and he said, "Oh, well, I'm going to have to cook for myself tonight." And as he opened the door, he smelled the most wonderful smell, twice as good! And he came in and he said, "Sea Turtle, what's happening here?" And he went to the stove, and there was a cheese casserole.

Greeks love cheese, and it was a great cheese casserole. He put that on the table, and he said, "Sea Turtle, there's something mysterious here. My neighbor's wife would not take pity on me twice. Her husband would get jealous and angry. I can't believe that would happen. I don't know what's happening here." But he ate it anyway.

The next day, he was out on the ocean and he thought, "I'm going to go home early and see what's happening in my house."

So he came home early, and he sneaked up the

path with his oars and his sail, and he put them down quietly. Instead of going to the door, he went around to the window, and he peeked in the window, and he saw the most beautiful young woman in there cooking supper. He went running around, and running in the door, he said, "Who are you?"

She said, "Oh, you're not supposed to see me!"

He said, "But who are you?"

She said, "I'm the sea turtle."

"So what do you mean you're the sea turtle?"

And then he looked in the corner. Just the empty shell of the sea turtle.

He said, "Listen, please, stay out of the shell. Be a young woman. Marry me. Let's live together."

But she said, "Well, I don't know. I'm a sea turtle."

"Never mind. Never mind. I love you. I want you to marry me."

And so she said, "All right."

So they got married, and they lived together quite happily until one night, the fisherman woke up and started thinking. He thought, "This beautiful wife I've got — such a wonderful wife! And she cooks so well, and she's so nice, and she's so nice to me, but she's a sea turtle. What happens if some day she gets homesick, and she gets back in her shell and goes back

to the ocean? And what happens if once she's in the ocean, somebody else catches her and sells her to the restaurant owner? Oh, what a dreadful thought! What can I do?"

And he thought, "There's only one thing I can do."

So he got out of bed very quietly, and he took that shell, and he went way off in the woods and built a fire, and he burned the shell. Then he got back in bed.

Well, a little while later, he felt somebody jaggging him with her elbow, and he said, "What's the matter?"

She said, "Husband, where's my shell?"

He said, "No, no, no. Never mind. Go to sleep."

She said, "Husband, where's my shell? I can't find my shell."

He said, "It doesn't matter. You don't need your shell."

She said, "Husband, it's my shell! Where is my shell?"

And he said, "Well, I didn't want you to go back in the ocean."

She said, "What have you done with my shell?"

"Well, I burned it."

"You burned my shell!? That was my shell and you burned it? That was mine. That was mine, and you burned it?"

And she started crying. He tried to pacify her. "Please, please. I'm sorry. I didn't know it would upset you so much."

She said, "But it was my shell!"

He said, "I'm sorry. It's just because I love you so much that I wanted you to stay here and be my wife. I didn't want you to go back in the ocean."

She said, "Now I can't go back in the ocean."

Finally, she said, "All right, I'll stay with you and be a good wife to you, but you made a very, very bad mistake, and trouble is coming, bad trouble. But we'll face it together."

And sure enough, the very next day, while he was out on the ocean, the wife was sitting in the doorway shelling peas for supper, and the king of that country came riding by on horseback.

Now, I have to explain to you that the king of that country was a very bad king, a mean and awful king, very selfish and arrogant. Anything he saw that he wanted he took.

And he saw the fisherman's wife, and he said to his councilors, "I want that woman."

His councilors said, "Well, your Majesty, you can't have that woman. She's the fisherman's wife."

He said, "Don't tell me I can't have something. I want that woman."