

# THE 漫长的冬天 LONG WINTER

(英语注释读物)



“小屋”丛书

THE LITTLE HOUSE BOOKS

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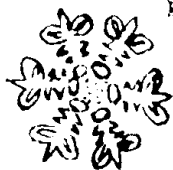
THE LONG WINTER

# 漫长的冬天

（英语注释读物）

〔美〕劳拉·英格尔·维尔德著

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上海教育出版社

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The Long Winter  
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## 前 言

“小屋”丛书是美国著名的儿童文学作品，是描述十九世纪中叶美国拓荒者一家的生活的长篇家世小说。全套共八册，每册都有独立完整的内容。这八册书是：

1. LITTLE HOUSE IN THE WOODS 大森林里的小屋，
2. LITTLE HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE 大草原上的小屋，
3. FARMER BOY 农家子，
4. ON THE BANKS OF PLUM CREEK 李树溪边，
5. BY THE SHORES OF SILVER LAKE 在银湖畔，
6. THE LONG WINTER 漫长的冬天，
7. LITTLE TOWN ON THE PRAIRIE 大草原上的小镇，
8. THESE HAPPY GOLDEN YEARS 欢快的黄金年代。

“小屋”丛书初版以来，已经再版几十次，拥有许多读者，并且根据此丛书已制成了优秀的电视系列片广泛放映。此外，还引起许多人对它的内容和主人公进行专门研究。

本书作者就是书中的主人公劳拉·英格尔·维尔德夫人。她是美国著名的儿童文学作家。1867年劳拉生于威斯康星州一个拓荒者的家庭里。她从小跟随父母亲坐着大篷马车先后

在美国中西部明尼苏达、堪萨斯、达科他等州的未开发地区进行拓荒。她在致读者的信中自述她是“经历了书中发生的每一件事。”自从1894年她的一家定居在密苏里后，她陆续回忆写出了“小屋”丛书及其他回忆过去年代的生活的书籍，深受美国读者的欢迎。

劳拉在密苏里的旧居现今已成为“劳拉·英格尔·威尔德故居和博物馆”，对外开放。馆内至今保持着同她生前完全一样的布置，并陈列着书中提及的许多物品。劳拉的家庭当时在达科他州德斯梅的土地、界石、供观察测量用的棚屋、劳拉读书的学校等也都辟作游览地点，供人参观，深受人们的欢迎。

威尔德夫人的这套小说是现实主义自传体小说，基本如实地描述了美国历史上的一个特定阶段的某个侧面。威尔德夫人卒于1957年，享年九十。但本丛书所述仅限于她的前半生，即十九世纪后半期的拓荒情景。

英国人在北美移民定居起于十七世纪初，早期移民受英皇统治，北美还是英国的殖民地。但是，他们于1776年宣布独立，成立了美利坚合众国。到了十九世纪初，美国北方出现了资本主义的工业革命，但是南方还是蓄奴制的农业社会。南北矛盾不断加剧，最终导致了1861—1865年的南北战争。这场内战以北方胜利告终。从此，资本主义生产方式不但在北方占优势，而且向南方和中西部迅速扩展。在这以前，经济、政治、文化都集中在东部沿海，但是，此后中西部在全国所起的作用却越来越大了。小说描写的就是在南北战争以后向中西部移民拓荒的生活。读者可以从中看到早期拓荒者以一家一户为单位开荒种地、伐木建屋的情景，也能看到后期的城镇在大草原上兴起以及农业开始实现机械化的景

象。

这套丛书还带有强烈的理想主义色彩。它以深厚的感情歌颂了普通美国人的勤劳、勇敢、诚实和乐观主义的品质，歌颂了亲人之间的爱和邻居、朋友、甚至陌生人之间的互助精神。理想与现实有时难免有距离，但它却有鼓舞人们前进和启示人们探索、追求美好生活的积极作用。因此，这套丛书长期以来受到人们的特别爱好。

本书内容生动活泼，文字朴实流畅。作者在描述生活方式、劳动过程时，十分具体精确；在抒情写景时，却又细腻深刻。读者可以从中学到广泛涉及生活各方面的用语和地道的表达方式，以提高自己的英语水平。同时，又可以从这套书中学到一些美国的历史和地理知识，了解到美国人民在早期开荒移民时期与自然界的暴风雨、蝗虫、野兽等作斗争的情形；了解到他们砍伐森林、开垦土地、种植作物、畜养牛羊、建造自己家园的艰苦劳动；以及拓荒者日常家庭生活、文娱活动、节日团聚的欢乐情景。书中确如作者所说“既有阳光，又有阴影”。读者还能从中体会到美国劳动人民不畏艰难、勇敢创业的精神，他们诚实、耐劳、勤奋，俭朴而又充满欢乐的乐观精神。

这套丛书适合高中或大学低年级学生作为课外泛读材料，对于英语爱好者当然同样适用。为了便于读者独立阅读，我们对原著进行了比较详细的注释，书后并附有词汇表。本丛书图文并茂，插图如实地反映了当时的真实情景。本丛书请上海外国语学院附属上海外国语学校刘葆宏校长和华东师范大学外语系万培德副教授担任主编。担任本丛书注释的有：陈黛云同志及上海外国语学院附属上海外国语学校的叶永、翁鹤年、张惠芬、杨性义、荣新民、姚颖白、忻韦廉等老

师。我们还请华东师范大学外语系虞苏美副教授对全书进行了仔细的审校。

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1984年12月

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# 1. MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES<sup>1</sup>

THE MOWING machine's whirring sounded cheerfully from the old buffalo wallow south of the claim shanty, where bluestem grass stood thick and tall and Pa was cutting it for hay<sup>2</sup>.

The sky was high and quivering with heat over the shimmering prairie<sup>3</sup>. Half-way down to sunset<sup>4</sup>, the sun blazed as hotly as at noon. The wind was scorching hot. But Pa had hours of mowing yet to do before he could stop for the night<sup>5</sup>.

Laura<sup>6</sup> drew up a pailful of water from the well at the edge of the Big Slough<sup>7</sup>. She rinsed the brown jug till it was cool to her hand. Then she filled it with the fresh, cool water, corked it tightly, and started with it to the hayfield.

Swarms of little white butterflies hovered over the path. A dragon-fly with gauzy wings swiftly chased a gnat. On the stubble of cut grass the striped gophers were scampering<sup>8</sup>. All at once they ran for their lives<sup>9</sup> and dived into their holes. Then Laura saw a swift shadow and looked up at the eyes and the claws of a



hawk overhead<sup>10</sup>. But all the little gophers were safe in their holes.

Pa was glad to see Laura with the water jug. He got down from the mowing machine and drank a mouthful. "Ah! that hits the spot<sup>11</sup>!" he said, and tipped up the jug again. Then he corked it, and setting it on the ground he covered it with cut grass.

"This sun almost makes a fellow want a bunch of sprouts to make a shade," he joked. He was really glad there were no trees; he had grubbed so many sprouts from his clearing in the Big Woods<sup>12</sup>, every summer. Here on the Dakota prairies<sup>13</sup> there was not a single tree, not one sprout; not a bit of shade anywhere.

"A man works better when he's warmed up, anyway!" Pa said cheerfully, and chirruped to the horses. Sam and David<sup>14</sup> plodded on, drawing the machine. The long, steel-toothed blade went steadily whirring against the tall grass and laid it down flat. Pa rode high on the open iron seat, watching it lie down, his hand on the lever.

Laura sat in the grass to watch him go once around. The heat there smelled as good as an oven when bread is baking. The little brown-and-yellow-striped gophers were hurrying again, all about her. Tiny birds fluttered and flew to cling to bending grass-stems, balancing lightly<sup>15</sup>. A striped garter snake came flowing and curving through the forest of grass. Sitting hunched with

her chin on her knees, Laura felt suddenly as big as a mountain when the snake curved up its head and stared at the high wall of her calico skirt<sup>16</sup>.

Its round eyes were shining like beads, and its tongue was flickering so fast that it looked like a tiny jet of steam. The whole bright-striped snake had a gentle look. Laura knew that garter snakes will not harm anyone, and they are good to have on a farm because they eat the insects that spoil crops.

It stretched its neck low again and, making a perfectly square turn<sup>17</sup> in itself because it could not climb over Laura, it went flowing around her and away in the grass.

Then the mowing machine whirled louder and the horses came nodding their heads slowly in time with<sup>18</sup> their feet. David jumped when Laura spoke almost under his nose.

"Whoa<sup>19</sup>!" Pa said, startled. "Laura! I thought you'd gone. Why are you hiding in the grass like a prairie chicken?"

"Pa," Laura said, "why can't I help you make hay? Please let me, Pa. Please."

Pa lifted his hat and ran his fingers through his sweat-damp hair, standing it all on end and letting the wind blow through it<sup>20</sup>. "You're not very big nor strong, little Half-Pint<sup>21</sup>."

"I'm going on fourteen," Laura said. "I can help,

Pa. I know I can."

The mowing machine had cost so much that Pa had no money left to pay for help<sup>22</sup>. He could not trade work, because there were only a few homesteaders<sup>23</sup> in this new country and they were busy on their own claims<sup>24</sup>. But he needed help to stack the hay.

"Well," Pa said, "maybe you can. We'll try it. If you can, by George<sup>25</sup>! we'll get this haying done all by ourselves!"

Laura could see that the thought was a load off Pa's mind<sup>26</sup> and she hurried to the shanty to tell Ma.

"Why, I guess you can," Ma said doubtfully. She did not like to see women working in the fields. Only foreigners did that. Ma and her girls were Americans, above doing men's work<sup>27</sup>. But Laura's helping with the hay would solve the problem. She decided, "Yes, Laura, you may."

Carrie<sup>28</sup> eagerly offered to help. "I'll carry the drinking water out to you. I'm big enough to carry the jug!" Carrie was almost ten, but small for her age<sup>29</sup>.

"And I'll do your share of the housework, besides mine," Mary<sup>30</sup> offered happily. She was proud that she could wash dishes and make beds as well as Laura, though she was blind.

The sun and hot wind cured the cut grass<sup>31</sup>, so quickly that Pa raked it up<sup>32</sup> next day. He raked it into long windrows<sup>33</sup>, then he raked the windrows into big

haycocks<sup>84</sup>. And early the next morning, while the dawn was still cool and meadow-larks were singing, Laura rode to the field with Pa in the hayrack.

There Pa walked beside the wagon and drove the horses between the rows of haycocks. At every haycock he stopped the horses and pitched the hay up into the hayrack<sup>85</sup>. It came tumbling loosely over the high edge and Laura trampled it down. Up and down and back and forth she trampled the loose hay with all the might of her legs, while the forkfuls kept coming over and falling, and she went on trampling while the wagon jolted on to



the next haycock<sup>36</sup>. Then Pa pitched more hay in from the other side.

Under her feet the hay climbed higher, trampled down as solid as hay can be<sup>37</sup>. Up and down, fast and hard, her legs kept going, the length of the hayrack and back, and across the middle<sup>38</sup>. The sunshine was hotter and the smell of the hay rose up sweet and strong. Under her feet it bounced and over the edges of the hayrack it kept coming.

All the time she was rising higher on the trampled-down hay. Her head rose above the edges of the rack and she could have looked at the prairie, if she could have stopped trampling. Then the rack was full of hay and still more came flying up from Pa's pitchfork<sup>39</sup>.

Laura was very high up now and the slippery hay was sloping downward<sup>40</sup> around her. She went on trampling carefully. Her face and her neck were wet with sweat and sweat trickled down her back<sup>41</sup>. Her sunbonnet hung by its strings and her braids had come undone<sup>42</sup>. Her long brown hair blew loose in the wind.

Then Pa stepped up on the whiffletrees<sup>43</sup>. He rested one foot on David's broad hip and clambered up<sup>44</sup> onto the load of hay.

"You've done a good job, Laura," he said. "You tramped the hay down so well that we've got a big load on the wagon."

Laura rested in the prickly warm hay while Pa drove



near to the stable. Then she slid down and sat in the shade of the wagon. Pa pitched down some hay, then climbed down and spread it evenly to make the big, round bottom of a stack. He climbed onto the load and pitched more hay, then climbed down and leveled it on the stack and trampled it down.

"I could spread it, Pa," Laura said, "so you wouldn't have to keep climbing up and down."

Pa pushed back his hat and leaned for a minute on the pitchfork. "Stacking's a job for two, that's a fact<sup>45</sup>," he said. "This way takes too much time. Being willing helps a lot, but you're not very big, little Half-Pint." She could only get him to say, "Well, we'll see." But when they came back with the next load he gave her a pitchfork and let her try. The long fork was taller than she was and she did not know how to use it, so she handled it clumsily. But while Pa tossed the hay from the wagon she spread it as well as she could, walking around and around on the stack to pack it tightly. In spite of the best she could do, Pa had to level the stack for the next load<sup>46</sup>.

Now the sun and the wind were hotter and Laura's legs quivered while she made them trample the hay. She was glad to rest for the little times between the field and the stack<sup>47</sup>. She was thirsty, then she was thirstier, and then she was so thirsty that she could think of nothing else. It seemed forever till ten o'clock when Carrie came