

【名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版】

世界儿童文学名著精选

——伊迪丝魔幻传奇系列故事



Five Children and It

沙仙活地魔

[英] 伊迪丝·内斯比特 著

徐铭浩 等 编译

清华大学出版社

【答案】D

沙嘴碼頭

Figure 1

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内 容 简 介

《沙仙活地魔》是世界儿童文学名著,《哈利·波特》系列小说的创作灵感就来自于该小说。故事的主人公是五个孩子,他们向往神秘的世界并对其充满好奇。一天,他们在采砾场挖沙子时挖出来一只奇怪的小精灵——它生活在沙子中,能实现人们的愿望,它就是故事的另一主人公——沙仙。当沙仙施展它的魔力时,孩子们体会到了从未有过的神奇经历:拥有了漂亮的令家人认不出的容颜、无数光辉灿烂的古金币、洁白柔软能飞翔的翅膀、巨大强壮的身材等等。但不幸的是,孩子们发现他们有趣且愚蠢的愿望不但没能改善他们的生活,反而给他们带来了无穷无尽的烦恼!最后,沙仙满足了孩子们因为过错而许下的最后一个愿望——让沙仙在他们的生活中消失。

该书自从出版以来,已被翻译成多种语言,成为许多国家青少年的必读书籍。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。

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伊迪丝·内斯比特（Edith Nesbit, 1858—1924），英国著名童话作家、小说家、诗人。

1858年8月15日，伊迪丝出生在英国伦敦，先后在法国、德国和英国接受教育。她的父亲是农业化学家，在她三岁的时候去世了。十七岁的时候，伊迪丝就开始在杂志上发表自己的作品。她二十一岁结婚，由于丈夫生意破产且长期生病，所以经济拮据的伊迪丝一家一直靠她的写作为生。

伊迪丝是一位多产的作家，一生出版过各种文体的作品一百多部，其中包括诗歌、小说和剧本等，而使她名扬世界的是儿童文学作品。她是一位充满想象力的儿童文学作家，一生共出版了四十多部儿童文学作品，其中大部分已经成为世界儿童文学宝库中的经典之作。伊迪丝的儿童文学主要分为两类：一类是小说，代表作有《寻宝六少年》《神奇探宝人》《想做好孩子》和《铁路边的孩子们》等，主要描写现实家庭的冒险故事，这类作品对儿童性格刻画鲜明，对家庭生活描写真切动人；另一类是魔幻故事，代表作有《沙仙活地魔》《魔法古城堡》《凤凰与魔毯》和《护身符传奇》等，这些故事悬念重重、曲折离奇、想象力丰富，给孩子以身临其境、真实可信的感觉。在她的冒险、魔幻故事中，内斯比特以其超凡的想象力将冒险、魔法世界与现实世界结合得浑然一体。

伊迪丝是“世界一流的现代儿童文学作家”，她是英国儿童文学史上第一个黄金时代的巨星。《哈利·波特》系列小说的作者J·K·罗琳说：“伊迪丝·内斯比特的作品，一直是我行文风格的临摹对象，她笔下的童话故事永远是浩瀚无垠且趣味横生的神奇世界！……她是最欣赏的儿童文学作家，我创作《哈利·波特》系列小说的灵感来自于《沙仙活地魔》。”一个世纪以来，她的冒险、魔幻儿童故事一直受到全世界读者的喜爱，至今被译成几十种文字，曾先后多次被改编成电影、电视和卡通片，受到世界



各地读者的喜爱。

在中国，伊迪丝的冒险、魔幻儿童文学故事同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典童话作品。作为世界童话文学宝库中的传世经典之作，它影响了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。目前，在国内数量众多的此类书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是中英文对照版。其中的中英文对照读本比较受读者的欢迎，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，直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。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，我们决定编译伊迪丝系列魔幻传奇系列童话故事，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。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。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT 还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在 TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由徐铭浩编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。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。

啄木鸟教育（www.zmnedu.com）

2014 年 6 月



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第一章 漂亮得认不出来

Chapter 1 Beautiful as the Day



孩子们要去的地方坐落在一个白垩矿场和采砾场之间，是一幢带有果园的白房子，他们就是在附近的采砾场发现小精灵的。

那天，爸爸妈妈都出门去了，西里尔建议他们去采砾场挖沙子玩，于是每个孩子都带上了自己的小铲子，轮流抱着“小羊羔”出发了——小羊羔是家里最小的宝宝，他最先学会的一句话就是“咩”。

采砾场边缘长满了许多草和干细的野花，很快孩子们就堆起了一座小城堡。当这支小分队商量着回家喝柠檬汁时，安西娅突然对着洞口尖叫起来：

“西里尔，里面有个东西在说话！”

安西娅拦住了西里尔和罗伯特的铲子，跪下来小心地挖着，最后尖叫道：

“我摸到了它的毛！真的！”

接着不可思议的事情发生了，一个棕色的毛绒绒的胖东西滚了出来。它一边打着哈欠，一边揉眼睛说：“我一定是睡着了。”

孩子们面面相觑，盯着这只长得像蝙蝠的小东西。简好奇地问：“这到底是什么东西呀？”

那个东西摆出了一副嗤之以鼻的神情：“难道你们都不认识沙仙吗？要知道，我都活了几千几万年了。”

简急切地问：“哦，告诉我们关于你的一切吧！还有几千年前的事情！”

沙仙懒洋洋地说：“那时候有很多像我这样的沙仙，人们会在早饭前去海边找我们，让我们帮他们实现一个愿望。通常他们会许愿要一只大地懒，或者一只鱼龙——切好块儿能下锅的那种，它们有二十到四十英尺那么长呢，味道鲜美极了。”

“那一定会剩下好多肉呀。”安西娅羡慕地说，她的理想就是当家庭主妇。

“才不会呢，因为一到日落，剩下的东西就会变成石头。听说现在好多地方还能发现大地懒和其他东西变成石头的骨头呢。”

“那么你现在还能实现愿望吗？”孩子们问。

“当然，快点儿许吧！”

可是大家的脑子一时间什么都想不出来，这时安西娅勉强记起了她和简的一个秘密愿望。她急匆匆地说：“我希望我们都能漂亮得让人认不出。”

沙仙伸出长长的眼睛，像一只球般鼓了起来，几乎把整个洞都填满了。突然之间，它变回了原来大小，重重地喘着气说：“我太久疏于练习了，所以只能满足你们每天一个愿望。现在可以了，再见吧！”

它猛地将手脚一伸，消失在了沙子中。孩子们互相打量着对方，突然发现自己身处三个异常漂亮的陌生人之间。

他们静静地站了一会儿，猜测自己的兄弟姐妹说不定刚才已经走了，其他不认识的孩子挤了进来。

安西娅最先开口，非常礼貌地对简——她现在长着大大的蓝眼睛和一头黄褐色的秀发——说道：“请问你在附近见到两个小男孩和一个小女孩吗？”

“我正想要问你呢。”简说。

西里尔突然大叫道：“天哪，这不就是你么？我认识你围裙上的那个洞，我们的愿望竟然实现了！”

他们抱起睡在一旁的“小羊羔”，兴冲冲地打算回家吃饭，可是没料到的是，女佣玛莎一见到他们就扬起眉毛说：

“你们是哪里的孩子？不要到陌生人家里胡闹！”接着她猛地关上大门，给了他们一个闭门羹。

几个孩子悻悻地走在小路上，安西娅突然哭了起来：“没准儿等到太阳落山以后，我们都会变成石头，就跟那些大地懒一样！”

简也哭了起来，男孩子们的脸都没有了血色。谁也没心情继续走了，他们在篱笆下坐成一排，静静地等待着黄昏，陷入了一阵长久而痛苦的沉默中。最后，又困又饿又累的孩子们排成一溜儿睡着了。

又是安西娅最先醒来，此时暮色正浓，她狠狠地掐了自己一把，发现并没有变成石头，高兴地几乎流下泪来：

“快醒醒呀，我们都没事！哦，西里尔，你看起来多丑多顺眼啊，大家都变回原样啦。”

他们回到家时，玛莎狠狠地责骂了他们一顿，问他们去哪儿玩了。

“我们被那些漂亮的孩子困在了小路上，”安西娅回答说，“直到他们走了才能回来。”

The house was three miles from the station, but, before the dusty hired hack had rattled along for five minutes, the children began to put their heads out of the carriage window and say, “Aren’t we nearly there?” And every time they passed a house, which was not very often, they all said, “Oh, *is* this it?” But it never was, till they reached the very top of the hill, just past the chalk-quarry and before you come to the gravel-pit. And then there was a white house with a green garden and an orchard beyond, and mother said, “Here we are!”

“How white the house is,” said Robert.

“And look at the roses,” said Anthea.

“And the plums,” said Jane.

“It is rather decent,” Cyril admitted.

The Baby said, “Wanty go walky;” and the hack stopped with a last rattle and jolt.

Everyone got its legs kicked or its feet trodden on in the scramble to get out of the carriage that very minute, but no one seemed to mind. Mother, curiously enough, was in no hurry to get out; and even when she had come down slowly and by the step, and with no jump at all, she seemed to wish to see the boxes carried in, and even to pay the driver, instead of joining in that first glorious rush round the garden and orchard and the thorny, thistly, briery,



孩子们冲向花园

brambly wilderness beyond the broken gate and the dry fountain at the side of the house. But the children were wiser, for once. It was not really a pretty house at all; it was quite ordinary, and mother thought it was rather inconvenient, and was quite annoyed at there being no shelves, to speak of, and hardly a cupboard in the place. Father used to say that the iron-work on the roof and coping was like an architect's nightmare. But the house was deep in the country, with no other house in sight, and the children had been in London for two years, without so much as once going to the seaside even for a day by an excursion train, and so the White House seemed to them a sort of Fairy Palace set down in an Earthly Paradise. For London is like prison for children, especially if their relations are not rich.

Of course there are the shops and theatres, and entertainments and things, but if your people are rather poor you don't get taken to the theatres, and you can't buy things out of the shops; and London has none of those nice things that children may play with without hurting the things or themselves—such as trees and sand and woods and waters. And nearly everything in London is the wrong sort of shape—all straight lines and flat streets, instead of being all sorts of odd shapes, like things are in the country. Trees are all different, as you know, and I am sure some tiresome person must have told you that there are no two blades of grass exactly alike. But in streets, where the blades of grass don't grow, everything is like everything else. This is why many children who live in the towns are so extremely naughty. They do not know what is the matter with them, and no more do their fathers and mothers, aunts, uncles, cousins, tutors, governesses, and nurses; but I know. And so do you, now. Children in the country are naughty sometimes, too, but that is for quite different reasons.

The children had explored the gardens and the outhouses thoroughly before they were caught and cleaned for tea, and they saw quite well that they were certain to be happy at the White House. They thought so from the first moment, but when they found the back of the house covered with jasmine, all in white flower, and smelling like a bottle of the most expensive perfume that is ever given for a birthday present; and when they had seen the lawn, all green



西里尔的手被夹了一下

and smooth, and quite different from the brown grass in the gardens at Camden Town; and when they found the stable with a loft over it and some old hay still left, they were almost certain; and when Robert had found the broken swing and tumbled out of it and got a bump on his head the size of an egg, and Cyril had nipped his finger in the door of a hutch that seemed made to keep rabbits in, if you ever had any, they had no longer any doubts whatever.

The best part of it all was that there were no rules about not going to places and not doing things. In London almost everything is labelled "You mustn't touch," and though the label is invisible it's just as bad, because you know it's there, or if you don't you very soon get told.

The White House was on the edge of a hill, with a wood behind it—and the chalk-quarry on one side and the gravel-pit on the other. Down at the bottom of the hill was a level plain, with queer-shaped white buildings where people burnt lime, and a big red brewery and other houses; and when the big chimneys were smoking and the sun was setting, the valley looked as if it was filled with golden mist, and the limekilns and hop-drying houses glimmered and glittered till they were like an enchanted city out of the *Arabian Nights*.

Now that I have begun to tell you about the place, I feel that I could go on and make this into a most interesting story about all the ordinary things that the children did,—just the kind of things you do yourself, you know, and you would believe every word of it; and when I told about the children's being tiresome, as you are sometimes, your aunts would perhaps write in the margin of the story with a pencil, "How true!" or "How like life!" and you would see it and would very likely be annoyed. So I will only tell you the really astonishing things that happened, and you may leave the book about quite safely, for no aunts and uncles either are likely to write "How true!" on the edge of the story. Grown-up people find it very difficult to believe really wonderful things, unless they have what they call proof. But children will believe almost anything, and grown-ups know this. That is why they tell you that the earth is round like an orange, when you can see perfectly well that it is flat and lumpy; and why they say that the earth goes round the sun, when you can see for yourself any day

that the sun gets up in the morning and goes to bed at night like a good sun as it is, and the earth knows its place, and lies as still as a mouse. Yet I daresay you believe all that about the earth and the sun, and if so you will find it quite easy to believe that before Anthea and Cyril and the others had been a week in the country they had found a fairy. At least they called it that, because that was what it called itself; and of course it knew best, but it was not at all like any fairy you ever saw or heard of or read about.

It was at the gravel-pits. Father had to go away suddenly on business, and mother had gone away to stay with Granny, who was not very well. They both went in a great hurry, and when they were gone the house seemed dreadfully quiet and empty, and the children wandered from one room to another and looked at the bits of paper and string on the floors left over from the packing, and not yet cleared up, and wished they had something to do. It was Cyril who said—

“I say, let’s take our spades and dig in the gravel-pits. We can pretend it’s seaside.”

“Father says it was once,” Anthea said; “he says there are shells there thousands of years old.”

So they went. Of course they had been to the edge of the gravel-pit and looked over, but they had not gone down into it for fear father should say they mustn’t play there, and it was the same with the chalk-quarry. The gravel-pit is not really dangerous if you don’t try to climb down the edges, but go the slow safe way round by the road, as if you were a cart.

Each of the children carried its own spade, and took it in turns to carry the Lamb. He was the baby, and they called him that because “Baa” was the first thing he ever said. They called Anthea “Panther,” which seems silly when you read it, but when you say it it sounds a little like her name.

The gravel-pit is very large and wide, with grass growing round the edges at the top, and dry stringy wildflowers, purple and yellow. It is like a giant’s washbowl. And there are mounds of gravel, and holes in the sides of the bowl where gravel has been taken out, and high up in the steep sides there are the

little holes that are the little front doors of the little bank-martins' little houses.

The children built a castle, of course, but castle-building is rather poor fun when you have no hope of the swishing tide ever coming in to fill up the moat and wash away the drawbridge, and, at the happy last, to wet everybody up to the waist at least.

Cyril wanted to dig out a cave to play smugglers in, but the others thought it might bury them alive, so it ended in all spades going to work to dig a hole through the castle to Australia. These children, you see, believed that the world was round, and that on the other side the little Australian boys and girls were really walking wrong way up, like flies on the ceiling, with their heads hanging down into the air.

The children dug and they dug and they dug, and their hands got sandy and hot and red, and their faces got damp and shiny. The Lamb had tried to eat the sand, and had cried so hard when he found that it was not, as he had supposed, brown sugar, that he was now tired out, and was lying asleep in a warm fat bunch in the middle of the half-finished castle. This left his brothers and sisters free to work really hard, and the hole that was to come out in Australia soon grew so deep that Jane, who was called Pussy for short, begged the others to stop.

"Suppose the bottom of the hole gave way suddenly," said she, "and you tumbled out among the little Australians, all the sand would get in their eyes."

"Yes," said Robert; "and they would hate us, and throw stones at us, and not let us see the kangaroos, or opossums, or bluegums, or Emu Brand birds, or anything."

Cyril and Anthea knew that Australia was not quite so near as all that, but they agreed to stop using the spades and to go on with their hands. This was quite easy, because the sand at the bottom of the hole was very soft and fine and dry, like sea-sand. And there were little shells in it.

"Fancy it having been wet sea here once, all sloppy and shiny," said Jane, "with fishes and conger-eels and coral and mermaids."

"And masts of ships and wrecked Spanish treasure. I wish we could find a

gold doubloon, or something,” Cyril said.

“How did the sea get carried away?” Robert asked.

“Not in a pail, silly,” said his brother.

“Father says the earth got too hot underneath, as you do in bed sometimes, so it just hunched up its shoulders, and the sea had to slip off, like the blankets do us, and the shoulder was left sticking out, and turned into dry land. Let’s go and look for shells; I think that little cave looks likely, and I see something sticking out there like a bit of wrecked ship’s anchor, and it’s beastly hot in the Australian hole.”

The others agreed, but Anthea went on digging. She always liked to finish a thing when she had once begun it. She felt it would be a disgrace to leave that hole without getting through to Australia.

The cave was disappointing, because there were no shells, and the wrecked ship’s anchor turned out to be only the broken end of a pick-axe handle, and the cave party were just making up their minds that sand makes you thirstier when it is not by the seaside, and someone had suggested that they all go home for lemonade, when Anthea suddenly screamed—

“Cyril! Come here! Oh, come quick—It’s alive! It’ll get away! Quick!”

They all hurried back.

“It’s a rat, I shouldn’t wonder,” said Robert. “Father says they infest old places—and this must be pretty old if the sea was here thousands of years ago”—

“Perhaps it is a snake,” said Jane, shuddering.

“Let’s look,” said Cyril, jumping into the hole. “I’m not afraid of snakes. I like them. If it is a snake I’ll tame it, and it will follow me everywhere, and I’ll let it sleep round my neck at night.”

“No, you won’t,” said Robert firmly. He shared Cyril’s bedroom. “But you may if it’s a rat.”

“Oh, don’t be silly!” said Anthea; “it’s not a rat, it’s *much* bigger. And it’s not a snake. It’s got feet; I saw them; and fur! No—not the spade. You’ll hurt it! Dig with your hands.”