

【 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



*The Wouldbegoods*

# 想做好孩子

[英] 伊迪丝·内斯比特 著  
王勋 等 编译

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北京

## 内 容 简 介

《想做好孩子》是世界儿童文学名著。巴斯塔布尔家的六个孩子和他们的朋友丹尼与黛西一起在乡下度假，他们成立了“好孩子协会”来促进大家做好事。他们有着一颗善良的心，但是却因为各种稀奇古怪的原因弄巧成拙，做出了很多啼笑皆非的事情。不过孩子们互相团结，诚实有爱，他们的身影出现在探险的路上，出现在蜿蜒的河中，出现在茂密繁盛的森林里，出现在最不可思议的地方。他们努力改掉了身上的各种小毛病，成了名副其实的好孩子。

该书自从出版以来，已被翻译成多种语言，成为世界各地、特别是欧美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。英国女作家伊迪丝·内斯比特用她充满诙谐与魔力的语言带我们进入了孩子们的世界，就让我们跟随着他们的脚步一起去冒险吧。

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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，一直是我行文风格临摹的对象，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中的一种，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王勋编写。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、

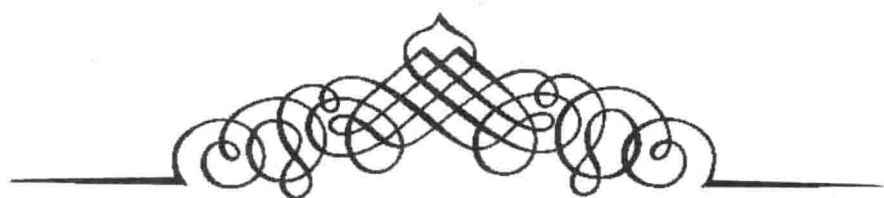


# 前言

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](http://www.zmnedu.com)）

2014 年 5 月



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# 第一章 丛林

## Chapter 1 The Jungle



小孩子就像是果酱，这句话说得没错，如果孩子们听话得体，那么他们是颇受欢迎的，但是如果小东西们上天入地，那就像四处喷洒的粘腻的果酱一般，令人焦头烂额。巴斯塔布尔家的六个孩子们对这句话颇为赞同，不过他们觉得有时候小孩子并不是真的以做错事为乐，他们只是有时候不小心玩过火罢了。奥斯瓦德、多拉、迪吉、爱丽丝、诺埃尔、霍·奥共同构成了一支淘气小分队，他们住在一幢美丽的大宅子里，这里既古典又现代，就像牛奶与咖啡一样和谐地融合在一起。圣诞节假期到了，这里即将成为孩子们狂欢的大本营。不要以为这六个小家伙是养尊处优的贵族，其实他们大部分时间都过着贫穷而诚实的生活，但是有了快乐这味调味剂一切都很幸福。爸爸告诉他们这个圣诞节会有两个叫做丹尼和黛西的小孩子来寄居，当孩子们兴高采烈地到火车站去欢迎他们的新朋友时，他们看到的是两双怯生生的眼睛，就像是怕人的小白鼠一样。巴斯塔布尔家的孩子们的假期往往伴随着冒险与刺激，但是丹尼和黛西却好像塑料做成的一般文文静静，他们小心拘谨，不多说什么话，他们什么都怕，怕弄脏新衣服，怕遇上野兽，怕不小心碰伤。奥斯瓦德忍不住了，他可不愿意让两只小白兔毁掉大家期盼已久的圣诞假期。作为孩子们中的大哥，

他提议玩《丛林故事》<sup>1</sup>的扮演游戏。孩子们热火朝天地忙碌着，他们把石灰粉抹在狗狗的身上，这样它看起来就像书中描写的那只灰狗一样了，他们还用旧报纸折成纸鹤，再用红墨水染红了它们的尾巴。爱丽丝化装成一个长着犄角的野牛，孩子们还拿出了老虎皮枕头，他们悄悄地将屋子中保存的狐狸、鸭嘴兽、水獭、鸟的标本摆了出来。为了营造一条瀑布，他们又把水龙头接到高处，这样“动物们”就可以在清凉的水中悠闲自在地生活了。哦，对了，为了让这个游戏更加热闹，孩子们把笼子中养的兔子都放了出来。迪吉和诺埃尔钻进了老虎皮中嬉戏，就在这时一直躲在客厅中看书的黛西看到了这一幕，可怜的小女孩以为这是真的老虎，她一下子晕了过去。爸爸看到一片狼藉的场面，真是又好气又好笑。孩子们倒是有些羞愧了，他们决定做一个好孩子，不过做好孩子这件事要慢慢来，看看他们未来的表现吧。

“Children are like jam: all very well in the proper place, but you can't stand them all over the shop—eh, what?”

These were the dreadful words of our Indian uncle. They made us feel very young and angry; and yet we could not be comforted by calling him names to ourselves, as you do when nasty grown-ups say nasty things, because he is not nasty, but quite the exact opposite when not irritated. And we could not think it ungentlemanly of him to say we were like jam, because, as Alice says, jam is very nice indeed—only not on furniture and improper places like that. My father said, “Perhaps they had better go to boarding-school.” And that was awful, because we know father disapproves of boarding-schools. And he looked at us and said, “I am ashamed of them, sir!”

Your lot is indeed a dark and terrible one when your father is ashamed of you. And we all knew this, so that we felt in our chests just as if we had swallowed a hard-boiled egg whole. At least, this is what Oswald felt, and

1 The Jungle Book 《丛林故事》：英国作家吉卜林创作的儿童小说

father said once that Oswald, as the eldest, was the representative of the family, so, of course, the others felt the same.

And then everybody said nothing for a short time. At last father said:

“You may go—but remember—” The words that followed I am not going to tell you. It is no use telling you what you know before—as they do in schools. And you must all have had such words said to you many times. We went away when it was over. The girls cried, and we boys got out books and began to read, so that nobody should think we cared. But we felt it deeply in our interior hearts, especially Oswald, who is the eldest and the representative of the family.

We felt it all the more because we had not really meant to do anything wrong. We only thought perhaps the grown-ups would not be quite pleased if they knew, and that is quite different. Besides, we meant to put all the things back in their proper places when we had done with them before any one found out about it. But I must not anticipate (that means telling the end of a story before the beginning. I tell you this because it is so sickening to have words you don’t know in a story, and to be told to look it up in the dicker).

We are the Bastables—Oswald, Dora, Dicky, Alice, Noël, and H. O. If you want to know why we call our youngest brother H. O. you can jolly well read *The Treasure Seekers* and find out. We were the Treasure Seekers, and we sought it high and low, and quite regularly, because we particularly wanted to find it. And at last we did not find it, but we were found by a good, kind Indian uncle, who helped father with his business, so that father was able to take us all to live in a jolly big red house on Blackheath, instead of in the Lewisham Road, where we lived when we were only poor but honest Treasure Seekers. When we were poor but honest we always used to think that if only father had plenty of business, and we did not have to go short of pocket-money and wear shabby clothes (I don’t mind this myself, but the girls do), we should be quite happy and very, very good.

And when we were taken to the beautiful big Blackheath house we thought now all would be well, because it was a house with vineries and

pineries, and gas and water, and shrubberies and stabling, and replete with every modern convenience, like it says in Dyer & Hilton's list of Eligible House Property. I read all about it, and I have copied the words quite right.

It is a beautiful house, all the furniture solid and strong, no casters off the chairs, and the tables not scratched, and the silver not dented; and lots of servants, and the most decent meals every day—and lots of pocket-money.

But it is wonderful how soon you get used to things, even the things you want most. Our watches, for instance. We wanted them frightfully; but when I had had mine a week or two, after the mainspring got broken and was repaired at Bennett's in the village, I hardly cared to look at the works at all, and it did not make me feel happy in my heart any more, though, of course, I should have been very unhappy if it had been taken away from me. And the same with new clothes and nice dinners and having enough of everything. You soon get used to it all, and it does not make you extra happy, although, if you had it all taken away, you would be very dejected. (That is a good word, and one I have never used before.) You get used to everything, as I said, and then you want something more. Father says this is what people mean by the deceitfulness of riches; but Albert's uncle says it is the spirit of progress, and Mrs. Leslie said some people called it "divine discontent." Oswald asked them all what they thought, one Sunday at dinner. Uncle said it was rot, and what we wanted was bread and water and a licking; but he meant it for a joke. This was in the Easter holidays.

We went to live at Morden House at Christmas. After the holidays the girls went to the Blackheath High School, and we boys went to the Prop. (that means the Proprietary School). And we had to swot rather during term; but about Easter we knew the deceitfulness of riches in the vac., when there was nothing much on, like pantomimes and things. Then there was the summer term, and we swotted more than ever; and it was boiling hot, and masters' tempers got short and sharp, and the girls used to wish the exams, came in cold weather. I can't think why they don't. But I suppose schools don't think of sensible things like that. They teach botany at girls' schools.

Then the midsummer holidays came, and we breathed again—but only for a few days. We began to feel as if we had forgotten something, and did not know what it was. We wanted something to happen—only we didn't exactly know what. So we were very pleased when father said:

"I've asked Mr. Foulkes to send his children here for a week or two. You know—the kids who came at Christmas. You must be jolly to them, and see that they have a good time, don't you know."

We remembered them right enough—they were little pinky, frightened things, like white mice, with very bright eyes. They had not been to our house since Christmas, because Denis, the boy, had been ill, and they had been with an aunt at Ramsgate.

Alice and Dora would have liked to get the bedrooms ready for the honored guests, but a really good housemaid is sometimes more ready to say "don't" than even a general. So the girls had to chuck it. Jane only let them put flowers in the pots on the visitors' mantel-pieces, and then they had to ask the gardener which kind they might pick, because nothing worth gathering happened to be growing in our own gardens just then.

Their train got in at 12.27. We all went to meet them. Afterwards I thought that was a mistake, because their aunt was with them, and she wore black with beady things and a tight bonnet, and she said, when we took our hats off, "Who are you?" quite crossly.

We said, "We are the Bastables; we've come to meet Daisy and Denny."

The aunt is a very rude lady, and it made us sorry for Daisy and Denny when she said to them:

"Are these the children? Do you remember them?"

We weren't very tidy, perhaps, because we'd been playing brigands in the shrubbery; and we knew we should have to wash for dinner as soon as we got back, anyhow. But still—

Denny said he thought he remembered us. But Daisy said, "Of course they are," and then looked as if she was going to cry.

So then the aunt called a cab, and told the man where to drive, and put

Daisy and Denny in, and then she said:

“You two little girls may go too, if you like, but you little boys must walk.”

So the cab went off, and we were left. The aunt turned to us to say a few last words. We knew it would have been about brushing your hair and wearing gloves, so Oswald said, “Good-bye,” and turned haughtily away, before she could begin, and so did the others. No one but that kind of black, beady, tight lady would say “little boys.” She is like Miss Murdstone in *David Copperfield*. I should like to tell her so; but she would not understand. I don’t suppose she has ever read anything but *Markham’s History* and *Mangnall’s Questions*—improving books like that.

When we got home we found all four of those who had ridden in the cab sitting in our sitting-room—we don’t call it nursery now—looking very thoroughly washed, and our girls were asking polite questions and the others were saying “Yes” and “No” and “I don’t know.” We boys did not say anything. We stood at the window and looked out till the gong went for our dinner. We felt it was going to be awful—and it was. The new-comers would never have done for knight-errants, or to carry the cardinal’s sealed message through the heart of France on a horse; they would never have thought of anything to say to throw the enemy off the scent when they got into a tight place.

They said, “Yes, please,” and “No, thank you”; and they ate very neatly, and always wiped their mouths before they drank, as well as after, and never spoke with them full.

And after dinner it got worse and worse.

We got out all our books, and they said, “Thank you,” and didn’t look at them properly. And we got out all our toys, and they said, “Thank you, it’s very nice,” to everything. And it got less and less pleasant, and towards tea-time it came to nobody saying anything except Noël and H. O.—and they talked to each other about cricket.

After tea father came in, and he played “Letters” with them and the girls, and it was a little better; but while late dinner was going on—I shall never



forget it. Oswald felt like the hero of a book—"almost at the end of his resources." I don't think I was ever glad of bedtime before, but that time I was.

When they had gone to bed (Daisy had to have all her strings and buttons undone for her, Dora told me, though she is nearly ten, and Denny said he couldn't sleep without the gas being left a little bit on) we held a council in the girls' room. We all sat on the bed—it is a mahogany four-poster with green curtains very good for tents, only the housekeeper doesn't allow it, and Oswald said:

"This is jolly nice, isn't it?"

"They'll be better to-morrow," Alice said; "they're only shy."

Dicky said shy was all very well, but you needn't behave like a perfect idiot.

"They're frightened. You see, we're all strange to them," Dora said.

"We're not wild beasts or Indians; we sha'n't eat them. What have they got to be frightened of?" Dicky said this.

Noël told us he thought they were an enchanted prince and princess who'd been turned into white rabbits, and their bodies had got changed back, but not their insides.

But Oswald told him to dry up.

"It's no use making things up about them," he said. "The thing is: what are we going to *do*? We can't have our holidays spoiled by these snivelling kids."

"No," Alice said, "but they can't possibly go on snivelling forever. Perhaps they've got into the habit of it with that Murdstone aunt. She's enough to make any one snivel."

"All the same," said Oswald, "we jolly well aren't going to have another day like to-day. We must do something to rouse them from their snivelling leth—what's its name?—something sudden and—what is it?—decisive."

"A booby trap," said H. O., "the first thing when they get up, and an apple-pie bed at night."

But Dora would not hear of it, and I own she was right.

"Suppose," she said, "we could get up a good play—like we did when we