

HORTON HEARS A WHO!

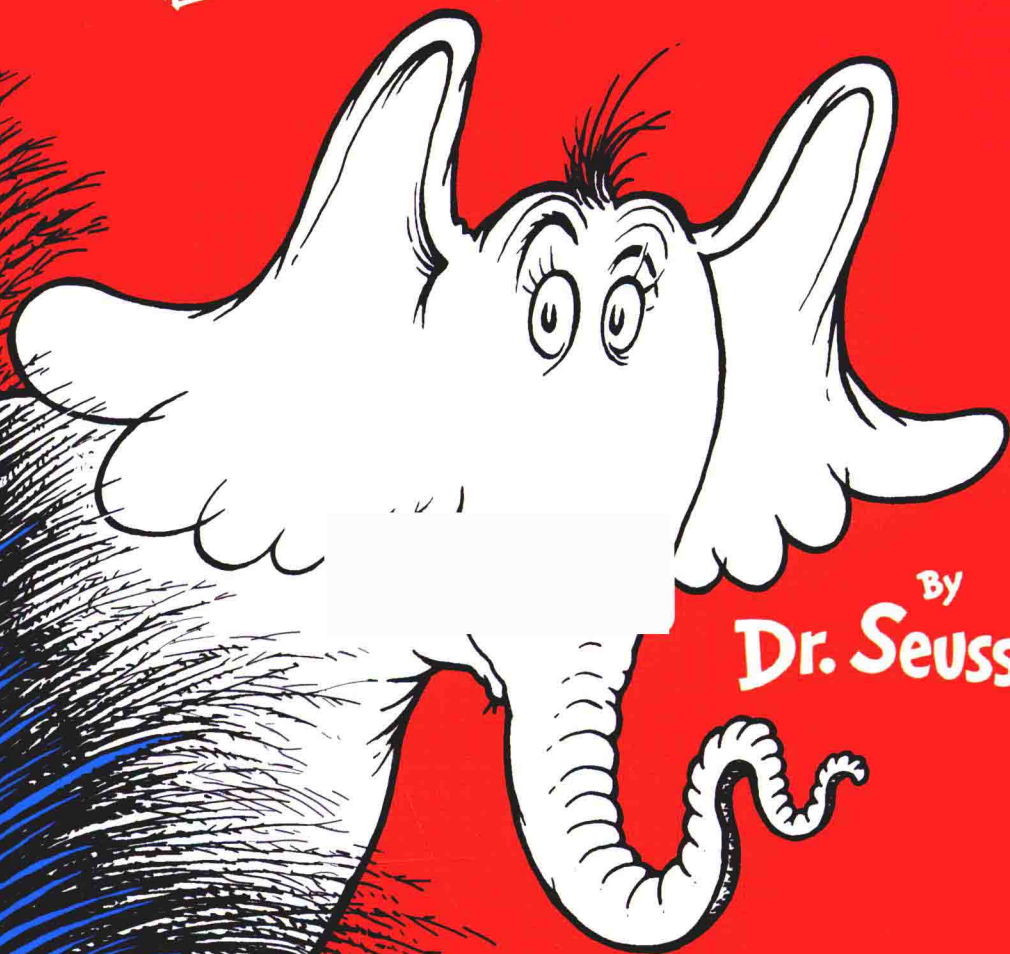
Dr. Seuss Classics
第3级

苏斯博士双语经典



[美] 苏斯博士 图 / 文
苗卉 译

霍顿听见了呼呼的声音



By
Dr. Seuss

中国出版集团
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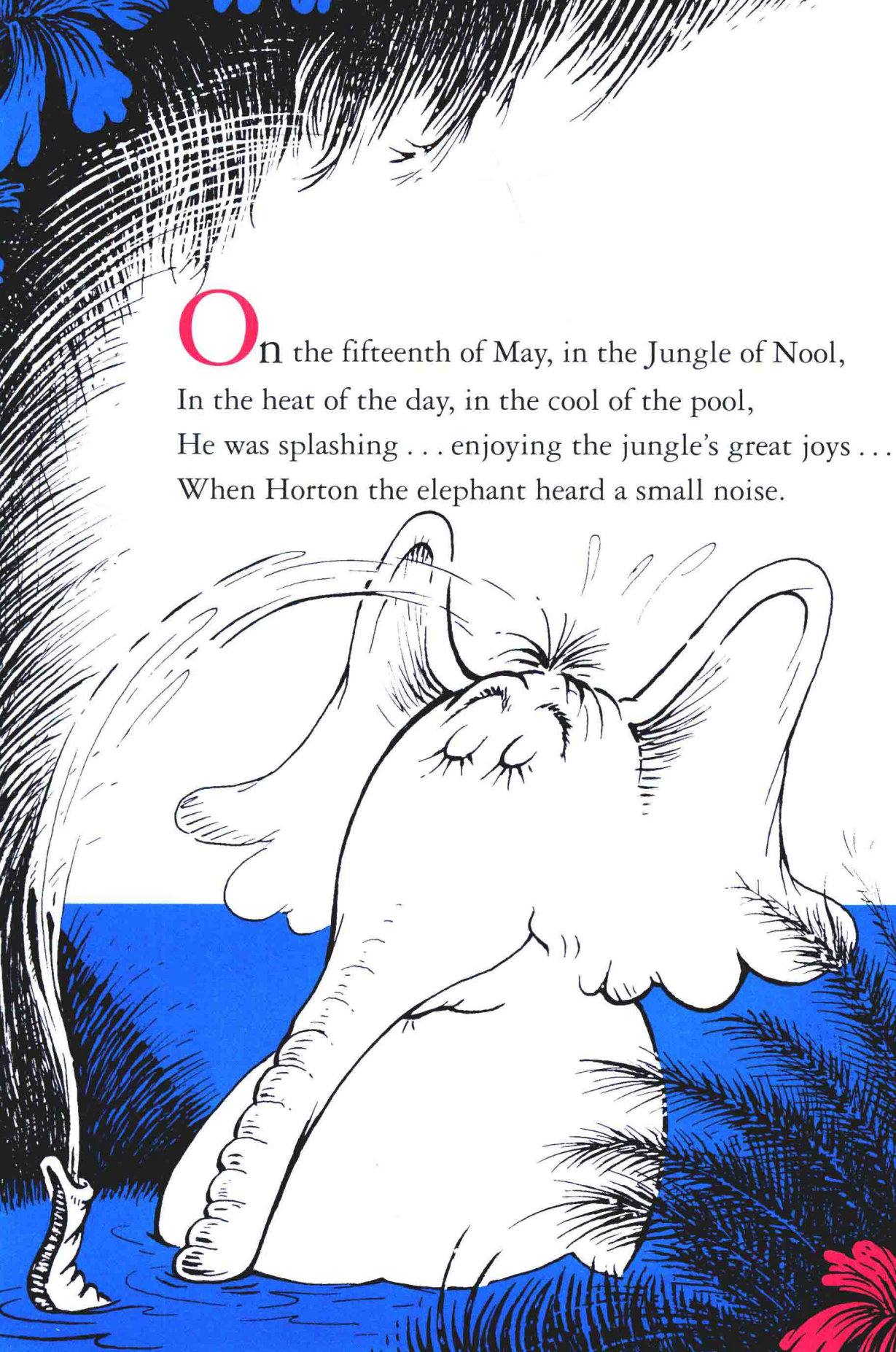
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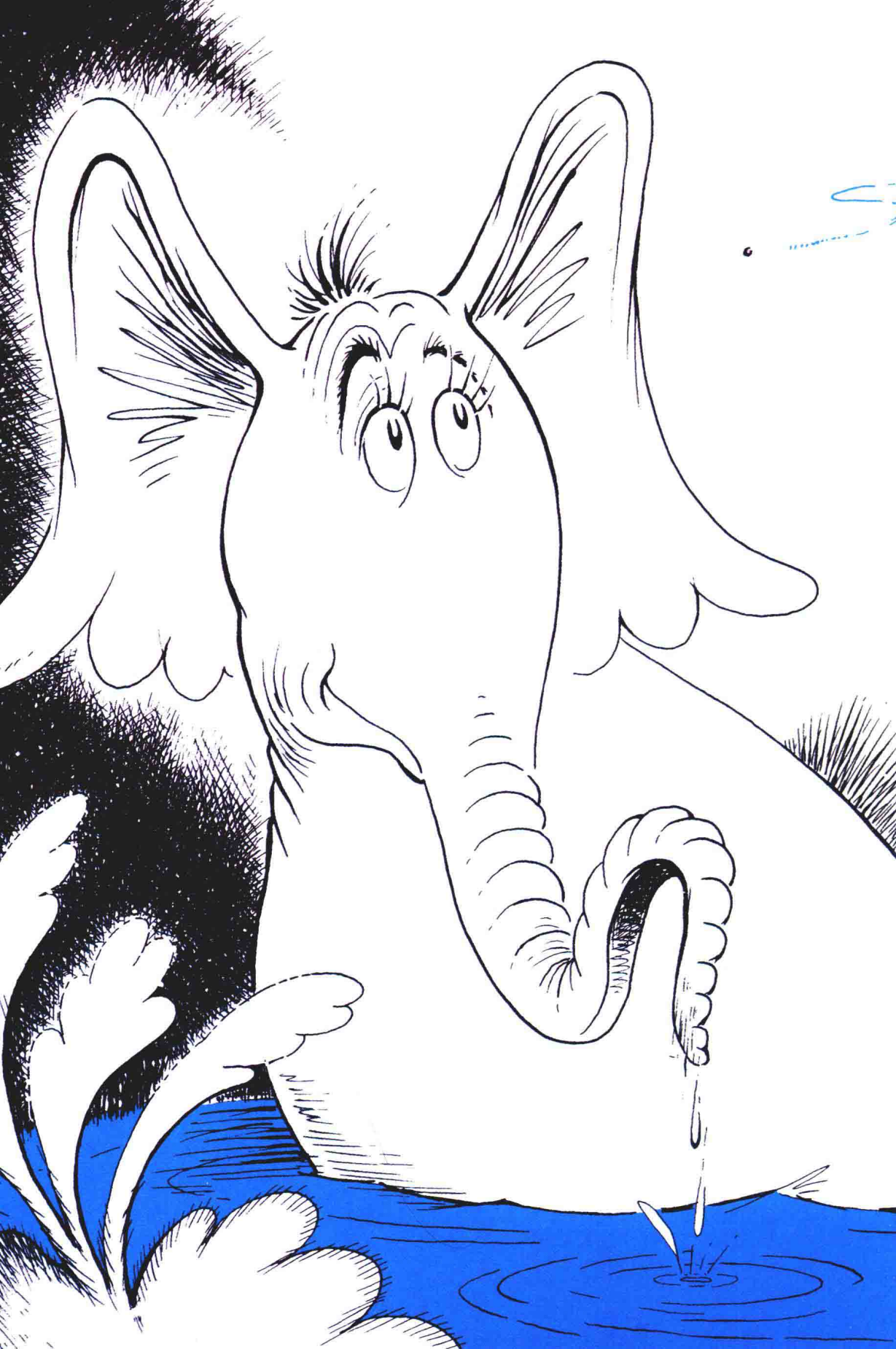
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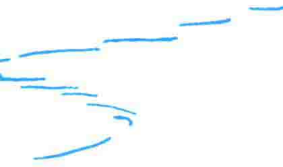


For My Great Friend,
Mitsugi Nakamura
of Kyoto,
Japan.

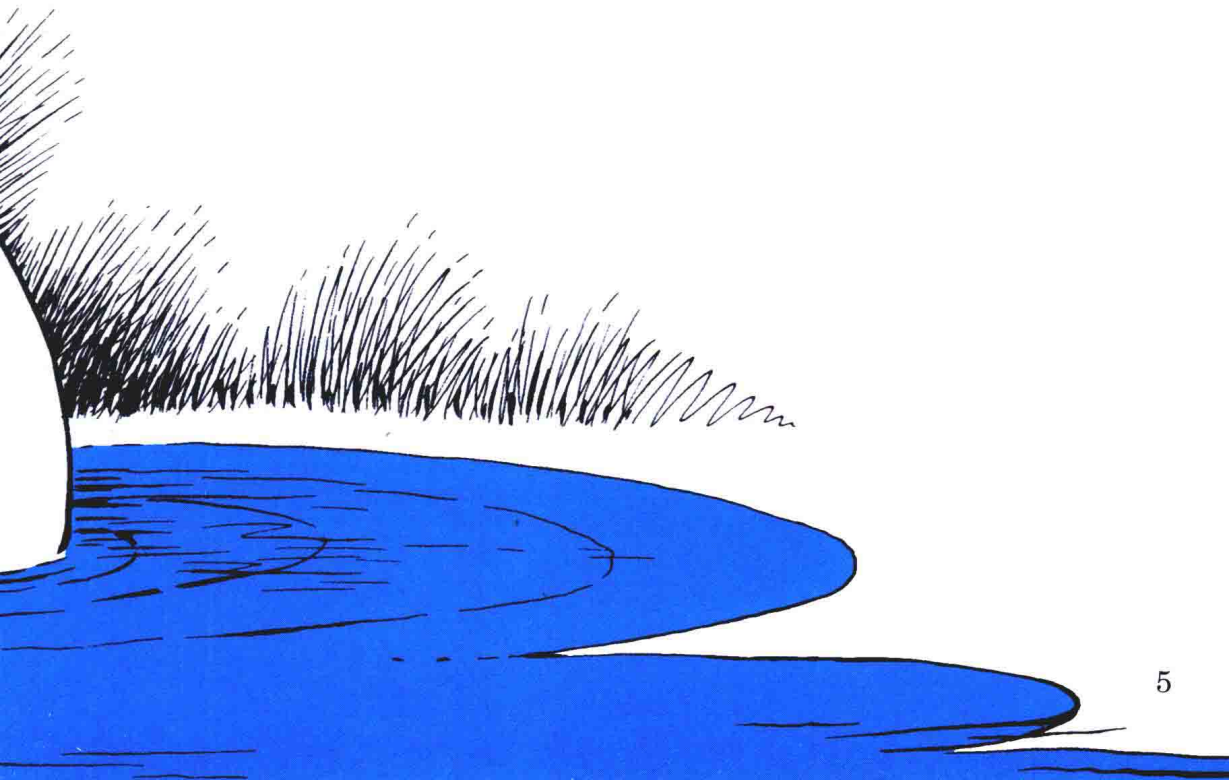


On the fifteenth of May, in the Jungle of Nool,
In the heat of the day, in the cool of the pool,
He was splashing . . . enjoying the jungle's great joys . . .
When Horton the elephant heard a small noise.

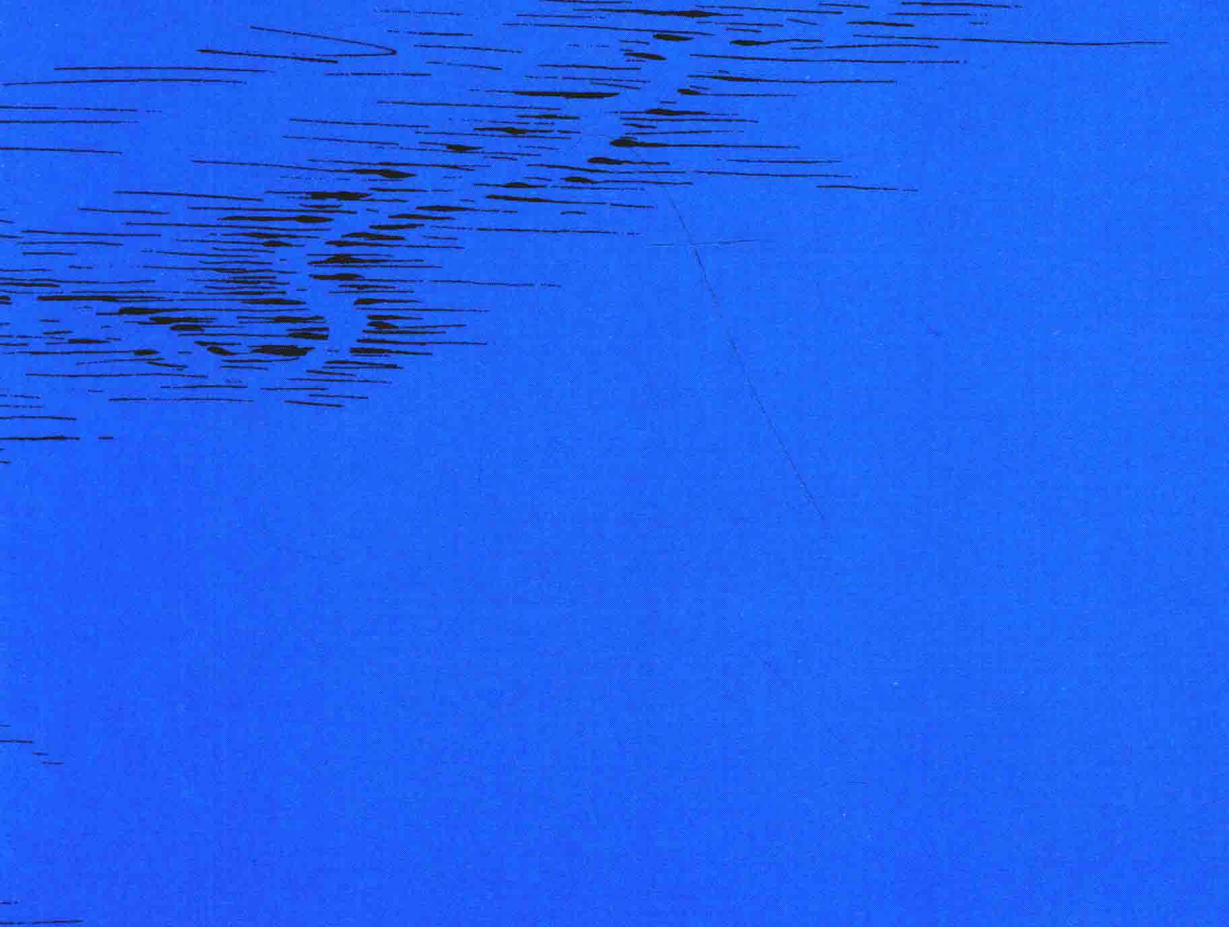




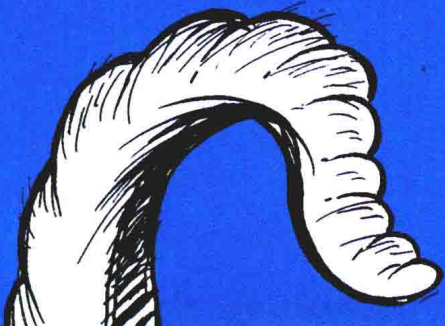
So Horton stopped splashing. He looked toward the sound.
“That’s funny,” thought Horton. “There’s no one around.”
Then he heard it again! Just a very faint yelp
As if some tiny person were calling for help.
“I’ll help you,” said Horton. “But *who* are you? *Where?*”
He looked and he looked. He could see nothing there
But a small speck of dust blowing past through the air.

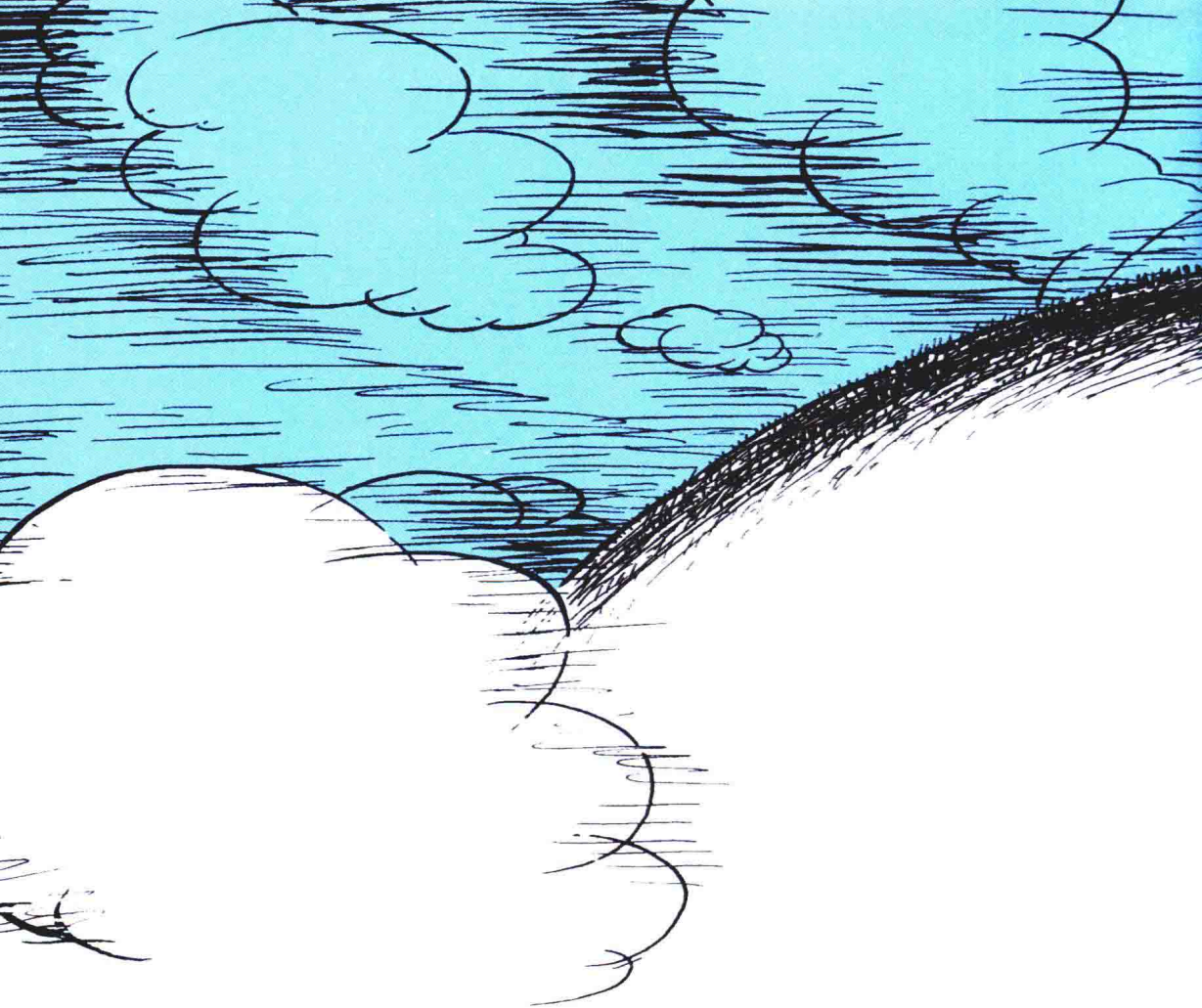




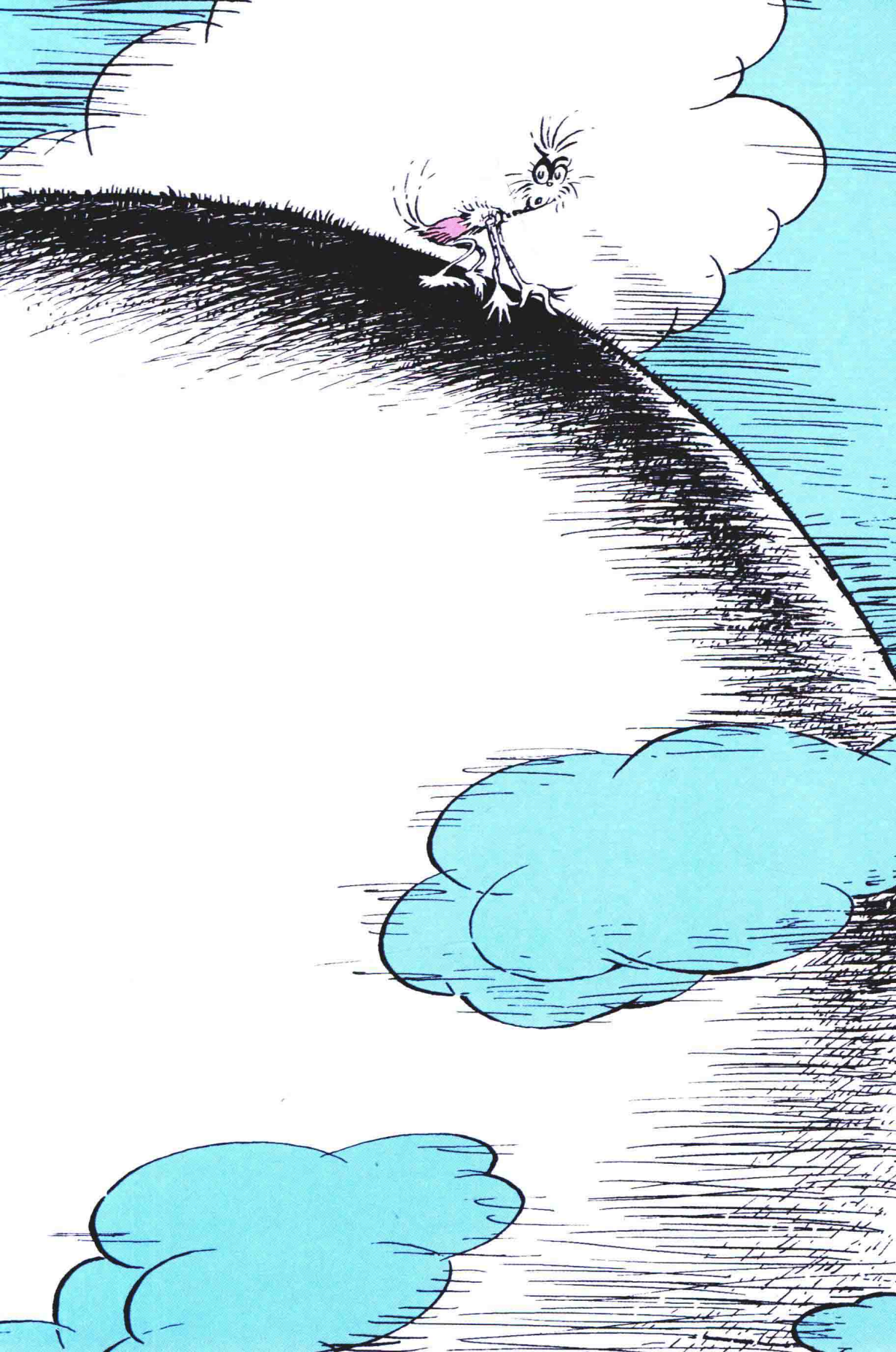


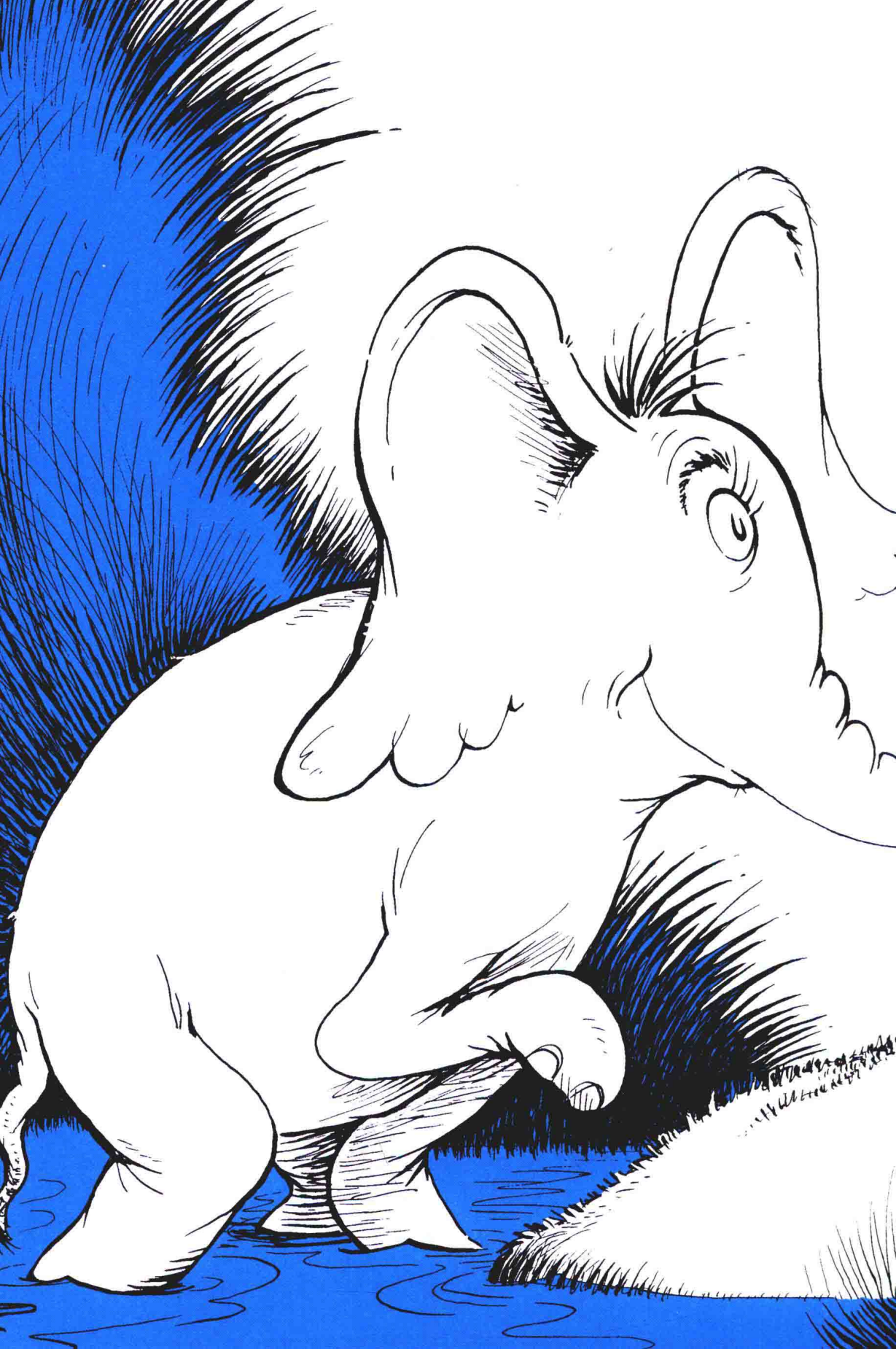
“I say!” murmured Horton. “I’ve never heard tell
Of a small speck of dust that is able to yell.
So you know what I think? . . . Why, I think that there must
Be someone on top of that small speck of dust!
Some sort of a creature of *very* small size,
Too small to be seen by an elephant’s eyes . . .



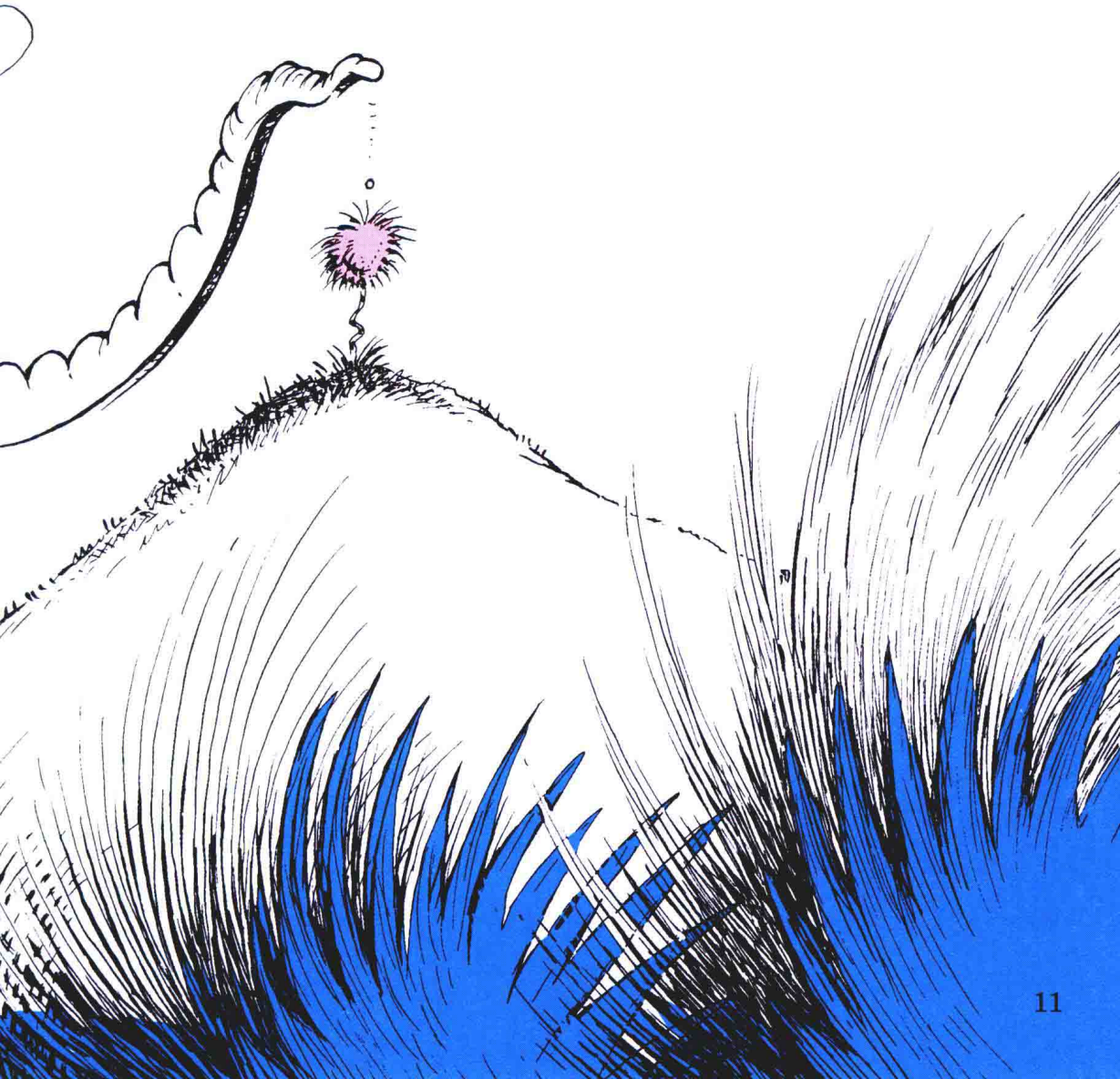


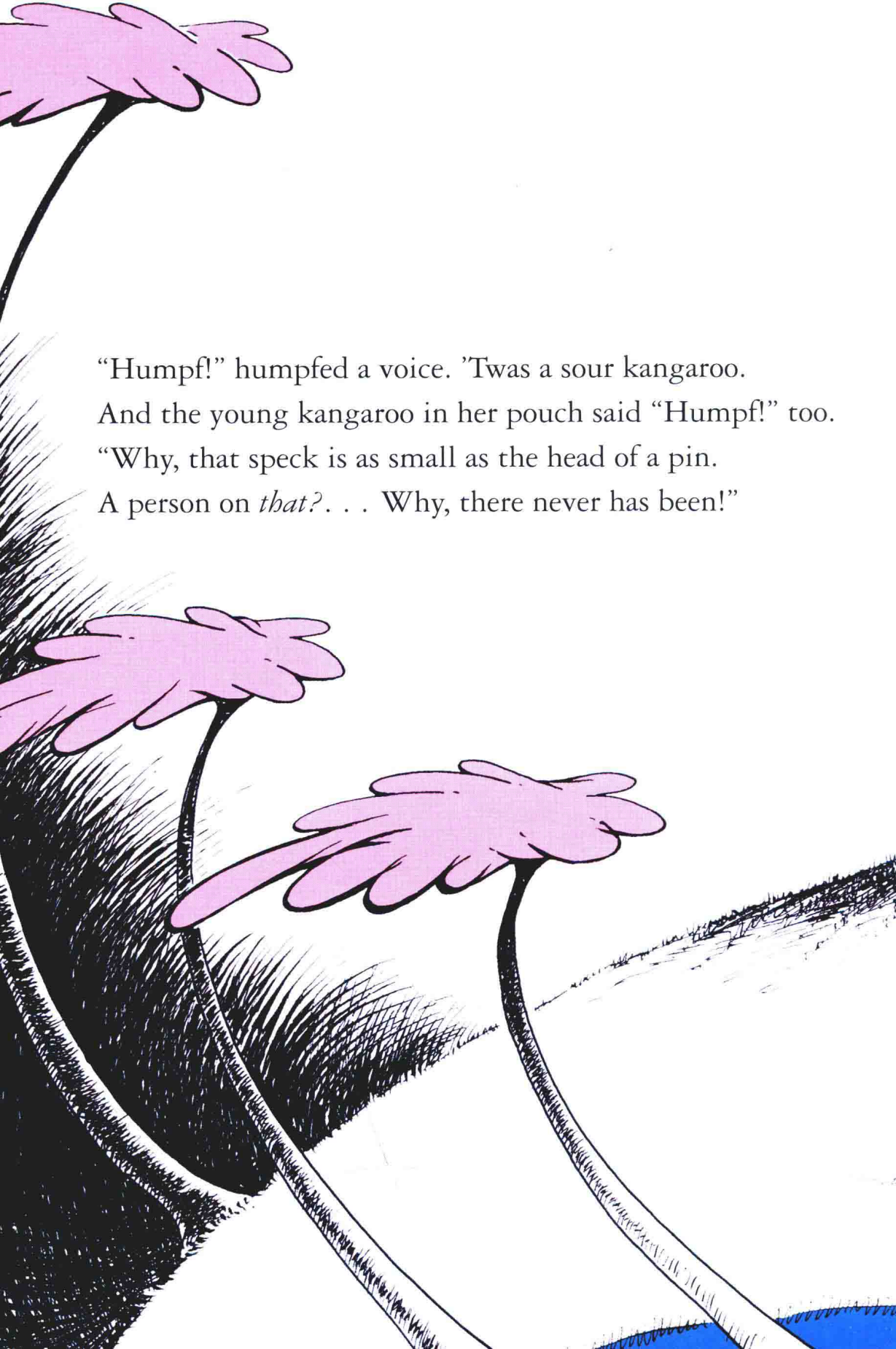
“ . . . some poor little person who’s shaking with fear
That he’ll blow in the pool! He has no way to steer!
I’ll just have to save him. Because, after all,
A person’s a person, no matter how small.”





So, gently, and using the greatest of care,
The elephant stretched his great trunk through the air,
And he lifted the dust speck and carried it over
And placed it down, safe, on a very soft clover.



An illustration of a kangaroo's back, rendered in black ink with fine lines for texture. Three large, pink, daisy-like flowers with multiple petals are growing from the back. The flowers are positioned at the top left, middle left, and middle right. The kangaroo's back curves downwards from left to right, ending in a small blue patch at the bottom right corner.

“Humpf!” humped a voice. ’Twas a sour kangaroo.
And the young kangaroo in her pouch said “Humpf!” too.
“Why, that speck is as small as the head of a pin.
A person on *that?*. . . Why, there never has been!”

