



中文导读英文版

少儿系列

Blue Bird

青 鸟

[比] 莫里斯·梅特林克 著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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内 容 简 介

Blue Bird, 中文译名《青鸟》, 由比利时著名剧作家、诗人、散文家莫里斯·梅特林克编著。小说讲述的是伐木工的两个孩子狄蒂尔和梅蒂尔在圣诞夜做了一个梦: 一位名叫贝丽露妮的仙女, 委托他俩去寻找一只青鸟, 因为只有青鸟才能使她病重的女儿痊愈。仙女告诉孩子们青鸟代表幸福, 并给了他们一顶镶有钻石的小帽子。小帽子上的钻石具有非凡的魔力, 孩子们用它召来了面包、糖、火、水、狗、猫等做伴, 在光神的引导下, 孩子们历尽千辛万苦, 寻遍了仙女宫、记忆国、夜神宫、森林、墓地、未来国等, 但青鸟总是得而复失。梦醒后, 貌似仙女的邻居为她病重中的女儿来讨要圣诞节礼物, 狄蒂尔把自己心爱的鸽子赠送给了她, 不料这只鸽子变成青色, 化为一只“青鸟”, 邻居小女孩的病奇迹般地好了。原来青鸟不用跋山涉水去寻找, 它就在身边。只有甘愿把幸福给别人, 自己才会得到幸福。

该书自出版以来, 一直畅销, 已被译成世界上多种文字, 并被改编拍成电影、动画片等。书中所展现的美丽童话故事伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。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。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况, 进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平, 在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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莫里斯·梅特林克（Maurice Maeterlinck，1862—1949），著名剧作家、诗人、散文家，被誉为比利时的莎士比亚。

梅特林克于1862年8月29日出生于比利时的根特市。中学毕业后学习法律，当过律师。梅特林克从小就爱好文学，在1889年开始专门从事写作，并于当年发表诗集《暖房》和第一部剧本《玛兰纳公主》；之后相继发表了《不速之客》（1890）、《群盲》（1890）、《七公主》（1891）、《佩列阿斯和梅丽桑德》（1892）、《阿拉丁和帕洛密德》（1894）和《丹达吉勒之死》（1895）等，其中有很多作品以剧本的形式搬上了国际舞台，使当时的剧坛面貌焕然一新。

梅特林克是象征派戏剧大师，也是一位多产的作家。1896年，他离开比利时移居法国，同年发表了散文集《卑微者的财宝》。同时他的创作思想开始从象征主义转向面向社会现实，从而使他的创作进入了一个新的阶段。之后他发表了《阿里亚娜与蓝胡子》（1902）、《莫纳·瓦娜》（1902）、《乔赛尔》（1903）和《青鸟》（1909）等作品。这些作品力图解答道德和人生观等问题，和他早期的作品有较大的区别。

1901年，梅特林克被授予诺贝尔文学奖，以表彰他“多方面的文学活动，尤其是他的著作具有丰富的想象和诗意的幻想等特色。这些作品有时以童话的形式显示出一种深邃的灵感，同时又以一种神妙的手法打动读者的感情，激发读者的想象”。1932年，他被比利时国王封为伯爵。第二次世界大战期间，梅特林克流亡美国，1947年返回欧洲，两年后病死在法国的尼斯。

在梅特林克的众多作品中，《青鸟》是其最重要的代表作之一，原本是童话剧，用法文写成，后经他的妻子改编成童话故事。《青鸟》是一首热情澎湃的奏鸣曲，它以奇妙、华彩的音符，礼赞了美与光明，讴歌了理想主义和乐观主义。《青鸟》向读者展现了五彩缤纷的梦幻世界，强调了幸



福不在远处，就在我们身旁，只有慷慨地把幸福赐给别人的人才能得到幸福。作为一部六幕梦幻剧，《青鸟》于1911年在法国巴黎一经上演便立即引起轰动，至今仍在世界各地上演，已经成为世界戏剧史上的经典之作。该作品出版100多年来，已被译成世界上多种文字，并多次被改编成电影，是全世界公认的儿童世界文学名著之一。

在中国，《青鸟》也广受读者的欢迎。目前，在国内数量众多的《青鸟》书籍中，一种是中文翻译版，另一种是中英文对照版。而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语的大环境。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《青鸟》，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风格，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。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。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。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、左新杲、黄福成、冯洁、徐鑫、马启龙、王业伟、王旭敏、陈楠、王多多、邵舒丽、周丽萍、王晓旭、李永振、孟宪行、熊红华、胡国平、熊建国、徐平国、王小红等。限于我们的文学素养和英语水平，书中难免有一些不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一章 樵夫小屋

Chapter 1 The Woodcutter's Cottage



很久以前，在古老的森林旁边，住着伐木工和他的妻子及他们十岁的儿子狄蒂尔和六岁的女儿梅蒂尔。狄蒂尔长得高高壮壮的，漂亮的梅蒂尔年龄虽小但已拥有了温柔、体贴的伟大品性。小木屋对面有一栋漂亮的大房子，从小木屋的窗户可以看到大房子里的一切。

圣诞节的夜晚，妈妈把两个孩子安顿到床上，因为没钱给他们准备礼物，所以感到很难过。孩子们睡着后突然有一道白光照进了屋子，桌上的油灯也自动亮了起来，他们被惊醒了，迷迷糊糊地坐了起来。他们把百叶窗打开，朝对面望去。他们看到外面下雪了，有十二个小男孩从大屋子里出来。外面的圣诞树上挂着玩具，桌子上有蛋糕和水果，十二个男孩在唱歌和跳舞，随后他们就去吃蛋糕了。梅蒂尔这时幻想着自己有四个蛋糕，狄蒂尔觉得自己的蛋糕是妹妹的四倍，心想要分给妹妹一些。兄妹俩也开始唱啊、跳啊，沉浸在欢乐之中，忘记了自己是穷人。

忽然传来敲门声，他俩吓坏了，门闩自动退了出来。门开了，进来了一个矮小驼背而且瞎了一只眼的老太婆。两个孩子觉得她是仙女。仙女问他们有没有会唱歌的青色鸟，他们说有但不会唱歌；狄蒂尔虽然有只鸟，但不能给她。仙女戴上眼镜觉得狄蒂尔的鸟的颜色不够青，她必须得到“青鸟”，才能治好自己女儿的病。狄蒂尔觉得仙女很像他们的邻居柏林高太太。柏林高太太的商店里有很多糖果和玩具，她有一个可爱的女儿，可常常得一些古怪的病，只能躺在床上。小女孩想要狄蒂尔的鸽子，可狄蒂尔总也舍不得给她。





仙女让他们起床穿衣服，并问他们家里的情况。狄蒂尔说父母在另一个房间睡着了，爷爷、奶奶及三个弟弟、四个妹妹都死了。仙女告诉他们在去记忆王国找青鸟的路上可以去看这些去世的亲人，并问他们刚才在干什么。狄蒂尔说他们在看对面人家的孩子吃蛋糕。仙女问他们看别人吃蛋糕是否生气。狄蒂尔告诉仙女：虽然他们吃不到蛋糕，但可以看那家孩子吃蛋糕，而且那里很漂亮。仙女告诉狄蒂尔，这里也很漂亮，只是他们看不到罢了。狄蒂尔说自己的眼睛很好，可以看清教堂大钟上的数字。

仙女听了很生气，但仙女知道这个小孩是好人，便想教他发现周围美好的东西。于是，她给了小孩一顶镶有魔力钻石的小帽子，这顶帽子“可以帮助他发现真相，看透世间万物的本质”；并告诉他按住帽子中间的钻石，可以发现万物的灵魂，向左转可以看到万物的生灵，向右转可以看到未来。狄蒂尔很高兴，但害怕爸爸会把它拿走。仙女告诉他，把帽子戴在头上就没人能看到。于是，狄蒂尔把帽子戴在了头上，他发现仙女是一个年轻、漂亮的公主。这时，落地大钟的门开了，十二个身穿漂亮衣服的小姑娘走出来在孩子们周围跳起舞来，仙女说她们就是人们生命中的时间。狄蒂尔想和她们跳舞，突然看到肥胖的面包先生浑身沾满了面粉从锅里钻了出来，他身上的面粉洒在时间姑娘们身上，像一朵白云。一些小面包也跑出来和时间姑娘跳起了舞，盘子冒着被摔碎的危险在碗柜上蹦了起来，柜子里的杯子和刀叉叮当作响。

这时，一团巨大的火焰从烟囱里窜了出来，使整个房间充满了红光，狄蒂尔和梅蒂尔吓得把头藏在仙女的斗篷里。仙女让他俩不要怕，告诉他们火是好人，是来和他们一起玩的；仙女还告诉他们火的脾气很坏，不要去惹它。但狄蒂尔还是不敢离开仙女，仙女用手杖一指水龙头，出现了一个哭泣的小姑娘，眼泪像泉水一样涌出。小姑娘一看到火，便像疯子一样旋转着冲过去向火的脸上喷水。火被激怒了，冒起了烟，但它打不过水姑娘，退到了角落里。水姑娘也退到了一边，房间里平静了下来。这时，一个瓦罐被摔碎，发出了一声巨响，牛奶姑娘从碎片中站了起来，眼里充满了哀求，狄蒂尔快忙过去安慰她。梅蒂尔看到棒棒糖撕开糖纸站了起来；心地善良又忠诚的小狗蒂诺在向大家问好，它两条后腿站立着走路，像个小侏儒，在房间里转来转去。蒂诺看到小猫蒂莱特被孩子们抚摸、亲吻，感到有些嫉恨。它不愿小猫跟它分享家庭的感情，于是避开了。

蒂诺在房间的另一面盯着小猫，看它尖尖的耳朵、长长的尾巴，穿着一身黑衣服像魔鬼一样，便忍不住跑到小猫跟前叫了起来。可小猫退了一

步告诉小狗它们不认识。这使小狗觉得受到了侮辱便一跃而起，小猫也不示弱地竖起鬃毛、背也弓了起来，嘴里还发出了嘶嘶的声音。狄蒂尔和梅蒂尔看到笑了起来。而就在这天晚上十一点钟时，一道强光照到了屋里，如同中午时光。狄蒂尔想是天亮了，如果爸爸知道这一切该怎么办呢？可他马上意识到自己错了，因为他的眼前出现了神奇的景象：窗口升起了一道金色的光柱，随即出现了一个少女。

仙女告诉孩子们，这是光仙女，狄蒂尔和梅蒂尔及动物们都高兴地跳了起来。这时，墙壁被狠狠地敲了三下，狄蒂尔的爸爸被吵醒了，要来制止他们。仙女让狄蒂尔转动钻石，狄蒂尔把钻石转得太快了，小木屋里乱作一团，除了光镇定地站在那里，大家都围在仙女周围哭个不停。仙女说：陪伴两个孩子的行程结束后大家都得死去，于是大家哭得更厉害了，只有狗没哭。这时，墙壁又被敲响了，仙女让火和狗不要伤人，她用手杖指了一下窗户，窗户变成了门，大家走了出去，窗户又恢复了原样。在圣诞之夜，狄蒂尔和梅蒂尔开始了寻找青鸟的征程。

Once upon a time, a woodcutter and his wife lived in their cottage on the edge of a large and ancient forest. They had two dear little children who met with a most wonderful adventure. But, before telling you all about it, I must describe the children to you and let you know something of their character; for, if they had not been so sweet and brave and plucky, the curious story which you are about to hear would never have happened at all.

Tyltyl—that was our hero's name—was ten years old; and Mytyl, his little sister, was only six.

Tyltyl was a fine, tall little fellow, stout and well-setup, with curly black hair which was often in a tangle, for he was fond of a romp. He was a great favourite because of his smiling and good-tempered face and the bright look in his eyes; but, best of all, he had the ways of a bold and fearless little man, which showed the noble qualities of his heart. When, early in the morning, he trotted along the forest-road by the side of his daddy, Tyl the woodcutter, for all his shabby clothes he looked so proud and gallant that every beautiful thing on the earth and in the sky seemed to lie in wait for him to smile upon him as he passed.



His little sister was very different, but looked ever so sweet and pretty in her long frock, which Mummy Tyl kept neatly patched for her. She was as fair as her brother was dark; and her large timid eyes were blue as the forget-menots in the fields. Anything was enough to frighten her and she would cry at the least thing; but her little child's soul already held the highest womanly qualities: she was loving and gentle and so fondly devoted to her brother that, rather than abandon him, she did not hesitate to undertake a long and dangerous journey in his company.

What happened and how our little hero and heroine went off into the world one night in search of happiness: that is the subject of my story.

Daddy Tyl's cottage was the poorest of the countryside; and it seemed even more wretched because it stood opposite a splendid hall in which rich children lived. From the windows of the cottage you could see what went on inside the Hall when the dining-room and drawing-rooms were lit up in the evening. And, in the daytime, you saw the little children playing on the terraces, in the gardens and in the hot-houses which people came all the way from town to visit because they were always filled with the rarest flowers.

Now, one evening which was not like other evenings, for it was Christmas Eve, Mummy Tyl put her little ones to bed and kissed them even more lovingly than usual. She felt a little sad, because owing to the stormy weather, Daddy Tyl was not able to go to work in the forest; and so she had no money to buy presents with which to fill Tytyl and Mytyl's stockings. The Children soon fell asleep, everything was still and silent and not a sound was heard but the purring of the cat, the snoring of the dog and the ticking of the great grandfather's clock. But suddenly a light as bright as day crept through the shutters, the lamp upon the table lit again of itself and the two Children awoke, yawned, rubbed their eyes, stretched out their arms in bed and Tytyl, in a cautious voice called:

"Mytyl?"

"Yes, Tytyl?" was the answer. "Are you asleep?"

"Are you?"

"No," said Tytyl. "How can I be asleep, when I'm talking to you?"

"I say, is this Christmas Day?" asked his sister.

"Not yet; not till to-morrow. But Father Christmas won't bring us anything this year."

"Why not?"

"I heard Mummy say that she couldn't go to town to tell him. But he will come next year."

"Is next year far off?"

"A good long while," said the boy. "But he will come to the rich children to-night."

"Really?"

"Hullo!" cried Tytyl of a sudden. "Mummy's forgotten to put out the lamp! ... I've an idea!"

"What?"

"Let's get up."

"But we mustn't," said Mytyl, who always remembered.

"Why, there's no one about! ... Do you see the shutters?"

"Oh, how bright they are!"

"It's the lights of the party," said Tytyl.

"What party?"

"The rich children opposite. It's the Christmas-tree. Let's open the shutters..."

"Can we?" asked Mytyl, timidly.

"Of course we can; there's no one to stop us... Do you hear the music? ... Let us get up."

The two Children jumped out of bed, ran to the window, climbed on the stool in front of it and threw back the shutters. A bright light filled the room; and the Children looked out eagerly.

"We can see everything!" said Tytyl.

"I can't," said poor little Mytyl, who could hardly find room on the stool.

"It's snowing!" said Tytyl. "There's two carriages, with six horses each!"

"There are twelve little boys getting out!" said Mytyl, who was doing her best to peep out of the window.

"Don't be silly! ... They're little girls..."

"They've got knickerbockers on..."



"Do be quiet! ... And look! ..."

"What are those gold things there, hanging from the branches?"

"Why, toys, to be sure!" said Tytyl. "Swords, guns, soldiers, cannons..."

"And what's that, all round the table?"

"Cakes and fruit and cream-tarts."

"Oh, how pretty the children are!" cried Mytyl, clapping her hands.

"And how they're laughing and laughing!" answered Tytyl, rapturously.

"And the little ones dancing! ..."

"Yes, yes; let's dance too!" shouted Tytyl.

And the two Children began to stamp their feet for joy on the stool.

"Oh, what fun!" said Mytyl.

"They're getting the cakes!" cried Tytyl. "They can touch them!...They're eating, they're eating, they're eating ! ... Oh, how lovely, how lovely! ..."

Mytyl began to count imaginary cakes:

"I have twelve ! ..."

"And I four times twelve!" said Tytyl. "But I'll give you some..."

And our little friends, dancing, laughing and shrieking with delight, rejoiced so prettily in the other children's happiness that they forgot their own poverty and want. Suddenly, there came a loud knocking at the door. The startled Children ceased their romp and dared not move a limb. Then the big wooden latch lifted of itself, with a loud creak; the door opened slowly; and in crept a little old woman, dressed all in green, with a red hood over her head. She was hump-backed and lame and had only one eye; her nose and chin almost touched; and she walked leaning on a stick. She was obviously a fairy.

She hobbled up to the Children and asked, in a snuffling voice:

"Have you the grass here that sings or the bird that is blue?"

"We have some grass," replied Tytyl, trembling all over his body, "but it can't sing..."

"Tytyl has a bird," said Mytyl.

"But I can't give it away, because it's mine," the little fellow added, quickly.

Now wasn't that a capital reason?

The Fairy put on her big, round glasses and looked at the bird:

“He’s not blue enough,” she exclaimed. “I must absolutely have the Blue Bird. It’s for my little girl, who is very ill... Do you know what the Blue Bird stands for? No? I thought you didn’t; and, as you are good children, I will tell you.”

The Fairy raised her crooked finger to her long, pointed nose, and whispered, in a mysterious tone:

“The Blue Bird stands for happiness; and I want you to understand that my little girl must be happy in order to get well. That is why I now command you to go out into the world and find the Blue Bird for her. You will have to start at once... Do you know who I am?”

The Children exchanged puzzled glances. The fact was that they had never seen a fairy before; and they felt a little scared in her presence. However, Tytyl soon said politely:

“You are rather like our neighbour, Madame Berlingot...”

Tytyl thought that, in saying this, he was paying the Fairy a compliment; for Madame Berlingot’s shop, which was next door to their cottage, was a very pleasant place. It was stocked with sweets, marbles, chocolate cigars and sugar cocks-and-hens; and, at fair-time, there were big gingerbread dolls covered all over with gilt paper. Goody Berlingot had a nose that was quite as ugly as the Fairy’s; she was old also; and, like the Fairy, she walked doubled up in two; but she was very kind and she had a dear little girl who used to play on Sundays with the woodcutter’s Children. Unfortunately, the poor little pretty, fair-haired thing was always suffering from some unknown complaint, which often kept her in bed. When this happened, she used to beg and pray for Tytyl’s dove to play with; but Tytyl was so fond of the bird that he would not give it to her. All this, thought the little boy, was very like that what the Fairy told him; and that was why he called her Berlingot.

Much to his surprise, the Fairy turned crimson with rage. It was a hobby of hers to be like nobody, because she was a fairy and able to change her appearance, from one moment to the next, as she pleased. That evening, she happened to be ugly and old and hump-backed; she had lost one of her eyes; and two lean wisps of grey hair hung over her shoulders.

“What do I look like?” she asked Tytyl. “Am I pretty or ugly? Old or



young?"

Her reason for asking these questions was to try the kindness of the little boy. He turned away his head and dared not say what he thought of her looks. Then she cried: "I am the Fairy Bérylune!"

"Oh, that's all right!" answered Tytyl, who, by this time, was shaking in every limb.

This mollified the Fairy; and, as the Children were still in their night-shirts, she told them to get dressed. She herself helped Mytyl and, while she did so, asked:

"Where are your Father and Mother?"

"In there," said Tytyl, pointing to the door on the right.

"They're asleep."

"And your Grandad and Granny?"

"They're dead..."

"And your little brothers and sisters... Have you any? ..."

"Oh, yes, three little brothers!" said Tytyl. "And four little sisters," added Mytyl.

"Where are they?" asked the Fairy.

"They are dead, too," answered Tytyl.

"Would you like to see them again?"

"Oh, yes! ... At once! ... Show them to us! ..."

"I haven't got them in my pocket," said the Fairy. "But this is very lucky; you will see them when you go through the Land of Memory. It's on the way to the Blue Bird, just on the left, past the third turning ... What were you doing when I knocked?"

"We were playing at eating cakes," said Tytyl.

"Have you any cakes? ... Where are they? ..."

"In the house of the rich children... Come and look, it's so lovely!"

And Tytyl dragged the Fairy to the window.

"But it's the others who are eating them!" said she.

"Yes, but we can see them eat," said Tytyl.

"Aren't you cross with them?"

"What for?"



"For eating all the cakes. I think it's very wrong of them not to give you any."

"Not at all; they're rich! ... I say, isn't it beautiful over there?"

"It's just the same here, only you can't see..."

"Yes, I can," said Tytyl. "I have very good eyes. I can see the time on the church clock; and Daddy can't!"

The Fairy suddenly grew angry:

"I tell you that you can't see!" she said.

And she grew angrier and angrier. As though it mattered about seeing the time on the church clock!

Of course, the little boy was not blind; but, as he was kind-hearted and deserved to be happy, she wanted to teach him to see what is good and beautiful in all things. It was not an easy task, for she well knew that most people live and die without enjoying the happiness that lies all around them. Still, as she was a fairy, she was all-powerful; and so she decided to give him a little hat adorned with a magic diamond that would possess the extraordinary property of always showing him the truth, which would help him to see the inside of Things and thus reach him that each of them has a life and an existence of its own, created to match and gladden ours.

The Fairy took the little hat from a great bag hanging by her side. It was green and had a white cockade, with the big diamond shining in the middle of it. Tytyl was beside himself with delight. The Fairy explained to him how the diamond worked. By pressing the top, you saw the soul of Things; if you gave it a little turn to the right, you discovered the Past; and, when you turned it to the left, you beheld the Future.

Tytyl beamed all over his face and danced for joy; and then he at once became afraid of losing the little hat: "Daddy will take it from me!" he cried.

"No," said the Fairy, "for no one can see it as long as it's on your head... Will you try it?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the Children, clapping their hands. The hat was no sooner on the little boy's head than a magic change came over everything. The old Fairy turned into a young and beautiful princess, dressed all in silk and covered with sparkling jewels; the walls of the cottage became transparent and



gleamed like precious stones; the humble deal furniture shone like marble. The two children ran from right to left clapping their hands and shouting with delight.

"Oh, how lovely, how lovely!" exclaimed Tyltyl.

And Mytyl, like the vain little thing she was, stood spellbound before the beauty of the fair princess' dress.

But further and much greater surprises were in store for them. Had not the Fairy said that the Things and the Animals would come to life, talk and behave like everybody else? Lo and behold, suddenly the door of the grandfather's clock opened, the silence was filled with the sweetest music and twelve little daintily-dressed and laughing dancers began to skip and spin all around the Children.

"They are the Hours of your life," said the Fairy.

"May I dance with them?" asked Tyltyl, gazing with admiration at those pretty creatures, who seemed to skim over the floor like birds.

But just then he burst into a wild fit of laughter! Who was that funny fat fellow, all out of breath and covered with flour, who came struggling out of the bread-pan and bowing to the children? It was Bread! Bread himself, taking advantage of the reign of liberty to go for a little walk on earth! He looked like a stout, comical old gentleman; his face was puffed out with dough; and his large hands, at the end of his thick arms, were not able to meet, when he laid them on his great, round stomach. He was dressed in a tight-fitting crust-coloured suit, with stripes across the chest like those on the nice buttered rolls which we have for breakfast in the morning. On his head—just think of it!—he wore an enormous bun, which made a funny sort of turban.

He had hardly tumbled out of his pan, when other loaves just like him, but smaller, followed after and began to frisk about with the Hours, without giving a thought to the flour which they scattered over those pretty ladies and which wrapped them in great white clouds.

It was a queer and charming dance; and the Children were delighted. The Hours waltzed with the loaves; the plates, joining in the fun, hopped up and down on the dresser, at the risk of falling off and smashing to pieces; the glasses in the cupboard clinked together, to drink the health of one and all. As