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# 点点鼠太太的故事

The Tale of Mrs. Tittlemouse

[英] 毕翠克丝·波特 / 著  
吴松梅 杨鸿飞 / 译



轻松学英语  
快乐读童话

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出版发行：福建少年儿童出版社

社址：福州市东水路 76 号(邮编:350001)

<http://www.fjcp.com> e-mail:fcph@fjcp.com

经销：福建省新华书店

印刷：福建彩色印刷有限公司

开本：889 毫米×1194 毫米 1/40

印张：1.5 插页：4

印数：1-8180

版次：2004 年 8 月第 1 版

印次：2004 年 8 月第 1 次印刷

ISBN 7-5395-2539-8/J·529

定价：6.80 元

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ONCE upon a time there was a wood-mouse,  
and her name was Mrs. Tittlemouse.

从前有一只田鼠，名叫点点鼠太太。

She lived in a bank under a hedge.

她住在灌木篱笆下面的田埂里。





Such a funny house! There were yards and yards of sandy passages, leading to storerooms and nut-cellars and seed-cellars, all amongst the roots of the hedge. There was a kitchen, a parlour, a pantry, and a larder.

她的房子非常好玩！有一间厨房，一间会客室，一间餐具室，一间食品储藏室，还有坚果窖、种子窖，全都分布在灌木篱笆的根须之间，有一条很长很长的沙地过道，把这些房间连接起来。





Also, there was Mrs. Tittlemouse's bedroom, where she slept in a little box bed!

另外，还有点点鼠太太的卧室，她睡在一张小小的像箱子一样的床里！



Mrs. Tittlemouse was a most terribly tidy particular little mouse, always sweeping and dusting the soft sandy floors.

点点鼠太太是一只洁癖的小老鼠，总是对松软的沙地板又扫又掸，不喜欢别人到她的家里来。

Sometimes a beetle lost its way in the passages.



有一次，一只甲壳虫在通道里迷了路。

“Shuh! shuh! little dirty feet!” said Mrs. Tittlemouse, clattering her dust-pan.

“去！去！小脏脚！”点点鼠太太敲着她的奋斗，把他给赶走了。



And one day a little old woman ran up and down in a red spotty cloak.

一天，一个身穿带红斑点斗篷的小个子老妇人跑上跑下。

“Your house is on fire, Mother Ladybird! Fly away home to your children!”

点点鼠吓唬她：“你家房子着火啦，瓢虫妈妈！快飞回去找你的孩子们！”

Another day, a big fat spider came in to shelter from the rain.

另有一天，一只肥大的蜘蛛进来躲雨。







“Beg pardon, is this not Miss Muffet’s?”

“对不起，请问这是马菲特小姐家吗？”

“Go away, you bold bad spider! Leaving ends of cobweb all over my nice clean house!”

“走开，不要脸的坏蜘蛛！在我干净漂亮的房子里到处留下蜘蛛丝。”

She bundled the spider out at a window.

她把蜘蛛从一扇窗户赶了出去。



He let himself down the hedge with a long thin bit of string.

蜘蛛借助一根细细的长绳落到了灌木篱笆上面。

Mrs. Tittlemouse went on her way to a distant storeroom, to fetch cherry-stones and thistle-down seed for dinner.

点点鼠太太出发去远处的一个贮藏室，去取些櫻桃核和薊花的冠毛籽来做晚饭。

All along the passage she sniffed, and looked at the floor.

在过道上她一路都在闻来闻去，不停地查看地板。





“I smell a smell of honey; is it the cowslips outside, in the hedge? I am sure I can see the marks of little dirty feet.”

“我好像闻到了蜂蜜的味道，外面的篱笆里是不是有立金花？我肯定我看到了一些小脏脚脚印。”

Suddenly round a corner, she met Babbitty Bumble—  
“Zizz, Bizz, Bizzz!”  
said the bumble bee.

突然在拐弯的地方，她碰到了芭比蒂大黄蜂。“吱，嗡，嗡！”大黄蜂嗡嗡地叫着。

Mrs. Tittlemouse looked at her severely.  
She wished that she



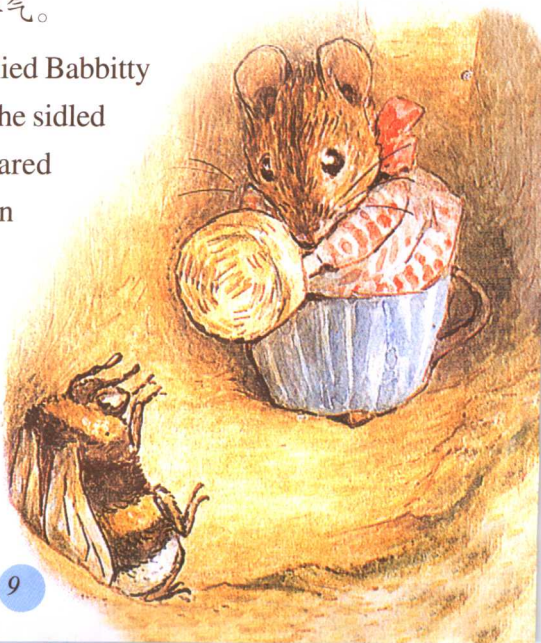


had a broom. "Good-day, Babbitty Bumble; I should be glad to buy some beeswax. But what are you doing down here? Why do you always come in at a window, and say 'Zizz, Bizz, Bizz'?" Mrs. Tittlemouse began to get cross.

点点鼠太太凶狠地盯着大黄蜂，希望自己手上有把扫帚。“你好，芭比蒂大黄蜂，我倒是愿意买点儿蜂蜡。不过你到这底下来干什么？为什么你总是从窗户进来，‘吱，嗡，嗡’地叫？”点点鼠太太开始发脾气。

"Zizz, Wizz, Wizz!" replied Babbitty Bumble in a peevish squeak. She sidled down a passage, and disappeared into a storeroom which had been used for acorns.

“吱，嗡，嗡！”芭比蒂大黄蜂愤怒地尖声叫着。她侧身走下一条通道，消失在一间用来储藏橡子的房间里。







Mrs. Tittlemouse had eaten the acorns before Christmas; the storeroom ought to have been empty.

点点鼠太太在圣诞节以前就吃完了橡子，那间储藏室应该早就空了。

But it was full of untidy dry moss.

但是里面长满了乱糟糟的干苔藓。





Mrs. Tittlemouse began to pull out the moss. Three or four other bees put their heads out, and buzzed fiercely.

点点鼠太太开始拔那些苔藓。三四只大蜂把头伸出来，凶猛地嗡嗡叫。

“I am not in the habit of letting lodgings; this is an intrusion!” said Mrs. Tittlemouse. “I will have them turned out——”

“我这里没有提供住宿的惯例，这是非法入侵！”点点鼠太太说，“我得把他们赶出去！”

“Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!”

“嗡！嗡！嗡嗡！”

—“I wonder who would help me?”

“我在想谁可以来帮这个忙呢？”

“Bizz, Wizz, Wizz!”

“嗡！嗡！嗡嗡！”

—“I will not have Mr. Jackson; he never wipes his feet.”

“我可不要杰克逊先生，他从来不擦脚。”



Mrs. Tittlemouse decided to leave the bees till after dinner.

点点鼠太太决定先让大蜂们留在那里，晚饭后再说。

When she got back to the parlour, she heard someone coughing in a fat voice; and there sat Mr. Jackson himself!

她回到客厅，听到有人在大声咳嗽，坐在那儿的正是杰克逊先生。



He was sitting all over a small rocking-chair, twiddling his thumbs and smiling, with his feet on the fender.

他坐下来把一把小摇椅都占满了，面带微笑地绕着两只大拇指，双脚架在火炉围栏上。

“How do you do, Mr. Jackson? Deary me, you have got very wet!” He lived in a drain below the hedge, in a very dirty wet ditch.

“你好啊，杰克逊先生？天啊，你都湿透了！”杰克逊住在灌木篱笆下面一条肮脏潮湿的排水沟里。







“Thank you, thank you, thank you, Mrs. Tittlemouse! I'll sit awhile and dry myself,” said Mr. Jackson.

“谢谢，谢谢，谢谢，点点鼠太太！我坐一会儿，把自己晾干。”杰克逊先生说。

He sat and smiled, and the water dripped off his coat tails. Mrs. Tittlemouse went round with a mop.

他微笑着坐在那里，水从他的大衣后摆滴下来。点点鼠太太拿着拖把围着他转个不停。

He sat such a while that he had to be asked if he would take some dinner?

他这一坐就是好一会儿，点点鼠太太不得不问他是否留下来一起吃晚饭？

