

青少年英汉



读物 日本民间故事

ONCE UPON A TIME IN JAPAN

张会文 译 崔燕萍 校

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科学普及出版社

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内 容 提 要

本书收集了在日本流传极广的 10 个传说故事,是深受日本人民、尤其是广大少年儿童喜爱的读物,故事被译成英文传到世界其他国家。

本书歌颂了善良、正直的品德,讽刺了丑恶行为,反映了人们惩恶扬善、向往光明的美好愿望,从一个侧面向人们介绍了日本古代的文化习俗。

本书故事新奇浪漫,趣味性强,语言幽默生动,文字活泼,引人入胜。为便于英语学习者使用,书后附有注释。

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目 录

一	Gonbei the Duck-Hunter 打鸭子的冈北	(1)
二	Kintaro 金太郎	(12)
三	The Bamboo-Cutter's Tale 砍竹人的故事	(22)
四	Why the Sea is Salty 海水为什么是咸的	(32)
五	Sleepyhead Taro 瞌睡头太郎	(42)
六	Old Folks Mountain 老人山	(53)
七	The Tengu Who Loved Sake 爱喝酒的大鼻子怪	(66)
八	The Sparrow's Tongue 麻雀的舌头	(78)
九	Portrait of the Bride 新娘的画像	(92)
十	Urashima Taro 浦岛太郎	(101)
	注释	(110)

1. Gonbei the Duck-Hunter

Once upon a time there was a duck-hunter named Gonbei. Every day he'd go to the pond behind his house to hunt for ducks, but he almost always came home empty-handed. Gonbei, you see, was a very poor shot. When he started shooting, even the ducks seemed to laugh and tease him. But that didn't stop him from being ambitious.

"I wish there was a way to get a hundred ducks at once," Gonbei often thought. "Wouldn't that be something!"

Well, one day he had an idea. He gathered up all the old rifles he could find, tied them together in a bundle, and rigged the triggers with a string. Then he set out for the duckpond.

Unfortunately there were only four or five ducks at the pond that day. "Just my luck," thought Gonbei, "Oh, well. Four or five is better than none."

He aimed his bundle of rifles and pulled the string, Blam! Boom! Bang!

The explosion was so great that Gonbei ended up flat on the seat of his trousers. But when the smoke cleared, he looked up to see the ducks still flying about as if nothing had happened. He hadn't hit a single one.

"Quack, quack! You missed again, Gonbei," laughed the ducks, "Quack, quack!"

Gonbei went home empty-handed again that day. But he

wasn't about to give up. There must be a way to get a hundred ducks at once, he kept telling himself.

Day after day, week after week, Gonbei thought and thought and thought. It was late in winter, on the coldest, snowiest night of the year, when he finally had another idea. He found a long rope and headed for the duckpond.

The pond was covered with ice, and a great flock of ducks was sitting there, all of them asleep. Gonbei tiptoed out onto the ice and grabbed the first duck he came to. And, just as he'd hoped, it didn't even open its eyes. The night was so cold, you see, that all the ducks had frozen solid!

"Yahoo!" shouted Gonbei. "There must be a hundred ducks here. And they're all mine for the taking!"

He spent the rest of the night tying up the ducks with his rope. Then, when he was finished, he counted them all.

"...ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, Well, that's not quite a hundred," he said to himself. "But not bad, not bad!"

Dawn had broken by the time Gonbei threw the rope over his shoulder and started for home, dragging the ninety-nine ducks behind. But what do you think happened? He hadn't got very far at all when the ducks, warmed by the rising sun, began to thaw out. One by one they started to flap their wings and head for the sky. And Gonbei, still holding on to the rope, was carried along with them.

"Whoa! Yikes! Help!"

Up and up he went, and soon he was much too high to let go.

"Help me! Somebody!" screamed Gonbei. Not, of course, that there was anything anyone could have done.

The ducks flew south for what seemed like hours. They flew over the mountains, over a great forest, and over miles and miles of rice paddies. Finally Gonbei couldn't hold onto the rope any longer. His hands slipped and down he went, hurtling head over heels toward earth.

"Oh, nooooooooooooo!"

Crash!

Gonbei landed flat on his back in a big field of millet. It was harvest time, and a number of local farmers working in the field saw him plummet out of the clouds. They all dropped what they were doing and ran to where Gonbei lay.

"Lordy! That fella fell from the sky!"

"Maybe he's part duck..."

"Look how his eyes are rolling around!"

They carried Gonbei to the farmhouse and put him to bed. Later, when his eyes stopped rolling and he could talk again, he told them what had happened.

"Well, Gonbei", said one of the farmers, after they'd all marveled at his story, "you're a long way from home now. Why don't you stay with us awhile and help harvest the millet?"

So the next morning Gonbei went to work in the millet field. It was a pleasant, peaceful life, and Gonbei rather enjoyed his new job. Before even a week had passed, however, his big ambitions began to get the best of him again. "There must be some way," he thought, "to pick a hundred bushels of millet all at once."

Well, as luck would have it, it was only a few days later that Gonbei stumbled across the biggest millet plant he-or anyone else, for that matter-had ever seen. The grains of millet were as big as your head and so heavy that the tip of the plant was drooping down to the ground.

"Gosh! There must be a hundred bushels of grain on this one!" cried Gonbei. "Yahoo!"

He took hold of the plant with one hand and started to cut with the other. And no sooner had the heavy grains dropped to the ground than the giant plant whipped back upright, with Gonbei still holding on.

Swoooooosh!

"Yi-i-i-i-ikes!"

"Well", said one of the workers as he watched Gonbei soaring off toward the clouds, "there he goes again!"

Gonbei flew out of the millet field, over a few rice paddies, and across a mountain range. Then, almost before he realized what had happened, he was coming down over a strange town.

"Look out be-lo-o-ow!"

Splash!

Fortunately for Gonbei, he landed right in a big rain barrel. Soon a crowd of townspeople were gathered around him, gawking.

"Did you see that?" one of them said. "He fell out of the sky!"

"D'you think he's an angel?"

"Awful shabby-looking angel, if you ask me."

They made such a fuss that Gonbei thought he would die of embarrassment. He crawled out of the barrel, ran down the street, and ducked inside the first open doorway he came to. It happened to be an umbrella-maker's shop.

The umbrella-maker, a good-humored, kind-hearted fellow, invited Gonbei to sit down. He offered him a cup of tea and asked how he'd got so wet. Gonbei told him the whole story, and the umbrella-maker laughed till tears ran down his cheeks.

"You're an awfully amusing fellow, Gonbei," he said. "Why don't you stay here and work for me?"

And so Gonbei became the umbrella-maker's assistant. It wasn't a bad life, and he came to enjoy the job very much. He worked hard coating the umbrellas with oil and drying them in the sun, and he was sure he'd soon be turning out a hundred a day.

But one day Gonbei was in the back garden drying the umbrellas when a strong wind began to blow, and one of them started rolling away. Gonbei ran after it and grabbed the handle just as the wind lifted it up into the air. And before he knew it, he was flying again.

People on the streets of the town stood staring up at Gonbei as he disappeared among the clouds. "I declare," said one of them, "that fella sure seems to like the sky."

As a matter of fact, Gonbei was getting to like the sky pretty well. "I guess I was just born to fly," he said to himself. "My, my, what a view!"

Gonbei sailed across a mountain range and over miles of fields and forests and rivers and hills. He was having a wonderful

time. But then, all of a sudden, an especially strong gust of wind came along.

Crack! went the umbrella, turning inside out.

"Uh- oh," said Gonbei. He was falling again, head over heels.

"Whoa-a-a-a-a!"

Splash!

This time, too, he landed in water. But when he came up for a look, wiping his eyes and spluttering, guess what he saw. He was right back in the old duckpond near his house! The ducks were flying around above him, quacking and laughing.

"Quack, quack! Look who's back. Gonbei can fly but he can't catch us!"

Scowling and shaking his fist at the ducks, Gonbei climbed out of the pond. He was up on shore wringing out his shirt when he felt something wet and slippery squirming around in his underwear. He stepped out of his trousers and was astonished to find that they were full of loaches, his favorite kind of fish.

"Well, how do you like that?" said Gonbei, grinning. "Loaches! And there must be a hundred of them!"

He slung his trousers over his shoulder and set off for home, happy as a man can be. "And next time," he said to himself, "I'm going to get me a hundred ducks!"

一、 打鸭子的冈北

从前,有一个打鸭子的猎人,名叫冈北。每天,他都到屋子

后面的池塘去打鸭子，可是每次差不多都是两手空空面回。要知道，冈北是个枪法不高明的射手。在他开始射击的时候，甚至鸭子也嘲笑他。尽管这样，也没能动摇他狩猎的雄心。

“我希望有个办法，能一下子逮 100 只鸭子。”冈北常常想，“那该有多棒！”

后来，有一天，他想出了一个主意。他把能找到的旧猎枪都收集在一起，捆成一捆，用一根绳子把枪机连起来，然后向鸭子池塘走去。

遗憾的是，那天池塘里只有四五只鸭子。“真倒霉，”冈北想，“那么也好，四五只总比没有强。”

他用一捆步枪瞄准，然后牵动了绳子。“啪！砰！乓！”

枪声真大，把冈北震得一屁股坐在了地上。硝烟散开以后，他抬头看到鸭子仍在四处飞着，好像什么事情也没有发生过。他 1 只鸭子也没打中。

“呷，呷！你又没打中，冈北。”鸭子嘲笑着。“呷，呷！”

那天，冈北又两手空空地回到了家里，但是，他仍不甘心，一定有一种办法，能一下子逮 100 只鸭子。他不停地自言自语着。

一天又一天，一星期又一星期，冈北想啊，想啊，想。已经是深冬了。这是一年当中最冷、雪下得最大的夜晚。他终于又想出了一个主意。他找出了一条长绳子，又向鸭子池塘走去。

池塘里结满了冰，那里有一大群鸭子。它们都睡着了。冈北蹑手蹑脚地走到冰上，一把抓住了身边的一只鸭子。正如他盼望的那样，鸭子连眼睛也没有一睁下。要知道，那天晚上太冷了，所有的鸭子都被冻僵了。

“啊哈！”冈北叫着，“这回一定有 100 只鸭子，全是我的了。”那天晚上，他一直忙着用绳子把鸭子挨个捆住，忙完以

后，他数了数。

“……97,98,99。啊，还不到100只。”他自言自语地说，“不过，蛮不错了，蛮不错了！”

冈北把绳子搭在肩膀上，身后拖着99只鸭子，向家里走去。这时，天已经亮了。你猜，发生了什么事情？冈北还没有走出多远，初升的太阳把鸭子照得暖乎乎的，它们开始苏醒了，一只跟着一只扇动着翅膀向空中飞去。冈北还拽着绳子，子是被鸭子拖了起来。

“哇！唉呀！救命！”

他越升越高，一会儿就升得很高，下不来了。

“救救我！来人呀！”冈北尖叫着。当然，谁也帮不了他。

鸭子向南飞了大约几个小时。它们飞过了山岗，飞过了大片森林，飞过了绵延的稻田。最后，冈北再也抓不住绳子了。他的手一滑，就掉了下来，“砰”地一声，一头栽倒在地上。

“噢……！”

啪哒！

冈北仰面朝天，掉在一大块粟子地里。当时，正是收获季节，很多在地里干活的农夫看见他从云彩里掉了下来。他们都放下手里的活，跑到冈北躺着的地方。

“天呀！那家伙是从天上掉下来的！”

“也许他是鸭子当中的……”

“看，他的眼珠乱转呢！”

他们把冈北抬到了农舍，放在床上。过了一会儿，冈北的眼珠不再乱转了，他又能讲话了。他把发生的事情向人们讲了一遍。

“啊，冈北，”农夫们对他讲的事情惊叹了一阵以后，一个农夫说，“你现在已经离家很远了。你为什么不和我们呆些日

子，帮助我们收获栗子呢？”

于是，第二天早晨，冈北就到栗子地里去干活。这里的生活愉快而宁静，冈北非常喜欢他的新工作。可是还不到一个星期，他又充满了奢望。“一定有什么办法，”他想，“能一下子捡100斗栗子。”

结果，该他走运。就在几天以后，冈北绊倒在一棵最大的栗子杆上了。他和其他人从来没有碰见过这种事：栗子的颗粒有人的脑袋那么大，沉甸甸的，栗子穗一直垂到了地上。

“天哪！这一棵一定能收100斗栗子！”冈北叫着：“啊哈！”

他一只手抓住栗子杆，另一只手去割栗子。沉甸甸的穗子刚一落地，那巨大的栗子杆就向上往回一弹，把正抓住栗子杆的冈北也弹了上去。

“喂……！”

“哎……呀……！”

“喂！”一个干活的人注视着冈北高高地飞向了云彩说，“他又飞走了。”

冈北飞出了栗子地，飞过了几块稻田，又飞过了一片山脉。还没明白是怎么回事，他就从一个陌生的城镇的上空落了下来。

“小心下……边……！”

哗啦！

冈北还挺走运，他正好落进一个接雨水的大桶里。很快，一群城里人便向他围拢过来，伸长了脖子，呆呆地看着。

“你刚才看见了吗？”其中一个人说道：“他是从天上掉下来的！”

“你认为他是个天使吗？”

“依我看，他是个难看的穷酸天使！”

他们这么大惊小怪的，冈北觉得难堪得要命。他从桶里爬出来就往街上跑，看见一个敞开着门的就一下子躲了进去。原来这是一个制伞的作坊。

制伞人是个脾气温和的好心人。他请冈北坐下，递给他一碗茶，又问他为什么身上湿成这个样子。冈北把整个经过讲了一遍，制伞人笑得流出了眼泪。

“你真是一个有趣的家伙，冈北，”他说，“你为什么不下下来给我干活呢？”

于是冈北就成了制伞人的助手。这种生活还不错，他十分喜欢这个工作。他起劲地干活，给雨伞刷油，然后把它们放在太阳底下晒干。他坚信，自己很快就会一天制出100把伞来。

可是有一天，冈北正在后院晒伞，一阵大风吹来，有一把伞被吹得滚到一边去了。冈北在后面追着。他刚一抓住伞把，就随伞一起被大风吹到了空中。他还没有明白过来，就又开始飞了。

在城里，街上的人们站在那儿，注视着冈北消失在云彩里。“我敢说”，有个人说道，“那家伙一定喜欢在天上。”

事实上，冈北确实非常喜欢天空了。“我猜呀，我生来就是要飞的。”他自言自语地说，“哎呀，多好看的景色呀！”

冈北飘过了一片山脉，飘过了几里长的土地、森林、河流和山岗。他飞得可愉快了。可是，突然一股强风吹来。

咔嚓！伞坏了，向外翻了过去。

“噢，噢！”冈北叫着。他又开始往下落，还是头朝下。

“啊……！”

哗啦！

这次他又落到了水里。等他从水里浮上来，擦了擦眼睛，

甩了甩水珠，一看。你猜他看到了什么？他正好又回到了他家附近原来那个鸭子池塘！鸭子在他头顶四周飞着，呷呷地叫着，嘲笑他呢！

“呷，呷！看谁回来了，冈北会飞，可是他抓不到我们。”

冈北叫骂着，向鸭子挥舞着拳头，他从池塘里爬了出来，来到岸上。在拧干衬衣里的水时，他感到有什么东西湿漉漉的、滑溜溜地在短裤里面蠕动。他脱下裤子，惊奇地发现裤筒里盛满了泥鳅。这是他最喜欢吃的。

“啊，这下不错吧！”冈北嘻笑着说，“泥鳅！一定有 100 条！”

他把裤子搭在肩上，向家里走去。这下他高兴极了。“下次”，他自言自语地说，“我一定给自己逮 100 只鸭子！”

2. Kintaro

Once upon a time, in a little house at the foot of Ashigara Mountain, there lived a baby boy and his mother. The boy's name was Kintaro, and even as an infant he was unbelievably strong. By the time he could crawl, in fact, he was as powerful as a full-grown man.

Kintaro was his mother's pride and joy, and when he began to walk she sewed him a beautiful, bright red shirt. On the front, embroidered in gold thread, was the character *kin*, for Kintaro. The shirt was much too large for the baby boy, but his mother knew it wouldn't be long before it would fit just right. He was growing bigger and stronger with each passing day. Ashigara Mountain was way out in the country, far from any town or village, and Kintaro was a true child of nature. His playground was the forest, and it was easy for him to understand the feelings and languages of all the forest creatures.

One day he and his mother were bathing in the hot spring near their house when a group of animals gathered to watch. Among the animals were a rabbit, a monkey, a squirrel, a deer, a tanuki, and a fox. They wanted to play with Kintaro, but they were too shy to approach him at first. It was the tanuki who finally broke the ice. He jumped into the water to paddle and splash about with the boy, and soon Kintaro and the animals were the best of friends.

Every day from then on, Kintaro would walk up the

mountain to meet his animal friends. All day long they'd frolic about in the forest, racing and playing games. Sometimes they held wrestling matches, just for fun, but of course Kintaro always won. The only one who ever beat him was the squirrel. The squirrel scrambled up inside Kintaro's baggy shirt and tickled him until he fell to the ground, giggling helplessly. The rabbit, who always acted as referee, lifted one of the squirrel's paws and shouted, "The winner!" and everyone laughed.

But by the time Kintaro grew into his oversized shirt, he was so strong that the animals couldn't win even when they all went against him at once. One by one the husky boy would throw them out of the ring as if they weighed nothing at all.

When the cold, cold winter came, the animals would crawl into their holes, shivering, but the freezing weather didn't seem to bother Kintaro at all. Nor did the hot, hot afternoons of midsummer. While everyone else was dozing in the shade, Kintaro would run through the forest or splash about happily in the river. And during the terrifying storms of autumn, he would stand outside all night holding down his house so the wind wouldn't blow it away.

When Kintaro was five, his mother gave him a big, heavy axe to carry with him when he went to the forest. Kintaro loved it.

He would never use the axe as a weapon, of course—he was such a gentle boy that he even took care not to step on any ants or caterpillars whenever he walked in the forest—but he was glad to be able to help out his mother by bringing home firewood each day.