

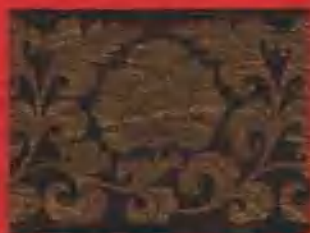
舞蛇的泪

中华儿童文学名家名作书系
希望出版社

The Tears of a Dancing Snake

SERIES OF MASTERPIECES OF CHINESE
CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

HOPE PUBLISHING HOUSE



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作品介绍

一只圆鼻头小白鼠常去偷偷听老艺人吹口笛，看一条舞蛇跳舞。渐渐地，它也学会了吹口笛。一个寒冷的冬天，舞蛇在雪地里冻僵了，并将要被群鼠吃掉。小白鼠吹口笛使舞蛇清醒，但舞蛇误伤了小白鼠。舞蛇明白了真相后，流出了伤心的泪水。

Introduction

An abstract of The Tears of a Dancing Snake : A snub-nosed little white rat secretly went to listen to an old artist playing the flute and watch a dancing snake performing, and gradually he learned to play the flute. A cold winter, when the dancing snake was frozen and was to be eaten up by a group of rats, the little white rat blew the flute, which awakened the snake to life, but she injured the little white rat by mistake. When she came to see the truth, she shed sad tears.



葛冰，北京人，当过多年中学教师，现在出版社工作，写过小说、童话、剧本，已有二百多部作品问世。小说集《绿猫》曾获中国作协第二届优秀儿童文学作品奖，童话多次获奖。作品曾被改编成动画片及电视剧，系中国作家协会会员。

Ge Bing, a native of Beijing, used to be a middle school teacher and is now with a publishing house. He has written novels, fairy tales and plays amounting to more than three million words in all. His collection of stories *The Green Cat* was awarded a prize at the second appraisal conference for fine children's literature works by the Chinese Writers' Association and his fairy tales have been awarded prizes many times on different occasions. Some of his works have been adapted for cartoon films or TV series. Now he is a member of the Chinese Writers' Association.

这个地方的老鼠一点也不喜欢春天。尽管春天有美丽的花、鲜嫩的草和清清的泉水，但这么美丽的景致在他们眼里甚至顶不上一枚臭鸡蛋或是一粒花生米。相反地，他们一心向往冬天。因为冬天虽冷，却可以吃到一种美味佳肴——蛇餐。

The rats of this area do not like spring at all. Even though there are beautiful flowers, fresh grass and clear springs in this season, such beautiful scenery in their eyes is no match for a rancid egg or a groundnut. On the contrary, they long for winter when they can have a delicious meal — snake, though it is cold in winter.

这儿的蛇很多：土洞里，山沟中，住户人家的屋檐下，到处都有。老鼠们不知从他们哪一位祖宗那儿得知：“蛇吃鼠半年，鼠吃蛇半年。”于是，在最寒冷的日子里，老鼠们就四处钻洞，让冷空气流进蛇冬眠的小窝里，把他们冻成冰棍儿，再拖出来，咬掉蛇头，切成片或者是分成段，然后尽情地大吃特吃。当然，等天气一暖和，老鼠就都躲得远远的，以免成为蛇的口中食了。

There are many snakes here in the caves, in the valleys and in the eaves of people's houses, almost everywhere. The rats have learned from one of their ancestors that snakes eat rats for half the year and then rats eat snakes for the other half. So in the coldest days of winter, the rats will drill holes everywhere to let the cold air into the snakes' dens to freeze them into sticks and then pull them out to cut off the heads and chop the rest into sections or slices for a relish. Of course, when it gets warmer, the rats have to keep away, as far as possible, so as to avoid falling prey to snakes.



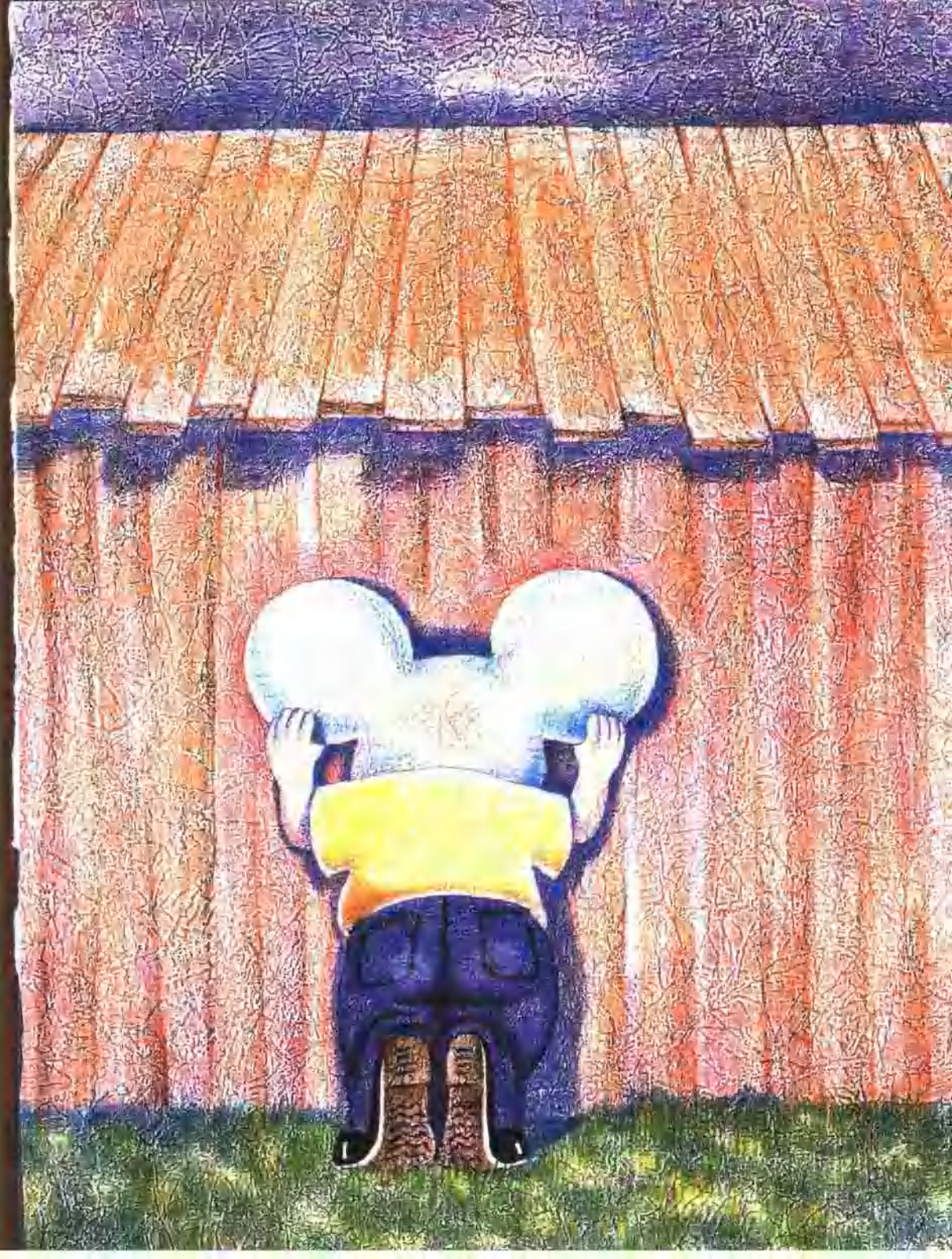
但只有一只圆鼻头的小白鼠有点例外。事情还得追溯到几年以前。有一天，小白鼠到镇子附近的山坡上找食吃。他在一堆枯树叶下面发现了半块白薯。小白鼠很兴奋，在这春荒季节，找到一点食物多么不容易呀！他搓搓爪尖上的泥土，舔嘴咂舌，正要美餐一顿，突然，一丝若有若无的声音，飘飘悠悠送进他的耳朵。小白鼠眼珠不由得一亮，多好听的声音啊！像是百灵鸟在唱歌，又像是山间的风在低吟。小白鼠耸起耳朵听着，他终于憋不住了，把白薯重新藏在枯树叶下面，一溜烟跑下小山坡。

But this was not the case with a snub-nosed little white rat. The story can be traced back to a few years ago. One day, the little white rat came to the mountainside near the town in search of food. He found half of a sweet potato under a pile of dried leaves. He got excited as it was not so easy to find a bit of food during spring famine. Rubbing the dirt off the tips of his paws, licking his lips and smacking, he was ready to enjoy a good meal. Suddenly a faint sound wafted into his ears. His eyes lit up. What a beautiful sound! It was like a lark singing or the mountain wind rustling. He pricked up his ears and at last he could not hold off any longer, so he hid the sweet potato under the dried leaves again and then trotted down the mountainside.



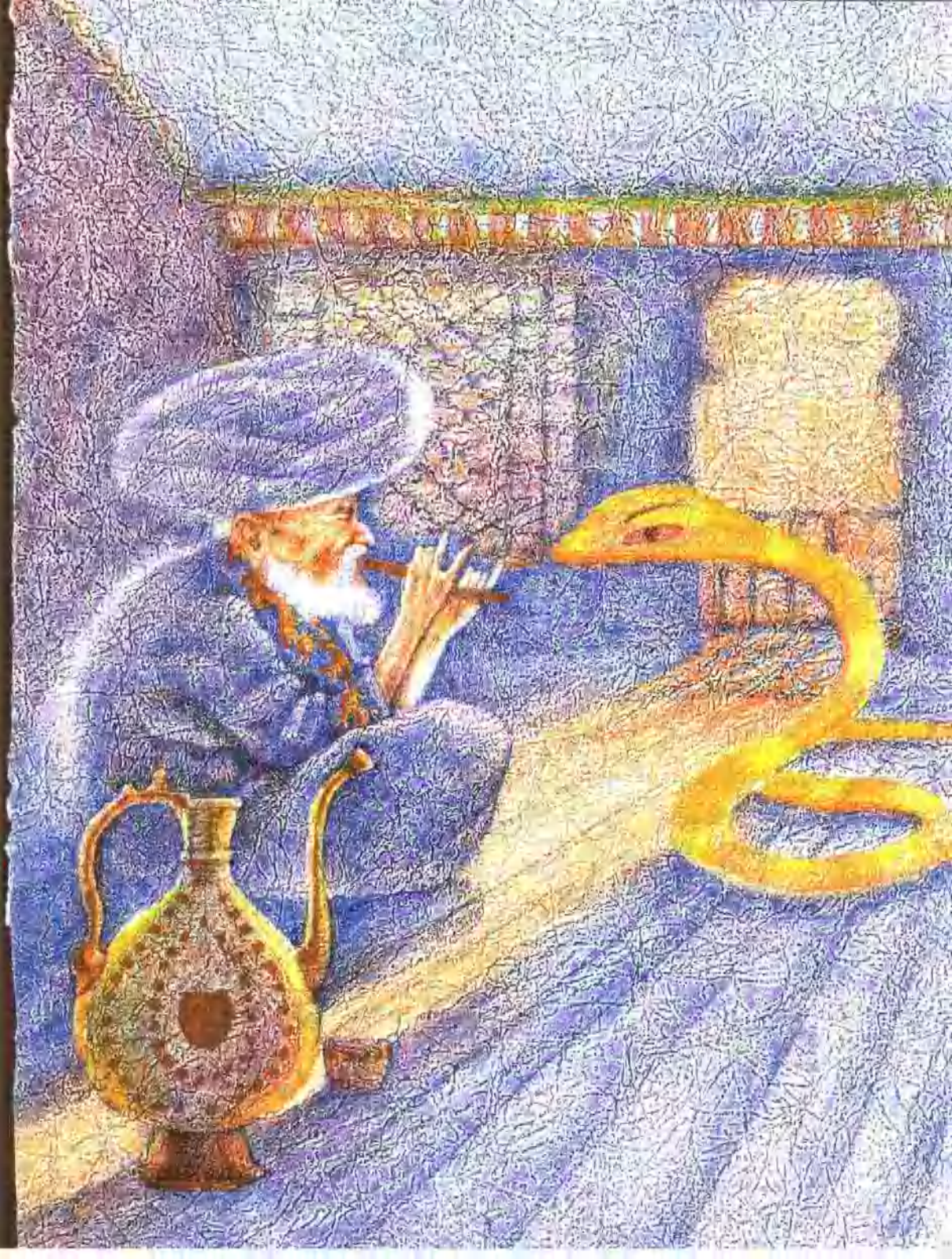
山坡下有一座小木屋，一条土路从木屋门口一直通向镇子里。玫瑰色的晚霞映照着小木屋的窗子，动听的音乐正是从里面飘出来的。小白鼠悄悄地围着小木屋转了两圈，终于在木板墙上找到了一点缝隙。他把鼻子紧紧贴在木板上。啊！他差点被吓晕了过去。一条蛇，一条带花纹的美丽的蛇，正昂头立在地板上左顾右盼。小白鼠慌得腿都软了，几乎站立不住。他胆子很小，平时看见一条大蚯蚓都会打哆嗦，何况是蛇？他闭上眼睛等待死亡。但没有，什么事情也没有发生，只有迷人的音乐，不断地从屋子里飞旋出来，快活地撞击着他的耳鼓，一下，又一下，使人忍不住也想跳想唱。

There was a small cabin at the foot of the mountain and an earth path extended from the door of the cabin to the town. The rosy evening sunlight shone on the window of the cabin, and from within came the melodious music. After making two trips around the cabin, the little white rat found a narrow crack in the wooden walls. He put his nose against the plank. Oh! He almost fainted because a snake, a beautifully striped snake with its head stuck up, was looking around on the floor. The little white rat could hardly stand on his feet as his legs became strengthless. He was very timid and would quiver at the sight of even a long earthworm, let alone a snake. He closed his eyes waiting for death. But nothing happened. Only the sweet music kept drifting out from the cabin and rang in his ears, which made one feel like dancing and singing.



小老鼠胆怯地睁开了眼睛。他这才看清楚，蛇的对面，还有一位白胡子老人，头戴白色包头，盘腿坐在地板上。老人用枯瘦的手指捏着一管小巧的笛子，放在嘴边呜呜地吹着，那美妙的音乐就是他奏出来的。随着乐曲，蛇快活地昂着美丽的头颅，摇摆着柔软的身躯，细长的脖颈扭动着，双目流盼，像一位身着艳装的女郎在轻歌曼舞。她完全陶醉在乐曲中了，显然，这是一条舞蛇。舞蹈对于她来说，不仅是一种被动的劳作，也是一种艺术享受，一种美。小白鼠发现，有几回，蛇的眼睛似乎从木板缝上滑过，从他身上滑过，但没有一点反应，仿佛蛇眼里只有旋转的歌舞，什么天、地、人、树、鼠全都不见了。

After timidly opening his eyes, the little rat saw sitting on the floor opposite to the snake a white-bearded old man with his legs folded and a white turban on his head. The old man was playing the melodious tune on a delicate flute with his withered, thin fingers. The snake raised its pretty head gaily. Casting its eyes about, it danced to the tune, totally carried away by the music as if a beautifully dressed girl was singing and dancing gracefully. Obviously it was a dancing snake. Dancing to her was not work but a kind of artistic enjoyment, and an act of beauty. The little rat noticed several times her eyes sweep across the crack and him, but she did not react. It seemed that in her eyes there was only swirling song and dance, no sky, no earth, no man, no trees or rat.



老人欢快地吹着笛子。那奇怪的小东西在他嘴里竟变得如此美妙。乐声忽而轻松欢快，像是把人带进了姹紫嫣红的花园；忽而迅急狂骤，如同闪电雷雨；忽而又轻如游丝，飘飘远去。小白鼠都听呆了，他也情不自禁地拍手顿足舞动起来。他感动极了，他那小小的脑壳里第一次发现，世界上除了面包渣、花生壳，还有更美的东西。他听着听着，忽然眼睛湿润了，掉出了一滴亮晶晶的泪。

The old man merrily played on the flute, which was played so wonderfully at his lips. The tune was sometimes happy and swift as if to bring people into a colourful garden, and sometimes like lightning and thunder. At other times it was as light as gossamer drifting far away. The little white rat was so stupefied by the music that he could not help dancing in frolic. Deeply touched, he found for the first time in his life that there was something more beautiful than bread crumbs or peanut shells. Listening, he felt tears well up in his eyes and a clear teardrop roll down.

