

双语美文悦读馆

# 幸福的 伊甸园

(童年美文)

主编 执云 / 高芬 译

EDEN OF HAPPINESS

没有沉重思考、不用梳理智慧、  
快乐无忧是最美的光芒。

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## 主编寄语

每一次的相遇都会发生一些故事，相遇可以是人，亦可是物。如伯牙之于子期、陆游之于唐婉、伯乐之于千里马，而人与好书的相遇，也定会携带醉人的故事。

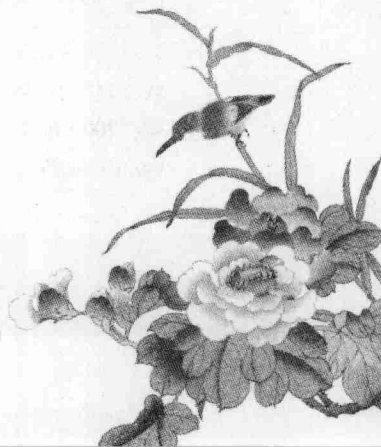
与一本好书相遇，如同十字路口寻获了地标，减少了些许的迷茫。

与一本好书相遇，如同都市尘嚣偶得了清茗，涤荡了几多的倦怠。

与一本好书相遇，如同夜深枯灯瞥见了后窗，增加了无限的遐思。

与一本好书相遇，如同历史遗迹发掘了珍宝，开拓了未知的视野。

每个人会与许多不同的好书相遇，这是人与物的牵绊，也是人与人的牵绊。每个人与好书相遇都在上演着各自不同的故事。当然你也不例外，现在你也与一本好书相遇了。这本书中有优美的英文及美丽的中文，她会给你山泉般甘甜的知识，待你畅游你未曾游览过的景致，而你又将与她上演怎样精彩的故事呢……





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## The Steadfast Tin Soldier

Hans Christian Andersen

安徒生(Hans Christian Andersen, 1805 - 1875 年)是19世纪丹麦著名童话作家,世界文学——童话的创始人。他生在欧登塞城一个贫苦鞋匠家庭,早年在慈善学校读过书,当过学徒工。受父亲和民间口头文学影响,他从小酷爱文学。11岁时父亲病逝,母亲改嫁。为追求艺术,14岁时他一个人来到首都哥本哈根。经过8年奋斗,终于在诗剧《阿尔芙索尔》的剧作中崭露才华。因此,他被皇家艺术剧院送进斯拉格尔塞文法学校和赫尔辛欧学校免费就读,历时5年。1828年,升入哥尔哈根大学。毕业后一直没有工作,他主要靠稿费维持生活。安徒生的创作可分早、中、晚三个时期。早期童话多充满绮丽的幻想、乐观的精神,体现现实主义和浪漫主义相结合的特点。代表作有《打火匣》、《小意达的花儿》、《拇指姑娘》、《海的女儿》、《野天鹅》、《丑小鸭》等;中期童话中幻想成分减少,现实成分相对增强。在鞭挞丑恶、歌颂善良中,表现了对美好生活的执著追求,也流露了缺乏信心的忧郁情绪。代表作有《卖火柴的小女孩》、《白雪公主》、《影子》、《一滴水》、《母亲的故事》、《演木偶戏的人》等。晚期童话比中期更加现实,着力描写底层民众的悲苦命运,揭露社会生活的阴冷、黑暗和人间的和平,作品基调低沉。代表作有《柳树下的梦》、《她是一个废物》、《单身汉的睡帽》、《幸运的贝儿》等。

There were once five - and - twenty tin soldiers, who were all brothers, for they were made out of the same old tin ladle. They shouldered

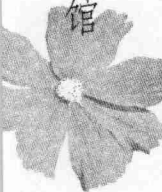


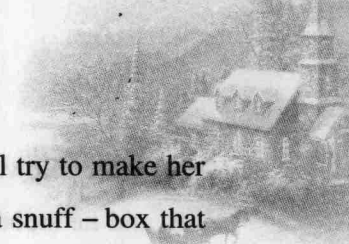
their muskets, looked straight before them, and wore a mart red and blue uniform.

The first thing they heard in this world when the lid was taken off the box in which they lay were the words, "Tin soldiers!" A little boy said that and clapped his hands; they had been given to him because it was his birthday, and he now set them out on the table. Each soldier was the exact image of all the others – at least only one of them was a little different. He had only one leg, for he had been molded last of all, and there was not tin enough left to give him two legs. Yet he stood as firmly on his one leg as the others did on two legs, and it was just this particular soldier who was to become remarkable.

On the table where they were set out stood a lot of other toys, but what struck the eye most was a pretty paper palace. You could see right into the rooms through the little windows. Outside stood small trees round about a little mirror which was meant to represent a lake, and wax swans swam on the surface, which reflected back their image. It was all very pretty, but prettiest of all was certainly a little maid who stood at the open palace door; she also was cut out of paper, but she had a skirt of the brightest linen, and a narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders like a scarf, and in the middle of this was a glistening spangle as large as her whole face. The little maid stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer, and then she lifted one of her legs so high in the air that the tin soldier could not make out what had become of it, and fancied that she had only one leg, like himself.

"That's the wife for me!" thought he, "but she's a great beauty; she lives in a palace, while I have only a box, and there are five – and –





twenty of us there, so it is not the place for her! Still I'll try to make her acquaintance!" So he laid himself at full length behind a snuff-box that happened to be on the table; thence he could peep at the nice little lady who kept on standing on one leg without losing her balance.

When it was evening all the other tin soldiers were put back in their box, and the people of the house went to bed. And now the toys began to play among themselves; they played at visitors, and at warfare, and they had a ball. The tin soldiers rattled in the box, for they wanted to join in the fun, but they could not lift the lid off. The nut-crackers turned somersaults, and the pencil cast up accounts on the slate. There was such a racket that the canary awoke and began to pipe, and in verse too! The only two who did not move from their places were the tin soldier and the little dancing girl. She remained erect on the tips of her toes, with both arms stretched wide out; he was just as steadfast on his one leg, and never took his eyes off her for an instant.

And now the clock struck twelve, and crack! Up flew the lid of the snuff-box; there was no snuff in it, only a little black gnome for the box was a puzzle.

"Tin soldier," cried the gnome, "Will you keep your eyes to yourself?"

But the tin soldier pretended not to hear.

"Wait till the morning, that's all!" said the gnome.

Now when it was morning and the children came up to the nursery the tin soldier was placed close to the window, and whether it was the gnome or a draught of air I don't know, but the window all at once flew open, and the soldier fell out, head over heels, from the third storey into

the street below. It was a frightful flight. His one leg was right up into the air, and he stood on his helmet with his bayonet sticking in between the flagstones.

The maid – servant and the little boy immediately came downstairs to look for him, but though they very nearly trod upon him they did not see him. If the tin soldier had cried out: “Here am I!” they certainly would have found him, but he did not consider it right and proper to ask for help, because he was in uniform.

And now it began to rain; the drops fell thicker and thicker until it poured. When the shower was over two street – boys came that way.

“Look!” cried one, “There’s tin soldier; let’s give him a sail!”

So they made a boat out of a newspaper, put the tin soldier in the middle, and down the gutter he went sailing, while both boys ran along by the side, clapping their hands.

What billows there were in that gutter! And the current too! It was dreadful! Yes, the rain had poured in torrents, and no mistake! The paper boat rocked up and down and spun round and round till the tin soldier was quite dizzy; but he remained steadfast all through, never changed countenance, looked straight before him, and shouldered arms.

All at once the boat went right under a long gutter – coping; it grew as dark as in his box.

“Where on earth am I going now!” thought he, “Yes, it is all the gnome’s fault. Ah! If only the little dancing maid were sitting her in the boat it might be as dark again if it liked and I should not care!”

The same instant up came a large water rat who lived under the gutter – coping.

“Have you a pass?” asked the rat. “Come Out with you pass!”

But the tin soldier kept silence and shouldered arms still more firmly.


Off went the boat, with the rat close behind it. Ugh! How it gnashed its teeth, crying, “Stop him! Stop him! He hasn't paid the toll, and he hasn't shown his pass!”

But the stream grew stronger and stronger. The tin soldier could already see the bright daylight in front where the coping ended, but he heard at the same time a roaring sound which might well have made even the bravest man afraid. Only fancy! Where the coping ended the gutter plunged right down into a large channel, which would be as dangerous to the tin soldier as sailing down a large waterfall would be to us. He was already so close to the precipice that he could not stand. The boat dashed on, the poor tin soldier stood as stiff as he could, that nobody should say of him that he so much as blinked his eyes. The boat whirled round four times, and filled with water to the very brim. Sin it must! The tin soldier stood up to his neck in water, and deeper and deeper sank the boat; the paper became quite undone; now the water closed right over the soldier's head. Then he thought of the pretty little dancing girl whom he should never see again, and these lines rang in his ear.

“On, soldier! On — on — though swords and shots rattle, 'Tis thy fate to find death in the midst of the battle.”

And now the paper burst in the middle, the soldier fell through, and the same instant was swallowed by a huge fish.

How dark it was inside there! Worse even than the gutter — coping; and the space was so narrow too. But the tin soldier remained steadfast,



and lay at full length shouldering arms.

The fish frisked about, leaping and darting in the most frightful manner. At last, however, it became still, and what looked like a flash of lightning seemed to dart through it. The light shone quite brightly, and someone cried aloud: "Tin soldier!"

The fish had been caught, carried to market, sold, and taken to the kitchen, where the maid - servant had cut it open with a large knife. She took the soldier round the waist between her finger and thumb and carried him to the parlor, to which everyone hastened to look at the remarkable man who had traveled about inside a fish.

Yet the tin soldier was not a bit proud. They placed him on the table and there - how strangely, to be sure, things come about in this world - the tin soldier found himself in the selfsame room he had been in before; he saw the self - same children, and the same playthings stood upon the table; the beautiful palace with the pretty little dancing girl was there too, and she still stood on one leg and held the other in the air; she, too, was steadfast. The tin soldier was quite touched; he could have shed tin tears, but this would not have become him. He looked at her and she looked at him, but neither said a word.

Then one of the little boys took up the tin soldier and threw him right into the stove. He gave no reason whatever for doing so; no doubt the gnome in the snuff - box was at the bottom of it.

The tin soldier stood lighted up by the flames and felt a frightful heat, but whether it was the actual heat of the fire or the heat of his love he did not know. He looked at the little maid and she looked at him, and he felt in quite a melting mood, but still he stood steadfast and shouldered arms.

Then a door opened, the draught caught the dancing girl, and she fluttered like a Sylph right into the stove to the tin soldier, flashed into a flame, and was gone. The tin soldier at the same time melted into a mere lump of metal, and when the serving - maid next day raked the ashes out of the grate she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. Of the dancing girl, all that remained was the spangle, and that was as black as a cinder.



**musket** n. 步枪

**ribbon** n. 缎带, 带状物, 色带

**spangle** n. 亮晶晶的小东西

v. 用闪光饰物装饰; 使闪烁发光; 闪烁发光

**balance** n. 平衡, 均衡; 平静, 镇定; 协调, 和谐; 天平, 秤

v. 使平衡; 权衡, 比较; 保持……的平衡; 使相称;  
得到平衡; 相称; 保持平衡; 被抵消

**canary** n. 金丝雀; 加那利葡萄酒; 淡黄色; 加那利舞

**gutter** n. 排水沟, 贫民区, 槽

v. 开沟于; 形成沟; 淌蜡; 流, 淌; 摇曳不定

**channel** n. 水道, 航道; 沟渠; 海峡; 河床; 频道

v. 引导; 形成河道; 开导; 在某条路线上前进;  
使在某条路线上前进

## 坚定的锡兵


[丹麦] 安徒生

从前，有 25 个锡做的士兵，他们都是兄弟，因为他们都是同一个旧锡长柄勺的再造品。他们肩上扛着毛瑟枪，眼睛直直地看着前方，穿着红蓝相间的制服。

当放置他们的盒子盖被揭开时，在这个世界上他们所听到的第一句话就是：“锡兵！”一个孩子一边叫着还一边拍着手。那天是他的生日，这些锡兵就是他得到的生日礼物。他把这些锡兵取出来摆到桌子上。每个兵都是一模一样的，只有一个稍微有点不同，他只有一条腿，因为他是最后铸出的，剩下的锡不够铸两条腿了！但是他仍然能够用一条腿坚定地站着，跟别人用两条腿站着没有两样，因此，后来最引人注意的也恰恰就是他。

他们的那张桌子上还摆着许多其他玩具，其中最引人注目的是一座纸做的华丽的宫殿。透过小窗户，你可以直接看见里面的房间。房子外面有一面代表湖泊的小镜子被小树包围着。几只蜡做的小天鹅在湖上游来游去，它们的影子倒映在水面上。这一切都很美，最美丽的要数那位站在敞开的宫殿门口的年轻女子了。她也是用纸剪的，她穿着一件颜色最鲜艳的亚麻裙子，肩上披着一条窄窄的蓝色缎带，看起来像条围巾。这缎带的中央缀着一件像她脸那么大的亮晶晶的装饰品。这个少女是一个舞蹈家，她伸开双手，把一条腿高高抬起，高到那个锡兵简直看不见。因此他就以为她也和自己一样，只有一条腿呢。

“她倒可以做我的妻子呢！”他心里想，“不过她太漂亮了，又住在宫殿里，而我却只有一个盒子，还是 25 个人挤在一块儿，肯定不适合她住。



不过我倒不妨先跟她认识认识。”桌上碰巧有一个鼻烟壶，于是他就平躺在这个壶的后面，从这儿他就可以看到这位只用一只脚就站得稳稳的美丽少女了。

夜幕降临的时候，其他的锡兵都被放入盒子里了。屋子里所有的人都上床去睡觉了。玩具们这时就开始互相玩耍起来，他们有的互相拜访，有的斗了起来，有的开起了舞会。锡兵们把盒子弄得嘭嘭直响。他们也想出来和大家一起尽兴，可就是掀不开盖子。坚果钳翻起了跟斗，石笔在石板上起劲地扭着。这顿闹把金丝鸟也给吵醒了。她唱了起来，而且是诗。这时候只有两个人没有离开自己的位置：一个是锡兵，另一个是那位小小的舞蹈家。她仍然踮着脚尖笔直地站着，尽情地伸开双臂。他也是稳稳地用一条腿站着，眼睛一刻也没有离开过她。

忽然，时钟敲了12下，于是“呼”！那个鼻烟壶的盖子掀开了。可是里面没有鼻烟，有一个小小的黑妖怪。这个鼻烟壶原来是他的伪装。

“锡兵！”妖怪说，“把你的眼睛放老实一点！”

可是锡兵装作没听见。

“好吧，明天你就等着瞧吧！”妖怪说。

第二天一早，小孩们都起床来到了托儿所。他们把这个锡兵放到靠近窗台的位置。不知是那妖怪在捣鬼，还是风在作怪，窗子忽地开了。于是锡兵就从三楼一个跟头掉在下面的街道上了。这一跤真是跌得惨！他的一只腿直直地在空中跷起，整个人倒立着，靠钢盔来支撑，钢盔上的刺刀插在石板缝里。

保姆和那个小男孩立刻下楼来找他。虽然他们几乎踩到他的身上，可是他们仍然没有发现他。假如锡兵大喊一声“我在这儿！”的话，他们肯定就发现他了。不过他觉得自己穿着军服，若寻求帮助就有失大雅了。

开始下雨了。雨点越下越大，最后是倾盆大雨。当雨停了，两个男孩恰巧从那儿经过。

“瞧瞧！”他们中一个说，“这儿躺着一个锡兵。我们让他去航行吧！”



他们用报纸折了一条船，把锡兵放在中间。锡兵就这么沿着水沟顺流而下。这两个孩子在岸上跟着他跑，拍着手。

天哪！沟里掀起一股大浪！水流湍急，真可怕！没错，那场大雨激起了一阵阵的急流，纸船被冲得上下颠簸，还不停地打着转，弄得锡兵头晕目眩。但他仍然稳稳地站着，面不改色；而且还扛着毛瑟枪，眼睛一直看着前方。

忽然这条船流进一条很长的下水道里去了，四周变得一团漆黑，好像是在盒子里一样。

“我现在究竟要去什么地方啊！”他想，“对了，对了，这是那个妖怪在捣鬼。啊！要是那位年轻的跳舞少女坐在这条船里的话，不管再怎么黑，我也不会在意的。”

正在这个时候，前面过来了一只住在下水道的大耗子。

“有通行证吗？”耗子问，“把你的通行证拿出来！”

可锡兵一句话也不说，只是更紧地握住了自己的毛瑟枪。

这条船继续往前飞快的行驶，耗子在后面紧跟着。嗨！瞧瞧他那副张牙舞爪的样子。他叫道：“拦住他！拦住他！他没给过路钱！他没有出示通行证！”

水流越来越急，在下水道的尽头，锡兵已经可以看到前面明媚的阳光了。就在此刻，他听到了怒吼声，这声音大得足以把一个胆子最大的人都吓着。想想看吧：在下水道尽头的地方，水突然涌入一条运河里去了。这对他来说是非常危险的，正如我们顺着巨大的瀑布向下航行一样危险。他已经如此靠近悬崖边了，以至于他几乎站不住了。船一直向前冲，可怜的锡兵只有尽可能地把他的身子笔直地挺起来。谁也不能说他把眼皮眨过一下。这条可怜的船在水中打了四个转，飞溅到船里的水一直漫到了船舷，船马上就要沉了。直立着的锡兵全身都浸在水里了，只有头还露在水面外。船在不断地向下沉，纸也慢慢地散开了。现在水已经淹没了士兵的头……这时，他不禁想起了那位美丽的跳舞女孩，他将永远也见不着她



了。这时他耳边响起了这样的话：

“冲啊，冲啊，战士，刀枪虽响，勇往直前！战斗到死！”

现在纸从中间裂开了，锡兵也沉到了水底。也就在这时，一条大鱼忽然把他吞进肚里去了。

啊！鱼肚子里可真是黑啊！比在水道里糟得多，而且空间又是那么狭小！但是锡兵仍然坚贞不移，手握毛瑟枪平躺在那里。

这条鱼不停地蹦着，乱蹦乱跳真是吓人。后来它忽然一下子一动都不动了。接着一道光似闪电射进了它的身体，同时有一个人在大声喊：“锡兵！”

原来这条鱼被捉住，送到市场被卖掉了，又被带进了厨房，一个女佣用一把大刀把它给剖开了。她把锡兵拿到客厅里，大家都急忙来看这个在鱼肚子里作了一番旅行的了不起的人物。

但是，锡兵可一点都没骄傲，他们把他放在桌子上，嗨！世界上不可思议的事情也多！锡兵发现自己又回到了他以前的那个房间！他看到以前的那些小孩子；他看到桌上以前的那些玩具；他看到那座美丽的宫殿和那位可爱的舞蹈家。她仍然是一条腿站着，而另一条腿依旧高高地跷在空中。她也是同样地坚定！这使锡兵备受感动。他简直要流出锡的眼泪来了，但是这不该是男子汉做的事情，他望着她，她也望着他，但是他们没有说一句话。

正在这时候，有一个小男孩拿起锡兵，一下就把他扔进火炉里去了。他对这个举动什么也没说。这肯定又是鼻烟壶里的那个妖怪在捣鬼啊。

锡兵站在那儿，锡都被火焰照亮了，同时感到一股可怕的热气。不过这热气究竟是从火里发出来的，还是从他的爱情迸发出来的，那就无从知道了。他望着那位娇小的姑娘，而她也在望着他。他觉得他的身体在慢慢地融化。但是他仍然扛着枪，坚定地立着，一动不动。

这时门忽然开了，一阵风吹了进来，吹起这位舞蹈家。她就像西尔妃德一样，飘向了火炉，飞到锡兵的身边，融入了火焰，立刻消失地无影无