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Ozma of Oz

# 奥兹玛公主

[美] 鲍姆 著 / 方雨骁 等 编译



清华大学出版社

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名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版



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藏书



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## 内 容 简 介

《奥兹玛公主》是20世纪世界上最伟大的童话著作之一，是童话名著《绿野仙踪》和《奥兹仙境》的姊妹篇。故事的主人公多萝茜是一位心地善良的小姑娘。一天，多萝茜和黄母鸡毕琳娜被风暴吹到了树上长着午餐的伊夫国。在这个魔幻的国度，多萝茜遇见了老朋友稻草人、铁皮人和狮子，同时还结识了新朋友嘀嗒人、奥兹玛公主。他们一起来到美丽、神秘莫测的诺姆地下宫殿想解救伊夫王后和她的孩子们，结果却大多被施以魔法，好在黄母鸡毕琳娜挺身而出，急中生智，救出了大家。

该书一经出版，很快就成为当时最受关注和最畅销的儿童文学作品，至今被译成世界上几十种文字，曾经先后多次被改编成电影、电视剧和卡通片。书中所展现的神奇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。同是，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。

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莱曼·弗兰克·鲍姆（Lyman Frank Baum，1856—1919），美国儿童文学之父，自称“奥兹国皇家历史学家”。

1856年5月15日，鲍姆出生在美国纽约州。他的父亲是个桶匠，后因开采石油发了大财。他的童年是在田园诗般的山庄中度过的。由于他患有先天性心脏病，因而受到家人的特别关照，任由自己发展兴趣爱好。鲍姆从小就喜欢写作，并且在年少时就展露了写作才华。成年后的鲍姆做过编辑、记者、演员、农场主和剧院老板等，但其最大的成就还是在儿童文学创作领域。

1897年，他编著出版了《鹅妈妈的故事》，该书一经出版便大获成功，并一度成为当时的最畅销图书。1900年，鲍姆出版了被认为是美国历史上的第一部童话巨著《绿野仙踪》（即《奥兹国的魔法师》），该书出版后，好评如潮。这部作品在美国少年儿童中引起了轰动，其后被改编为舞台剧，在芝加哥上映。20世纪30年代末，该作品被拍成电影，轰动一时。该片在我国上映时，片名译作《绿野仙踪》，该名因此一直沿用至今。在读者的一再要求下，鲍姆又以《绿野仙踪》为基础，以他虚拟的“奥兹国”为背景，为该书写了13部续集，并同样受到青少年读者的普遍喜爱。鲍姆将自己的童话书写成与格林、安徒生完全不同的“新童话”，力求为孩子





们感到开心而写。在他的童话书中，延续了古老童话书的惊奇与欢乐，却告别了悲伤与罪恶。为此，他甚至写道：“世世代代流传的古老童话，在今天的儿童图书馆里，也许只能被归为‘历史类’，因为时代已经产生了一系列新的‘传奇故事’。其中，老一套的妖怪、侏儒和仙女消失了，连同所有恐怖的、让人血液凝固的故事，以及作者的道德说教都一起消失了。现代教育中包含着道德，因而，现代孩子从那些传奇故事中寻找的只是娱乐，讨厌看到令人心烦的事情。”

继《绿野仙踪》之后，鲍姆于1904年和1907年分别出版了《奥兹仙境》和《奥兹玛公主》。与《绿野仙踪》一样，《奥兹仙境》和《奥兹玛公主》也是世界童话文学中的经典，受到全世界读者的喜爱。在中国，《奥兹仙境》和《奥兹玛公主》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典童话作品之一。作为世界童话文学宝库中的传世经典之作，它影响了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。目前，在国内数量众多的此类书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是中英文对照版。其中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文的大环境。从英文学习的角度上来看，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，《绿野仙踪》系列童话故事，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精髓，也尽可能保留原作简洁、精练、明快的风格。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，这样有

利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。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。

英语学习的目的是为了学以致用，而最好的使用方式莫过于把英语作为一种工具去获得知识，然后更好地发展自己的事业并报效国家。近年来，选择出国留学的国内学子越来越多，他们中的大多数选择去英语国家留学，也必然会在两个阶段遇到这门语言的挑战。

首先是准备英语的标准化考试阶段，主要包括托福、雅思、SAT、SSAT、GRE、GMAT 等。如果把这些考题翻译成中文，那么可以看出难度是不高的，但很多学生不能取得高分，其原因在于对西方历史、文化、传统、价值观的了解不足。在考试取得高分的学生中有相当多一部分人是有在国外学习和生活经历的。少则数月多则数年的海外经历，让这些学生对西方历史、文化、传统、价值观的了解大大加强，面对这些考试自然就得心应手。因此，加强对西方历史、文化、传统、价值观的了解是一个有效的方法。作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育编写的这套中文导读英文名著系列图书，可以让读者在较为枯燥的英语备考过程中，通过对世界名著的轻松愉快的阅读，在不知不觉中提高学生的阅读速度和阅读水平，了解西方历史、文化、传统、价值观。而在托福、雅思、SAT、SSAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中考出高分，也会水到渠成，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外大学。

其次是在主流英语国家的学习过程中，不管是中学、大学、研究生院，都需要学生对英语的熟练掌握。如果不了解西方历史、文





化、传统、价值观，那么很多课程的学习就会面临很大困难，尤其是面临大量阅读和写作的课程时更是如此。

对于那些正在学习英语、准备或正在准备出国的学生，啄木鸟教育编写的这套中文导读英文名著系列图书，同样可以让你借助于中文导读、以及纯英文的学习氛围，迅速摆脱英文阅读借助中文注释的习惯，快速提升英语能力。

本书主要内容由方雨骁编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有王勋、纪飞、郑佳、刘乃亚、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁和王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。

啄木鸟教育 (www.zmnedu.com)

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# 第一章 鸡笼里的小女孩

## Chapter 1 The Girl in the Chicken Coop



一艘船航行在风暴中的海洋上，乘客中有一位堪萨斯姑娘，叫多萝茜·盖尔，她跟叔叔要一起到澳大利亚，去探访那些从未见过面的亲戚们。亨利叔叔由于在堪萨斯农场的工作太辛苦而导致体力下降，并且神经衰弱。

多萝茜和他一起旅行，小女孩曾经被龙卷风吹到遥远的奥兹国，经历了很多冒险，是个有经验的旅行家。可是，当夜里多萝茜惊醒的时候，发现亨利叔叔不见了。其实叔叔是跑到他的小卧铺上睡觉去了。

多萝茜到甲板上去找他，可是风暴太大了，她抓住一个大大的、方形的鸡笼，接着鸡笼被掀到了巨浪的浪尖上。在大海之中，她的周围没有任何可以依托的东西，只有这块厚木板和木鸡笼。不久之后，乌云翻滚而去，海浪平息了。小女孩看着这一切，几个小时的颠簸使得她已经筋疲力尽了。她在鸡笼的角落坐下来，不到半分钟就睡着了。

The wind blew hard and joggled the water of the ocean,





到甲板上找叔叔

sending ripples across its surface. Then the wind pushed the edges of the ripples until they became waves, and shoved the waves around until they became billows. The billows rolled dreadfully high: higher even than the tops of houses. Some of them, indeed, rolled as high as the tops of tall trees, and seemed like mountains; and the gulfs between the great billows were like deep valleys.

All this mad dashing and splashing of the waters of the big ocean, which the mischievous wind caused without any good reason whatever, resulted in a terrible storm, and a storm on the ocean is liable to cut many queer pranks and do a lot of damage.

At the time the wind began to blow, a ship was sailing far out upon the waters. When the waves began to tumble and toss and to grow bigger and bigger the ship rolled up and down, and tipped sidewise—first one way and then the other—and was jostled around so roughly that even the sailor-men had to hold fast to the ropes and railings to keep themselves from being swept away by the wind or pitched headlong into the sea.

And the clouds were so thick in the sky that the sunlight couldn't get through them, so that the day grew dark as night, which added to the terrors of the storm.

The Captain of the ship was not afraid, because he had seen storms before, and had sailed his ship through them in safety; but he knew that his passengers would be in danger if they tried to stay on deck, so he put them all into the cabin and told them to stay there



until after the storm was over, and to keep brave hearts and not be scared, and all would be well with them.

Now, among these passengers was a little Kansas girl named Dorothy Gale, who was going with her Uncle Henry to Australia, to visit some relatives they had never before seen. Uncle Henry, you must know, was not very well, because he had been working so hard on his Kansas farm that his health had given way and left him weak and nervous. So he left Aunt Em at home to watch after the hired men and to take care of the farm, while he traveled far away to Australia to visit his cousins and have a good rest.

Dorothy was eager to go with him on this journey, and Uncle Henry thought she would be good company and help cheer him up; so he decided to take her along. The little girl was quite an experienced traveller, for she had once been carried by a cyclone as far away from home as the marvelous Land of Oz, and she had met with a good many adventures in that strange country before she managed to get back to Kansas again. So she wasn't easily frightened, whatever happened, and when the wind began to howl and whistle, and the waves began to tumble and toss, our little girl didn't mind the uproar the least bit.

"Of course we'll have to stay in the cabin," she said to Uncle Henry and the other passengers, "and keep as quiet as possible until the storm is over. For the Captain says if we go on deck we may be blown overboard."

No one wanted to risk such an accident as that, you may be sure, so all the passengers stayed huddled up in the dark cabin, listening to the shrieking of the storm and the creaking of the masts and rigging and trying to keep from bumping into one another when the ship tipped sidewise.

Dorothy had almost fallen asleep when she was aroused with a start to find that Uncle Henry was missing. She couldn't imagine where he had gone, and as he was not very strong she began to worry about him, and to fear he might have been careless enough to go on deck. In that case he would be in great danger unless he instantly came down again.

The fact was that Uncle Henry had gone to lie down in his little sleeping-berth, but Dorothy did not know that. She only remembered that Aunt Em had cautioned her to take good care of her uncle, so at once she decided to go on deck and find him, in spite of the fact that the tempest was now worse than ever, and the ship was plunging in a really dreadful manner. Indeed, the little girl found it was as much as she could do to mount the stairs to the deck, and as soon as she got there the wind struck her so fiercely that it almost tore away the skirts of her dress. Yet Dorothy felt a sort of joyous excitement in defying the storm, and while she held fast to the railing she peered around through the gloom and thought she saw the dim form of a man clinging to a mast not far away from her. This might be her uncle, so she called as loudly as she could:

“Uncle Henry! Uncle Henry!”

But the wind screeched and howled so madly that she scarce heard her own voice, and the man certainly failed to hear her, for he did not move.

Dorothy decided she must go to him; so she made a dash forward, during a lull in the storm, to where a big square chicken-coop had been lashed to the deck with ropes. She reached this place in safety, but no sooner had she seized fast hold of the slats of the big box in which the chickens were kept than the wind, as if enraged because the little girl dared to resist its power, suddenly redoubled its fury. With a scream like that of an angry giant it tore away the ropes that held the coop and lifted it high into the air, with Dorothy still clinging to the slats. Around and over it whirled, this way and that, and a few moments later the chicken-coop dropped far away into the sea, where the big waves caught it and slid it up-hill to a foaming crest and then down-hill into a deep valley, as if it were nothing more than a plaything to keep them amused.

Dorothy had a good ducking, you may be sure, but she didn't loose her presence of mind even for a second. She kept tight hold of the stout slats and as soon as she could get the water out of her eyes she saw that the wind had ripped the cover from the coop, and the poor chickens were fluttering away in every direction, being blown by the wind until they looked like feather dusters without handles.



The bottom of the coop was made of thick boards, so Dorothy found she was clinging to a sort of raft, with sides of slats, which readily bore up her weight. After coughing the water out of her throat and getting her breath again, she managed to climb over the slats and stand upon the firm wooden bottom of the coop, which supported her easily enough.

“Why, I’ve got a ship of my own!” she thought, more amused than frightened at her sudden change of condition, and then, as the coop climbed up to the top of a big wave, she looked eagerly around for the ship from which she had been blown.

It was far, far away, by this time. Perhaps no one on board had yet missed her, or knew of her strange adventure. Down into a valley between the waves the coop swept her, and when she climbed another crest the ship looked like a toy boat, it was such a long way off. Soon it had entirely disappeared in the gloom, and then Dorothy gave a sigh of regret at parting with Uncle Henry and began to wonder what was going to happen to her next.

Just now she was tossing on the bosom of a big ocean, with nothing to keep her afloat but a miserable wooden hen-coop that had a plank bottom and slatted sides, through which the water constantly splashed and wetted her through to the skin! And there was nothing to eat when she became hungry—as she was sure to do before long—and no fresh water to drink and no dry clothes to put on.

“Well, I declare!” she exclaimed, with a laugh. “You’re in a pretty fix, Dorothy Gale, I can tell you! And I haven’t the least idea how you’re going to get out of it!”

As if to add to her troubles the night was now creeping on, and the gray clouds overhead changed to inky blackness. But the wind, as if satisfied at last with its mischievous pranks, stopped blowing this ocean and hurried away to another part of the world to blow something else, so that the waves, not being joggled any more, began to quiet down and behave themselves.

It was lucky for Dorothy, I think, that the storm subsided; otherwise, brave though she was, I fear she might have perished. Many children, in her place, would have wept and given way to despair; but because Dorothy had encountered so many adventures and come safely through them it did not occur to her at this time to be especially afraid. She was wet and uncomfortable, it is true, but, after sighing that one sigh I told you of, she managed to recall some of her customary cheerfulness and decided to patiently wait whatever her fate might be.

By and by the black clouds rolled away and showed a blue sky overhead, with a silver moon shining sweetly in the middle of it and little stars winking merrily at Dorothy when she looked their way. The coop did not toss around any more, but rode the waves more gently—almost like a cradle rocking—so that the floor upon which Dorothy stood was no longer swept by water coming through the