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中学生英语阅读精选系列

航海奇遇记

The Voyages of Doctor Dolittle

[美] 休·洛夫廷 著

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出版前言

许多中学生和英语爱好者都十分关注如何能尽快提高英语水平,掌握更地道、更标准的英语。

对于语言学习者而言,广泛地阅读,尤其阅读英文原著是提高英语水平行之有效的方法。因为语言技能的掌握是在实践活动中知识积累的过程,而阅读则是这一过程的主体。以汉语为母语的学习者在英语学习中,只有依靠博览英文原著才能积累语言知识,才能对英语及其文化有深入的了解,从而达到掌握英语的目的。

我们本次推出的六本书——《杨柳风》《航海奇遇记》《黑骏马》《神犬莱西》《远古神奇》《彩颈鸽传奇》均选自英语儿童文学名著,颇具权威性和代表性。这些书自问世之后均曾被译成多种文字在世界各地出版,深受英语学习者的欢迎。从中可以欣赏到简练、优美的语言文字,生动、曲折的故事情节;并能领略到异域风情,体味人与动物、与自然如何相处,感悟其中折射出的人性美,丰富并启发人们的想象力。

本套丛书的翻译颇佳,有志于翻译事业的同学和朋友通过中英文言文字的比较阅读会获益匪浅。

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本丛书已出版的图书如下：

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- 银冰鞋
- 小爵爷
- 珊瑚岛
- 幸福王子
- 小海蒂

译 序

我第一次读美国作家休·洛夫廷所著的“*The Voyages of Doctor Dolittle*”，就被书中可亲可爱的人物、跌宕起伏的情节、神奇旖旎的海上风光以及情趣盎然的动物世界深深吸引住了，这些促使我们产生了要把这部书翻译过来呈现给读者的冲动。

本书作者主要描写了一位勤奋好学、心地善良的博物学家、动物保护专家、航海家杜利特尔博士。他是一个什么样的人呢？我想，他首先是一位研究大自然尤其是动物的专家。他知道许多动物习性，尤其懂得动物的语言，如鸟类、海洋生物、狗、猴子等动物的语言他都懂。当然书中这样的描写是为了故事情节更生动，或者说是一种虚构，但至少可以说博士是一位知识渊博的博物学家。杜利特尔博士还是一位平等地看待动物和人类的心地善良的人。像书中描写的，他无微不至地疗救受伤的松鼠；巧妙地让人们放弃在他看来非常“愚蠢、残忍、令人讨厌的事”——斗牛；那样尊重鲑鳟鱼的选择最后让其游归大海；那样热情高涨地把许多动物收养在家里。这些都反映出，他是动物亲密无间的朋友，是动物忠实的“保护神”。他的这些做法也告诉生活在现代的我们，应该像他那样爱护、保护人类的朋友——动物们。杜利特尔博士学是一位勤奋好学的人。他不停地工作和学习，为了获取更多的知识，他常常不畏艰险，驾船出海，去感受、探索自然的奥秘；他用许多笔记本记下了大量有关动物的知识和其他见闻；他经常为研究动物的习性尤其是语言夜以继日地工作，例如为学习鲑鳟鱼的语言通宵不眠，甚至还要把耳朵浸到水里；为了科学研究，为了人类文化的传承，他宁可舍弃舒适的皇位，最后又踏上他钟爱的探索研究之路。我想，这也应该说是一种为科学执着的献身精神。杜利特尔博士又是一位极富同情心的待人真诚、纯朴、随和的人。他在雨中被莽撞的汤米撞倒后不仅不怪罪汤米，还反过来问汤米“没伤着你吧”，这与汤米只是因为问上校时间却被上

校臭骂一顿形成了鲜明的对比；他对未经允许就偷偷上船的鲁克等人不仅没有责备，反而把他们送上岸并倾囊帮助他们去谋求生路……瞧，杜利特尔博士就是这么一个人。不过，我给他画的肖像也许并不细腻和传神，亲爱的读者，如果您想对他了解得更全面、更准确，那就请您花些时间读读这本书吧。我想，读完本书，您也许和我一样，会喜欢杜利特尔博士的。

当然，本书受到作者文化背景、价值观念的影响，有些地方对印第安人的描写和看法不是很合适的，相信读者在阅读中能够有自己正确的看法。

由于本人水平有限，译文难免有不妥之处，敬请读者指正。

译者

2001年12月于河北师范大学

目 录

Prologue	XV
引子	

Part One 第一部

1. The Cobbler's Son	2
修鞋匠的儿子	
2. I Hear of the Great Naturalist	6
了不起的博物学家	
3. The Doctor's Home	14
博士的家	
4. The Wiff-Waff	24
威夫-瓦夫	
5. Polynesia	34
波莉妮西娅	
6. The Wounded Squirrel	44
受伤的松鼠	
7. Shellfish Talk	50
贝类的谈话	
8. Are You a Good Noticer?	56
你善于观察吗?	
9. The Garden of Dreams	60
梦中园	
10. The Private Zoo	66
私人动物园	
11. My Schoolmaster, Polynesia	72
我的老师—波莉妮西娅	

12. My Great Idea	78
我的伟大计划	
13. A Traveler Arrives	84
奇奇到达	
14. Chee-Chee's Voyage	88
奇奇的航行	
15. I Become a Doctor's Assistant	92
我成为博士的助手	

Part Two

第二部

1. The Crew of the Curlew	100
“鹈鸟号”的船员	
2. Luke the Hermit	104
鲁克隐士	
3. Jip and the Secret	108
吉普和秘密	
4. Bob	114
鲍勃	
5. Mendoza	120
恶人门多萨	
6. The Judge's Dog	128
法官的狗	
7. The End of the Mystery	132
揭开秘密	
8. Three Cheers	138
三声欢呼	
9. The Purple Bird-of-Paradise	144
紫色天堂鸟	
10. Long Arrow, the Son of Golden Arrow	148
金箭的儿子——长箭	

11. Blind Travel	154
盲目旅行	
12. Destiny and Destination	160
命中注定的目标	

Part Three

第三部

1. The Third Man	168
第三个船员	
2. Good-Bye	174
启航	
3. Our Troubles Begin	180
我们的麻烦开始了	
4. Our Troubles Continue	186
麻烦又来了	
5. Polynesia Has a Plan	194
波莉妮西娅的主意	
6. The Bed-Maker of Monteverde	200
蒙特渥尔德的做床人	
7. The Doctor's Wager	204
博士的赌注	
8. The Great Bullfight	214
伟大的斗牛赛	
9. We Depart in a Hurry	224
仓惶逃离	

Part Four

第四部

1. Shellfish Languages Again 234
再学贝类语言
2. The Fidgit's Story 240
鲱鲚鱼的故事
3. Bad Weather 262
恶劣的天气
4. Wrecked! 266
船失事了!
5. Land! 276
登陆!
6. The Jabizri 282
甲比兹利甲壳虫
7. Hawk's-Head Mountain 290
鹰头山

Part Five

第五部

1. A Great Moment 306
伟大的时刻
2. "The Men of the Moving Land" 314
浮动海岛上的人
3. Fire 320
火
4. What Makes an Island Float 326
什么使小岛浮动
5. War! 330
战争!

6. General Polynesia	340
波莉妮西娅将军	
7. The Peace of the Parrots	346
鹦鹉带来的和平	
8. The Hanging Stone	350
悬着的石头	
9. The Election	358
选举	
10. The Coronation of King Jong	368
智多星国王的加冕典礼	

Part Six

第六部

1. New Popsipetel	378
波普西皮托尔新城	
2. Thoughts of Home	386
思乡	
3. The Red Men's Science	392
印第安人的科学	
4. The Sea Serpent	398
海怪	
5. The Shellfish Riddle Solved at Last	408
解开贝类之谜	
6. The Last Cabinet Meeting	416
最后一次内阁会议	
7. The Doctor's Decision	420
博士的决定	

Prologue

All that I have written so far about Doctor Dolittle I heard long after it happened from those who had known him—indeed a great deal of it took place before I was born. But I now come to set down that part of the great man's life which I myself saw and took part in.

Many years ago the Doctor gave me permission to do this. But we were both of us so busy then voyaging around the world, having adventures and filling notebooks full of natural history, that I never seemed to get the time to sit down and write of our doings.

Now of course, when I am quite an old man, my memory isn't so good anymore. But whenever I am in doubt and have to hesitate and think, I always ask Polynesia, the parrot.

That wonderful bird (she is now nearly two hundred and fifty years old) sits on top of my desk, usually humming sailor songs to herself, while I write this book. And, as everyone who ever met her knows, Polynesia's memory is the most marvelous memory in the world. If there is any happening I am not quite sure of, she is always able to put me right, to tell me exactly how it took place, who was there, and everything about it. In fact, sometimes I almost think I ought to say that this book was written by Polynesia instead of me.

Very well then, I will begin. And first of all I must tell you something about myself and how I came to meet the Doctor.

引 子

到目前为止,我所写的所有关于杜利特尔博士的故事都是我从熟悉他的人那里听来的。那些故事在我听说以前就已发生很久了。的确,那些故事大多发生在我出生之前。但是我现在着手写的这位了不起的人的这部分生活,则是我亲眼所见,并且亲身经历了的。

很多年以前,杜利特尔博士就允许我做这件事。但是,由于我们俩那时都忙着做环球航行、领略冒险、记录自然历史故事,我似乎从未有足够的时间坐下来把我们做的事情写下来。

现在我老了,记忆力自然也不好了。但是每当我对有些事记不清拿不准的时候,我总是去问波莉妮西娅——一只鸚鵡。

这只非凡的鸚鵡到现在快有 250 岁了。当我写这本书的时候,她就坐在我的桌上,并且总是自己哼唱着水手歌。正如任何见过她的人所知,波莉妮西娅的记忆力是世界上最出色的。如果有什么过去发生的事我拿不准的话,她总是能修正我的思路,确切地告诉我那是怎样发生的,谁在场,以及所有关于此事的情况。实际上,有时我几乎想,这本书应该说是由波莉妮西娅写的,而不是我。

那么好吧,我开始讲故事。首先我必须讲讲关于我自己的事和我是如何遇见博士的。

❧ PART ONE ❧



第一部



Chapter 1

The Cobbler's Son

My name was Tommy Stubbins, son of Jacob Stubbins, the cobbler of Puddleby-on-the-Marsh, and I was nine and a half years old. At that time Puddleby was only quite a small town. A river ran through the middle of it, and over this river there was a very old stone bridge, called Kingsbridge, which led you from the marketplace on one side to the churchyard on the other.

Sailing ships came up this river from the sea and anchored near the bridge. I used to go down and watch the sailors unloading the ships upon the river wall. The sailors sang strange songs as they pulled upon the ropes, and I learned these songs by heart. And I would sit on the river wall with my feet dangling over the water and sing with the men, pretending to myself that I too was a sailor.

For I longed always to sail away with those brave ships when they turned their backs on Puddleby Church and went creeping down the river again, across the wide, lonely marshes to the sea. I longed to go with them out into the world to seek my fortune in foreign lands—Africa, India, China, and Peru! When they got round the bend in the river and the water was hidden from view, you could still see their huge brown sails towering over the roofs of the town, moving onward slowly—like some gentle giants that walked among the houses without noise. What strange things would they have seen, I wondered, when next they came back to anchor at Kingsbridge! And, dreaming of the lands I had never seen, I'd sit on there, watching till they were out of sight.

Three great friends I had in Puddleby in those days. One was Joe, the mussel man, who lived in a tiny hut by the edge of the water under the bridge. This old man was simply marvelous at making things. I never saw a man so clever with his hands. He used to mend my toy ships for me, which I sailed upon the river, he built windmills out of packing cases and barrel



1

修鞋匠的儿子

我叫汤米·斯塔宾斯，是镇上修鞋匠雅各布·斯塔宾斯的儿子，我九岁半。帕得比镇很小，一条河从镇中穿过，河上架着一座古老的石桥，名叫金斯桥。通过这座桥你可以从桥这头的集市走到桥那头的教堂墓地。

帆船从大海驶入这条小河，在桥的不远处抛锚。我常去河边看水手们卸船。当他们拉着绳子拖着船往前走的时候，嘴里唱着奇怪的歌，久而久之我学会了这些歌。我坐在小河的坝墙上，两脚悬垂在河水上面，和水手们一起唱着歌，并想象着自己也是一名水手。

当帆船在帕得比教堂调头，又悄悄地驶出小河时，我总是渴望与那些勇敢的船只一起跨过这片宽阔、孤独的洼地驶入大海。我渴望与他们一起到外面的世界去寻找好运——去非洲、去中国、去秘鲁！当船沿河转过弯去，河水从视线消失的时候，你仍然看见它们那庞大的棕色船帆，超过小镇的屋顶，向前慢慢地驶去——就像温柔的巨人在房子之间悄无声响地走着。我不知道它们下一次回来停泊到金斯桥时它们都看到了些什么奇特的东西。我梦想着那些我从未去过的地方，常常坐在那里一直看着它们驶出我的视线。

那时候我在帕得比镇有三个了不起的朋友。一个是乔，住在水边桥下的小屋里，他靠捞海贝为生。这位老人很会做东西，我从来没有见过一个像他那样手巧的人。他经常给我修理我玩儿坏的玩具船；他用



staves, and he could make the most wonderful kites from old umbrellas.

Joe would sometimes take me in his mussel boat, and when the tide was running out, we would paddle down the river as far as the edge of the sea to get mussels and lobsters to sell. And out there on the cold, lonely marshes we would see wild geese flying, and curlews and redshanks and many other kinds of seabirds that live among the samfire and the long grass of the great salt fen. And as we crept up the river in the evening, when the tide had turned, we would see the lights on Kingsbridge twinkle in the dusk, reminding us of tea time and warm fires.

Another friend I had was Matthew Mugg, the cat's—meat man. He was a funny old person with a bad squint. He looked rather awful but he was really quite nice to talk to. He knew everybody in Puddleby, and he knew all the dogs and all the cats. In those times being a cat's—meat man was a regular business. And you could see one nearly any day going through the streets with a wooden tray full of pieces of meat stuck on skewers crying, "Meat! M-E-A-T!" People paid him to give his meat to their cats and dogs instead of feeding them on dogbiscuits or the scraps from the table.

I enjoyed going round with old Matthew and seeing the cats and dogs come running to the garden gates whenever they heard his call. Sometimes he let me give the meat to the animals myself, and I thought this was great fun. He knew a lot about dogs and he would tell me the names of the different kinds as we went through the town. He had several dogs of his own, one, a whippet, was a very fast runner, and Matthew used to win prizes with her at the Saturday coursing races; another, a terrier, was a fine rat-ter. The cat's—meat man used to make a business of rat catching for the millers and farmers as well as his other trade of selling cat's meat.

My third great friend was Luke the Hermit. But of him I will tell you more later on.

I did not go to school, because my father was not rich enough to send me. But I was extremely fond of animals. So I used to spend my time col-