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序摇言

本书所收童话故事是为儿童阅读而编写的，希望他们能喜欢。这些古老的故事世代代为人们所喜爱。

贝洛童话选自 18 世纪古老的英文版本。

从《仙女的小屋》中所选的故事和奥尔努瓦夫人的童话是由明尼·赖特小姐翻译，准确地说是重新改写。蒙亨利·卡努瓦先生惠允，赖特小姐还翻译了由他编写的《小亚细亚民间故事》（巴黎，1889 年）中的“铜指环”。

格林童话是由梅·塞拉小姐翻译，另一篇德国童话的译者是西尔维亚·亨特小姐；北欧的童话选用的是阿尔弗雷德·亨特夫人的版本；“可怕的妖头”是本编者根据阿波罗多洛斯、西摩尼德斯和品达罗斯的作品改编而成。“阿拉丁”由维奥莱特·亨特小姐缩写，“格列佛游记”由梅·肯德尔缩写而成；“帕莉班诺仙女”是根据加朗的古英文译本删节而成。

蒙钱伯斯先生惠允，我们从罗伯特·钱伯斯先生所编《苏格兰民间故事》中选用了“魔鬼红伊廷”和“诺罗威的黑公牛”。

“笛克·惠廷顿”选自戈姆先生和惠特利先生为维永协会编写的民间故事书；“杀巨人的杰克”也选自民间故事书，但是像这样既古老又受欢迎的好版本很难得到。

安德鲁·朗格

目 录

海水为什么是咸的	1
Why the sea is Salt	6
穿靴子的猫	11
The Master Cat or Puss in Boots	18
菲丽西亚和石竹花	24
Felicia and the Pot of Pinks	35
白猫公主	44
The White Cat	64
睡莲姑娘	81
The Water-Lily. The Gold-Spinners	91
可怕的妖头	100
The Terrible Head	112
美丽的金发公主	122
The Story of Pretty Goldilocks	136
惠廷顿传奇	150
The History of Whittington	159
神奇的绵羊	167
The Wonderful Sheep	185
小拇指	202
Little Thumb	214
四十大盗	224

The Forty Thieves 236

汉森和格雷泰 246

Hansel and Grettel 255

海水为什么是咸的

很久以前，有两兄弟，一个富，一个穷。圣诞前夜，穷弟弟家里既没有肉，也没有面包，他去哥哥家讨点吃的，求哥哥看在上帝的份上，让他也过个圣诞节。像往常一样，哥哥极不高兴，他很不情愿给弟弟东西吃，这已经不是第一次了。

“如果你照我要求的去做，我就给你一整只火腿。”哥哥说。穷弟弟连忙道谢，满口答应。

“那好吧，给你火腿，现在，你到鬼屋去一趟。”哥哥把火腿扔给了他，对他说道。

“既然我答应了，就一定会去的。”穷弟弟拿起火腿，就出发了。他走了一整天，黄昏时分，来到一个地方，屋里点着明亮的灯光。

“这个地方肯定就是了。”他想，手里拿着火腿。

屋外站着一个老人，留着长长的白胡子，正在劈圣诞夜用的木柴。

“晚上好。”穷弟弟手拿火腿向老人问好。

“晚上好，这么晚了，你要去哪儿啊？”老人问。

“我想去鬼屋，希望我没走错路。”穷弟弟回答说。

“噢，没错，你走的路没错，这里就是你要找的地方，”老人说，“你要是走进去，那些鬼们都会想买你的火腿，因为在这里它们没多少肉吃。不过，要是它们不用磨盘换你的火腿，千万别换。那盘磨就放在门后，差不多什么东西它都能磨出来。你出

来我再告诉你怎么让它停止转动。”

他谢过老人，拿着火腿，敲响了门。

等他走进屋，果真像老人所说的那样，所有的鬼，大大小小的，全围了上来，就像蚁丘上的蚂蚁，争着出高价买他的火腿。

“照说，这本来是我和我老婆的圣诞晚餐。不过，既然你们一门心思想买，我就改变主意，卖给你们了。”他说，“不过，你们得用门后的那盘磨换。”



开始，它们不愿意，继续与他讨价还价，不过，他坚持用磨换火腿，最后，它们只好把磨给他。

他拿着磨回到院子里，向劈柴的老人请教如何让转动的磨停下来。老人把方法告诉了他，他谢过老人，快步往家赶。到家时，圣诞夜的钟声已敲过十二下。

“你究竟上哪儿去了？”他的老婆说，“我在这儿等了你一个

小时又一个小时，现在，煮圣诞粥的锅下连两块木柴也没有了。”

“噢，我赶不回来。我有一件重要的事去办，还得走很远的路，不过，你瞧！”他说着，拿出了那盘磨，放在桌上。他先让磨盘磨出一盏灯，接着是一块桌布，然后是肉、酒，以及其他圣诞晚餐需要的好东西。不管要什么，磨盘都会实现他的愿望。他的老婆看着这么多东西一样接着一样磨出来，惊叫道：“我的天哪！”她追问这盘磨从哪儿弄来的，可是，他不告诉她。

他说：“从哪儿弄来的都一样。这可是个好东西，而且，磨盘的水流永远不会止住。”他磨出了肉食、饮料和各种各样的美味佳肴，足够他们一直吃到主显节。第三天，他设盛宴，邀请所有的朋友来做客。

富哥哥也来了，他看到穷弟弟家里和宴席上的一切十分恼火，他看不得弟弟能有任何好东西。他想：“在圣诞前夜，他穷得叮当响，到我家让我看在上帝的份上给他点儿吃的。现在却办起盛大的宴会，完全一副伯爵和国王的派头。”

“看在上帝的份上，告诉我这些好东西都是从哪儿来的。”他对弟弟说。

“从门后来的。”有了磨盘的弟弟回答说，他不想让哥哥得到满意的答复。可是，到了晚上，他喝了太多的酒，忍不住把自己得到磨盘的来龙去脉都说了出来。

“你们看，我是怎么得到一切财富的！”说着，他拿出了磨盘，磨出了一样又一样东西。哥哥看到了，非要得到磨盘。他软磨硬泡，穷弟弟终于同意了，不过必须付三百元钱，而且，要等到把干草收割完，垛成垛再把磨给他。穷弟弟心想：“如果我把磨留到那个时候，磨出的肉食和饮料肯定够吃好几年的。”可以想象，在这段时间里，磨盘不会因为闲着不用而生锈的。

干草收割完以后，他让哥哥来取磨，这一次他格外小心，没

有把让转动的磨停下来方法告诉哥哥。

晚上，哥哥把磨盘拿回了家。第二天一大早，他就催促他老婆出去跟在割草的人后面，翻草，晾晒；他对他老婆说，这天他想一个人呆在家里看家。

吃饭的时候快要到了，他把磨盘放在餐桌上，说道：“磨出鲱鱼和肉汤，要又快又好。”

磨盘开始磨出鲱鱼和肉汤，先是所有盘子和盆子都装满了，接着，厨房的地上也满了。哥哥左转右扭，想尽办法让磨盘停下来，可无论他怎么折腾，磨盘还是转个不停，不一会儿，肉汤就涨上来了，眼看就要淹没他了。他撞开通向客厅的房门，客厅很快也满了，他冒着生命危险，才趟过肉汤的洪流，终于够到了门闩。他打开房门后，没敢停留，连忙跑了出去，鲱鱼和肉汤跟在身后，像洪水一样，从农庄和田野上席卷而过。

他老婆正在田地里晾晒干草，心想，晚饭怎么还没做好，她对女工和割草的人说：“虽然主人没来叫我们回家，我们还是回去吧；他可能发现自己不大会煮肉汤，我去帮帮他也好。”于是，他们溜溜达达往家走。可是他们走上山没多远，迎面遇上鲱鱼、肉汤和面包组成的洪流，旋转着不断涌来。他们的主人跑在这股洪流的前面。“上帝啊，你们每个人要是有一百个胃就好了！快躲开，别让肉汤淹着！”他大叫着从他们身边跑过，好像有捣蛋鬼在身后追他似的。他一直跑到山下穷弟弟的家，恳求弟弟看在上帝的份上，收回磨盘吧，立刻就收回！他说，“再多磨一个小时，鲱鱼和肉汤就会毁了整个地区。”不过，弟弟并不愿意收回磨盘，直到哥哥拿出许诺的三百元钱，弟弟才同意了。

穷弟弟现在既拿回了磨盘，又有了钱。很快，他在自己的农场上盖起一座房子，比哥哥的房子好得多。但是磨盘给他磨出的钱太多了，他便给房子贴上金片。新房子紧靠海边，金光闪闪，在海上，远远就可以看到。乘船经过这里的人纷纷靠岸拜访金房

子的阔主人，人人都想见识一下神奇的磨盘，关于它的故事，早已传到了千里之外，简直无人不晓。

许多年后，一位船长来到这儿，也想看看这个磨盘。他问磨盘的主人，这个磨盘是不是也能磨出盐来。“当然能，它当然可以磨出盐来。”磨盘的主人说。船长听说磨盘可以磨出盐来，便不惜一切代价，千方百计想得到它。他想，有了磨盘，自己就再也不用冒着出海的危险，千里迢迢到海外去买盐了。

刚开始，弟弟不愿意把磨盘卖掉，但最后拗不过船长的百般恳求，只好同意卖给他，得到了很多钱。船长担心磨盘的主人会反悔，因此，不敢久留，扛起磨盘，很快回到了船上，却还没来得及问怎么让磨盘停下来。

出海不远，他就拿出磨盘放到甲板上，说道：“磨出盐来，要又快又好。”于是，磨盘开始转动，盐像水一样喷涌出来。盐装满了整个船舱，船长想让磨盘停下，可是无论他怎么摆弄，试了又试，磨盘一直转个不停。船上的盐越堆越高，终于船沉入了海底，磨盘也沉入了海底。直到今天，磨盘还在不停地磨出盐，日复一日，永未停歇，海水就这样变咸了。

——挪威，阿斯布约恩森和穆

Why the sea is Salt

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, there were two brothers, the one rich and the other poor. When Christmas Eve came, the poor one had not a bite in the house, either of meat or bread; so he went to his brother, and begged him, in God's name, to give him something for Christmas Day. It was by no means the first time that the brother had been forced to give something to him, and he was not better pleased at being asked now than he generally was.

'If you will do what I ask you, you shall have a whole ham,' said he. The poor one immediately thanked him, and promised this.

'Well, here is the ham, and now you must go straight to Dead Man's Hall,' said the rich brother, throwing the ham to him.

'Well, I will do what I have promised,' said the other, and he took the ham and set off. He went on and on for the livelong day, and at nightfall he came to a place where there was a bright light.

'I have no doubt this is the place,' thought the man with the ham.

An old man with a long white beard was standing in the out-house, chopping Yule logs.

'Good-evening,' said the man with the ham.

'Good-evening to you. Where are you going at this late hour?' said the man.

'I am going to Dead Man's Hall, if only I am on the right track,' answered the poor man.

'Oh! yes, you are right enough, for it is here,' said the old man. 'When you get inside they will all want to buy your ham, for

they don't get much meat to eat there; but you must not sell it unless you can get the hand-mill which stands behind the door for it. When you come out again I will teach you how to stop the hand-mill, which is useful for almost everything.'

So the man with the ham thanked the other for his good advice, and rapped at the door.

When he got in, everything happened just as the old man had said it would: all the people, great and small, came round him like ants on an ant-hill, and each tried to outbid the other for the ham.

'By rights my old woman and I ought to have it for our Christmas dinner, but, since you have set your hearts upon it, I must just give it up to you,' said the man. 'But, if I sell it, I will have the hand-mill which is standing there behind the door.'

At first they would not hear to this, and haggled and bargained with the man, but he stuck to what he had said, and the people were forced to give him the hand-mill. When the man came out again into the yard, he asked the old wood-cutter how he was to stop the hand-mill, and when he had learned that, he thanked him and set off home with all the speed he could, but did not get there until after the clock had struck twelve on Christmas Eve.

'Where in the world have you been?' said the old woman. 'Here I have sat waiting hour after hour, and have not even two sticks to lay across each other under the Christmas porridge-pot.'

'Oh! I could not come before; I had something of importance to see about, and a long way to go, too; but now you shall just see!' said the man, and then he set the hand-mill on the table, and bade it first grind light, then a table-cloth, and then meat, and beer, and everything else that was good for a Christmas Eve's supper; and the mill ground all that he ordered. 'Bless me!' said the old woman as one thing after another appeared; and she wanted to know where her husband had got the mill from, but he would not tell her that.

'Never mind where I got it; you can see that it is a good one, and the water that turns it will never freeze,' said the man. So he

ground meat and drink, and all kinds of good things, to last all Christmastide, and on the third day he invited all his friends to come to a feast.

Now when the rich brother saw all that there was at the banquet and in the house, he was both vexed and angry, for he grudged everything his brother had. 'On Christmas Eve he was so poor that he came to me and begged for a trifle, for God's sake, and now he gives a feast as if he were both a count and a king!' thought he. 'But, for heaven's sake, tell me where you got your riches from,' said he to his brother.

'From behind the door,' said he who owned the mill, for he did not choose to satisfy his brother on that point; but later in the evening, when he had taken a drop too much, he could not refrain from telling how he had come by the hand-mill. 'There you see what has brought me all my wealth!' said he, and brought out the mill, and made it grind first one thing and then another. When the brother saw that, he insisted on having the mill, and after a great deal of persuasion got it; but he had to give three hundred dollars for it, and the poor brother was to keep it till the haymaking was over, for he thought: 'If I keep it as long as that, I can make it grind meat and drink that will last many a long year.' During that time you may imagine that the mill did not grow rusty, and when hay-harvest came the rich brother got it, but the other had taken good care not to teach him how to stop it. It was evening when the rich man got the mill home, and in the morning he bade the old woman go out and spread the hay after the mowers, and he would attend to the house himself that day, he said.

So, when dinner-time drew near, he set the mill on the kitchen-table, and said: 'Grind herrings and milk pottage, and do it both quickly and well.'

So the mill began to grind herrings and milk pottage, and first all the dishes and tubs were filled, and then it came out all over the kitchen-floor. The man twisted and turned it, and did all he could to

make the mill stop, but, howsoever he turned it and screwed it, the mill went on grinding, and in a short time the pottage rose so high that the man was like to be drowned. So he threw open the parlor door, but it was not long before the mill had ground the parlor full too, and it was with difficulty and danger that the man could go through the stream of pottage and get hold of the door-latch. When he got the door open, he did not stay long in the room, but ran out, and the herrings and pottage came after him, and it streamed out over both farm and field. Now the old woman, who was out spreading the hay, began to think dinner was long in coming, and said to the women and the mowers: 'Though the master does not call us home, we may as well go. It may be that he finds he is not good at making pottage and I should do well to help him.' So they began to straggle homeward, but when they had got a little way up the hill they met the herrings and pottage and bread, all pouring forth and winding about one over the other, and the man himself in front of the flood. 'Would to heaven that each of you had a hundred stomachs! Take care that you are not drowned in the pottage!' he cried as he went by them as if Mischief were at his heels, down to where his brother dwelt. Then he begged him, for God's sake, to take the mill back again, and that in an instant, for, said he: 'If it grind one hour more the whole district will be destroyed by herrings and pottage.' But the brother would not take it until the other paid him three hundred dollars, and that he was obliged to do. Now the poor brother had both the money and the mill again. So it was not long before he had a farmhouse much finer than that in which his brother lived, but the mill ground him so much money that he covered it with plates of gold; and the farmhouse lay close by the sea-shore, so it shone and glittered far out to sea. Everyone who sailed by there now had to be put in to visit the rich man in the gold farmhouse, and everyone wanted to see the wonderful mill, for the report of it spread far and wide, and there was no one who had not heard tell of it.

After a long, long time came also a skipper who wished to see

the mill. He asked if it could make salt. 'Yes, it could make salt,' said he who owned it, and when the skipper heard that, he wished with all his might and main to have the mill, let it cost what it might, for, he thought, if he had it, he would get off having to sail far away over the perilous sea for freights of salt. At first the man would not hear of parting with it, but the skipper begged and prayed, and at last the man sold it to him, and got many, many thousand dollars for it. When the skipper had got the mill on his back he did not stay there long, for he was so afraid that the man would change his mind, and he had no time to ask how he was to stop it grinding, but got on board his ship as fast as he could.

When he had gone a little way out to sea he took the mill on deck. 'Grind salt, and grind both quickly and well,' said the skipper. So the mill began to grind salt, till it spouted out like water, and when the skipper had got the ship filled he wanted to stop the mill, but whichever way he turned it, and how much soever he tried, it went on grinding, and the heap of salt grew higher and higher, until at last the ship sank. There lies the mill at the bottom of the sea, and still, day by day, it grinds on; and that is why the sea is salt.

Asbjornsen and Moe.

穿靴子的猫

从前有个磨坊主，死后留给三个儿子的家产只有一间磨坊，一头驴和一只猫。他们既没请公证人也没请律师，很快就分了家：老大得到了父亲的磨坊，老二得到了那头驴，老三只得到了那只猫。这点可怜的家产，很快就会被他们花得精光。可怜的老三看到自己分得的东西只有这么一点儿，心里特别不是滋味。

“我的两个哥哥要是共用磨坊和驴子，倒可以活得很滋润。可我呢，等吃掉了猫肉，再用猫皮做一副手套之后，就只有等着饿死了。”

猫听见了这些话，装作没听见的样子，神情严肃地对老三说：“别这么折磨自己了，我的好主人。你只要给我一个口袋，给我订做一双靴子，让我穿上能在烂泥和荆棘中奔跑，你就会明白，分到我，可不像你想象得那么倒霉。”

猫的主人听了猫的话并没有抱太大希望。不过，他过去时常看见这只猫在抓老鼠的时候，会耍一些鬼把戏：要么用后爪倒挂着身子，要么藏在食物中，要么装死。如今自己境况不佳，他或许能帮上点小忙。

猫得到了他要的东西，便神气活现地蹬上靴子，拿起口袋挂在脖子上，然后用两只前爪抓住系袋口的绳子，来到一个养兔场，这里兔子成群。他先在袋子里放了一些麦麸和苦苣菜，然后直挺挺地躺在地上，一副死了的模样。其实，他正等着那些没有尝过上当受骗滋味的小兔子到他的口袋里来找吃的呢。

猫先生刚躺下就有猎物进袋。有一只莽撞的小兔子傻乎乎地跳进了口袋，他一把抓住兔子，毫不留情地杀死了它。猫带着战利品神气十足地来到王宫，请求觐见国王。他被带到楼上国王的寝宫里。他向国王深深鞠了一躬，说道：“陛下，我的主人，高贵的马拉巴斯侯爵（猫喜欢这样称呼他的主人），命我从他的养兔场带来一只兔子敬献给您。”



“告诉你的主人，”国王说，“他令我十分高兴，我向他表示感谢。”

又有一次，猫藏在茂密的庄稼地里，张着袋口一动不动。一

对鹧鸪跑了进去，他拉紧绳子，结果，两只都逮住了。然后，他像上次对养兔场的兔子那样，把它们献给了国王。国王也像上次一样高兴地收下了这两只鹧鸪，并命人给他些钱买酒喝。

此后的两三个月，猫时常以他主人的名义把猎物献给国王。一天，他得到确切的消息，说国王准备带着女儿，世界上最美的公主到河边散步，就对主人说：

“如果你听从我的建议，你就会交好运。到时候，你只需在河里我指定的地方洗个澡，其余的事情就交给我了。”

马拉巴斯侯爵虽然不知道为什么，他还是照猫的话做了。国王坐着马车打这儿经过的时候，他正在河里洗澡，猫见国王来了，马上大喊道：“救命啊！救命啊！我的主人马拉巴斯侯爵快要淹死啦！”

听到喊声，国王把头伸出车窗，发现是那只常常给他敬献野味的猫，就命令侍卫赶快去营救落水的马拉巴斯侯爵。他们正在把可怜的马拉巴斯侯爵拉上岸时，猫走到马车前，对国王说，他的主人洗澡的时候，来了一群无赖，拿走了主人的衣服，尽管他声嘶力竭地大声喊：“抓贼啊！抓贼啊！”主人的衣服还是被拿走了。

其实，狡猾的猫把主人的衣服藏在了一块大石头下。国王立即命保管服装的官员赶快回宫，从自己最华丽的衣服中取出一套，送给马拉巴斯侯爵。

国王异常亲切地拥抱了马拉巴斯侯爵。他本来就生得英俊，如今穿上这身华丽的衣服变得更加风度翩翩，光彩照人。国王的女儿见了，心中顿生爱意。马拉巴斯侯爵用带有敬意和温柔的目光望了她几眼，她简直爱他爱得神魂颠倒。后来，国王执意要他上车，与他们一起兜风。猫看到自己的计划取得了初步成功，非常高兴。

猫走在国王车队的前头，遇见了一些乡下人，他们正在草场