

*Edwin and The Quest for Drow will
entertain, educate, and energize young readers
and adults alike!*

DR. SHIMI KANG – Harvard-trained Child Psychiatrist and Bestselling
Author of the Dolphin Parent: A Guide to Raising Healthy, Happy,
and Motivated Kids (Without Turning Into a Tiger)

Gordon C. Allan
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EDWIN and the Quest for DROW 埃德温历险记

(汉英对照)



新华出版社

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This book is dedicated to my wife Yully.

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EDWIN
and The Quest for
DROW

埃德温历险记

1

THE FAVOUR

The long black limousine weaved its way through the country lanes of Verbum County. The rain was now pelting down against the car and the whistling wind rocked the vehicle back and forth. Edwin tried to peer out from the back seat but all he could see was the blackness of the tinted windows.

Unable to take in the sights, he had time to reflect on how curious this day had become.

It had started off well enough, with a huge breakfast, the prospect of spending the day riding his bike, and the joy of knowing this was the very first day of the summer holidays. But when his mother suddenly called him into the living room and closed the door behind her, it wasn't long before he realized the day would not be going as planned.

Edwin's mother stood beside the large picture window that looked out onto the front garden, clutching one of the drapes for security. Edwin could tell she was agitated.

"What is it, Mom?" he had asked hesitantly.

There was a pause and then she started to talk in a voice he could barely recognize.

"Darling," she said, sounding as if she was about to cry. "Since . . . since your father passed, it has become very difficult for me. There are things you just don't understand . . ." She stopped talking, to catch herself from saying more about that. "That is to say, there are important things you will know in time when you are ready," she continued. "But right now, I need to get

1

蒙恩

一辆黑色长型豪华轿车在维尔本县的乡间大道上穿梭前行。急促的雨点重重地拍打着车窗，车身在呼啸的寒风中剧烈震颤。埃德温透过隔热车窗向外张望，却只看到漆黑一片。他完全辨不清方向，百无聊赖中回想起今天发生的一切，觉得颇为古怪。

早起后一切都挺正常。暑假的第一天让他心情格外轻松，他一边享用着丰盛的早餐，一边盘算着待会儿骑单车打发时光。但是，当母亲突然把他叫到起居室，还随手掩上了门时，他很快就意识到，今天绝不会像他设想的那样简单。

埃德温的母亲在正对着前花园的景观窗旁坐定，手里紧抓着窗帘，好似抓着一根救命的稻草。埃德温看得出来她的情绪很激动。

“怎么了，妈妈？”他迟疑着问道。

她犹豫了一下，但是一开口，那语气却令他感到如此陌生。

“亲爱的，”她的声音听上去仿佛带着哭腔，“自从……自从你的父亲过世后，咱们家一直举步维艰。有些事情，你还不懂……”她再次停顿，似乎想稳定一下情绪，“我的意思是说，有一些重要的事，等你准备好了，总有一天你会知道的。”她继续说道，“但是现在，为了先处理你父亲的身后事，我不得不四处奔波。”

some of your father's affairs in order and to do that, I will have to do a lot of travelling."

"I'll come with you, Mom. Don't worry. I can help. It's my holidays. I don't have to go to school, remember?"

"No!" she replied, abruptly. "I need you to help me by agreeing to something else."

"Okay . . . whatever you want," said Edwin, not sounding very convincing.

After a long moment of silence, his mother dropped the bomb.

"I need you to go stay with Cedric Bellamy for a while . . . just until I finish what I have to do here. Two, maybe three weeks tops. That's all. I promise."

She swirled around with a strained grin on her face that pleaded with Edwin to agree to her proposition.

Edwin stared at his mother with a look of shock. Of course he had heard of the infamous Cedric Bellamy. How could he have not. His father would announce every Friday that he was heading off to continue his work with Cedric on some big project. But whenever Edwin asked his father about the big project or why he had never met Cedric himself, his father would nervously laugh off his questioning, then talk about how talented Cedric was and how much he admired him.

"Don't worry. You'll meet him some day," his father would say. "When the time is right. But now is not the time. He is a very busy man and he has no patience for distractions."

His father would then pass an anxious glance to his mother, as if to say "Help me with this." On cue, his mother would change the subject and start asking Edwin if he had finished his homework or cleaned his room or washed out his ears.

“我跟您一起去，妈妈。别担心，我可以帮您。现在正在放假，我不用来上学了，对吧？”

“不行！”她断然拒绝道，“我有别的事需要你帮忙。”

“好吧……我愿意为您做任何事。”埃德温话语间带着几分犹豫。

俩人各自沉默了一会儿，然后她说出了一番令他难以置信的话。

“我想送你去塞德里克·贝拉米家借住一段时间……这边的事情忙完后我就去接你。估计两个星期，最多不超过三个星期，我保证。”

她转过身来，脸上带着牵强的微笑，似乎在哀求着埃德温同意她的决定。

埃德温目瞪口呆地看着母亲。他早就听说过塞德里克·贝拉米这个名字，现在想起来言犹在耳。父亲在世时，每逢周五就说要去找塞德里克做大计划。但每当埃德温追问父亲究竟是什么计划，或者为什么他从来没见过塞德里克时，父亲总是神色紧张地一笑了之，然后就把话题扯开，说起塞德里克如何才华横溢，而他又是多么崇拜他。

“放心吧。总有一天你会见到他的，”父亲总是这样说，“等时机成熟了，我自然会带你去见他。但现在还不是时候，他是个大忙人，没有闲工夫浪费在这些琐屑的小事上。”

父亲总是面露难色地望向母亲，似乎在暗示她“帮他一把”，接着母亲就会伺机岔开话题，询问埃德温是否完成了作业、打扫了房间或者清洗了耳朵。

Edwin realized that the last time he had tried to ask his father about the big project and the great Cedric Bellamy was the day before his father had died.

His father died on a Saturday in May, a day that had started out not unlike this one, with his mother calling him into the living room.

"Your father is gone," she had wailed. "The gas . . . the gas. It's that damn gas that did it," she screamed.

Edwin figured his father must have died in some sort of gas explosion, but he knew enough not to pursue the details with his mother, she was so upset. He would bide his time and wait for her to tell him the truth. He loved her too much to force the issue.

While he missed his father terribly, he felt for his mother even more. She seemed abandoned and so lonely. He wanted to help but something was troubling her, something other than the death of her husband. And now here she was asking him to stay with Cedric Bellamy. But why? He wondered if her desire to get his father's things in order meant suing the gas company.

"Edwin, will you do it?" asked his mother in a pathetic voice.

Edwin looked up again and saw that his mother was waiting for his answer.

"Of course, Mom. If you want me to stay with Mr. Bellamy, then I will. I'm sure he is a nice person," he said halfheartedly.

"He is a very good person, Edwin, and Henry . . . your father, loved him dearly. It's important that you meet him now," she said, almost as an afterthought. He will be sending a car to pick you up later this afternoon. I'll pack your clothes. You won't need much. It's only a few weeks," she said, again trying to reassure him.

"But what do I call him, Mom? Uncle Bellamy?"

"Just call him Sir Cedric, dear." Her voice had come back and she was clearly relieved Edwin had agreed to the plan.

When his mother said goodbye to him later that day, she was inconsolable.

"You are such a good boy, Edwin," she said, squeezing him as she sobbed.

埃德温突然回想起来，最后一次向父亲打听他们的计划和那位了不起的塞德里克·贝拉米，正是父亲去世的前一天，父亲是在五月份的一个星期六去世的。当时，母亲把他叫到了起居室，与今天如出一辙。

“你父亲去世了，”当时母亲号啕大哭，“瓦斯……瓦斯，就是该死的瓦斯把他害死的。”她尖叫起来。

埃德温猜测父亲很可能是死于瓦斯爆炸事故，但他不想追问任何细节，因为母亲已经够心烦了。他会耐心等待真相大白的那一天。他太爱母亲，不愿意逼她说出真相。虽然埃德温非常怀念父亲，但他能体谅母亲的难处。她似乎被抛进了痛苦的深渊，形单影只，无依无靠。埃德温希望能帮母亲减轻痛苦，但除了父亲的死，好像还有别的烦心事在困扰着她。而此时此刻，她居然央求他去塞德里克·贝拉米家暂住数日。到底发生了什么事？他想知道，母亲所谓的“处理你父亲的身后事”是不是打算起诉瓦斯公司。

“埃德温，你愿意吗？”母亲凄声问道。

埃德温再次抬起头，发现母亲还在等他的回答。

“当然愿意了，妈妈。如果您要我去塞德里克家，那我就去，我想他一定是个好人。”他敷衍道。

“他的确是个好人，埃德温，而且亨利……我是说你爸爸，非常敬重他。你现在就得去他家，”她说出了似乎盘算已久的决定，“今天傍晚前他会派车来接你，我会帮你打包好衣服，带几件就够了，只是几个礼拜而已。”她说着宽心的话，试图再次安慰他。

“我该怎么称呼他呢，妈妈？贝拉米叔叔？”

“叫他塞德里克爵士就行了，亲爱的。”母亲答道。她的语气又恢复了平静，埃德温的同意显然使她松了一口气。

随后告别时，母亲显得伤心欲绝。

“你是个乖孩子，埃德温，”母亲一边紧抱着他，一边低声抽泣说

“I hate to send you away during a time like this. But please understand that it is for the best. You’ll see.”

“Come on, Mom. Don’t worry about me. As you said, it’s only a few weeks.”

While the words flowed easily from Edwin’s mouth, his stomach was churning as he tried to anticipate what it would be like to live with *the* Sir Cedric Bellamy, a man he had never met.

道，“我真不想在这种时候与你分开。不过，希望你能理解，对你来说这是最好的，总有一天你会明白的。”

“别这样，妈妈。您不用担心我，您不是说过了嘛，只是几个星期而已。”

虽然埃德温嘴上说得轻巧，但内心却极不平静，他略显紧张地猜想着与那位素昧平生、“大名鼎鼎”的塞德里克·贝拉米的相处该是怎样一番情景。

2

CEDRIC BELLAMY

At last, the limousine started to slow. The darkened electric window between the front and the back seats suddenly lowered and the limo driver looked over his shoulder at Edwin.

“We have arrived at Bellamy Manor, Master Edwin,” he said.

The car was turning onto a driveway that appeared to wind its way toward a castle-like structure in the distance.

“That’s Sir Cedric’s house up on the hill,” said the driver, pointing. “It’s an old manor house that goes back to feudal times. It has twenty-two rooms, ten fireplaces, and five floors, including an observatory where you can see for miles.”

Edwin strained to get a better look through the front window. As the car barrelled down the gravel road, he could see the imposing mansion emerge through sculptured grounds spotted with hedges, grazing sheep, and blankets of purple heather.

At last, the car eased its way under a giant portico and stopped in front of two huge wooden doors. The driver rushed round to open the car door and Edwin stepped out. A sweet-smelling breeze swept over his body; he could feel the sun trying to warm the damp air.

“This way, Master Edwin,” ushered the driver, carrying Edwin’s luggage.

Edwin was directed through the front doors into a great entrance hall with large walls, a gigantic fireplace, and a narrow staircase that circled its way up to the floors above.

2

塞德里克·贝拉米

豪华轿车终于放慢了车速，这时，埃德温发现天气已经转晴，太阳也露出了笑脸。他面前的黑色电动车窗降了下来，司机回过头来。

“我们已经抵达贝拉米庄园了，埃德温少爷。”他说道。

埃德温摇下身侧的车窗，迫不及待想看看车外的景象。轿车转入一条私家车道，远处隐隐约约矗立着一座城堡。

“山上那座城堡就是塞德里克爵士的家，”司机指着远处说道，“这幢庄园别墅始建于中世纪时期，历史相当悠久。这里一共有五层，有二十二间客房和十个壁炉，从观景台可以俯瞰方圆数英里的美景。”

埃德温费力地眯着眼，想看得更清楚些。轿车从砾石路上飞驰而过，一栋金碧辉煌的豪宅从起伏的地面上赫然耸现，映入眼帘的还有零星散落的篱笆、成群觅食的绵羊以及如紫色绒毯般的帚石楠。最后，车子缓缓驶入一个高耸的门廊，停在两面巨大的木门前。司机急急赶过来打开车门，埃德温走下车来。一阵诱人的清香扑鼻而来，和煦的晨阳穿过湿漉漉的空气，带来几分暖意。

“请随我这边走，埃德温少爷。”司机扛着埃德温的行李，在前面引路。

他带领着埃德温走过贝拉米庄园的前门，进入一条走廊，两侧的石壁夹道耸立，侧壁建有巨大的壁炉，一段狭长的楼梯盘旋而上直通其他楼层。