

世界名著缩写（插图）· 英汉对照读物

# 地 心 游 记

JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH

Jules Verne



- 世界知识出版社
- 英国格迪斯—格罗塞出版公司

科学幻想小说系列 (JOURNALS OF SCIENCE FICTION)

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地心游记——科学幻想小说

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儒勒·凡尔纳(1828~1905)出生在法国,并成为世界上最伟大的科幻小说家。

在《地心游记》一书中,一条写在羊皮纸上的神秘的信息引导无畏的小阿克赛、他性格古怪的叔叔黎登布洛克教授以及猎人汉恩斯深入到火山的核心,进入了一个未知的世界——一个居住着史前怪物和充满意想不到的危险的世界里。地心的探险家们、勇敢的旅行者们都必须依靠他们的智慧和勇气,否则就会陷于无可挽救的地步。

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**Journey to the Centre  
of the Earth**

*Jules Verne*

John Kennett 缩写

Graham Smith 插图

君厚 旭明 译

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## 致 读 者

在你看过并欣赏一部由名著改编的电影或电视剧后,你或许想读一读这本名著。

那么会是一种什么情景呢?你找到这本书,并且极有可能为之一振。你翻了一二十页,却好像什么也没“发生”。那些可爱的人物和动人的故事都哪儿去了?哎呀,作者什么时候才真正开始讲故事呢?最后你很可能把书丢在一边,不读了。这到底是怎么回事?

其实,可能作者是针对成年人而不是青少年写的这本书。也许这本书是好多年前写的,当时人们有充裕的时间读书,并且没有任何一种别的东西能像书那样让他们享受好几周。

但是,今天我们的想法不同了。这就是要为你们改编这些好书的原因。如果你喜欢这个简明读本所写的作品的话,你在年龄大些时会再找来原著去欣赏和品评她的原汁原味。

这儿的每本书分英文、中译文两部分,分别独立成篇,但又相互对应,便于读者在阅读时对照查看。





## 作者简介

儒勒·凡尔纳，于 1828 年出生在法国的南特市，一直是世界上最受欢迎的作者之一。他曾做过几年律师，之后，于 1862 年，在巴黎发表了他的第一部历险小说。从那时起，他几乎以一年一部小说的速度一直写到 1905 年他去世。人们都说他的书里写的都是后来成为现实的梦想，因为，在那些故事中，他描写了现代发明奇迹——如潜水艇、飞机和电视——这些在很多年之后都变成了现实。





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## Chapter One

# *The Strange Parchment*

Looking back to all that has happened to me since that eventful day, I am scarcely able to believe in the reality of my adventures. They were truly so wonderful that even now I am bewildered when I think of them.

My uncle was a German, having married my mother's sister, an Englishwoman. Being very much attached to his fatherless nephew, he invited me to study under him in his home in the fatherland. This home was in a large town and my uncle was a professor of philosophy, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, and many other ologies.

One day, after spending some time in the laboratory my uncle being absent at the time — I suddenly felt hungry, and was about to rouse up our old French cook, when my uncle, Professor Lidenbrock, suddenly opened the door, and came rushing upstairs.

"Harry — Harry — Harry —"

I hurried to obey, but before I could reach his room, jumping three steps at a time, he was stamping his right foot upon the landing.

"Harry!" he cried, in a frantic tone, "are you coming up?"



Now to tell the truth, at that moment I was far more interested in the question as to what was for our dinner than in any problem of science; to me soup was more interesting than soda and an omelette more tempting than arithmetic. But my uncle was not a man to be kept waiting.

My uncle was a very learned man and a most kind relative. I was bound to him by the double ties of affection and interest. I took deep interest in all his work, and hoped some day to be almost as learned myself. It was a rare thing for me to be absent from his lectures. Like him, I preferred mineralogy to all the other sciences. My anxiety was to gain *real knowledge of the earth*. Geology and mineralogy were to us the sole objects of life, and in connection with these studies many a fair specimen of stone, chalk, or metal did we break with our hammers.

My uncle Lidenbrock was once known to classify six hundred different geological specimens by their weight, hardness, fusibility, sound, taste, and smell.

He corresponded with all the great, learned and scientific men of the age. I was, therefore, in constant communication with, at all events the letters of, Sir Humphry Davy, Captain Franklin, and other great men.

But before I state the subject on which my uncle wished to confer with me, I must say a word about his personal appearance. Alas! my readers will see a very different



portrait of him at a future time, after he has gone through the fearful adventures yet to be related.

My uncle was fifty years old; tall, thin, and wiry. Large spectacles hid, to a certain extent, his vast, round and goggled eyes, while his nose was irreverently compared to a thin file. So much indeed did it resemble that useful article, that a compass was said in his presence to have made considerable N deviation.

The truth being told, however, the only article really attracted to my uncle's nose was tobacco.

Another peculiarity of his was, that he always stepped a yard at a time, clenched his fists as if he were going to hit you, and was, when in one of his peculiar humours, very far from a pleasant companion.

It is further necessary to observe that he lived in a very nice house, in that very nice street, the Königstrasse Hamburg. Though lying in the centre of a town, it was perfectly rural in its aspect - half wood, half bricks, with old-fashioned gables - one of the houses spared by the great fire of 1842.

When I say a nice house, I mean a handsome house - old, tottering, and not exactly comfortable to English notions: a house a little off the perpendicular and inclined to fall into the neighbouring canal; exactly the house for a wandering artist to depict; all the more that you could scarcely see it for ivy and a magnificent old tree which grew over the door.