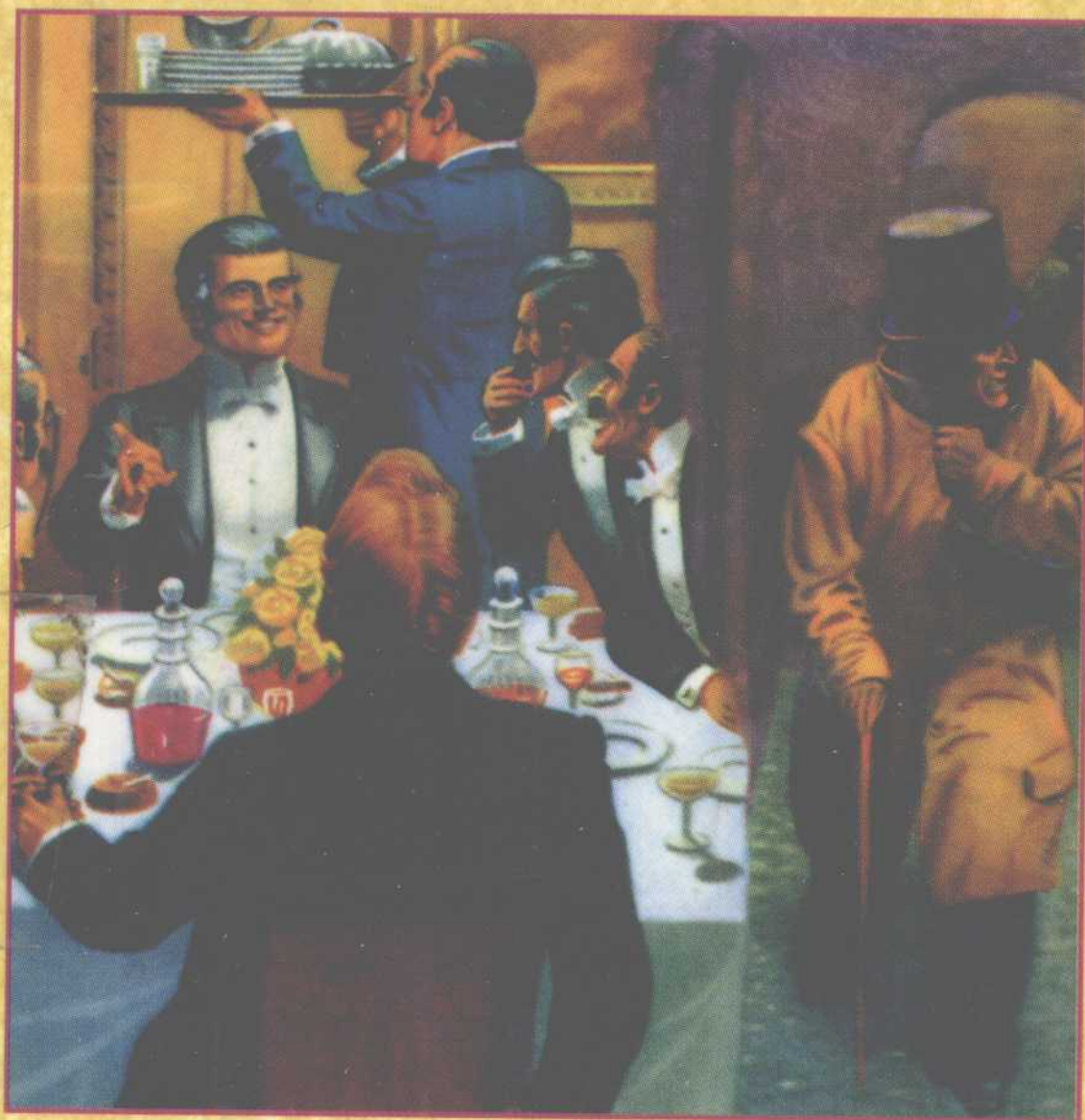


世界名著缩写（插图）· 英汉对照读物

化身博士

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

Robert Louis Stevenson



- 世界知识出版社
- 英国格迪斯—格罗塞出版公司

◎ 華文文學名著 · 小說類 · 現代小說 · 1949 年以後

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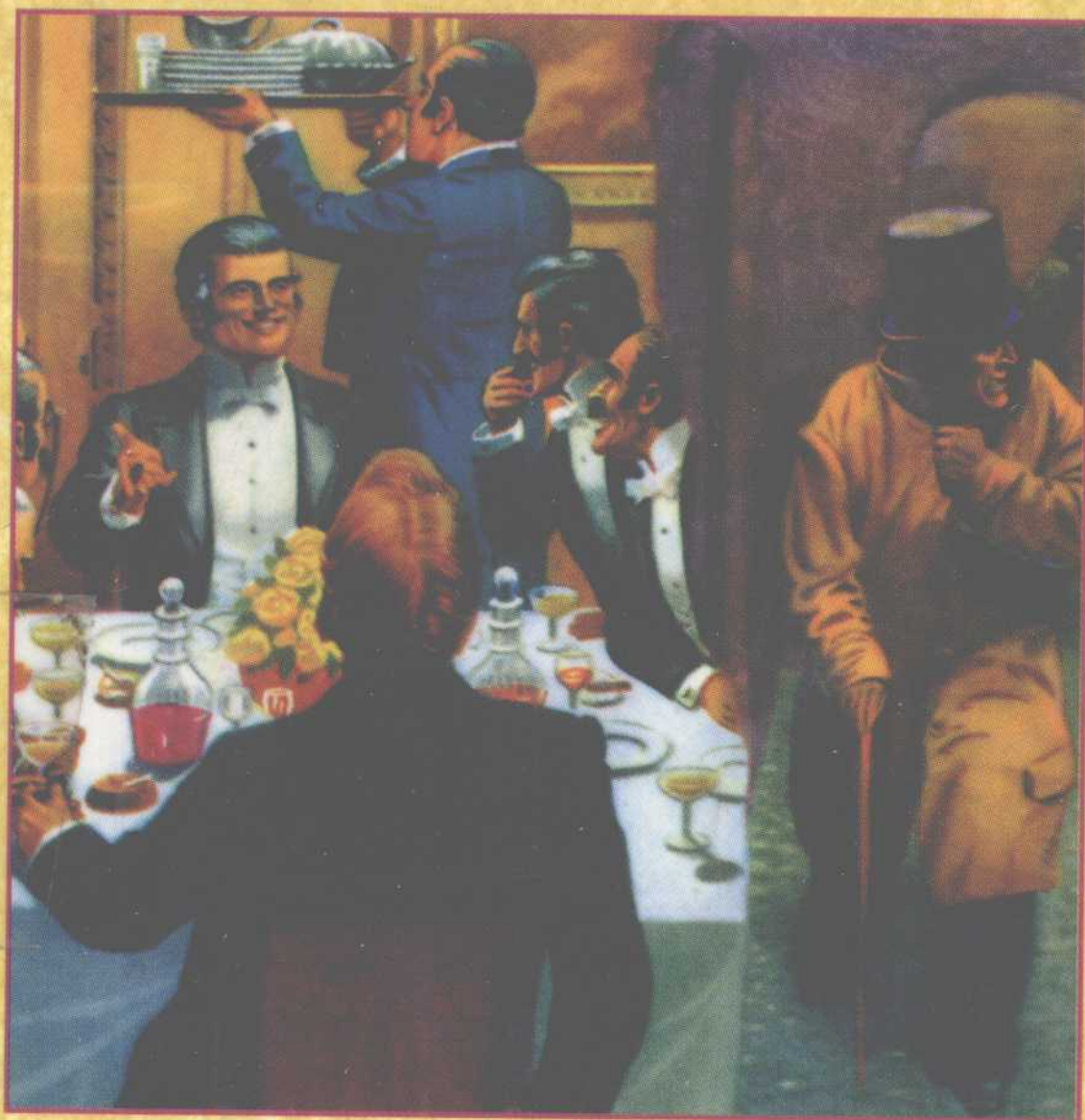
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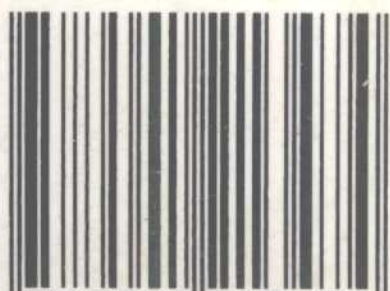


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由于《化身博士》这部作品的力度和深度及其唤起的氛围，所以它被认为是罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森的最优秀的作品之一。这部小说是善与恶之间斗争的象征，也就是受人尊敬的医生杰基尔与十足的恶棍海德先生之间的殊死较量。

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John Kennett 缩写

Andrew Geeson 插图

张 杰 译

世界知识出版社
英国格迪斯—格罗塞出版公司

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

罗伯特·路易斯·史蒂文森，小说家、散文家和诗人，1850年生于英国的爱丁堡。他一生健康欠佳，但游历甚广，去过世界上许多地方，最后在地处热带的萨摩亚群岛安家，1894年在那里去世，去世时已经是一位公认的历史上最伟大的小说家。

史蒂文森为儿童写过一本诗集《儿童诗园》；在他写的许多历险故事中，《金银岛》、《诱拐》及《化身博士》堪称经典代表之作，深受世人喜爱，并广为传诵，历久不衰。

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Chapter One

Night in the City

It was Mr. Richard Enfield who had the first meeting of any real note—or of which we have any accurate record—with the evil and mysterious being who went by the name of Edward Hyde. It was an experience that left Mr. Enfield—who was a large and active young man, with more than his share of courage—sadly shocked and shaken; more disturbed, in fact, than ever before in the twenty-odd years of carefree life.

This was the way of it.

Richard had dined in town that night, and gone on to dance at the Prescott house in Hampstead. By two in the morning, he had tired of the affair and elected to walk back to his rooms in the city. He was glad of the chance to walk. The air, he thought, would clear his head, and he was badly in need of the exercise.

He set off happily, swinging his stick and humming a tune of the moment. As time passed, however, his mood changed. It was a cold, black winter's morning and everywhere was as quiet as the grave. He began to feel the need for company, for the sound of a human voice.

All at once, he saw two figures. One was a little man who was walking quickly towards him on the opposite

side of the road. The other was a girl of some ten or eleven years who was running as hard as she could down a side street. Richard wondered why the child was on the streets at this hour and why she was running so fast.

Richard opened his mouth to call a warning but was too late. The child and the man ran into one another at the corner and the girl fell down. And then came the horrible part of the thing. The man trampled over the child's body, as if it was the most natural thing in the world, and left her screaming on the ground.

It sounds nothing to hear, perhaps, but it was a dreadful thing to see. It wasn't like the deed of a man at all—it was the action of a devil—a monster!

Richard swore. His hand tightened on his stick. The man was walking on without a backward glance, while behind him the scared and injured child lay screaming at the top of her voice.

Those screams had their effect. Along the street, someone threw open a window and called out to the child in an anxious voice. A moment later and other windows were being opened. It was clear that the girl would soon be given help and comfort. Richard made up his mind. He sprang across the street, after the man, with the speed of an angry cat.

He was, in spite of his size, very light on his feet, and he was almost upon the man before the fellow heard him coming. As he turned his head, Richard took him by the collar.



"One moment, my friend," he said grimly. "I think you have some explaining to do."

The man turned, without haste. For a moment, while he stood looking up at Richard, and before he spoke, the young man felt a sudden chill, he was so struck by the shocking expression on the other's face. There was, he was sure, a glint of cruel satisfaction in the eyes. The face was in no way out of the ordinary; the dark hair grew rather low upon the forehead; the eyebrows were heavy and arched; the mouth large and full-lipped. But there was something in the eyes—something wicked and forbidding—some inner power that burned with a brilliant light. And the power was evil! Richard was sure of it! This man was bad, bad all through. There was something in him that filled Richard with disgust, so that he dropped his hand from the other's shoulder and muttered, scarcely conscious that he did so: "Ugh! filthy brute!"

The other was perfectly cool and had made no resistance, but now he gave Richard a look so ugly that it brought out the sweat on him as if he had been running.

"Your manners leave much to be desired, young fellow," said the man. He spoke with a whispering and somewhat broken voice. "Perhaps you will explain yourself."

"Explain myself!" cried Richard, losing all patience. Really! The fellow's impudence passed all bounds. A