

世界名著缩写 (插图) · 英汉对照读物

金 银 岛

TREASURE ISLAND

Robert Louis Stevenson



- 世界知识出版社
- 英国格迪斯—格罗塞出版公司

Treasure Island

Robert Louis Stevenson

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罗伯特·路易斯·史蒂文森(1850~1894)出生在苏格兰,他到处旅行,从西班牙到加利福尼亚的采金地,最后定居在了萨摩亚群岛,并在那里去世。《金银岛》成为全世界最受喜爱的冒险故事之一。故事从在英国乡下的一个小酒馆里的一幅神秘的藏宝图和一名老海盗开始,很快读者就被引到公海上,目睹了一场危险的探索,也就是年轻的吉姆·霍金斯与令人难忘的诡计多端的老海盗高个约翰·西尔弗之间的一场智慧的殊死较量。谁将是第一个找到死人的宝箱和财宝的人呢?

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John Kennett 缩写

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王 秋 海 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

罗伯特·路易斯·史蒂文森，小说家、散文家和诗人，1850年出生在英国爱丁堡一个著名灯塔工程师家庭。尽管他身体一直不好，但他旅游到过许多地方，最后在热带岛屿萨摩亚群岛上安家，并于1894年在那里去世。他的萨摩亚名字为“图西塔拉”，即“讲故事的人”。

史蒂文森为儿童所写的诗都收集在《儿童诗园》中。他写的许多历险故事，如《金银岛》、《诱拐》等，因内容起伏跌宕、惊心动魄而脍炙人口，广为传诵。

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Chapter One

The Old Sea Dog at the Admiral Benbow

Squire Trelawney, Dr Livesey, and the rest of the company asked me to write down the story of our adventure on Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the location of the island, and that only because there is still treasure remaining there. And so, many years later, I begin to write of the year when I became fourteen, when my father kept the Admiral Benbow Inn and the old seaman with the scarred face first took up his lodging under our roof.

I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, pulling his sea chest behind him in a barrow. He was a tall, strong, heavy, man, with his hair tied in a pigtail falling over the shoulders of his dirty blue coat. His hands were ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails, and the scar across one cheek shone from his dirty face as a livid white. As he came, I remember he kept looking round the bay and whistling to himself as he did so. He then sang, in his high, old, wavering voice, that old sea song that he sang so often afterwards:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

Then he rapped on the door with a bit of stick like a handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. When this was brought to him, he savoured it

slowly and looked about him at the cliffs and up at our sign-board. After some time he spoke:

"This is a handy cove," he said, "do you get many people passing through, mate?"

"No, I'm sorry to say," said my father, "It's a lonely spot all year round."

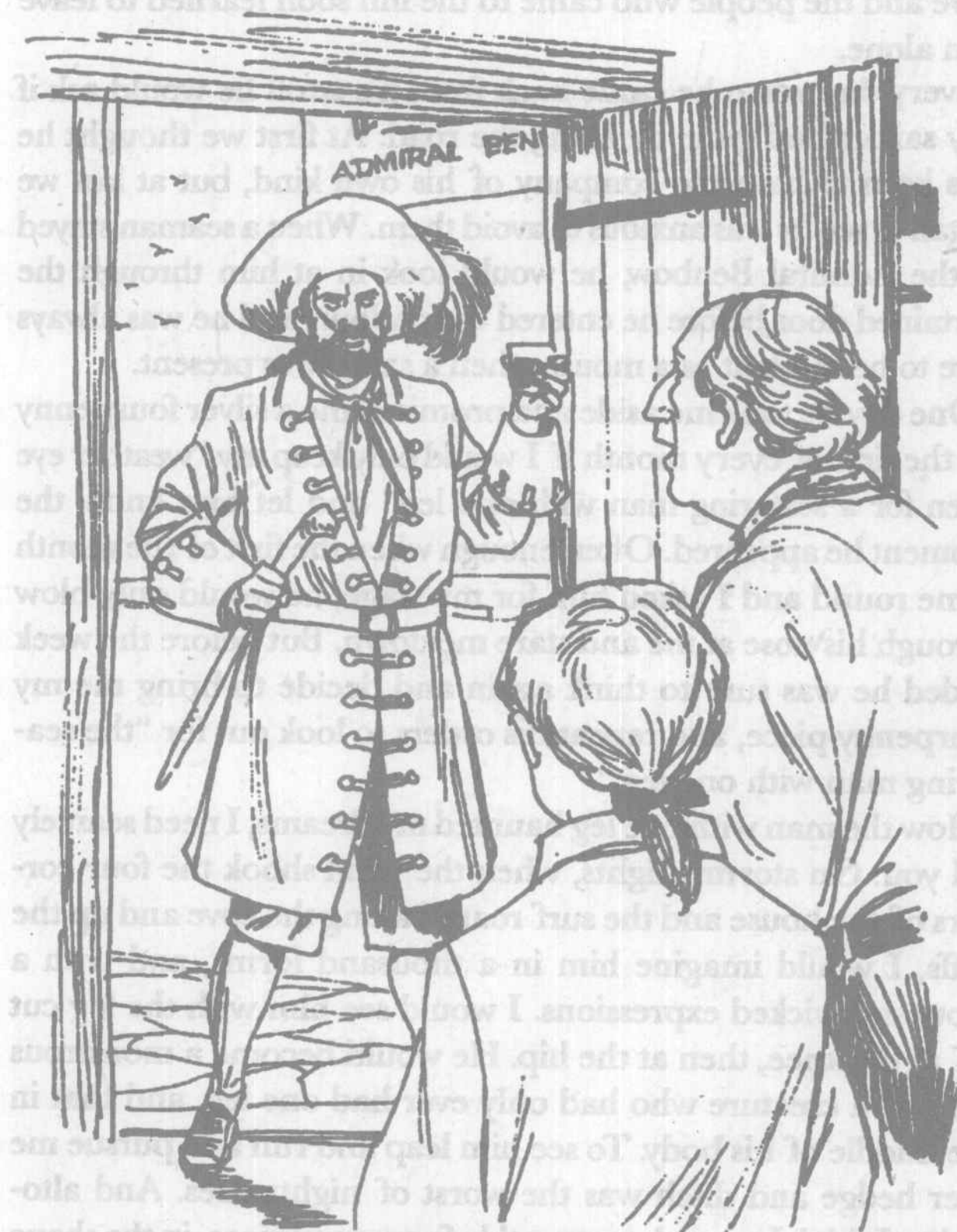
"Well, then," said he, "this is the place for me. Here you, matey," he cried to the man who trundled the barrow; "bring that up alongside and help me with my chest. I'll stay here a bit," he continued. "I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that headland there to watch for ships. What's your name boy?"

"My name is Jim Hawkins, sir. Will you tell me what I might call you?"

"What you might call me? You might call me Captain. Oh, I see what you're at. Don't worry about paying—I'll pay all right," and he threw down three or four gold pieces in front of me. "Tell me when I've spent that and give me a glass of rum," he said, looking as fierce as a commander.

Despite his dirty clothes and his coarse way of speaking, he seemed like a man who was accustomed to being obeyed. The man who came with the barrow told us that the coach had set him down the morning before at the Royal George, that he had asked if there were any inns along the coast, and hearing ours well spoken of, I suppose, and described as lonely, had chosen it from the others for his place of residence. And that was all we could learn of our guest.

He was a strange, silent man. All day he hung round the cove or upon the cliffs with a brass telescope; all evening he sat in a corner of the parlour next the fire and drank rum and water. Mostly he would not speak when spoken to, but would look up



suddenly and fiercely and blow through his nose like a foghorn.

We and the people who came to the inn soon learned to leave him alone.

Every day when he came back from his stroll he would ask if any sailors had gone by along the road. At first we thought he was keen to have the company of his own kind, but at last we began to see he was anxious to avoid them. When a seaman stayed at the Admiral Benbow, he would look in at him through the curtained door before he entered the parlour; and he was always sure to be as silent as a mouse when a sailor was present.

One day he took me aside and promised me a silver fourpenny on the first of every month if I would only keep my "weather eye open for a seafaring man with one leg" and let him know the moment he appeared. Often enough when the first of the month came round and I asked him for my wage, he would only blow through his nose at me and stare me down. But before the week ended he was sure to think again and decide to bring me my fourpenny piece, and repeat his orders to look out for "the seafaring man with one leg."

How the man with one leg haunted my dreams, I need scarcely tell you. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the four corners of the house and the surf roared along the cove and up the cliffs, I would imagine him in a thousand forms, and with a thousand wicked expressions. I would see him with the leg cut off at the knee, then at the hip. He would become a monstrous kind of a creature who had only ever had one leg, and that in the middle of his body. To see him leap and run and pursue me over hedge and ditch was the worst of nightmares. And altogether I think I earned my monthly fourpenny piece, in the shape of these terrible dreams.

