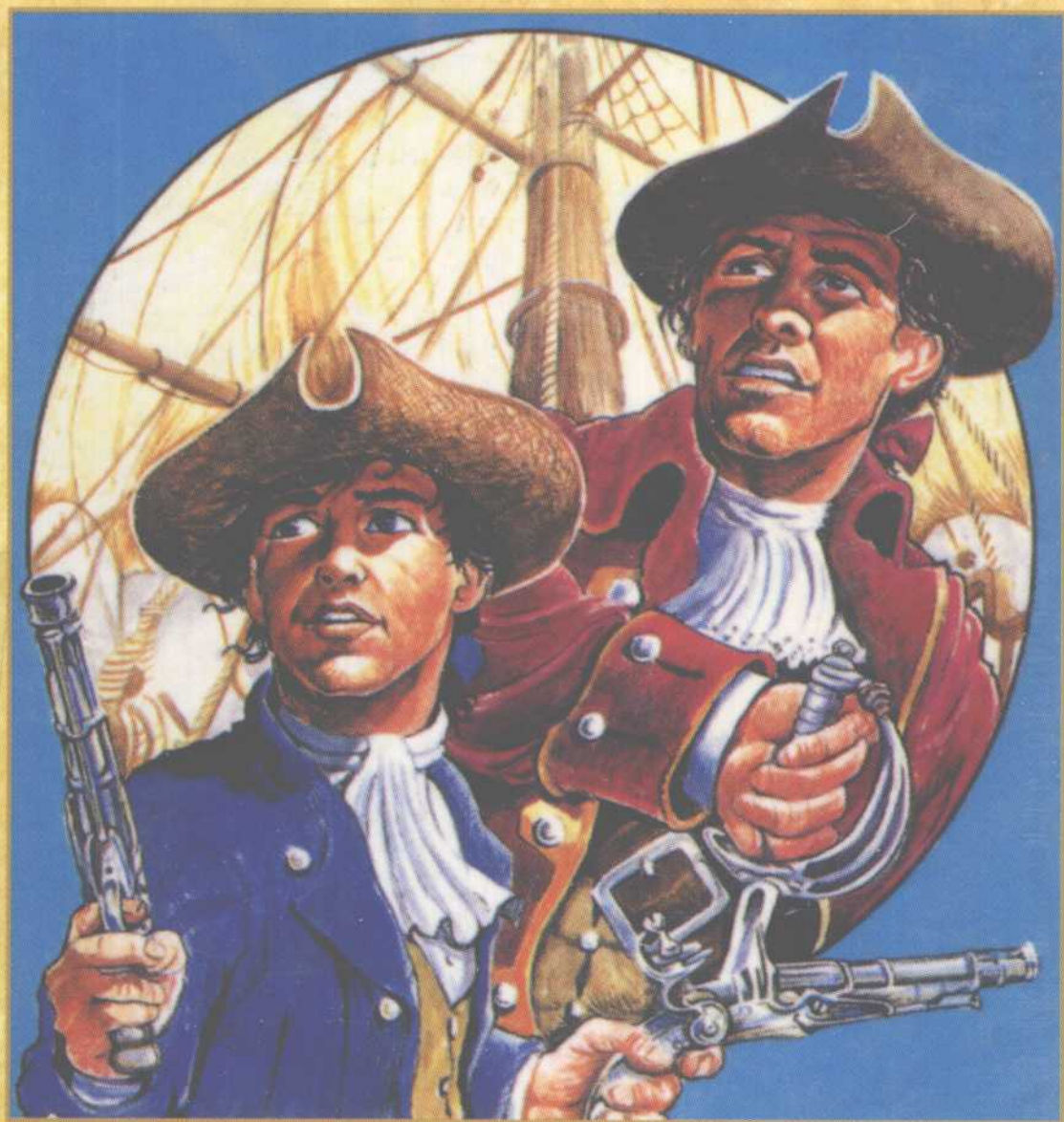


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诱 拐

KIDNAPPED

Robert Louis Stevenson



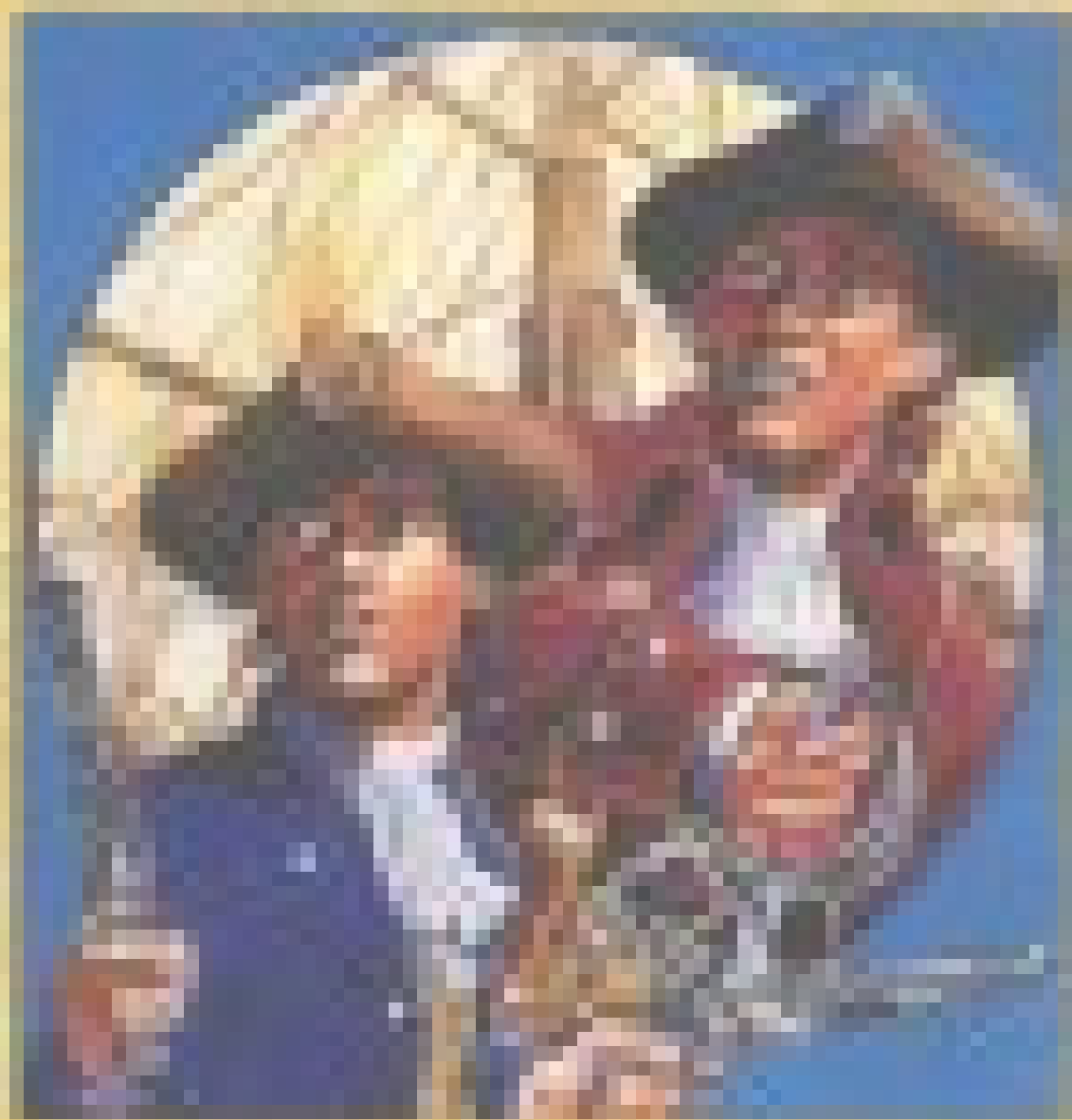
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誘拐

KIDNAPPED

Richard Linnell, Storyline



● 本書為「誘拐」系列小說之一
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Kidnapped

Robert Louis Stevenson

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凡夫 冯玉慧 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。在他的许多历险故事中，《金银岛》是《诱拐》的读者们尤其感兴趣的，因为在《金银岛》中，作者进一步讲述了主人公戴维·鲍尔弗的一些历险故事。

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CHAPTER ONE

The House of Shaws

It was on a morning early in the month of June 1751 that I took the key for the last time out of the door of my father's house. I did not once look back. The sun was shining on the hilltops as I walked through the village.

Mr Campbell, the minister of Essendean, was waiting for me by his garden gate. His face creased in a smile. "Well, Davie, lad," he said, "have you had breakfast? Good! I'll walk to the ford, to see you on your way."

We walked on in silence.

"Are ye sorry to leave Essendean?" he asked.

"Well, sir," I answered, "I've been very happy here — but then I've never been anywhere else. Now that my parents are dead, I want to see something of the world."

"There's something I must tell you," he said. "When your mother died and your father knew that he was sickening for his end, he gave me a letter, which he said was your inheritance. 'When my house is sold,' he said, 'start him off to the house of Shaws, near Cramond. That's where I came from, and it's where Davie should return.'"

"The house of Shaws?" I cried. "What had my father to do with the house of Shaws?"

"I don't know," said the minister, "but the name of that family is the name you bear – Balfour of Shaws. It's an old and famous name, Davie, and though your father came here as a schoolmaster it was clear to us all that he was a gentleman of good family and had known better times. Now, lad, here's the letter he gave me."

He handed me the letter, which was addressed in these words: "To Ebenezer Balfour, Esquire, of the house of Shaws, to be delivered by my son, David Balfour."

"Mr Campbell," I stammered, "would you go, if you were in my shoes?"

"Aye," he answered, "that I would. A big lad like you ought to get to Cramond, which is near Edinburgh, in two days of walking."

I walked on, my head in a whirl, until we came to the ford. Here, Mr Campbell bid me goodbye.

I shouldered my bundle, set out over the ford and up the hill on the farther side. When I came to the top, I took my last look at Essendean and the big trees in the churchyard where my father and mother lay; then, squaring my shoulders, I went down the other side.

I stood, two days later, on top of a hill, from which all the country fell away before me down to the sea. In the middle of this slope, on a long ridge, I saw the smoking chimneys of Edinburgh.

I followed a road that skirted the city to the west, and got a shepherd to point me the way to Cramond.



A little farther on, I began to ask for the house of Shaws. It was a name that surprised everyone I met. People just gaped at it and some seemed almost frightened by it.

I had to find out more about the place. I saw a small cart bumping along a lane, the driver perched on its shaft. I waved him to stop and asked him if he'd heard of it.

He looked at me oddly, like the others. "Aye," he said. "Is it a great house?" I asked.

"Aye," he said, with narrowed eyes, "it's big enough."

"And what about the folk who live there?"

"Folk?" he cried. "There's no folk there to call folk."

"What?" I said. "Not Mr Ebenezer?"

"Oh, ay," said the man, "there's the laird, to be sure, if it's *him* you're wanting. What's your business there?"

"I thought I might get a job there," I answered.

"What!" cried the carter, so sharply that his horse started; and then, "Well, my lad," he added, "if ye'll take a word from me, ye'll keep clear of the Shaws!"

He drove on, leaving me filled with strange fears. I was tempted, then and there, to turn back. But I'd come so far already that I was bound to go on.

It was nearly sundown when I met a dark, sour-looking woman trudging down a hill. I asked my usual question. She scowled at me, turned sharp about and walked with me back to the summit. She pointed a long finger at a great bulk of building standing on a green in the valley. The house seemed to be a kind of ruin.



"That's the house of Shaws!" the woman cried fiercely. "Blood built it; blood stopped the building of it; blood shall bring it down. I spit upon the ground and crack my thumb at it! Black be its fall! If ye see the laird, tell him this makes the twelve hundred and nineteenth time that Jennet Clouston has cursed him."

It was weird and frightening. Her voice had risen to a shriek. She turned as I stood gaping and was gone. My hair stood on end. To have met a witch, and heard her curses, took all the strength out of my legs.

I sat down and stared at the house of Shaws. It seemed, from there, like the one wing of a great house that had never been finished. What should have been the inner end stood open on the upper floors and showed against the sky with steps and stairs of unfinished masonry.

I sat there until the sun went down, and then, right up against the yellow sky, I saw a wisp of smoke go mounting. At least, I thought, it meant a fire, and warmth.

I rose and went forward by a faint track in the grass. It brought me to stone uprights, with an unroofed lodge beside them and coats of arms upon the top. Instead of iron gates, a pair of hurdles were tied across with a rope.

The nearer I got to the house, the drearier it seemed. Night had begun to fall. In three of the lower windows, which were very narrow and well barred, the changing light of a little fire began to glimmer.

I went forward quietly. When I got close to the house, I