世界名著缩写(插图)·英汉对照读物

侠客罗宾汉

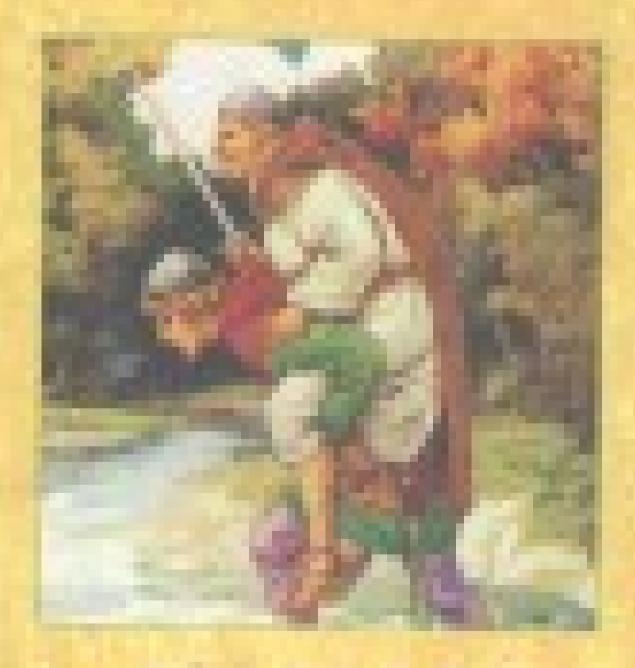
ROBIN HOOD



- 世界知识出版社
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侠客罗宾汉

ROBIN MOOD



- **电影影影影影影**
- 與其物域和一個有限因為企業

侠客罗宾汉 ROBIN HOOD

Anonymous

John Kennett 缩写

John Marshall 插图

贺 伟 华 译

童 一 秀 校

世界知识出版社 英国格迪斯—格罗塞出版公司

Robin Hood

Anonymous

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罗宾汉是传说中的英国英雄、舍伍德森林的绿林王。他身边聚集了一帮绿林好汉,有小约翰、修道士塔克、红衣威尔、玛丽安小姐等。本书还收集了历史上流传至今的有关罗宾汉和他手下英雄豪杰们广为传诵的故事,以及大侠罗宾汉百步穿杨的箭法、行侠仗义的胆量和乐善好施的性格。





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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。

罗宾汉的故事

罗宾汉是英国民间传说中的一位英雄,舍伍德森林中的绿林好汉。他的生平故事最初被编写在一组民谣中。罗宾汉可能是12世纪的一个贵族,他或者出于自愿或者因为欠债而被流放,选择了到诺丁汉郡的舍伍德森林中去生活。在那里他在身边聚集了他的一伙追随者,包括小约翰、塔克修道士、红衣威尔、玛丽安小姐和其他一些人。

流传的有关罗宾汉的传奇故事讲述了他作为一名 弓箭手的箭术、他对穷人的慷慨大度以及他对妇女与 儿童的谦恭有礼。他对多年在外参加十字军东征的狮 心国王理查德一直忠心耿耿。在国王外出征战期间, 罗宾汉坚持反对国王的弟弟约翰和他的心腹诺丁汉郡 郡长的暴政。

收集在这里的是许多故事,这些故事使得罗宾汉 及其伙伴们的传奇几百年来一直深受人们的特别 喜爱。



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CHAPTER ONE

Outlaw

The horse reared up as an arrow flashed past its nose, throwing the rider to the leaf-strewn path.

Before the man knew what had happened he felt the touch of cold steel against his throat and heard a voice say, "Get up very slowly and remove that fat purse from your belt."

"B-b-b-but it's n-n-not my money in the p-p-purse," stammered the man, getting to his feet.

"I know that full well," the voice went on softly. "It's money stolen from those who can least afford it to keep Prince John and his cronies in power."

"Don't kill me," pleaded the man. "I only do what I'm told to do – collect taxes!"

"Taxes! You mean you rob from the poor to give to the rich," was the reply "Well, all that is about to change."

The tax collector felt a hand wrench the purse from his belt before he was pushed to the ground.

"And if anyone asks who lightened the load you were carrying," said his assailant, "tell them it was Robin Hood!"

"Who's that?"

The question echoed briefly round the forest clearing where Much the Miller lived and was almost lost in the thundering of horses' hooves approaching and the jangle of swords clanking against chain mail.

"Sounds like soldiers," said one of the men waiting to have his corn ground by Much. "There! Steady, girl," he went on, trying to calm his nervous cart horse.

A few moments later a band of armed horsemen rode into the clearing, the sun striking little darts of light from their helmets.

"It's the Sheriff and his men," someone whispered.

"Much!" The Sheriff's voice rang out. "Are you in there?"

"Who wants to know?" asked the plump, ruddy-faced man who appeared in the doorway of the mill.

"Come now, miller," the Sheriff of Nottingham sneered.
"You know very well who I am."

"What business do you have with me? I can't see any corn for me to grind, and grinding's my business."

"Insolent dog," cried the Sheriff. "Have some respect for your monarch's men."

"My monarch is King Richard," said Much, refusing to be daunted. "You serve Prince John."

"You know very well that while King Richard is in the Holy Land, his brother rules in his place." The Sheriff's voice was as cold as ice on a winter's morning.



"If you call ruining his brother's subjects with his demands for more and more taxes 'ruling', then I'll not dispute that."

The people waiting by their carts shuffled uneasily. Much's words were true enough. Ever since King Richard had gone to the Crusades, Prince John's tax collectors had bled them almost dry, but, knowing that the Sheriff would throw them into his dungeons and throw away the keys if they refused to pay, they struggled to scratch together the money demanded of them.

"What do you want of me?" asked Much.

"I heard tell you know the whereabouts of Robin Hood." The Sheriff's voice had a threatening tone.

"Then you heard wrong," said the burly miller. "I know the name and admire the man for the brave deeds—"

"Brave deeds!" The words shot from the Sheriff's mouth. "Robin Hood is a common thief. Why an honest man cannot walk through Sherwood Forest without being attacked and robbed these days."

"An honest man need have no fear," said Much. "But fat abbots and greedy landowners, who line their own pockets at our expense, deserve to have their gold taken from them! And usually it's in payment for the fine feast he invites them to. Or so I've heard." he added quickly.

"Indeed!" barked the Sheriff. "And who would refuse an invitation to dine, when it's issued with a sword at the throat. Why, even the king's tax collectors—"



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