

【 插图 · 中文导读英文版 】



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# 人猿泰山

[美] 埃德加·赖斯·巴勒斯 著  
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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## 内 容 简 介

《人猿泰山》是美国科幻小说中的经典之作。英国勋爵带着怀孕的夫人去非洲赴任，不料途中船员哗变，夫妇俩被抛弃在茂密的非洲原始森林。不久孩子降生，而勋爵夫妇却不幸惨遭人猿突袭双双丧生。母猿格拉收养了这个后来被称作“泰山”的孩子。泰山在格拉的精心呵护下成长，他不仅学会了在森林中的生存本领，同时还具有人类特有的聪明和智慧，长大后的泰山成了人猿部落的首领。泰山平静的生活终于随着一支美国人类探险队的闯入而打破，他爱上了探险家的女儿珍妮。之后，泰山的生活发生了巨大变化，并衍生出许多传奇的故事。小说悬念丛生，高潮迭起。该书自出版以来，被译成世界上几十种文字，并曾经先后多次被改编成电影、电视剧和动画片。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的青少年读者都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。

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### 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

人猿泰山=Tarzan of the Apes: 插图·中文导读英文版/(美)巴勒斯(Burroughs, E.R.)著;  
王勋, 纪飞等编译. —北京: 清华大学出版社, 2013.1  
ISBN 978-7-302-30313-8

I. ①人… II. ①巴… ②王… ③纪… III. ①英语—语言读物②长篇小说—美国—现代  
IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2012)第 237818 号

责任编辑: 柴文强 李 晔

封面设计: 傅瑞学

插图绘制: 张赛超

责任校对: 徐俊伟

责任印制: 宋 林

出版发行: 清华大学出版社

网 址: <http://www.tup.com.cn>, <http://www.wqbook.com>

地 址: 北京清华大学学研大厦 A 座 邮 编: 100084

社总机: 010-62770175 邮 购: 010-62786544

投稿与读者服务: 010-62776969, [c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn](mailto:c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn)

质 量 反 馈: 010-62772015, [zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn](mailto:zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn)

印 刷 者: 清华大学印刷厂

装 订 者: 三河市新茂装订有限公司

经 销: 全国新华书店

开 本: 170mm×260mm 印 张: 19.5 字 数: 382 千字

版 次: 2013 年 1 月第 1 版 印 次: 2013 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

印 数: 1~5000

定 价: 39.00 元

产品编号: 048852-01



埃德加·赖斯·巴勒斯 (Edgar Rice Burroughs, 1875—1950), 美国著名小说家。

1875年9月1日, 埃德加出生在美国芝加哥。父亲在美国南北战争期间参军入伍, 后退役经商。从密歇根军事学院毕业后, 埃德加在美国骑兵团服役。退役后, 他即开始为生计四处奔波, 先后尝试过许多工作, 其中包括铁路警察、糖果推销商, 但均告失败。为了养家, 他转而开始为通俗小说杂志撰稿。1912年, 他的第一部小说《在火星的卫星下》分六集在《故事大观》上连载, 该小说一出版便大获成功; 同年, 他又在《故事大观》上出版了第二部小说《人猿泰山》, 该小说获得了更大的成功。从此, 他名声大震, 并开始了专职小说创作之路。

埃德加一生共出版了 70 多部小说, 内容涉及科学、幻想和冒险等领域, 而且这些小说都是当时美国最畅销小说。埃德加是美国历史上最重要的科学小说家之一, 他一生共创作了三个系列的科学小说——火星系列小说、佩鲁塞塔历险小说和金星系列小说, 这些小说奠定了他在美国作为重要科学小说家的地位。然而使他名扬世界的却是他“泰山”系列小说, 该系列共包括 28 部小说, 而《人猿泰山》是该系列的第一部, 同时也是其中的杰出代表。该书自出版以来, 一直畅销至今, 被译成世界上几十种文字。曾经先后多次被改编成电影、电视剧和卡通片。

目前, 在国内数量众多的《人猿泰山》书籍中, 主要的出版形式有两种: 一种是中文翻译版, 另一种是英文原版。其中的英文原版越来越受到读者的欢迎, 这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看, 直接使用纯英文素材更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读, 使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式, 也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排, 这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习



惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《人猿泰山》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、李智能、李鑫、熊红华、傅颖、乐贵明、王婷婷、熊志勇、聂利生、傅建平、蔡红昌、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、胡武荣、贡东兴、张镇、熊建国、张文绮、王多多、陈楠、彭勇、邵舒丽、黄福成、冯洁、王业伟、龚桂平、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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# 第一章 海上哗变

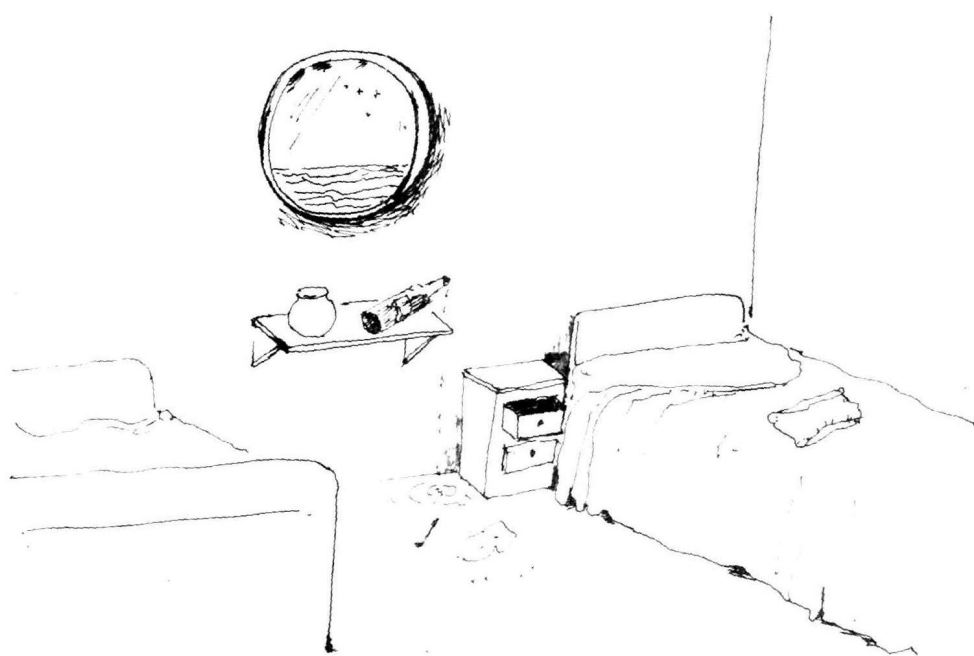
## Chapter 1 Out to Sea



我是在一位朋友那里知道这个故事的。尽管对它充满着怀疑，但是我仍旧想尽方法弄清楚整个故事的经过。在这位朋友给我展示的材料中，我看得出来这些事情和英国殖民部档案的材料完全一致，因此决定把这个故事写成篇章和您分享。

年轻的英国贵族克雷登勋爵被委派到非洲西海岸的殖民地进行一次特别调查，尽管他对此认命感到光荣，但是又私下不忍心抛下刚刚新婚三个月的妻子爱丽丝。最终他决定带着夫人一起赴任。

1888年6月，他们到达了弗里顿，并在那里租了一艘小型帆船。但是船上的人员大都是一些亡命之徒，船长经常靠武力来镇压下属。在他们出发的第二天，船长和一个水手黑麦克发生口角，差点击毙了那个水手，但是克雷登出手救了黑麦克。船上的不安感让克雷登心里存在着恐惧，他本想要求船长把他们送上附近的另一艘船，但是他又犹豫了，并为自己的行为感到好笑。黑麦克感激克雷登的救命之恩，通过老水手告诉他船上在密谋着一场暴动。爱丽丝知道这些消息之后，希望克雷登能够通知船长，夫妇二人经过一番争执，克雷登去见了船长，但是被船长极不友好地拒绝了。两人在回到房间的时候发现了屋子里被翻得乱七八糟，克雷登的手枪和子弹不见了，而门缝下塞着一张字条，警告他们不许走漏丢枪的消息，更不许泄露老水手告诉他们的话。夫妇俩看着乱糟糟的房间，预感到他们只能听天由命了。



房间里乱糟糟的



Clayton	克雷登	故事主人公人猿泰山的父亲
Alice	爱丽丝	故事主人公人猿泰山的母亲
Freetown	弗里顿	塞拉利昂的首都, 位于大西洋岸边的弗里顿半岛
Black Michael	黑麦克	克雷登勋爵搭乘的船上的水手, 得罪了船长, 被克雷登救一命

I had this story from one who had no business to tell it to me, or to any other. I may credit the seductive influence of an old vintage upon the narrator for the beginning of it, and my own skeptical incredulity during the days that followed for the balance of the strange tale.

When my convivial host discovered that he had told me so much, and that I was prone to doubtfulness, his foolish pride assumed the task the old vintage had commenced, and so he unearthed written evidence in the form of musty manuscript, and dry official records of the British Colonial Office to support many of the salient features of his remarkable narrative.

I do not say the story is true, for I did not witness the happenings which it portrays, but the fact that in the telling of it to you I have taken fictitious names for the principal characters quite sufficiently evidences the sincerity of my own belief that it MAY be true.

The yellow, mildewed pages of the diary of a man long dead, and the records of the Colonial Office dovetail perfectly with the narrative of my convivial host, and so I give you the story as I painstakingly pieced it out from these several various agencies.

If you do not find it credible you will at least be as one with me in acknowledging that it is unique, remarkable, and interesting.

From the records of the Colonial Office and from the dead man's diary we learn that a certain young English nobleman, whom we shall call John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, was commissioned to make a peculiarly delicate investigation

of conditions in a British West Coast African Colony from whose simple native inhabitants another European power was known to be recruiting soldiers for its native army, which it used solely for the forcible collection of rubber and ivory from the savage tribes along the Congo and the Aruwimi. The natives of the British Colony complained that many of their young men were enticed away through the medium of fair and glowing promises, but that few if any ever returned to their families.

The Englishmen in Africa went even further, saying that these poor blacks were held in virtual slavery, since after their terms of enlistment expired their ignorance was imposed upon by their white officers, and they were told that they had yet several years to serve.

And so the Colonial Office appointed John Clayton to a new post in British West Africa, but his confidential instructions centered on a thorough investigation of the unfair treatment of black British subjects by the officers of a friendly European power. Why he was sent, is, however, of little moment to this story, for he never made an investigation, nor, in fact, did he ever reach his destination.

Clayton was the type of Englishman that one likes best to associate with the noblest monuments of historic achievement upon a thousand victorious battlefields—a strong, virile man—mentally, morally, and physically.

In stature he was above the average height; his eyes were gray, his features regular and strong; his carriage that of perfect, robust health influenced by his years of army training.

Political ambition had caused him to seek transference from the army to the Colonial Office and so we find him, still young, entrusted with a delicate and important commission in the service of the Queen.

When he received this appointment he was both elated and appalled. The preferment seemed to him in the nature of a well-merited reward for painstaking and intelligent service, and as a stepping stone to posts of greater importance and responsibility; but, on the other hand, he had been married to the Hon. Alice Rutherford for scarce a three months, and it was the thought of taking this fair young girl into the dangers and isolation of tropical Africa that appalled him.



For her sake he would have refused the appointment, but she would not have it so. Instead she insisted that he accept, and, indeed, take her with him.

There were mothers and brothers and sisters, and aunts and cousins to express various opinions on the subject, but as to what they severally advised history is silent.

We know only that on a bright May morning in 1888, John, Lord Greystoke, and Lady Alice sailed from Dover on their way to Africa.

A month later they arrived at Freetown where they chartered a small sailing vessel, the *Fuwalda*, which was to bear them to their final destination.

And here John, Lord Greystoke, and Lady Alice, his wife, vanished from the eyes and from the knowledge of men.

Two months after they weighed anchor and cleared from the port of Freetown a half dozen British war vessels were scouring the south Atlantic for trace of them or their little vessel, and it was almost immediately that the wreckage was found upon the shores of St. Helena which convinced the world that the *Fuwalda* had gone down with all on board, and hence the search was stopped ere it had scarce begun; though hope lingered in longing hearts for many years.

The *Fuwalda*, a barkentine of about one hundred tons, was a vessel of the type often seen in coastwise trade in the far southern Atlantic, their crews composed of the offscourings of the sea—unchanged murderers and cutthroats of every race and every nation.

The *Fuwalda* was no exception to the rule. Her officers were swarthy bullies, hating and hated by their crew. The captain, while a competent seaman, was a brute in his treatment of his men. He knew, or at least he used, but two arguments in his dealings with them—a belaying pin and a revolver—nor is it likely that the motley aggregation he signed would have understood aught else.

So it was that from the second day out from Freetown John Clayton and his young wife witnessed scenes upon the deck of the *Fuwalda* such as they had believed were never enacted outside the covers of printed stories of the sea.

It was on the morning of the second day that the first link was forged in what was destined to form a chain of circumstances ending in a life for one then unborn such as has never been paralleled in the history of man.

Two sailors were washing down the decks of the *Fuwalda*, the first mate was on duty, and the captain had stopped to speak with John Clayton and Lady Alice.

The men were working backwards toward the little party who were facing away from the sailors. Closer and closer they came, until one of them was directly behind the captain. In another moment he would have passed by and this strange narrative would never have been recorded.

But just that instant the officer turned to leave Lord and Lady Greystoke, and, as he did so, tripped against the sailor and sprawled headlong upon the deck, overturning the water-pail so that he was drenched in its dirty contents.

For an instant the scene was ludicrous; but only for an instant. With a volley of awful oaths, his face suffused with the scarlet of mortification and rage, the captain regained his feet, and with a terrific blow felled the sailor to the deck.

The man was small and rather old, so that the brutality of the act was thus accentuated. The other seaman, however, was neither old nor small—a huge bear of a man, with fierce black mustachios, and a great bull neck set between massive shoulders.

As he saw his mate go down he crouched, and, with a low snarl, sprang upon the captain crushing him to his knees with a single mighty blow.

From scarlet the officer's face went white, for this was mutiny; and mutiny he had met and subdued before in his brutal career. Without waiting to rise he whipped a revolver from his pocket, firing point blank at the great mountain of muscle towering before him; but, quick as he was, John Clayton was almost as quick, so that the bullet which was intended for the sailor's heart lodged in the sailor's leg instead, for Lord Greystoke had struck down the captain's arm as he had seen the weapon flash in the sun.

Words passed between Clayton and the captain, the former making it plain that he was disgusted with the brutality displayed toward the crew, nor would he countenance anything further of the kind while he and Lady Greystoke remained passengers.

The captain was on the point of making an angry reply, but, thinking better of it, turned on his heel and black and scowling, strode aft.



He did not care to antagonize an English official, for the Queen's mighty arm wielded a punitive instrument which he could appreciate, and which he feared—England's far-reaching navy.

The two sailors picked themselves up, the older man assisting his wounded comrade to rise. The big fellow, who was known among his mates as Black Michael, tried his leg gingerly, and, finding that it bore his weight, turned to Clayton with a word of gruff thanks.

Though the fellow's tone was surly, his words were evidently well meant. Ere he had scarce finished his little speech he had turned and was limping off toward the forecastle with the very apparent intention of forestalling any further conversation.

They did not see him again for several days, nor did the captain accord them more than the surliest of grunts when he was forced to speak to them.

They took their meals in his cabin, as they had before the unfortunate occurrence; but the captain was careful to see that his duties never permitted him to eat at the same time.

The other officers were coarse, illiterate fellows, but little above the villainous crew they bullied, and were only too glad to avoid social intercourse with the polished English noble and his lady, so that the Claytons were left very much to themselves.

This in itself accorded perfectly with their desires, but it also rather isolated them from the life of the little ship so that they were unable to keep in touch with the daily happenings which were to culminate so soon in bloody tragedy.

There was in the whole atmosphere of the craft that undefinable something which presages disaster. Outwardly, to the knowledge of the Claytons, all went on as before upon the little vessel; but that there was an undertow leading them toward some unknown danger both felt, though they did not speak of it to each other.

On the second day after the wounding of Black Michael, Clayton came on deck just in time to see the limp body of one of the crew being carried below by four of his fellows while the first mate, a heavy belaying pin in his hand, stood glowering at the little party of sullen sailors.

Clayton asked no questions—he did not need to—and the following day, as the great lines of a British battleship grew out of the distant horizon, he half determined to demand that he and Lady Alice be put aboard her, for his fears were steadily increasing that nothing but harm could result from remaining on the lowering, sullen Fuwalda.

Toward noon they were within speaking distance of the British vessel, but when Clayton had nearly decided to ask the captain to put them aboard her, the obvious ridiculousness of such a request became suddenly apparent. What reason could he give the officer commanding her majesty's ship for desiring to go back in the direction from which he had just come!

What if he told them that two insubordinate seamen had been roughly handled by their officers? They would but laugh in their sleeves and attribute his reason for wishing to leave the ship to but one thing—cowardice.

John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, did not ask to be transferred to the British man-of-war. Late in the afternoon he saw her upper works fade below the far horizon, but not before he learned that which confirmed his greatest fears, and caused him to curse the false pride which had restrained him from seeking safety for his young wife a few short hours before, when safety was within reach—a safety which was now gone forever.

It was mid-afternoon that brought the little old sailor, who had been felled by the captain a few days before, to where Clayton and his wife stood by the ship's side watching the ever diminishing outlines of the great battleship. The old fellow was polishing brasses, and as he came edging along until close to Clayton he said, in an undertone:

“‘Ell’s to pay, sir, on this ‘ere craft, an’ mark my word for it, sir. ‘Ell’s to pay.”

“What do you mean, my good fellow?” asked Clayton.

“Wy, hasn’t ye seen wats goin’ on? Hasn’t ye ‘eard that devil’s spawn of a captin an’ is mates knockin’ the bloomin’ lights outen ‘arf the crew?

“Two busted ‘eads yeste’day, an’ three to-day. Black Michael’s as good as new agin an’ ‘e’s not the bully to stand fer it, not ‘e; an’ mark my word for it, sir.”

“You mean, my man, that the crew contemplates mutiny?” asked Clayton.

"Mutiny!" exclaimed the old fellow. "Mutiny! They means murder, sir, an' mark my word for it, sir."

"When?"

"Hit's comin', sir; hit's comin' but I'm not a-sayin' wen, an' I've said too damned much now, but ye was a good sort t'other day an' I thought it no more'n right to warn ye. But keep a still tongue in yer 'ead an' when ye 'ear shootin' git below an' stay there."

"That's all, only keep a still tongue in yer 'ead, or they'll put a pill between yer ribs, an' mark my word for it, sir," and the old fellow went on with his polishing, which carried him away from where the Claytons were standing.

"Deuced cheerful outlook, Alice," said Clayton.

"You should warn the captain at once, John. Possibly the trouble may yet be averted," she said.

"I suppose I should, but yet from purely selfish motives I am almost prompted to 'keep a still tongue in my 'ead.' Whatever they do now they will spare us in recognition of my stand for this fellow Black Michael, but should they find that I had betrayed them there would be no mercy shown us, Alice."

"You have but one duty, John, and that lies in the interest of vested authority. If you do not warn the captain you are as much a party to whatever follows as though you had helped to plot and carry it out with your own head and hands."

"You do not understand, dear," replied Clayton. "It is of you I am thinking—there lies my first duty. The captain has brought this condition upon himself, so why then should I risk subjecting my wife to unthinkable horrors in a probably futile attempt to save him from his own brutal folly? You have no conception, dear, of what would follow were this pack of cutthroats to gain control of the *Fuwalda*."

"Duty is duty, John, and no amount of sophistries may change it. I would be a poor wife for an English lord were I to be responsible for his shirking a plain duty. I realize the danger which must follow, but I can face it with you."

"Have it as you will then, Alice," he answered, smiling. "Maybe we are borrowing trouble. While I do not like the looks of things on board this ship, they may not be so bad after all, for it is possible that the 'Ancient Mariner'



was but voicing the desires of his wicked old heart rather than speaking of real facts.

"Mutiny on the high sea may have been common a hundred years ago, but in this good year 1888 it is the least likely of happenings.

"But there goes the captain to his cabin now. If I am going to warn him I might as well get the beastly job over for I have little stomach to talk with the brute at all."

So saying he strolled carelessly in the direction of the companionway through which the captain had passed, and a moment later was knocking at his door.

"Come in," growled the deep tones of that surly officer.

And when Clayton had entered, and closed the door behind him:

"Well?"

"I have come to report the gist of a conversation I heard to-day, because I feel that, while there may be nothing to it, it is as well that you be forearmed. In short, the men contemplate mutiny and murder."

"It's a lie!" roared the captain. "And if you have been interfering again with the discipline of this ship, or meddling in affairs that don't concern you you can take the consequences, and be damned. I don't care whether you are an English lord or not. I'm captain of this here ship, and from now on you keep your meddling nose out of my business."

The captain had worked himself up to such a frenzy of rage that he was fairly purple of face, and he shrieked the last words at the top of his voice, emphasizing his remarks by a loud thumping of the table with one huge fist, and shaking the other in Clayton's face.

Greystoke never turned a hair, but stood eying the excited man with level gaze.

"Captain Billings," he drawled finally, "if you will pardon my candor, I might remark that you are something of an ass."

Whereupon he turned and left the captain with the same indifferent ease that was habitual with him, and which was more surely calculated to raise the ire of a man of Billings' class than a torrent of invective.

So, whereas the captain might easily have been brought to regret his hasty

speech had Clayton attempted to conciliate him, his temper was now irrevocably set in the mold in which Clayton had left it, and the last chance of their working together for their common good was gone.

"Well, Alice," said Clayton, as he rejoined his wife, "I might have saved my breath. The fellow proved most ungrateful. Fairly jumped at me like a mad dog.

"He and his blasted old ship may hang, for aught I care; and until we are safely off the thing I shall spend my energies in looking after our own welfare. And I rather fancy the first step to that end should be to go to our cabin and look over my revolvers. I am sorry now that we packed the larger guns and the ammunition with the stuff below."

They found their quarters in a bad state of disorder. Clothing from their open boxes and bags strewed the little apartment, and even their beds had been torn to pieces.

"Evidently someone was more anxious about our belongings than we," said Clayton. "Let's have a look around, Alice, and see what's missing."

A thorough search revealed the fact that nothing had been taken but Clayton's two revolvers and the small supply of ammunition he had saved out for them.

"Those are the very things I most wish they had left us," said Clayton, "and the fact that they wished for them and them alone is most sinister."

"What are we to do, John?" asked his wife. "Perhaps you were right in that our best chance lies in maintaining a neutral position.

"If the officers are able to prevent a mutiny, we have nothing to fear, while if the mutineers are victorious our one slim hope lies in not having attempted to thwart or antagonize them."

"Right you are, Alice. We'll keep in the middle of the road."

As they started to straighten up their cabin, Clayton and his wife simultaneously noticed the corner of a piece of paper protruding from beneath the door of their quarters. As Clayton stooped to reach for it he was amazed to see it move further into the room, and then he realized that it was being pushed inward by someone from without.

Quickly and silently he stepped toward the door, but, as he reached for the