



企鵝英語簡易讀物精選

神秘島

The Mysterious Island

Jules Verne

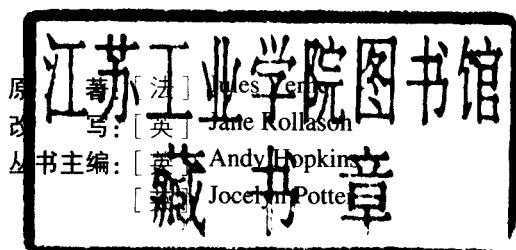
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① 企鹅英语简易读物精选 (初二学生)

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大量阅读简易读物 打好英语基础（代序）

北京外国语学院英语系历来都十分重视简易读物的阅读。我们要求学生在一、二年级至少要阅读几十本经过改写的、适合自己水平的英语读物。教学实践证明，凡是大量阅读了简易读物的学生，基础一般都打得比较扎实，英语实践能力都比较强，过渡到阅读英文原著困难也都比较小。这是我们几十年来屡试不爽的一条经验。

为什么强调在阅读英文原著之前必须阅读大量的简易读物呢？原因之一是简易读物词汇量有控制，内容比较浅易，而原著一般来说词汇量大，内容比较艰深。在打基础阶段，学生的词汇量比较小，阅读原著会遇到许多困难。在这种情况下，要保证足够的阅读量只能要求学生阅读简易读物。其次，简易读物使用的是常用词汇、短语和语法结构，大量阅读这类读物可以反复接触这些基本词语和语法，有助于他们打好基础，培养他们的英语语感。第三，简易读物大部分是文学名著改写而成，尽管情节和人物都大为简化，但依旧保留了文学名著的部分精华，仍不失为优秀读物。大量阅读这些读物对于拓宽学生视野、提高他们的人文素养大有帮助。

在这里我们还可以援引美国教学法家克拉申（Stephen Krashen）的一个著名观点。他认为，学生吸收外语有一个前提，即语言材料只能稍稍高于他们的语言理解水平，如果提供的语言材料难度大大超过学生的水平，就会劳而无功。这是克拉申关于外语学习的一个总的看法，但我们不妨把这个道理运用到阅读上。若要阅读有成效，必须严格控制阅读材料的难易度。目前学生阅读的英语材料往往过于艰深，词汇量过大，学生花了很多时间，而阅读量却仍然很小，进展缓慢，其结果是扼杀了学生的阅读兴趣，影响了他们的自信心。解决问题的关键是向学生提供适合他们水平的、词汇量有控制的、能够引起他们兴趣的英语读物。“企鹅英语简易读物精选”是专门为初、中级学习者编写的简易读物。这是一套充分考虑到学生的水平和需要，为他们设计的有梯度的读物，学生可以循序渐进，逐步提高阅读难度和扩大阅读量，从而提高自己的英语水平。

应该如何做才能取得最佳效果呢？首先，要选择难易度适当的读物。如果一页书上生词过多，读起来很吃力，进展十分缓慢，很可能选的材料太难了。不妨换一本容易些的。总的原则是宁易毋难。一般来说，学生选择的材料往往偏难，而不是过于浅易。其次，要尽可能读得快一些，不要一句一句地分析，更不要逐句翻译。读故事要尽快读进去，进入故事的情节，就像阅读中文小说一样。不必担心是否记住了新词语。阅读量大，阅读速度适当，就会自然而然地记住一些词语。这是自然吸收语言的过程。再次，阅读时可以做些笔记，但不必做太多的笔记；可以做一些配合阅读的练习，但不要在练习上花过多时间。主要任务还是阅读。好的读物不妨再读一遍，甚至再读两遍。你会发现在读第二遍时有一种如鱼得水的感觉。

青年朋友们，赶快开始你们的阅读之旅吧！它会把你们带进一个奇妙的世界，在那里你们可以获得一种全新的感受，观察世界也会有一种新的眼光。与此同时，你们的英语水平也会随之迅速提高。

Introduction

The balloon came down quickly now and the great waves tried to catch them.

Then Cyrus Smith fell into the sea. Did he fall or did he jump? Top, the dog, saw his master in the water and jumped in after him.

There are four men, a boy and a dog in a balloon over the Pacific, but only three men and the boy arrive on a strange island. Will they find Cyrus and Top again? Are there other people on the island? Why do strange things happen to them there? And will they see their homes again?

Jules Verne was born in Nantes, in the west of France, in 1828. The 1800s were a time of exciting ideas – people built trains, balloons and submarines. When he was a young man, Jules Verne loved new ideas. There are a lot of them in his stories. He also loved journeys round the world, and he loved the sea. When he was a boy, he tried to run away to sea.

Jules Verne wrote *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, his first book about an exciting journey, in 1862. Everybody in France loved it and it came out in English in 1869. He then wrote other stories: *Journey to the Centre of the Earth*, *From the Earth to the Moon* (a journey of 97 hours and 20 minutes!), *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea* (about Captain Nemo and his submarine, *Nautilus*) and his most famous book, *Round the World in Eighty Days* (also in Penguin Readers). He wrote *The Mysterious Island* in 1874–5.

Jules Verne made a lot of money from his books and he bought a boat. He made journeys round the world and wrote at the same time. Then in 1896 he sold his boat. His eyes were weak and he stopped writing. He died in 1905.

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Chapter 1 The Great Wind

One day, in March 1865, there was a great wind. It began quite suddenly. It pulled down trees and buildings across the world. It sent many ships to the bottom of the sea.

When the wind began, there were four men, a boy and a dog high in the sky in a balloon. How did they get there?

In America in 1865, there was fighting between the north of the country and the south. These four men were prisoners in the town of Richmond, Virginia, in the south. One day they took a balloon – but that's a different story! They flew north in the balloon. A boy helped them to get away, and they took him with them. One man had a dog, and they took him, too.

But they took the balloon on the wrong day. They took it on that day in March, 1865, the day of the great wind.



The wind caught the balloon and carried it away from the land and out over the Pacific. The balloon went faster and faster. The wind pushed it this way and that way.

After many days, the wind got weaker, but then the balloon started to go down. It fell very, very quickly. The men shouted, 'Throw out more bags!'

'That's the last bag.'

'Are we going up again?'

'No, we're going down.'

'Look! We're near the sea!'

'Look at the waves. They're thirty feet high. We'll die. What can we do?'

'Throw everything out,' shouted one man.



They flew north in the balloon.

He was strong and he was not afraid. His name was Cyrus Smith.

They threw everything out – guns, food, water, money. The boy had the dog in his arms.

The balloon climbed into the sky. For a long time the balloon stayed up and moved south. Then it began to go down again. They could not see land anywhere. The great waves came nearer and nearer.

‘Everybody climb up onto the ropes,’ shouted Cyrus Smith.

The four men and the boy climbed up the ropes. The boy carried the dog. Then they cut the ropes and everything below them fell into the sea. Slowly the balloon began to go up.

Suddenly one of the men shouted, ‘Land!’

It was Pencroft. Pencroft was a seaman and his eyes were good.

After some minutes, the other men could see land, too. A long way away. Dark grey mountains. Slowly the land got nearer, and the grey turned to green. They could see yellow beaches.

The balloon came down quickly now and the great waves tried to catch them.

Then Cyrus Smith fell into the sea. Did he fall or did he jump? Top, the dog, saw his master in the water and jumped in after him.

‘No!’ cried the boy.

But the balloon climbed up again and took them slowly away.

Now they were near land and they could not see Cyrus or his dog. The balloon flew down over a beach and the three men and the boy jumped to the ground. The wind caught the balloon and took it away into the sky. They ran back to the sea.

‘Can anybody see Cyrus?’ asked one man. ‘Let’s stay here and wait.’

His name was Gideon Spillet, and he worked for a newspaper, the *New York Herald*.

'We can't stay here,' said Pencroft. 'This is a very small island, and there's nothing here. There's no water and there are no trees. The next island is much bigger and has mountains. The sea will carry Mr Smith there.'

Nab, the third man, ran quickly into the sea and began to swim. He was on his way to the big island. Nab was Cyrus Smith's man and he loved his master.

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Chapter 2 The Island

The others could all swim, but Nab was the fastest. When he got to the beach, he started to look for Cyrus Smith. He couldn't wait.

'There are a lot of trees,' said Spillet to the other man and the boy. 'And perhaps we can find water in those mountains. I want to climb up high and look at the island. Perhaps there are people here. Will you two go that way, down the beach, and look for food and water? Let's meet here again before the sun goes down.'

Pencroft and Herbert, the boy, walked down the beach to the south. They came to some rocks. They climbed up into the rocks and found a cave. There was a little river near it.

'This is a good place for us. There's water, and food in the rocks,' said Pencroft.

'Food?' asked Herbert. 'I can see a cave and water, but where's the food?'

'There'll be fish round the rocks.'

'But we have to cook the fish first. And we haven't got a fire.'

Pencroft felt in his coat, but his box of matches wasn't there.

'Perhaps one of the other men has some matches,' he said. 'Let's go and find wood for a fire. Then we'll put branches across the mouth of the cave.'

They jumped over the little river and went into the trees behind the cave.

'Mr Pencroft!' shouted Herbert suddenly. 'There are some eggs here.'

They took the eggs, some dead wood and some green branches back to the cave.



When Pencroft and Herbert arrived back at the beach, they found Spillet and Nab there. Spillet looked very tired. Nab's eyes were red. He sat down and looked out at the sea.

'I climbed to the highest place on the island,' said Spillet. 'I couldn't see any sign of life. And Nab didn't find any sign of Cyrus or Top on the island.'

They all felt sad.

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Chapter 3 Five Again

Spillet found one match in his coat.

'Let's be careful here,' said Pencroft. 'We can light a fire now, so that's good. But we'll have to watch it. It can't go out.'

They ate a wonderful dinner of eggs and fish. After dinner, Herbert went to sleep. Spillet wrote in his notebook. Then he, too, tried to sleep. Pencroft woke every hour and put more wood on the fire. Nab didn't try to sleep. He walked up and down the beach all night.



Before it was light, the sound of feet woke them. Nab and Top, the dog, stood in the mouth of the cave.

'Look! Top's here!' said Nab, and he smiled for the first time.

Top looked at the men and the boy. He barked excitedly. He ran out of the cave and in again. He ran from one person to the next person. He barked and barked.

'Top wants us to follow him,' said Nab. 'Perhaps he wants to take us to Mr Smith. Let's go.'

And at that minute, the sun came up over the sea. It washed the island in red light.

'How did the dog find us?' thought Spillet. 'He doesn't know his way round the island. He isn't tired. It's very mysterious.'

They followed Top. He stayed on the beach for about three miles. Then he turned away from the sea and ran up into the mountains. He started to get excited and barked loudly. They came to another cave and Top ran in. They all followed.

They found Cyrus Smith on the floor of the cave. His eyes were closed. He didn't move when his friends called his name.

'NO!' cried Nab. 'He's dead!'

'Ssh!' said Spillet. He got down next to Cyrus and listened.

He put his hand over Cyrus's mouth.

'No,' he said after a minute. 'He isn't dead, but he's very weak. Get some water quickly.'

They put some water into his mouth. They put their coats over him and made him warm. They held his hands and talked quietly to him. After some time, Spillet listened again.

'He's a little stronger. I think he's going to live.'

They sat with Cyrus. They watched him carefully and gave him little drinks of water. About three hours later, Cyrus opened his eyes.

'Where am I?' he asked weakly.

'We think we're on a large island,' said Spillet. 'And there are smaller islands near here. We have water, a good cave near the beach and firewood. We can't find any sign of other people on the islands.'

'Is Pencroft here too? And Herbert and Nab?'

'We're all here, master,' said Nab happily, and Top barked.

Cyrus slept again for many hours. When he woke up, he felt stronger.

'How did I get to this place?' he asked. 'I remember some things. Top and I swam to land and then a great wave threw us onto the beach. But nothing after that. Is this cave near the sea? I can't hear the waves.'

'It's more than half a mile to the sea from here,' said Pencroft.

'Then somebody carried me.'

'We didn't carry you,' said Spillet. 'And there are no other people on the island. Perhaps you walked here but you can't remember.'

'But I was tired and very weak.'

With one arm round Nab and the other round Pencroft, Cyrus Smith stood up and walked to the mouth of the cave. They looked at the ground. In one place it was wet and there were signs - signs of a man's shoes.

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‘Nobody here is wearing these shoes,’ said Cyrus. ‘And my shoes are in the sea.’

‘It’s very mysterious,’ said Spillet.



It was a long, slow journey back to the cave near the beach. They carried Cyrus. The sky was black when they arrived. They were tired and hungry. Cyrus ate an egg and then fell asleep on a comfortable bed of young branches.

Chapter 4 The Box

'What can we eat?' asked Cyrus the next morning.

'Eggs or fish,' answered Pencroft.

'Where do the eggs come from?'

'I found them on the ground,' said Herbert. 'There were about twenty eggs in one place.'

'Then we can also eat birds. And fruit from the trees.'

'How are we going to catch birds?' asked Herbert. 'We threw the guns out of the balloon. I threw rocks at some birds yesterday, but I couldn't hit them.'

'We'll make bows,' Spillet said.

Pencroft found some wood and he started to make a bow with his knife.

They now had to learn to use their bows. Spillet and Herbert were the best bowmen and birds were often on the dinner table after that.

They cooked their food over an open fire. And they always watched the fire – it never went out.

'We're doing well,' said Spillet, after the first days, 'but what other things will make life easier for us? Let's think, and I'll write them in my notebook.'

That evening they all thought of things for their life on the island. Spillet wrote them down.



Often the sea washed things onto the island. Every day they looked on the beach, in the rocks and in the wood. One man always stayed at the cave and watched the fire. Every day one man climbed to the highest place on the island and looked for signs of life – ships at sea or people on the land.

One day, about a month after the great wind, they went

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south down the beach from their cave. They left Spillet at the fire. Herbert ran in front of the men. Then he came back and shouted excitedly, 'Come and see! Come and see!'

And there, on the beach, was a big box.

'Did this come from a ship?' asked Cyrus Smith. 'It's very heavy. Why didn't it go to the bottom of the sea?'

'Let's open it and look inside,' said Herbert. He jumped up and down. Top barked loudly.

There were ropes round the box, and they were wet from the sea. Pencroft cut them with his knife. Then Herbert opened the box.

Inside, the box was dry.

'Is this really happening?' said Pencroft.

They looked into the box, and their eyes and mouths opened wide.

Everything from Spillet's notebook was there. Now they could cook, fish, write, fight and build. There were clothes in the box, too, and some coffee.

They carried the heavy box back to their cave and showed everything to Spillet.

'It's very mysterious,' said Cyrus Smith.

'There are a lot of mysterious things round here,' said Spillet.

'But who put these things into the box? And why?' asked Cyrus. Nobody had any answers.

They had a good dinner that evening. They made coffee and talked for a long time.