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提高文化素质的最佳途径是读书,不少成名作家都是在读书中成长起来的。我喜欢文学,幼时特别爱读长篇小说。开始是在父亲单位的图书室借,像《西游记》、《三国演义》、《水浒传》等,我在十一岁时就统统读过。后来图书室的书不够看了,恰好新华书店开展租书业务,我便把不多的零用钱换了书来读,我看过全部的《沫若文集》、《巴金文集》、《茅盾文集》等,虽然是囫囵吞枣,但总觉得兴味无穷。这期间,我读的主要是中国的各种名著。

考上西安外国语学院以后,我更多地接触了外国名著。记得我看的第一部小说是《沉船》,泰戈尔那诗一般的语言,他描述的那田园诗一般的生活,深深地打动了我,使我受到了心灵的震撼,我初次感到了外国文学的巨大力量。恰好碰上了"文化大革命",我就有更多的时间徜徉在外国图书的海洋中了。曾经给我国一代青年人深刻教育的《牛虻》、

《古丽雅的道路》、《卓娅和舒拉的故事》、《钢铁是怎样炼成的》等作品,便是在这时期读过的。此外,我还系统地阅读了狄更斯、巴尔扎克、雨果、莫泊桑、托尔斯泰、德莱赛、大仲马、陀斯妥耶夫斯基、高尔基、果戈里等外国大师的著名作品,从此我与世界名著结下了不解之缘,而这些名著带给我的不仅是一种享受,更多的是一生受用不尽的精神财富。

世上新人换旧人,但世界文学名著却为一代代人青睐,你可以随之轻轻松松地走进异国他乡,去享受大师们驾驭语言的神奇魅力。而且,随着我国进一步的改革开放,只读译著已经不够,有条件的,还需要去涉猎原汁原味的外国文学,以回避译文中可能发生的种种不足。涉猎要一步步的来,原著,对于一般的外语学习者而言,是太难了,它会让人望而生畏,甚至丧失学习的信心和兴味。怎么办呢?思来想去,还是先搞一些英汉对照的改写本吧。让有一定外语基础的青少年读者,既了解了名著,又学习了语言,两全其美,何乐而不为呢?

本着这个初衷,我社约请著名学者、西安外国语学院英语学科学科带头人杜瑞清博士和著名翻译家方华文先生主编了这套丛书,第一辑十册:《飘》、《鲁宾逊漂流记》、《简·爱》、《雾都孤儿》、《蝴蝶梦》、《少年维持之烦恼》、《莎士比亚戏剧故事集》、《巴黎圣母院》、《汤姆·索耶历险记》和《金银岛》。"年年岁岁花相似",愿经典名著这不败的鲜花,伴随着我们年青的朋友成长。本着这个美好的祝愿,这套丛书,我们就名之为 FLOWER 10 吧。

这套丛书如果能受到广大青少年读者的喜欢,且对他们在名著与语言的学习上有一定的裨益,我们将陆续推出第二辑、第三辑……读者的需要就是我们的使命。

值此出版前夕,抚今追昔,不由一笔在手,感慨系之。但愿书长久,人间日月圆。

周鹏飞 二〇〇二年九月写于西安逍遙斋

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Chapter 1 The Old Seaman

My name is Jim Hawkins, Squire Trelawney, Dr Livesey, and the others have asked me to write down the adventures about Treasure Island, keeping nothing back but the location of the Island. I go back to the time when my father kept the "Admiral Benhow" inn, and the old seaman first arrived there.

I remember him as if it were yesterday. He was a tall, strong, heavy man with black, broken nails and a scarred face. I remember the 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!"

When my father appeared, he called roughly for a

第一章 老海员

我叫吉姆·霍金斯。乡绅屈利劳尼、李甫西大 夫和其他人都让我把在金银岛上的经历一五一十 地写下来,只隐去岛的位置。这还得从那位老海 员初次来到我父亲的那家名叫"本葆将军"的客 栈时说起。

这一切仿佛就发生在昨天。他高大健壮,体格魁梧,破裂的指甲黑乎乎的,脸上还有一道伤疤。我记得他后来常哼唱的那支水手老调:

十五个人趴着死人箱—— 唷呵呵,喝上一瓶朗姆酒!

我父亲出来后,他粗声粗气地要了一杯朗姆

glass of rum which he drank slowly. At the same time, he looked around him at the cliffs on which our inn stood. When he learnt that few people went there, he seemed contented with it and decided to stay. He told my father, "I'm a simple man, rum and bacon and eggs are what I want. I will go up there to watch ships off. You might call me captain." He threw down three or four gold coins. "Tell me when I've spent all that," said he, looking as fierce as a commander.

Indeed, bad as his clothes were and coarsely as he spoke, he did not look like a seaman, but seemed like an officer who was used to being obeyed.

He was a silent man. All day he walked round the cover or upon the cliffs with a brass telescope; all evening he sat in a corner of the room next the fire and drank rum and water. Mostly he would not speak when spoken to and we and the people soon learned to let him be. Every day, when he came back from his walk, he would ask if any seamen had gone along the road. At first we thought he wanted friends of his own kind, but then we began to see he was trying to avoid them. He had taken me aside one day and promised me a silver coin on the first day of every month if I would only keep my eyes open for a seaman with one leg, and let him know the moment he appeared. Though reluctant, he

酒,一边慢吞吞地喝着,一边四周张望着我们客栈所处的悬崖。当他得知光顾这里的人很少时,似乎颇为满意,并决定住下来。他对我父亲说:"我是个简单的人,朗姆酒和火腿煎蛋就可以让我心满意足了。我要到悬崖上去看船只远航。你们就叫我老船长吧。"他掏出三四枚金币,"钱花完了就告诉我,"他说,看上去像个严厉的指挥官。

真的,尽管他衣衫褴褛、言语粗鲁,但他一点儿也不像个海员,而像一位习惯于发号施令的长官。

他是个少言寡语的人。要么整天在<u>海湾</u>走来 走去,要么带着一个<u>铜望远镜爬上悬崖;晚上则</u> 坐在屋子的一角,守着炉火,喝着加水的朗姆酒。 大多数时候他一言不发。我们大家很快就学会了 不去打扰他。每天散步回来,他总要问有没有海 员从此路过。起先我们以为他想念自己的朋友, 但后来我们发现他在尽量避开他们。一天,他把 我叫到一边,向我许诺他会在每月头一天给我一 枚银币,条件是要我留心一个独腿的水手,并且 那人一出现就立即通知他。尽管不甚情愿,他还 kept his promise and paid me monthly. Since then, I had numerous nightmares in which the one – legged seaman leapt and ran after me.

Though I was so terrified by the idea of the seaman with one leg, I was far less afraid of the captain himself than other people. There were nights when he drank too much, he would sit and sing his wicked sea – songs, ignoring everybody else. Sometimes he would force the other people to listen to his stories or join him in singing. They could not leave the inn till he had drunk himself sleepy and went to bed.

People were frightened by his dreadful stories about hanging, walking the plank and storms at sea and the language in which he told these stories shocked our plain country people almost as much as the crimes that he described. My father was worried that soon nobody would come to our inn to be terrified, but I really believe his presence did us good. People were frightened at the time, but on looking back they rather liked it. It was a fine excitement in a quiet country life.

In one way, indeed, he did us harm, for he kept on staying week after week, month after month. All his money had been long used up, yet my father never dared to ask for more. The worry and terror he lived in must have greatly quickened his early and unhappy death.

是信守诺言,按月付给了我钱。从那以后,我许 多次梦到那个独腿的水手一蹦一跳地在身后对我 紧追不放。

虽然我被独腿水手的事吓得够呛,我可不像 其他人那么怕老船长。在他喝得醉醺醺的夜晚, 他就会坐在那儿旁若无人地唱那首邪里邪气的水 手老调。有时他会强迫其他客人听他的故事或和 他一起唱,直到他喝醉了去睡觉时他们才能离开。

人们被他的关于绞刑、罚走木板、海上风暴的可怕故事吓坏了。他讲述时的语言几乎和他描述的罪行一样令这些淳朴的乡下人惊恐万分。我父亲担心很快就不会有人来这里找罪受了,但我现在真的认为他的存在也不是没有好处的。当时人们是被吓着了,但回头看看,他们还颇为喜欢呢。老船长毕竟给平静的乡村生活带来了不错的刺激。

在一点上他的确对我们构成了危害。他周复一周,月复一月地待下去,预支的钱早就花光了,然而我的父亲从不敢再向他要。由此而来的担忧与害怕一定大大加速了他不幸的早逝。

All the time he lived with us the captain never wrote or received a letter. His great sea – box none of us had ever seen open.

Late one afternoon, Dr Livesey came to see my father who was seriously ill. After having dinner with my mother, he went into the parlor to smoke a pipe until his horse should be ready. I noticed the difference between the neat, bright doctor with black eyes and pleasant manners and that dirty, heavy, drunken seaman.

Suddenly the captain began to sing his song:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest.

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

Drink and the devil had done for the rest

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

At first I had thought that the dead man's chest' was his box upstairs, but by this time we had all got used to the song. It was new only to Dr livesey and I could see that he did not like it. When the captain flapped his hand on the table before him in a way we all knew to mean—silence, all the voices but Dr Livesey's stopped at once. He went on as before, speaking clearly and kindly. The captain glared at him for a while and at last shouted out: "Silence, there!"