

世界名著缩写（插图）· 英汉对照读物

鲁滨孙漂流记

ROBINSON CRUSOE

Daniel Defoe



- 世界知识出版社
- 英国格迪斯—格罗塞出版公司

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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

丹尼尔·笛福于 1660 年出生在伦敦，长大后成为一名小说家和小册子作者。他是一位熟练和多产的编撰学者，为了拿工钱，无论什么样的政治小说他都能写。后来，他成为一名托利党人的秘密代理人。

《鲁滨孙·克鲁索》，是笛福奇妙地以第一人称详细描述的作品，最早发表于 1719 年，被称为第一部真实的英文小说。笛福这部小说是根据苏格兰水手亚历山大·塞尔科克的冒险经历并应其要求写成的。塞尔科克于 1704 年被遗弃在远离智利海岸的一座名叫朱安·弗南德斯的荒岛上，在岛上待了四年四个月。

丹尼尔·笛福死于 1731 年。

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CHAPTER ONE

I Go to Sea

I was born in York in 1632, of a good family, although not of that country. My father was a Dutch merchant who had settled in England and done very well for himself in trade, first at Hull and afterwards at York, where he had married my mother.

Before her marriage to my father, my mother had been a Miss Robinson, and it was after her that I was named Robinson Kreutznaer.

The good people of York, finding it difficult to get their tongues around Kreutznaer, called our family Crusoe, and so I became known as Robinson Crusoe.

I was the third son of the family. My eldest brother, a soldier, was killed fighting the Spanish, and I have no idea what happened to my other brother.

Although my father's business was doing well, it was not, I thought, doing well enough to support me, so I decided to go to sea.

"You shall not!" my father stormed when I told him of my plans.

"But there is nothing for me here," I said.

"How can you say that?" My father went on. "You could go into trade, as I did. And look how well I've done."

"But I have no head for business," I protested.

"Robinson," said my father, sounding as if he was pleading with me. "Wait for a year. I'll do whatever I can to help you, to teach you the ways of business. And if after that you still wish to go to sea, ask me again."

I was almost eighteen. A whole year seemed like an eternity to me, but I agreed to what my father had said, and during the months that followed I tried to concentrate on what he would have me do.

But it was no good. Somehow, I had been born with salt in my veins and the call of the sea would not be denied.

When the year was up, I went to my father, but despite his promise, he refused to yield. A wise and grave man, he told me that a life at sea was for men of desperate fortune on the one hand or of superior fortune on the other. I belonged to the middle state, neither poor nor rich, and in his experience the best state in the world.

In despair, I decided to ask my mother to intervene. "Mother," I said, "I still want to go to sea. Please can you help me persuade father?"

"Robinson," she said, "you know very well what your father thinks of that."

"Please, mother," I pleaded. "Persuade him to let me



go for a year. If, after that time, I decide the sea is not for me, after all, I will come home and work harder than he does at his business. I promise."

Mother looked at me for a moment. "Robinson," she said, "I will tell your father what you have just promised, but I will not try to persuade him one way or the other."

My father still refused to yield.

A few weeks after I had spoken to my mother, just after my nineteenth birthday, I decided to go to Hull for a few days. There was no reason for my decision – it was, as my mother would have said, a whim.

As I sat by the harbour watching ship after ship take to sea on the tide, how I wished I could have been on one of them.

I saw myself standing on deck, feeling the wind on my face as my ship approached a foreign port.

"Robinson Crusoe!" A voice stirred me from my day-dream. "What are you doing in Hull?"

I looked round and saw my old schoolfriend, Tom Bentley, standing before me.

"Tom!" I cried, slapping him on the shoulder. "How are you?"

"All the better for seeing you," he replied.

"We must find somewhere to go and celebrate our meeting," I said. "Come, there's an inn over there."

