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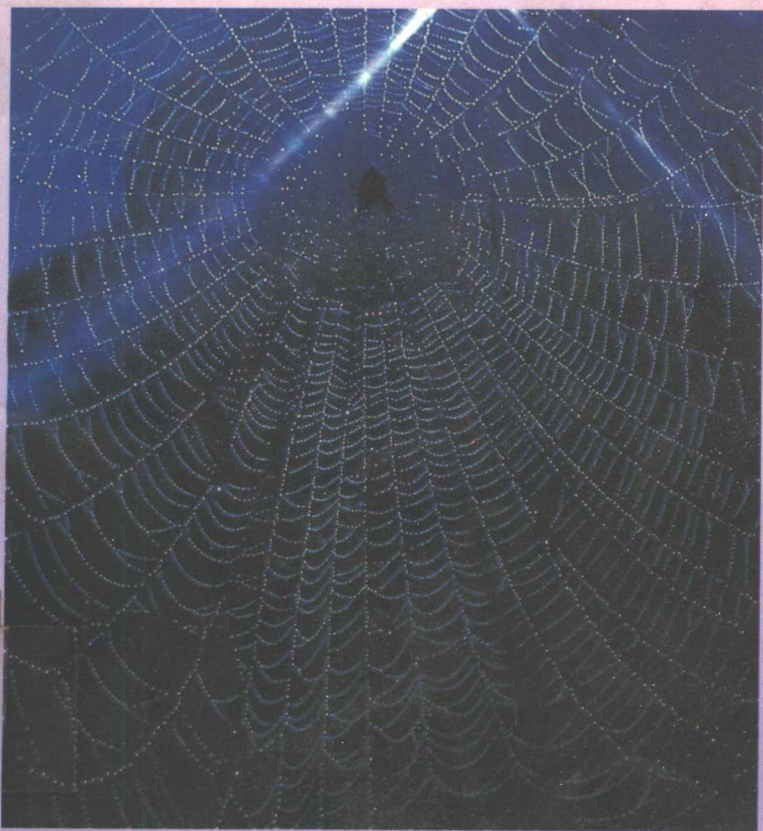
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约翰·温丹 著

JOHN WYNDHAM



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## GLOSSARIES

<b>project</b>	计划
<b>knowledge</b>	知识, 见闻
<b>volcanoes</b>	火山
<b>biologist</b>	生物学家
<b>tractor</b>	拖拉机
<b>huts</b>	小屋
<b>cliffs</b>	悬崖
<b>patches</b>	碎片, 残片
<b>insecticide</b>	杀虫剂
<b>crab</b>	蟹
<b>paradise</b>	天堂
<b>altar</b>	祭坛
<b>erupted</b>	爆发( <b>erupt</b> 的过去式)

\* 注: 以上所列单词为书中黑体字

网

Web

对四十名前来寻求世外桃源的人来说,图拉库阿图阿岛简直是一个天堂。但在岛上发生了一系列的死亡事件后,他们深深陷入惶恐之中。茫茫森林里潜伏着死亡的魔影。其中有两名勇敢者站出来了,决心查明事情的真相。

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# *Web*

JOHN WYNDHAM

Retold by Joc Potter and Andy Hopkins  
Series Editor: Derck Strange



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## CHAPTER ONE

'But how did you become involved in such a crazy business?'

That is the question I am always asked when the subject is mentioned, and it is the one I find most difficult to answer.

There is only one way I can explain it, even to myself. That is that I must have been suffering from delayed shock – a shock that upset my judgement. I *think* that may have been the cause.

Almost a year before I met Tirrie and so became 'involved in the crazy business', I had a nasty accident.

My daughter, Mary, was driving. I was beside her and my wife was in the back. We were going along the A272 towards Etchingham at about thirty-five miles an hour, when a lorry travelling at about fifty overtook us. I remember two sights quite clearly. The first was the wheels of the lorry sliding away from the side of our car; the second was the lorry falling towards us.

I woke up in a hospital bed a week later. Two more weeks passed before I was well enough to be told that my wife and Mary were both dead.

They let me out of hospital two months later. I felt empty and confused, and my life seemed to have little purpose. I left my job. I realize now that giving up work was the worst possible thing to do because it would perhaps have helped me to recover; at the time, though, work seemed so meaningless. I went to stay with my sister in Tonbridge, but continued to feel empty in both heart and mind.

That is the only way I can explain the enthusiasm I felt when I first heard of Lord Foxfield's **Project**. It felt as if I was waking from a long sleep, and I welcomed his dream of the future without thinking about any of the practical difficulties that it involved. But now it is gone, the dream destroyed.



The original idea for the Project seems to have come at the same time to both Lord Foxfield and Walter Tirrie, and it grew in eager conversation between the two of them. Walter was an architect but was better known for his writings as a journalist; in these he often suggested bold solutions to social problems. Lord Foxfield had the necessary money and power, and Tirrie's friendship with him allowed him to develop these ideas into an actual plan.

But why was Lord Foxfield willing to support such a Project? The answer was simple. Like all rich men who have had power and position during their lives, he wanted people to remember him after his death, and he had spent more than two years searching for a special cause. He was an individualist who wished to be remembered for leading important social change, so he refused to become involved in anything that looked back to the past, and particularly avoided any Project which concerned animals.

It is quite certain that Walter Tirrie was not one of the many who approached him for money. It is likely that it was Foxfield who made contact with Tirrie after reading his angry words about social ills in the national press.

As the two men got to know each other better, and the plan developed, Lord Foxfield lost all interest in other people's ideas for his money; he had invented, or discovered, a special Project of his own.

The idea was very simple – although not original. Foxfield, however, had the power and the money to take it from the minds of dreamers and make it real. It was to build a free, politically independent society in which people were able to create a new way of life.

'The principles of the new society will be **Knowledge** and Reason,' said Lord F. to anyone who would listen. 'We would like to start from the beginning again and encourage people to question beliefs they have always held – principles

which tie them to the world as it *is* rather than to the world as it *could be*. The aim will be to throw off the past and look to the future.'

He went on to describe the society growing and developing, becoming well known as a place where talented people of all races could think and work without worrying about financial, political or other problems. From small beginnings a city and later a nation would grow. Brilliant men and women would be tempted to the new nation by the opportunities for thinking and working; in would come the future Einsteins, Newtons and Curies.\* One day, perhaps, it could become the place in which all great ideas were born . . . and of course Frederick, First Baron Foxfield would have succeeded in his goal of being remembered.

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It was my sister who invited me to dinner to meet Walter. By this time he was already trying to find suitable men and women to be involved in the Project. Looking back now, I am not greatly surprised that he was finding this difficult. In 'normal' circumstances I would almost certainly see someone like him as crazy. But when he spoke that evening, I felt myself beginning to share his enthusiasm. During the night I realized that I was excited at the thought of leaving behind the problems and worries of the present and helping to build a clean new world in a clean new place.

The next day I rang Walter and arranged to meet him again. From that moment I was a member of the Project team. Very soon afterwards, Walter took me to meet Lord Foxfield.

'Walter here has explained the main parts of the plan, so you'll know that the idea is to begin with a small group of people who will be joined by others later. I have been finding out about you, Mr Delgrange,' Foxfield went on. 'I found

\* Famous scientists of the past.

your two books interesting. As a social historian you are trained to observe changes in society. This training will be very useful to the Project; we hope you will be able to help make decisions about the best ways of organizing our society and prevent the development of less satisfactory forms of organization.'

He continued in this way for some time, and I realized by the end of the evening that I now had the job of preparing a document that listed the laws of the new society and the rights of its citizens! It kept me busy for months.

As the weeks passed, Walter had great difficulty finding suitable people for the original group. He was disappointed by those who wanted to go, and began to feel that he was expecting too much. I did my best to interest some of my friends in the Project but, although they were sympathetic to the idea, none of them wished actually to be part of it. Soon after that, Walter disappeared for some time in search of a home for the Project. When he returned, he refused to say anything about the areas that he had been looking at except that one of them seemed just right. It was clear that things were beginning to happen. Lord Foxfield had opened a Project office, and a number of staff were working on the preparations.

I was left almost alone to develop my plans for the organization of the new society, and I was surprised and pleased to discover that Lord Foxfield allowed me considerable freedom in this.

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Then came the evening when Lord Foxfield told me: 'It's happened. We've got the place. It was all signed today.'

We drank to the long, successful life of the Project.

'And now, at last, may I know where it is?' I asked.

'It is an island called Tanakuatua,' he said. It was the first time I heard the name, and he said it as Tanner-kooer-tooer instead of Tanna-kwah-twah as we came to know it.

'Oh,' I said, 'Where is it?'

'It's just south-east of the Midsummers,' he explained.

The Midsummers meant nothing to me at the time – except that I had an idea they were somewhere on the other side of the world.

After that meeting, the Project became real in a new sense. The speed of preparation increased. I found myself becoming involved in meeting those who wished to be part of the group. Neither Walter nor I was happy about the quality of person – and we came to realize that the Project was attractive to those who found it difficult to fit into the society they wanted to leave. They saw themselves as escaping from their past lives rather than creating something new. At last, however, we were able to choose forty-six people to form the original group.

The newspapers began writing about the Project. At first they wanted to know how the British Government was able to sell a British-owned island to private interests. In the end, though, Lord Foxfield's power, and in particular his friendship with other newspaper owners, prevented any embarrassing public discussions about the sale. Instead, the papers wrote about the Project itself as the rather foolish idea of an old man, and about those involved as people who were not responsible enough to live in a normal, ordered society. We all found this time rather difficult, and five of our group changed their minds and decided not to go.

## CHAPTER TWO

On the evening before we left for the island, we gathered for dinner in a hotel in Bloomsbury. Most of us had never met before, and people looked at each other rather cautiously. Walter and I did our best to introduce everyone, but the atmosphere remained uncomfortable for some time.

Dinner and drinks helped a little, and at the end of the meal Lord Foxfield stood up to make a short speech.

'God,' began Lord Foxfield, rather surprisingly for him, 'God created man to be like him. He gave us the power to be the strongest of all living things on this earth. If God made us to be like him, it follows that he wanted men to become like God. This view is not new. Throughout history, leaders of nations have seen themselves as gods. Unfortunately, they have understood this to mean that they should separate themselves from other people. They were mistaken. We must *all* share the responsibility of organizing ourselves, and use our power to create a world that is sane and healthy. We can change society to meet our needs. We have become able to order society so that we can live side by side with nature without destroying it. We must control our future. If we are afraid to become men like gods, we will be destroyed!

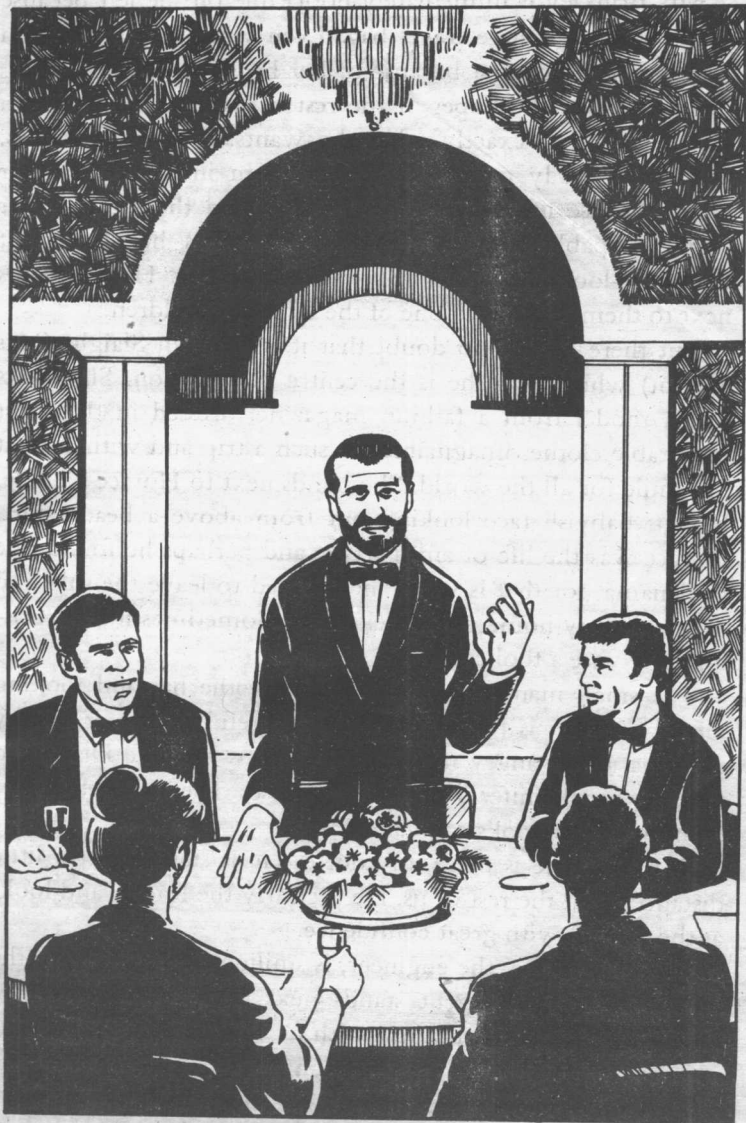
'You are leaving to plant a seed in a brave new world – to care for it until it produces fresh crops that can feed a new society which is free of the evil and foolishness that have been part of life since the beginning of time.'

There was a lot more of this, and Lord F spoke with great confidence. To many people his words were slightly confusing, but by the end of the speech his message was clear:

'The knowledge and power to create a sane society exist. Here is your opportunity to use them. Now go out and do it. Good luck to you!'



A colour photograph exists of our party gathered the next day on the *Susannah Dingly*. It was taken just before she sailed. By then our number had fallen to thirty-eight, and we were a strange collection of people. Nobody looking at the photograph would imagine that this group was going to plant the seeds of a new tomorrow on the other side of the world. And if luck had been with us, perhaps . . .



*At the end of the meal Lord Foxfield stood up to make a short speech.*

Mrs Brinkley is immediately noticeable on the left because she is holding a huge travel bag. Even without this bag you would notice her first because of her broad figure. One feels that, whatever the hopes of the rest of us may be, Deborah Brinkley knows exactly what she wants: it is more babies, and she is ready to go on having them in Tanakuatua or wherever else life may take her. This, and the sight of her strong, capable husband beside her, makes her the most confident-looking person in the group. Alicia Hardy stands next to them, talking to one of the Brinkley children.

But there can be no doubt that it is Marilyn Slaight (Mrs Slaight) who *thinks* she is the centre of attention. She looks like a model from a fashion magazine, dressed in the most unsuitable clothes imaginable for such a trip and with a great big smile for all the world. She stands next to Horace Tupples, his fat, babyish face looking out from above a beach shirt. Horace was the life of any party – and perhaps he found one in Panama, for that is where he decided to leave the ship and make his way home two weeks later. Sometimes it is surprising how wise a fool can be.

The small man in the front wearing the hat and looking terribly serious is Joe Shuttleshaw, a useful carpenter but by nature a rather angry man. Beside him is his wife Diane and beyond her Jennifer Felling, the nurse. The other Jennifer, Jennifer Deeds, looks calm and happy.

Walter Tirrie is there, of course. He is standing at a little distance from the rest of us. He is clearly the leader, and looks at the camera with great confidence.

James McIngoe, the engineer, is smiling on the right of the picture. Camilla Cogent stands next to him. She seems a lonely figure – there, but not with us. Her eyes are not on the camera, and she looks lost in thought.

I, Arnold Delgrange, am at the back, looking into the distance with an excited expression on my face. Even now I