

外国文学名著快听快读系列(英汉对照)

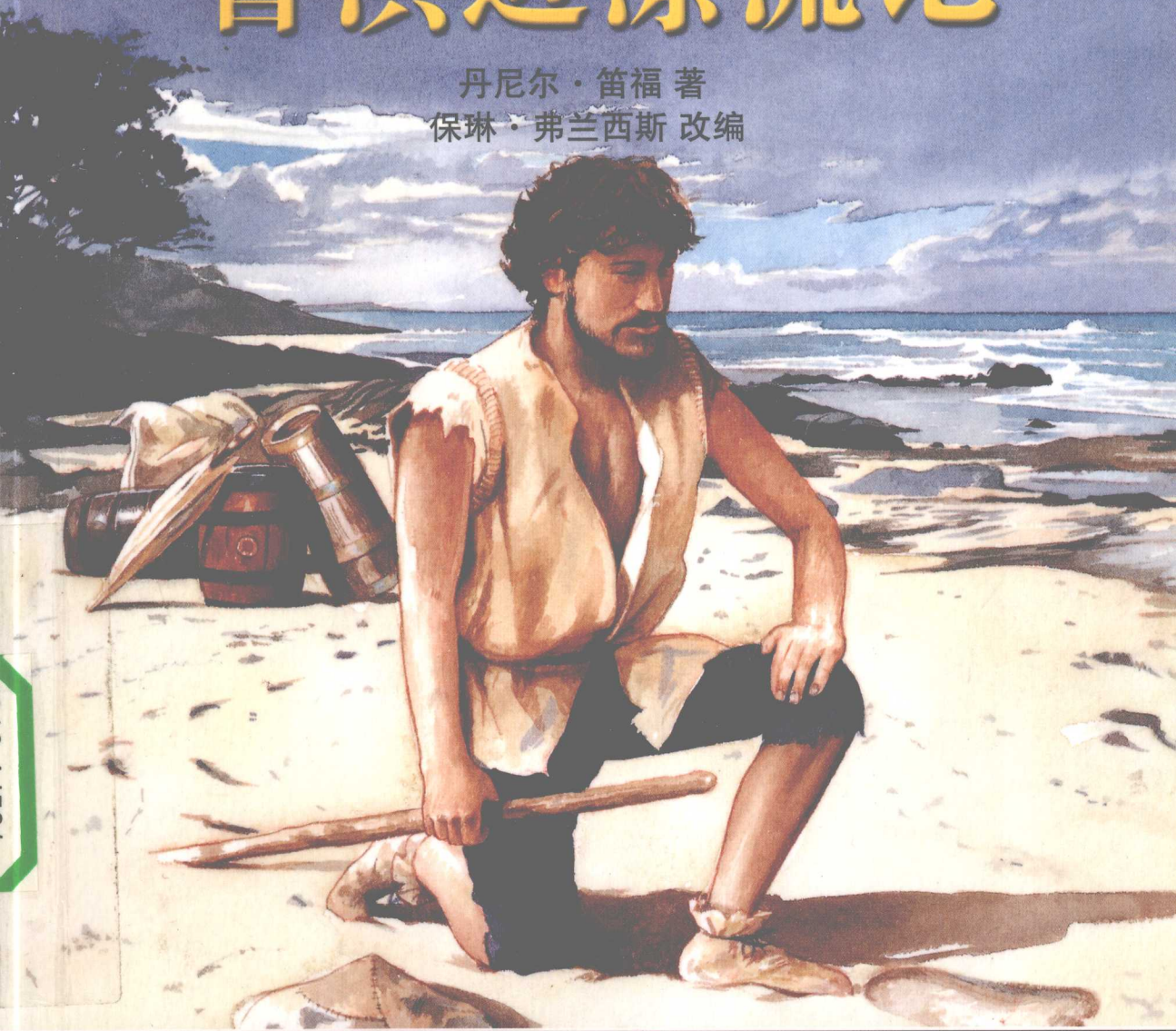


随书赠CD
青少年必读

ROBINSON CRUSOE

鲁滨逊漂流记

丹尼尔·笛福 著
保琳·弗兰西斯 改编



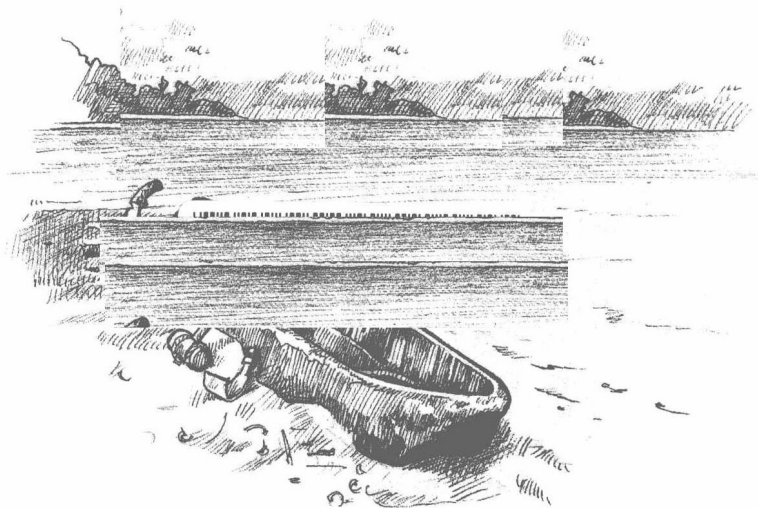
青岛出版社

Qingdao Publishing House

ROBINSON CRUSOE

鲁滨逊漂流记

作者 丹尼尔·笛福
改编 保琳·弗兰西斯
译者 王 静
主编 刘启萍



青 岛 出 版 社

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

鲁滨逊漂流记(英汉对照) / (英)笛福(Defoe, D.) 著;
(英)弗兰西斯改编;王静译. —青岛:青岛出版社, 2008. 1
(外国文学名著快听快读系列)
ISBN 978-7-5436-4624-7

I. 鲁… II. ①笛… ②弗… ③王… III. ①英语—汉语—
对照读物 ②长篇小说—英国—近代 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2007)第 200225 号

First published by Evans Brothers Limited
2A Portman Mansions, Chiltern Street, London W1U 6NR, United Kingdom
Copyright © Cherrytree Books year as it is printed in the UK edition
This edition published under licence from Evans Brothers Ltd.
All rights reserved

山东省版权局著作权合同登记号 图字:15-2007-069 号

书 名 鲁滨逊漂流记
作 者 丹尼尔·笛福
改 编 保琳·弗兰西斯
译 者 王 静
出版发行 青岛出版社
社 址 青岛市徐州路 77 号(266071)
本社网址 <http://www.qdpub.com>
邮购电话 (0532)85814750 85840228
责任编辑 曹永毅 王超明 E-mail: cyyx2001@sohu.com
封面设计 杨津津
照 排 青岛海讯科技有限公司
印 刷 青岛双星华信印刷有限公司
出版日期 2008 年 1 月第 1 版 2008 年 1 月第 1 次印刷
开 本 16 开(715mm × 1000mm)
印 张 4
字 数 70 千
书 号 ISBN 978-7-5436-4624-7
定 价 11.00 元

编校质量、盗版监督电话 (0532) 80998671

青岛版图书售出后如发现印装质量问题, 请寄回青岛出版社印刷物资处调换。

电话: (0532)80998826

Robinson Crusoe

CHAPTER ONE *Shipwreck* 7

第一章 海难 10

CHAPTER TWO *My fortress* 12

第二章 我的堡垒 15

CHAPTER THREE *Earthquake and hurricane* 18

第三章 地震和飓风 22

CHAPTER FOUR *Footprint in the sand* 24

第四章 沙滩上的脚印 29

CHAPTER FIVE *Bones on the sand* 32

第五章 沙滩上的人骨 36

CHAPTER SIX *Man Friday* 38

第六章 仆人星期五 41

CHAPTER SEVEN *We make a canoe* 44

第七章 造独木舟 47

CHAPTER EIGHT *We fight the cannibals* 49

第八章 与野蛮人战斗 51

CHAPTER NINE *Mutiny at sea* 54

第九章 海上叛乱 56

CHAPTER TEN *Escape from my island* 58

第十章 逃离孤岛 61

Introduction

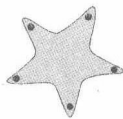
Daniel Defoe was born in London in 1660 and lived through the Plague and the Great Fire of London of 1666. He travelled for many years in Europe, before and after his marriage; but he was bankrupt a few years later.

Daniel Defoe had many jobs. At one time, he wrote a newspaper called *The Review*; at another, he was a spy! He also wrote many books and magazines about history, geography and travel.

He did not write stories until he was almost sixty years old. *Robinson Crusoe* was his first novel and it was successful from the first day that it was published in 1719. Defoe's story was based on the story of Alexander Selkirk, a Scotsman who was left on a desert island for five years after a quarrel with the captain of his ship. Selkirk's story, *The Englishman*, was published in 1713.

Daniel Defoe's other novels include *A Journal of the Plague Years* and *Moll Flanders*. He died in 1731, at the age of seventy-one, and is buried in London.





引 言

丹尼尔·笛福 1660 年生于伦敦。他一生经历了伦敦大瘟疫和 1666 年的伦敦大火，婚前及婚后在欧洲游历了很多年，但没过几年便破产了。

笛福干过很多工作。他曾主办《评论》报纸，当过情报人员，还编写了许多关于历史、地理及旅行方面的书籍和杂志。

笛福直到快 60 岁的时候才开始创作，《鲁滨逊漂流记》是他的第一部小说。这部作品自 1719 年出版之日起，就获得了成功。笛福的这部小说基于亚历山大·塞尔柯克的故事。塞尔柯克是一名苏格兰水手，在与船长的一次争吵后，被遗弃在一座孤岛上 5 年。塞尔柯克的故事《英国人》于 1713 年出版。

丹尼尔·笛福的其他作品包括《大疫年纪事》和《摩尔·弗兰德斯》等。他于 1731 年 71 岁时去世，葬于伦敦。

CHAPTER ONE

Shipwreck

I ran away from my home in England to go to sea when I was eighteen years old. Exactly nine years later, I set out on another adventure when some dear friends asked me to help them trade in Africa. I left my tobacco farm in Brazil and sailed with them. We passed the mouth of the great Amazon river and the great Orinoco river in the south Caribbean sea. Then all our troubles began.

A fierce storm began to blow and for twelve days we waited for the waves to swallow us up. One man died of fever and two fell overboard.

At last, the wind died down.

"We must repair the ship," said our captain, "she will not reach Africa now. We'll make for one of the Caribbean islands."

But on the way, a second storm struck. The wind carried us far away from the coast, and we were terrified of what might happen.

"What if the wind takes us to a land where cannibals might eat us!" I cried.

As we all trembled in terror at these horrible thoughts, one of the men cried, "Land — ho!" and we ran from our cabins to look. At the same moment, the ship struck a sandbank, about two miles from land.

“Now they can come and kill us if the sea does not!” I cried.

“The ship will not hold much longer in this wind!” the captain shouted. “Let down one of the boats.”

We managed to throw one of the boats into the water and we climbed on board. There were eleven of us, at the mercy of God and the wild sea.

“We cannot stay afloat for long in such high seas,” I thought, “we shall all be drowned.”

We pulled hard on the oars and made for land, like men going to an execution. As we came nearer, the land looked more frightening than the sea.

“Even if we reach the shore, the waves or the rocks will smash us to pieces!” I shrieked to my friends.

We rowed on for another half a mile. Then, suddenly, a wave as high as a mountain rolled up behind us. It lifted us into the air for a moment, then threw us out of the boat and into the wild sea.

I sank under the water. I was a good swimmer, but the water was so rough that I could not get my breath. But that same wave carried me forward towards the shore, and left me there, half dead. I struggled to my feet and started to walk forward. Soon, a second wave, as high as a hill, came after me, and buried me twenty or thirty feet. I could not avoid it. I held my breath and swam towards the land. When my lungs were almost bursting, I put my feet down and felt the sand under them. As soon as the wave had gone, I ran as fast as I could, afraid that another wave would pull me back.



I could not get away from that angry sea. Twice more, it lifted me up and threw me against large rocks. They bruised my head and side; but I held onto the rocks whenever the waves broke over my head. Then I ran. In this way, I was able to climb the cliffs. At last, I lay on the grass at the top and was violently sick.

I looked out to sea, hoping to catch sight of my fellow sailors; but I only glimpsed three hats and two shoes floating on the water. My ship was so far out to sea that I wondered how I had ever got to dry land.

I ran up and down the shore.

“Help! Help me!” I shouted in terror. “I have no food, no house, no clothes! The wild animals will eat me! Help!”

Although I was tired and faint, I kept watch until night fell, but no one came. At last, I pulled myself up into a tree, away from danger, and slept very well even though it rained all night.

But I was completely alone.



18岁那年我离开家乡英格兰去航海。整整9年后，我的一些好朋友让我帮他们去非洲做生意，于是 I 开始了又一次冒险。我离开了巴西的烟草种植园与他们一起去航行。我们经过了南加勒比海的亚马逊河和俄利诺科河河口。接着我们的麻烦就开始了。

一场可怕的风暴刮了起来。在此后的12天里我们天天都认为我们会被大浪吞没。一个同伴死于发烧，另外两个落入海里。

最后，狂风终于停息了。

“我们必须把船修整一番，”船长说，“它现在是到不了非洲了，我们驶往加勒比群岛地区吧。”

然而，在路上，又来了一场风暴。风把我们刮得远离了海岸。我们对以后可能发生的一切感到恐惧。

“即使风暴把我们刮到一块陆地上，那儿的野蛮人没准也能把我们吃了！”我大叫道。

当我们正被这些恐怖的想法吓得浑身发抖的时候，一个同伴惊叫道：“陆地——噢！”我们都从船舱里跑出来看。就在这时，船搁浅在离陆地大约两英里的沙地上。

“现在即便大海不淹死我们，那些野蛮人也能来把我们杀了！”我喊了起来。

“船在这样的风暴中撑不了太久！”船长大喊道，“放下一条小船。”

我们设法将一只小船抛进大海，我们都上了小船。我们 11 人把自己托付给了仁慈的上帝和汹涌澎湃的大海。

“在这样汹涌的大海上我们漂不了太久。”我想，“我们都会被淹死的。”

我们用力向岸边划去，如同赶赴刑场的犯人。离海岸愈近，陆地愈发显得比大海还狰狞可畏。

“即使我们上了岸，海浪和礁石也会把我们撞得粉碎！”我向同伴们尖叫道。

我们又划了大约半英里。突然，排山倒海的巨浪尾随袭来，先是把我们抛上天空，然后又把我们从小船甩出，扔进狂暴的大海。

我沉入了水中。虽然我游泳很棒，但大海是那么粗暴，我根本没办法从浪里挣扎出来喘口气。大浪载着我远远地向岸边冲去，我被留在了岸上，已经半死不活了。我挣扎着站了起来往前走。很快，又一个大浪如高山一般向我压来，将我埋入二三十英尺深的水中。我无法躲避，屏住呼吸，向陆地游去。当肺几乎要炸开的时候，我停了下来，脚触到了沙子。水一退尽，我拔腿就跑，唯恐再来一个大浪把我卷回大海。

我终究没有逃脱滚滚怒潮的袭击。海浪又将我两次冲上浪尖，抛到岩石上，头和两肋都被撞伤了。不过，每当海浪在头顶上方迸溅的时候，我就紧紧地抱住岩石，然后拼命向前跑。这样，我终于攀上岸边的石崖，躺在了石崖顶部的草地上，感到天旋地转。

我眺望大海，希望看到同伴们，却只发现了 3 顶帽子和两只鞋子，船也远远地在海上漂着。我很想知道怎样才能找到一块干燥的地方。

我在岸上来来回回地跑着。

“救命！救救我！”我惊恐地大喊着，“没有食物，没有住所，没有衣服！野兽会吃了我！救命！”

虽然我又累又晕，但我一直很警惕，直到夜幕降临也没有人来。最后，我只好爬到一棵树上，远离了危险，好好地睡了一觉，尽管雨下了整整一夜。

我现在真是孑然一身了。

CHAPTER TWO

My fortress

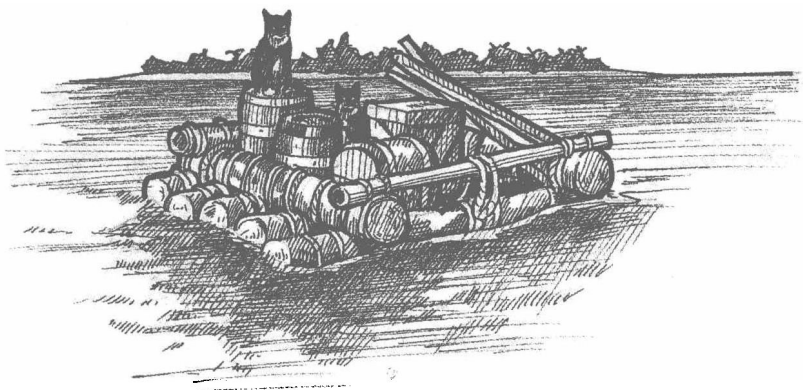
*I*n the morning, to my great surprise, I saw that the ship had floated in with the high tide and was much nearer the island. The sea was very calm. I had only one thought in my mind. "If we had waited for the storm to die down, we could *all* have reached this shore." I sat and wept for my friends.

I went down to the seashore.

"I shall have to swim out to the ship," I thought. "I must go as soon as possible before she breaks up."

I reached the ship easily. But how could I get on board? I swam around until I saw a rope hanging down. I managed to reach it and I swung onto the deck. Luckily, all the ship's food was still dry — biscuits, bread, flour, rice and some dried meats.

There was so much to take with me that I made a small raft from the ship's mast and the sails.



As I was loading my raft, two cats came to watch and I decided to take them with me. At last, I pushed away. I heard a loud splash behind me and I saw the captain's dog in the water. The faithful creature swam after me all the way to the shore.

I went back to the ship many times after that. I found clothes, a hammock, candles, rope, a gun and gunpowder for it, and, most important of all, the carpenter's box of tools. Then, one night the wind blew hard, and in the morning, I saw that the ship had disappeared.

I had now been on land for twelve days.

"I must find out where I am," I told myself. "Perhaps I can walk inland and find people to help me."

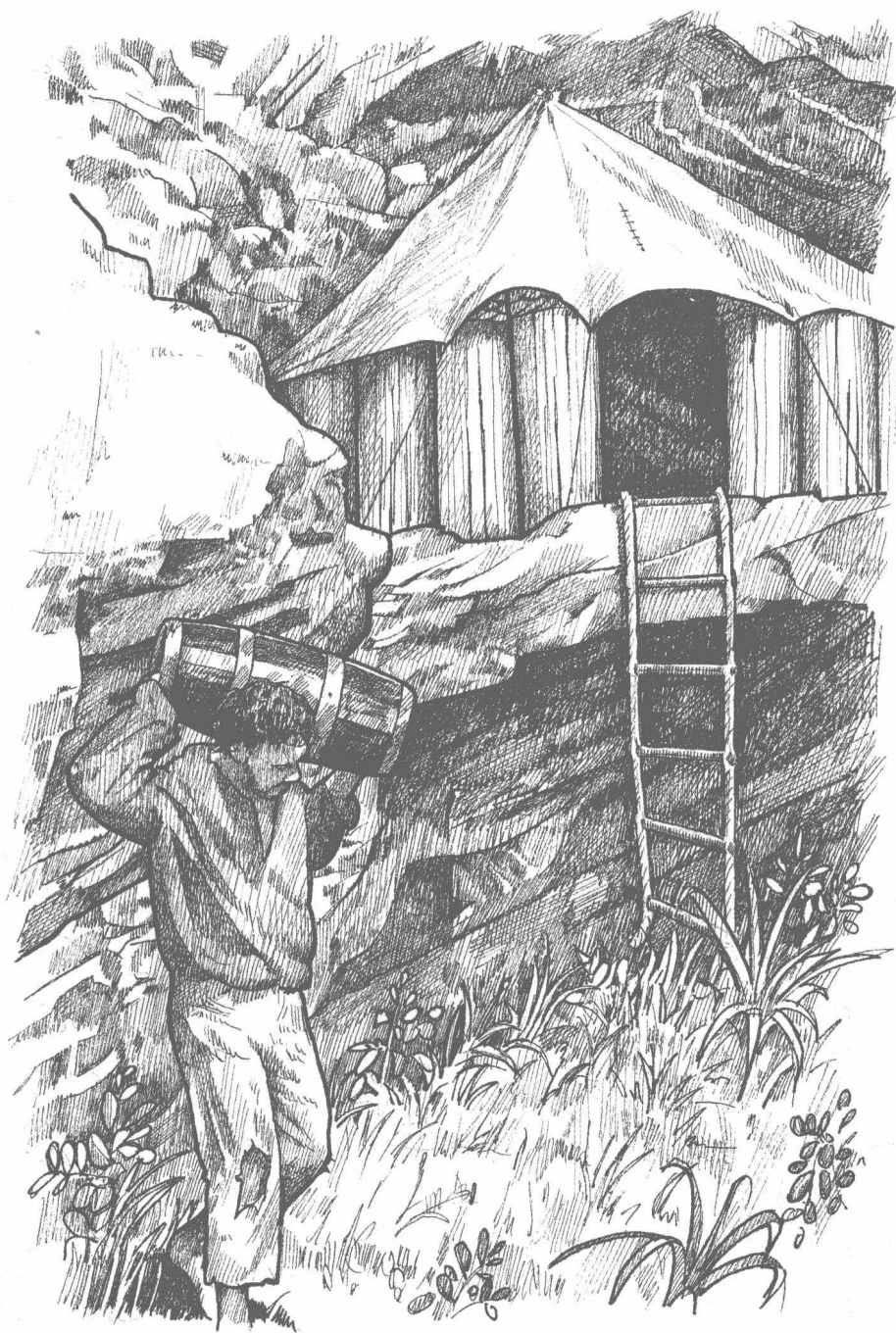
I saw a steep hill about a mile away. I climbed to the top and looked all around me. Tears sprang to my eyes.

"I am on an island!" I wept. "How will I ever get away?"

But I did not have much time to feel sorry for myself.

"I cannot live in a tree much longer," I thought. "I shall make myself a little fortress, away from the hot sun and prowling animals. I must be away from the water's edge, but close enough to the sea to keep a watch for passing ships."

I chose the place for my home on a small hill. I made a tent from the ship's sail, and put it on a ledge under a rock. I cut up the ship's mast, and placed a half-circle of posts in front of my tent. Then I began to work my way into the rock of the hill to make a cellar for my house. Instead of a door to my fortress, I made a ladder, which I pulled up whenever I went inside.



Time passed very quickly, so quickly that I began to keep a record of the days. I had no pen or paper or ink, so I put a large post on the shore where I had landed and made a mark for every day that passed. At the top of the post, I nailed a cross and carved these words:

I came on shore here the 30th of September 1659.

How I wished my dog could talk to me! I was sick and tired of hearing my own voice. But he was a great comfort to me as I worked. I had never used tools before, yet I found that, with time and patience, I could make what I wanted. I made a table and chairs and shelves where I laid out all my belongings. I knocked nails into the wall of rock to hang up my guns and anything else that would hang up.

It was a great pleasure to me to see all my things in such good order. More importantly, this work stopped me thinking about the dangers I faced every day. I had enough to eat. Every day, I went into the woods and shot goats and birds.

I became unhappy when dark fell at seven o'clock every night. When I was trying to rest or sleep, terrible thoughts came into my mind. What would become of me? What if wild animals or wild men attacked me?

I hardly dared to think of the future.



第二天早晨,令我吃惊的是,船靠涨潮的推动已经漂了过来,而且离小

岛已经近了。大海很平静，我脑中只有一个念头：“要是当初能在船上等到风暴平息，我们就都能安全上岸了。”我坐下来，不禁潸然泪下。

我朝海滩走去。

“我得游到船那儿。”我想，“我必须在它破碎以前尽快地游过去。”

很容易我就游到那儿了。只是，怎样才能爬上去呢？我绕着船游了几圈，发现有根垂下来的绳子，我费了老大力气抓住绳子，攀上了甲板。值得庆幸的是，船上的食物还是干燥的——饼干、面包、面粉、米饭，还有一些肉干。

有那么多东西可以带走，我就利用船的桅杆和帆做了一个小木筏。

正当我往筏子上装东西的时候，两只猫跑过来盯着我看，于是，我决定把它们也带走。最终，筏子被推了出去，我听到身后水溅起的声音，回头发现是船长的狗，那个忠实的家伙一直跟着我游上岸。

后来，我又到船上去了好多次。我发现了衣服、吊床、蜡烛、绳子、枪和火药。最重要的是，还有一箱木匠用的工具。有一天晚上，风刮得很大，第二天早上，我发现船已经不见了。

至此，我在岛上已经度过12天了。

“我必须搞清楚现在的位置。”我告诉自己，“也许我能走到陆地，找人帮助我。”

大约1英里之外有座陡峭的山，我爬到山顶，四处看了看，眼泪涌了出来。

“我在一座孤岛上！”我哭了起来，“我如何才能离开这儿呢？”

不过，我没有时间顾影自怜了。

“我不能在树上待得太久。”我想，“我得给自己造个小小的堡垒，避开阳光的暴晒和四处觅食的动物，必须离开海边，但不能离得太远，必须足够近以便能看到过往的船只。”

我找到一座小山，选了个地方，用船帆在一块大礁石下的岩脊上搭起一座帐篷——建起了我自己的家。我砍断桅杆，用这些柱子在帐篷前围起一个半圆。然后，我开始在小山的岩石上凿洞挖地窖。我没有给堡垒装门，而是架了个梯子。进帐篷以后，我就把梯子收进去。

时间过得很快，光阴似箭，我开始纪录过去的每一天。没有笔、纸和