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青少年必

# TREASURE ISLAND

# 金银岛

罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森 著  
保琳·弗兰西斯 改编



青岛出版社

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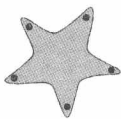
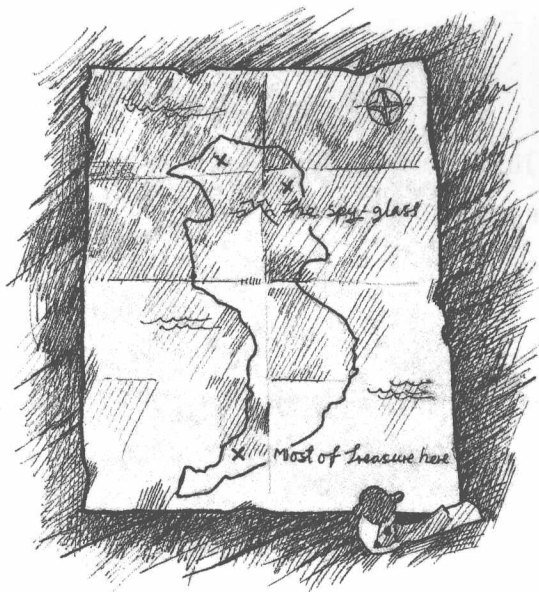
## Introduction

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in 1850, in Edinburgh, Scotland. After studying law at Edinburgh University, he decided to earn his living as a writer. Unfortunately, he became ill with tuberculosis, a disease of the lungs, and he had to travel to warmer countries to improve his health. However, he did earn some money by writing about his travels.

In 1880, Robert Louis Stevenson married Fanny Osborne and, a year later, he wrote *Treasure Island* for her young son. In 1886, *Kidnapped* was published. Both these books were very popular, but they did not make much money. So, in 1886, Stevenson wrote *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*. This story made Stevenson well known, and made him more money, because it was bought by adults.

*Treasure Island* is an exciting adventure story in which a young boy, Jim Hawkins, tells us of his hunt for buried treasure and his fight with pirates led by the one-legged Long John Silver. It is still one of the best-loved stories for children.

In 1887, Stevenson's father died. With the money that he left, Robert Louis Stevenson and his family were able to live in Samoa, an island in the Pacific Ocean. The warm climate improved his health and he wrote there until his death in 1894.



## 31 古

罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森 1850 年生于苏格兰的爱丁堡。在爱丁堡大学学习法律后，他决定靠写作谋生。他不幸患了肺结核，只好去气候温暖的国家以改善健康状况。然而他却通过写游记挣了一些钱。

1880 年，罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森与范妮·奥斯波恩结婚。一年后他为妻子的儿子写了小说《金银岛》，1886 年出版了《诱拐》。这两本书都很受欢迎，但是没有为他挣到很多钱。1886 年斯蒂文森创作了《化身博士》。这个故事使斯蒂文森既出了名，又有了更多的钱，因为买这本书的是成年人。

《金银岛》是一个激动人心的冒险故事。故事中，年轻小伙子吉姆·霍金斯叙述了他寻找藏宝的过程，讲述了他和大个子独腿约翰·希尔弗为首的海盗所进行的斗争。这个故事仍然是最受孩子们喜爱的故事之一。

1887 年斯蒂文森的父亲去世。用父亲留下的钱，罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森才得以与家人住在太平洋中的萨摩亚岛上。温暖的气候改善了他的健康状况，他在这个小岛上搞创作，直到 1894 年去世。



My name is Jim Hawkins. My friends have asked me to write down my adventures, from beginning to end. I shall tell you the story of Treasure Island; but I shall not tell you where the island is, because there is still some treasure there.

Let me go back to the very beginning when I was living in Black Hill Cove, at the Admiral Benbow Inn. My father was the landlord there. One day, a sun-burned old seaman, with a scar across his cheek, knocked on our door. I remember him as if it were yesterday...

我叫吉姆·霍金斯。朋友们叫我把我的冒险故事从头到尾写下来。我给你们讲个金银岛的故事，但是不会说出海岛名字的，因为那里还有一些财宝。

让我从一开头讲起。当时我住在黑山湾本布欧元帅旅店。我父亲是店主。一天，一位老水手来敲我们的门，他脸晒得黝黑，腮上还有一道伤疤。我对他记忆犹新，一切犹如发生在昨天……

## CHAPTER ONE

### *The black spot*

I watched the old sailor from the window. He dragged a sea-chest to the door, looked out to sea for a while, then started to sing:

*"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest —  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"*

He rapped on the door with a piece of wood.

"Is it quiet here, mate?" he asked my father.

My father nodded.

"Well, then," the old man cried, "this is the ship for me! I'll stay here a bit. I'm a simple man — rum and bacon and eggs is all I want. You can call me captain."

He threw three or four gold coins onto the counter. And a few days later, he called me over to his seat in the window and held up a silver coin.

"Keep your eyes open, boy," he said, "for a sailor with one leg and I'll give you one of these on the first day of every month."

How I watched and waited for that one-legged man to come to the inn! He even began to haunt my dreams. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the house, and the waves roared, I would see him in my sleep. Sometimes, his leg would be cut off at the knee, sometimes at the hip. Sometimes he chased me over hedges and



ditches. Yes, I earned my money well.

“That man will be the ruin of us,” my father complained one day. “I have used up all his gold already. When I ask for more, he snorts like a fog-horn.”

One bitterly cold January day, I was laying the table for the captain's breakfast when a tall stranger stepped into the room. Two fingers were missing from his left hand.

“Is this here table for my mate Bill?” he asked.

“I do not know your mate Bill,” I replied.

“Well,” he said, “my mate Bill would be called the captain. He has a long scar on his cheek... and a very pleasant manner when he's had a drink of rum.”

He stared at me.

“Now, is my mate Bill here in this house?”

“He's out walking,” I told him.

I hoped that the stranger would go away. But he waited by the inn door, peering round the corner like a cat waiting for a mouse. At last, the captain came in, and, without looking to the right or left, walked straight to his table.

“Bill,” boomed the stranger.

The captain spun round. The colour drained from his face, and even his nose was blue. He looked like a man who had seen a ghost.

“Black Dog!” he gasped.

“We'll sit down, if you like,” said Black Dog, “and talk like old shipmates.”



I left them drinking rum. They mumbled and muttered for a long time. Then they began to swear at each other. I heard the crash of the table and chairs, followed by a cry of pain.

I went to see what was happening. Black Dog was running away from the captain, blood flowing from his shoulder. The

captain raised his sword and would have killed Black Dog; but his sword stuck in the inn sign. You can still see the mark today.

Black Dog disappeared over the hill and the captain fell to the floor, unconscious. My poor father was also ill at this time and Doctor Livesey came to see them both.

When the captain opened his eyes, I took him some food and drink. He seemed very excited.

"I've seen old Flint there in the corner," he told me.

He caught hold of my arm.

"I was on Captain Flint's ship once," he said weakly, "I'm the only man who knows the place, Jim."

"The doctor says you're to stay in bed a week," I told him briskly.

"If they send me the black spot, it's the sea-chest they're after," he gasped. "If they come, get on your horse, Jim, and tell that doctor friend to fetch help and round up all Flint's old crew... especially the man with one leg — him above all, Jim."

"But what is the black spot, captain?" I asked.

"It's an order," he whispered, "an order that has to be obeyed."

And he fell asleep.

I would have gone to the doctor straight away, but my father died suddenly that evening. The day after his funeral, about three o'clock on a foggy, frosty afternoon, I was standing by the door, staring sadly out to sea. The sound of tapping made me look up.

I had never seen such a terrifying man.

He was hunched over inside a huge old sea-cloak. He was blind and wore a great green eye shade over his eyes and nose. The horrible, eyeless creature gripped my hand tightly.

"Now, take me to the captain," he said.

“Sir,” I replied, “I dare not. He is very ill.”

“Take me, boy, or I’ll break your arm,” he said.

I never heard a voice so cruel, so cold and so ugly. I led him over to the captain at once. He looked sick with terror as we came in.

“Now, Bill, sit where you are,” said the blind man, “and hold out your left hand. Boy, take his left hand by the wrist and bring it near to my right.”

We both obeyed. I saw the blind man pass something from his hand into the palm of the captain’s hand. Then, he suddenly left us. The captain looked down at his hand.

“Ten o’clock!” he cried.

Then he fell to the floor quite dead. I knelt down beside him. On the floor, close to his hand, was a little round piece of paper. It was blackened on one side.

“The black spot!” I gasped.



我从窗户向外注视着老水手。他把船上用的箱子拖到门口，朝海边看了一会儿，便唱了起来。

“15个人爬上了死人胸——

吆——呵——呵，来上一瓶朗姆酒！”

他用一块木头敲门。

“这里安静吗，老兄？”他问我父亲。

我父亲点了点头。

“那么，好吧，”他喊道，“我就上这条船了。我要在这里待一段时间。我吃东西很简单——朗姆酒、熏肉和鸡蛋就可以打发了。你可以叫我船长。”

他把三四个金币扔在了柜台上。几天后，他坐在窗边叫我过去。他拿出一个银币。

“小子，给我盯着，”他说，“一个独腿水手。每个月的第一天给你一个银币。”

我真的瞪大眼等着独腿水手的到来。他甚至闯进了我的梦里。每逢风雨大作、房屋摇晃、海浪滔滔的夜晚，我都会在睡梦里见到他。在梦中，有时他的腿断到膝盖，有时断到臀部。有时梦到他追得我跳过树丛，越过水沟。不过，我确实挣到了钱。

“那个家伙会毁了我们。”一天，父亲抱怨说，“我已经用光了他所有的金币，再向他要时，他就发出嗤之以鼻的声音，那声音很像雾角声。”

1月的一天，天气非常冷，我正在给船长摆早餐桌子，突然一个大个子陌生人走进房间。他的左手少了两个指头。

“这桌子是我的伙计比尔的？”他问。

“我不认识你的伙计比尔。”我说。

“喔，”他说，“我的伙计比尔会让人叫他船长。他的腮上有道很长的伤疤……喝了朗姆酒后，举动很可爱。”

他眼睛盯着我。

“那么，我的伙计比尔在这屋里吗？”

“他出去散步了。”我告诉他。

我希望这个人离开这里。但是他待在门口，像在等老鼠的猫一样，瞅着角落。船长终于走了进来。他没有左顾右盼，就径直朝桌子走去。

“比尔！”陌生人用低沉的声音叫道。

船长转过身来，大惊失色，连鼻子都青了，仿佛见到了鬼。

“黑狗！”他喘息着叫道。

“我们坐下吧，如果你愿意，”黑狗说道，“像老伙计那样说话。”

我离开那里让他们自己喝酒。他们嘀咕了好长时间后，便对骂了起来。我听到桌椅碰撞的声音，接着是疼痛的喊叫声。

我过去看出了什么事。黑狗正在跑着躲开船长，肩膀上往下流血。船长举起刀，如果不是把刀刺到了旅馆的招牌上，黑狗早就没有命了。刀在旅馆牌子上留下的痕迹现在还可以看到。

黑狗越过小山跑了，船长昏倒在地。可怜的父亲当时也病了。医生利弗希来给他们两个人看病。

船长睁开眼睛时，我给他端来了饭和水。他好像很激动。

“我看到了老弗林特在那个墙角。”他告诉我说。

他一把抓住我的胳膊。

“我曾经在弗林特船长的船上干过。”他用虚弱的声音说，“吉姆，只有我知道那个地方。”

“医生说你要在床上待一个星期。”我抢白他说。

“如果他们给我送来‘黑券’，他们想要的就是那个水手箱。”他气喘吁吁地说，“如果他来了，吉姆，赶快骑马去找医生朋友叫人来包围弗林特的手下……特别是独腿家伙——最重要的是他，吉姆。”

“船长，‘黑券’是什么意思？”我问。

“是命令。”他悄悄地说，“是必须服从的命令。”

说完他就睡着了。

父亲那天晚上突然去世了，否则，我就会直接去找医生了。办完了父亲的葬礼，第二天下午3点左右，天气雾蒙蒙，冷飕飕的。我站在门口，伤心地凝视着大海。突然听到噹噹噹的敲击声，我抬眼看去。

我从未见过如此可怕的人。

他弓腰驼背，披着大大的旧水手斗篷，一个绿色大眼罩遮着瞎眼和鼻子。这个可怕的瞎子紧紧地抓着我的手。

“现在带我去找船长。”他说。

“先生，”我说，“我不敢，他病了。”

“带我去，小家伙。否则，我会敲断你的胳膊。”他说。

我从未听过如此冷酷难听的声音。我马上带他去找船长。我们一进屋，船长吓得面部失色。

“我说，比尔，坐着别动。”瞎子说，“伸出左手，小家伙，抓住他的左手腕儿，放到我的右边。”

我们俩都照着他说的做了。我看到瞎子把手里的东西放到了船长手里。然后，他抽身就走。船长低头看了看手。

“10点钟！”他喊道。

他喊了一声后就栽倒在地，咽了气。我跪在他身旁，看到他手边有一小团纸，一面染成了黑色。

“黑券！”我倒抽了一口气。

## CHAPTER TWO

### *Escape from the inn*

I turned the paper over and read the message on it.

*"You have till ten tonight."*

The clock started to chime, and I almost jumped out of my skin; but it was only six o'clock. I went to fetch my mother.

"Now, Jim," she said, locking the door, "where's the key to the captain's sea-chest? I want the money he owes me."

I felt in the captain's pockets, then opened his shirt at the neck. There it was, hanging on a piece of string. We hurried up to his room and unlocked the sea-chest.

"A good suit!" she exclaimed, "some shells and... here we are, Jim, his money-bag!"

She started to count out some gold coins. Suddenly, I put my hand on her arm. In the silent, frosty air I could hear the tapping of a stick on the frozen road. It came nearer and nearer. The stick struck the inn door. The handle turned and the bolt rattled. Then we heard the tapping move away. We were terrified.

"I'll take what I have counted so far," said my mother.

I caught sight of an envelope wrapped in oil-skin.

"And I'll take this instead of the rest of the money!" I cried.

We ran out of the inn. We had not started a minute too soon. The fog was beginning to lift and the moon shone on men running



with lanterns towards us. We hid under a bridge.

I was soon more curious than afraid. I left my mother and crept towards the inn where I hid behind a bush. Seven or eight men were running towards the door, two of them leading the blind man. They broke down the door and I could hear their feet rattling up our old stairs. Then someone threw open the window of the captain's room.

"They've been before us," he shouted. "Bill's dead, but the money's here."

"Is *it* there?" asked the blind man.

"We don't see it nowhere," the man replied.

"It's that boy! I wish I had put his eyes out!" he shouted back.

"Scatter, lads! You'll be as rich as kings if you can find it."

They smashed everything inside our inn. Then, furious, they began to quarrel among themselves. In this way, they lost time and did not see the policemen galloping so fast down the hill that their horses knocked the blind man to the ground, stone dead.

"I must find a safe place for the captain's envelope," I told myself. "I'll go to Doctor Livesey. He'll know what to do."

I left my poor mother at a friend's house and set off to see the doctor. But he was dining with Mr. Trelawney, the squire who owned most of the land in the village. I ran all the way to the squire's house and made them listen to my story.

"Have you heard of this Captain Flint?" the doctor asked Mr. Trelawney.

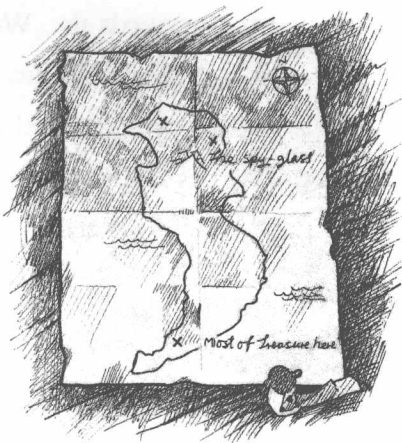
"Heard of him!" he cried. "Heard of him, you say! He was the bloodthirstiest pirate that ever sailed the sea."

"If *I* tell you that I might know where Flint buried some of his

treasure,” asked the doctor, “will that treasure be worth very much?”

“Very much?” roared the squire, “enough for me to want to get a ship ready now, and take you and Hawkins along. I’ll have that treasure if I search a year.”

“Very well,” said the doctor. “Now, then, if Jim agrees, we’ll open Flint’s envelope.”



I nodded and the doctor cut the stitches holding the oil-skin together. Inside was a sealed paper. The doctor opened the seals carefully and out fell a map of an island.

We all stared at it. The island was about nine miles long and five miles wide, like a fat dragon standing up. It had two fine harbours and a hill in the centre marked “*The Spy-Glass*”. We could see three crosses of red ink, two on the north part of the island, one in the south-west. Next to this last cross were the words “*Most of treasure here.*”

I turned the map over and found these words:

*“Tall tree, Spy-glass shoulder,  
compass point N. of NNE.  
Skeleton Island ESE and by E  
Ten feet.”*

The squire kept his word. A few weeks later, the three of us sailed for Treasure Island.