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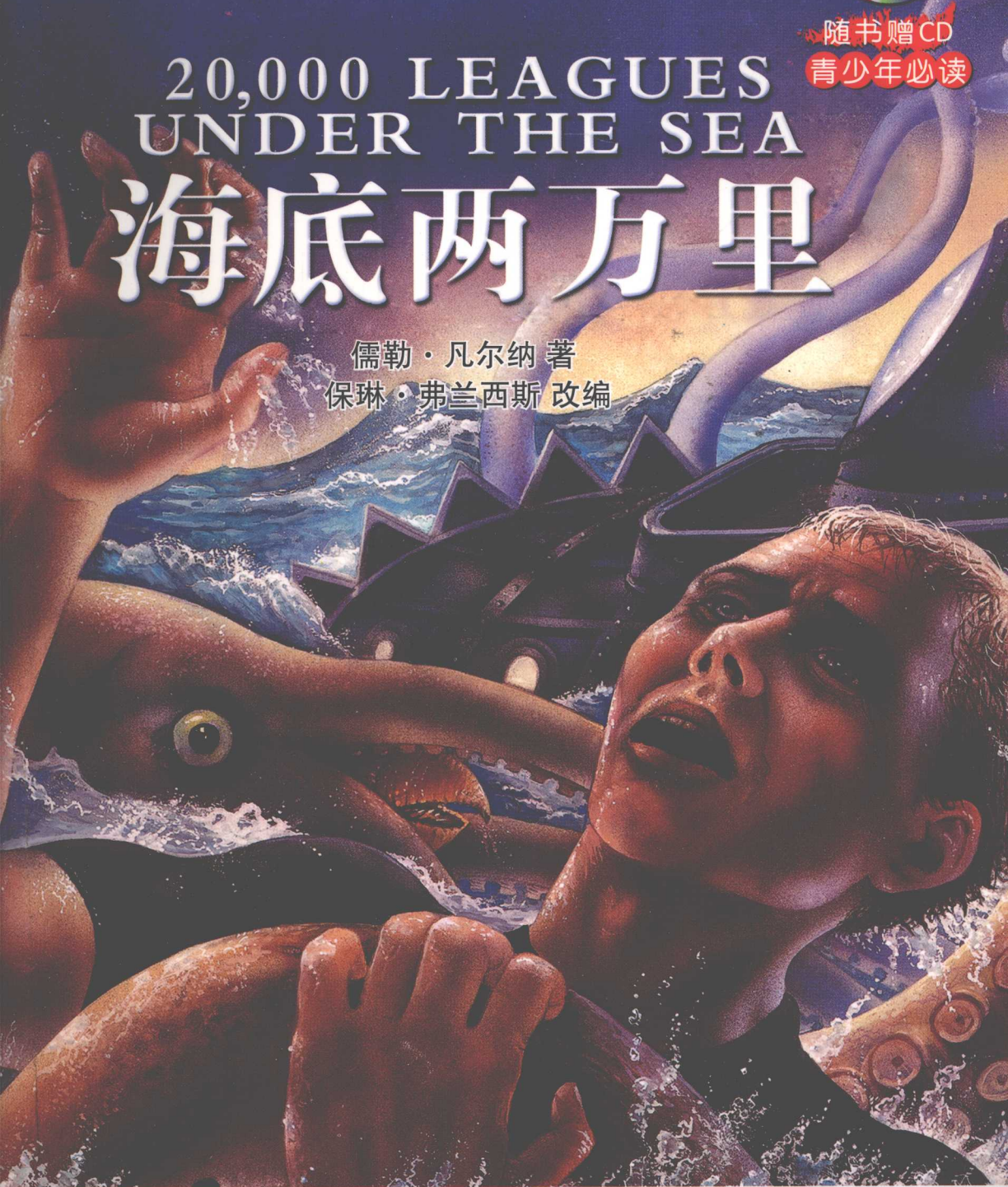


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20,000 LEAGUES  
UNDER THE SEA

# 海底两万里

儒勒·凡尔纳 著  
保琳·弗兰西斯 改编

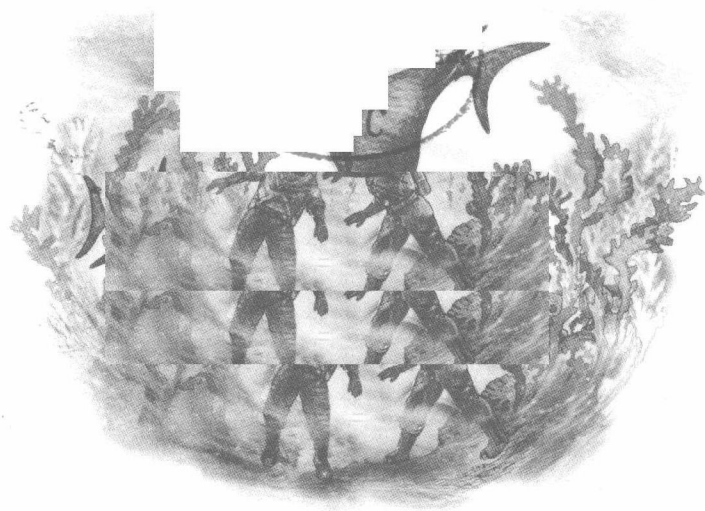


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20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

# 海底两万里

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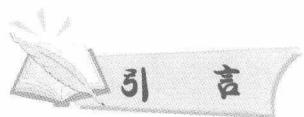
## *Introduction*

**J**ules Verne was born in northern France in 1828. He went to study law in Paris, as his father had done. But as well as studying, he began to do what he really wanted — to write.

Jules Verne wrote several plays and some of them were performed on the Paris stage. In 1857, he married a widow with two young sons. He continued to work and write because he had a family to support.

In 1862, Jules Verne wrote his first travel adventure, *Five Weeks in a Balloon*. It soon became very popular. From then on, Verne wrote for the same publisher, called Hetzel. In 1869, *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* was published. This book tells the story of a scientist who is trying to rid the ocean of a sea monster. Instead, he becomes a prisoner of Captain Nemo and is forced to travel around the world — under the sea. When this story was written, real scientists were still trying to design a submarine that could stay under water for a long time.

Jules Verne wrote over sixty more novels before his death in 1905. The best-known of these are *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (1864) and *Around the World in Eighty Days* (1873).



儒勒·凡尔纳 1828 年生于法国北部。跟父亲一样，他曾赴巴黎学习法律，但与此同时，凡尔纳也开始了他内心真正向往的写作生涯。

儒勒·凡尔纳写了多个剧本，有的还在巴黎舞台上演过。1857 年他娶了一个带着两个小男孩的寡妇。为了养家糊口，他不得不继续工作，奋力写作。

1862 年，儒勒·凡尔纳的第一部旅行探险小说《气球上的五星期》问世。该书很快就受到读者的欢迎。从那以后，凡尔纳开始给同一个出版商——赫茨尔——写书。1869 年，《海底两万里》出版。这本书讲了一个科学家的经历，他试图清除海怪，却成了内莫艇长的俘虏，被迫在海底作环球旅行。那时，现实生活里的科学家们还在试着研究设计能够长时间待在水下的潜艇。

儒勒·凡尔纳又写了 60 多部小说，于 1905 年去世。其中最著名的有《地心游记》（1864）和《八十天环游世界》（1873）。

## CHAPTER ONE

# *Monster at Sea*

**I** was in New York in the summer of 1867. I had just finished a scientific expedition and was waiting to sail back to France where I worked at the Museum of Paris. One morning, this newspaper article caught my eye:

**2nd July, 1867, New York Herald**

### **SEA MONSTER STRIKES AGAIN!**

**A sea monster has attacked two ships in the Pacific Ocean. It made holes in the ships with its sharp teeth, although not badly enough to sink them.**

**It is thought to be the same creature that was seen several times last year. It has been described as “bigger than a whale” and about two hundred feet long. Sometimes it shines brightly.**

**What is this creature that lurks beneath the waves? We shall soon find out. The “Abraham Lincoln” has been ready for some time to set sail. It is a high-speed, ice-breaking ship that will soon hunt it down.**

“There are only two explanations for what has happened,” I thought. “It is either a very powerful ship that travels under the sea — but such an engine has not been invented yet — or a very powerful sea creature.”

A short time later, this letter arrived at my hotel:



*Dear Monsieur Aronnax,*

*If you wish to join the expedition of the Abraham Lincoln to represent France, the Captain has reserved a cabin for you.*

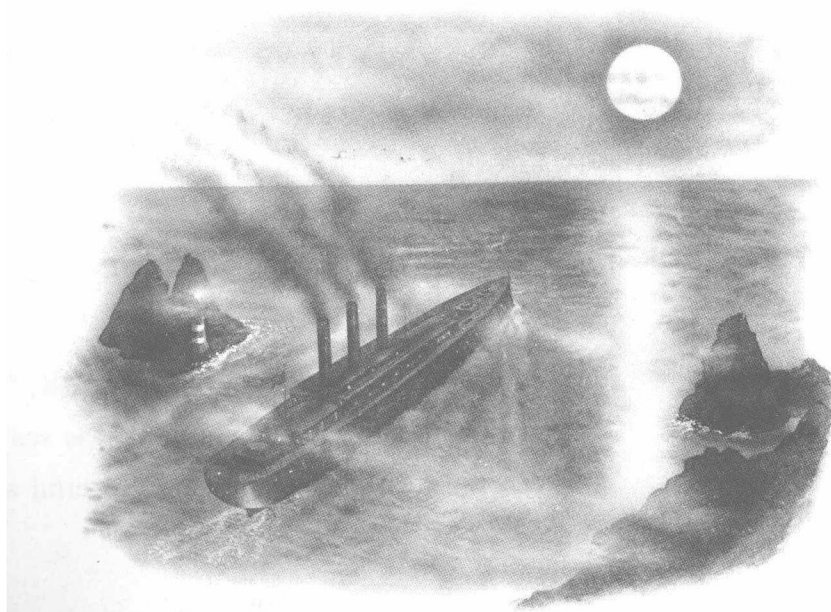
*Yours,*

*Secretary of the Navy*

I did not hesitate. “Conseil!” I called to my manservant. “Start packing. We are going to rid the sea of a monster! It will be a glorious journey, but a dangerous one. It is the sort of journey from which people don’t always come back.”

“Whatever pleases Monsieur,” Conseil replied calmly.

By eight o’clock that evening, we were sailing into the dark waters of the Atlantic Ocean. The ship had all the equipment needed for capturing the giant sea creature — harpoons, cannons and other guns. But best of all, she carried Ned Land, a man with the reputation of being one of the best harpooners around.



Ned Land was about forty years old, a Canadian from Quebec, a town that still belonged to France. He looked serious and did not speak very much. He became angry very easily if somebody annoyed him. He took a liking to me because I was French.

"I do not believe in this sea monster," he told me.

"But you are a whaler," I replied. "You ought to accept the idea of an enormous sea mammal."

"That is exactly why I don't believe it," he replied. "I have hunted and harpooned many in my time and none of them were powerful enough to have holed an iron ship. I suppose it *could* be a giant octopus. Have you thought of that?"

"That is even less likely, Ned," I replied. "Its flesh is too soft, even if it were five hundred feet long."

On the 27th of July, we entered the Pacific Ocean. At last we were in the area where the monster had last been seen. We were all excited and could not eat or sleep. But day after day, we saw nothing. The crew became angry and felt they were wasting their time.

At the beginning of November, our ship was less than two hundred miles from the coast of Japan. Night was falling and the sea was calm. I was with Conseil on deck when Ned's voice rang out. "Ahoy! There it is at last!" he shouted. "Right behind us!"

"Stop the engines," the captain called.

In the distance, the sea seemed to be lit from below, as if the monster was giving off a bright light. Then the light began to move towards us. Our ship reversed and moved away, but the creature came towards us at a speed twice our own. It circled us, glowing brightly. Then it moved away, leaving a trail of light. Suddenly it rushed at us again, stopping only a few feet from us. Then it vanished.

“Let us wait for daylight,” the captain said. “Then we can do the attacking.”

We could hear the creature all night — the thrashing of its tail, the sound of air being sucked into its lungs and the noise of water being blown out. When daylight came, the creature’s brilliant light went out and a long, black body emerged a yard above the water. It seemed to be about two hundred and fifty feet in length and it shot water high into the air.

“Full steam ahead!” the captain shouted.

A cheer from the crew filled the air as we went forward to do battle. But we could not catch up with the creature. What a chase! I trembled with excitement every time it allowed us to come closer. Ned Land sat at the bow, harpoon ready in his hand. The creature teased us all day. We never caught it, however fast we went — and it circled around us all the time.

“Prepare to fire the cannon!” the captain cried at eight o’clock that evening.

The third cannon ball hit its target, but it bounced off the creature’s skin. So the chase began again. We travelled about three hundred miles that first day, until darkness fell. Then the brilliant light appeared about three miles away. It seemed to be still and we sailed silently towards it. Suddenly, the light went out and two enormous jets of water hit the ship’s deck. There was a terrible jolt and I lost my balance.

I fell over the rail and into the sea.



## 第一章 海上怪物

1867年夏天我在纽约。那时，我刚刚完成一次科学考察，正准备启航返回我的工作之地——法国巴黎博物馆。一天早上，我被报纸上的这篇文章吸引住了：

1867年7月2日，《纽约先驱论坛报》

海怪又发起攻击了！

海怪已袭击了太平洋面上的两艘船。它锋利的牙齿将船啃了个洞，不过并没有导致沉船的严重后果。

大家都认为它就是去年出现过好几次的那个怪物。有人说它“比鲸还大”，长约200英尺，有时会闪闪发光。

潜伏在海浪下面的究竟是个什么生物呢？谜底很快就会揭晓。“亚伯拉罕·林肯”号已经准备启航。这艘快速破冰船就要开始追捕那个怪物了。

“上述情况只有两种解释，”我想，“这要么是一艘在海底航行的强大潜艇——可是目前还没有人发明这样的发动机——要么它就是一个很厉害的海洋生物。”

过了一会儿，有封信送到了我的旅馆，内容如下：

尊敬的阿罗纳克斯先生：

如果你愿意和“亚伯拉罕·林肯”号一起远征，代表法国参加这次探险的话，船长已经为你备好了一间舱室。

海军部长

我没有犹豫。“孔塞伊！”我喊了一声，孔塞伊是我的仆人。“收拾

行李，我们要去清除海怪！这次旅行使命光荣，但也很危险。这种探险可不是去了总一定能回得来的。”

“只要先生喜欢就行。”孔塞伊平静地回答。

那天晚上8点钟，我们就开始在大西洋昏暗的海面上航行。林肯号配有抓捕巨型海洋动物需要的所有设备——渔叉、大炮和枪。但最棒的是，内德·兰德——最厉害的捕鲸手之一——也在船上。

内德·兰德40岁左右，加拿大人，来自魁北克，那时魁北克还是法国的一个城镇。他表情严肃，不怎么说话。谁要是惹了他，他就暴跳如雷。因为我是法国人，所以他对我很有好感。

“我不相信会有这种海怪。”他告诉我。

“可你是个捕鲸手，”我说，“你应该接受这是一个巨型海洋哺乳动物的说法。”

“这恰恰就是我不相信的原因。”他答道，“我这辈子追过数不清的鲸，也叉死不少，但从来没见过这么厉害的鲸类，能把铁船啃个洞。我想那可能是只大章鱼。你觉得呢？”

“那就更不可能了，内德，”我说，“就算章鱼有500英尺长吧，可是它的肉太软了。”

7月27日，我们驶进太平洋海域，开到了怪物最后一次出现的地方。大家都很兴奋，激动得吃不下饭，睡不着觉。可是日子一天天过去了，我们什么也没看见。船员们开始焦躁起来，觉得这是在浪费时间。

11月初，船驶到离日本海岸不到200英里的地方。夜幕降临，大海一片平静。我和孔塞伊站在甲板上，这时内德大声叫起来。“啊，它终于出现了！”他喊道，“就在我们后面！”

“关掉发动机。”船长大声说道。

远处，海水似乎被从底下照亮了，好像是那怪物正在向外发射耀眼的光。接着，那团光向我们这边移过来。林肯号立刻调头开走，可那怪物以比我们快一倍的速度冲过来。它围着我们转圈，闪闪发光，后来拖着一条磷光尾迹离开了。突然，它又冲过来，在离船仅几英尺的地方停下，然

后消失了。

“等到天亮，”船长说，“我们就能反击了。”

整个晚上，我们都能听到怪物发出的巨大声响——尾巴击水的声音、吸气的声音还有喷水的声音。天亮时，刺眼的光熄灭了，海面上浮出一团黑乎乎的长东西，足有一码高。那东西看起来约 250 英尺长，在向空中喷水。

“全速前进！”船长喊道。

船朝前驶去，船员们欢呼着投入战斗。但是我们追不上那个怪物。真是费劲的追捕！每次它让我们接近一点儿时，我就激动得发抖。内德·兰德坐在船头，手里握着渔叉。那家伙耍了我们一整天。船无论开得多快都追不上它——而它竟然还一直在围着我们转圈。

“准备发射大炮！”那天晚上 8 点，船长下了命令。

第三发炮弹击中了目标，打在怪物身上，却又弹了起来。就这样，追击又开始了。第一天，林肯号驶了 300 多英里，一直追到夜幕降临。后来，那团刺眼的光出现在离船约 3 英里远的地方。它好像一动不动，我们悄悄地开过去。突然，光灭了，两股巨大的水柱喷到甲板上。船一阵剧烈晃动，我失去了平衡。

我被甩出护栏，掉到海里。

## CHAPTER TWO

# *A Strange Whale*

**I** was dragged about twenty feet below the waves, but two strong kicks brought me back to the surface. I watched the *Abraham Lincoln* disappear into the darkness.

“Help! Help!” I cried in desperation.

My mouth filled with water and I felt myself suffocating. Then strong hands pulled me up. It was Conseil.

“Were you flung overboard, too?” I asked him, gasping for breath.

“Not at all, Monsieur,” he replied. “I work for Monsieur, so I had to follow him.”

“Where is the ship?” I cried.

“Monsieur must forget about it,” he replied. “Its propeller and rudder are broken. It cannot turn back for us now.”

We swam side by side, but I knew that the situation was desperate. A few hours later, we bumped into something hard. I was so weak that I could not hold on. Then I felt somebody pulling me up and I fainted. When I opened my eyes again, I saw Ned Land in front of me.

“This is a monster made of metal!” he cried.

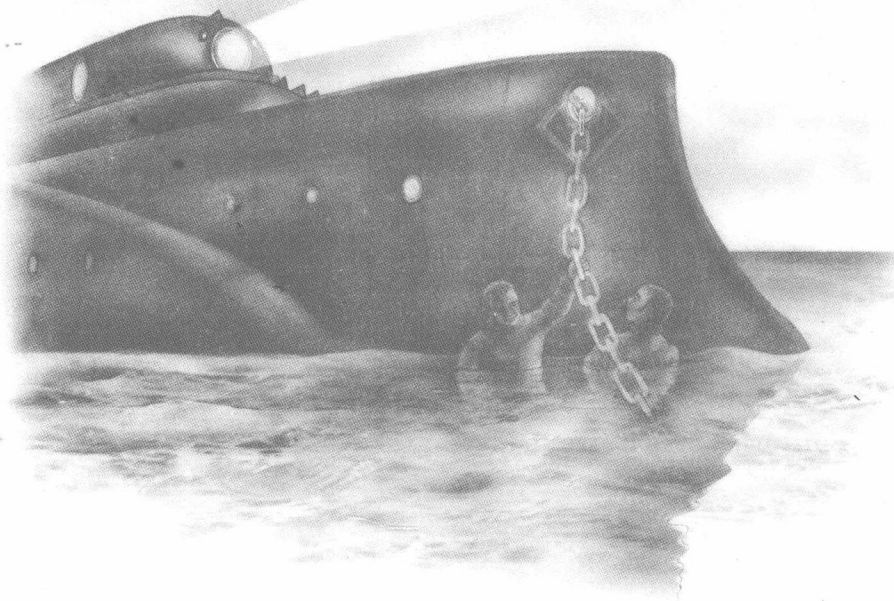
I realised then that we were sitting right on top of the sea creature we had been hunting. Its back was smooth and shiny and it made a metallic sound when I tapped it.

“It must have been made by man!” I said. “And there must be an

engine because it can move so quickly. ”

“I have been here for three hours,” Ned replied, “and I have seen no sign of life. It hasn’t even moved. ”

As he spoke, we heard a bubbling sound at the end of the strange machine and it began to sink slowly into the sea. Ned stood up and began to kick against the metal, shouting at the top of his voice. Almost at once, the machine stopped diving and a hatch opened. Eight men wearing masks appeared and, without a sound, they pulled us inside their machine. The hatch closed and we were in total darkness. The men pushed us into a room and locked the door. Ned kicked against it, shouting angrily again.



“Keep calm, Ned,” I said, “and do not get us into trouble. Let us try and find out where we are first!”



After half an hour, a brilliant glare lit our prison, like the bright light we had seen at sea. Soon afterwards, two men entered, speaking to each other in a language I did not recognise. We told them our story in French, English, Latin and German, but they did not understand a word. However, they brought us good food and clean water, after which we all fell into a deep sleep. When we woke up, the machine was so silent that I was afraid.

“Perhaps we are at the bottom of the sea,” I thought, trembling.

The door opened at last, but Ned Land threw himself like a wild beast at the man who came in.

“Stop, Master Land!” a voice said in French. “My name is Captain Nemo, the captain of this ship. Please listen to me! I understood what you were saying yesterday, but I did not want to speak. I wanted to find out more about you first. Why have you chased me across the ocean?”

“Monsieur,” I replied, “you must know of all the problems you have caused by damaging ships. We thought there was a dangerous monster in the sea.”

“I no longer live in the world,” he said, his eyes flashing with anger, “and I no longer have to obey any of its rules. But I do pity you. And for that reason, I shall allow you to stay on one condition — there may be things I do not want you to see and you will have to stay in your cabins whenever I give the order.”

“Are you saying that we are prisoners?” I asked.

“Yes,” he replied. “You have found out my secret. I do not want the world to hear about it.” He stared straight at us.

“I could throw you to the bottom of the sea,” he said at last.