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随书赠CD
青少年必读

KIDNAPPED 诱拐

罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森 著
保琳·弗兰西斯 改编



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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.

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.

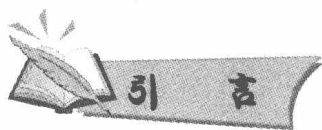
Kidnapped is a story of the kidnapping of David Balfour, a young boy who is cheated out of his inheritance and wrongly accused of murder. It is set in 1751, five years after the Jacobites (led by Bonnie Prince Charlie, the son of James II) were defeated at Culloden Moor in the north of Scotland. The Jacobites supported James II, who claimed the right to be the king of Great Britain, instead of King George. Most of the Scottish Highlanders were loyal Jacobites and had their land taken from them by King George.

In 1887, Stevenson's father died. With the money 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.

You might find the meaning of these words will help you to understand the story better:

ay(e)	yes
brae	hill
burn	stream
clan	group of families with the same family name
crofter	a farmer
dirk	dagger
Gaelic	a Celtic language
glen	mountain valley
The Highlands	a large area of north and north-east Scotland
Jacobite	a supporter of James Stuart who wanted to rule Britain
ken	know
laird	a Scottish landowner
loch	lake
The Lowlands	the central and eastern part of Scotland
nae	no, not
Redcoats	British soldiers (they wore scarlet jackets)
ye	you



罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森 1850 年生于苏格兰的爱丁堡。他毕业于爱丁堡大学的法律系，后来决心以写作为生。很不幸，他患了肺结核，不得不到气候温暖的国家以改善健康状况。

1880 年，罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森与范妮·奥斯波恩结婚。一年后，斯蒂文森为她的小儿子创作了《金银岛》，1886 年又出版了《诱拐》。这两本书深受读者的喜爱，却未能使他赚到很多钱。于是 1886 年，他又写出《化身博士》。该书使斯蒂文森声名大振，也为他赚取了更多的钱，因为书出售给了成年人。

《诱拐》一书讲述了少年戴维·鲍尔弗被诱拐的全过程，他不仅受骗丢了遗产而且被人诬陷为杀人犯。故事发生在 1751 年，5 年前詹姆斯党人（首领为詹姆斯二世之子邦尼·查理王子）在苏格兰北部的卡洛登沼地惨遭溃败，他们支持自称为英国合法国王的詹姆斯二世，反对乔治国王。许多苏格兰高地部族都是忠实的詹姆斯党人，他们被乔治国王赶出了家园。

1887 年，斯蒂文森的父亲去世。凭借父亲留下的钱，罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森才得以和家人住在太平洋中的萨摩亚岛上。岛上温暖的气候改善了他的健康状况，他在那里潜心写作，直到 1894 年去世。

你可能会发现，了解这些词的意思，将帮你更好地理解故事：

ay(e)	是的
brae	小山
burn	小溪
clan	具有相同姓氏的家族群
crofter	佃农
dirk	匕首
Gaelic	盖尔语

glen	山谷
The Highlands	苏格兰北部和东北广阔地域
Jacobite	詹姆斯·斯图亚特的支持者，詹姆斯想统治英国
ken	知道
laird	苏格兰庄园主
loch	湖泊
The Lowlands	苏格兰中部和东部
nae	不，不是
Redcoats	英国士兵（他们穿着深红色外套）
ye	你

CHAPTER ONE

The House of Shaws

The story of kidnap and murder that you are about to read began one June morning in 1751. I was only seventeen and both my parents had just died. I decided to leave Essendean, the village where I had always lived, and seek my fortune in the world. The minister of Essendean, Mr Campbell, came to see me before I left.

"I have something for ye, lad," he said. "When your father was ill, he gave this letter to me. Ye are to take it to the house of Shaws, near Edinburgh. "

I looked at him in surprise.

"The Balfours of Shaws is an old and respected family — your family," he told me. "That is where your father came from and he wanted you to go back there. "

He gave me the letter addressed in my father's handwriting:

*To Ebenezer Balfour, Esquire,
the house of Shaws
to be delivered by my son, David Balfour*

"Remember, Davie," Mr Campbell said, "that Ebenezer Balfour is the laird and you must obey him. "

"I'll try, sir," I said.

"Now you must go," Mr Campbell said sadly, "you have two days walking ahead of you. "

I took my last look at the churchyard where my mother and father were buried, then I began my journey. How pleased I was to be leaving the quiet countryside to go to a great and busy house, among rich people of my own family!

In the middle of the second day, I caught sight of the sea from the top of a hill — and the great city of Edinburgh. I was very excited, but when I started to ask the way to the house of Shaws, people looked at me in surprise.

“If ye’ll take my advice,” one man said sharply, “ye’ll keep away from the Shaws.”

At first, I wanted to turn back.

“No!” I told myself firmly, “now that I’ve come so far, I have to find out for myself.”

Just as the sun began to set, I met an old woman trudging down a hill.

“Am I far from the house of Shaws?” I asked her.

She took me back up the hill and pointed to the valley below.

“That is the house of Shaws!” she said angrily. “Blood built it. Blood stopped the building of it. Blood will be its ruin. I spit upon the ground and curse Ebenezer Balfour!”

I was frightened by her words, but I forced myself to walk up to the house. The nearer I got, the gloomier it seemed. There was no gate and no avenue — and one wing of the house was unfinished. Was this the fine house my father was sending me to? Was this where I was going to earn my fortune?

I knocked once on the wooden door. There was silence. I waited and knocked again. Then I felt angry and shouted, “Mr Balfour! Mr Ebenezer Balfour!” until a man called from the bedroom window above

my head.

"It's loaded. "

I looked up into the mouth of a gun.

"I've come here with a letter, " I said, "to Mr Ebenezer Balfour of the house of Shaws. Is he here?"

"Ye can put it down upon the doorstep, and be off with ye, " the man said.

"No!" I cried. "I will deliver it into Mr. Balfour's hands. It is a letter of introduction. I am David Balfour. "

There was a long pause.

"Is your father dead?" the man asked at last.

I was too upset to answer.

"Ay, " the man said, "he'll be dead. I'll let you in. "

After a few minutes, a stooping man of about fifty opened the door. His face was grey and mean, and he had a long beard trailing onto his nightshirt. He led me down a corridor to a cold, dark kitchen.

"Let me see the letter, " he said.

"It's for Mr Balfour, " I answered.

"And who do ye think I am?" he said. "Now give me Alexander's letter. "

"You know my father's name?" I asked in surprise.

"It would be strange if I didnae, " the man said, "for he was my younger brother. "

"I never knew, sir, that he had a brother, " I said, my voice trembling.

I slept badly that night, locked in a cold bedroom with broken window-panes, but the next day my uncle seemed friendlier. In the evening, when we had eaten some porridge together, he lit a pipe and

leaned towards me across the table.

“Davie, my man,” he said, “I’m going to help ye as your father wanted. I kept a bit of money for ye, since ye were born — not much — well, forty pounds!”

I was too surprised to say anything.

“I want nae thanks,” he said. “I do my duty. But I want ye to do something for me. There’s a chest in the tower at the far end of the house, the part that’s not finished. Bring it down for me.”

“Can I have a candle, sir?” I asked.

“Nae lights in my house,” he told me.



I went outside. It was darker than ever. My heart pounded as I climbed the steps to the top of the tower, feeling the wall with my hands. Suddenly, there was a flash of lightning and I looked down in horror. The unfinished staircase came to an end there, high in the air.

“One more step and I would have fallen!” I gasped.

Then the terrible thought came into my mind.

“My uncle sent me here to die!”



第一章 肖家

你将要读到的这个诱拐和谋杀的故事始于 1751 年 6 月的一个上午。那年我只有 17 岁，父母都已过世，我决定离开久居的埃森底村到外面闯荡一番。我临行前，埃森底的牧师坎贝尔先生来见了我一面。

“小伙子，我有东西给你。”他说，“你父亲生病时托付给我这封信。你要拿着它去爱丁堡附近的肖家。”

我吃惊地看着他。

“姓鲍尔弗的肖家是一个古老、受人尊敬的家庭——是你家。”他告诉我，“你父亲生于那个家庭，他希望你回去。”

他递给我信，信封上是父亲的笔迹：

埃比尼泽·鲍尔弗先生亲启，

肖家

此信由我儿戴维·鲍尔弗亲自投送

“记牢，戴维，”坎贝尔先生说，“埃比尼泽·鲍尔弗是田庄的主人，你一定要服从他。”

“我会尽力的，先生。”我回答。

“现在你得起程了。”坎贝尔先生悲伤地说，“你要走两天的路才能

到。”

我最后望了一眼葬着父母的教堂墓地，便踏上了行程。我内心多么高兴啊，因为可以离开冷清的乡下，到一个热闹的大家庭去，还能跟那些有钱的本家人在一起！

第二天中午，我从一座山岗的顶上望到了大海——还有宏伟的爱丁堡城。我非常兴奋，但向人们打听怎样去肖家时，他们却投来吃惊的目光。

“如果你愿意接受我的建议，”有人严厉地说，“请远离肖家。”

起初，我想打道回府。

“不行！”我坚定地对自己说，“既然已经走了这么远，那我非自己找到不可。”

正当夕阳西下，我碰到一个老妇人，她正疲惫地从一座小山上走下。

“我离肖家还远吗？”我问她。

她带我爬回山头，指向下边的山谷。

“那就是肖家！”她愤愤地说，“它是用鲜血建造的，鲜血阻止过它的建造，鲜血还会将其毁灭。我唾弃并诅咒埃比尼泽·鲍尔弗！”

我被她的话语吓了一跳，但还是强制自己走向了肖家。离得越近，它越发显得阴郁，没有大门和道路——房屋的一个侧楼还未建好。难道这就是父亲让我投奔的豪宅吗？难道我就在此谋生吗？

我敲了敲木门，里面却一片寂静。我等了等，再次敲门。我生气了，嚷道：“鲍尔弗先生！埃比尼泽·鲍尔弗先生！”一个男人在我头顶上的卧室窗口喊道：

“它可装了子弹。”

我抬头正对着枪口。

“我带着信来这儿的，”我说，“要交给肖家的埃比尼泽·鲍尔弗先生。他在吗？”

“你可以把信放到门口台阶上，马上离开！”那人说。

“不行！”我叫道，“我要把信亲自交到鲍尔弗先生手中。这是一封介绍信。我是戴维·鲍尔弗。”

很长时间没有回音。

“你父亲死了吗？”那人终于问道。

我难过得无法回答。

“啊，”他说，“他肯定死了，我让你进来吧。”

几分钟后，一个弯腰驼背的 50 来岁老人开了门。他面色苍白，神情卑贱，胡须长得可以触到睡衣。沿着过道，他把我领进了又冷又黑的厨房

里。

“让我看看信。”他说。

“是给鲍尔弗先生的。”我回答。

“那么，你以为我是谁呀？”他说，“现在把亚历山大的信给我。”

“你知道我父亲的名字？”我吃惊地问。

“我不知道才算奇怪呢，”那人说，“他可是我弟弟啊。”

“先生，我一直不知父亲还有个哥哥。”我声音颤抖着说道。

那夜我睡得很差，因为我被锁在一间窗玻璃已破碎的冰冷卧室里。但是第二天，叔叔显得友好起来。晚上我们一块喝稀饭时，他点起烟斗，身子隔着桌子探向我。

“戴维，我的孩子，”他说，“如你父亲所愿，我会帮你的。你出生后，我为你存了点钱——不多——嗯，40 英镑！”

我吃惊得一句话也说不出。

“我不要感谢。”他说，“这是我应做的，不过我想让你办件事。有个箱子在这幢房子最尽头的顶楼上，也就是未建好的那部分，给我把它拿下来。”

“我能点根蜡烛吗，先生？”我问。

“我的房内不准有光。”他告诉我。

我走到外面，天色比以往都要黑。沿着台阶爬向顶楼时，我用手摸着墙壁，心里扑通扑通直跳。突然，一阵电光闪过，我害怕地向下望去。未建成的台阶已到尽头，高耸在空中。

“再迈一步，我可能就已经掉下去了！”我倒吸一口气。

然后，我脑中掠过一个可怕的想法。

“叔叔让我来这儿送死啊！”

CHAPTER TWO

Kidnapped!

I came slowly down the steps again and went back to the kitchen. When I crept up behind my uncle and put my hands on his shoulders, he fell to the floor like a dead man.

“Sit up!” I shouted.

“Are ye alive?” my uncle sobbed. “O man. Are ye alive?”

“I am,” I said, “no thanks to you. Why did you try to kill me?”

“I’ll talk to ye in the morning,” my uncle moaned, “I feel too ill right now.”

I locked my uncle in his room. Then I lit the biggest fire the house had seen for years and fell asleep. In the morning, as I was deciding what to do, a ship’s boy called Ransome brought a letter for my uncle.

“It’s from Captain Hoseason,” my uncle said. “He’s just sailed into Queensferry port. He wants to see me.”

I shook my head.

“I’ve treated ye badly, Davie,” he said. “If ye let me see the captain, I’ll take ye to see my lawyer, Mr Rankeillor in Queensferry. He knew your father. We’ll sort out some money for ye.”

“I do want to see the sea,” I thought. “I’ll go, but I won’t let my uncle out of my sight.”

We followed Ransome to an inn alongside the port. The room where my uncle and Hoseason talked was so hot that I left them for a few minutes to look at the ships. When I returned, my uncle was coming