

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

JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE
OF THE EARTH

地心游记

儒勒·凡尔纳 著
保琳·弗兰西斯 改编

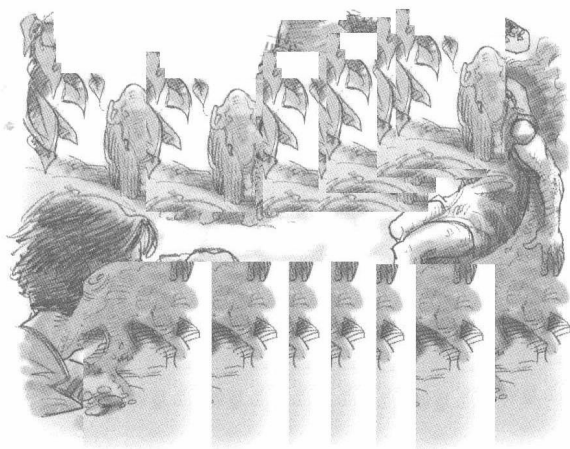


青岛出版社
Qingdao Publishing House

JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE
OF THE EARTH

地 心 游 记

作者 儒勒·凡尔纳
改编 保琳·弗兰西斯
译者 冷家礼
主编 刘启萍



青 岛 出 版 社

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

地心游记(英汉对照) / (法)凡尔纳(Verne, J.)著; (英)弗兰西斯改编; 冷家礼译. —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 - 4617 - 9

I. 地… II. ①凡… ②弗… ③冷… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物 ②科学幻想小说—法国—近代 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2007)第 200147 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 地心游记

作 者 儒勒·凡尔纳

改 编 保琳·弗兰西斯

译 者 冷家礼

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 青岛星球印刷有限公司

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 - 4617 - 9

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

JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH

CHAPTER ONE *The strange parchment* 7

第一章 奇异的羊皮纸 11

CHAPTER TWO *We reach Iceland* 14

第二章 到达冰岛 17

CHAPTER THREE *Inside the crater* 19

第三章 火山口内 23

CHAPTER FOUR *A dead end* 25

第四章 死胡同 29

CHAPTER FIVE *Water everywhere!* 31

第五章 四周全是水! 35

CHAPTER SIX *Lost in the dark* 38

第六章 迷失在黑暗中 41

CHAPTER SEVEN *An underground sea* 43

第七章 地下之海 46

CHAPTER EIGHT *A battle of monsters* 49

第八章 怪兽之战 51

CHAPTER NINE *The storm* 53

第九章 暴风雨 56

CHAPTER TEN *Through the volcano* 58

第十章 穿越火山 62

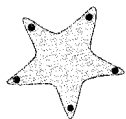
Introduction

Jules 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 1864, *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* was published. This book tells the story of Professor Lidenbrock and his nephew, Axel, who make a terrifying journey into an extinct volcano — right into the centre of the Earth. The book was made into a film in 1959.

Jules Verne wrote over sixty more novels before his death, in 1905. The best-known of these are *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea* (1869) and *Around the World in Eighty Days* (1873).



引 言

儒勒·凡尔纳 1828 年生于法国北部。他曾继承父业，求学巴黎攻读法律。求学期间，凡尔纳开始从事他真正喜欢的事业——写作。

儒勒·凡尔纳著有多部戏剧，部分戏剧曾搬上巴黎舞台。1857 年，他与一位带有两名男孩的寡妇结婚。此后，他一边工作，一边写作，维持家人生计。

1862 年，儒勒·凡尔纳完成首部探险游记《气球上的五星期》。该书问世不久即广为流行。此后，他便为同一位出版商赫茨尔写作。1864 年，《地心游记》出版。该书讲述了黎登布洛克教授偕侄子阿克赛进行的一次惊心动魄的死火山之旅——直抵地心。该书于 1959 年被改编成电影。

儒勒·凡尔纳又创作了 60 多部小说，于 1905 年去世。其中《海底两万里》（1869）和《八十天环游世界》（1873）最负盛名。

CHAPTER ONE

The strange parchment

One Sunday morning at the end of May, my uncle, Professor Lidenbrock, came rushing back to his house half an hour earlier than usual. He flung down his hat and walking stick and went into his study.

“Axel!” he called. “Follow me.”

I followed him, glancing around as I waited for him to speak. The study was like a museum, full of metals, minerals and rocks. My uncle was a Professor of Mineralogy at the nearby university.

“I found this in a bookshop this morning!” he said at last, holding up a huge old book. “Isn’t it beautiful?”

“Splendid!” I replied, trying to sound enthusiastic. “What is this wonderful book about?”

“This book,” my uncle replied excitedly, “is by a famous Icelandic writer from the twelfth century.”

“Is it a translation?” I asked.

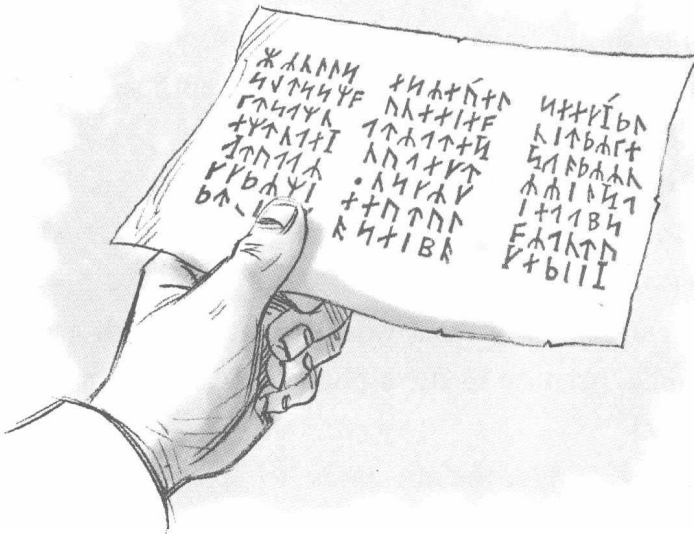
“What?” he roared. “What would I be doing with a translation? It is in Icelandic, written in the alphabet once used in that country. Come and look!”

I was just leaning over the book to see these strange letters when a dirty piece of parchment slipped from its pages on to the floor. My uncle picked it up and unfolded it carefully. It was covered with columns of letters I did not recognise. He took out his magnifying glass and started to examine them.

“Sit down, Axel,” he said. “I am going to call out the letters as they would be in our alphabet. Write them down carefully.” This is what I wrote:

<i>mm . rnlls</i>	<i>esreuel</i>	<i>seecJde</i>
<i>sgtssmf</i>	<i>unteief</i>	<i>niedrke</i>
<i>kt , samn</i>	<i>atrateS</i>	<i>Saodrrn</i>
<i>emtnael</i>	<i>nuaect</i>	<i>rrilSa</i>
<i>Atvaar</i>	<i>. nscrc</i>	<i>ieaabs</i>
<i>ccdrmi</i>	<i>eeutul</i>	<i>frantu</i>
<i>dt , iac</i>	<i>oseibo</i>	<i>KediiY</i>

“The first letter is a double m,” my uncle said, “and that wasn’t added to the Icelandic language until two hundred years after this book was written. One of the book’s owners must have left it here. But who?”



My uncle examined the book carefully once more. On the back of the second page was a stain like an inkblot. He studied it closely. “Arne Saknussem!” he cried in triumph. “A famous Icelandic

scientist from the sixteenth century!"

He looked at the words I had written for him. "They would make sense if I knew how to rearrange them," he muttered. "I shall not eat or sleep until I discover what they mean. Nor will you, Axel!"

As I stood there, I glanced at the portrait of Gräuben on the wall. Gräuben was a charming girl with blue eyes and blonde hair, and I loved her dearly. My uncle was her guardian, but he did not know that we were secretly engaged. Suddenly, my uncle thumped the table with his fist and brought me back down to earth.

"What if the letters were written down the page instead of across it!" he cried. "Write a sentence, Axel, down the page, in five or six columns." I wrote:

<i>I</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>y</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>r</i>
<i>l</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>ä</i>
<i>o</i>	<i>v</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>u</i>
<i>v</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>h</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>b</i>
<i>e</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>,</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>
<i>y</i>	<i>y</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>n</i>

"Now write it out, reading each line across," my uncle said. I obeyed, with the following result:

Iomyir luudtä ovcetü vehalb er,ree yym!Gn

"Splendid!" my uncle cried, snatching the paper out of my hand. "Now all I have to do is to read the first letter of each word, then the second letter of each word, and so on." And to his great surprise — and mine — he read out: "I love you very much, my dear little Gräuben."

"Is this true, Axel?"

“Yes, er, no!” I replied, confused.

Luckily, my uncle was more interested in the mysterious code.

“Well,” he said, “let’s apply my method to the parchment.”

My uncle gave a loud cough and started to read the letters as he had done mine:

*mmessunkaSenrA. icefdoK. segnittamurtn
ecertserrette, rotaivsadua, ednecsedsadne
lacartniiluJsiratracSarbmutabledmek
meretarcsilucoYsleffenSnI*

“It still doesn’t make sense!” he shouted angrily.

He ran from his study and disappeared through the front door as fast as his legs would carry him. After he had gone, I began to think about the words I had written down from the parchment. I picked them up and studied them for a long time. I fanned myself with the piece of paper, gazing at the strange words as they floated for a moment before my eyes. That moment told me the secret! I read out the whole sentence aloud — backwards!

“Oh no!” I cried, trembling with terror. “If I tell my uncle what the parchment says, he will want to go straight away. Nothing will stop him. He will take me and we will never come back! I shall not tell him what I have found out.”

When my uncle came back, he worked on the code through the night and most of the next day. By two o’clock in the afternoon, I gave in. Hunger had beaten me. “Uncle,” I began, “yesterday, by chance...”

I handed him the sheet of paper on which I had copied the rearranged words, first in Latin, then in German. My uncle read it quickly. When he had finished, he jumped into the air as if he had received an electric shock. Then he sank into his armchair. “Let’s

have something to eat,” he said, “then you can pack my bags.” He paused for a minute. “And your own!”

At his words, a shudder went through my body. I picked up the piece of paper and read it again:

Descend into the volcanic crater of Sneffells Yokul, brave traveller, over which the shadow of Scartaris falls at the end of June, and you will reach the centre of the earth. I have done this.

Arne Saknussemm



第一章

奇异的羊皮纸

5月末的一个星期天清晨，我叔父黎登布洛克教授匆忙赶回家中，比平常早了半小时。他扔下帽子和手杖，进了书房。

“阿克赛！”叔父喊道，“跟我来。”

我跟进书房，等待叔父讲话，眼睛扫视四周。书房简直是一座博物馆，摆满金属、矿石和岩块。叔父是附近一所大学的矿物学教授。

“早上，我在书店找到了这个！”叔父最后举起一本厚重的旧书，说道，“很漂亮吧？”

“真好！”我答道，勉力说得热情，“这本书真好，写的什么？”

“这本书吗，”叔父兴奋地答道，“是12世纪一位著名的冰岛作家写的。”

“是本译本？”我问道。

“什么？”叔父大吼起来，“我要一本翻译干什么？这是冰岛文原本，用冰岛曾用过的文字写成的。过来看看！”

我俯下身，刚想看看书上的怪字，一张染污的羊皮纸就从书中滑了出来，掉在地上。叔父捡起羊皮纸，小心地摊开。纸上有几行字，可是看不懂。叔父找出放大镜，开始研究起来。

“坐下，阿克赛。”他说道，“我按我们的字母表念出这些字母。你来写，要认真。”下面是我写下的文字：

<i>mm . rnlls</i>	<i>esreuel</i>	<i>seecIde</i>
<i>sgtssmf</i>	<i>unteief</i>	<i>niedrke</i>
<i>kt , samn</i>	<i>atrateS</i>	<i>Saodrrn</i>
<i>emtnaeI</i>	<i>nuaect</i>	<i>rrilSa</i>
<i>Atvaar</i>	<i>. nscrc</i>	<i>ieaabs</i>
<i>ccdrmi</i>	<i>eeutul</i>	<i>frantu</i>
<i>dt , iac</i>	<i>oseibo</i>	<i>KediiY</i>

“第一个字母是两个 m。”叔父说道，“可是，书完成后 200 年这个字母才被纳入冰岛文。一定是书的主人写下的。会是谁呢？”

叔父又仔细地把书检查了一遍。书中第二页背面有一处污迹，像是墨迹。他对墨迹仔细研究起来。“阿恩·萨克奴姗！”叔父得胜般地喊道，“是冰岛 16 世纪著名的科学家！”

叔父端详起我写下的文字来。“知道了怎样排列它们就能把意思弄明白。”他咕哝着，“不弄明白，我是别想吃饭睡觉了。你也是，阿克赛！”

我站在那儿，瞥了一眼墙上格劳班的画像。格劳班金发碧眼，十分迷人，我深爱着她。叔父是她的监护人，却并不知道我们已经暗许真情。突然，叔父紧握拳头“砰砰”地敲起桌子，把我拉回到现实世界。

“要是不成行写，把字母竖着写下来呢！”叔父大叫道，“在纸上记个句子，阿克赛。写成五六排。”我写到：

<i>I</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>y</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>r</i>
<i>l</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>ä</i>
<i>o</i>	<i>v</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>u</i>
<i>v</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>h</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>b</i>
<i>e</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>,</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>
<i>y</i>	<i>y</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>n</i>

“现在拼起来，按行读。”叔父吩咐道。我按他说的写下这样一行字：

Iomyir luudtä ovcetü vehalb er , ree yymlGn

“妙！”叔父喊道，从我手里夺过纸片，“现在，我要做的就只剩下读出每个单词的第一个字母，然后第二个字母，依此类推。”令叔父——还有我

大吃一惊的是他竟念出：“我非常爱你，亲爱的格劳班。”

“这是真的，阿克赛？”

“是的，呃，不！”我答道，语无伦次。

幸好叔父对神秘代码兴趣更浓。“那么，”他说，“按我的办法来对付这张羊皮纸。”

叔父大咳一声，又对着字母读起来，像读我写的那行字一样：

*mmessunkaSenrA. icefdoK. segnittamurtn
ecertserrette, rotaivsadua, ednecsedsadne
lacartniiluJsiratracSarbmutabledmek
meretarcsilucoYsleffenSnI*

“还是毫无意义！”叔父气急败坏地嚷道。

他跑出书房，一溜烟地冲出前门，消失了。叔父走后，我想起自己按羊皮纸写下的文字。我拿起来研究了很久，又用它扇起风来，凝视着纸上那些怪异文字于瞬间闪过眼前。就在那一瞬间，我明白了！我把整个句子大声念了出来——从后往前！

“啊，不！”我大叫一声，吓得浑身抖起来。“告诉叔叔羊皮纸写了什么的话，他会毫不犹豫地出发。什么也别想阻止他。他会带上我，我们就再也回不来了！不能告诉他我找到了答案。”

叔父回来后，又研究起密码，彻夜未眠，还搭上第二天大半天。到下午2点钟，我饥饿难耐，撑不住了。“叔叔，”我开口说道，“昨天，碰巧……”

我把那张纸递给叔父，纸上先后用拉丁文、德文抄写了重新排列后的文字。叔父匆匆读过。读完后，他像遭电击一样跳了起来，然后陷入扶手椅内。“我们吃点东西。”他说道，“然后你去给我收拾行李。”他停了一会儿，“还有你的！”

听到他的话，我浑身惊颤。我拿起那张纸，又读了一遍：

从斯奈弗·姚可火山口下去，勇敢的旅行者，待到6月末斯加丹利斯的阴影投向火山口，你将抵达地心。我已经到过了。

阿恩·萨克奴姆

CHAPTER TWO

We reach Iceland

I decided to try to stop my uncle. “There is nothing to prove that the parchment is genuine,” I said. “Perhaps Arne Saknussem is playing a joke.”

“A joke!” my uncle cried. “He was a famous man in the sixteenth century. He travelled all over the world.”

“I have never heard of the names, Yokul and Sneffells,” I went on.

“Take down the third atlas on the fourth shelf,” he replied. “It has the best map of Iceland.”

I did as he asked and found the map.

“You can see that there are volcanoes all over Iceland,” he said. “Yokul means glacier in Icelandic. Most volcanic eruptions in Iceland must push through the layers of ice in the glaciers. So the word is also used to describe the volcanoes in that country.”

He traced his finger north along the west coast of Iceland. “That is Sneffells,” he announced, “and this is Scartaris, one of its peaks. It will become the most famous volcano in the world if its crater leads to the centre of the Earth.”

“But that’s impossible!” I cried, “the crater must be full of lava and burning rocks and...”

“Sneffells is an extinct volcano. It has not erupted since 1229,” my uncle told me calmly.

“All right,” I said, “this man, Saknussem, he may have

gone into the crater, he may have seen the shadow of Scartaris touch it, but he could not have reached the centre of the Earth and come back alive!"

"And why not?" asked my uncle, crossly.

"Scientists know that for every seventy feet below the Earth's surface, the temperature rises about one degree," I said. "So we know that the temperature at the centre of the Earth must be over two million degrees."

"And so you are afraid of melting away?" my uncle laughed.

"Nobody really knows what is going on inside the Earth. We might discover that the scientists were wrong. In any case," he said, "we shall see for ourselves."

I came out of my uncle's study in a daze. Was my uncle a madman or a genius? I decided to go for a walk, and as I walked, I caught sight of Gräuben.

"What's the matter, Axel?" she asked, noticing the worried expression on my face.

I told her. For a few moments, she remained silent. "Axel," she said at last. "It will be a wonderful journey, a journey worthy of a scientist's nephew."

"You mean, you want me to go?" I cried.

Gräuben nodded and I, tired out by the day's emotions, said no more about it.

"It's only May," I told myself. "The end of June is a long way off. Many things could change my uncle's mind by then." But when I reached home, he was packing.

"Are we going, then?" I murmured.

"Yes, you idiot!" he cried. "The day after tomorrow. It is not easy to get to Iceland from Germany!"

Our journey was long and slow. As soon as we had reached Denmark, my uncle searched the harbour in Copenhagen for a ship that would take us to Iceland. To my great disappointment, there was one leaving almost immediately. We left port on 2 June and arrived in Iceland ten days later. Before we left the ship, my uncle dragged me on to the deck and pointed to a high mountain with a double snow-covered peak. “That is Sneffells!” he cried. “Things are going well.”



On 16 June, at five o'clock in the morning, the neighing of four horses under my window woke me up. I dressed quickly and went down into the street. Our Icelandic guide, Hans, was loading the last of our luggage. An hour later, everything was ready. We climbed on to our horses and set off under a cloudy sky. At first, the pleasure of riding put me in a good mood. “Where’s the risk in visiting an extinct volcano?” I asked myself.