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Five on a Treasure Island

金银岛上的少年

外语教学与研究出版社



中学生浅易英汉对照读物⑩

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金 环 地 步 年

(简写本)

Enid Blyton 原著

Celia Turvey 简写

黄德华 译

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Enid Blyton
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Simplified by Celia Turvey

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内 容 简 介

本书描写四个少年和一只狗，在海边小島的古堡中，寻找遗失金锭的冒险故事。情节生动紧凑，文字浅易规范。书后附有译文及词汇表，适合高中学生或同等程度的读者阅读。

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Chapter 1

Holiday plans

'Mother, where are we going for our summer holiday this year?' said Julian at breakfast.

Mother didn't answer. She looked at Father.

'Haven't you told the children yet?' he said.

'No,' said Mother. 'You see, children, this summer Father has to go to Germany for his work, and he wants me to go with him.'

'Can't we come too?' said Anne.

'No, it's too difficult. We must find someone to look after you.'

'What about Quentin and Fanny?' said Father.

Quentin was his brother, the children's uncle. He was a scientist, who wrote books. He lived a long way from London, where they lived, and they had only met him once. They had never met Fanny, his wife.

'Quentin?' said Mother in surprise. 'He doesn't want a lot of children in his house.'

'Well,' said Father, 'I had a letter from Fanny last week, about some family matter. They need money rather badly just now. If we send the children to her, we can pay her for looking after them. Kirrin Bay is a nice place for a holiday—their house is by the sea,

you know.'

'I haven't seen Fanny for many years,' said Mother. 'But I remember, she's very nice. She would look after the children well. And they have a child too, of course—your cousin, Georgina,' she said to the children.

'It's strange—we have a cousin that we've never seen!' said Dick. 'How old is Georgina now?'

'Just as old as you. A year younger than Julian, and a year older than Anne.'

'So we could do things together,' said Julian.

'Yes, you would have a good time there,' said Father. 'And it would help Fanny. Shall I telephone her and ask if you can come?'

'Oh yes!' cried the children.

Father went to telephone Aunt Fanny. He came back in ten minutes. 'Well, that's all right! Your Aunt Fanny is very pleased. She says it will be good for Georgina to have company. She hasn't any friends, and always goes off alone. But you mustn't make a noise while your Uncle Quentin is working. He gets angry if he hears noises.'

'We'll be as quiet as mice in the house!' said Dick.

'Oh, I'm sure this will be an exciting holiday!'

At the beginning of the holiday all the children were excited. They were going to see a new place, and

to meet an unknown cousin.

They went by car to Kirrin Bay. It took them most of the day to get there. At six o'clock in the evening they reached the sea, and soon after that Father said, 'Look, there's Kirrin Bay!'

The children looked down at the big bay and the shining blue sea.

'It's wonderful!' said Anne.

'Now we must find Aunt Fanny's house,' said Mother. 'Is it called Kirrin House.'

They soon came to it. It stood on a low hill above the bay. It was a very old house, built of white stone, and there were roses all round it.

'Here we are!' said Father.

Chapter 2

The strange cousin

The children's aunt came running out of the house. They thought she looked nice.

'Hello, all of you!' she cried. 'It's lovely to see you!' She kissed them, and they went inside.

'Where's Georgina?' asked Anne, looking round.

'Oh, the bad girl! I told her to wait in the garden for you,' said her aunt. 'Now she has gone off somewhere. I must tell you, children, you may find George



rather strange at first. She has always been alone, you know.'

'Do you call her "George"?' asked Anne in surprise. 'I thought her name was Georgina.'

'Yes, it is. But George hates being a girl. So we have to call her George, like a boy.'

The children wanted to meet Georgina.

But she didn't come. Their uncle Quentin came. He was a big man with black hair and strange dark eyes.

'Hello, Quentin!' said Father. 'It's a long time since I've seen you. You're writing a book, aren't you? I hope these children won't make too much noise!'

'Quentin is working on a very difficult book,' said Aunt Fanny.

Uncle Quentin didn't look very friendly. The children felt rather afraid of him.

'Where's George?' he said in a deep voice.

'She has gone off again,' said Aunt Fanny.

'She's a bad girl!' said Uncle Quentin. 'Well, children, I hope you have a good time here. And per-

haps you will teach George how to behave!’

There was no room at Kirrin House for Mother and Father, so after a quick meal they said goodbye. They were going to stay at a hotel in the nearest town, and drive home the next day.

The children felt a little sad as they saw the car go down the road. But then Aunt Fanny took them to see their rooms, and they felt better..

The boys were sleeping in a big room at the top of the house. Anne was with Georgina in a smaller room, with roses round the window.

‘I wish Georgina would come,’ Anne said to her aunt. ‘I want to see what she’s like.’

‘Well, she’s a strange child. She can be very unfriendly—but she’s kind at heart. If she makes friends with you, she will always be your friend. But she doesn’t make friends easily.’

The children were tired now, and went to bed.

‘I wonder where Georgina is,’ said Anne.

They were all asleep when she came up to bed!

When Anne awoke the next morning she didn’t know where she was. She saw the red roses by the window, and then she remembered. She looked across at the other bed. There was someone under the bedclothes. She could just see the top of a head.

‘Hello! Are you Georgina?’

The girl sat up. She had very short hair, and her eyes were very bright blue.

‘No,’ she said. ‘I’m not Georgina.’

‘Oh!’ said Anne in surprise. ‘Then who are you?’

‘I’m George. I shall only answer if you call me George. I hate being a girl. I don’t like doing the things that girls do. I like doing the things that boys do. I can climb and swim better than any boy. I can sail a boat as well as a fisherman. You must call me George.’

‘Oh!’ said Anne, thinking that her new cousin was very strange. ‘All right! George is a nice name, I think. And you look like a boy, too.’

‘Do I really? Mother was very angry with me when I cut my hair. Don’t you hate being a girl?’

‘No, of course not,’ said Anne. ‘You see, I like pretty dresses, and girls’ things.’

‘Do you? You’re just a foolish little girl!’

Anne felt angry. The two girls dressed in silence. Then there was a noise at the door.

‘Aren’t you ready?’ called the boys. ‘Is Georgina there? Cousin Georgina, come out and see us!’

George opened the door and walked out with her head high. She took no notice of the surprised boys.

‘She won’t answer if you call her Georgina,’ Anne told them. ‘She’s a very strange girl.’

The children went down to breakfast, and said good morning to their uncle and aunt. George was there, eating. She gave them an unfriendly look.

'You can take your cousins to see the bay this morning, George,' said her mother.

'I'm going fishing,' said George.

Her father looked up at once, his face angry.

'You are not,' he said. 'You are going to take your cousins to the bay. Do you hear?'

'Yes,' said George, with an angry look just like her father's.

So after breakfast the children went down to the bay. The sun was warm and the sea very blue.

'You can go fishing if you want to,' said Anne.

'You needn't stay with us.'

'But if you want to stay with us, we shall be glad,' said Julian.

George looked at him. 'I don't make friends with people just because they are my cousins. I only make friends with people if I like them.'

'So do we,' said Julian. 'We may not like *you*.'

'Oh!' said George. She hadn't thought of that.

'Well, you may not, of course. A lot of people don't like me—that's true.'

Anne was looking out to sea. There was a rocky island outside the bay, with something on the top of

it—it looked like the remains of an old castle. ‘What’s that strange place?’ she asked.

‘It’s Kirrin Island,’ said George. ‘It’s a wonderful place. If I like you, I may take you there one day, in my boat.’

‘Who owns the island?’ asked Julian.

George made a very surprising answer. ‘I do. It’s my own island, and my own castle!’

Chapter 3

A new friend

At first the children were too surprised to speak. Then Dick said, ‘How can you own an island? I don’t believe you!’

‘It’s quite true!’ said George. ‘I always tell the truth. If you don’t believe me, I won’t tell you another word!’

‘Well then, we’ll believe you,’ said Julian. ‘But children don’t often own islands.’

‘How do you own it, Georgina?’ asked Dick. George looked angry and didn’t answer.

‘Oh, not Georgina—George!’ said Dick quickly.

‘Go on, George, tell us about the island!’

‘Well,’ said George, ‘many years ago my mother’s family owned all the land around here. Then they got

poor, and had to sell most of it. But they never sold that little island, because no one wanted to buy it.'

'I'd buy it, if I had the money!' said Dick.

'The island will be mine when Mother dies,' George went on. 'But she doesn't want it now, so she has given it to me. It's my own island!'

'Oh Georgina—no, George!' said Dick. 'How wonderful! Is that an old castle on it?'

'Yes, it's mostly fallen down now. But it's a lovely place. It's full of sea birds and rabbits.'

'I hope you'll take us there soon!' said Dick.

'Well, perhaps. I've never taken anyone there. Some children who live here asked me to take them. But I don't like them, so I haven't taken them.'

'Can you swim to the island?' asked Dick.

'No, it's too far. You have to go by boat. There are rocks all round it, too. The sea here is very dangerous; there've been a lot of wrecks.'

'Wrecks!' cried Julian, his eyes shining. 'I've never seen an old wreck. Are there any to see?'

'There's only one now,' said George. 'On the other side of the island. That wreck is mine, too.'

This time they really couldn't believe her.

'Yes,' she went on. 'It was a ship owned by my great-great-great-grandfather—my mother's grandfather's grandfather. He was bringing gold—big bars of

gold—back in his ship. And it was wrecked near Kirrin Island.'

'Oh—what happened to the gold?' asked Anne.

'Nobody knows. Perhaps it was stolen out of the wreck. People have been down to look for it, but they couldn't find any gold.'

'Shall we have a swim now?' said Dick.

'I must go and get Timothy first,' said George.

'Who's Timothy?' asked Anne.

'You won't tell anyone at home?'

'We won't tell!' said Julian. 'But who is he?'

'Timothy is my best friend. But Mother and Father don't like him.' She ran off up the hill.

They sat on the sand and waited. 'Who is Timothy?' Julian wondered. 'The son of a fisherman?'

Soon they heard George's clear voice. 'Come on, Timothy! Come on!' It was not a boy with George—but a dog! A big, hairy dog, jumping all round her.

'Oh, he's beautiful!' cried Anne. He was such a nice, friendly dog that the children all loved him.

'I found him a year ago,' said George, 'when he was quite small. I took him home. At first mother liked him, but then he began to do bad things.'

'What did he do?' asked Anne.

'He liked to bite things. He made holes in Father's shoes and Mother's best hat. He barked, too—Father

hated his bark. He hit Tim, and that made me angry, so I said some bad words to him. After that, Father said Tim must go.'

'What happened then?' asked Julian.

'I went to a fisherman's son in the village, and asked him to keep Tim for me. I pay for Tim's food. I get some money from Mother every week, and I give it all to Alf. So I never have any money.'

'What do you do when you want to buy sweets or ice creams?' said Anne.

'I don't buy them. I don't have any.'

They looked at George in surprise. They all loved sweet things and often ate them.

'Don't other children sometimes give you sweets?' asked Julian.

'I don't let them,' she said. 'I can never give them any myself, so I don't take any from them.'

They heard a bell from the road. 'That's the ice-cream man now,' said George. 'He comes round here in his car every day.'

Julian jumped up and ran off. He came back with four fat ice-cream bars. He gave one to Dick and one to Anne, and held out one to George.

'No thank you,' she said. 'I mustn't take any from you, because I can't give you any.'

Julian tried to put the ice cream in her hand.