

失落的世界

The Lost World

中英对照全译本

[英] 阿瑟·柯南·道尔 著

Arthur Conan Doyle

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译



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英国文学卷

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前 言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。

送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。



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Chapter 1 There Are Heroisms All Round Us

第一章 伟大事业等着人们去完成

MR. HUNGERTON, her father, really was the most tactless person upon earth – a fluffy, feathery, untidy cockatoo of a man, perfectly good-natured, but absolutely centered upon his own silly self. If anything could have driven me from Gladys, it would have been the thought of such a father-in-law. I am convinced that he really believed in his heart that I came round to the Chestnuts three days a week for the pleasure of his company, and very especially to hear his views upon bimetallism – a subject upon which he was by way of being an authority.

For an hour or more that evening I listened to his monotonous chirrup about bad money driving out good, the token value of silver, the depreciation of the rupee, and the true standards of exchange.

“Suppose,” he cried, with feeble violence, “that all the debts in the world were called up simultaneously and immediate payment insisted upon. What, under our present conditions, would happen then?”

I gave the self-evident answer that I should be a ruined man, upon which he

她的父亲亨格顿先生确实是地球上最顽固的人了，他就像一只羽毛乱糟糟、脏兮兮的白鹦鹉似的，心肠虽然很善良，却愚蠢而刚愎自用。要是说一个让我离开格拉迪丝的理由，那一定是因为不想给自己找这么个岳父。我相信他当真觉得我一周来3趟“栗树”别墅纯粹是找他打发时间，尤其是为了听他那一套金银复本位制的观点——他自诩为这方面的权威。

那天晚上我听他唧唧歪歪，乏味至极地说了一个多小时，聊白银与货币的贬值，卢比的缩水，以及合理的货币制度。

“设想一下，”他带着微弱的暴力语气说道，“如果世界上所有的债权人同时要求立即偿付，在我们今天的货币制度下，会发生什么？”

我当然回答说只有破产一条道了。听到我这么说，亨格顿从椅

jumped from his chair, reproved me my habitual levity, which made it impossible for him to discuss any reasonable subject in my presence, and bounced off out of the room to dress for a Masonic meeting.

At last I was alone with Gladys, and the moment of fate had come! All that evening I had felt like the soldier who awaits the signal which will send him on a forlorn hope, hope of victory and fear of repulse alternating in his mind.

She sat with that proud, delicate profile of hers outlined against the red curtain. How beautiful she was! And yet how aloof! We had been friends, quite good friends; but never could I get beyond the same comradeship which I might have established with one of my fellow-reporters upon the *Gazette* — perfectly frank, perfectly kindly, and perfectly unsexual. My instincts are all against a woman being too frank and at her ease with me. It is no compliment to a man. Where the real sex feeling begins, timidity and distrust are its companions, heritage from old wicked days when love and violence went often hand in hand. The bent head, the averted eye, the faltering voice, the wincing figure — these, and not the unshrinking gaze and frank reply, are the true signals of passion. Even in my short life I had learned as much as that — or had inherited it in that race-memory

子上蹦了起来，说我太轻率，导致他无法跟我讨论任何严肃的话题。然后他跑出房间，换衣服去共济会参加会议了。

就剩下我和格拉迪丝了，决定命运的时刻到了！整个晚上我都觉得自己像个决战前等待冲锋号的战士，满脑子都是对胜利的渴望和对失败的恐惧。

格拉迪丝靠着红色窗帘端坐，衬托出她骄傲、清秀的轮廓。她真美啊，却又冷漠！我们已经是朋友了，好朋友，但我却始终无法超越这种纯粹友谊的界限，这种我跟报社其他同事都能保持的坦率、友爱、纯洁的友谊的界限。我向来反感那些对我过分直接和不懂矜持的女人。这种直接和不矜持绝非对男人的爱慕。真正的男女之情来临时，伴随的应当是羞涩与困惑，这是我们从那爱情与兽欲并行不悖的邪恶过去继承而来的。低垂的头，不敢直视的眼睛，颤抖的语调和畏缩的身体——是这些，而不是死盯着不放和直白的回答，这些才是真正的男女之情。虽然年纪尚轻，但是这些道理我尽可能都学会了——又或者是从人们所说的本能的遗传中继承而来。

which we call instinct.

Gladys was full of every womanly quality. Some judged her to be cold and hard, but such a thought was treason. That delicately-bronzed skin, almost Oriental in its coloring, that raven hair, the large liquid eyes, the full but exquisite lips – all the stigmata of passion were there. But I was sadly conscious that up to now I had never found the secret of drawing it forth. However, come what might, I should have done with suspense and bring matters to a head tonight. She could but refuse me, and better be a repulsed lover than an accepted brother.

So far my thoughts had carried me, and I was about to break the long and uneasy silence when two critical dark eyes looked round at me, and the proud head was shaken in smiling reproof.

“I have a presentiment that you are going to propose, Ned. I do wish you wouldn't, for things are so much nicer as they are.”

I drew my chair a little nearer.

“Now, how did you know that I was going to propose?” I asked, in genuine wonder.

“Don't women always know? Do you suppose any woman in the world was ever taken unawares? But, oh, Ned, our friendship has been so good and so pleasant! What a pity to spoil it! Don't you feel how splendid it is that a young man

格拉迪丝身上充满了女性魅力。有人觉得她太冷酷，但这并不可信。那细嫩的，差不多与东方女人一样漂亮的古铜色的皮肤，那黑漆漆的秀发和水汪汪的大眼睛，以及丰满而漂亮的嘴唇——一切都显示着她富有热情的天性。可我却无凄楚地知道自己至今还是没能俘获她的芳心。无论如何，今晚我一定要一个答案。她可能会拒绝，但做一个被拒的求爱者也比做一个被接纳的兄弟好受。

下定决心后，我刚要打破这令人不舒服的长久的沉默，一对责备的黑眼睛正打量着我。格拉迪丝面带微笑地摇着她那高傲的头：

“内德，我预感你打算向我求婚了。我真的希望你别这样，现在这样不是挺好吗？”

我往前稍稍挪了挪椅子。

“呃，你是怎么知道我打算向你求婚？”我感到很好奇。

“女人们总能知道的。你以为在这个世界上真有女人傻乎乎地就嫁了？但是，哦，内德，你我之间的友谊多好多开心！破坏它多可惜！你不觉得一个年轻男人和一个年轻女士之间能够像我们这样面

and a young woman should be able to talk face to face as we have talked?"

"I don't know, Gladys. You see, I can talk face to face with — with the station-master." I can't imagine how that official came into the matter, but in he trotted and set us both laughing. "That does not satisfy me in the least. I want my arms round you and your head on my breast, and, oh, Gladys, I want —"

She had sprung from her chair as she saw signs that I proposed to demonstrate some of my wants.

"You've spoiled everything, Ned," she said. "It's all so beautiful and natural until this kind of thing comes in. It is such a pity. Why can't you control yourself?"

"I didn't invent it," I pleaded. "It's nature. It's love!"

"Well, perhaps if both love it may be different. I have never felt it."

"But, you must — you, with your beauty, with your soul! Oh, Gladys, you were made for love! You must love!"

"One must wait till it comes."

"But why can't you love me, Gladys? Is it my appearance, or what?"

She did unbend a little. She put forward a hand — such a gracious, stooping attitude it was — and she pressed back my head. Then she looked into my upturned face with a very wistful smile.

"No it isn't that," she said at last. "You're not a conceited boy by nature, and

对面聊天是件很棒的事情吗?"

"我不知道，格拉迪丝。看，跟火车站的站长我也能这样面对面地聊天。"我也不知道从哪儿冒出来这么个站长，但他就冒出来了，我们俩都笑了起来。"这样远不能使我满足，格拉迪丝。我想抱着你，让你把头靠在我的胸前。哦，格拉迪丝，我想……"

见我有打算付诸行动的苗头，格拉迪丝一下子从椅子上蹦了起来。

"你把气氛都搞坏了，内德，"她说，"没有这件事的话一切都美好而自然。太可惜了，你为什么不能控制住自己呢？"

"这不能怪我，"我恳切地说，"这是人的本性，这是爱！"

"呃，假如爱是双方的，可能就不一样了。可我没感受到爱。"

"但你一定会感受到的……你，用你的美貌和灵魂！啊，格拉迪丝，你因爱而生！你必须爱！"

"人必须等爱降临。"

"但你为什么不爱我呢，格拉迪丝？因为我的长相还是什么？"

格拉迪丝有些心软了。她伸过一只手——多么娇媚多么温情——把我的头转回去，然后带着一丝十分忧郁的微笑看着我。

"不，不是的，"她终于说道，"你本质不是一个追求虚名的人，"

so I can safely tell you it is not that. It's deeper."

"My character?"

She nodded severely.

"What can I do to mend it? Do sit down and talk it over. No, really I won't, if you'll only sit down!"

She looked at me with a wondering distrust which was much more to my mind than her whole-hearted confidence. How primitive and bestial it looks when you put it down in black and white! And perhaps after all it is only a feeling peculiar to myself. Anyhow, she sat down.

"Now tell me what's amiss with me."

"I'm in love with somebody else," said she.

It was my turn to jump out of my chair.

"It's nobody in particular," she explained, laughing at the expression of my face, "only an ideal. I've never met the kind of man I mean."

"Tell me about him. What does he look like?"

"Oh, he might look very much like you."

"How dear of you to say that! Well, what is it that he does that I don't do? Just say the word - teetotal, vegetarian, aeronaut, Theosophist, Superman - I'll have a try at it, Gladys, if you will only give me an idea what would please you."

She laughed at the elasticity of my character. "Well, in the first place, I don't

我直说了吧。是比这更深层的原因。"

"性格?"

她认真地点了点头。

"我该怎么改?坐下,跟我说说。不,真的,我不会那样的,你坐下就好了。"

格拉迪丝有些怀疑地看了我一眼,这种怀疑比充分信赖更让我在意。把它用白纸黑字写下来看上去多么粗俗和愚蠢,可话说回来,也可能只是我在胡思乱想。无论如何,格拉迪丝坐下了。

"现在告诉我吧,你不满意我哪里?"

"我爱着别人。"她说。

轮到我从椅子上蹦起来了。

"其实不是具体的人,"她看着我的表情笑着解释说,"只是个理想中的人,我还没遇见他。"

"跟我说说,他长什么样?"

"哦,或许长得很像你。"

"你这么说真是太可爱了!那么,他有什么我没有做到的?你就直说好了——不喝酒,素食,飞行家,神智学者,超人——我会努力的,格拉迪丝,你只需告诉我怎样才能让你开心。"

看到我这样顺从,她笑了。

"呃,首先,我理想的情人不会这

think my ideal would speak like that,” said she. “He would be a harder, sterner man, not so ready to adapt himself to a silly girl’s whim. But above all he must be a man who could do, who could act, who would look death in the face and have no fear of him – a man of great deeds and strange experiences. It is never a man that I should love, but always the glories he had won, for they would be reflected upon me. Think of Richard Burton! When I read his wife’s life of him I could so understand her love. And Lady Stanley! Did you ever read the wonderful last chapter of that book about her husband? These are the sort of men that a woman could worship with all her soul and yet be the greater, not the less, on account of her love, honored by all the world as the inspirer of noble deeds.”

She looked so beautiful in her enthusiasm that I nearly brought down the whole level of the interview. I gripped myself hard, and went on with the argument.

“We can’t all be Stanleys and Burtons,” said I. “Besides, we don’t get the chance – at least, I never had the chance. If I did I should try to take it.”

“But chances are all around you. It is the mark of the kind of man I mean that he makes his own chances. You can’t hold him back. I’ve never met him, and yet I seem to know him so well. There are heroisms all round us waiting to be done.

样讲话。他会是一个更坚毅，更严肃的人，不会时刻准备着去顺应一个傻姑娘的异想天开。但最重要的是他敢作敢为，直面死亡而无所畏惧——一个抱负远大，经历传奇的人。我会爱上这样的人，但我爱的是他的荣耀，因为它们也会照耀在我身上。想想理查德·伯顿！读过他的妻子为他写的传记，我才明白她爱他的原因。还有斯坦利夫人。你读过她写的有关她丈夫的那本书美妙的最后一章吗？女人就当用她的整个灵魂崇拜这样的男人！想想她的爱情，她那被伟大事业赋予了荣耀的爱情，她自己也因此更伟大，而不是更弱小。”

慷慨激昂的格拉迪丝看上去如此美丽，我差点把这次谈话的水准给弄低了。我努力控制住自己，继续争论。

“不是人人都能成为伯顿和斯坦利，”我说，“还有，我们也没这种机会——至少我没碰到过，不然我早抓住了！”

“但是机会无处不在。我的意中人的标志就是他总是制造属于自己的机会，谁也拉不回来。我还没碰到过这样的人，可我好像已经对他很熟悉了。到处都有伟大事业等着人们去完成。男人就应该建功

It's for men to do them, and for women to reserve their love as a reward for such men. Look at that young Frenchman who went up last week in a balloon. It was blowing a gale of wind, but because he was announced to go he insisted on starting. The wind blew him one thousand five hundred miles in twenty-four hours, and he fell in the middle of Russia. That was the kind of man I mean. Think of the woman he loved, and how other women must have envied her! That's what I should like – to be, envied for my man.”

“I'd have done it to please you.”

“But you shouldn't do it merely to please me. You should do it because you can't help it, because it's natural to you – because the man in you is crying out for heroic expression. Now, when you described the Wigan coal explosion last month, could you not have gone down and helped those people, in spite of the choke-damp?”

“I did.”

“You never said so.”

“There was nothing worth bucking about.”

“I didn't know.” She looked at me with rather more interest. “That was brave of you.”

“I had to. If you want to write good copy you must be where the things are.”

“What a prosaic motive! It seems to take all the romance out of it. But still,

立业，女人的任务就是用她们的爱奖赏这样的男人。瞧瞧上周那个乘热气球上天的法国年轻人。虽然狂风大作，可他还是坚持在宣布的日子起飞。24小时后他被吹到了1500英里之外，降落在俄国中部。这就是我说的那种男人。想想他爱着的那个女人，该羡慕多少别的女人啊！我就想这样，因为自己的男人让大家都羡慕我！”

“我也能这样做来取悦你。”

“可你不应该仅仅为了取悦我。而是因为你不得不这样做，它发自你的本性，因为你身体里的男子气概需要爆发出来。告诉我，上个月你写关于威冈煤矿爆炸事件的报道时，为什么不冒着瓦斯中毒的危险下去救人呢？”

“我下去了。”

“你没说过。”

“没什么大不了的。”

“我不知道，”她看我的眼神有点感兴趣了，“你很勇敢。”

“必须这样做。想写好报道，必须亲临现场。”

“好功利的动机！一点都不浪漫。不过，无论你出于什么动机，

whatever your motive, I am glad that you went down that mine." She gave me her hand, but with such sweetness and dignity that I could only stoop and kiss it. "I dare say I am merely a foolish woman with a young girl's fancies. And yet it is so real with me, so entirely part of my very self, that I cannot help acting upon it. If I marry, I do want to marry a famous man."

"Why should you not?" I cried. "It is women like you who brace men up. Give me a chance and see if I will take it! Besides, as you say, men ought to *make* their own chances, and not wait until they are given. Look at Clive – just a clerk, and he conquered India. By George! I'll do something in the world yet!"

She laughed at my sudden Irish effervescence.

"Why not?" she said. "You have everything a man could have – youth, health, strength, education, energy. I was sorry you spoke. And now I am glad – so glad – if it wakens these thoughts in you."

"And if I do –?"

Her hand rested like warm velvet upon my lips.

"Not another word, Sir. You should have been at the office for evening duty half an hour ago, only I hadn't the heart to remind you. Someday, perhaps, when you have won your place in the world, we shall talk it over again."

And so it was that I found myself that

我还是很开心，你毕竟下去了。”她递给我一只手，姿势如此优雅而端庄，我只能弯下腰轻吻一下。“我敢说我是一个还没丢掉少女幻想的傻女人。但对我来说它又很现实，已经渗透到我身体的每一部分，我已经无法不趋向它。如果要嫁人，我只想嫁给一个有名望的人！”

“那是当然！”我大声说，“你这样的女人是能鼓舞男人的。给我个机会，看我怎么抓住它！还有，就像你说的，男人应当创造属于自己的机会，而不是消极等待。瞧瞧克莱夫——只是个普通的办事员，却征服了印度。我发誓，我一定会做一件惊天动地的事！”

看到我的爱尔兰式激情，她笑了。

“为什么不呢？”她说，“你具备一切条件——年轻，健康，力量，学识，活力。刚开始谈话时我还有点遗憾，可现在我很高兴，非常高兴，如果是谈话唤起了你的这些想法。”

“如果我做到了，那么……”

她那天鹅绒般柔软的手捂住了我的嘴。

“别再说了，先生。半小时之前你就该去编辑部上夜班了，就是因为我不忍心提醒你。假如有一天你在世界上赢得自己的位置，我们再谈这个话题吧。”

这就是为什么我会在这个雾

foggy November evening pursuing the Camberwell tram with my heart glowing within me, and with the eager determination that not another day should elapse before I should find some deed which was worthy of my lady. But who in all this wide world could ever have imagined the incredible shape which that deed was to take, or the strange steps by which I was led to the doing of it?

And, after all, this opening chapter will seem to the reader to have nothing to do with my narrative; and yet there would have been no narrative without it, for it is only when a man goes out into the world with the thought that there are heroisms all round him, and with the desire all alive in his heart to follow any which may come within sight of him, that he breaks away as I did from the life he knows, and ventures forth into the wonderful mystic twilight land where lie the great adventures and the great rewards. Behold me, then, at the office of the *Daily Gazette*, on the staff of which I was a most insignificant unit, with the settled determination that very night, if possible, to find the quest which should be worthy of my Gladys! Was it hardness, was it selfishness, that she should ask me to risk my life for her own glorification? Such thoughts may come to middle age, but never to ardent three-and-twenty in the fever of his first love.

色弥漫的 11 月黄昏激动地去赶坎伯威尔街的电车，心潮澎湃、迫不及待地去找寻配得上我的女人期望的机会。可谁又会想到这壮举如此不可思议，为了它，我又将经历怎样的坎坷呢？

毕竟，我这个开场白跟后面的故事没有什么关系；但假如没有这个开场白，也就没有故事本身了。因为如果一个人不是坚信英雄必有用武之地，并下定决心建功立业，谁又能够决绝地和自己习惯的生活方式说再见，去那美妙而神秘的地方碰运气呢，在那里必须冒巨大的危险，回报也是丰厚的！想想看，我这个《每日新闻》报社中的小人物是怎样在编辑部熬过这晚的。当晚，我下定了决心：只要可能，我要寻找一个可以赢得我的女人的机会。是什么驱使她为了满足自己的荣誉感而让我甘冒生命危险？冷酷？自私？人到中年可能会这么想，可对一个初恋中的 23 岁年轻人来说绝不可能。

Chapter 2 Try Your Luck with Professor Challenger

第二章 去查林杰教授那儿碰碰运气吧

I always liked McArdle, the crabbed old, round backed, red-headed news editor, and I rather hoped that he liked me. Of course, Beaumont was the real boss, but he lived in the rarified atmosphere of some Olympian height from which he could distinguish nothing smaller than an international crisis or a split in the Cabinet. Sometimes we saw him passing in lonely majesty to his inner sanctum with his eyes staring vaguely and his mind hovering over the Balkans or the Persian Gulf. He was above and beyond us. But McArdle was his first lieutenant, and it was he that we knew. The old man nodded as I entered the room, and he pushed his spectacles far up on his bald forehead.

“Well, Mr. Malone, from all I hear, you seem to be doing very well,” said he, in his kindly Scotch accent.

I thanked him.

“The colliery explosion was excellent. So was the Southwark fire. You have the true descreptive touch. What did you want to see me about?”

“To ask a favor.”

He looked alarmed and his eyes

我一直喜欢麦卡德尔，那个爱发牢骚，驼背，脑袋红红的老新闻编辑，但愿他也喜欢我。当然，博蒙特才是我们真正的领导，可他总是像奥林匹斯山诸神似的高高在上，除了像内阁倒台、国际危机之类的大新闻外，他对什么都懒得理会。有时候我们看到他一脸严肃地独自走进他的庙堂，两眼专注，对着巴尔干或波斯湾出神。他是高不可及的。但是，麦卡德尔是他的第一助理，我们跟他比较熟。我进屋的时候，这个老头儿冲我点了点头，把眼镜使劲往他那秃头顶上推了推。

“啊，马隆先生，我听说你最近很不错啊！”他用他那苏格兰口音和善地说。

我对他表示感谢。

“那篇矿井爆炸的报道精彩极了。还有那篇关于南沃克火灾的。你有真正的写报道的天分。找我有何事？”

“请你帮个忙。”

他看上去有些警觉，躲开我的

shunned mine. "Tut! tut! What is it?"

"Do you think, sir, that you could possibly send me on some mission for the paper? I would do my best to put it through and get you some good copy."

"What sort of a meesion had you in your mind, Mr. Malone?"

"Well, sir, anything that had adventure and danger in it. I would really do my very best. The more difficult it was the better it would suit me."

"You seem very anxious to lose your life."

"To justify my life, sir."

"Dear me, Mr. Malone, this is very – very exalted. I'm afraid the day for this sort of thing is rather past. The expense of the 'special meesion' business hardly justifies the result, and, of course, in any case it would only be an experienced man with a name that would command public confidence who would get such an order. The big blank spaces in the map are all being filled in, and there's no room for romance anywhere. Wait a bit, though!" he added, with a sudden smile upon his face. "Talking of the blank spaces of the map gives me an idea. What about exposing a fraud – a modern Munchausen – and making him rideeculous? You could show him up as the liar that he is! Eh, man, it would be fine. How does it appeal to you?"

眼神：“嗯？什么忙？”

“先生，能不能派我出去为报社干点什么？我会尽最大努力完成使命，给你带回来一些有意思的东西。”

“你指哪一类任务呢，马隆先生？”

“呃，先生，任何具有猎奇和冒险的任务都可以。我真的会竭尽全力。越困难越好。”

“好像你是急于去送死啊。”

“是想让生命更有意义，先生。”

“老天，马隆先生，这也太……太冲动了。恐怕现在已经不是干这种事的年代了。一个‘特派记者’的开销已经很难跟最后的结果相匹配了；而且，在任何情况下，这样的委派当然也只能给那些有经验、有名望以唤起公众信心的人。地图上大块大块的空白早已被填满了，没有去体验罗曼蒂克的地方了。不过，等一下！”他的脸上忽然绽出一丝笑容，“谈到空白，我倒有个主意。去揭穿一个骗子——一个现代孟乔森——让他出丑如何？你可以揭穿他是怎样的一个骗子！呃，这会很有意思。你觉得呢？”