

插图·中文导读英文版



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金银岛

[英] 斯蒂文森 著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译



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内 容 简 介

《金银岛》是一部充满浪漫主义色彩的探险小说，被誉为继《鲁滨逊漂流记》之后世界上最伟大的冒险故事之一。少年吉姆从海盗那里偶尔得到一张荒岛藏宝图。岛上的宝藏属于已故的海盗头领，但他的同党却时刻在觊觎这些财宝。为了找到这笔财富，吉姆和他的同伴们驾着一艘帆船去荒岛探险。不料船上混入了一伙海盗，妄图夺下这艘船，独吞岛上的财宝。吉姆在无意中得到这一消息，他与同伴一起同海盗们展开了英勇机智的斗争，最终战胜了海盗找到了宝藏。

该书一经出版，很快就成为当时最受关注和最畅销的冒险小说，至今被译成几十种文字，曾经先后多次被改编成电影和电视剧。书中所展现的传奇、冒险的故事伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。

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罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森（Robert Louis Stevenson, 1850—1894），英国著名小说家、诗人、散文家。

1850年11月13日，斯蒂文森出生在英国爱丁堡，1867年，他进入爱丁堡大学学习，先攻读土木工程，不久改学法律，1875年成为一名律师。他自幼爱好文学，大学毕业后便转向文学创作。在短暂的一生中，斯蒂文森创作了大量散文、随笔、小说、游记、儿童文学和评论等。他的作品充满浪漫情调，被认为是19世纪末新浪漫主义文学的代表。1878年，他出版了游记《内河航行》，次年又出版了《驴背旅程》。斯蒂文森出版了许多有重要影响的冒险小说，其中包括《新天方夜谭》（1882）、《金银岛》（1883）、《化身博士》（1886）、《绑架》（1886）、《快乐的人们》（1887）等。1888年，因为健康原因，斯蒂文森同夫人前往太平洋上的萨摩亚岛，1894年12月3日在该岛上去世。

在斯蒂文森的众多冒险小说中，《金银岛》的影响最大也最深远。时至今日，该书仍然拥有大批读者，依然在英国乃至世界文学史上占有重要地位。在中国，《金银岛》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典小说之一。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《金银岛》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其



贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、李智能、李鑫、熊红华、傅颖、乐贵明、王婷婷、熊志勇、聂利生、傅建平、蔡红昌、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、胡武荣、贡东兴、张镇、熊建国、张文绮、王多多、陈楠、彭勇、邵舒丽、黄福成、冯洁、王晓旭、王业伟、龚桂平、徐鑫、周丽萍、曹隼、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一部 老海盜

Part I The Old Buccaneer

第一章 老航海在本宝客店

Chapter 1 The Old Sea-Dog the "Benbow" Inn



一位老航海步履艰难地来到本宝客店，后边一个人用小车推着他的箱子。他个子高大，褐色的脸上有一道伤疤。在店外打量一番后，老航海唱起了古老的歌谣。门开后，他要了一杯朗姆酒，让伙计把他的箱子搬了进来。扔下几个金币后，老航海对老板说，要在这儿住几天。这点钱花完可以告诉他，以后叫他船长就行。

推小车的人告诉大家，船长昨天在乔治国王旅馆，听说他们客店名声不坏，便来到了这里。船长很少说话，整天带着一架铜管望远镜在小湾附近转来转去，并有意避开过往的水手。船长还让旅馆老板的儿子吉姆注意一个一条腿的水手，看到就立刻告诉他。船长每月一号给吉姆四个便士做报酬。

他喝醉后就唱那首水手歌谣，还请店内的客人喝酒，听他讲故事。

大伙都害怕听他讲恐怖的故事，但还是有些年轻人佩服他。船长住了很长时间，最初给的那点钱早已花完。老板向他要，他总是用鼻子发出很大的声音，吓得老板不知怎样才好。船长穿衣从不讲究。只见他买过几双袜子，衣服破了，补了又补。从没见过他打开过



老航海来到本宝客店

他的箱子，也没见他和外界联系过。

一天，李甫西大夫来给店老板看病。吃晚饭后，大夫来到客厅抽烟，等他的马从村里牵来，船长突然唱起他那首水手歌，拍桌子让大家静下来，可大夫还和花匠在说着话。船长又拍了一下桌子，让他们停止说话，并说了一句下流的话。大夫问是和自己说话吗？并说如果船长不戒酒，不久一个混蛋就要从世上消失了。

船长愤怒地掏出了水手刀。大夫平静而坚决地让他把刀收起来，要不下回审判会把他送上断头台，并告诉船长自己兼着本地的治安工作，如果听到他有不轨行为，便把他从此地赶走。船长没有吭声，老实了好几个晚上。

*S*quire TRELAWNEY, Dr Livesey, and the rest of these gentlemen having asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of grace 17—, and go back to the time when my father kept the “Admiral Benbow” inn, and the brown old seaman, with the sabre cut, first took up his lodging under our roof.

I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a hand-barrow; a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man; his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat; his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails; and the sabre cut across one cheek, a dirty,

livid white. I remember him looking round the cove and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards:—

“Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!”

in the high, old tottering voice that seemed to have been tuned and broken at the capstan bars. Then he rapped on the door with a bit of stick like a handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly, like a connoisseur, lingering on the taste and still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our signboard.

“This is a handy cove,” says he, at length; “and a pleasant sittiyated grog-shop. Much company, mate?”

My father told him no, very little company, the more was the pity.

“Well, then,” said he, “this is the berth for me. Here you matey,” he cried to the man who trundled the barrow; “bring up alongside and help up my chest. I’ll stay here a bit,” he continued. “I’m a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that head up there for to watch ships off. What you mought call me? You mought call me captain. Oh, I see what you’re at—there;” and he threw down three or four gold pieces on the threshold. “You can tell me when I’ve worked through that,” says he, look-ing as fierce as a

commander.

And, indeed, bad as his clothes were, and coarsely as he spoke, he had none of the appearance of a man who sailed before the mast; but seemed like a mate or skipper accustomed to be obeyed or to strike. The man who came with the barrow told us the mail had set him down the morning before at the “Royal George;” that he had inquired what inns there were along the coast, and hearing ours well spoken of, I suppose, and described as lonely, had chosen it from the others for his place of residence. And that was all we could learn of our guest.

He was a very silent man by custom. All day he hung round the cove, or upon the cliffs, with a brass telescope; all evening he sat in a corner of the parlour next the fire and drank rum and water very strong. Mostly he would not speak when spoken to ; only look up sudden and fierce, and blow through his nose like a fog-horn; and we and the people who came about our house soon learned to let him be . Every day, when he came back from his stroll, he would ask if any seafaring men had gone by along the road. At first we thought it was the want of company of his own kind that made him ask this question; but at last we began to see he was desirous to avoid them. When a seaman did put up at the “Admiral Benbow” (as now and then some did, making by the coast road for Bristol) he would look in at him through the curtained door before he entered the parlour; and he was always sure to be as silent as a

mouse when any such was present. For me, at least, there was no secret about the matter; for I was, in a way, a sharer in his alarms. He had taken me aside one day, and promised me a silver fourpenny on the first of every month if I would only keep my "weather-eye open for a seafaring man with one leg," and let him know the moment he appeared. Often enough, when the first of the month came round, and I applied to him for my wage, he would only blow through his nose at me, and stare me down; but before the week was out he was sure to think better of it, bring me my fourpenny piece, and repeat his orders to look out for "the seafaring man with one leg."

How that personage haunted my dreams, I need scarcely tell you. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the four comers of the house, and the surf roared along the cove and up the cliffs, I would see him in a thousand forms, and with a thousand diabolical expressions. Now the leg would be cut off at the knee, now at the hip; now he was a monstrous kind of a creature who had never had but the one leg, and that in the middle of his body. To see him leap and run and pursue me over hedge and ditch was the worst of nightmares. And altogether I paid pretty dear for my monthly fourpenny piece, in the shape of these abominable fancies.

But though I was so terrified by the idea of the seafaring man with one leg, I was far less afraid of the captain himself than anybody else who knew him. There were nights when he took a deal

more rum and water than his head would carry ; and then he would sometimes sit and sing his wicked, old, wild sea-songs, minding nobody; but sometimes he would call for glasses round, and force all the trembling company to listen to his stories or bear a chorus to his singing. Often I have heard the house shaking with “Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum;” all the neighbours joining in for dear life, with the fear of death upon them, and each singing louder than the other, to avoid remark. For in these fits he was the most overriding companion ever known; he would slap his hand on the table for silence all round; he would fly up in a passion of anger at a question, or sometimes because none was put, and so he judged the company was not following his story. Nor would he allow anyone to leave the inn till he had drunk himself sleepy and reeled off to bed.

His stories were what frightened people worst of all. Dreadful stories they were; about hanging, and walking the plank, and storms at sea; and the Dry Tortugas, and wild deeds and places on the Spanish Main. By his own account he must have lived his life among some of the wickedest men that God ever allowed upon the sea; and the language in which he told these stories shocked our plain country people almost as much as the crimes that he described. My father was always saying the inn would be ruined, for people would soon cease coming there to be tyrannised over and put down, and sent shivering to their beds; but I really believe his presence did us good. People were frightened at the time, but on looking back