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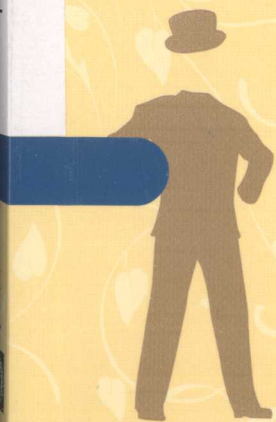


The Invisible Man

隐形人

[英] 威尔斯 著

刘云昊 等 编译



清华大学出版社

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内 容 简 介

《隐形人》是世界上最伟大的科幻小说之一。主人公格里芬是一位才华横溢的科学家，他研究出了一种隐形的方法，并把自己变成了隐形人，隐形实验的成功使他欣喜若狂。由于隐形，使他摆脱了社会“看得见”的监督，格里芬开始我行我素，痛殴他人、恐吓威胁、行窃、纵火与谋杀，最后甚至想建立“隐形王国”统治世界。朋友规劝他停止这些疯狂的举动，而他却一意孤行、众叛亲离，最后误入歧途的他在人们的喊打声中被剿灭。

该书一出版，很快就成为当时最畅销的小说，至今已被译成几十种文字，并曾经先后多次被改编成电影、电视剧和动画片等。书中所展现的科幻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，还是作为通俗的科幻小说读本，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，书中加入了大量的插图。

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赫伯特·乔治·威尔斯（Herbert George Wells, 1866—1946），英国著名作家，被誉为“科幻小说界的莎士比亚”、“英国的儒勒·凡尔纳”。

1866年9月21日，威尔斯出生在英格兰肯特郡的一个贫苦人家。因为家庭破产，他十四岁就开始分担家庭负担，先后当过药房学徒、邮递员、售货员和教师等。通过自学，他于1884年进入伦敦自然科学师范学院学习，并于1890年获理科学士学位；之后，在雷克萨姆·霍尔特学院任教。

1891年，威尔斯开始为一些报刊撰写文章。1893年，他出版了第一部作品《生物学读本》。1895年，出版了科幻小说《时间机器》，该书一经出版便成为当时最畅销图书，并引发了人们对科学幻想的热烈讨论，威尔斯从此一举成名。之后，陆续出版了《莫洛博士岛》、《隐形人》、《星球大战》、《神的食物》等科幻小说。除了科幻小说，威尔斯还出版了喜剧小说《爱情和路易先姆先生》、《玻利先生的历史》、《基普斯》等，反映现实的小说《像神一样的人们》、《梦》、《巴海姆先生的独裁统治》和《怎么小心都不会过分》等以及长篇历史著作《世界史纲》。

威尔斯一生共创作、出版了一百多部作品，但影响最大、最成功的是科幻小说，其中《时间机器》、《隐形人》、《星球大战》等已



成为现代科幻小说的经典之作。一百多年来，他的科幻小说被译成世界上的多种文字，并不断被改编成电影、电视、动画片等，在全世界范围内广泛传播。时至今日，他的科幻小说仍是世界上最受欢迎的作品。

《隐形人》是威尔斯的代表作之一，它在世界科幻小说史上占有非常重要的位置，是公认的世界文学名著之一。在中国，《隐形人》是最受广大读者欢迎的经典小说之一，是中国一代又一代读者最熟悉的世界文学名著之一。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《隐形人》，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内容，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，书中加入了大量的插图。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。

英语学习的目的是为了学以致用，而最好的使用方式莫过于把英语作为一种工具去获得知识，然后更好地发展自己的事业并报效国家。近年来，选择出国留学的国内学子越来越多，他们中的大多数选择去英语国家留学，也必然会在两个阶段遇到这门语言的挑战。

首先是准备英语的标准化考试阶段，主要包括托福、雅思、SAT、SSAT、GRE、GMAT 等。如果把这些考题翻译成中文，那么可以看出难度是不高的，但很多学生不能取得高分，其原因在于对西方历史、文化、传统、价值观的了解不足。在考试取得高分的学生中有相当多一部分人是有在国外学习和生活经历的。少则数月多则数年的海外经历，让这些学生对西方历史、文化、传统、价值观的了解大大加强，面对这些考试自然就得心应手。因此，加强对西方历史、文化、传统、价值观的了解是一个有效的方法。作为专



门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育编写的这套中文导读英文名著系列图书，可以让读者在较为枯燥的英语备考过程中，通过对世界名著的轻松愉快的阅读，在不知不觉中提高学生的阅读速度和阅读水平，了解西方历史、文化、传统、价值观。而在托福、雅思、SAT、SSAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中考出高分，也会水到渠成，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外大学。

其次是在主流英语国家的学习过程中，不管是中学、大学、研究生院，都需要学生对英语的熟练掌握。如果不了解西方历史、文化、传统、价值观，那么很多课程的学习就会面临很大困难，尤其是面临大量阅读和写作的课程时更是如此。

对于那些正在学习英语、准备或正在准备出国的学生，啄木鸟教育编写的这套中文导读英文名著系列图书，同样可以让你借助于中文导读、以及纯英文的学习氛围，迅速摆脱英文阅读借助中文注释的习惯，快速提升英语能力。

本书主要内容由刘云昊编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有王勋、纪飞、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。

啄木鸟教育 (www.zmnedu.com)

2013 年 10 月



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第一章 奇怪的来客

Chapter 1 The Strange Man's Arrival

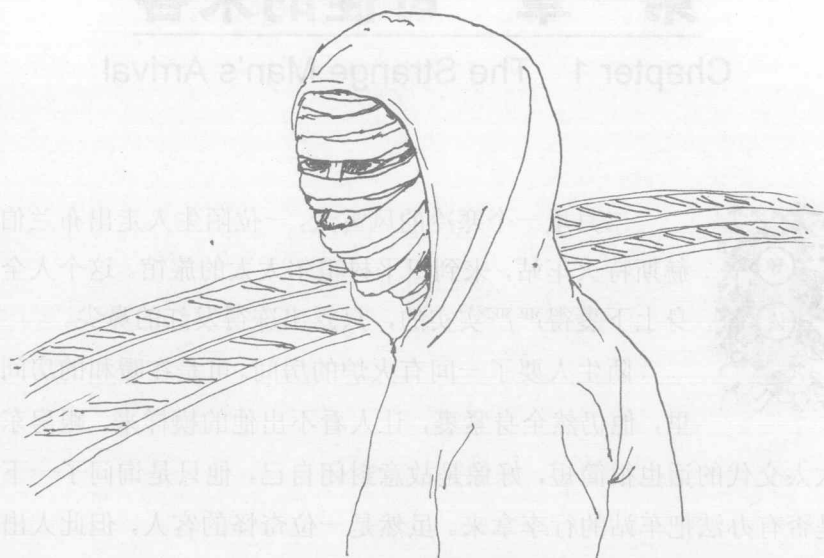


二月里一个寒冷的风雪天，一位陌生人走出布兰伯赫斯特火车站，来到伊平村霍尔太太的旅馆。这个人全身上下裹得严严实实的，只露出冻得发红的鼻尖。

陌生人要了一间有火炉的房间。可是在暖和的房间里，他仍然全身紧裹，让人看不出他的模样来，跟房东太太交代的话也很简短，好像是故意封闭自己，他只是询问了一下是否有办法把车站的行李拿来。虽然是一位奇怪的客人，但此人出手倒是挺大方，霍尔太太便尽量照顾周到。

霍尔太太为客人做了可口的饭菜。可这个陌生人连吃饭的时候也保持着警惕。当霍尔太太进门来送芥末时，陌生人迅速用随身带的餐巾捂住了嘴和下巴。霍尔太太只看到他满头缠着绷带，显然是受了重伤。他还非常紧张自己的帽子，只准许霍尔太太把衣服和鞋子拿去烘干。霍尔太太想用她照顾受伤的侄子的话作引子，了解一下陌生人的情况，但遭到了拒绝。陌生人独自在房间里踱来踱去，时常凝视着下雪的窗外。

第一章 奇怪的来客



陌生人的头上缠满了绷带

Although the fire was burning up briskly, she was sure to see
back to

The stranger came early in February, one wintry day, through a biting wind and a driving snow, the last snowfall of the year, over the down, walking as it seemed from Bramblehurst railway station, and carrying a little black portmanteau in his thickly gloved hand. He was wrapped up from head to foot, and the brim of his soft felt hat hid every inch of his face but the shiny tip of his nose; the snow had piled itself against his shoulders and chest, and added a white crest to the burden he carried. He staggered into the Coach and Horses, more dead than alive as it seemed, and flung his portmanteau down. "A fire," he cried, "in the name of human charity! A room and a fire!" He stamped and shook the snow from off him self in the bar, and followed Mrs. Hall into her guest parlour to strike his bargain. And with that much introduction, that and a ready acquiescence to terms and a couple of sovereigns flung upon the table, he took up his quarters in the inn.

Mrs. Hall lit the fire and left him there while she went to prepare him a meal with her own hands. A guest to stop at Iping in the wintertime was an unheard-of piece of luck, let alone a guest who was no "haggler," and she was resolved to show herself worthy of her good fortune. As soon as the bacon was well under way, and Millie, her lymphatic aid, had been brisked up a bit by a few deftly chosen expressions of contempt, she carried the cloth, plates, and glasses into the parlour and began to lay them with the utmost éclat.

Although the fire was burning up briskly, she was surprised to see that her visitor still wore his hat and coat, standing with his back to her and staring out of the window at the falling snow in the yard. His gloved hands were clasped behind him, and he seemed to be lost in thought. She noticed that the melted snow that still sprinkled his shoulders dripped upon her carpet. "Can I take your hat and coat, sir," she said, "and give them a good dry in the kitchen?"

"No," he said without turning.

She was not sure she had heard him, and was about to repeat her question.

He turned his head and looked at her over his shoulder. "I prefer to keep them on," he said with emphasis, and she noticed that he wore big blue spectacles with side-lights and had a bushy side-whisker over his coat-collar that completely hid his cheeks and face.

"Very well, sir," she said. "As you like. In a bit the room will be warmer."

He made no answer and had turned his face away from her again; and Mrs. Hall, feeling that her conversational advances were ill-timed, laid the rest of the table things in a quick staccato and whisked out of the room. When she returned he was still standing there like a man of stone, his back hunched, his collar turned up, his dripping hat-brim turned down, hiding his face and ears completely. She put down the eggs and bacon with considerable emphasis, and

called rather than said to him, "Your lunch is served, sir."

"Thank you," he said at the same time, and did not stir until she was closing the door. Then he swung round and approached the table with a certain eager quickness.

As she went behind the bar to the kitchen she heard a sound repeated at regular intervals. Chirk, chirk, Chirk, it went, the sound of a spoon being rapidly whisked round a basin. "That girl!" she said. "There! I clean forgot it. It's her being so long!" And while she herself finished mixing the mustard, she gave Millie a few verbal stabs for her excessive slowness. She had cooked the ham and eggs, laid the table, and done everything, while Millie (help indeed !) had only succeeded in delaying the mustard. And him a new guest and wanting to stay! Then she filled the mustard pot, and putting it with a certain stateliness upon a gold and black tea-tray, carried it into the parlour.

She rapped and entered promptly. As she did so her visitor moved quickly, so that she got but a glimpse of a white object disappearing behind the table. It would seem he was picking something from the floor. She rapped down the mustard pot on the table, and then she noticed the overcoat and hat had been taken off and put over a chair in front of the fire. A pair of wet boots threatened rust to her steel fender. She went to these things resolutely. "I suppose I may have them to dry now," she said in a voice that brooked no denial.

“Leave the hat,” said her visitor, in a muffled voice, and turning she saw he had raised his head and was sitting and looking at her.

For a moment she stood gaping at him, too surprised to speak.

He held a white cloth—it was a serviette he had brought with him—over the lower part of his face, so that his mouth and jaws were completely hidden, and that was the reason of his muffled voice. But it was not that which startled Mrs. Hall. It was the fact that all his forehead above his blue glasses was covered by a white bandage, and that another covered his ears, leaving not a scrap of his face exposed excepting only his pink, peaked nose. It was bright pink, and shiny just as it had been at first. He wore a dark-brown velvet jacket with a high black linen lined collar turned up about his neck. The thick black hair, escaping as it could below and between the cross bandages, projected in curious tails and horns, giving him the strangest appearance conceivable. This muffled and bandaged head was so unlike what she had anticipated, that for a moment she was rigid.

He did not remove the serviette, but remained holding it, as she saw now, with a brown gloved hand, and regarding her with his inscrutable blue glasses. “Leave the hat,” he said, speaking very distinctly through the white cloth.

Her nerves began to recover from the shock they had received. She placed the hat on the chair again by the fire. “I didn’t know,

sir," she began, "that—" and she stopped embarrassed.

"Thank you," he said drily, glancing from her to the door and then at her again.

"I'll have them nicely dried, sir, at once," she said, and carried his clothes out of the room. She glanced at his white-swathed head and blue goggles again as she was going out of the door; but his napkin was still in front of his face. She shivered a little as she closed the door behind her, and her face was eloquent of her surprise and perplexity. "I never," she whispered. "There!" She went quite softly to the kitchen, and was too preoccupied to ask Millie what she was messing about with now, when she got there.

The visitor sat and listened to her retreating feet. He glanced inquiringly at the window before he removed his serviette and resumed his meal. He took a mouthful, glanced suspiciously at the window, took another mouthful, then rose and, taking the serviette in his hand, walked across the room and pulled the blind down to the top of the white muslin that obscured the lower panes. This left the room in twilight. This done, he returned with an easier air to the table and his meal.

"The poor soul's had an accident or an op'ration or something," said Mrs. Hall. "What a tum them bandages did give me, to be sure!"

She put on some more coal, unfolded the clothes-horse, and extended the traveller's coat upon this. "And they goggles ! Why, he

looked more like a divin' helmet than a human man!" She hung his muffler on a corner of the horse. "And holding that handkerchief over his mouth all the time. Talkin' through it! ... Perhaps his mouth was hurt too—maybe."

She turned round, as one who suddenly remembers. "Bless my soul alive!" she said, going off at a tangent; "ain't you done them taters yet, Millie?"

When Mrs. Hall went to clear away the stranger's lunch, her idea that his mouth must also have been cut or disfigured in the accident she supposed him to have suffered, was confirmed, for he was smoking a pipe, and all the time that she was in the room he never loosened the silk muffler he had wrapped round the lower part of his face to put the mouthpiece to his lips. Yet it was not forgetfulness, for she saw he glanced at it as it smouldered out. He sat in the corner with his back to the window-blind and spoke now, having eaten and drunk and being comfortably warmed through, with less aggressive brevity than before. The reflection of the fire lent a kind of red animation to his big spectacles they had lacked hitherto.

"I have some luggage," he said, "at Bramblehurst station," and he asked her how he could have it sent. He bowed his bandaged head quite politely in acknowledgment of her explanation. "To-morrow!" he said. "There is no speedier delivery?" and seemed quite disappointed when she answered "No." Was she quite sure?