

【 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版 】

凡尔纳科幻经典丛书



Two Year's Holiday

两年假期

[法] 凡尔纳 著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社



014034926

H319.4:I
723-2



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内 容 简 介

《两年假期》是一部充满传奇与冒险的科幻小说。一群来自新西兰某寄宿学校的学生，在一年的学习结束时，将要开始一次为期几天的航海旅行。然而，当孩子们半夜惊醒时发现，他们的船已经漂流在浩瀚的海面上，原来在出发前夜游船的缆绳断裂了。海面风浪大作，而船上既没有船长，也没有水手，危险、恐惧、绝望和孤独笼罩着整个游船。船随海浪漂流停靠一座荒无人烟的小岛上，虽然身处艰难境地，但孩子们还是凭着热情、理性和勇气，最终摆脱了困境回到自己的家人身边。故事情节跌宕起伏，而一路有关自然风光的介绍也同样引人入胜。该书至今已被译成世界上多种文字。书中所展现的神奇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和科学读本，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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图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

两年假期=Two Year's Holiday: 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版/(法)凡尔纳(Verne, J.)著;王勋等编译. —北京:清华大学出版社, 2014
(凡尔纳科幻经典丛书)
ISBN 978-7-302-35043-9

I. ①两… II. ①凡… ②王… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②科学幻想小说—法国—近代
IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2014) 第 010468 号

责任编辑: 柴文强 李 晔

封面设计: 傅瑞学

责任校对: 胡伟民

责任印制: 宋 林

出版发行: 清华大学出版社

网 址: <http://www.tup.com.cn>, <http://www.wqbook.com>

地 址: 北京清华大学学研大厦 A 座 邮 编: 100084

社总机: 010-62770175 邮 购: 010-62786544

投稿与读者服务: 010-62776969, c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

质 量 反 馈: 010-62772015, zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

印 装 者: 清华大学印刷厂

经 销: 全国新华书店

开 本: 170mm×260mm 印 张: 21.25

字 数: 420 千字

版 次: 2014 年 3 月第 1 版

印 次: 2014 年 3 月第 1 次印刷

印 数: 1~3000

定 价: 39.50 元

产品编号: 055238-01



儒勒·凡尔纳（Jules Verne，1828—1905），法国著名作家，现代科幻小说的奠基人，被誉为“世界科幻小说之父”、“科学时代的预言家”。他一生共创作了六十多部充满神奇与浪漫的科幻小说，代表作有《格兰特船长的儿女》、《海底两万里》和《神秘岛》等，这些小说被译成世界上几十种文字，并无数次被搬上银幕，在世界上广为流传。

1828年2月8日，凡尔纳出生在法国西部海港南特。他自幼热爱海洋，向往远航探险。他的父亲是一位事业成功的律师，并希望凡尔纳日后也以律师作为职业。18岁时，他遵从父训到巴黎攻读法律。可是他对法律毫无兴趣，却爱上了文学和戏剧。1863年，他发表了第一部科幻小说《气球上的五星期》，之后又出版了使他获得巨大声誉的科幻小说三部曲：《格兰特船长的儿女》、《海底两万里》和《神秘岛》。凡尔纳的科幻小说是真实性与大胆幻想的结合：奇幻的故事情节、鲜明的人物形象、丰富而奇妙的想象、浓郁的浪漫主义风格和生活情趣，使之产生了巨大的艺术魅力，赢得了全世界各国读者，特别是青少年读者的喜爱。他的作品中所表现的自然科学方面的许多预言和假设，在他去世之后得以印证和实现，至今仍然启发着人们的想象力和创造力。

凡尔纳的科幻小说有两大特点。第一，他的作品是丰富的幻想和科学知识的结合。虽然凡尔纳笔下的幻想极为奇特、大胆，但其中有着坚实的科学基础，这些作品既是科学精神的幻想曲，也是富有幻想色彩的科学预言，他的许多科幻猜想最后变成了现实。例如，他不仅在小说《从地球到月球》中用大炮将探月飞行器送上太空，甚至还将发射场安排在了美国佛罗里达州，这正是“阿波罗登月计划”的发射场；他在小说《海底两万里》中虚构了“鹦鹉螺号”潜水艇，在该小说出版10年后，第一艘真正的潜水艇才下水；在《征服者罗比尔》中有一个类似直升飞机的飞行器，数十年后人类才将这一设想变成了现实。此外，他的小说中还出现了电视、宽



虹灯、导弹、坦克和太空飞船等科学技术应用概念，而这些后来都变成了现实。第二，他的作品中的主人公是一些鲜明、生动而富有进取心和正义感的人物，他们或是地理发现者、探险家、科学家、发明家，他们具有超人的智慧、坚强的毅力和执著不懈的精神；或是反对民族歧视、民族压迫的战士，反对社会不公的抗争者，追求自由的旅行家，在他们身上具有反压迫、反强权、反传统的战斗精神，他们热爱自由、热爱平等，维护人的尊严。凡尔纳所塑造的这些人物形象，他们远大的理想、坚强的性格、优秀的品质和高尚的情操已赢得了亿万读者的喜爱和尊敬，并一直成为人们向往的偶像和学习的榜样。

1900 年，儒勒·凡尔纳的第一部中译本小说《八十天周游世界》（当时的中文译名是《八十日环游记》）被介绍给中国的读者，直至新中国成立之前，陆续又有梁启超、鲁迅等文化名人将凡尔纳的作品翻译出版。20 世纪 50 年代后期，凡尔纳的科幻小说又开始为国内翻译界和出版界所关注。20 世纪 80 年代，凡尔纳的作品再次受到读者的青睐，国内许多出版社相继翻译出版了凡尔纳的科幻小说，一时形成了“凡尔纳热”。时至今日，凡尔纳的科幻小说仍然显示出旺盛的生命力。基于以上原因，我们决定编译凡尔纳系列科幻小说中被公认的经典名篇，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风格。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，这些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科学素养和人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT，还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

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，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在 TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更



前言

好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。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）

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第一章 风 暴

Chapter 1 The Storm



斯鲁吉号船在一八六零年三月九号夜里十一点，出现在波涛汹涌的苍茫大海上。船尾站着一个十四岁和两个十三岁的孩子。十二岁的黑人见习水手在掌舵。船的颠簸把他们摔倒在甲板上，但他们马上又爬了起来。

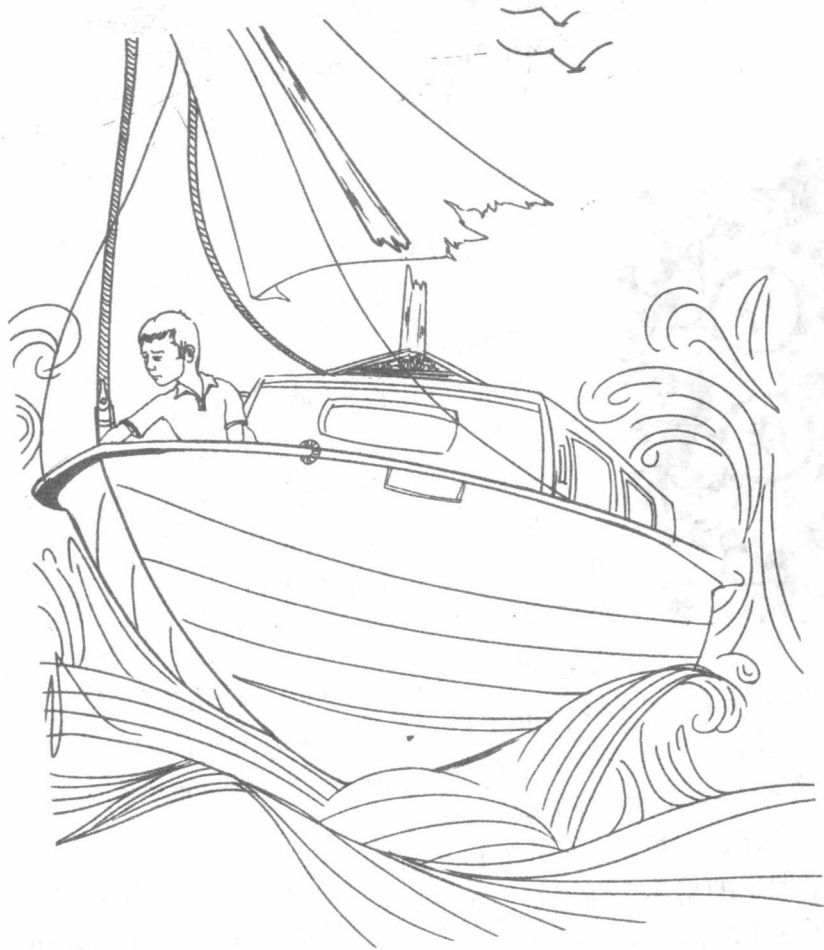
这时，通往纵帆船客厅的门被两个小孩打开了，传来了一阵狗叫，他们待在下面害怕极了，问出了什么事。十四岁的布里昂告诉他们没事，让他们回到船舱去。这时，又一个孩子从楼梯口钻出来问是否需要帮忙。布里昂让他也回去了。

现在这条船上有十四名寄宿学校的学生，最大的十四岁，还有一名十二岁的见习水手。斯鲁吉号船的前桅已经折断了，风帆也只剩下前桅帆。他们正在这无边无际的大海上顺风航行。

这时，前桅帆被扯裂了。在从欧洲到大洋洲的旅行中略知航海知识的布里昂成了船上的指挥。他和见习水手莫科冲向船艏，清理了前桅帆的碎片，处理了这个险情，使船沿着原来的航向继续前进。

比布里昂小三岁的弟弟雅克告诉哥哥，客厅进水了。布里昂下到客厅，发现几个年龄小的孩子吓得挤在一起。在安慰了他们后，布里昂提着灯检查，发现水是从船头甲板的舱房顶上渗下来的，对船没有危险。他回到客厅，安慰了小伙伴后又来到甲板上。

一个小时后，前桅帆被撕成碎片飘走了。莫科提醒大家注意后浪，话音还没落，一股浪从后面打过来，布里昂、多尼范和戈登被抛到了楼梯口，而见习水手不见了。他们马上朝海里张望，准备救他。这时听到船艏传来



遇到了风暴

求救声，布里昂匍匐着爬到船艏，发现莫科被夹在舷墙与船艏的夹角中，一条绳索勒住了他的脖子，情况十分危急。布里昂用小刀割断了套在莫科脖子上的绳索，莫科恢复了说话的力气后对他表示了感谢。

四点半时，天已微亮，他们已能看到四分之一海里的范围。莫科在东方发现了陆地，布里昂确认在五六海里外的地方是有一片陆地。船向那个方向漂去，再过不到一个小时，他们就会漂到那里。

在这个时候，风刮得更猛烈了，斯鲁吉号飞速向海岸漂去。布里昂想，在船搁浅时最好让全体伙伴都在甲板上，于是他把大家都叫了上来。快六点时，游船到达岩礁的边缘，船尾触底了。又一个风浪打来，船又向前了五十尺，在离海岸四分之一海里处不动了。

*I*t was March 9th, 1860, and eleven at night. The sea and sky were as one, and the eye could pierce only a few fathoms into the gloom: Through raging seas, whose waves broke with a livid light, a tiny ship was driving under almost bare poles.

She was a schooner of a hundred tons. Her name was the Sleuth, but it would have been sought in vain on her stem, for some accident had torn it away.

In this latitude, at the beginning of March, the nights are short. The day would dawn about five. But would the dangers that threatened the schooner grow less when the sun illumined the sky? Was. not this vessel at the mercy of the waves? Undoubtedly; and only the calming of the billows and the lulling of the gale could save her from that most awful of shipwrecks foundering in the open sea far from any coast where the survivors might find safety.

In her stem were three boys, one about fourteen, the two others about thirteen years of age; these, with a young negro some twelve years old, were at the wheel, and with their united strength they strove to check the lurches which threatened every instant to throw the vessel broadside on. It was a difficult task, for the wheel seemed as though it would turn in spite of all they could do, and hurl them against the bulwarks. Just before midnight such a wave came thundering against the stern that it was a wonder the redder was not unshipped.

The boys were thrown backwards by the shock, but they recovered themselves almost immediately.

‘Has she still got steerage way, Briant?’ one of them asked.

‘Yes, Gordon,’ answered Briant, who had coolly resumed his place. ‘Hold on tight, Donagan,’ he continued, ‘and don’t worry. There are others besides ourselves to look after. You aren’t hurt, Moko?’

‘No, Massa Briant,’ answered the boy. ‘But we must keep the yacht before the wind, or we’ll be pooped.’

At this moment the door of the companion leading to the saloon was thrown open. Two little heads appeared above the level of the deck, and with them came the face of a dog, who gave a loud, ‘Whough! whough!’

‘Briant! Briant!’ shouted one of the youngsters. ‘What’s the matter?’

‘Nothing, Iverson, nothing!’ returned Briant. ‘Get down again with Dole, and look sharp!’

‘We’re awfully frightened down here,’ said the other boy, who was a little younger.

‘All of you?’ asked Donagan.

‘Yes, all of us!’ said Dole.

‘Well, get back again,’ Briant told them. ‘Shut up; get under the bed-clothes; shut your eyes; and nothing will hurt you. There’s no danger!’

‘Look out,’ exclaimed Moko. ‘Here’s another wave!’

A violent blow shook the vessel’s stem. Fortunately the wave did not come on board, for if the water had swept down the companion, she would have been swamped.

‘Get back, will you?’ shouted Gordon. ‘Go down, or I’ll come after you!’

‘Look here,’ Briant told them, rather more gently. ‘Go down. you young uns.’

The two heads disappeared, and at the same moment another boy appeared.

‘Do you want us, Briant?’

‘No, Baxter,’ said Briant. ‘You and Cross and Webb and Service and Wilcox stop with the kids; we four can manage.’

Baxter shut the door from within.



'Yes, all of us,' Dole had said.

But were there only boys on board this storm-driven schooner? Yes, only boys! And how many were there? Fifteen, counting Gordon, Briant, Donagan, and the negro. How did they come to be here? That you shall know shortly.

Was there no man on the yacht? Not a captain to command her? Not a sailor to give a hand in controlling her? Not a helmsman to steer in such a storm? No! Not one!

And more than that—there was nobody on board who knew her position! And on what ocean? The largest of all, the Pacific.

What, then, had happened? Had the schooner's crew disappeared in some catastrophe? Had the Malay pirates carried them off and left On board only this batch of boys? A yacht of a hundred tons ought to have a captain, a mate, and five or six men, and of these all that had been left was the negro boy! Where did the schooner hail from? How long had she been at sea? Whither was she bound? The boys might have been able to answer these questions had they been asked them by any captain hailing the schooner on her course; but there was neither steamer nor sailingship in sight, and, if there had been, she would have had quite enough to do to look after herself without assisting this yacht that the sea was throwing about like a raft.

Briant and his friends did their utmost to keep her straight ahead.

'What's to be done?' asked Donagan.

'All we can to save ourselves, Heaven helping us,' answered Briant, although now even the most energetic man might have despaired, for the storm was increasing in violence.

The gale was blowing in thunderclaps, as the sailors say, and the expression was only too accurate. The schooner had lost her mainmast, so that no trysail could be set under which she might have been more easily steered. The foremast still held, but the shrouds had stretched, and every minute it threatened to crash on to the deck. The fore-staysail had been split to ribbons, and kept up a constant cracking like rifle-fire. All that remained sound was the foresail, and this seemed as though it would go every moment, for the boys had not been strong enough to reef it. If it were to go, the schooner could not be kept before the wind, the waves would board her and she would go down.

Not an island had been sighted; and there could be no continent to the east. To run ashore would be terrible, but the boys did not fear its terrors so much as those of this interminable sea. A lee shore, with its shoals, its breakers, the terrible roaring waves beaten into surf by the rocks, would be at least firm ground, and not this raging ocean, which any minute might open under their feet. And so they looked ahead for some light to which they could steer.

But there was no light in that thick darkness!

Suddenly, about one o'clock, a fearful crash was heard above the roaring of the storm.

'There goes the foremast!' exclaimed Donagan.

'No,' Moko corrected him, 'it's the foresail blown clean away!'

'We must clear it,' said Briant. 'You stay at the wheel, Gordon, with Donagan; you, Moko, come and help me.'

Briant was not quite ignorant of things nautical. On his voyage out from Europe he had learnt a little seamanship, and that was why his companions, who knew none whatever, had left the schooner in his and Moko's hands.

Briant and the negro rushed forward. At all costs the foresail must be cut adrift, for it had caught and was bellying out in such a way that the schooner was in danger of capsizing. If that happened she could never be righted, unless the mast were cut away and the wire shrouds broken, and how could the boys manage that?

Briant and Moko set to work with remarkable judgment. Their object was to keep as much sail on the schooner as possible, so as to steer her before the wind, as long as the storm lasted. They slacked off the halliards and let the sail down to within four or five feet of the deck: then they cut off the torn strips with their knives, secured the lower corners and made all snug. Twenty times, at least, they were in danger of being swept away by the waves.

Under her very small spread of canvas, the schooner could still be kept on her course, and though the wind had so little to take hold of, she was driven along at the speed of a torpedoboat. The faster she went, the better. Her safety depended on her outspeeding the waves, so that none could follow and board her.

Briant and Moko were making their way back to the wheel when the

companion door again opened and a boy's head again appeared. This time it was Jack, Briant's brother, and three years his junior.

'What do you want, Jack?' asked his brother.

'Come here! Come here!' said Jack. 'There's water in the saloon.'

Briant rushed down the companion—stairs. The saloon was confusedly lighted by a lamp, which the rolling swung backwards and forwards. Its light revealed a dozen boys on the couches. The youngest—there were some as young as eight—were huddling against each other in fear.

'There's no danger,' Briant assured them, wanting to give them confidence. 'We're all right. Don't be afraid.'

Then, holding a lighted lantern to the floor, he saw that some water was washing from side to side.

Where had this water come from? From a leak? That must be seen to at once.

Forward of the saloon was the day-saloon, then the dining-saloon, and then the crew's quarters.

Briant went through these in order, and found that the water came from the seas dashing over the bows and down the fore-companion, which had not been quite closed, and that it had been run aft by the pitching of the ship. There was no danger here.

He stopped to cheer up his companions as he went back through the saloon, and then returned to his place at the helm. The schooner was very strongly built, and had only just been re-coppered, so that she might withstand the waves for some time.

It was then about one. The darkness was deeper than ever, and the clouds still gathered; and more furiously than ever raged the storm. The yacht seemed to be rushing through a liquid mass that flowed above, beneath, and around her. The shrill cry of the petrel was heard. Did its appearance mean that land was near? No; for the petrel is often met with hundreds of miles at sea. And these stormbirds found themselves powerless to struggle against the aerial current and were swept along like the schooner.

An hour later there was another report from the bow. What remained of the foresail had been split to ribbons, and the strips flew off into space like huge