

<<金银岛>>

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### 内容概要

《金银岛》讲述的是浪漫而奇险的海上寻宝故事。

一日，少年吉姆·霍金梦见宝藏和海上历险。

没过几天，他就从一位生命垂危的水手彭斯的手中得到藏宝图，他与乡绅屈利劳尼、医生李福西等一道乘船去寻找南方的宝岛。

然而，海盗头目西尔弗及其手下也一道上船。

原来，这笔价值70万英镑的宝藏是已故海盗船长弗林特留下的，他的爪牙还在，他们也在觊觎这宗财宝，于是，一场惊心动魄的夺宝大战由此展开。

这虽是一本写给孩子们的书，但小说题材新颖，情节变幻莫测，尤其是几个主要人物性格鲜明生动，即使是海盗西尔弗，也并不脸谱化，因而，这部小说自诞生以来一直深受各年龄层读者的喜爱，并多次被手搬上银幕。

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作者简介

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) was a Scottish novelist, poet, essayist and travel writer. Stevenson was greatly admired by many authors, including Jorge Luis Borges, Ernest Hemingway; Rudyard Kipling, Marcel Schwob, Vladimir Nabokov, J. M. Barrie, and G. K. Chesterton, who said of him that he "seemed to pick the right word up on the point of his pen, like a man playing spillikins".

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## 章节摘录

Now, look here, said the captain; youve run me down; here I am; well, then, speak up; what is it ?

Thats you, Bill, returned Black Dog, youre in the Tight of it, Billy. Ill have a glass of rum from this dear child here, as Ive took such a liking to; and well sit down, if you please, and talk square, like old shipmates. When I returned with the rum, they were already seated on either side of the captains breakfast-table——Black Dog next to the door and sitting sideways so as to have one eye on his old shipmate and one, as I thought, on his retreat. He bade me go and leave the door wide open. Noneof your keyholes for me, sonny, he said; and I left themtogether and retired into the bar. For a long time, though I certainly did my best to listen, I could hear nothing but a low gattling; but at last the voicesbegan to grow higher, and I could pick up a word or two, mostly oaths, from the captain. No, no, no, no; and an end of it !

he cried once. And again, If it comes to swinging, swing all, say I. Then all of a sudden there was a tremendous explosion of oaths and other noises——the chair and table went over in a lump, a clash of steel followed, and then a cry of pain, and the next instant I saw Black Dog in full flight, and the captain hotly pursuing, both with drawn cutlasses, and the former streaming blood from the left shoulder. Just at the door the captain aimed at the fugitive one last tremendous cut. See or hear anything to increase our terrors, till, to our relief, the door of the Admiral Benbow had closed behind us. I slipped the bolt at once, and we stood and panted for a moment in the dark, alone in the house with the dead captains body. Then my mother got a candle in the bar, and holding each others hands, we advanced into the parlour. He lay as we had left him, on his back, with his eyes open and one arm stretched out. Draw down the blind, Jim, whispered my mother; they might come and watch outside. And now, said she when I had done so, we have to get the key off THAT; and whos to touch it, I should like to know !

And she gave a kind of sob as she said the words. I went down on my knees at once. On the floor close to his hand there was a little round of paper, blackened on the one side. I could not doubt that this was the BLACK SPOT; and taking it up, I found written on the other side, in a very good, clear hand, this short message: You have till ten tonight. He had till ten, Mother, said I; and just as I said it, our old clock began striking. This sudden noise startled us shockingly; but the news was good, for it was only six. Now, Jim, she said, that key. I felt in his pockets, one after another. A few small coins, a thimble, and some thread and big needles, a piece of pigtail tobacco bitten away at the end, his gully with the crooked handle, a pocket compass, and a tinder box were all that they contained, and I began to despair. Perhaps its round his neck, suggested my mother. Overcoming a strong repugnance, I tore open his shirt at the neck, and there, sure enough, hanging to a bit of tarry string, which I cut with his own gully, we found the key. At this triumph we were filled with hope and hurried upstairs without delay to the little room where he had slept so long and where his box had stood since the day of his arrival. It was like any other seamans chest on the outside, the initial B burned on the top of it with a hot iron, and the corners somewhat smashed and broken as by long, rough usage. Give me the key, said my mother; and though the lock was very stiff, she had turned it and thrown back the lid in a twinkling. A strong smell of tobacco and tar rose from the interior, but nothing was to be seen on the top except a suit of very good clothes, carefully brushed and folded. They had never been worn, my mother said. Under that, the miscellany began——a quadrant, a tin canikin, several sticks of tobacco, two brace of very handsome pistols, a piece of bar silver, an old Spanish watch and some other trinkets of little value and mostly of foreign make, a pair of compasses mounted with brass, and five or six curious West Indian shells. I have often wondered since why he should have carried about these shells with him in his wandering, guilty, and hunted life. In the meantime, we had found nothing of any value but the silver and the trinkets.

媒体关注与评论

Under the wide and starry sky, dig the grave and let me lie. glad did I live and gladly die, And I laid me down with a will. ——Requiem by Stevenson

## 编辑推荐

MR. PHILEAS FOGG lived, in 1872, at No. 7, Saville Row, Burlington Gardens, the house in which Sheridan died in 1814. He was one of the most noticeable members of the Reform Club, though he seemed always to avoid attracting attention; an enigmatical personage, about whom little was known, except that he was a polished man of the world. People said that he resembled Byron——at least that his head was Byronic; but he was a bearded, tranquil Byron, who might live on a thousand years without growing old. Certainly an Englishman, it was more doubtful whether Phileas Fogg was a Londoner. He was never seen on 'Change, nor at the Bank, nor in the counting-rooms of the " City " ; no ships ever came into London docks of which he was the owner. Treasure Island is an adventure novel by Robert Louis Stevenson, narrating a tale of " pirates and buried gold ". First published as a book in 1883, it was originally serialised in the children's magazine *Round the Horn* between 1881-82 under the title *The Sea Cook, or Treasure Island*. It is an adventure tale known for its superb atmosphere, character and action, and also a wry commentary on the ambiguity of morality——as seen in Long John Silver——unusual for children's literature then and now. The influence of *Treasure Island* on popular perception of pirates is vast, including treasure maps with an " X ", schooners, the Black Spot, tropical islands, and one-legged seamen with parrots on their shoulders.

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