

<<时间机器>>

图书基本信息

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内容概要

《世界·大师·原典·文库：时间机器（中文导读插图版）》出版于1895年的小说至今还被人阅读，且被视为经典之作，至少有三方面的原因。

第一，作者对他所处时代的批判精神及其真知灼见，至今还具有振聋发聩的作用，值得我们进一步深思和探讨；第二，作者所开创的“时间旅行”（timetravel），在科学领域至今仍然是人们心向往之并且还在孜孜不倦地进行着探索的科学现象；第三，作品本身是科幻作品的先驱者之一，为后来科幻小说成为重要的和独特的文学形态作出了贡献。

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作者简介

赫伯特·乔治·威尔斯（1866-1946），英国著名小说家，尤以科幻小说创作闻名于世。威尔斯一生创作了一百多部作品，内容涉及科学、文学、历史、社会、政治等各个领域，是最多产的现代作家之一。他还是一位社会改革家和预言家，会晤过罗斯福和斯大林。威尔斯最重要的作品有《时间机器》、《隐形人》和《世界史纲》等。

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章节摘录

Chapter 5 The Burglary at the Vicarage The facts of the burglary at the vicarage came to us chiefly through the medium of the vicar and his wife. It occurred in the small hours of Whit-Monday-the day devoted in Iping to the Club festivities. Mrs. Bunting, it seems, woke up suddenly in the stillness that comes before the dawn, with the strong impression that the door of their bedroom had opened and closed. She did not arouse her husband at first, but sat up in bed listening. She then distinctly heard the pad, pad, pad of bare feet coming out of the adjoining dressing room and walking along the passage towards the staircase. As soon as she felt assured of this, she aroused the Rev Mr. Bunting as quietly as possible. He did not strike a light, but putting on his spectacles, her dressing gown, and his bath slippers, he went out on the landing to listen. He heard quite distinctly a fumbling going on at his study desk downstairs, and then a violent sneeze. At that he returned to his bedroom, armed himself with the most obvious weapon, the poker, and descended the staircase as noiselessly as possible. Mrs. Bunting came out on the landing. The hour was about four, and the ultimate darkness of the night was past. There was a faint shimmer of light in the hall, but the study doorway yawned impenetrably black. Everything was still except the faint creaking of the stairs under Mr. Bunting's tread, and the slight movements in the study. Then something snapped, the drawer was opened, and there was a rustle of papers. Then came an imprecation, and a match was struck and the study was flooded with yellow light. Mr. Bunting was now in the hall, and through the crack of the door he could see the desk and the open drawer and a candle burning on the desk. But the robber he could not see. He stood there in the hall undecided what to do, and Mrs. Bunting, her face white and intent, crept slowly downstairs after him. One thing kept up Mr. Bunting's courage; the persuasion that this burglar was a resident in the village. They heard the chink of money, and realised that the robber had found the housekeeping reserve of gold-two pounds ten in half sovereigns altogether. At that sound Mr. Bunting was nerved to abrupt action. Gripping the poker firmly, he rushed into the room, closely followed by Mrs. Bunting. "Surrender!" cried Mr. Bunting, fiercely, and then stooped amazed. Apparently the room was perfectly empty. Yet their conviction that they had, that very moment, heard somebody moving in the room had amounted to a certainty. For half a minute, perhaps, they stood gaping, then Mrs. Bunting went across the room and looked behind the screen, while Mr. Bunting, by a kindred impulse, peered under the desk. Then Mrs. Bunting turned back the window-curtains, and Mr. Bunting looked up the chimney and probed it with the poker. Then Mrs. Bunting scrutinised the waste-paper basket and Mr. Bunting opened the lid of the coal-scuttle. Then they came to a stop and stood with eyes interrogating each other. "I could have sworn-" said Mr. Bunting. "The candle!" said Mr. Bunting. "Who lit the candle?" "The drawer!" said Mrs. Bunting. "And the money's gone!" She went hastily to the doorway. "Of all the extraordinary occurrences-" There was a violent sneeze in the passage. They rushed out, and as they did so the kitchen door slammed. "Bring the candle," said Mr. Bunting, and led the way. They both heard a sound of bolts being hastily shot back. As he opened the kitchen door he saw through the scullery that the back door was just opening, and the faint light of early dawn displayed the dark masses of the garden beyond. He is certain that nothing went out of the door. It opened, stood open for a moment, and then closed with a slam. As it did so, the candle Mrs. Bunting was carrying from the study flickered and flared. It was a minute or more before they entered the kitchen. The place was empty. They refastened the back door, examined the kitchen, pantry, and scullery thoroughly, and at last went down into the cellar. There was not a soul to be found in the house, search as they would. Daylight found the vicar and his wife, a quaintly-costumed little couple, still marvelling about on their own ground floor by the unnecessary light of a guttering candle. Chapter 6 The Furn, iture That Went Mad, Now it happened that in the early hours of Whit-Monday, before Millie was hunted out for the day, Mr. Hall and Mrs. Hall both rose

and went noiselessly down into the cellar. Their business there was of a private nature , and had something to do with the specific gravity of their beer. They had hardly entered the cellar when Mrs. Hall found she had forgotten to bring down a bottle of sarsaparilla from their joint room. As she was the expert and principal operator in this affair , Hall very properly went upstairs for it. On the landing he was surprised to see that the stranger's door was ajar. He went on into his own room and found the bottle as he had been directed. But returning with the bottle , he noticed that the bolts of the front door had been shot back , that the door was in fact simply on the latch. And with a flash of inspiration he connected this with the stranger's room upstairs and the suggestions of Mr. Teddy Henfrey. He distinctly remembered holding the candle while Mrs. Hall shot these bolts overnight. At the sight he stopped , gaping , then with the bottle still in his hand went upstairs again. He rapped at the stranger's door. There was no answer. He rapped again ; then pushed the door wide open and entered. It was as he expected. The bed , the room also , was empty. And what was stranger , even to his heavy intelligence , on the bedroom chair and along the rail of the bed were scattered the garments , the only garments so far as he knew , and the bandages of their guest.

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媒体关注与评论

“《时间机器》用达尔文的进化理论解读了遥远的未来，描述了一颗即将死亡的星球。
”——布赖恩·奥尔迪斯（英国著名科幻作家，曾任世界科幻协会主席和英国布克奖评委）

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