

神奇树屋-迷雾中的骑士

1 黑幽幽的树林

杰克睡不着。

他戴上眼镜，看了看钟——5点30分。

起床太早了点。

昨天发生了那么多稀奇古怪的事情。此刻他正试着把它们一一弄清楚。

他打开灯，拿出笔记本。他看了看睡觉前记下的清单：

发现了树林里的树屋

发现了树屋里有好多好多的书

指了指书中的无齿翼龙的画

许了一个愿

去了恐龙的时代

指了指蛙溪树林的画

许了一个愿

回到了蛙溪镇的家

杰克推了推眼镜。谁会相信这一切呢？

老妈不会信，老爸不会信。三年级的老师沃特金斯小姐也不会信。相信的只有七岁的妹妹安妮，她同他一起去的恐龙时代。

“你睡不着吗？”

是安妮，她正站在他的房门口。

“睡不着。”杰克说。

“我也睡不着。”安妮说，“你在干什么呢？”

她走向杰克，看了看他的笔记本。她读了一下清单。

“你为什么没写上金奖章呢？”安妮问。

“你是说金奖牌。”杰克说。

他拿起铅笔，写上：

在恐龙时代发现这个

“你为什么不在奖章上写上字母M呢？”安妮说。

“奖牌。”杰克说，“不是奖章。”

他在上面加上一个字母M：

“你为什么不上那个有魔法的人呢？”安妮说。

“我们不能确定是否真有那个有魔法的人。”杰克说。

“好啦，有人在树林里建造了树屋。有人在树屋里放了好多好多的书。有人在恐龙时代遗失了金奖章。”

“奖牌！”杰克第三次这样说了，“而我只写事实。我们确实能肯定的东西。”

“让我们立即回树屋去吧。”安妮说，“去查明那个有魔法的人是否真有其人。”

“你疯了吗？”杰克说，“太阳还未升起呢。”

“去吧。”安妮说，“也许我们能趁他们还在睡觉的时候碰见他们。”

“我认为我们不应该去。”杰克说。他有些担心。倘若那个有魔法的人很难惹，该怎么办？倘若那个有魔法的人(他或者她)不希望小孩子知道书屋的事，又该怎么办呢？

“反正，我是要去的。”安妮说。

杰克看了看窗外暗灰色的天空，天快亮了。

他叹了一口气。“好吧，我们穿衣服。我在后门等你，要静悄悄的。”

“耶！”安妮低声说。她像只老鼠似地静悄悄地蹑手蹑脚地离开了。

杰克穿上牛仔裤，套上一件运动衫，脚蹬球鞋。他把笔记本和铅笔扔进背包里。

他蹑手蹑脚地走下楼梯。

安妮正在后门等着他。她用手电筒照了照杰克的脸。“嗒——哒！神奇的魔棒！”她说。

“嘘！别吵醒了老妈和老爸。”杰克低声说道。“把手电筒关了，我们不能让任何人看见我们。”

安妮点了点头，关了手电筒，然后把手电筒别在皮带上。

他们悄悄地溜出门。清晨的空气凉飕飕的，蛐蛐在唧唧地叫，隔壁的狗在汪汪地吠。

“别作声，亨利！”安妮轻声说。

亨利不叫了。动物们似乎总是很听安妮的话。

“我们跑吧！”杰克说。

他们飞速地跑过黑乎乎、湿漉漉的草地，到达树林才停了下来。

“现在我们需要手电筒了。”杰克说。

安妮从皮带上取下手电筒，揷亮了。

她和杰克一步一步地在树木中穿行。杰克屏住气，黑漆漆的树林让人胆战心惊。

“妖怪！”安妮说着，把手电筒照在杰克脸上。

杰克吓得往后一跳，然后皱了皱眉头。

“快拿开！”他说着。

“吓到你了吧。”安妮说。

杰克对她怒目而视。

“别装神弄鬼的！”他低声说，“这可不能开玩笑的。”

“好啦，好啦。”

安妮用手电筒照了照树顶。

“你在干什么？”杰克说。

“找树屋！”

手电光停住不动了。

树屋在那儿。神秘的树屋，在树林最高那棵大树的顶上。

安妮用手电筒照了照树屋，接着照了照高高的绳梯，沿着绳梯一直照到地面上。

“我准备上去了。”她说。她抓着手电筒，开始往上爬。

“等一等！”杰克大声喊道。

要是树屋里有人，那怎么办呢？

“安妮！快回来！”

但是她已经上去了。灯光也消失了。杰克一个人孤零零地呆在黑暗中。

1 The Dark Woods

Jack couldn't sleep.

He put his glasses on. He looked at the clock. 5:30.

Too early to get up.

Yesterday so many strange things had happened. Now he was trying to figure them out. He turned on the light. He picked up his notebook. He looked at the list he'd made before going to bed.

found tree house in woods found lots of books in it pointed to

Pteranodon picture in book made a wish went to time of dinosaurs Pointed to picture of Frog Creek woods made a wish Came home to Frog Creek Jack pushed his glasses into place. Who was going to believe any of this?

Not his mom. Or his dad. Or his third-grade teacher, Ms. Watkins. Only his seven-year-old sister, Annie. She'd gone with him to the time of the dinosaurs.

"Can't you sleep?"

It was Annie, standing in his doorway.

"Nope," said Jack.

"Me neither," said Annie. "What are you doing?"

She walked over to Jack and looked at his notebook. She read the list.

"Aren't you going to write about the gold medal?" she asked.

"You mean the gold medallion," said Jack.

He picked up his pencil and wrote:

found this in dinosaur time

"Aren't you going to put the letter M on the medal?" said Annie.

"Medallion," said Jack. "Not medal."

He added an M:

"Aren't you going to write about the magic person?" said Annie.

"We don't know for sure if there is a magic person," said Jack.

"Well, someone built the tree house in the woods. Someone put the books in it. Someone lost a gold medal in dinosaur time."

"Medallion!" said Jack for the third time. "And I'm just writing the facts. The stuff we know for sure."

"Let's go back to the tree house right now," said Annie. "And find out if the magic person is a fact."

"Are you nuts?" said Jack. "The sun's not even up yet."

"Come on," said Annie. "Maybe we can catch them sleeping."

"I don't think we should," said Jack. He was worried. What if the "magic person" was mean? What if he or she didn't want kids to know about the tree house?

"Well, I'm going," said Annie.

Jack looked out his window at the dark-gray sky. It was almost dawn.

He sighed. "Okay. Let's get dressed. I'll meet you at the back door. Be quiet."

"Yay!" whispered Annie. She tiptoed away as quietly as a mouse.

Jack put on jeans, a warm sweatshirt, and sneakers. He tossed his notebook and pencil in his backpack.

He crept downstairs.

Annie was waiting by the back door. She shined a flashlight in Jack's face.

"Ta-da! A magic wand!" she said.

"Shhh! Don't wake up Mom and Dad," whispered Jack. "And turn that flashlight off. We don't want anyone to see us."

Annie nodded and turned it off. Then she clipped it onto her belt.

They slipped out the door into the cool early-morning air. Crickets were

chirping. The dog next door barked.

“Quiet, Henry!” whispered Annie.

Henry stopped barking. Animals always seemed to do what Annie said.

“Let’s run!” said Jack.

They dashed across the dark, wet lawn and didn’t stop until they reached the woods.

“We need the flashlight now,” said Jack.

Annie took it off her belt and switched it on.

Step by step, she and Jack walked between the trees. Jack held his breath.

The dark woods were scary.

“Gotcha!” said Annie, shining the flashlight in Jack’s face.

Jack jumped back. Then he frowned.

“Cut it out!” he said.

“I scared you,” said Annie.

Jack glared at her.

“Stop pretending!” he whispered. “This is serious.”

“Okay, okay.”

Annie shined her flashlight over the tops of the trees.

“Now what are you doing?” said Jack.

“Looking for the tree house!”

The light stopped moving.

There it was. The mysterious tree house. At the top of the tallest tree in the woods.

Annie shined her light at the tree house, and then down the tall ladder.

All the way to the ground.

“I’m going up,” she said. She gripped the flashlight and began to climb.

“Wait!” Jack called.

What if someone was in the tree house?

“Annie! Come back!”

But she was gone. The light disappeared. Jack was alone in the dark.

2 再度出发

“这儿一个人也没有！”安妮朝着地面大声喊道。

杰克想着回家。接着，他又想着树屋里那所有的书。

他开始爬绳梯。当他快到树屋时，他看到远处天空中的亮光。天开始破晓了。

他从树屋地板上的一个洞口爬进树屋，然后放下了他的背包。

树屋里很暗。

安妮用手电筒在散落一地的书上照来照去。

“书还在这儿。”她说。

她把灯光停在那本恐龙书上。正是这本书，把他们带到了恐龙的时代。

“记得霸王龙吗？”安妮问。

杰克哆嗦了一下。他当然记得霸王龙。有谁能忘记见过活生生的霸王龙？

灯光落在关于宾夕法尼亚的书上。红色的丝绸书签从里面露出头来。

“记得蛙溪镇的那幅画吗？”安妮问。

“当然记得。”杰克说。正是那幅画，把他们带回了家。

“还有我最喜欢的。”安妮说。

灯光照在一本关于骑士和城堡的书上。蓝色的皮书签插在里面。安妮翻到插书签的那一页。那幅画上是——一个骑士骑在一匹黑马上。他正向一座城堡奔驰。

“安妮，关上那本书。”杰克说，“我知道你想干什么。”

安妮指着骑士。

“别，安妮！”

“我想我们可以见到这个真骑士。”安妮说。

“不，我们不去！”杰克大叫着。

他们听到一种奇特的声响。

“咳咳咳咳！”

这好像是马的嘶鸣声。

他们都向窗口走去。

安妮把手电筒照向地面。

“啊，不。”杰克小声说着。

“一个骑士！”安妮说。

一个身着闪闪盔甲的骑士！一个骑着黑马的骑士！正在穿过蛙溪树林！

接着风开始呻吟，树叶开始颤抖。

事情又一次发生了。

“我们要出发了！”安妮喊叫着，“快趴下！”

风的呻吟声更大了。树叶颤抖得更厉害了。

树屋开始打转，转得越来越快。

杰克紧紧地闭上双眼。

然后一切都平静了。

绝对的平静。

杰克睁开了眼睛。他颤抖不已。空气湿漉漉、凉飕飕的。

马的嘶鸣声从下面传来。

“咳咳咳咳！”

“我想我们到了。”安妮低声说道，手里仍然攥着那本城堡书。

杰克向窗外望去。

一座巨大的城堡在雾中若隐若现。

他看了看四周。树屋落在另一棵橡树上。树屋下面，骑着黑马的骑士正从旁驰过。

“我们不能呆在这儿。”杰克说，“我们得先回去，制定一个计划。”他捡起那本关于宾夕法尼亚的书。他翻开插着红色丝绸书签的那一页，指着蛙溪树林的那幅照片。“我希——”

“不！”安妮说。她从他手中夺过那本书。“我们留下来！我要拜访那座城堡！”

“你是大傻帽。我们得仔细研究一下形势。”杰克说，“回家研究。”

“我们就在这儿研究！”安妮说。

“快来。”他伸出手，“把书给我。”

安妮把书还给他。“好吧！你可以回家，我要留下来。”她说。她把手电筒别在皮带上。

“等一等！”杰克说。

“我打算去看看，就看一眼。”她说。她飞快地溜下绳梯。

杰克一声叹息。行，她赢了。他不能单独离开，把她留下。另外，其实他自己也想去看上一眼。

他放下宾夕法尼亚的那本书。

他不声不响地把那本城堡书放进背包里，跨上绳梯，下到地面。那冰凉凉、朦胧胧的雾气迎面扑来。

2 Leaving Again

“No one’ s here!” Annie shouted down.

Jack thought about going home. Then he thought about all the books in the tree house.

He started up the ladder. When he was nearly to the tree house, he saw light in the distant sky. Dawn was starting to break.

He crawled through a hole in the floor and took off his backpack.

It was dark inside the tree house.

Annie was shining her flashlight on the books scattered about.

“They’ re still here, ” she said.

She stopped the light on a dinosaur book. It was the book that had taken them to the time of the dinosaurs.

“Remember the Tyrannosaurus?” asked Annie.

Jack shuddered. Of coures he remembered! How could anyone forget seeing a real live Tyrannosaurus rex?

The light fell on a book about Pennsylvania. A red silk bookmark stuck out of it.

“Remember the picture of Frog Creek?” said Annie.

“Of course, ” said Jack. That was the picture that had brought them home.

“There’ s my favorite, ” said Annie.

The light was shining on a book about knights and castles. There was a blue leather bookmark in it.

Annie turned to the page with the bookmark. There was a picture of a knight on a black horse. He was riding toward a castle. “Annie, close that book, ” said Jack. “I know what you’ re thinking.”

Annie pointed at the knight.

“Don’ t, Annie!”

“We wish we could see this guy for real, ” Annie said.

“No, we don’ t!” shouted Jack.

They heard a strange sound.

“Neeee-hhhh! ”

It sounded like a horse neighing.

They both went to the window.

Annie shined the flashlight down on the ground.

“Oh no, ” whispered Jack.

“A knight!” said Annie.

Aknight in shining armor! Riding a black horse! Through the Frog Creek woods! Then the wind began to moan. The leaves began to tremble.

It was happening again.

“We’ re leaving!” cried Annie. “Get down!”

The wind moaned louder. The leaves shook harder.

And the tree house started to spin. It spun faster and faster!

Jack squeezed his eyes shut.

Then everything was still.

Absolutely still.

Jack opened his eyes. He shivered. The air was damp and cool.

The sound of a horse's whinny came again from below.

"Neeee-hhhh!"

"I think we're here," whispered Annie. She was still holding the castle book.

Jack peeked out the window.

A huge castle loomed out of the fog.

He looked around. The tree house was in a different oak tree. And down below, the knight on the black horse was riding by.

"We can't stay here," said Jack. "We have to go home and make a plan first." He picked up the book about Pennsylvania. He opened it to the page with the red silk bookmark. He pointed to the photograph of the Frog Creek woods. "I wish—"

"No!" said Annie. She yanked the book away from him. "Let's stay! I want to visit the castle!"

"You're nuts. We have to examine the situation," said Jack. "From home."

"Let's examine it here!" said Annie.

"Come on." He held out his hand. "Give it."

Annie gave Jack the book. "Okay. You can go home. I'm staying," she said. She clipped the flashlight to her belt.

"Wait!" said Jack.

"I'm going to take a peek. A teeny peek," she said. And she scooted down the ladder.

Jack groaned. Okay, she had won. He couldn't leave without her. Besides, he sort of wanted to take a peek himself.

He put down the book about Pennsylvania.

He dropped the castle book into his pack. He stepped onto the ladder.

And headed down into the cool, misty air.

3 跨过吊桥

安妮站在树下面，朝着雾蒙蒙的远处看去。

"依我看，骑士这是要往那座吊桥去。"安妮说，"吊桥通向那座城堡。"

"等一等，我看看书。"杰克说，"把手电筒给我！"

他从她手中接过手电筒，从背包里抽出那本城堡书。他翻到插着皮书签的那一页。

他读着骑士画下面的文字：

这是一个骑士赶往城堡参加宴会。骑士们身着全副盔甲，长途跋涉，历经艰险。

盔甲十分笨重。仅头盔就可达 40 磅。

哇噻。杰克五岁时才重 40 磅 [注]。这就是说，骑士骑马时就好像头上还坐着一个五岁的孩子。

杰克拿出自己的笔记本。他要做笔记，就像上次到恐龙时代游历那样做。

他写道：

笨重的头

还有什么呢？

他翻动城堡书的书页。他发现一幅画，这幅画展现了整个城堡和周围的建筑物。

“那个骑士正通过吊桥。”安妮说，“他通过了城堡的大门……他已经进去了。”

杰克仔细研究画中的吊桥。

他读道：

吊桥跨越护城河。护城河灌满了水，以帮助城堡防御敌人。有些人相信护城河里养有鳄鱼。

杰克在笔记本里写道：

护城河里有鳄鱼？

“看！”安妮透过雾气看见了什么。“一架风车！就在那边！”

“嗯，这儿也有一架风车。”杰克说，指着书中的画。

“看看真风车，杰克。”安妮说，“不是书中的风车。”

一声尖锐刺耳的叫声划破长空。

“天啊。”安妮说，“这声音好像是从那边小屋里传来的！”她的手指向雾中。

“这儿有一间小屋。”杰克边说边观察着书中的画。他翻了一页读道：鹰屋在城堡的内苑。鹰经过训练，用来捕获其他鸟儿和小动物。

杰克在笔记本上写道：

鹰屋里的鹰

“我们必须进入城堡的内苑。”杰克说。

“听！”安妮低声说，“你听见了吗？鼓声！号角声！它们从城堡里传来。我们去看。”

“等一下。”杰克说。他又翻了几页书。

“我要真真切切地看看城堡里正在做些什么事，杰克，不是书中的叙述。”安妮说。

“但是看看这个！”杰克说。

他指着一幅举行盛大宴会的画面。一些男子正站在大门的旁边，打着鼓吹着号角。

他读道：

迎宾曲奏了起来，随即各色各样的菜肴端了上来。宴会在大厅里举行。

“你就看你的书吧，我要到真正的宴会上去。”安妮说。

“等一下。”杰克说。他研究着画上的场景：画面上一些与他年龄差不多大的男孩们端上一盘盘食品。全猪、馅饼、全身羽毛的孔雀。孔雀？

杰克写道：

他们吃孔雀？

他捧着书给安妮看。“看，我想他们吃——”

她上哪儿了？不见了。又一次不见了。

杰克透过浓雾，费力地看着。

他听见了真正的鼓声，真正的号角声。他看见了真切的鹰屋，真切的风车，真切的护城河。

他看见安妮跨过了真正的吊桥。然后她进了城堡的大门，消失了。

3 Across the Bridge

Annie was under the tree, looking across the foggy ground.

“The knight's riding toward that bridge, I think,” said Annie.

“The bridge goes to the castle.”

“Wait. I'll look it up,” said Jack. “Give me the flashlight!”

He took the flashlight from her and pulled the castle book out of his pack.

He opened it to the page with the leather bookmark.

He read the words under the picture of the knight:

This is a knight arriving for a castle feast. Knights wore armor when they traveled long and dangerous distances. The armor was very heavy.

A helmet alone could weigh up to forty pounds.

Wow. Jack had weighted forty pounds when he was five years old. So it'd be like riding a horse with a five-year-old on your head.

Jakc pulled out his notebook. He wanted to take notes, as he'd done on their dinosaur trip.

He wrote:

heavy head

What else?

He turned the pages of the castle book. He found a picture that showed the whole castle and the buildings around it.

"The knight's crossing the bridge," said Annie. "He's going through the gate.... He's gone."

Jack studied the bridge in the picture.

He read:

A drawbridge crossed the moat. The moat was filled with water, to help protect the castle from enemies.

Some people believe crocodiles were kept in the moat.

Jack wrote in his notebook:

crocodiles in moat?

"Look!" said Annie, peering through the mist. "A windmill! Right over there!"

"Yeah, there's a windmill in here, too," said Jack, pointing at the picture.

"Look at the real one, Jack," said Annie. "Not the one in the book."

A piercing shriek split the air.

"Yikes," said Annie. "It sounded like it came from that little house over there!" She pointed through the fog.

"There's a little house here," said Jack, studying the picture.

He turned the page and read:

The hawk house was in the inner ward of the castle. Hawks were trained to hunt other birds and small animals.

Jack wrote in his notebook:

hawks in hawk house

"We must be in the inner ward," said Jack.

"Listen!" whispered Annie. "You hear that? Drums! Horns! They're coming from the castle. Let's go see."

"Wait," said Jakc. He turned more pages of the book.

"I want to see what's really going on, Jack. Not what's in the book," said Annie.

"But look at this!" said Jack.

He pointed to a picture of a big party. Men were standing by the door, playing

drums and horns.

He read:

Fanfares were played to announce different dishes in a feast. Feasts were held in the Great Hall.

“You can look at the book. I’ m going to the real feast, ” said Annie.

“Wait, ” said Jack, studying the picture. It showed boys his age carrying trays of food. Whole pigs. Pies. Peacocks with all their feathers. Peacocks?

Jack wrote:

they eat peacocks?

He held up the book to show Annie. “Look, I think they eat—”

Where was she? Gone. Again.

Jack looked through the fog.

He heard the real drums and the real horns. He saw the real hawk house, the real windmill, the real moat.

He saw Annie dashing across the real drawbridge. Then she vanished through the gate leading to the castle.

4 进入城堡

“我想杀了她。”杰克自言自语着。

他把所有的东西都塞进背包里，向吊桥走去。他希望不被任何人发现。

天越来越黑了，这肯定是夜晚。

他来到桥边，开始过桥。桥上的木板在脚下咯吱咯吱作响。

他从桥沿往下看了看。护城河里有鳄鱼吗？他不知真假。

“站住！”有人大声喊道。一个卫兵站在城堡的墙头上，正注视着下面。

杰克飞速跨过桥，穿过城堡的大门，冲进院子里。

从城堡里面传来了音乐声、喊叫声和欢笑声。

杰克急忙躲在一个黑暗的角落里，蹲伏下来。他浑身发抖，扫视四周，寻找安妮。

火把将院子四周的高墙都照亮了。院子里几乎是空空如也。

两个侍童牵着马，走在灰色鹅卵石路上，哒哒作响。

“哐哐哐哐！”

杰克转过身。这是那个骑士的黑马！

“嘘！”

他盯着黑暗处看了看。

安妮在那里。

她正藏在院子中央一口井的后面。她向他挥了挥手。

杰克也挥了挥手。他等呀等，等到侍童和马消失在马厩里，然后冲向井边。

“我打算去找音乐声！”安妮低声说，“你来吗？”

“好吧。”杰克叹息说。

他们一起蹑手蹑脚地走过鹅卵石路，然后溜进城堡的入口。

喧闹声、音乐声从他们前面那个亮堂堂的房间传来。他们站在大门的一旁偷看着。

“宴会在大厅里举行！”杰克低声说。他屏住气，敬畏地注视着。

在喧闹房间的另一端，一座大壁炉里正炉火熊熊。鹿角和壁毯挂在石墙上。鲜花覆盖着地板。身着短服的侍童端着大盘大盘的食品。

狗在桌下为骨头你争我夺。

身穿鲜亮衣服、头戴滑稽帽子的人们在人群中转来转去。有的弹着形状古怪的吉他。有的把球抛向空中。有的用手指顶着宝剑，让它立在空中不倒下来。

披着斗篷、穿着皮衣的先生们和女士们顺着长长的木餐桌而坐，挤挤一堂。

“我纳闷哪一个是那个骑士。”杰克说。

“我也不知道。”安妮低声说。“但是他们正在用他们的手指抓东西吃。”

突然有人在他们的背后大叫起来。

杰克转过身来。

一个侍童端着一盘馅饼正站在几英尺之外。

“你们是谁？”侍童怒气冲冲地问。

“杰克。”杰克细声答道。

“安妮。”安妮细声答道。

然后他们奋力地向光线昏暗的门厅跑去。

4 Into the Castle

“I’ m going to kill her, ” muttered Jack.

He threw his stuff into his pack and moved toward the drawbridge. He hoped no one would see him.

It was getting darker. It must be night.

When he got to the bridge, he started across. The wooden planks creaked under his feet.

He peered over the edge of the bridge. Were there any crocodiles in the moat? He couldn’ t tell.

“Halt!” someone shouted. A guard on top of the castle wall was looking down. Jack dashed across the bridge. He ran through the castle gate and into the courtyard.

From inside the castle came the sounds of music, shouting, and laughter.

Jack hurried to a dark corner and crouched down. He shivered as he looked around for Annie.

Torches lit the high wall around the courtyard. The courtyard was nearly empty.

Two boys led horses that clopped over the gray cobblestones.

“Neeee-hhhh! ”

Jack turned. It was the knight’ s black horse!

“Psssst!”

He peered into the darkness.

There was Annie.

She was hiding behind a well in the center of the courtyard. She waved at him.

Jack waved back. He waited till the boys and horses disappeared inside the stable. Then he dashed to the well.

“I’ m going to find the music!” whispered Annie. “Are you coming?”

“Okay, ” Jack said with a sigh.

They tiptoed together across the cobblestones. Then they slipped into the entrance of the castle.

Noise and music came from a bright room in front of them. They stood on one

side of the doorway and peeked in.

“The feast in the Great Hall!” whispered Jack. He held his breath as he stared in awe.

A giant fireplace blazed at one end of the noisy room. Antlers and rugs hung on the stone walls. Flowers covered the floor. Boys in short dresses carried huge trays of food.

Dogs were fighting over bones under the tables.

People in bright clothes and funny hats strolled among the crowd. Some played funny-shaped guitars. Some tossed balls in the air. Some balanced swords on their hands.

Men and women dressed in capes and furs sat at long, crowded wooden tables.

“I wonder which one is the knight,” said Jack.

“I don’t know,” whispered Annie. “But they’re eating with their fingers.” Suddenly, someone shouted behind them.

Jack whirled around.

A man carrying a tray of pies was standing a few feet away.

“Who art thou?” he asked angrily.

“Jack,” squeaked Jack.

“Annie,” squeaked Annie.

Then they ran as fast as they could down a dimly lit hallway.

5 被捕

“快快！”安妮喊着。

杰克紧紧跟在她后面。

有人追过来了吗？

“这儿！快！”安妮朝着门厅的一扇门猛冲过去。她把门推开了。他们俩一下子跌进了一个黑洞洞、冷冰冰的房间。门吱嘎一声关上了。

“给我手电筒。”安妮说。杰克把手电筒递给她，她揷亮手电筒。

天呀！一排骑士就站在他们面前！

安妮按熄手电筒。

万籁俱寂。

“他们不会动。”杰克低声说。

安妮又揷亮手电筒。

“它们只是些空壳。”杰克说。

“没有脑袋。”安妮说。

“把手电筒给我用一下。”杰克说，“我要看看书。”

安妮递给他手电筒。他抽出那本城堡书，飞快地翻动书页，直至找到了他要看的那一页。

他收好书。“这儿叫军械库。”他说，“这是贮藏盔甲和武器的地方。”

他用手电筒把房间四周都照了一遍。

“啊，好家伙。”杰克咕哝着。

亮光照在胸铠、臂铠、腿铠上面，闪闪发光。架子上摆满了头盔和武器。盾牌上搁着矛、剑、弩、棍棒，还有战斧。

大厅里爆发出一片喧闹声。说话的声音！

“我们快藏起来！”安妮说。

“等等。”杰克说，“我得先确认一件事。”

“那就赶快。”安妮说。

“一秒钟就足够了。”杰克说，“把这拿着。”他把手电筒递给安妮。

他试着举起架子上的一顶头盔。头盔太重了。

他拼尽全身力气把头盔套在自己头上。头盔上的脸盔砰的一声关上了。

唉，算了吧！这比头上坐着一个五岁的孩子还要糟糕呢。更像头上坐着一个十岁的孩子。

杰克不仅抬不起头，而且什么也看不见。

“杰克！”安妮的声音好像从很远的地方传来。

“说话声越来越近了！”

“关掉手电筒！”杰克的声音在金属腔里面回响。

他挣扎着想脱掉头盔。

他陡然间失去了平衡，一下子撞到其他的盔甲上。

金属盔片和武器掉到地板上砰砰直响。

杰克躺在黑暗中的地板上。

他企图站起来。但是他的头太重了。

他听见了沉沉的说话声。

有人抓住他的臂膀。接下来他只知道，他的头盔被猛地一下拿掉了。一把熊熊燃烧的火炬直接照在他的眼前。

5 Trapped

“Come on!” cried Annie.

Jack raced behind her.

Were they being followed?

“Here! Quick!” Annie dashed toward a door off the hallway. She pushed the door open. The two of them stumbled into a dark, cold room. The door creaked shut behind them.

“Give me the flashlight,” said Annie. Jack handed it to her, and she switched it on. Yikes! A row of knights right in front of them!

Annie flicked off the light.

Silence.

“They aren’ t moving,” Jack whispered.

Annie turned the light back on.

“They’ re just suits,” Jack said.

“Without heads,” said Annie.

“Let me have the flashlight a second,” said Jack. “So I can look in the book.”

Annie handed him the flashlight. He pulled out the castle book. He flipped through the pages until he found what he was looking for.

Jack put the book away. “It’ s called the armory,” he said. “It’ s where armor and weapons are stored.”

He shined the flashlight around the room.

“Oh, man,” whispered Jack.

The light fell on shiny breastplates, leg plates, arm plates. On shelves filled with helmets and weapons. On shields, spears, swords, c

rossbows, clubs, battle-axes.

There was a noise in the hall. Voices!

“Let’s hide!” said Annie.

“Wait,” said Jack. “I got to check on something first.”

“Hurry,” said Annie.

“It’ll take just a second,” said Jack. “Hold this.” He handed Annie the flashlight.

He tried to lift a helmet from a shelf. It was too heavy.

He bent over and dragged the helmet over his head. The visor slammed shut.

Oh, forget it. It was worse than having a five-year-old on your head.

More like having a ten-year-old on your head.

Not only could Jack not lift his head, he couldn’t see anything, either.

“Jack!” Annie’s voice sounded far away. “The voices are getting closer!”

“Turn off the flashlight!” Jack’s voice echoed inside the metal chamber.

He struggled to get the helmet off.

Suddenly he lost his balance and went crashing into other pieces of armor.

The metal plates and weapons clattered to the floor.

Jack lay on the floor in the dark.

He tried to get up. But his head was too heavy.

He heard deep voices.

Someone grabbed him by the arm. The next thing he knew, his helmet was yanked off. He was staring into the blazing light of a fiery torch.

6 嗒——哒！

在火炬照耀下，杰克见三个彪形大汉站在他面前。

一个长着一双斜眼睛，擎着火炬；一个很红的脸膛，抓住杰克；一个长着长长的大胡子，伸手抓住了安妮。

安妮又是踢又是叫。

“停住！”大胡子说。

“你们是什么人？”红脸膛问。

“间谍？外国人？埃及人？罗马人？波斯人？”斜眼睛说。

“不，你们这些笨蛋！”安妮说。

“啊，这下可好。”杰克咕哝着。

“逮捕他们！”红脸膛说。

“关进地牢！”斜眼睛说。

卫兵们押着杰克和安妮走出军械库。杰克发疯似地回头看了看。他的背包在哪儿呢？

“走！”卫兵说着，推了他一下。

杰克只好迈步。

他们向下走去，走过一道长长的黑黑的走廊。斜眼睛，安妮，大胡子，杰克，最后是红脸膛。

又从一道窄窄的弯来拐去的楼梯走下去。

杰克听见安妮对着卫兵们大喊大叫。“笨蛋！卑鄙家伙！我们什么也没有干！”

卫兵们笑了起来。他们根本没把她当回事。

在楼梯的尽头有一扇用横木挡住的大铁门。

斜眼睛抽掉门上的横木，猛地一推门，门吱呀吱呀地开了。

杰克和安妮被推进又冷又湿的房间里。

燃烧的火炬照亮了地牢。污秽不堪的墙上挂着铁链。水从天花板上滴下来，石头地上形成一个个小水坑。这是杰克所见到的最令人毛骨悚然的地方。

“我们在这儿看守他们，等到宴会结束，然后把他们交给公爵。”斜眼睛说，“他知道怎样招呼这些小贼。”

“明天会有绞刑。”长胡子说。

“除非耗子先把他们吃掉了。”红脸膛说。

他们一齐大笑起来。

杰克看到安妮拿着他的背包。她正在悄悄地拉开背包的拉链。

“来，让我们用铁链拴住他们两个。”斜眼睛说。

卫兵们开始走近他们。安妮猛地从背包里抽出手电筒。

“嗒——哒！”她大喊。

卫兵们呆住了。他们盯着她手中亮晃晃的手电筒。

安妮掀亮手电筒。卫兵们吓得透不过气来。他们跳回墙边靠着。

斜眼睛把火炬扔掉了。火炬掉进地上一个肮脏的水坑里，劈劈啪啪爆响了几声，熄灭了。

“我的魔棒！”安妮边说边挥舞着手电筒。“快蹲下。否则，我要消灭你们！”

杰克的嘴巴张得大大的。

安妮发疯似地把电灯光指向这个，又指向那个。每个人都嚎叫着，蒙住自己的脸。

“跪下！你们全部的人！跪下！”安妮大叫着。

一个接着一个，卫兵们都跪在地板上。

杰克几乎不相信是真的。

“快，”安妮对他说，“我们走。”

杰克看看开着的门，又看看跪在地板上的哆哆嗦嗦的卫兵们。

“快！”安妮说。

一个箭步，杰克跟着她离开了那令人恐怖的地牢。

6 Ta-da!

In the torchlight, Jack saw three huge men standing over him.

One with very squinty-eyes held the torch. One with a very red face held Jack.

And one with a very long mustache held on to Annie.

Annie was kicking and yelling.

“Stop!” said the one with the very long mustache.

“Who art thou?” said the one with the very red face.

“Spies? Foreigners? Egyptians? Romans? Persians?” said the squinty-eyed one.

“No, you dummies!” said Annie.

“Oh, brother,” Jack muttered.

“Arrest them!” said Red-face.

“The dungeon!” said Squinty-eyes.

The guards marched Jack and Annie out of the armory. Jack looked back frantically. Where was his backpack?

“Go!” said a guard, giving him a push.

Jack went.

Down they marched, down the long, dark hallway. Squinty, Annie, Mustache, Jack, and Red.

Down a narrow, winding staircase.

Jack heard Annie shouting at the guards. “Dummies! Meanies! We didn’t do anything!”

The guards laughed. They didn’t take her seriously at all.

At the bottom of the stairs was a big iron door with a bar across it.

Squinty pushed the bar off the door. Then he shoved at the door. It creaked open.

Jack and Annie were pushed into a cold, clammy room.

The fiery torch lit the dungeon. There were chains hanging from the filthy walls. Water dripped from the ceiling, making puddles on the stone floor. It was the creepiest place Jack had ever seen.

“We’ll keep them here till the feast is done. Then turn them over to the Duke,” said Squinty. “He knows how to take care of thieves.”

“There will be a hanging tomorrow,” said Mustache.

“If the rats don’t get them first,” said Red.

They all laughed.

Jack saw that Annie had his backpack. She was quietly unzipping it.

“Come on, let’s chain the two of’em,” said Squinty.

The guards started toward them. Annie whipped her flashlight out of the pack.

“Ta-da!” she yelled.

The guards froze. They stared at the shiny flashlight in her hand.

Annie switched the light on. The guards gasped in fear. They jumped back against the wall.

Squinty dropped the torch. It fell into a dirty puddle on the floor, sputtered, and went out.

“My magic wand!” Annie said, waving the flashlight. “Get down. Or I’ll wipe you out!” Jack’s mouth dropped open.

Annie fiercely pointed her light at one, then the other. Each howled and covered his face.

“Down! All of you! Get down!” shouted Annie.

One by one, the guards lay down on the wet floor.

Jack couldn’t believe it.

“Come on,” Annie said to him. “Let’s go.”

Jack looked at the open doorway. He looked at the guards quaking on the ground.

“Hurry!” said Annie.

In one quick leap, Jack followed her out of the terrible dungeon.

7 秘密通道

秘密通道安妮和杰克跑上弯弯曲曲的楼梯，穿过长长的走廊。

他们没跑多远，就听见后面的大喊大叫声。

远处的狗汪汪汪地叫了起来。

“他们追来了！”安妮喊道。

“在这里！”杰克说。他猛地推开走廊的一扇门，把安妮拉进一个黑暗房间里。杰克

把门关上。接着安妮用手电筒把房间照了一遍。房间里堆着一排排麻袋，摆着一排排の木桶。

“我最好先看看书。”杰克说，“把手电筒递给我！”

安妮把手电筒和背包都交给他。他拿出书，开始匆匆地翻书。

“嘘！”安妮说，“有人来啦。”

杰克和安妮刚跳到门后面，门就吱呀吱呀地开了。

杰克屏住气。火炬的光亮在麻袋和桶上晃来晃去。

亮光消失了。门砰地关上了。

“天哪。”杰克咕哝着，“我们得抓紧点，他们可能再回来。”

当他翻动那本城堡书时，他双手一直在发抖。

“这儿有一幅城堡的地图。”他说，“看，这肯定是我们现在呆的房间，这是贮藏室。”杰克研究着书中的那个房间。“有一袋袋面粉和一桶桶酒。”

“管它呢！我们得离开！”安妮说，“在他们回来之前！”

“不，看。”杰克说。他指着那幅地图。“这儿有一扇暗门。”

他大声读道：

这扇门从贮藏室经过一条秘密通道，可达护城河上的一堵绝壁。

“绝壁是什么？”安妮说。

“我不知道，我们会弄明白的。”杰克说，“但是我们首先得找到这扇暗门。”

杰克仔仔细细地看了又看这幅图。接着他用手电筒把房间四周照了又照。

房间的地板是用石头铺成的。图上的暗门离通向走廊的大门五块石头远。

杰克用灯光照着地板，数着石头。“一、二、三、四、五。”

他在第五块石头上跺了跺脚。石头是松动的！

他把手电筒放在地板上。他使劲儿地用手指抠在薄石板的下边，想把石头搬起来。

“快来帮忙。”杰克说。

安妮跑过来，帮他抬起了这块四四方方的石头。下面是一扇小小的木门。

杰克和安妮猛拉门的绳把手，门轰然翻落在地，打开了。

杰克拾起手电筒，往洞里照了照。

“有一张小梯子。”他说，“我们走吧。”

他别好手电筒，摸索着顺着小梯子往下爬。安妮紧跟其后。

当他们下到小梯子底部时，杰克用手电筒照了照他们的四周。

有一条通道！

他们弯下腰，开始沿着潮湿的、令人不寒而栗的通道移动。这时，手电筒只照得亮石墙了。

他摇了摇手电筒。电池快用光了？

“我想我们的手电筒快没电了！”他对安妮说。

“快快快！”她在后面喊道。

杰克走得更快了。他的背因弯腰而疼起来。

电筒光越来越暗，越来越弱。

在电池完全用光之前，他得拼命地跑出城堡才行。

不久，他们到达另一扇小木门。门在通道的尽头。

杰克拔掉门闩，推开了它。

他把头伸向外面。

外面雾蒙蒙的，漆黑一团，他什么也看不清。

空气感觉不错。凉爽、清新。他深深地吸了一口气。

“我们在什么地方？”安妮在他后面低声说，“你看见了什么？”

“什么也看不见。但是我想我们到了城堡的外面。”杰克说，“我会弄明白的。”杰克把手电筒放进背包里，把背包背在背上。他把手伸出门外。他摸不着地面。只有空气。

“我打算先用脚试试。”他说。

杰克在小通道里翻过身，趴在地上。他把一只脚伸出门外，接着又伸出另一只脚。杰克一点一点地往下溜，一点一点地。直到他悬在门外，紧紧地抓住边沿。

“这肯定是那堵绝壁。”他对安妮大叫着，“把我拉上去！”

安妮摸到杰克的双手。“我拉不动你！”她说。

杰克感到他的手指滑脱了。接着他掉了下去。

他掉进黑暗中。

扑通！

7 A Secret Passage

Annie and Jack raced back up the winding stairs and down the long hall way. They hadn't gone far when they heard shouting behind them.

Dogs barked in the distance.

“They're coming!” Annie cried.

“In here!” said Jack. He shoved open a door off the hallway and pulled Annie into a dark room.

Jack pushed the door shut. Then Annie shined her flashlight around the room. There were rows of sacks and wooden barrels.

“I'd better look in the book,” said Jack. “Give it to me!”

Annie gave him the flashlight and his backpack. He pulled out the book and started tearing through it.

“Shhh!” said Annie. “Someone's coming.”

Jack and Annie jumped behind the door as it creaked open.

Jack held his breath. A light from a torch danced wildly over the sacks and barrels. The light disappeared. The door slammed shut.

“Oh, man,” whispered Jack. “We have to hurry. They might come back.”

His hands were trembling as he flipped through the pages of the castle book.

“Here's a map of the castle,” he said. “Look, this must be the room we're in. It's a storeroom.” Jack studied the room in the book.

“These are sacks of flour and barrels of wine.”

“Who cares? We have to go!” said Annie. “Before they come back!”

“No. Look,” said Jack. He pointed at the map. “Here's a trapdoor.”

He read aloud:

This door leads from the storeroom through a secret passage to a precipice over the moat.

“What's a precipice?” said Annie.

“I don't know. We'll find out,” said Jack. “But first we have to find the door.” Jack looked at the picture carefully. Then he shined the flashlight around the room.

The floor of the room was made up of stones. The trapdoor in the picture was

five stones away from the door to the hall.

Jack shined the light on the floor and counted the stones. "One, two, three, four, five."

He stamped on the fifth stone. It was loose!

He put the flashlight on the floor. He worked his fingers under the thin sheet of stone and tried to lift it.

"Help, " Jack said.

Annie came over and helped him lift the stone square out of its place.

Underneath was a small wooden door.

Jack and Annie tugged on the rope handle of the door. The door fell open with a thunk.

Jack picked up the flashlight and shined it on the hole.

"There' s a little ladder, " hs said. "Let' s go!"

He clipped on the flashlight and felt his way down the small ladder. Annie followed. When they both reached the bottom of the ladder, Jack shined the light around them.

There was a tunnel!

He crouched down and began moving through the damp, creepy tunnel. The flashlight barely lit the stone walls.

He shook the light. Were the batteries running down?

"I think our light' s dying!" he said to Annie.

"Hurry!" she called from behind.

Jack went faster. His back hurt from crouching.

The light got dimmer and dimmer.

He was desperate to get out of the castle before the batteries died completely.

Soon he reached another small wooden door. The door at the end of the tunnel!

Jack unlatched the door and pushed it open.

He poked his head outside.

He couldn' t see anything in the misty darkness.

The air felt good. Cool and fresh. He took a deep breath.

"Where are we?" whispered Annie behind him. "What do you see?"

"Nothing. But I think we' ve come to the outside of the castle, " said Jack.

"I' ll find out."

Jack put the flashlight in his pack. He put the pack on his back. He stuck his hand out the door. He couldn' t feel the ground. Just air.

"I' m going to have to go feet first, " he said.

Jack turned around in the small tunnel. He lay down on his stomach. He stuck one leg out the door. Then the other.

Jack inched down, bit by bit. Until he was hanging out the door, clinging to the ledge. "This must be the precipice!" he called to Annie. "Pull me up!"

Annie reached for Jack' s hands. "I can' t hold you!" she said.

Jack felt his fingers slipping. Then down he fell.

Down through the darkness.

SPLASH!

8 骑士

水灌满杰克的鼻子，淹过他的头。他的眼镜掉了，他及时地抓住了它。他咳嗽起来，胡乱地划动双臂。

“杰克！”安妮在头顶上喊着。

“我在……在护城河里！”杰克气喘吁吁地说。他努力踩水，想把眼镜重新戴上。他的背包、鞋子、沉重的衣服叫他几乎不能浮在水面上了。

扑通！

“喂！我在这儿！”安妮急切地说。

杰克可以听见她在附近。但是他看不见她。

“哪条路能上岸呢？”安妮问。

“我不知道！快游吧！”

杰克用狗爬式游过冰凉的黑黑的水面。

他听见安妮也在游。起先，她好像游在他前面。不过他接着听见后面哗啦一声响。

“安妮？”他大喊道。

“什么事？”她的声音来自前面。不在后面。

又哗啦一声。在后面。

杰克的心脏几乎停止跳动了。鳄鱼？戴着水蒙蒙的眼镜他什么也看不清。

“安妮！”他低声喊着。

“什么？”

“游快些！”

“但是我在这儿了！我在这边儿。挨着岸边！”她低声说。

杰克在黑暗中朝着她声音游去。他猜想一条鳄鱼正跟在他后面滑行。

又哗啦一声响！就在不远处！

杰克的手碰到一个湿淋淋、活生生的东西。

“啊，哎呀！”他大叫着。

“是我！抓住我的手！”安妮说。

杰克抓住她的手。她把他拉上护城河的岸边。他们爬上河堤，躺在湿漉漉的草地上。安全了！

又哗啦一声响从护城河水中传来。

“天哪。”杰克说。

他浑身上下打颤，牙齿格格作响。他抖落眼镜上的水，重新戴上。

雾如此之浓，他看不见城堡。他甚至连护城河也看不见，更不用说一只鳄鱼了。

“我们……我们成功了。”安妮说。她的牙齿也格格作响。

“我知道。”杰克说，“但是我们现在在什么地方呢？”他朝雾蒙蒙的黑暗看去。

吊桥在何处？风车在何处？鹰屋在何处？树林在何处？树屋在何处？

一切的一切都被浓浓的阴湿的黑暗吞没了。

杰克摸到湿漉漉的背包，拿出手电筒。他揿动开关。没有一丝一毫的亮光。

他们陷入困境。不是在地牢里，而是在万籁俱寂的寒冷的黑暗中。

“咳咳咳咳！”

一匹马的嘶鸣声。

正在这时云开了。一轮圆月亮闪闪地照在天空。一道道光驱散了浓雾。

接着，杰克和安妮看见了几英尺之外的他——那个骑士。

他骑在黑马上，盔甲在月光下闪闪发亮。头盔遮住他的脸膛。但是他好像一直在凝视着杰克和安妮。

8 The Knight

Water filled Jack' s nose and covered his head. His glasses fell off. He grabbed them just in time. He coughed and flailed his arms.

“Jack!” Annie was calling from above.

“I' m in... the moat!” said Jack, gasping for air. He tried to tread water and put his glasses back on. With his backpack, his shoes, and his heavy clothes, he could hardly stay afloat.

SPLASH!

“Hi! I' m here!” Annie sputtered.

Jack could hear her nearby. But he couldn' t see her.

“Which way' s land?” Annie asked.

“I don' t know! Just swim!”

Jack dog-paddled through the cold black water.

He heard Annie swimming, too. At first it seemed as if she was swimming in front of him. But then he heard a splash behind him.

“Annie?” he called.

“What?” Her voice came from in front. Not behind.

Another splash. Behind.

Jack' s heart almost stopped. Crocodiles? He couldn' t see anything through his waterstreaked glasses.

“Annie!” he whispered.

“What?”

“Swim faster!”

“But I' m here! I' m over here! Near the edge!” she whispered.

Jack swam through the dark toward her voice. He imagined a crocodile slithering after him.

Another splash! Not far away!

Jack' s hand touched a wet, live thing.

“Ahhhh!” he cried.

“It' s me! Take my hand!” said Annie.

Jack grabbed her hand. She pulled him to the edge of the moat. They crawled over an embankment onto the wet grass.

Safe!

Another splash came from the moat waters.

“Oh, man, ” Jack said.

He was shivering all over. His teeth were chattering. He shook the water off his glasses and put them back on.

It was so misty he couldn' t see the castle. He couldn' t even see the moat, much less a crocodile.

“We... we made it, ” said Annie. Her teeth were chattering, too.

“I know, ” said Jack. “But where are we?” He peered at the foggy darkness. Where was the drawbridge? The windmill? The hawk house? The grove of trees? The tree house?

Everything had been swallowed up by the thick, soupy darkness.

Jack reached into his wet backpack and pulled out the flashlight. He pushed the switch. No more light.

They were trapped. Not in a dungeon. But in the still, cold darkness.

“Neeee-hhhh! ”

A horse’s whinny.

Just then the clouds parted. A full moon was shining in the sky. A pool of light spread through the mist.

Then Jack and Annie saw him just a few feet away. The knight.

He sat on the black horse. His armor shone in the moonlight. A visor hid his face. But he seemed to be staring straight at Jack and Annie.

9. 月光下

杰克愣住了。

“是他。”安妮低声说。

武士伸出戴着手套的手。

“走，杰克。”安妮说。

“你上哪儿去？”杰克问。

“他想帮助我们。”安妮说。

“你怎么知道？”

“我就是知道。”安妮说。

安妮向马走去。骑士跳下马来。

骑士抱起安妮，把她放在马背上。

“来，杰克。”她叫喊着。

杰克慢慢地向骑士走去。这像是一场梦。

骑士也抱起他，把他放在马背上，让他坐在安妮的后面。

骑士坐在他们的后面。他猛甩一下缰绳。

月光照在护城河的水面上，黑马在岸边慢慢地跑着。

杰克在马鞍上前后晃动。风吹拂着他的头发。他感到特勇敢、特有力。

他感到同这神秘的骑士在一起，他愿意骑着这匹马就这样永远奔驰。跨越海洋，跑遍世界，奔向月亮。

一只鹰在黑暗中尖叫了一声。

“树屋在那边。”安妮说。她指着一片树林。

武士驾着马向树林跑去。

“看，那就是。”安妮说着，指着绳梯。

骑士让马停下来。他跃下马，帮安妮下来。

“谢谢您，先生。”她说着，鞠了个躬。

接着是杰克，“谢谢您。”他说着，也鞠了躬。

骑士重新跨上马背。他举起戴手套的手，然后他猛拽缰绳，奔驰而去，消失在雾中。

安妮开始上绳梯，杰克紧跟其后。他们爬进漆黑的树屋，探头向窗外望去。

武士正朝着城堡的外墙驰骋。他们看见他进入外城门。

乌云又遮住了月亮。不到一会儿，杰克觉得自己看见了城堡后边的小山顶上骑士的盔甲微微闪光。

乌云把月亮全部覆盖，黑黑的雾吞没了大地。

“他已经走了。”安妮咕哝着。

杰克浑身透湿，直打冷颤，同时他一直在注视着黑暗的四周。

“我冷。”安妮说，“那本宾夕法尼亚的书在哪儿？”

杰克听见安妮在黑暗中摸索。他一直望着窗外。

“我想这本就是。”安妮说，“我摸到了丝绸书签。”

杰克心不在焉地听着，他希望能在远处再看见那个骑士的盔甲微微的闪光。

“行，我就用这本书。”安妮说，“我想这本书正是那本书。我要开始了，好，我指着书了，我准备许愿了，我希望我们能去蛙溪镇！”

杰克听见风吹了起来。开始很温柔。

“我希望我指向了正确书中的正确的画。”安妮说。

“什么？”杰克回头看看她，“正确的书？正确的画？”

树屋开始摇晃。风越刮越猛，越刮越凶。

“我希望这不是那本恐龙书！”安妮说。

“停止！”杰克对着树屋大叫。

太迟了。

树屋开始打转。转得越来越快。

风在呼啸。

然后突然间一切都平静了。

绝对的平静。

9 Under the Moon

Jack froze.

“It’s him,” Annie whispered.

The knight held out his gloved hand.

“Come on, Jack,” Annie said.

“Where are you going?” said Jack.

“He wants to help us,” said Annie.

“How do you know?”

“I can just tell,” said Annie.

Annie stepped toward the horse. The knight dismounted.

The knight picked Annie up and put her on the back of his horse.

“Come on, Jack,” she called.

Jack moved slowly toward the knight. It was like a dream.

The knight picked him up, too. He placed Jack on the horse, behind Annie.

The knight got on behind them. He slapped the reins.

The black horse cantered beside the moonlit water of the moat.

Jack rocked back and forth in the saddle. The wind blew his hair. He felt very brave and very powerful.

He felt as if he could ride forever on this horse, with this mysterious knight.

Over the ocean. Over the world. Over the moon.

A hawk shrieked in the darkness.

“There’ s the tree house, ” said Annie. She pointed toward a grove of trees. The knight steered the horse toward the trees.

“See. There it is, ” Annie said, pointing to the ladder.

The knight brought his horse to a stop. He dismounted and helped Annie down.

“Thank you, sir, ” she said. And she bowed.

Then Jack. “Thank you, ” he said. And he bowed also.

The knight got back on his horse. He raised his gloved hand. Then he slapped the reins and rode off through the mist.

Annie started up the tall ladder, and Jack followed. They climbed into the dark tree house and looked out the window.

The knight was riding toward the outer wall. They saw him go through the outer gate.

Clouds started to cover the moon again. For a brief moment, Jack thought he saw the knight’ s armor gleaming on the top of a hill beyond the castle.

The clouds covered the moon completely. And a black mist swallowed the land.

“He’ s gone, ” whispered Annie.

Jack shivered in his wet clothes as he kept staring at the blackness.

“I’ m cold, ” said Annie. “Where’ s the Pennsylvania book?”

Jack heard Annie fumble in the darkness. He kept looking out the window.

“I think this is it, ” said Annie. “I feel a silk bookmark.”

Jack was only half-listening. He was hoping to see the knight’ s armor gleam again in the distance.

“Okay. I’ m going to use this, ” said Annie. “Because I think it’ s the right one. Here goes. Okay. I’ m pointing. I’ m going to wish.

I wish we could go to Frog Creek!”

Jack heard the wind begin to blow. Softly at first.

“I hope I pointed to the right picture in the right book, ” said Annie.

“What?” Jack looked back at her. “Right picture? Right book?”

The tree house began to rock. The wind got louder and louder.

“I hope it wasn’ t the dinosaur book!” said Annie.

“Stop!” Jack shouted at the tree house.

Too late.

The tree house started to spin. It was spinning and spinning!

The wind was screaming.

Then suddenly there was silence.

Absolute silence.

10. 神秘之谜破解了

空气暖洋洋的。

现在是拂晓时分。远处一只狗在吠叫。

“我想这是亨利在叫！”安妮说，“我们的确到家了。”

他们双双向树屋的窗外望去。

“家真近啊。”杰克说。

在远处，街道上的路灯还亮着。他们家楼上窗户还亮着灯。

“唷——啊。”安妮说。“我想老妈和老爸起床了，得赶快！”

“等一等。”杰克有些迷糊，拉开背包的拉链，他抽出那本城堡书，书还湿漉漉的。不过杰克还是把它和树屋里其他的书放在一起。

“走吧！快！”安妮说，迅速溜出树屋。

杰克跟着她下绳梯。

他们到了地面上，在灰黑色的树林中穿行。

他们离开了大森林，向着冷冷清清的街道跑去。

他们到了自己的院子，蹑手蹑脚地穿过草坪，直走到家的后门。

杰克和安妮溜进房子里。

“他们还没下楼呢。”安妮低声说。

“嘘，”杰克说。

他沿楼梯上了楼，又下楼到客厅去。不见老妈和老爸的踪影。但是他能听见洗澡间的流水声。

他们的家和那黑洞洞冰飕飕的城堡是如此的不同。家是这样的安全，这样的温馨，这样的亲切。

安妮正站在她卧室的门口。她对杰克笑了笑，然后消失在她卧室里。

杰克飞快进入自己的房间。他脱掉自己的湿衣，换上了干燥柔软的睡衣。

他坐在床上，拉开背包拉链。他拿出湿湿的笔记本。他在背包里摸铅笔，但是他的手触摸到一样东西。

杰克从背包里掏出那张蓝色的皮书签。这肯定是那张插在城堡书中的书签。

杰克拿着书签凑近灯前，仔细研究。皮书签光滑陈旧，它似乎十分古老。

杰克第一次发现书签上有个字母。一个奇异的 M。

杰克打开床边的桌子抽屉。他拿出金牌。

他看着上面的字母，也是同一个 M。

这是一个令人惊奇的新事实。

杰克深深地吸了一口气，一个神秘之谜破解了。

在恐龙时代失落金牌的人和树屋那所有书籍的主人是同一个人。

这个人是谁呢？

杰克把书签和奖牌并排放好，然后关上抽屉。

他拿起铅笔，翻到笔记本湿得最少的那一页。他开始记下这个新事实：一样的……

不过他还没写完字母 M，双眼就闭上了。

他梦见他们又和骑士在一起。他们三人骑着黑马在凉飕飕、黑漆漆的夜里奔驰。

驰过城堡的外墙。奔上月光照亮的小山。

消失在浓浓的雾中。

10 One Mystery Solved

The air was warm.

It was dawn. Far away a dog barked.

“I think that’s Henry barking!” Annie said. “We did come home.”

They both looked out the tree house window.

“That was close,” said Jack.

In the distance, streetlights lit their street. There was a light on in their upstairs window.

“Uh-oh, ” said Annie. “I think Mom and Dad are up. Hurry!”

“Wait.” In a daze, Jack unzipped his backpack. He pulled out the castle book. It was quite wet. But Jack placed it back with all the other books.

“Come on! Hurry!” said Annie, scooting out of the tree house.

Jack followed her down the ladder.

They reached the ground and took off between the gray-black trees.

They left the woods and ran down their deserted street.

They got to their yard and crept across the lawn. Right up to the back door.

Jack and Annie slipped inside the house.

“They’ re not downstairs yet, ” whispered Annie.

“Shhh, ” said Jack.

He led the way up the stairs and down the hall. No sign of his mom or dad. But he could hear water running in the bathroom.

Their house was so different from the dark, cold castle. So safe and cozy and friendly.

Annie stopped at her bedroom door. She gave Jack a smile, then disappeared inside her room.

Jack hurried into his room. He took off his damp clothes and pulled on his dry, soft pajamas.

He sat down on his bed and unzipped his backpack. He took out his wet notebook. He felt around for the pencil, but his hand touched something else.

Jack pulled the blue leather bookmark out of his pack. It must have fallen out of the castle book.

Jack held the bookmark close to his lamp and studied it. The leather was smooth and worn. It seemed ancient.

For the first time Jack noticed a letter on the bookmark. A fancy M.

Jack opened the drawer next to his bed. He took out the gold medallion.

He looked at the letter on it. It was the same M.

Now this was an amazing new fact.

Jack took a deep breath. One mystery solved.

The person who had dropped the gold medallion in the time of the dinosaurs was the same person who owned all the books in the tree house.

Who was this person?

Jack placed the bookmark next to the medallion. He closed the drawer.

He picked up his pencil. He turned to the least wet page in his notebook. And he started to write down this new fact. the same

But before he could draw the M, his eyes closed.

He dreamed they were with the knight again. All three of them riding the black horse through the cool, dark night. Beyond the outer wall of the castle. And up over a moonlit hill.

Into the mist.