

《吸血侠传奇-(壹)》

图书基本信息

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内容概要

《吸血侠传奇1(新版)》内容简介：吸血侠让你在紧张刺激中享受恐怖，感受温情！达伦·山是一个普通男孩——一场怪物马戏团的表演改变了他的命运……他遇到了一个阴森的夜行幽灵……达伦和他的朋友掉进一个危险的陷阱。为挽救朋友的生命，达伦必须与那个幽灵谈判。然而，他必须成为吸血鬼的助手……成为吸血鬼助手的达伦过着一种与以往截然不同的生活……他顽强的抗争，抵御令他难熬的诱惑……然而命运在召唤……神秘的小人在逡巡……疯狂的狼人在等待……达伦和他的朋友一起离开怪物马戏团，品尝城市生活的滋味……人们发现尸体——被吸干血的尸体，达伦不得不面对一个令人恶心的夜行怪物，他可能就是杀人凶手……邪恶逼近了达伦和他的朋友。

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作者简介

作者自话

我原名叫达伦·奥肖内西，1972年出生在英国伦敦，父母是爱尔兰人。6岁时我们全家搬进了爱尔兰我曾祖父的农舍。我喜欢乡村中那种无拘无束的生活，乡村的一切比城市诡秘多了。当时的爱尔兰还很落后，电视只有两个频道，所以这期间我读了很多书。凡我能找得

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书籍目录

- 1 初变吸血鬼
- 2 吸血鬼的助手
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媒体关注与评论

“吸血侠达伦·山传奇”系列小说是英国青年作家达伦·山（原名达伦·奥肖内西）目前正在全心投入创作的一套大型系列儿童读物，计划共创作二十余部，读者对象为10岁以上青少年。小说以第一人称的手法，讲述了我——达伦·山如何由人变成吸血鬼，如何在人与鬼，在生与死，在正义与邪恶的抉择中所经历的传奇而恐怖的成长历程。

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编辑推荐

假如你曾读过“哈利·波特”，踏进过魔法世界的大门，那么请你读读《吸血侠传奇》，你会走进另外一个神秘莫测的幻想世界——享受恐怖，感受温情！“哈利·波特”的作者J.K.罗琳强力推荐：一本引人入胜的书——情节曲折，悬念迭出，令读者迫不及待地想读下去！又一套轰动世界的畅销图书，在欧美、日本、韩国和中国台湾，继“哈利·波特”之后，再掀热销狂潮！美国华内公司根据该系列小说即将全力打造巨片！

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精彩短评

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精彩书评

1、十年光球，哈利已经陪我走了那么长的一路。在哈7.2上映的这几天，却在书架上看到了这一本——《吸血侠：达伦·山传奇》。同样是人民出版社出版的，同样有马爱新、马爱农译文，同样是小时候百看不厌的书，却因为没有电影，少为人知。或者说，早早地在我们的生命周期里，被繁多的事物掩埋。书架上只有一本2，1应该是看过的，3有没有就不是很记得了。如果说还有哪一本书让我如此想在银幕上看见，那么，一定是这一本。虽然它并不像哈利一样，构建了一个如此庞大的魔法世界，一个让人充满憧憬充满幻想的天地；但它在描述吸血鬼这一个群体时，更加贴近人类生活的现实。例如公平和公正，例如等级制度。同样的，它也不缺乏作为一本儿童读物应该有的吸引小读者的一切——冒险，杀怪，从小男孩开始成长历练到最后担当一切；也不缺乏需要宣扬的——勇气和智慧（如果达伦山去霍格沃兹就读，一定会被分到格兰芬多）。他对抗浪人，他杀疯吸血魔莫劳；他经受住了难度极高的考验，终于被吸血鬼们承认；他站在正义的这方对抗吸血鬼的叛变，最终得到了被授予王子的荣耀。（请原谅我暂时还没重新读完书，这只是凭记忆写出的，如有错误请纠正。）所有的这些，都曾经和哈利一样，在我的世界里占据着很重要的一部分，起着很重要的作用。我不能具体的讲出它的作用，但它绝对是我童年不可磨灭的记忆。在我从小到大记得的梦境里，我从未梦见过自己会魔法，但却梦见过我像吸血鬼一样住在狭窄的洞穴里。现在想想，小时候我看过的书还不少。除这两本外，在我小时候起着重要教育意义的有《今天我是升旗手》和那时的所有《儿童文学》，让我小时候天天做恶梦的《大妖湖》系列和鸡皮疙瘩系列（这个万恶的系列，当时怎么就这么红呢！）；当然还有侦探类的柯南和小虎队（虽然我对小虎队的爱一般）。还有好多的，现在都已经把名字忘了。小时候看的书还多一点，人越长却越看的少。到底是读课本考试花去了我们太多的精力，亦或是我们再没有那种读书的心情？

2、在学校的图书馆里看完四本。不知道看完它能这么让我念念不忘，它带给我的所想远远超过了一部普通小说所能给我的。命运，整个四部读完，这个词一直在我脑海里就挥不去。我以为它能像其他一切奇幻小说那样，虚幻的开始虚幻的结束，但直到结尾，整个书完结了，这个故事变得真实了，那些经历那些死亡带给我感觉向现实中给我的一样。Larten Crepsley, my friend, how I wish I could tell you I love you. 死亡不可怕，世界不是唯一的遭遇不可怕，命运不是唯一的命运是好事者的插手，看似被安排好的，但我们还是可以自己选择。Darren把自己从历史上抹去，还原本的自己一个普普通通的生活。可那些故事曾经发生，那些友情爱情，那些快乐伤痛，在某个时空中，刻骨铭心。写在这里提醒自己，以后有了自己的空间，一定要捧回这四本书，伴随一生。

3、INTRODUCTION I'VE ALWAYS BEEN FASCINATED BY spiders. I used to collect them when I was younger. I'd spend hours rooting through the dusty old shed at the bottom of our garden, hunting the cobwebs for lurking eight-legged predators. When I found one, I'd bring it in and let it loose in my bedroom. It used to drive my mom crazy! Usually, the spider would slip away after no more than a day or two, never to be seen again, but sometimes they hung around longer. I had one who made a cobweb above my bed and stood guard for almost a month. Going to sleep, I used to imagine the spider creeping down, crawling into my mouth, sliding down my throat, and laying loads of eggs in my belly. The baby spiders would hatch after a while and eat me alive, from the inside out. I loved being scared when I was little. When I was nine, my mom and dad gave me a small tarantula. It wasn't poisonous or very big, but it was the greatest gift I'd ever received. I played with that spider almost every waking hour of the day. Gave it all sorts of treats: flies and cockroaches and tiny worms. Spoiled it rotten. Then, one day, I did something stupid. I'd been watching a cartoon in which one of the characters was sucked up by a vacuum cleaner. No harm came to him. He squeezed out of the bag, dusty and dirty and mad as hell. It was very funny. So funny, I tried it myself. With the tarantula. Needless to say, things didn't happen quite like they did in the cartoon. The spider was ripped to pieces. I cried a lot, but it was too late for tears. My pet was dead, it was my fault, and there was nothing I could do about it. My parents practically hollered the roof down when they found out what I'd done the tarantula had cost quite a lot of money. They said I was irresponsible, and from that day on they never again let me have a pet, not even an ordinary garden spider. I started with that tale from the past for two reasons. One will become obvious as this book unfolds. The other reason is: This is a true story. I don't expect you to believe me I wouldn't believe it myself if I hadn't lived it but it is. Everything I describe in this book happened, just as I tell it. The thing about real life is, when you do something stupid, it normally costs you. In books, the heroes can make as

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many mistakes as they like. It doesn't matter what they do, because everything works out in the end. They'll beat the bad guys and put things right and everything ends up cool. In real life, vacuum cleaners kill spiders. If you cross a busy road without looking, you get whacked by a car. If you fall out of a tree, you break some bones. Real life's nasty. It's cruel. It doesn't care about heroes and happy endings and the way things should be. In real life, bad things happen. People die. Fights are lost. Evil often wins. I just wanted to make that clear before I began. One more thing: my name isn't really Darren Shan. Everything's true in this book, except for names. I've had to change them because... well, by the time you get to the end, you'll understand. I haven't used any real names, not mine, my sister's, my friends, or teachers. Nobody's. I'm not even going to tell you the name of my town or country. I don't dare. Anyway, that's enough of an introduction. If you're ready, let's begin. If this were a made-up story, it would begin at night, with a storm blowing and owls hooting and rattling noises under the bed. But this is a real story, so I have to begin where it really started. It started in a toilet.

引子 我一向对蜘蛛特别着迷。小的时候，我特别喜欢蜘蛛。我经常花好几个小时，在我们家花园尽头脏兮兮的破旧小棚屋里寻找蜘蛛网，看那里是不是潜伏着专门捕食昆虫的八脚大虫。每当找到一只，我就把它带到我的卧室里，让它自己到处乱爬。这经常把我妈妈气得发疯。一般情况下，我逮来的蜘蛛一两天就逃走了，从此不见踪影，但有时它们会待比较长的时间。有一只蜘蛛在我床头上结了一张网，然后伏在那里守候了近一个月。我上床睡觉时，经常想像着蜘蛛会悄悄溜下来，爬到我的嘴里，滑进我的喉咙，在我的肚子里产卵；再过一阵子，小蜘蛛就会孵出来，把我从里到外活活吃掉。我小的时候就喜欢自己吓唬自己。九岁那年，爸爸妈妈给了我一只小狼蛛。它没有毒，个头也不大，但它是收到的最棒的礼物。那时候，我每天一睁眼睛，就陪好只狼蛛玩耍，给它各种好吃的东西：苍蝇、蟑螂和小毛毛虫什么的，简直把它给宠坏了。后来有一天，我做了一件傻事。我当时在看一部动画片，里面有一个人被吸尘器吸了进去，结果一点也没有受伤。他从袋子里钻出来，浑身脏兮兮的，全是尘土，气得发了疯似的。这真好玩。太好玩了，我就亲自试了一把。用我的狼蛛。不用说，事情的结果并不像动画片里的那样。蜘蛛被撕成了碎片。我哭得好伤心，可是眼泪流得再多也没有用了。我的宝贝狼蛛死了，这都怪我，我没有办法把它救活了。爸爸妈妈知道我做的事情后，大喊大叫了一通，那声音差点把房顶都掀翻了一那只狼蛛花了他们不少钱呢。他们说我是个不负责任的傻瓜。从那天起，他们就再也不让我养宠物了，就连一只普普通通的花园蜘蛛也不让我养了。我从这件往事开始讲这个故事，有两个原因。第一个原因随着本书故事的展开，你们就会一目了然。另一个原因：这是一个真实的故事。我不指望你们相信我——我如果不是亲自经历，也不相信——但它确实是真的。我在这本书里描述的每件事都是真的，没有一句假话。真实生活的一个规律就是，你如果做了一件傻事，一般就要为它付出代价。而在书里，英雄人物可以随便犯错误，爱犯多少就犯多少。他们做什么都没有关系，因为最后总是大团圆的结局。他们总会打败坏蛋，把事情摆平，最后一切圆满，皆大欢喜。可是在真实的生活里，吸尘器就把蜘蛛弄死了。如果你穿车辆多的马路不小心，你就会被车撞倒。如果你从树上摔下来，你就会摔断几根骨头。真实的生活是残酷的，不讲情面。它才不管什么英雄人物啦，大团圆结局啦，以及事情应该如何啦。在真实的生活里，倒霉的事情会发生，人会死，打仗会输，坏蛋经常赢。还有一点：我的名字其实不叫达伦·山。这本书里所说的事情都是真的，只有名字是假的。我不得不把名字改掉，因为……唉，等你看到最后，就会明白了。我没有用一个真名，我的名字、我妹妹的名字、我朋友和老师名字，以及其他所有人的名字，统统都是假的。就连我生活的那座城市和那个国家的名字，我也不会告诉你们。我不敢。好了，我的引子写得差不多了。如果你准备好了，我们就开始吧。如果这是一个凭空编出来的故事，那么故事就会发生在深夜，外面狂风大作，电闪雷鸣，猫头鹰尖叫，床底下传出嘎啦啦的声音。但这是一个真实的故事，它是从哪儿开始发生的，我就只好从哪儿说起。故事是从厕所里开始的……

CHAPTER 1 I WAS IN THE BATHROOM at school, sitting down on the toilet, humming a song. I had my pants on. I'd come in near the end of English class, feeling sick. My teacher, Mr. Dalton, is great about things like that. He's smart and knows when you're faking and when you're being serious. He took one look at me when I raised my hand and said I was ill, then nodded his head and told me to go to the bathroom. "Throw up whatever's making you sick, Darren," he said, "then get your behind back in here." I wish every teacher was as understanding as Mr. Dalton. In the end, I didn't get sick, but still felt queasy, so I stayed on the toilet. I heard the bell ring for the end of class and everybody came rushing out on their lunch break. I wanted to join them but knew Mr. Dalton would be angry if he saw me in the yard so soon. He doesn't get mad if you trick him but he goes quiet and won't speak to

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you for a while, and that's almost worse than being shouted at. So, there I was, humming, watching my watch, waiting. Then I heard someone calling my name. "Darren! Hey, Darren! Have you fallen in or what?" I grinned. It was Steve Leopard, my best friend. Steve's real last name was Leonard, but everyone called him Steve Leopard. And not just because the names sound alike. Steve used to be what my mom calls "a wild child." He raised hell wherever he went, got into fights, stole from stores. One day he was still in a stroller he found a sharp stick and prodded passing women with it (no prizes for guessing where he stuck it!). He was feared and despised everywhere he went. But not by me. I've been his best friend since kindergarten, when we first met. My mom says I was drawn to his wildness, but I just thought he was a great guy to be with. He had a fierce temper and threw scary tantrums when he lost it, but I simply ran away when that happened and came back again once he'd calmed down. Steve's reputation had softened over the years his mom took him to see a lot of good counselors who taught him how to control himself but he was still a minor legend in the schoolyard and not someone you messed with, even if you were bigger and older than him. "Hey, Steve," I called back. "I'm in here." I hit the door so he'd know which one I was behind. He hurried over and I opened the door. He smiled when he saw me sitting down with my pants on. "Did you puke?" he asked. "No," I said. "Do you think you're gonna?" "Maybe," I said. Then I leaned forward all of a sudden and made a sick noise. Bluurgh! But Steve Leopard knew me too well to be fooled. "Give my boots a polish while you're down there," he said, and laughed when I pretended to spit on his shoes and rub them with a sheet of toilet paper. "Did I miss anything in class?" I asked, sitting up. "Nah," he said. "The usual crap." "Did you do your history homework?" I asked. "It doesn't have to be done until tomorrow, does it?" he asked, getting worried. Steve's always forgetting about homework. "The day after tomorrow," I told him. "Oh," he said, relaxing. "Even better. I thought..." He stopped and frowned. "Hold on," he said. "Today's Thursday. The day after tomorrow would be..." "Got you!" I yelled, punching him on the shoulder. "Ow!" he shouted. "That hurt." He rubbed his arm but I could tell he wasn't really hurt. "Are you coming out?" he asked then. "I thought I'd stay in here and admire the view," I said, leaning back on the toilet seat. "Quit joking," he said. "We were down five-one when I came in. We're probably six or seven down now. We need you." He was talking about soccer. We play a game every lunchtime. My team normally wins but we'd lost a lot of our best players. Dave Morgan broke his leg. Sam White transferred to another school when his family moved. And Danny Curtain had stopped playing soccer in order to spend lunch hanging out with Sheila Leigh, the girl he likes. Idiot! I'm our best forward. There are better defenders and midfielders, and Tommy Jones is the best goalkeeper in the whole school. But I'm the only one who can stand up front and score four or five times a day without fail. "Okay," I said, standing. "I'll save you. I've scored a hat trick every day this week. It would be a pity to stop now." We passed the older guys smoking around the sinks as usual and hurried to my locker so I could change into my cleats. I used to have a great pair, which I won in a writing competition. But the laces snapped a few months ago and the rubber along the sides started to fall off. And then my feet grew! The pair I have now are okay, but they're not the same. We were down eight-three when I got on the field. It wasn't a real field, just a long stretch of grass with painted goalposts at either end. Whoever painted them was a total idiot. He put the crossbar too high at one end and too low at the other! "Never fear, Hotshot Shan is here!" I shouted as I ran onto the field. A lot of players laughed or groaned, but I could see my teammates picking up and our opponents growing worried. I made a great start and scored two goals inside a minute. It looked like we might come back to draw or win. But time ran out. If I'd arrived earlier we'd have been okay, but the bell rang just as I was hitting my stride, so we lost nine-seven. As we were leaving the field, Alan Morris ran toward us, panting and red-faced. They're my three best friends: Steve Leopard, Tommy Jones, and Alan Morris. We must be the weirdest four people in the whole world, because only one of us Steve has a nickname. "Look what I found!" Alan yelled, waving a soggy piece of paper around under our noses. "What is it?" Tommy asked, trying to grab it. "It's..." Alan began, but stopped when Mr. Dalton shouted at us. "You four! Inside!" he roared. "We're coming, Mr. Dalton!" Steve roared back. Steve is Mr. Dalton's favorite and gets away with stuff that the rest of us couldn't do. Like when he uses swearwords sometimes in his stories. If I put in some of

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the words Steve has, I'd have been kicked out long ago. But Mr. Dalton has a soft spot for Steve, because he's special. Sometimes he's brilliant in class and gets everything right, while other times he can't even spell his own name. Mr. Dalton says he's somewhat of an idiot savant, which mean he's a stupid genius! Anyway, even though he's Mr. Dalton's pet, not even Steve can get away with showing up late for class. So whatever Alan had, it would have to wait. We trudged back to class, sweaty and tired after the game, and began our next lesson. Little did I know that Alan's mysterious piece of paper was to change my life forever. For the worse!

第一章 我在学校的厕所里坐着，嘴里哼着小曲儿。我没脱裤子。我是在英语课快要结束时感到恶心，才到厕所里来的。我的老师多尔顿先生在这些事情上特别厉害。他能知道你是装病还是真的不对劲。我举手说我不舒服，他看了一我眼，就点点头，叫我去上厕所。“把弄得你不舒服的东西吐掉，达伦，”他说，“然后再把屁股坐回到教室里来。”我希望每个老师都像多尔顿先生这样通情达理。结果，我并没有生病，但我还是感到恶心，就留在厕所里。我听见下课铃声敲响，午休时间到了，同学们匆匆跑了出来。我真想去跟他们一起玩儿，但我知道，如果多尔顿先生看见我这么快就跑到院子里，一定会气坏的。多尔顿先生这个人，如果你骗了他，他并不发火，只是沉默，好长时间不理你，还不如被他狠狠骂一顿来得痛快。于是我坐在那里，哼着小曲儿，眼睛看着手表等待着。就在这时，我听到有人叫我。“达伦！喂，达伦！你掉到茅坑里去了还是怎么着？”我笑了。是斯蒂夫·豹子。其实斯蒂夫姓伦纳德（在英语里，伦纳德和豹子读音相似），但大家都叫他斯蒂夫·豹子。这并不仅仅是因为两个词读音差不多。其实斯蒂夫一直是我妈妈说的那种“野孩子”。他不管走到哪儿都是惹是生非，跟别人打架，偷商店里的东西。有一天——当时他还坐在儿童推车里——他抓到一根尖尖的木棍，用它戳过路的女人（猜猜他戳的什么部位，猜中无奖！）他不管走到哪里，大家都既怕他又瞧不起他。但我不是这样。从我们第一次见面起，我就一直是他最好的朋友。我妈妈说我是被他那股野性吸引住了，我只是觉得跟他在一起很带劲儿。他性情暴躁，发起脾气来非常吓人。这也没什么，他发脾气时我就走开，等他平静下来了，我再回来。这些年来，斯蒂夫的名声有所好转——他妈妈带他去咨询了许多很不错的专家，他们教他怎么控制自己——但他仍然是校园里的小传奇人物，一般的人都不敢惹他，尽管有些人年龄比他大，块头也比他大。“喂，斯蒂夫，”我答应道，“我在这里。”我敲了敲门，让他知道我在哪扇门后面。他跑过来，我把门打开。他看见我穿着裤子坐在那里，就笑了。“你吐了？”他问。“没有。”我说。“你觉得要吐吗？”“大概吧。”我说。然后我突然往前一趴，发出哎吐的声音。哇！但斯蒂夫太了解我了，不会上当。“趁你趴在这儿的时候，给我擦擦靴子吧。”他说，我假装往他鞋子上吐了口唾沫，用一张手纸把它们擦干净，逗得他哈哈大笑。“课上又讲什么了？”我问，一边坐直身子。“没什么，”他说，“还是老一套。”“你的历史家庭作业做了吗？”我问道。“明天才交呢，是吧？”他问，神情有些担忧。斯蒂夫总是忘记做家庭作业。“后天交。”我对他说。“噢，”他松了口气，说道，“那就更没事了。我还以为……”他停住了，皱起了眉头。“慢着，”他说，“今天是星期四。后天就是……”“你上当了！”我大喊一声，捶了他的肩膀一下。“哎哟！”他喊道，“真疼啊！”他揉着胳膊，但我看出他疼得不厉害。“你出来吗？”他问道。“我本来想待在这里，欣赏欣赏风景。”我说着，靠在抽水马桶上。“别胡扯了，”他说，“我刚才进来时，我们已经二比五落后了。大概落后六七个球了。我们需要你。”他说的是足球。我们每天午休时都要踢一场。我那个队一般总是赢的，但最近我们好几个最棒的队员都不在了。戴夫·摩根摔断了腿。萨姆·怀特因为搬家转了学。丹尼·柯坦不踢足球了，他要用午休时间和谢拉·利出去拍拖，他喜欢那个姑娘。这个白痴！我是我们队里最好的前锋。我们还有更好的后卫和中场队员，托米·斯是全校最棒的守门员。但只有我能够冲在最前面，一天连进四五个球。“好吧，”我说着站了起来，“我来救你们。这个星期我每天都表演帽子戏法。现在不露一手太可惜了。”我们从几个大男孩身边走过——他像往常一样在水池边抽烟——匆匆赶到我的锁柜前，换上我的运动鞋。我以前有过一双很棒的运动鞋，是在写作比赛中赢来的，但几个月前鞋带断了，鞋帮上的橡胶也开始剥落。而且我的脚也长大了！我现在穿的这双不行，但和以前那双不是一个品牌。我赶到球场时，我们三比八落后。其实那不是真正的球场，只是一个长长的院子，在两端画出了球门柱。画球柱的那家伙准是个十足的傻瓜。他把一边的横梁画得太高，另一边的又画得太低。“别害怕，神射手达伦·山来也！”我冲进球场。球员们有的哈哈大笑，有的连声抱怨。我看得出，我的队员霎时振作起来，对手们越来越不安了。我一开始就出脚不凡，在一分钟内连进两球。眼看我们就要追平或者胜了出了，但是时间没有了。如果我早点赶来，我们就赢了，可是就在我踢得正起劲儿时，该死的铃声响起来，我们七比九输了。就在我们离开球场时，阿兰·莫里斯跑了进来。他气喘吁吁，脸涨得通红。我有三个最好的

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朋友：斯蒂夫·豹子、托米·琼斯，还有阿兰·莫里斯。我们一定是世界上最古怪的四个，因为我们中间只有一个人——斯蒂夫——有绰号。“看我找到了什么！”阿兰喊道，把一张湿乎乎的纸在我们鼻子底下晃来晃去。“什么东西？”托米问，想把纸抓住。“是--”阿兰刚想说话，多尔顿先生冲我们喊了起来。“你们四个！快进来！”他吼道。“我们来了，多尔顿先生！”斯蒂夫也冲他吼道。斯蒂夫是多尔顿先生四得意门生，有些事情，搁在我们身上肯定要倒霉，可搁在他身上就没事。比如，他有时候在写作文里写一些骂人的话。如果我把斯蒂夫的那些话写进我的作文里，我早就被赶出校门了。但多尔顿先生对斯蒂夫心肠很软，因为斯蒂夫与众不同。有时他在班上表现出色，什么都能应付自如，另外一些时候他连自己名子都拼不出来。多尔顿先生说斯蒂夫有点像白痴学者，那就是说，他是个傻瓜天才！不过，虽说斯蒂夫是多尔顿先生的宝贝，但他如果不能按时上课还是会挨罚的。所以，不管阿兰拿的是是什么，都只好等下课再说了。我们踢完足球后浑身是汗，又累又乏，拖着沉重的脚步回到教室，开始上下一节课。我哪里知道阿兰那张神秘的纸将会彻底改变我的一生，而且是向坏的方面改变！

4、由于这本书，我发现自己是一个很有毅力的人。从小学追到高中，才终于等它全部出完，也附带的让我对人文出版社又爱又恨。书里有些话，总会在有形无形的影响着我的生活，似乎我的身上打上了这样一种烙印，永远没法脱离吸血鬼的影响。暮先生说：“吸血鬼的生活从来都不公平，但只要公正就行。”——《吸血鬼圣堡》18世纪的时候，西方人都爱鼓吹人生而平等，然而从古至今直至我们可以预见到的将来，人与人之间，就不存在也不可能存在平等。人生来就是不平等的，唐家岭那住着的蚁族们，有多少是“贫二代”？如果根据新闻报导上说的70%推断，那么实际的数据估计是90%。男人与女人也从来就不平等，这个不平等更是从生理上就注定了的无法改变的差异。几十年前，我们父母读书的那个年代也许被我们唾弃；然而，他们却有机会从两个农村的孩子混到如今出人头地。在那辈人里，这种经历并不在少数。几百年前，我们祖先读书的那个年代更加被我们唾弃；然而，庶族仍然有通过读书考科举而进入特权阶级的可能。现在，我们自认为自己处在一个越来越进步、民主、文明、平等的时代了，其实我们什么也没有得到，因为我们连公正也失去了。女人用感性思考而男人用理性思考。因此女人容易为情所困，而男人容易淡薄道德。用理性思考的男人，应该守护住心中的一条底线，那就是人性，这就是达伦和斯蒂夫或是科达最大的区别，达伦不如他们理智，却更有人性。科达说：“怎么样，达伦？你愿意为了向这些傻瓜证明自己就去面对死亡吗？”达伦：“不，但是我会接受死亡的挑战，为了向我证明我的能力。”——《吸血鬼圣堡》斯蒂夫：“如果牺牲一个人意味着能拯救更多的人，我会的。”达伦（想）：这种世界观很无情，但我能理解。吸血鬼也知道，集体的利益高于个人的一切。——《黑色陷阱》达伦：“为了救一个人而使五个人冒险，这样明智吗？也许不。但这就是人性。”——《血管》好老师是怎样的？塞巴说：“我让你提问，让你发泄怒火，渐渐的你了解到你并不是世界上最聪明的人，了解到旧有的方式可能的确是最好的方式...学生在学习的时候，从来不感激老师。只有等他们更多的了解了这个世界以后，他们才知道进欠了老师多少。好老师从不要学生尊敬他们，爱他们，他们只是等待，等待最终的理解。”——《吸血鬼圣堡》

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