

DOUBLE CROSS

PHILIP PROWSE



出
卖

外语教学与研究出版社
剑桥大学出版社

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外研社·剑桥英语分级读物(英文注释)

Level 3

Series editor: Ph



Double Cross

出 卖

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外语教学与研究出版社

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

剑桥大学出版社

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

(京)新登字 155 号

京权图字 01-2002-2433

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

出卖/(英)普劳斯(Prowse, P.)著;胡秀梅注释.-北京:外语教学与研究出版社,2002

ISBN 7-5600-2657-5

I. 出… II. ①普… ②胡… III. 英语-注释读物,故事-英、汉
IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2002)第 006889 号

Originally published by Cambridge University Press in 1999.

This reprint edition is published with the permission of the Syndicate of the Press of the University of Cambridge, Cambridge, England.

本书原版由剑桥大学出版社于 1999 年出版。英文注释版由剑桥大学出版社授权外研社出版。

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责任编辑:吴 静

出版发行:外语教学与研究出版社

社 址:北京市西三环北路 19 号(100089)

网 址: <http://www.fltrp.com.cn>

印 刷:北京外国语大学印刷厂

开 本:850×1168 1/32

印 张:3.25

版 次:2002 年 7 月第 1 版 2002 年 7 月第 1 次印刷

书 号:ISBN 7-5600-2657-5/H·1382

定 价:5.00 元

* * *

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外研社·剑桥英语分级读物

亲爱的老师们、同学们，由外语教学与研究出版社和英国剑桥大学出版社联合出版的这套《外研社·剑桥英语分级读物》终于与国内读者见面了。它集原创性、针对性、时代性和多样性于一体，是一套理想的英语学习读物。

本套读物是我国目前引进的第一套专为非英语国家读者撰写的英语故事性读物，作者全部是经验丰富的英语教学专家。读物依据难易程度共分六级，每级四本，每本独立成篇。题材涉及广泛，包括喜剧、历险记、侦探小说、浪漫爱情故事和短篇故事等。内容涉及东西方多种地域和文化，情节扣人心弦，极富吸引力。读者在提高自身英语水平的同时，还会享受到阅读的巨大乐趣。

本套读物分为英汉对照版和英文注释版两种版本，以适应不同读者的不同需要。其中，英文注释版附有练习，为不同程度的英语学习者在阅读中提供了及时而必要的帮助。

如果你们喜欢这套读物，请把它推荐给你们的朋友。如果你们对这套读物有什么意见和建议，也请告诉我们。

在此，我们谨向那些为这套读物的出版给予帮助和关切的老师们表示衷心的感谢！

People in the Story

Monika Lundgren an agent for Swedish Military Intelligence (SMI), Stockholm.

Anders Blom Monika's boss at SMI.

James Chapman an agent for MI5, British Intelligence, in London.

Kurt Carlsson a senior minister in the Swedish Government.

Millham United a football team from London.

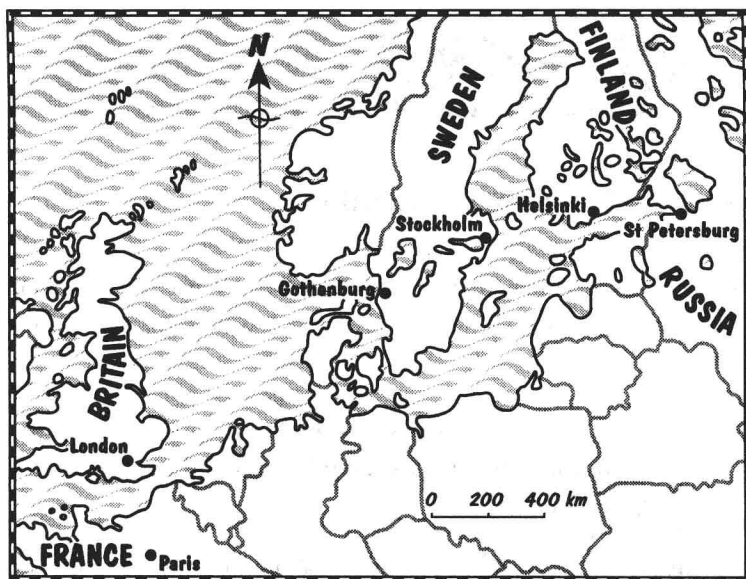
Bruce a guitarist and fan of Millham United.

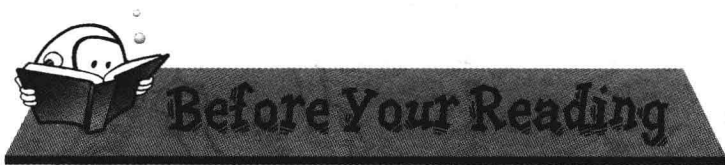
Adolf Vitjord the leader of a right-wing party in South Africa.

Cabinda a passport officer in Maputo, Mozambique.

Amelia Cabinda's wife.

Places in the Story





Answer the following questions:

1. Look at the cover and pages ii to v. What is the book about? Who nearly dies? Who are the rock musician and the madman?
2. The book is called *Double Cross*. Look up 'double cross' in your dictionary. What does the title mean? Who is going to double cross who?
3. Chapter 1 begins: 'The woman standing on the wing of the Boeing Stearman plane was wearing dark glasses' and ends "Someone has shot Carlsson!" she said quietly. ' What do you think happens in the chapter?

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Chapter 1 *Shooting in Stockholm*

The woman standing on the wing of the Boeing Stearman plane was wearing dark glasses. The plane flew under a bridge, and then low over the crowd. The woman waved. The crowd waved back.

It was August 9th. The third day of the Stockholm Water Festival had begun. It was twelve o'clock and today there was a flying show. There were over a hundred thousand people in the centre of Stockholm, Sweden. The roads and squares were full of people, who also stood on the bridges which joined the city's many islands. On the water there were thousands of sailing boats and some larger passenger boats.

A jet plane screamed through the blue summer sky. Everyone looked up. A smaller plane flew over the crowd near the Royal Palace.

Half a kilometre from the Royal Palace a tall blonde woman stood in the crowd outside the City Hall. She was wearing blue shorts and a yellow shirt, and had a yellow

NOTES

Stockholm *n.* 斯德哥尔摩(瑞典首都)
a hundred thousand 十万
sailing boat 帆船; passenger boat 游船
Royal Palace 皇宫
blonde *adj.* 白肤金发碧眼的
City Hall 市政厅; shorts *n.* 短裤

bag over her shoulder. The woman's name was Monika Lundgren. She was twenty-six years old. Monika watched the woman on the wing of the Boeing Stearman. It would be an exciting job, she thought. It would also be dangerous, flying high in the clouds and low under bridges. And probably lonely.

'Hey, you!' a man's voice said loudly. Monika turned. A young man was standing next to her. He was about eighteen. He was wearing red, white and blue shorts. His T-shirt said MAD ABOUT FOOTBALL! His head was shaved and his face was red. He was holding a glass in his hand. He was English and his voice was very loud.

Monika smiled. 'Hello,' she said, and turned away. She looked back at the City Hall. The sun was hot and everyone else was watching the planes.

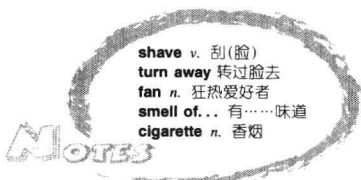
Monika felt a hand on her arm. She heard a voice. It was the English football fan.

'I said hello,' the fan shouted.

Monika turned again to the young man. She pushed his hand away and stepped back from him. Then she smiled again and turned away. A moment later she felt a hand on her shoulder. The football fan pulled her shoulder and turned her around. Then he pulled her towards him.

'Give me a kiss,' the fan said. 'You're lovely.' He smelt of cigarettes.

A few people in the crowd saw what was happening.



But they didn't do anything. Everyone else was watching the planes.

Monika looked into the fan's red eyes. He was holding her with one arm and the glass with the other hand. Monika suddenly put her arms up over her head. The fan's arms flew up in the air and he dropped the glass. Monika was free. She quickly hit the fan hard in the stomach. His head came forward and down as his hands moved to his stomach. There was a look of surprise and pain on his face. Quickly Monika brought her knee up into his face. The fan fell forward. Monika moved behind him. Her right hand held the fan's left arm behind his back, while she put her left hand over his mouth. She moved the fan towards the water. Then Monika kicked him hard from behind. He fell forward into the water. The crowd watched as another jet screamed past in the sky.

Monika looked around, and then walked away from the water. She turned her head left towards her yellow shoulder-bag. She put her mouth near the bag and spoke quietly into it.

An engine started, and from near the City Hall a black boat appeared. The boat went quickly across the water to the football fan. People in the crowd heard the boat and looked towards it. The boat stopped near the fan and two men wearing wet suits pulled the fan into the boat. He was

look into 向……的里面看去

fly up 这里指“向上挥去”(过去式 flew)

shoulder-bag *n.* 背在肩上的提包

wet suit 潜水服

NOTES

alive and very wet. He was also very angry. He looked at Monika and started to shout something. At that moment one of the men started the engine and the fan's cries were lost. The boat disappeared behind the City Hall. The crowd looked up to the sky again.

Monika Lundgren of the SMI, Sweden's Secret Military Intelligence department, smiled to herself.

'Keep him locked up for the rest of the day, and then let him out,' she said into her shoulder-bag radio.

Then she turned to look at the City Hall. Monika was not there to enjoy the Water Festival. Today she was working with the police. It was important to stop any trouble outside the City Hall.

While the Festival crowds were enjoying the sunshine something much more serious was happening. In the Nobel Prize Room in the City Hall twelve men and women were meeting. They were the leaders of the largest businesses in Europe, North and South America and Asia. The United Nations had planned the meeting, and the chairman was an important Swedish minister, Kurt Carlsson. He had been the Swedish ambassador in Moscow for three years in the early 1990s. He was forty-five but looked younger. His long brown hair made him look more like a rock star than an ambassador. His voice was loud and clear.

'The former Soviet Union had tens of thousands of

NOTES

be lost 这里指“声音被淹没”
intelligence department 情报局
Nobel Prize 诺贝尔奖
ambassador n. 大使
rock star 摇滚明星
tens of thousands 好几万

nuclear weapons. The Russian army has destroyed some of these weapons already. Destroying a nuclear weapon is dangerous and expensive work. The Russian army would like to destroy many more weapons. But it doesn't have enough money to do so. This is where we must help.'

'But why?' someone asked. 'Why must we help the Russians? They are their nuclear bombs, not ours.'

'It's possible,' Carlsson explained, 'that criminals in the former Soviet Union may steal these nuclear weapons. If these bombs get into the hands of terrorists it would be terrible. The world will only be safe when these weapons are destroyed.'

Carlsson paused for a moment.

No-one around the table said anything. They waited for Carlsson to continue. Then a door opened quietly at the back of the room. A man in a wheelchair moved quickly up to the table and joined the meeting.

'Let me introduce General Anders Blom, of SMI, Swedish Military Intelligence,' said Kurt Carlsson.

Anders Blom had short grey hair and a strong face. He was in his mid-fifties. Twenty years ago someone had shot him while he was working with the United Nations in Africa. The shot had broken his back. Since then he had been in a wheelchair.

Blom looked around the table and smiled. He spoke slowly in a low voice.



‘It’s really quite simple,’ Blom explained. ‘Sweden has a very good relationship with the Russian government, and with the other countries of the former Soviet Union. We are ready to help them destroy their nuclear weapons. But they need money to do this – a lot of money. And time is short – we must do something quickly. We know that terrorists are already trying to buy the old Soviet weapons.’

‘As Blom says,’ Kurt Carlsson continued, ‘it is simple. We can help destroy the nuclear weapons, or we can let terrorists get the weapons. And they may destroy the world.’

‘What can we do to help?’ asked a white-haired Japanese woman. She was the managing director of an international electrical company.

‘It will cost one billion American dollars to destroy the weapons,’ Blom replied quickly. ‘And there is something else. If the Russians destroy their weapons, the USA will follow and destroy theirs.’

‘Yes,’ Carlsson said. ‘And that is why you are here. We want you to give one billion dollars and save the world from nuclear weapons.’

Everyone started to talk at once. It was going to be a long meeting.

Outside the City Hall Monika waited in the sunshine. She watched the crowd. Her job was to make sure that no-one tried to get into the meeting. Time passed, and soon it

managing director 总经理

electrical adj. 电的

billion num. 十亿

NOTES

was three o'clock in the afternoon. The side door of the City Hall opened. Kurt Carlsson, with police all around him, stepped out on to a small platform. Journalists, photographers and TV news reporters stood around the platform. Behind the journalists, some of the Festival crowd watched, a little surprised. People in the boats by the City Hall looked up. Fifty metres out in the water one of Stockholm's old passenger boats slowed down and stopped.

Kurt Carlsson started to speak to the journalists. Monika felt worried. She stood by the platform and looked over the crowd and the water. The sun was shining on the water as Monika looked at the old passenger boat. The name across the front of the boat was SS Vaxholm. There were people standing along the sides of the Vaxholm, looking at the City Hall. There was a sudden, bright light from the boat. Someone taking a photograph, Monika thought.

'Aaaah! Aaaah!' It was Carlsson. His hands were holding his shoulder. Blood ran out from between his fingers. He fell to his knees, and then forward, face down.

Monika's face did not change. She spoke into her shoulder-bag radio. 'Someone has shot Carlsson!' she said quietly.

