



剑桥

原版系列编辑 Philip Prowse

Man Hunt

罪案追凶

Richard MacAndrew 著
秦 怡 编译



北京语言大学出版社
BEIJING LANGUAGE AND CULTURE
UNIVERSITY PRESS



CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY PRESS

社图号16216

Man Hunt [978-1-107-62477-1] by Richard MacAndrew was first published by Cambridge University Press in 2012. All rights reserved.

This bilingual (English-Simplified Chinese) edition for the People's Republic of China is published by arrangement with the Press Syndicate of the University of Cambridge, Cambridge, United Kingdom.

© Cambridge University Press & Beijing Language and Culture University Press 2016.

This book is in copyright. No reproduction of any part may take place without the written permission of Cambridge University Press or Beijing Language and Culture University Press.

本书版权由剑桥大学出版社和北京语言大学出版社共同所有。本书任何部分之文字及图片，如未获得出版者书面同意，不得用任何方式抄袭、节录或翻印。

This edition is for sale in the People's Republic of China (excluding Hong Kong SAR, Macau SAR and Taiwan Province) only.

此版本仅限在中华人民共和国大陆地区（不包括香港特别行政区、澳门特别行政区及台湾省）销售。

北京市版权局著作权合同登记图字：01-2016-2985号

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

罪案追凶：英汉对照 / (英) 理查德·麦克安德鲁 (Richard MacAndrew) 著；秦怡编译. -- 北京：北京语言大学出版社，2016.10

(剑桥双语分级阅读·小说馆)

书名原文：Man Hunt

ISBN 978-7-5619-4653-4

I. ①罪… II. ①理… ②秦… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物②短篇小说—英国—现代 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2016) 第 244105 号

罪案追凶

ZUI'AN ZHUI XIONG

责任编辑：梁 骁

美术设计：冯志才

责任印制：陈 辉

出版发行：北京语言大学出版社

社 址：北京市海淀区学院路 15 号，100083

网 址：www.blcup.com

电子信箱：service@blcup.com

电 话：编辑部 8610-8230 3700/3393

发 行 部 8610-8230 3650/3591/3648

北语书店 8610-8230 3653

网购咨询 8610-8230 3908

印 刷：北京中科印刷有限公司

版 次：2016 年 10 月第 1 版

印 次：2016 年 10 月第 1 次印刷

开 本：850 毫米 × 1168 毫米 1/32

印 张：4.75

字 数：129 千字

定 价：18.80 元

PRINTED IN CHINA

Preface 前言

“剑桥双语分级阅读·小说馆”是一套从剑桥大学出版社引进的面向非英语国家英语学习者的分级系列读物，由英语语言教学专家及小说作家合力创作。创作过程历时二十余年，出版后受到世界各地英语教师和英语学习者的喜爱，许多读本再版十余次，二十余年来畅销不衰，成为全球英语学习者首选的优秀读本。

本系列读物具有以下突出的特色：

1. 它是原创英语读物，而非改编自普通作品的读物。因此，阅读本系列读物，我们读到的是原汁原味的原创英语，而非人为改编过的二手英语。

2. 它是当代优秀短篇小说，而非上个或上上个世纪的小说。因此，阅读本系列读物，我们读到的是当今活的、学了就能用的英语，而非穿越时空的、学了难以用的英语；了解的是与我们同时代英语国家人们的、而非隔代人的生活、文化、风土人情和价值观。

3. 它是专为非英语国家的英语学习者量身定制的读物，而非为英语母语者而写的大众读物。因此，本系列读物是最适合英语学习的读物。

4. 它是英美知名小说家和英语语言教学专家合力创作的读物，小说家保障了读物的可读性与可欣赏性，英语语言教学专家保障了读物语言作为英语习得材料的科学性与可学性。本系列中的很多小说都曾获得国际广泛阅读教育学会颁发的“语言学习者文学奖 (Language Learner Literature Award)”。因此，阅读本系列读物，我们会在欣赏小说的同时，自然而然地、有效地提高自己的英语水平。

5. 它的故事题材丰富多样，包括侦探、情感、历险、悬疑、人文、科幻、喜剧等，读者可以随心选择自己喜欢的类别进行阅读；它的故事内容生动有趣，故事情节引人入胜、扣人心弦，一旦开始阅读，就想一口气读完，使阅读真正升华到“悦读”。

6. 随书附赠的音频材料内容精彩——它不是普通英语母语者的朗读录音，而是专业配音员的演绎再创作。听着它，我们犹如在听广播剧、听评书，又仿佛是在听电影、听话剧……这种聆听英语的享受将彻底扫除学生对英语听力的畏难心理。

7. 读本中所使用的语言，既有英式英语，也有美式英语，对应的音频材料也相应分为英音和美音。读者可根据自己的喜好来选择。

8. 本系列一百多本读物根据“欧洲共同语言参考框架 (CEF)”和“剑桥大学外语考试部 (ESOL)”的标准来确定级别划分,是建立在科学研究和实践基础之上的分级。全套共分七个级别(与中国学生英语基础水平的大致对应关系,请参见图书封底表格),读者可根据自己的英语基础选择相应级别的读本来学习。

为了更好地帮助中国学生学习和欣赏,“剑桥双语分级阅读·小说馆”从剑桥大学出版社原版引进后又增加了以下内容:

1. 增加了适量的辅助学习内容,包括“读前思考”“读后活动”“学习指导”三个板块,其中“学习指导”板块又包括生词、短语和表达、文化点滴、阅读练习四项内容。增加这些板块的宗旨是全方位帮助学生提升英语阅读能力,扩充词汇量,扫除阅读中的文化障碍,提高对英语小说的鉴赏能力。

2. 增加了小说全文的参考译文。出于语言学习的考虑,译文尽量采用直译,保证两种语言句子的基本对应,避免文学式意译。值得一提的是,所增加的辅助学习内容和参考译文,均由来自全国不同省市著名中学(包括人大附中、北大附中、清华附中、黄冈中学、上海中学等三十余所中学)的一线英语教师完成,从而确保了所加内容与中国学生的英语学习特点和学习需求相吻合,为学生阅读和欣赏读物、提高英语水平给予恰到好处的助力。目前,本系列中的读本在上海市教育委员会中小学图书馆工作委员会组织的第23届上海市中小学、幼儿园优秀图书评选活动中获得三等奖,并已纳入中国教育装备行业协会发布的《中小学图书馆(室)配备核心书目》。

3. 提供配套网络资源。本系列读物配有专题网页,读者可以在网页上了解读物的基本信息、故事梗概、作者和编译者;可以通过“在线测试”(http://cdextras.cambridge.org/Readers/RPT_last.swf)帮助确定适合自己的阅读级别,再结合自己对题材和英式或美式英语的偏好,来选择具体的读本;还可以进行故事预览和试听,下载录音和拓展习题,与其他读者分享、交流读书心得。教师还可以分享教学经验并下载教案等相关资源(http://www.bicup.com和http://www.camstory.cn)。

英语阅读是英语课堂的延伸和补充,也是培养英语语感、提高英语水平的有效途径。选择好的英语读物,收获的将不仅仅是语言的进步。欢迎年轻朋友们来到“剑桥双语分级阅读·小说馆”,打开一本本好书,品味一个个好故事,为实现梦想搭建桥梁。

北京语言大学出版社

Contents 目录

People in the story / 故事中的人物 / 6

Places in the story / 故事中的地点 / 7

Before reading / 读前思考 / 8

Chapter 1 A moorland death / 殒命荒野 / 9

Chapter 2 A serial killer? / 一个连环杀手? / 18

Chapter 3 Early investigations / 初期调查 / 28

Chapter 4 A different kind of killing / 不一样的谋杀 / 38

Chapter 5 Caught on film / 监控录像中的发现 / 49

Chapter 6 Closing in / 接近目标 / 59

Chapter 7 The Reid family / 里德一家 / 69

Chapter 8 Catching the killer / 缉拿凶手 / 78

After reading / 读后活动 / 89

Learning guide / 学习指导 / 90

Translation / 参考译文 / 100

故事中的人物

Detective Inspector (DI) Charles Neville: a police officer

Detective Sergeant (DS) Helen Scott: a police officer

Fiona Russell: a crime analyst

Kay Harding: a police doctor

Jonathan Greene: a journalist

Alan Reid: an army major

Terry Reid: Alan's brother

Mrs Reid: Terry and Alan's mother

刑侦督察查尔斯·内维尔：一位警官

刑侦警长海伦·斯科特：一位警官

菲奥娜·拉塞尔：一位犯罪分析师

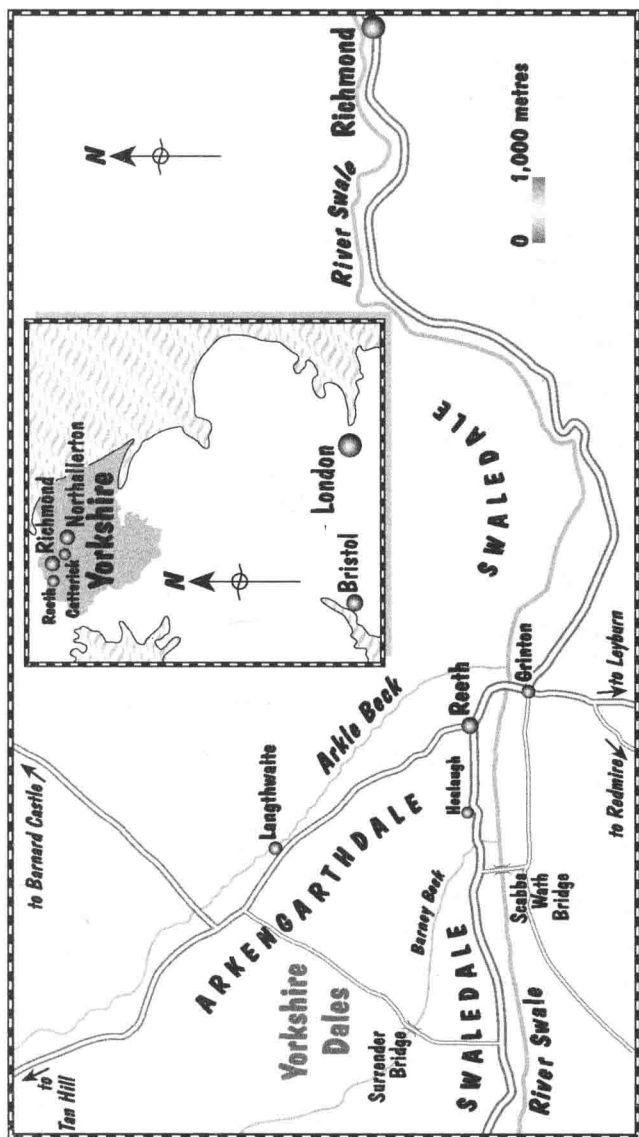
凯·哈丁：一位法医

乔纳森·格林：一位新闻记者

艾伦·里德：一位陆军少校

特里·里德：艾伦的弟弟

里德夫人：特里和艾伦的母亲



1. What is a 'man hunt'?
2. Describe the image you see on the front cover. What do you think it means?
3. Read the back cover blurb. What kind of story is it?
4. Look at the list of characters on page 6. How could you divide them into three groups?
5. Look at the map on page 7. What does it show? What is a 'beck'? What is a 'dale'?
6. If you have the recording, listen to Chapter 1.

Chapter 1

A moorland death

The first killing went well. Perfectly, in fact. Though I always knew it would. I had planned it well. Arrangements, organisation – these are things I'm good at. Now I've discovered I'm good at killing too.

At six o'clock in the morning I turned the car left off the road towards Tan Hill. The highest pub in England is at Tan Hill. But there's just the pub there, nothing else – no houses, no other buildings. The nearest village is eight kilometres away, the nearest shop twelve kilometres. This is wild, treeless country. There would be amazing views later, when the sun got up, but I wasn't interested in them.

I continued along a dirt road across moorland, stopping only when the car could no longer be seen from the road. Not that there was ever much traffic here.

I got out and stretched, enjoying the sharp cold of the early autumn air. To make myself less noticeable against the dull green grasses of the countryside around me, I was wearing hiking clothes and boots of a similar greeny colour. I took an old brown backpack off the back seat of the car and checked inside. There was a map, a bottle of water, gloves, binoculars and some sandwiches. I took out the gloves and put them on. I also had a hand-held GPS – there were no paths where I was going. In more ways than one I was making my way into the unknown. It was a journey of discovery, one that I had promised myself for some time.

It took me two hours to walk across the wild moorland to where I wanted to be – two hours that seemed like no time at

all. Excitement and nervousness were building up inside me in equal measure. In my mind I was going through the different possibilities of what might happen – yet I knew I would be successful.

Finally I arrived at the place I had chosen. There was an old, long-empty house beside a dirty-brown stream, which laughed its way down the side of the hill. The house was roofless and one wall was falling down. There were piles of old stones lying around. I found a stone that felt comfortable in my right hand, heavy and with sharp edges. Later I would use it.

A path turned this way and that up the hillside, past the house and over a wooden bridge across the stream. The path is well known to walkers, though not especially popular. The chances of a single walker taking advantage of this bright autumn morning were good, but there was unlikely to be a whole crowd of them. Then later, when the body was found, the police would think the killer had come along the same path as the walker, rather than over the pathless moorland. They would start searching in the wrong places. I had chosen well.

I took off my gloves, got my binoculars and a sandwich out of my backpack, and sat down on a large stone to wait. From where I was, I would be able see anyone coming from a long way away, but they would have difficulty seeing me.

I had hardly finished my sandwich when a man appeared in the distance, walking in my direction. Quickly I put on my gloves, picked up my chosen stone and hid behind the back wall of the house. I waited. My heart went faster. I took deep breaths to slow it down. I had a picture in my mind of the man coming nearer. My excitement rose; my nervousness disappeared. I heard the sound of footsteps on the dirt path. Coming near. Nearer. I raised my stone. This was the moment of truth.

And then it was done.

The man lay on his side on the ground by my feet. His longish grey hair had fallen over his face. His eyes were closed, but there was movement under the eyelids. I took off my left glove and felt the side of his neck. He wasn't dead, just unconscious. I looked at him. This was the moment – the moment I wanted to experience, the moment I had promised myself. I hit him again, hard, driving the edge of the stone deep into the side of his head through the bone. And then he was completely still.

I looked down at the man. A thousand different feelings fought for my attention. I had done it! I felt high, drunk, untouchable. I felt brilliant, strong, undefeatable. I was alive.

I threw the stone far away. Let the police find it, I thought. They would learn nothing from it.

Then I took a playing card out of my jacket pocket, found the dead man's wallet in his jacket and put the card inside. I put the wallet back where I had found it.

A moment later I picked up my backpack and started back to my car.

This is just the beginning. I can show them. I can show them they are wrong. I can show them what I'm really made of.

* * *

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Detective Inspector Charles Neville got out of a dark blue police Land Rover in the middle of the cold North Yorkshire moorland near Surrender Bridge. The emergency call reporting a dead body had come in an hour or so earlier. The first police officers had arrived at the scene twenty minutes later and established that the death wasn't natural. Neville had immediately been called out. It was

his day off and he had been out with his wife. Shopping for a new kitchen for his home suddenly seemed far less important.

As Neville got out of the vehicle, a young woman with short dark hair came over to him. It was his sergeant, Helen Scott.

'I got here a few minutes ago,' said Scott. 'The body's over there behind that building.' She waved a hand in the direction of an old roofless building that had half fallen down.

Neville could see that black and yellow scene-of-crime tape had already been put around the building, and also round a largish area of moorland. Three other Land Rovers and a couple of other off-road vehicles were parked near the building.

As Neville walked with Scott towards the building, he looked up at the sky. Thick dark cloud was beginning to blow in from the west.

'Yorkshire weather,' he said bad-temperedly, pointing at the sky. 'Let's hope the rain keeps away until we're finished here.'

Neville was from the South-East. Although he'd lived in Yorkshire for the last ten years, he still hadn't got used to the weather. When the sun was out, it was indeed a special place, but it wasn't uncommon to experience all four seasons in one day.

'Yes,' agreed Scott.

Around the corner of the building they found Kay Harding, the police doctor, bending over the body of a middle-aged man dressed in hiking clothes and boots. He still had a backpack on. Harding stood up as she heard the detectives arrive and started talking immediately.

'Charles, Helen,' she said, looking from one to the

other and then down at the body. 'What we have here is the body of a fifty- to fifty-five-year-old man. He was presumably out walking. Someone has hit him hard on the side of the head twice. Probably with a stone.'

'Time of death?' asked Neville.

'Somewhere between eight and ten this morning, I'd say,' replied Harding.

'Anything else?' asked Neville.

'Not at the moment,' replied Harding. 'Once the photographer's done his business, I'll take the body away. I'll leave you the backpack and anything I find in his pockets.'

'OK. Thanks,' said Neville. Neville's mood improved. Harding was one of the best – clear, professional, and she didn't waste words. He liked that. He looked at the sky again and then at his watch. They would have to hurry. He turned to Scott.

'We'll have enough daylight,' he said, 'but God knows how long the rain will hold off. Get this area searched – as much as you can and as carefully as you can. We're obviously looking for anything that might be useful, but we're especially looking for the stone that killed him.'

'Right,' answered Scott.

'Who found the body?' asked Neville.

'A local couple,' answered Scott. 'They're in the green Land Rover over there.' She pointed to it.

'I'll go and talk to them,' said Neville. 'Then we'll need to think about an operations room. Reeth is the nearest village. Maybe there's somewhere there.'

Scott nodded. She and Neville had offices at the police station in Richmond, the nearest town, but that was

almost twenty kilometres away. Neville would want to be closer to the scene than that. There was a mobile office they could bring over and use, or they could find a large room nearby that they could borrow.

‘Right,’ she said. ‘I’ll get the search started here.’

* * *

At eight o’clock the following morning Neville and Scott and a team of fifteen officers met in Reeth Memorial Hall, their new operations room. This large empty room was normally used for anything from children’s playgroups, to concerts, to band practice. Now it was filled with desks, chairs, computers, phones and police officers.

Neville stood facing his team, his age showing in the grey of his hair and the lines on his face. Scott was next to him. Neither of them had had much sleep. Behind them was a whiteboard with the photograph of a man’s face on it.

‘OK,’ began Neville. ‘First, what we know. This is Matthew Kenworthy.’

He pointed at the photograph.

‘He was found at three o’clock yesterday afternoon by a local couple who were out walking their dog. He died some time yesterday morning between eight and ten. Someone hit him on the side of the head twice with a stone. We’ve got the stone, but it’s anyone’s guess if we’ll find out anything from it.’

He stepped back and looked across at Scott.

‘Over to you,’ he said.

‘Kenworthy was here on his own, on a walking holiday,’ she began. ‘He was staying at the Shoulder of Mutton pub here in Reeth. He arrived a couple of days



ago. He hadn't been to the area before. He was friendly, but kept himself to himself.'

She cleared her throat before continuing.

'Yesterday morning he went off in his car, intending to walk an eight-kilometre path that goes in a circle from Surrender Bridge. We found his car near the bridge.'

Scott then pointed to a number of plastic bags on the table beside her.

‘We’ve been through the things in his room. There’s nothing of interest there. We’ve been through what he had with him on the walk. He just had the usual stuff that walkers take – map, GPS, hat, gloves, sandwiches, water – but there was one unusual thing.’

Scott picked up a plastic bag and held it up so that everyone could see. Inside the bag was a playing card.

‘The ace of spades,’ she said. ‘It was in his wallet. And there were no other cards in his room. Any ideas?’

Heads shook all round the room.

Neville stepped forward again.

‘OK,’ he said. ‘Kenworthy was single and lived in Bristol. The police there are making inquiries. Up here we’ve got work to do too. I want four of you to walk the eight kilometres that Kenworthy intended to walk. The murderer may have followed him or may have come from the opposite direction. Go in two pairs – one pair in the same direction as Kenworthy, the other pair in the opposite direction. Check along the path for anything that might be useful.’

Neville picked up a pile of photographs from the table and gave them to Scott.

‘I want the rest of you making door-to-door inquiries in Reeth,’ he said. ‘It’s a small place. Everyone knows everyone. Take Kenworthy’s picture with you. See if anyone knows him, or spoke to him, or saw anyone speaking to him. DS Scott will tell you who’s doing what.’

Neville turned and was about to leave the room when a voice came from the back.

‘Sir.’

Neville turned round.

‘Yes?’ he said.

One of the officers had a hand in the air to show that he had spoken.

‘What is it?’ asked Neville.

‘The ace of spades, sir,’ said the officer. ‘I’ve just remembered – it’s the card of death.’