



剑桥

馆

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The Amsterdam Connection

幕后黑手

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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.blcup.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、提高英语水平的重要途径。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

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故事中的人物

Kate Jensen: a news reporter on the *Daily Echo* in London

Rick: Kate's friend, also a news reporter

Dave Balzano: the editor of the *Daily Echo*

Elly van Praage: a policewoman in the Amsterdam police and Kate's friend

Max Carson: Kate's friend and ex-boss

Tom Carson: Max's brother, owner of Rotterdam City Football Club

Martijn Christiaans: a Dutch businessman

Jos van Essen: a retired footballer

Raúl Sanchez: goalkeeper at Rotterdam City Football Club

Joop de Vries: an inspector in the Amsterdam police

Bert: a criminal

凯特·詹森：伦敦《每日回声报》的一名新闻记者

里克：凯特的朋友，也是一名新闻记者

戴夫·巴尔扎诺：《每日回声报》的主编

埃莉·范普拉格：阿姆斯特丹警察局的一名女警察，凯特的朋友

马克斯·卡森：凯特的朋友，前老板

汤姆·卡森：马克斯的弟弟，鹿特丹城市足球俱乐部的老板

马汀·克里斯蒂亚安斯：一名荷兰商人

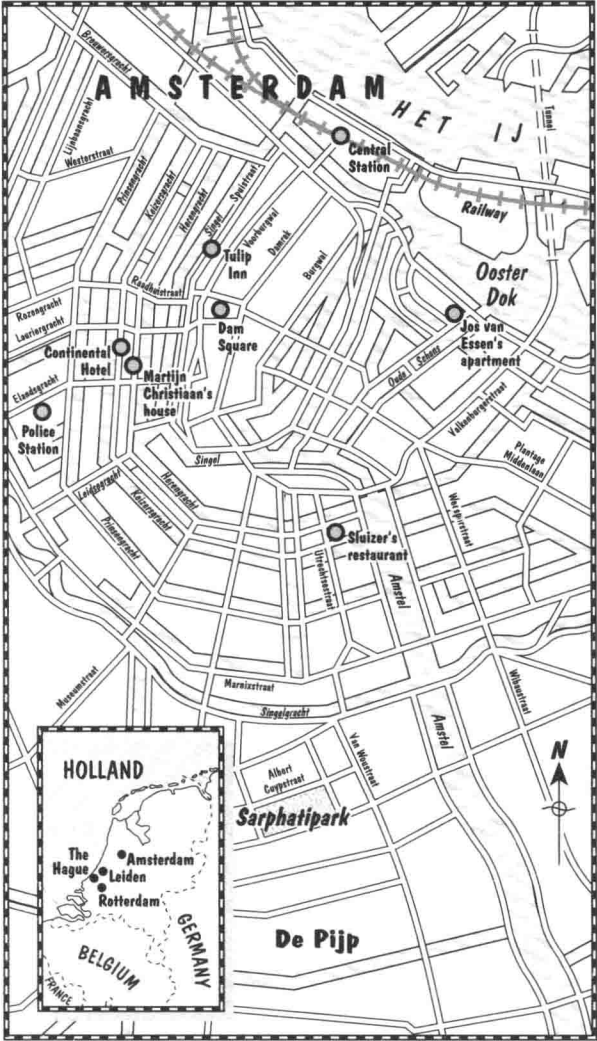
约斯·范埃森：一名退役的足球运动员

劳尔·桑切斯：鹿特丹城市足球俱乐部的守门员

约普·德弗里斯：阿姆斯特丹警察局的一名督察

伯特：一名罪犯

故事中的地点



1. Look at the map of Amsterdam and Holland on page 7. How much do you know about the city and country?
2. Match the chapter titles with the sentences from each chapter.
Chapter 1 At the pub _____
Chapter 2 The past _____
Chapter 3 Amsterdam spring _____
Chapter 4 Talk with a striker _____
Chapter 5 Dinner at Sluizer's _____
 - a) It was a fine spring day; the sky was blue with little white clouds here and there.
 - b) Max looked at his watch and finished his beer quickly.
 - c) I remembered that I'd recently read in the newspaper that he'd retired from football.
 - d) We sat down and ordered steaks and a bottle of Bordeaux.
 - e) 'I was really young and really stupid, I guess. I wanted to write a big story.'
3. If you have the recording, listen to Chapter 1.

Chapter 1 At the pub

‘You need a holiday, Kate,’ said Max Carson. It was early evening and we were having a beer in the Queen’s Head. ‘A break from London,’ he added.

‘Oh sure, Max.’ I smiled. ‘Go and tell Balzano. I’m sure he’ll agree with you!’

Dave Balzano was an excellent newspaper editor, but he was often angry with his reporters. In fact, he was famous for his bad temper. The thought of Balzano giving me a holiday because I needed one was funny. I said this to Max.

‘So Dave hasn’t changed, then?’ asked Max, laughing. Max knew Dave – and me – from some years ago when we all worked on the *Manchester Evening News*. Max was the editor and Dave was head of foreign news. Max gave me my first job. I was just a young reporter then, trying to make a name for myself. That was before I came to London.

‘Er ... no,’ I said. ‘He certainly hasn’t.’ I smiled and drank some of my beer. ‘But tell me about you,’ I added.

I hadn’t seen much of Max for a while, mainly because he lived in Holland now. He had been born there. His mother was Dutch, his father was English. He came to England when he was in his early twenties to train as a journalist and he stayed. But Max retired from the *Evening News* five years ago when he was fifty-five, and returned to Holland.

'I'm fine,' said Max.

'And the club?' I asked.

Max's brother, Tom, was the owner and manager of Rotterdam City Football Club and the Carson Football School. When Max left the *Manchester Evening News* he had joined his brother, to help him with his business. Max now had about twenty-five per cent of the shares and a nice income for his 'retirement'.

'It's OK,' said Max.

'Only OK?' I asked, surprised.

'Mmm ... yes,' said Max. I got the feeling that he didn't really want to talk about it, so we changed the subject.

Max didn't often come to England these days, except to see friends and to look for new players for Rotterdam City Football Club. When he did come to London he would come to the *Echo's* offices to see me and we usually had a beer at the Queen's Head. It was a typical central London pub, full of office workers with mobile phones. It was smoky and noisy at this time in the evening, but the beer was good.

'So what's happening here in London, Kate?' Max asked.

Max always asked me about my latest story; he liked to know what was happening. He still loved the newspaper business. He and Balzano were complete opposites, and not just because Balzano's father was Italian and Max's mother was Dutch. Balzano was a very good editor, but you never knew when he was going to explode. Max, though, was calm and easy to work with – he was one of the best.

I told him about my last story and the reason I was so

exhausted.

‘You just need a break,’ Max said again.

Max was right. I did need a holiday. Life in the city had been really tough for the past few months. I had had some difficult murder stories, the usual zero information from the London police and Balzano pushing me as usual. I was beginning to feel tired and the idea of getting away from London was a very attractive one.

‘You like Holland, don’t you?’ asked Max suddenly.

I laughed. ‘Well, yes, but ...’ I’d been to Amsterdam once, chasing a story, and I’d loved it.

‘And you know something about sport,’ he added.

‘Well, I know about karate and a bit about boxing,’ I said. ‘I don’t know that much about other sports.’ I had trained in karate for ten years and my father had been a boxer when he was young.

I looked at Max, waiting for the rest.

‘Listen,’ he said, ‘why don’t you come and write a story about our club in Holland?’

Rotterdam City Football Club was one of the top clubs in Europe now. Many of the young men who had been trained at the school – the Carson Football School – played for Rotterdam City. The club took kids who could play football off the streets and trained them to be the best. Football schools like theirs were one reason why Holland had so many great footballers. It was perfect: the school and the club.

Max had always been crazy about football. When he was editor of the *Evening News* he spent all his free time watching football matches. He even took me to see Manchester United once. He was one of those guys who knew the name of every footballer in Europe.

‘What me?’ I laughed. ‘A sports reporter? You know me, Max, I only write about crime.’

Max smiled. ‘I know, Kate, and you’re great. But it would be a holiday for you!’

Max looked at his watch and finished his beer quickly. He had arranged to have dinner with a friend that evening and he had to leave immediately. He was already late. He got up, promising that he would ring me in a few days.

But Max never rang. In fact, I never saw him again. Two days later, he was found lying dead in an Amsterdam street with twenty knife wounds in his body.

Chapter 2 The past

‘Why did it happen, Rick?’ I asked my colleague over and over again. ‘It makes no sense. No sense at all!’

Rick and I were both news reporters on the *Daily Echo*. Our desks sat side by side. We worked together every day and at times like this Rick was the person I usually talked to. We’d heard the news of Max’s death from the police in London.

‘It was probably just a mugger, Kate, trying to get Max’s money,’ said Rick gently.

‘What, in Amsterdam?’ I said.

Amsterdam is one of the safest cities in the world. Soft drugs and sex, yes, but not much crime at all, certainly not violent crime. I had got to know the city quite well about two years before during a story about a British guy who was selling stolen paintings there. At that time I’d made a friend in the Dutch police.

Max had been found by the police in an area of Amsterdam called de Pijp in the early hours of the morning. I knew the Dutch police thought it was a mugging that had gone wrong – a drunk or a drug addict who tried to steal Max’s money. It looked as if Max had fought back, but unfortunately the guy had a knife and had gone crazy.

‘But what was Max doing walking around in the middle of the night?’ I asked. ‘And in Amsterdam – he didn’t live in Amsterdam.’

Rick turned away from his computer screen and looked me straight in the eyes.

‘Well, you know, Kate ... men in Amsterdam ...’ he started. He didn’t have to continue.

Amsterdam is the sex capital of Europe; everyone knows that. But I couldn’t imagine Max visiting the famous red-light district of Amsterdam. I didn’t know why exactly, but somehow it just wasn’t like him. Not the Max I knew.

‘Max?’ I said. ‘I don’t think so.’

I had to admit that Rick was right, though. Max could have been there for any reason. After all, he lived in Holland. And why should Max tell me what he was planning to do? It wasn’t as if we saw each other that often. I wondered now if I had really known him at all.

I thought for a moment and then said, ‘You know, Rick, there’s something I’ve never told you about Max.’

‘What’s that?’ asked Rick.

‘He saved my life,’ I said.

‘Saved your life?’ repeated Rick, turning round to give me his full attention.

‘Yes,’ I said. ‘When I first started as a reporter on the *Manchester Evening News* they asked me to write stories about babies and marriages. You know, the usual sort of thing ...’

Rick smiled and nodded. He knew exactly what I meant. His first job had been in a small town in Scotland where he spent two years writing about sheep stealing.

‘But I really wanted to write about crime,’ I continued. ‘You know ... I was really young and really stupid, I guess. I wanted to write a big story – the biggest. I was hoping to make a name for myself by catching a really big fish.’

‘Well, that’s natural,’ said Rick.

‘Yeah, the problem was that the big fish was Johnny McGraw, one of Manchester’s most dangerous criminals. He was really bad news, the kind of guy who would put people in the river with weights tied around their feet.’

‘So what happened?’ asked Rick.

‘Max gave me this easy story, a break-in at a house in the centre of Manchester. The guy who lived in the house had tried to stop the gang from stealing his things. There was a fight and the man died of his wounds, so it became a murder. There were witnesses, people who saw it happen, but nobody could make them talk about it. Not even the police.’

I took a drink of my coffee. ‘Anyway,’ I continued, ‘the guys were part of Johnny McGraw’s gang and McGraw would kill anyone who talked.’

‘And you tried to get them to talk?’ asked Rick.

‘You guessed it,’ I said. ‘It was my chance to get a really big story! But Johnny McGraw knew that it would lead back to him. He put a contract on my head for £25,000. If anyone killed me, McGraw would give them that amount of money.’

‘So then what happened?’ asked Rick, his eyes wide.

‘Well, you can imagine that a lot of people were trying to kill me. I had to have police protection for a while,’ I said. ‘My own policemen twenty-four hours a day. I mean it was really serious. Then time went by and nothing happened. After about a month I came out of hiding and everything seemed fine. But then McGraw’s men caught me.’

‘But you got free?’ Rick asked.

‘Yes, with Max’s help. Max knew where I was going

that evening. When I disappeared he went out to look for me. He put his own life in danger for me. Finally, he came to an arrangement with McGraw and McGraw let me go,' I said.

I stopped. I wanted to cry but I couldn't.

'Anyway,' I continued, 'Max saved my life and I've never forgotten it.'

'Wow, Kate ... that's quite a story,' said Rick.

'Yeah,' I said. 'I've never told you, I guess because I was just so stupid. I hate to talk about how stupid I was,' I said.

Rick touched my arm and smiled.

But that was all in the past and now Max was dead. There were a number of people at the *Echo* who knew Max, and they all found his death hard to believe: it was so sudden and violent. For me the whole thing was worse because I'd seen him so recently. I knew that I had to go to Amsterdam, and I knew that if I wanted to go I had to ask my editor, Dave Balzano.

* * *

'You want to go where, Jensen?' shouted Balzano. He was a fat sweaty man and he never spoke quietly.

'Amsterdam,' I said.

'Why do you want to do that?' asked Balzano angrily. 'Max was killed by a drug addict who was trying to get money!' Then he stopped for a moment. I could see that Balzano was sad at Max's death. After all, Max had been his editor too.

I looked at Balzano. 'I want to go, Dave,' I said quietly.

Balzano knew Max was special to me. He knew what

had happened back in Manchester.

‘OK, OK,’ he said finally. ‘Why don’t you take Rick with you?’

‘No, there’s no need ... really,’ I said. I wasn’t sure what I would find out, if anything, but I knew I had to go. And I had to go alone. I caught the first plane I could. I was going to Amsterdam as Max had wanted – not to write about his club, but to find his killer.