

龚正民 主编

英语知识阅读丛书

English Readings
For Knowledge

恐怖与反恐怖



Fight Against Terrorists

武汉测绘科技大学出版社

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龚 正 民
李 正 民 编
江 韵 松

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责任编辑:柳建乔

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1 *The gunmen attack*

Isa bin hamid had plenty of time . It was almost 11 o' clock , so he walked slowly down Jalan Bintang. He was on his way to the American Embassy to collect some films for his school. Every week he showed different films to his class. He like to show films about many countries, films which told how people lived, films about wild life, and films about adventure.

Isa was 26 years old and he had studied science at the University of Bandar Bahru. Now he was teaching a sixth year class in a special school — a school where the students lived and only went home for school holidays. He enjoyed his work and liked the young people he taught. They liked him because he was friendly and made all the lessons interesting. Isa hoped to travel one day, he wanted to see some of the countries in the films he showed, and he also wanted adventure.

The street was busy with traffic and very noisy. Buses, lorries, black and yellow taxis, cars, and bicycles rushed by him and everywhere people were crossing the street. Isa stopped and watched them. He wiped his face with a handkerchief — the weather was very hot. Isa thought these people were very careless, or was it that they didn' t understand the danger? There were deaths every day on Jalan Bintang. Isa waited at least ten minutes before he could cross. He wanted to stay alive. Life was good!

On the opposite side of the road Isa could see the BJB Building. The American Embassy was in this building, high up on the 11th floor. Suddenly, the traffic slowed down a little and Isa ran quickly across the road to the BJB Building.

He was glad to find that the building was cool inside. He

walked to the lift and looked at the signs—Bulgarian Embassy... Canadian Embassy... and there was the American Embassy on the 11th floor. He pressed the button for the lift and a red light shone. The red light had on it an arrow pointing down. Soon the doors opened and Isa stepped into the lift. He looked at the buttons and pressed the one with the number 11 on it .

The doors closed and the lift went up . It moved very quickly and Isa hoped that it wouldn' t suddenly break down and stop between floors. He hoped this every time he went in the lift. He did not like to think that he would ever be caught there for a long time. But, as usual, the lift doors opened and he was safely on the 11th floor. He stepped out and walked over to a long desk. Above the desk was a sign marked 'AMERICAN EMBASSY—INFORMATION. ' He spoke to the man there.

'Can I speak to Zuraidah, please?' The man said, 'Just a minute,' and then went through a door behind the desk . A moment later Zuraidah Nordin walked through the same door. She was a pretty girl of twenty-two years of age . Her hair was long and black , and she wore a green Malaysian *batik* dress. She smiled at Isa . 'Hello there, how are you today?'

'Fine Zu, and how are you ?' Isa was smiling too. He knew Zu quite well and was always very pleased to see her. He came for films often and they talked together a lot. She always got the films that he wanted, and she was always ready to help ; Isa sometimes brought back the films late and she telephoned him every week so that he did not forget.

She gave Isa a box . 'Here are the films you asked for— one on Europe and one funny one. Right?'

'Oh good! Thanks Zu, you' re wonderful. Now, what about a cup of coffee?'

Zu shook her head. 'Sorry, I can' t Isa. I just haven' t got the

time today . There are a lot of people here. They' re meeting at 11 : 30. Look over there. You see that short man in the black coat? He' s from the Canadian Embassy. He' s very important. And the man next to him—I think he' s a Bulgarian Minister. '

Suddenly a look of alarm crossed her face. She pointed to a door at the end of the room. 'Look over there—behind you. ' Her voice had changed to a whisper. 'There are some men I don' t know. I' ve never seen them before and I can' t say I like the look of them. '

Isa turned and saw the men by the door. They had guns. Before Isa and Zu knew what was happening, two of the gunmen rushed up to them, and one of them spoke sharply, 'Walk in front of us and keep quiet. ' Both men pointed their guns at them. 'Go on, you heard me. '

Zu' s face was pale as she came out from behind the desk. She ran up to Isa and he took her hand in his. She was shaking.

Poor Zu, how frightened she was, he thought. He was frightened himself and his mouth had gone dry. He must be brave!

A gunman pushed a gun in his back, and he and Zu walked slowly down the office. Both of the gunmen were behind them.

'Don' t worry too much, Zu, 'said Isa in a low voice. 'Keep close to me. ' She looked up at him and tried to smile.

'Come on, you two, hurry up. '

The other gunmen were waiting at the end of the room. By now there were two girls, embassy secretaries, with them . Zu knew these girls. They were Khatijah and Julie. Their eyes were wide with fear. There was no one else in the room—just Isa, Zu, the two secretaries and the four gunmen.

The tallest of the gunmen seemed to be their leader. His face was dark and he had a long nose, hard black eyes, very white teeth and a black moustache. He spoke to them very clearly and

slowly in English. He was not an Englishman.

'Listen carefully,' he said. 'We don't want to kill you but you must do as I say. Don't try to escape. If you do, we'll shoot you. Understand? We are going to keep you here. We want some of our friends out of prison. They are in prison in our country, Risokyo. Your Government must speak to our Ministers. They must tell our Ministers that you are our prisoners, and that we shall kill you unless our friends are freed.'

Zu turned to Isa, holding his hand tightly. 'Do you think they will hurt us?' she whispered.

'No, Zu, but we must be very, very careful. These men are terrorists—they're dangerous and not afraid of anything. I do not think that they want to kill us because we could be useful to them.'

The leader of the terrorists looked at them again. His eyes were hard and cold. No one moved. Then he raised his gun and pointed it at each of his prisoners in turn.

'We are taking you into another room. Our friends have more people like yourselves there. We want you all together. Follow me. And keep them covered Seiko.'

'Sure!' said a big, rather ugly man, and he and the other terrorists pointed their guns at the four prisoners. Seiko had a machine gun. Isa knew that a machine gun was very dangerous and that Seiko could easily kill a lot of people with it.

They all walked towards a door. One of the terrorists kicked it open. Waiting on the other side, were the man from the Canadian Embassy and the Bulgarian Minister. Two more terrorists were pointing guns at them. Then they all walked together to another door. One of the terrorists hit the door hard with his gun. The door opened and they all went into the room. Inside, there were more people. They were very quiet. They were quiet

because they were afraid. Some were standing and others were sitting on the floor. Standing by them, holding machine guns, were three terrorists.

The terrorist leader spoke to one of his men. He spoke in a foreign language for some time. Then he turned and looked at all his hostages for two or three minutes, in silence. He seemed very calm. Isa felt more frightened—the man was too calm. These men won't think twice about killing us, he thought. They know exactly what they want, and they seem to know exactly what to do.

'There are fourteen of you here in this room,' he said. 'You are our prisoners—but "hostages" is a better word. We are going to keep you here until our friends arrive. If our friends do not come, you will die. If you try to escape, you will die. If you do not obey me, you will die. And if the police try to help you, you will die.' He waited a moment so that they could all think about what he had told them. 'Right, I think you have all understood. Now, I will tell you more. The whole of the 11th floor of this building is ours. Soon, we shall tell the police what we want. Then, we shall all wait. And, for your information, all of us speak and understand English.'

Two of the gunmen covered the prisoners with their guns. The other gunmen talked together in their own language. Then three of them went out of the room. Isa guessed that they were going to guard the doors and the lift.

Zu was still shaking. Her hand was cold. 'It will be all right, Zu,' he said gently. 'I think we'll be able to talk to them in a while.'

At that moment, the terrorist leader walked over to a big window. It was the only window in the room. He opened it and looked out. Everyone watched him. Then he turned and spoke to

one of his men. 'The police are here. They' ll come up to this floor in a minute.'

He was right. Loud knocks sounded on the door. Then, gun shots from outside the door. Isa heard the sound of the lift and there were more shots. Suddenly, the door flew open and one of the terrorists rushed in. His shoulder was red with blood. He fell to the floor at the leader's feet.

'The police have gone down again, Kuno,' he cried. 'I think I' ve killed one of them. All the doors are locked and the lift doesn' t open any more. I' ve stopped it!'

The leader, Kuno, said, 'Good. Now, somebody try to clean up this man' s shoulder—he' s losing a lot of blood.' There was blood on the carpet. The man was helped over to a corner of the room. All the hostages watched. Then they turned their eyes on Kuno. He was holding a clean, new brick.

'Norio,' he said, 'go and stay by the lift for a while. Seiko, Yusuf, watch these people. Shoot at once if anybody does not obey you. Now, the police know what is happening and I' m going to tell them what we want. They are outside watching the building.' Everyone watched Kuno as he fixed a piece of paper to the brick. The paper had a message on it. Isa thought it looked like a long message. Then Kuno went again to the window and looked down.

Crash! He pulled back very suddenly. Everyone looked at him. The window was broken and by it on the inside wall was a small hole. The shots had just missed him. Quickly, Kuno threw the brick and the message out of the window. After a few seconds, they heard a slight noise. The brick was on the ground.

'In the message,' said Kuno, 'I have told the police that you are all here. I have told them that you, Mr Manson and you Captain Laszlo are my prisoners.' He pointed to the Canadian

and the Bulgarian. 'You are both very important men in your own countries. I have said that I shall shoot one of the girls if the police try to enter this floor again.'

As he said these words, Khatijah cried out in fear. Julie put her arm round her friend. Then she shouted, 'Mr Manson, can not you do something? Somebody's got to do something.'

'Be quiet, you, or you'll be sorry,' said one of the terrorists, pointing his gun at her.

Mr Manson looked at the floor and said nothing.

'This is just terrible,' said Zu. 'How is it all going to end, Isa?'

'I wish I knew. But they won't kill anyone—not a girl, anyway. I'm sure of that.' He did not feel sure in his own heart. Although she was very frightened, Zu was able to give a weak smile.

Kuno was speaking again. 'I have given the police the name of our country, Risokyo, and the name of an important Minister there. His telephone number was on the message. The police must arrange matters with him. Our friends must be let out of prison in Risokyo, and then they must fly here. Once they are here, maybe in one or two days, we might let you go.'

One or two days! Zu and Isa looked at each other. They saw the other prisoners looking at Kuno. They all wanted to ask questions, but they were too afraid. Could they speak to their families, their friends? Would they all go hungry?

Then from just outside the room came the sound of machine guns. Everyone looked at the door. Kuno raised his gun. Seiko and Yusuf pointed their guns at the hostages.

'They've come up the stairs,' said Kuno. His lips were a thin line. 'Come here to me, you,' he ordered the three girls. Khatijah and Julie went to him, Khatijah was crying. 'And you.' Zu

looked at Isa, then she walked slowly to Kuno. 'You will be the first, little one.' Kuno's voice was almost gentle. 'I'm sorry but it has to be.'

Isa pushed past Seiko. 'You can't do that!' he shouted at the top of his voice.

'Can't I?' said Kuno. 'I'm giving the orders here.' Isa was pulled back roughly by two gunmen. 'Keep him quiet, and...'

Suddenly he turned sharply. 'What was that?'

Everyone heard the shots—and the cries. Then the door flew open and Norio came in. There was a policeman behind him, holding a gun in his back. Two other policemen followed. They looked at Kuno. Kuno did not move. He held Zu in front of him, his gun in her back. 'If you shoot,' he said through tight lips, 'I'll kill this girl—and then her friends. Go at once and tell your IGP to read my message—and don't come back.'

The policemen put their guns away and left the room. They had said nothing.

I. Vocabulary

traffic [ˈtræfɪk] *n.* the movement of people and vehicles along roads or streets, of ships in the sea, planes in the sky 交通

embassy [ˈembəsi] *n.* the official building where an ambassador and those who work with him live in a foreign country 大使馆

sign [saɪn] *n.* a board or other notice giving information, warning, direction 记号, 标记

batic [ˈbætik] *n.* a way of printing coloured patterns on cloth (usu. cotton cloth) by putting wax on the part not to be dyed and melting it off afterwards 蜡染

alarm [əˈlɑ:m] *n.* sudden fear and anxiety as caused by the possibility of danger 惊慌, 恐惧

- whisper** [ˈwɪspə] *v.* to speak with noisy breath, but not with the usual movements in the throat which produce the voice so that a person close by can hear 耳语
- moustache** [məˈstɑːʃ] *n.* hair growing on the upper lip 上唇的胡子
- terrorist** [ˈterərɪst] *n.* person who uses violence to cause terror for political ends 恐怖分子
- cover** [ˈkʌvə] *v.* to keep a gun aimed at someone 对...瞄准
- hostage** [ˈhɒstɪdʒ] *n.* a person kept by an enemy so that the other said will do what the enemy wants 人质
- obey** [əˈbeɪ] *v.* to do what one is asked or ordered to do 服从
- crash** [kræʃ] *n.* a sudden loud noise as made by violent blow 碰撞声
- gentle** [dʒentl] *adj.* not violent, soft in movement 文雅的
- rough** [rʌf] *adj.* not gentle, or polite 粗鲁的
- I. G. P.** = Inspector General of Police 警察总监

I. Comprehension One

Read the first part of the story and then match Column A with Column B:

- | A | B |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Isa bin Hamid | a. leader of the terrorists |
| 2. The American Embassy | b. Bulgarian Minister |
| 3. Zuraidah Nordin | c. terrorists |
| 4. Khatijah and Julia | d. a man from Canadian Embassy. |
| 5. Mr Manson | a teacher at the University of Bandarhru |
| 6. Captain Laszlo | f. secretaries in the American Embassy |
| 7. Kuno | g. has offices in the BJB Building on the 11th floor |
| 8. Seiko | h. often helps Isa when he comes to the terrorists' s country |
| 9. Norio and Yusuf | j. a terrorist with a machine gun |
| 10. Risokyo | |

III . Comprehension Two

A) Read each of the following statements and tell whether it is true or false:

- () 1. Kuno fixed a message to a brick, and threw it down to the ground to let the government know what they wanted.
- () 2. The terrorists would kill the hostages unless Risokyo set Kuno's friends free or let them fly to the place where they were.
- () 3. Yusuf had a machine gun in hand, covering the prisoners, and he was ready to shoot if anybody didn't obey.
- () 4. The policemen came up to the BJB Building to help the people, kept as hostages by the terrorists.
- () 5. The policemen had to quit(退出) the BJB Building in fear that Zuraidah Nordin would be killed by the enemy.
- () 6. Zu had known that the terrorists had surrounded the BJB Building when she came out to meet Isa at the American Embassy—Information.

B) Comprehension Questions; Answer the following questions in English according to the text:

- 1. What was Isa? What did he go to American Embassy for?
- 2. What was Zuraidah? Was she always ready to help Isa?
- 3. What was the name of the leader of the terrorists? What kind of man was he?
- 4. How many people did the terrorists take as their hostages?
- 5. What happened when the police came to help the hostages out of danger?

IV . Words in the Text

A) Use the context to guess the meaning of the underlined words by choosing the best answers to them:

- 1. The lift wouldn't suddenly break down and stopped between floors.
A. fall rapidly B. come down
C. fail to work D. happen
- 2. Suddenly a look of alarm crossed her face.
A. across B. appeared on
C. went away D. lost
- 3. They'll come up to this floor in a minute.

- A. soon
- B. for a short time
- C. afterwards
- D. some time

4. Everyone watched Kuno as he fixed a piece of paper to the brick.

- A. watched
- B. looked closely at
- C. wrote
- D. tied

5. Keep him quiet, and _____.

- A. beat him
- B. throw him out of the window
- C. lock him in a small room
- D. kill him

B) Choose the best alternative to fill in the blanks;

1. a) _____ the four men are chained day and night.

b) It was true that he had been a thief and had just come _____.

(out of prison, in prison)

2. a) She was pointing her fingers _____ me.

b) The hands of the clock pointed _____ half-past one. (at, to)

3. a) _____ you work harder, you will fail.

b) She won't go away _____ you promise to help her.

(until, unless)

4. a) You'd be lucky to _____ a fighter down with a light machine-gun.

b) We heard a _____ in the wood. (shot, shoot)

5. a) Both of them looked after the patient _____.

b) Each teacher _____ keeps an eye on the children walking home from school. (in turn, by turns)

2 *Hostages*

When the door closed, Isa heard a small sound. It came from Zu. Her face was very pale. Suddenly, she fell to the floor. Without thinking, Isa ran to her. He stopped as he felt Kuno's gun.

'Now where do you think you're going? She's only fainted. You had better give me your name, young man.'

'My name is Isa.'

'Is she your girl friend?'

'No, well er...'

'Well, is she or isn't she? You must know.'

'She is a friend—yes.' He was not sure what he should say.

'I know her.'

'There's a glass of water over there. Get it and throw some over her face. I expect she was frightened, but she'll be all right, you'll see. Your friend, Isa, is a very brave girl.' Isa ran to get the glass and poured a little water over Zu's face. After a minute, she moved and opened her eyes. There was a little colour in her face.

'Oh, Isa—I'm sorry,' she said weakly.

'Don't worry. Don't say anything—just rest, Zu. You'll soon feel better.' Isa put his arms round her gently. She was so young, so sweet, so very pretty. He felt that he wanted to look after her always.

Kuno was standing at his side. He was smiling. 'You know, Isa,' said the tall man, 'We don't want to hurt any of you, but we must get what we want. Our friends have been in prison for ten years. They are good men.'

Isa listened but he didn't speak. He didn't believe this.

'These men,' he thought, 'will shoot and kill. They will shoot and kill people like us. We are nothing to them. This is not the right way to fight for something you want.' Then he looked at Zu's face. She had nearly died. How he loved her—his beautiful Zu. These men must not be allowed to get what they want this way. If it was the last thing he did, he was going to stop them. But how? He got up from beside Zu. 'Can she sit on a chair?' he asked Kuno.

'Yes, why not,' said Kuno, 'You can all sit down. Seiko, go and watch out of the window. Be careful, and tell me all that happens outside. Yusuf, you stand by the door and watch our prisoners.'

Everyone moved over to the chairs. It was a big room and there were many comfortable seats. Isa took Zu to sit with Khatijah and Julie. Four men from the Information Department made a group on their own. They mostly talked only to each other. There were also four other men who worked at the American Embassy.

'What happens now?' asked Mr Manson, the man from the Canadian Embassy. He was a stout, kindly man. His eyes were bright blue in his sunburnt face.

'I'll tell you,' said Kuno. Then he shouted something in his own language to Seiko. Seiko gave a long reply.

'Now, to answer your question, Mr Manson. The police have closed this building and now all the people have left the offices on every floor. The police have also closed the road to traffic. They think that we have bombs. But we haven't. The building is quite safe. And so are you.'

Isa looked at the telephone. He had noticed it when he first entered the room. Now, he had an idea.

'Kuno,' he said, and everyone turned to look at him. 'Are

you going to use the telephone?’

‘Yes,’ said Kuno. ‘Why do you ask? It is our only way of speaking to the IGP.’

‘Then why not let me speak for you. If I tell them that we are safe, they will believe me.’

Kuno smiled. ‘You are a clever boy.’

Isa’s voice was eager. ‘I can speak for all of us. I’m not an important person but perhaps I can help everything to go easily. I can speak to the families of the people here, and the police—anybody you wish. You can tell me what to say.’

‘You are a sensible boy too,’ said Kuno, ‘The police would not believe me even if I told them the truth. The police can let your families know. You, Isa, shall speak for me. I think it will be useful. Tell the police that you are all safe. Tell them that nobody will be hurt if the prisoners in Risokyo are made free men. And ask what they are doing about my message.’

Isa smiled to himself. He could hardly believe his luck. Was Kuno a clever man or was he not? He spoke like a clever man and he certainly did know exactly what he wanted. But—and this was Isa’s idea—there wasn’t any clear plan of action in Kuno’s head. He and his men occupied the building, they had guns and they held fourteen hostages. That was all. They did not really know what to do next. He felt sure of that. Isa always had lots of ideas.

At a sign from Kuno, he went to the telephone. Kuno, Seiko and Yusuf watched him. He picked up the phone and rang the emergency number. He was glad he had something to do, something important.

‘Hello,’ he said into the receiver, ‘is that the police?’ He looked at Kuno. Kuno’s eyes were very sharp and hard. ‘No tricks.’