

# *The Flower Seller*

## 名画失而复得记

R. 普雷斯科特 著

徐 惠 译注



世界图书出版公司

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*Series Editor: John Milne*

The Heinemann Guided Readers provide a choice of enjoyable reading material for learners of English. The series is published at five levels – Starter, Beginner, Elementary, Intermediate and Upper. At **Elementary Level**, the control of content and language has the following main features:

### **Information Control**

Stories have straightforward plots and a restricted number of main characters. Information which is vital to the understanding of the story is clearly presented and repeated when necessary. Difficult allusion and metaphor are avoided and cultural backgrounds are made explicit.

### **Structure Control**

Students will meet those grammatical features which they have already been taught in their elementary course of studies. Other grammatical features occasionally occur with which the students may not be so familiar, but their use is made clear through context and reinforcement. This ensures that the reading as well as being enjoyable provides a continual learning situation for the students. Sentences are kept short – a maximum of two clauses in nearly all cases – and within sentences there is a balanced use of simple adverbial and adjectival phrases. Great care is taken with pronoun reference.

### **Vocabulary Control**

At **Elementary Level** there is a limited use of a carefully controlled vocabulary of approximately 1,100 basic words. At the same time, students are given some opportunity to meet new or unfamiliar words in contexts where their meaning is obvious. The meaning of words introduced in this way is reinforced by repetition. Help is also given to the students in the form of vivid illustrations which are closely related to the text.



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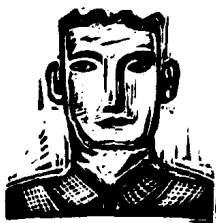
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## The People in This Story

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**Clive Darby** is an art student. He is good at painting. He lives in a house with Andy Banks.



**Andy Banks** is an art student too. He is a friend of Clive's. Andy likes playing football.



**Detective Inspector Brian Waddington** is a police detective.



**Lord Cleveland** is a rich man. He lives in a big house in the country. He collects paintings, furniture and antiques.

**Mr John Kelly** has a shop. He buys and sells paintings. He also steals and sells paintings. He is a criminal.



**Mr Baker** is a rich businessman. Kelly steals paintings for Mr Baker.



**Eric and Sam** work for John Kelly.





## A Strange Meeting

Clive Darby put down his paintbrush. He looked at his painting. Clive was pleased. The painting was very good.

The door of Clive's room opened suddenly and a young man came in. His name was Andy Banks. He was wearing a blue track-suit and carrying a sports bag. Clive and Andy lived in the same house. They were both art students.

'We'll be late, Clive,' Andy said. 'Hurry up and get ready.'

Andy threw a pair of track shoes at Clive. 'Football practice starts at seven o'clock,' he said.

Clive was not listening to Andy. 'Come and see my painting,' Clive said. 'I've finished it at last.'

Andy stood in front of the painting. 'It's fantastic,' he said. 'But I've seen it before.'

Clive laughed. 'Of course you've seen it,' he said. 'I've copied it. Look, here is a photograph of the original.'

Clive opened a large book of paintings. He pointed to a photograph of the original painting. Below the photograph were these words: *Mother and Child* by Raffaello. National Gallery, London.

'Your copy's good enough to sell,' Andy said. 'Some fool will think it's the original.'

They both laughed.

'Come on, Clive,' Andy said. 'We'll be late for the practice.'

A vehicle stopped in the street outside the house. Someone shouted. Andy looked out of the window. It was

the football team's old blue van. The other members of the team had arrived.

'Where are we going to have the practice tonight, Andy?' asked Clive.

'It's in a sports centre on the other side of town. I don't know where it is. The others know. The van's small. We can't all get in the van. We're going to follow them in my car.'

---

In town, the streets were busy with traffic. The offices and factories were closing and everyone was going home. It was getting dark.

The team's blue van stopped at some traffic lights. There were two cars between the blue van and Andy's car. The traffic lights turned green and the traffic began to move. But the car in front of Andy's didn't move away. It had stalled. Clive and Andy were stuck behind the stalled car. At last, the engine of the car in front started. The traffic began to move again.

'Where did our van go?' asked Andy.

'Straight on, I think,' said Clive.

'Are you sure?' said Andy. 'Didn't it go right?'

'Sorry, Andy. I'm not sure,' said Clive.

They drove straight on, but they did not see the van anywhere. Andy drove fast and passed some cars. 'There they are!' he said at last.

The blue van was a short distance in front. The van turned right, and Clive and Andy followed. There was less traffic here.

After a few minutes, Clive said, 'Andy?'

'Yes, Clive.'

'Where are we going?'

'I don't know,' said Andy. 'I'm following the van.'

'There are no sports centres near here,' said Clive.

It was dark now. They were in a quiet part of the town. There were no street lights, no shops or houses or people. Clive looked around. He saw old factories and waste ground. The van turned onto the waste ground.

'The others must be lost,' said Andy. 'Let's go and see what's wrong.'

Clive and Andy got out of Andy's white Ford. The car's headlights were bright. They saw two men standing at the back of the van. One of the men was tall and thin. The other was short and strong-looking. Andy and Clive were surprised at first. Then they were angry.

'Oh no!' said Andy. 'We've been following the wrong van!'

'Now we are lost!' said Clive.

Suddenly the strong-looking man said, 'You're early.'  
Andy was surprised. 'What?' he said.

'We thought you were coming at seven-thirty,' the strong man said.

'Oh,' said Andy. He looked at his watch. It was seven-twenty.

The strangers opened the back doors of the van. They took out a large, flat box.

Clive said quietly to Andy, 'There's something strange happening here.'

'You're right, Clive,' said Andy. 'What do we do?'

There was no time to think. The two men gave the large, flat box to Andy and Clive.

'Roses are red!' said the thin man.



There was no time to think. The two men gave the large, flat box to Andy and Clive.

'Roses are red?' said Clive, surprised. He did not understand.

The strong man and the thin man closed the van doors. They got in the blue van and drove away.

Clive and Andy looked at each other.

'What's happening?' said Andy.

'I've no idea,' said Clive.

'Why have they given us this box?' asked Andy.

At that moment another car arrived on the waste ground. It was a white Ford, like Andy's.

'What time is it?' asked Clive.

'Almost seven-thirty,' said Andy.

The white Ford stopped a few metres away. The doors opened and two very tough men got out.

'I don't like the look of this,' said Clive. 'Quick. Let's get out of here.'

## 2

# The Stolen Painting

Clive and Andy arrived home. They carried the box inside the house. The two young men felt excited and frightened.

'I'm sure this box belongs to the guys in the white Ford,' said Andy. 'They looked evil. Perhaps we should have left it with them.'

'Well, we didn't,' said Clive. 'I'm going to open the box.'

Clive opened one end of the flat box. There was something large inside. He pulled out a painting.

'It's *The Flower Seller* by Jean-Pierre le Blanc!'

'This painting must be worth a lot of money,' said Andy.

'It is,' said Clive. He picked up the large book of paintings and opened it at a photograph of *The Flower Seller*.

'Do you think it's the original?' asked Andy.

Clive and Andy looked closely at the painting. 'I think it is,' said Clive. 'Hey, wait a minute! I remember reading about this in the paper. It was stolen about two weeks ago.'

'Have you still got the paper?' asked Andy.

'I think so,' said Clive, 'Let's have a look.'

Clive looked at some old newspapers under a table. 'Ah, here it is,' he said.

LE BLANC PAINTING STOLEN

*A valuable painting by Jean-Pierre Le Blanc was stolen from the home of Lord Cleveland on the night of Thursday 23 February. Thieves broke into the Cleveland's house while Lord Cleveland was away on business.*

*'The thieves knew exactly what they wanted,' Lord Cleveland said yesterday. 'This is my most valuable painting. They did not take anything else.'*

*Lord Cleveland has offered a £10 000 reward for the recovery of the painting.*

'Ten thousand pounds reward,' said Andy. 'That's fantastic!'

'When we've got the reward money we can go on a long holiday,' said Clive.

'Where would you like to go?' said Andy.

'To an island in Polynesia,' said Clive. 'where the painter Gauguin used to live. Sun, sea, tropical fruit, beautiful women ...'



*'The painting was stolen about two weeks ago.'*

'Fantastic!' said Andy again.

'Let's phone the police,' said Clive.

---

Detective Inspector Brian Waddington was a hard-looking man. He had short grey hair and a pointed nose. Clive thought he looked more like a criminal than a policeman. Clive and Andy were sitting in Detective Inspector Waddington's office. Waddington had listened to their story in silence. When he spoke, his voice was hard. He seemed very unfriendly.

'You say you were going to a football practice and you got lost,' the Inspector said.

'Yes,' said Andy.

'And two men *gave* you a painting by Le Blanc.' The Inspector spoke the word 'gave' very carefully. 'And then you discovered that it was a stolen painting.'

'That's right,' said Andy.

'And now you want the reward,' said the Inspector.

'Well, not immediately,' said Clive. 'We can wait . . .'

'Do you expect me to believe this?' said the Inspector.

Clive and Andy were silent.

'I hear many strange things in my job,' said Detective Inspector Waddington. 'But I have never heard anything as strange as this.'

'Don't you believe us?' said Andy.

The Inspector laughed. 'What I believe doesn't matter now,' he said. 'I have to find out the truth.'

'And the fact is,' the Inspector went on, 'you two young men have got a stolen painting!'



‘Wait a moment,’ said Clive. ‘We haven’t done anything wrong.’

‘I am pleased to hear that,’ said the Inspector. ‘But how do I know that you’re telling the truth? How do I know that you didn’t steal the painting? How do I know that the painting is genuine? It could be a copy. You are art students. Perhaps you copied it. And now you hope to get the reward.’

‘That’s a crazy idea,’ said Clive.

‘Perhaps my idea is crazy,’ said Detective Inspector Waddington. ‘We’ll have to find out who is telling the truth, won’t we? It’s late now. You can go home. But I’ll see you in my office at 8.30 tomorrow morning. Don’t be late!’

### 3

## Mr Kelly and Mr Baker

The sign over John Kelly’s shop said: “A. J. KELLY ART DEALER”. It was a small shop and there was nothing valuable inside. Few customers came to buy things. But Kelly made a lot of money. His business was very successful.

Kelly’s customers lived in all parts of the world. Some of them were businessmen. Others were princes or politicians. They were all rich people. And they all loved valuable paintings.

When a customer wanted a painting, he contacted Kelly. After he got in touch with Kelly – Kelly went to work. He found out who owned the painting. Then he got the painting from the owner. He packed it carefully. Then his men delivered it to the customer.