



ENGLISH

Advance

English Course

高级

英语教程

主编 肖肃



电子科技大学出版社

高级英语教程

主 编 肖 肃

副主编 李小青 谢 琳

编 委 (按拼音顺序)

李建平 李凌鸿

李小青 肖 肃

谢 琳 赵 旻

张东生

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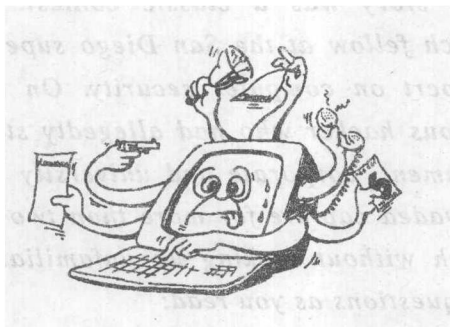
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Unit 1



Problems and Mysteries

From Cyberspace to Universe

- *hackers and Y2K problems*
- *lightning, antigravity and UFO mystery*

Leave them or resolve them

How scientists and experts deal with
them

Section A

This story was a classic contest. On one side was a research fellow at the San Diego supercomputer Center and an expert on computer security. On the other side was a notorious hacker who had allegedly stolen information from government, corporate and university computer systems and had evaded capture for more than two years. Read the story through without looking up unfamiliar words. Ask yourself these questions as you read:

- ◆ *How is the conflict organized?*
- ◆ *How is the conflict resolved?*
- ◆ *How does the story add to the understanding of our existence?*

Duel in Cyberspace

By Tsutomu Shimomura

1 On the day after Christmas 1994, I was driving to Lake Tahoe for some skiing when my cellular phone rang. The caller was my research assistant, Andrew Gross.

2 "Can you get to a land line?" he asked, instantly alerting me that the matter was too confidential to risk being overheard on a radio scanner.

3 "Not conveniently," I answered. "Tell me generally what's up."

4 "Well," he said, "your log file summaries have gotten shorter."

5. I immediately had the queasy feeling you get after you realize your pocket's been picked. He was telling me that someone, via the Internet, had broken into the well-guarded computers in my own home. Skiing would have to wait. I turned the car around.

6. Back in San Diego, I examined my computer files, many of which had been copied by the intruder.

7. Andrew and I would spend the next several days assessing the damage. We began to reconstruct the crime by writing computer programs to locate any electronic clues the intruder had left behind.

8. We found that he had managed to trick my computers into acting as if his computer was a trusted member of their network. I had seen this kind of attack described in theory, but as far as I knew it had never before been carried out. My opponent was no ordinary hacker.

9. During this time I checked my voice mail—and that's when it all began, "Damn you," a male voice said in a fake Australian accent. "My technique is the best. Don't you know who I am? Me and my friends, we'll kill you."

10. Then came another voice, possibly the same caller: "Hey, boss, your Kung Fu's really good!"

11. "That's right," concluded my caller in his earlier accent, "My style is the best."

12. I saved the message. This was getting personal. *I don't need this*, I thought. Clearly someone was challenging me.

13. That he had managed to break into my network in this way raised a frightening threat. The millions of government,

business, university and home computers linked to the global Internet were suddenly vulnerable to the same sort of eavesdropping and theft.

14. The whereabouts of my stolen data did not come to light until weeks later, when I got a call from a man named Bruce Koball, who belonged to a Sausahto computer network called The WELL. He had received a notice from The WELL, warning him to remove a huge amount of data that was taking up too much space in the network's storage banks. This struck Koball as very odd because that particular account had been dormant for some time. When he checked his account, he saw that it had been taken over by an intruder and filled with mysterious files—all mine.

15. Not only had the intruder stashed my stolen files in The WELL, but he had also filled the network's databanks with proprietary information stolen from Motorola, Apple Computer and other high-tech firms.

16. Hoping to bait my caller into a response revealing his whereabouts, I put two of his phone messages on the Internet in digitized files that could be converted and played through computer speakers. In addition, I called the FBI. Special agent Levord Burns of the computer-crimes division told me to keep him posted.

17. I also set up monitoring systems at The WELL to alert us when the intruder was prowling around. This would allow us to watch and record his activities. The critical challenge was to observe him without giving away our presence.

18. Watching his keystrokes show up on our monitors, we

saw him open the e-mail file of John Markoff, a New York *Times* reporter, and begin searching for text that contained the letters "itni." He was trying to be discreet, but to me it was a dead giveaway. Markoff had written a front-page story in 1994 about a hacker outlaw named Kevin Mitnick. Markoff had also co-authored a book called *Cyberpunk* profiling Mitnick and other hackers. Clearly the intruder was searching for any references to Mitnick in Markoff's current e-mail. Who else but Mitnick would have such an interest?

19. Soon I received another voice-mail message. It was the response I'd hoped for when I placed the other messages on the Internet. "Ah, Tsutomu, my learned disciple," he began in a bogus Asian accent, "I see you put my voice on the Net. Don't you know that my Kung Fu is the best? I'm very disappointed, my son."

20. He had risen to the bait, and with trap-and-trace data from the call we might begin homing in on his location.

21. For two days we camped out at NETCOM, writing programs to track the intruder's on-line sessions. We would take breaks for food and rest when he logged off, and come back to our computers at the first sign that he had resumed activity.

22. A day later we watched as the intruder conversed, via the Internet, with a fellow hacker in Israel. At one point the intruder typed. "My hero is Japboy," a seeming reference to me. Then he typed, "Markoff is the reason my picture was on the front page of the New York *Times*."

23. That clinched it—I believed the cyberthief was Kevin

Mitnick.

24. In a way, Mitnick and I had one important thing in common: a fascination with computers that dated back to our childhoods.

25. The son of two Japanese scientists, I was raised in Princeton, New Jersey. From my first steps my parents encouraged me to be curious and often suggested experiments through which I could find answers for myself.

26. When I was ten, I joined a Princeton computer club, and after that computers and I were inseparable. I hung around Princeton University's computer labs, developing my skills. At 14 I was writing technical programs for the university's astronomy department.

27. After secondary school I immersed myself in advanced computer projects at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena. At the age of 19 and with no formal degree, I went to work on the staff of the Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico. In those days it was a matter of honor to keep the Internet like a small community where you left your door unlocked.

28. Kevin Mitnick, on the other hand, was seduced by the "dark side" of computers. A loner raised in a suburb of Los Angeles by a divorced mother, he hooked up with an informal gang of "phone phreaks," as they called themselves. Mostly they engaged in pranks, such as changing the class of service on someone's home phone so that whenever their victim picked up the receiver, a recorded voice would ask for a ten-cent deposit.

29. Mitnick's first brush with the law came in 1981, when the 17-year-old was arrested for stealing computer manuals from Pacific Bell's switching center in Los Angeles. He was sentenced to probation. A year later he was reportedly caught breaking into computers at the University of Southern California. This didn't stop him. He appeared bent on proving that he could overcome any security system.

30. We continued to monitor Mitnick's activities from NETCOM, which at the time had local dial-up in 51 cities around the country. I hoped he'd tip his hand with a phone call to local NETCOM number that we could then trace.

31. Late on the night of February 12, 1995, we were eating pizza in our NETCOM "war room," red-eyed from a nonstop 36-hour monitoring session. Suddenly our computers revealed that Mitnick was logging on, via a cellular phone and modem, from NETCOM's dial-up location in Raleigh, North Carolina. We contacted phone technicians, who traced the call to the northeastern outskirts of the city. *At last, I thought, We're getting close.*

32. The next day I flew to Raleigh, and at two o'clock in the morning I was driving around in a surveillance van with Markoff and a phone-company engineer. In one hand I held an antenna that looked like a ray gun, and in my lap was an electronic device emitting a signal that faded in and out, depending on our distance from our quarry. We soon determined he was operating from an apartment complex called the Players Club.

33. As the van drove slowly through the Players Club

parking lot, I swept my antenna back and forth, watching a digital display for signs. I was getting close to our target. From the way the meter jumped, I could tell we were almost on top of him. Somewhere, within 30 yards, I imagined Mitnick was crouching over computer, amassing passwords and data files, and reading other people's mail. There was a lone light in a second story window, probably his.

34. Now that we were so close, a cold feeling of doubt spread through my stomach. How would he react if he saw a van idling in his driveway and he spotted an antenna inside? Probably he'd flee—maybe worse. Was he alone? Was he armed? Deciding caution was in order, we left.

35. I then turned the information I'd gained over to the FBI and the U. S. Attorney's office. In a few days federal agents had what they needed to arrest Mitnick. We went back, and I waited in the cold night outside the Players Club as they closed in.

36. Ten minutes later FBI agent Levord Burns came out. "We've got him," he said. Burns told us that as they entered the apartment, Mitnick rushed to lock up some papers in a briefcase—a pathetically futile act.

37. I was in court for Mitnick's prearrangement hearing. A tall young man with metal-rim glasses and shoulder-length brown hair entered, handcuffed, his legs chained.

38. Halfway into the room, he paused, looking at me. He appeared stunned, and his eyes went wide. "You're Tsutomu!" he said.

39. At the end of the hearing, as he was leaving the

courtroom, Mitnick turned and faced me. "Tsutomu," he said, "I respect your skills."

40. I returned his gaze and just nodded. There didn't seem to be much to say. The game was over, and he had lost.



Notes

cellular telephone A mobile radiotelephone, often in an automobile, that uses a network of short-range transmitters located in overlapping cells throughout a region, with calls automatically switched from one transmitter to the next as the caller enters an adjoining cell. A central station switches the calls and makes connections to regular telephone lines.

FBI also F.B.I. Federal Bureau of Investigation.

phreak A person who breaks into, or *cracks*, telephone networks or other secured systems. In the 1970s, the telephone system used audible tones as switching signals, and *phone phreaks* used *homebrew* hardware to match the tones and steal long-distance service.

NETCOM Net Work Control Communications

downtime The amount or percentage of time a computer system or associated hardware remains nonfunctioning. Although downtime can occur because hardware fails unexpectedly, it can also be a scheduled event, as when a network is shut down to allow time for maintenance.

modem A device that converts data from one form into another, as from one form usable in data processing to

another form usable in telephonic transmission. Also called *data set*.



Read the selection again and do the following exercises.

Understanding the Organization

1. In a story opening, a writer may have to establish time, place, character, or background before he can plunge his readers into his conflict. Fill in the blanks with the proper information taken from the story.

The time when the story took place

The place where the story took place

The protagonist

The antagonist

The conflict

Background

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

4. _____

2. A climax, crisis or turning point, at which the conflict is no longer developed, leads to the resolution of the conflict.

Which scene in the story constitutes the climax?

3. A resolution or denouement provides not only the termination of the conflict but its significance through a

“recognition scene.” Point out the scene and the significance as well.

Understanding the Content

Give an appropriate answer to each of the following questions. Explain why you choose the answer and find the proof from the selection.

1. How did the protagonist feel when he was told that his log file summaries had gotten shorter?
 - a. startled
 - b. unpleasant
 - c. calm
2. Why did the protagonist think that the intruder was no ordinary hacker?
 - a. Because the intruder was challenging him via voice mail.
 - b. Because the damage was serious.
 - c. Because the way in which the intruder broke into his computer was never carried out before.
3. Where did the protagonist find his last files?
 - a. a network
 - b. a dormant account
 - c. a huge amount of data
4. How did the protagonist come to know the intruder was Mitnick?
 - a. by the intruder's interest in letters “itni”
 - b. By the intruder's interest in Markoff.
 - c. By the intruder's conversation with a fellow hacker.