

Five-Minute Mysteries

5分钟断案系列



英汉对照

THE BEST-LAD PLANS

完美的计划

主编 肯·韦伯

推理·悬疑·惊悚

青 岛 出 版 社

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five-minute mysteries

5 分钟断案

——完美的计划

主编 肯·韦伯

译者 徐莉娜 张铭润 王 晶

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作者按

谨告读者：

悬疑小说爱好者知道世上只有两类人：一类人喜欢悬疑小说，而另一类人则不喜欢悬疑小说。后者只略占多数，这倒是好事，因为不喜欢悬疑的人得不到一种奇特的感觉。只有在破解悬疑的过程中，读者才能获得输赢之快感，才能从中得到刺激。

悬疑小说的刺激来自于满足感。悬疑爱好者可以自己断案解谜，把作者打得一败涂地，这是再痛快不过的事了。他们根据逻辑、分析、直觉和洞察力读故事，没等翻到末页，就已经找到了问题的答案，特殊快感由此而得。然而，悬疑小说爱好者的与众不同之处还在于寻求刺激——百思不得其解更让人感到刺激，读到最后一页，发现等待自己的却是一个意外结局，他们没有想到的结局，这也让人感到兴奋无比。

本书中的案例千差万别，涉及面广，悬疑爱好者将再次经历 40 次刺激，体验输赢之乐趣。书中的每个疑点皆期待读者的破解，每个故事的末尾都有一个问题：“是谁……？”“做了……？”或者“似乎盗贼犯了一个错误。他怎么……？”等等。

本书内容涉猎广泛。故事背景覆盖面广：从城市到

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乡村,从沼泽地到沙漠,从电影场景到高档宾馆,再到法医学课堂。故事中的人物形形色色:有恐怖分子和假艺术家、骗子和杀人犯;绑匪、银行抢劫犯、电脑黑客和纵火犯;还有经验丰富的侦探、验尸官、特别代理和犯罪现场调查员。

各案例难度亦不尽相同,每个案例皆以图标起首。翻开《完美的计划》,可见1、2或3把手枪图标。图标数目标志着断案的难易程度:1把手枪,悬疑易破解;2把手枪断案略有困难;3把手枪断案难度大。(更确切地说,每个案例的难易程度只是个人看法。)不要让这种分类妨碍阅读兴趣,使你不能尽享全书之乐!我标注的“难度大”案例也许对你来说并非棘手难解之迷,而让你感到棘手的可能恰恰是我标注的“易破解”案例。

本书的最后一个特点是,所有的破案玄机皆附于书后。书后答案可证实你是个赢家;即使偶遇挫折,你也能享尽断案之乐。无论输赢,皆有乐趣。

(徐莉娜译)

MEMORANDUM

To: ALL MYSTERY BUFFS

From: the author

Mystery buffs know there are only two kinds of people in the world: those that love mysteries and, well, that other kind. A tiny majority, the latter are, and that's a good thing because they are missing something unique. For only in mysteries can a reader get a charge out of winning or losing.

It works like this. Nothing gives mystery buffs more satisfaction than getting ahead in a story and beating the writer to the punch. They get a special charge out of combining logic, analysis, intuition and insight so that before they turn the last page, they already have the problem solved. Yet—and this is what sets mystery lovers apart—nothing thrills them more than when the mystery defeats them, when they turn the last page and find a surprise waiting, something they'd missed.

Here, mystery lovers get no less than forty shots at the fun of winning or losing, in a set of wildly different stories. Every mystery in the book is set up for the reader to solve. At the end of each one there is a question: Who did...? or

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What did...? or It seems the thief made a mistake. How could...? Like that.

There's great variety. The settings range from city to country, from swamp to desert, and from movie set to chic inn to a forensics classroom. There are terrorists and con artists, frauds and murderers, kidnappers and bank robbers, hackers and arsonists. You'll encounter veteran detectives, medical examiners, special agents, and crime-scene investigators.

There's also variety in the level of challenge. As you turn the pages of *Best-laid Plans*, you'll notice one, two or three symbols—a gun—at the beginning of each story. The number of guns suggests how easy or difficult the mystery is, one being easy, two being a little harder, and three, difficult. (Or, perhaps more accurately, how easy or difficult each one seems to me.) But don't let the ratings stop you from enjoying all the mysteries! One that I rate "difficult" might be an open-and-shut case for you, while you might be utterly stumped by one I've rated "easy." Try them all.

Finally, all the solutions are at the back of the book, so you can prove you're a winner or, once in a while, get a kick out of losing. Either way, enjoy.

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1. 安全检查

妈妈说坏事成三，从不孤往独行。如果她说的没错，这话那天上午八九点就开始应验了。第一件倒霉事就是我上班迟到。这不是我的错。妈妈说只要坏事成三，就不是你的错，那是倒霉事自己找上了门。不管怎么说，在狮门桥我遇到了交通阻塞。

迟到意味着其他安检员在我赶到之前就把任务挑走了，留给我的只能是埃斯·巴格肖的工地。安检办新来了一位上级。他的那套理论是先到者先挑活，人人都会早上班，这理论也真见效。谁都不会主动选择埃斯·巴格肖的工地。不过，我们都知道今天必须有人去他的一个工地，因为昨天下午他那里死了个木匠。

我先说一说埃斯。在所有与工地安检董事会打交道的建筑商中，郝拉斯·埃斯·巴格肖是唯一让所有安检员都倒胃口的人。的确，很多建筑工地都不欢迎我们，而艾斯则是恨安检董事会。对艾斯来说，捉弄我们——或者愚弄公务部门或水利部门，捉弄任何一个政府部门——好像就是他的职责！这还不能说明问题，他那副尊容也让人恶心：一张红脸肥胖肥胖的，一双猪眼贼小贼小的，肚子大得可以停放一辆小轿车。反正，这就是埃斯。这样你就明白为什么把他列入我的工作议事日程是第二件倒霉事。

那天早晨，我 10:05 到达工地，正好撞上了餐饮车——这餐饮车来工地实际上就是提供一点休息机会。这个工地的工程是

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彻底翻修一座3层百年老楼。像这种建筑工程，有一件事是确定无疑的，即供应咖啡的餐饮车一到，就会把工地上的人都吸引过来。因此，我坐在车里面就看见了这工程队的全体人员。连艾斯在内一共5人，本应该是6人，但是昨天下午一个木匠从3层楼正面凸出来的墙裙上摔了下来，死在救护车里。

昨晚我的上级与埃斯通了电话，获悉墙裙上有一道符合安全标准的保险围栏，可当时谁也没看见此人坠落的过程，所以谁也不完全清楚究竟发生了什么事。我从车里可以看见那道护栏。护栏好像符合标准，齐腰高，正好2英寸宽，4英寸厚，而那就是安全标准要求的高度。护栏固定得很好，也用双钉固定：我可以看见阳光下一个个钉子头冲着我褶褶闪亮。

尽管所见情景与埃斯对我上级说的一致，但我还必须进入那栋楼房，到3楼亲自测量一番，然后从3楼的一个窗口爬到墙裙上去，就像那个木匠当时必须做的那样。

趁喝咖啡的时间还没结束，我下了车。也许我该到他跟前去，做一番自我介绍，我想，让第三件倒霉事赶快结束。埃斯可不会让人失望。

“呵，瞧哪，来啦！我想你那伙人这个时候该来个人了。”不等我张口，他就嚷嚷开来，“像你这样的小毛丫头知道什么叫建筑啊？你看上去嫩了点，连锤子和撬杆都分不清。”

我刚才忘了提这一点，埃斯不喜欢女性，不过，那大概也不奇怪。事实上，他说什么都在意料之中，但我当时一定还是有点紧张，因为我一开始就差点回敬他几句。

“你的安全帽呢？”他吼道，“这是建筑工地！这你还能不知道？”

真是无言以对。幸好刚才没关上车门，所以我可以转身去

取安全帽，让人看上去我向来先下车后戴安全帽。或者说我希望别人是这么看的，但埃斯那一脸得意的模样说明我装得不像那么回事。与此同时，埃斯似乎也接受了这躲不过的调查。

“来吧，让我们把这事了结了吧。”他一边说，双手一边在那硕大的肚子两侧上下搓动着。“我带你进屋到梯子处，然后你自己上去。想看什么就看什么。我们得回去干活。”

我根本就不想让埃斯跟我一起到楼上去，知道可以独自上楼，我倒也放心了。

“这工程没多少活儿，但却一拖再拖。”我注意到他说话时并没有看着我。“苏里——就是死……坠楼的那个伙计——4个星期前，他自个在那儿架起了护栏，干了两天——就干了两天——整个工程我们就干了楼上那点活！后来就遇上了那场该死的罢工。我的设备在工地上闲置了一个月，没一个人干活！该死的工会！接着又是下雨。感谢上帝，一切都结束了。可是，现在，苏里……他为我工作了15年啊！”

埃斯从我身边走开了。边走边嘟哝，什么工期的延误啦，什么承包商遇到的一系列问题啦。他走了，我很高兴。爬梯子时，我突然觉得该跟母亲再聊聊这个“坏事成三”的说法。我想忘了戴上安全帽是第三件倒霉事，但是如果倒霉中穿插上一件称心如意的事情，那么接二连三的倒霉事又算得了什么呢。要知道，甚至在上楼前，我就知道自己发现了一个严重违反安全施工法的问题。可怜的苏里是死于自己的疏忽还是死于埃斯的渎职，这大概要等到死因审查结果公布才能公之于众，但是我知道，苏里坠楼的时候3楼墙裙上并没有护栏。

（徐莉娜译）

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安检办的检查员是怎么知道事故发生时3楼墙裙上没有护栏的？

Safety Inspection

If my mother is right and it's true that bad things always come in threes, then my day was down the tubes by mid-morning already. To start with, I got to work late. Not my fault, but according to Mom the three bad things are never your fault; they just happen to you. Anyway, I got stuck in traffic on the Lion's Gate Bridge.

Arriving late meant that all the other inspectors had picked their assignments by the time I got in, so I got stuck with Ace Bagshaw. We have a new supervisor at the inspection branch, and he has this theory that first-come, first-pick will get the staff in early. It works, too. There's no way anybody would choose a Bagshaw construction site, yet we all knew someone would have to go to one today because of the carpenter who died there yesterday afternoon.

Let me tell you a bit about Ace. Of all the contractors the Workplace Safety Board deals with, Horace "Ace" Bagshaw is the only one who can make the entire inspection branch gag in unison. We're not exactly popular on a lot of construction sites, but he really hates the WSB. With Ace,

putting one over on us—or on the works department or the hydro people, any government department—is like a duty! Doesn't help, either, that he's got this fat, red face with little piggy eyes and a gut you could park a car in. Anyway, that's Ace, so you can see why getting him on my duty sheet was the second bad thing of my day.

I got to the site at 10:05 that morning, just in time to be interrupted by the catering truck—which actually turned out to be a bit of a break. One thing you can be sure of at a construction job like this—it's a complete redo of a hundred-year-old house, three stories—is that a coffee wagon will draw in the entire work force. So from my car I got to eyeball the whole group. Five of them, including Ace. Should have been six, but yesterday afternoon a carpenter had pitched off a narrow ledge that ran along the front of the third story. He died in the ambulance.

According to my supervisor's phone interview with Ace last night, a proper safety rail was in place around the ledge, and, since nobody had seen the man fall, nobody really knew what happened. I could see the rail from my car. It appeared to be the right height. Just a single two-by-four about waist high, but that's all the safety code calls for. It was braced properly. Double-nailed, too. I could see the nail heads gleaming back at me in the sunlight.

What Ace had said to the supervisor was right, though.

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To make my measurements I'd have to go up through the inside of the house, and then crawl out one of the third-floor windows onto the ledge, just like the carpenter must have.

I got out of my car before coffee break ended. Might as well go present myself to Ace, I thought, and get the third bad thing over with. He didn't disappoint.

"Well, lookee here! Figgered one a' you people'd show up by now," he said before I had even opened my mouth. "What does a little girl like you know about construction? Yuh don't look old enough to tell a hammer from a pinch bar. "

I forgot to mention that Ace doesn't like women, but that's probably no surprise. In fact nothing he said was unexpected, but I must have been a bit tense, because I almost blew it right at the start.

"And where's your hard hat?" he bellowed. "This is a construction site! Don't yuh know any better?"

A really dumb move, but fortunately I still had my car door open, so I could swing around to get my hat in a manner that looked liked I always did it that way. Or so I hoped, but the smirks suggested I didn't quite carry it off. Ace, meanwhile, seemed to have accepted the inevitable.

"C'mon, let's get this over with," he said, running his hands up and down on either side of his enormous stomach. "I'll show yuh the ladders inside, and yuh can crawl up there on your own. See whatever yuh want. We're goin' back to work. "

In my wildest dreams I wouldn't have expected Ace to climb the ladders with me, but it was reassuring to know I could go up without him.

"This job's been nothing but delay and delay." I noticed that he didn't look at me when he talked. "Sully—he's the guy that di—. . . fell? He put the rail up there hisself four weeks ago and two days work—two days—that's all we get in up there—on the whole job! —before that cursed strike. A month my equipment sits here and nobody works! Confounded unions! Then all that rain we had. Thank God that's over. And now Sully . . . fifteen years he's worked for me!"

Ace continued to mumble on about delays and the continuing problems of contractors as he walked away. I was glad to be free of him. Mounting the ladder, it occurred to me that I'd have to talk over the "bad things in threes" idea with Mom. I guess forgetting my hard hat was the third one, but I wonder if three things really count when you get one really good one in the middle. You see, even before I climbed the ladder, I knew I'd uncovered a huge safety violation. Whether poor Sully died because of his own carelessness or because of Ace's probably won't come out till the inquest, but I know there was no rail there when he fell.



How does the WSB inspector know this?



2. 完美的计划

林克·迪尼巴尔精心设计了抢劫的每一个步骤，但杀玛丽·玛吉斯基却是个意想不到的结局。他并非存心杀人；他经常在心里演练抢劫那一幕，而实际行动时，行为却又几乎是下意识的。玛丽的已故丈夫曾是一名法官。她把法官槌放在壁炉上。林克只不过拿起法官槌，在她后脑勺敲了一下，他……唉，从落槌那一下他也就知道只需要这一槌。这与事先计划的完全一致；玛丽大概连反应都来不及。他没料到、没计划到的是自己的反应：他感到恶心，胃里翻腾得难受；看到玛丽静静地躺在轮椅前的地板上，他恐惧极了。

后来，林克被捕时才意识到当时一定是恐惧使他犯了一个大错。用玛丽的老式转盘电话拨打911时——这是周密计划的第二步——他恐惧极了，恐惧得连声音都显得那样逼真，甚至比平时演练的声音都逼真。也许那声音听起来太真实了，他想，这加速了警察的行动，使其快速赶到这里。不过，幸好计划的第三个步骤是速度，他通过测时的方法训练了速度。

计划的第三步是把戒指和手镯塞入空荡荡的耐克运动包。他知道该拿些什么：抢劫珠宝的窍门是从罗杰克斯拘留所的一个罪犯那儿学来的。罗杰克斯是一个成年人拘留中心，林克是在那里而不是在少管所待了180天，因为那些富有同情心的社