

Five-Minute Mysteries

5 分钟断案系列



英汉对照

THE SECOND WITNESS

第二个证人

主编 肯·韦伯

推理·悬疑·惊悚

青 岛 出 版 社
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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种人：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，悬疑爱好者将经历 36 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,从足球场到丛林,从图书年会到剧院舞台,再到克里米亚战场。故事中的人物形形色色:有小偷和杀人犯、赌侠和形形色色的邪恶之徒;还有经验丰富的侦探、验尸官、特别代理、狩猎监督官和犯罪现场调查员。

各案例难度亦不尽相同,每个案例皆以图标起首。翻开《第二个证人》,可见1、2或3把匕首图标。图标数目标志着断案的难易程度:1把匕首,悬疑易破解;2把匕首断案略有困难;3把匕首断案难度大。(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 thirty-six 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 What did ...? or It seems the thief made a mistake. How could

five-minute mysteries

...? Like that.

There's great variety. The settings range from city to country, from soccer field to jungle, and from a booksellers' convention to a theater stage to a Crimean battlefield. There are pickpockets, murderers, con men, and various other crooked characters. You'll encounter veteran detectives, medical examiners, special agents, a game warden and crime-scene investigators.

There's also variety in the level of challenge. As you turn the pages of *A Second Witness*, you'll notice one, two or three symbols—a dagger—at the beginning of each story. The number of daggers 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. 爆破麦肯兹大厦

麦肯尼大厦矗立于 12 号码头已有 80 年了，活像个让人讨厌的老处女姑姑。明天是那庞然大物寿终而崩之时。在沿着侵蚀了的灰色地基和每隔 5 层的承重墙底缘的关键部位，红色喷漆数字鲜亮醒目。这些数字是安放炸药的标记。早上交通高峰时间一过，这些地方就会放上炸药。10 点左右就将完成线路连接和双重检查工作。到中午——实际上，是中午之前，为的是最大限度地减少午餐时间的围观人数——路德·伯兰兹要最后转一圈，检查每一处安放的炸药，然后就摁下一个红色的小圆按钮。在他看来，无论是巡查还是按红色按钮，这看上去都像是，而且的确是，一种官方决定。

明天那红色按钮的作用就是决定麦肯兹大厦以及楼内一切东西的命运，因为那按钮将通过电把指令准确无误地依次传到每一个炸药安放点。如果像往常那样一切正常，这座大厦将轰然坍塌。

但那是明天的事，这是今天的事。眼下路德·伯兰兹忐忑不安，以往每次炸楼前他都是这样焦虑。这种感觉不仅仅是紧张，也不仅仅是谨慎，每次炸楼之前他都感到非常不舒服。他的雇员将之归结于他凡事皆谨慎的习惯。在工作中跟路德打过交道的人都说，他在工作上从未出过纰漏。对一个户外作业、要与

所有工程打交道的职业来说,这已是极高的评价了,因为这种工作非常容易出差错。成功地爆破建筑物不是一个靠建筑学、工程学和炸药就能简单解决的问题,路德总是这样说。你必须处理好政治、感情和社会问题。每次炸毁历史悠久的建筑物,都会遭到文化遗产保护者和住宅受到威胁的街边居民的反对,受影响的左邻右舍也反对炸楼,这是可以理解的。

路德·伯兰兹走在麦肯兹大厦的一楼里,心事重重,四下察看。看到走在身旁长子的态度,他更是担心。布鲁诺·伯兰兹的体格和言谈举止简直就是父亲的克隆,但内心他却……嗯,如路德常对妻子说的那样:“他很棒。他知道怎样爆破大楼,但是有些事情他不明白。就像……就像他几乎没有感情一样。我一次又一次地对他说:这不仅仅是一个活计,这些建筑物还意味着什么。对特定社区来说,或者对居民来说,它们有着某种意义。这些建筑物是有灵魂的,但是他就是不想知道这类事!”几个小时前,路德第一百次重复了这些话。

路德的妻子也第一百次给了他那一成不变的回答:“他还年轻,等等吧。”

路德脑海里萦绕着他与妻子的对话。他边想边拧开内墙上的一个旧式铁龙头。水立刻流了出来。清亮亮的水喷涌而出,水压很大,两人后退了几步。

布鲁诺转了转眼珠,知道父亲要说什么了。“喂,你瞧,”路德说道,“这工艺,所以说每座楼都有些独特之处。这大厦很久没人住了。有7年了吧?几年前,电就切断了。所有的设备都搬出去了。这些年来,大楼里什么也没有,只有鸽子和一些废弃物。而80年前就有人把一些活干得这么漂亮。尽管市政厅的

哪个不称职的白痴没有把水源切断,但是这些管道依然很好用。炸楼时,这管钳工手艺就值得我们尊重。”

和父亲共事了两年,布鲁诺·伯兰兹学会了在父亲这样言语滔滔时保持沉默。

“这也向你说明了一个非常重要的问题。如果管道工技术高超,你就应该认为这些石匠也都很棒,所以我们才需要再次用单管炸药进行测试。”

布鲁诺依然一言不发。他打心眼里佩服父亲用单管炸药测试的技术。在这个行业里,已没有多少人会这一手了,即用少量的炸药测试大楼的牢固程度,但这时父子两人为另一个问题争执了起来:炸药的最佳选择。似乎看透了儿子的心思,路德下意识地用手背蹭了一下自己携带的雷管。天气越来越热,越来越湿润。受潮的炸药很危险,即使是单管炸药,也有危险。

“如果我们采用 C4 塑胶炸药或者塞姆汀塑胶炸药就不怕潮湿了。”布鲁诺直言道。

“哼? 什么? ……是的,是的,我明白了;你,还有你那塑胶炸药。”路德竭力避免让这个问题引发一场争论。“也许你是对的,但是用那玩意没什么技术。要炸掉这样一座大厦,你得表现出一点敬意。炸药……我们以前用过这个,孩子,我知道,但是用炸药有更多……我怎么说呢? ……我和你们中的很多人都不喜欢像管道工和石匠那样的老家伙,想用点新技术!”

年轻人耸了耸肩。显然,他不想改变父亲的观点。“顺便说一下,谈到‘新技术’,我想我们明天上午应该带警察来这里巡查一下。”

“警察?”

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“是的，警察。来清除一个‘旁观者’。”

“在这里？在大楼里？这个麦肯兹大厦几个月前就清理干净了！这你自己就看得出来。没有垃圾，没人用火，没有脏兮兮的被褥。也不见厚纸板！”

“爸爸，”布鲁诺·伯兰兹不禁用一种施惠般的语调说道，“有人还在使用这大楼。”

（徐莉娜译）



布鲁诺·伯兰兹怎么知道还有人在使用这座大楼？

1. Blowing Up the Mackenzie Building

For eighty years the Mackenzie Building had loomed over Pier 12 like a disapproving spinster aunt. Tomorrow that dominance was to come to an end. At strategic points along the eroding, gray foundation and along the bottom edge of support walls on every one of the six floors, bright red numbers had been spray-painted with great clarity. They were marker points for the dynamite that would be placed there right after the morning rush hour. By mid-morning, the connections would be completed and double-checked. By

noon—in fact, before noon, to minimize the lunch hour gawking crowd—Luther Plantz would do a final walk-through, inspect every single placement, and then press a small red disk that, to him at least, both looked like and really was an official seal.

What it would do tomorrow, that red disk, was seal the fate of the Mackenzie Building and everything in it, for it would send electrical instructions in a precise sequence to each placement of dynamite. The building, if things turned out as they always had, would then come tumbling down on itself.

But that was then and this was now, and Luther Plantz was going through his customary period of pre-blow anxiety. It was more than just nervousness, more than just caution, for he always had a high level of discomfort before a demolition. His employees attributed it to the care he put into every job. Luther, according to those in the business who would know, had never had a failure. For a profession that hung right out there on the edge with every undertaking, that was a pretty significant claim, for there was so much that might go wrong. Effectively demolishing a structure isn't simply a case of combining architecture, engineering and explosives, Luther always said. You must also cope with politics, sentiment and sociology. He had never yet taken down an old, established building without encountering opposition from

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heritage groups, from street people whose shelter was threatened, and, quite understandably, from next-door neighbors at risk.

Curiously, with all those pressures leaping about in his mind as he walked the ground floor of the Mackenzie Building, what bothered him far more was what he perceived to be the attitude of his oldest son beside him. Although in physique and body language, Bruno Plantz was practically a clone of his father, inside he was . . . well, as Luther had said to his wife for the hundredth time just hours before: "He's good. He knows how to blow 'em up. But he doesn't understand. It's like . . . It's like he's almost got no feelings. I tell him time and again. This isn't just a business; these are buildings that mean something. Something to the community, or to people. These buildings have a soul. But he doesn't want to know about that!"

And for the hundredth time, his wife had given her stock answer. "He's young. Wait a while."

That dialogue was re-running in Luther's head as he turned on an old iron faucet that stuck out of an interior wall. There was an instant response and clear water gushed out with enough pressure to make both men step back.

"Now see," Luther said, as Bruno rolled his eyes, knowing what was coming. "There's workmanship. That's why every building has something special about it. This

place hasn't been used for, what, seven years? Power was cut off years ago. All the machinery emptied out. Nothing in here but pigeons and derelicts all that time and here you have something somebody did so well eighty years ago that, even though there's an idiot down at city hall didn't do his job and cut the water off, the plumbing still works. That's what you gotta respect when we take something down. "

Two years of partnership with his father had taught Bruno Plantz to say nothing when the older man was expounding in this way.

"And that tells you something very important. If the plumbers were good, you gotta assume the masons were good, too. That's why we're the doing the single stick test one more time. "

Bruno maintained his silence. Deep down he respected his father for a practice that few in the industry bothered with any more: small test explosions to assess the strength of the construction. But at the same time, it stirred up another issue the two had argued over: the best choice of explosives. As though to mirror his son's thoughts, Luther subconsciously rolled the back of his hand along the stick of dynamite he was carrying. The day was becoming progressively hotter and more humid, and sweating dynamite, even a single stick, was dangerous.

"If we'd use C4 or Semtex, the humidity wouldn't be a

five-minute mysteries

problem," Bruno couldn't hold back.

"Huh? What . . . ? Yes, yes, I know; you and your plastics." Luther was trying hard not to turn this into a spat. "And you're probably right. But there's no art with that stuff. When you take down a building like this, you gotta show some respect. Dynamite . . . we've been through this before, son, I know, but with dynamite there's more . . . How do I say this? . . . There's more of you and me against those old guys like that plumber and the masons. There's more game!"

The younger man shrugged his shoulders. It was obvious he was not going to change his father's view. "Speaking of 'game,' by the way, I think we should bring the cops along for the walk-through tomorrow morning."

"The cops?"

"Yes, the cops. To clear out a 'spectator.'"

"Here? Inside? The Mackenzie Building's been clear for months! You can see for yourself. No litter, no fires. No filthy bedrolls. No cardboard!"

"Dad." Bruno Plantz could not resist a patronizing tone. "Someone is still using this building."



How does Bruno Plantz know that someone has still been using the Mackenzie Building?