

英汉对照版

网络侦探丛书

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电脑世界

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# 网络侦探丛书

英汉对照版

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## 电脑世界

迈克尔·科尔曼 著



外文出版社

网络侦探丛书

# 电脑世仇录

迈克尔·科尔曼 著

刘 颖 译

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## 编者的话

当今时代,什么技能最热门?关于这一问题,尽管仁智所见,人言言殊,但真正无可争议的答案只能是:英语和微机。

英语热由来已久,微机热正是方兴未艾。随着中国改革进一步深入、开放程度进一步提高,中国社会与国际社会在许多方面已经实现全面接轨。其中最令人眩目的当首推信息技术的发展。而信息技术中最令人瞠目的又非国际互联网络(Internet)莫属了。在这一点上,作为信息国际传播之载体的英语和作为国际互联网络之基石的微机两厢情愿地联姻结亲了。

历次西学东渐中,最近的信息科技的传布,其迅猛的来势可谓空前,而国人表现出的积极态度及国内各界达成的一致共识亦少有先例。原因只在于,现代社会是信息社会。正如托夫勒在《第三次浪潮》中说的,谁掌握了信息,谁就掌握了权力。因此,Internet当之无愧地成为通往21世纪的捷径。谁若抢先掌握了Internet、执信息技术之牛耳,谁就足以傲视侪朋,毫无疑问地成为新世纪的一代才俊。显然,一场空前的Internet热正在徐徐地拉开帷幕……

为了适应国内英语、微机和Internet三大热潮,我社慎重推出这一套“网络侦探丛书”,以英汉对照和英文注释两种版本面市,以满足不同读者的需求。这套

丛书有如下三个主要特点：

首先，本书原为英文版，故其英语纯正地道。文中对话占去相当大的篇幅，内容虽三句话不离 Internet，但对日常生活中的各个方面也多有涉及，故而完全可以作为英语口语教材来学习。

其次：每篇故事虽系杜撰，但其中所有关于 Internet 的描述，毫无虚构成分，即非童话，也非科幻，乃是当今世界已然存在的科技实录。因此，对 Internet 之实际用途及其对人们生活的种种影响，读者尽可先睹为快。

第三，本套丛书熔英语知识、微机知识及 Internet 知识于八篇生动有趣的小故事中，每篇都围绕着与 Internet 密切相关的一件神秘案件展开，读来饶有趣味，寓教于乐，使人学不知疲。

本套丛书的主人公们虽只是些稚气未脱的孩子，但他们凭借 Internet 知识，接连破获了许多连大人都束手无策的大案要案。

我们由衷地感谢每位对本套丛书感兴趣的读者。希望读者诸君通过阅读本套丛书，能够对电脑科技的发展及信息技术的应用获取一个全新的认识，且能进一步发挥各自的想像力与创造力，作一位走在时代前面的现代人。

编者谨识

乔斯听见科技楼的人门被撞开的声音,接着,一阵脚步声直冲他而来。他还没反应过来到底是怎么回事,芬德利先生已经冲进房来,对着他咆哮道:“你知道你在干什么吗?”

乔斯一时吓得目瞪口呆,他来教堂学校这么长时间,还从没见过芬德利先生发这么大火。

“我记得以前我告诉过你别再对那场火灾纠缠不休。”芬德利又说。

“是的,您说过,先生。但是……”

“但是什么?乔斯,我现在命令你,把那个数据库给我删去。”

乔斯开始击打键盘,仅仅简单两下,他就关闭了系统。

芬德利先生更加火冒三丈。“好好好!乔斯,从现在起,我的项目再也不需要你了,我可不要不听话的学生!”

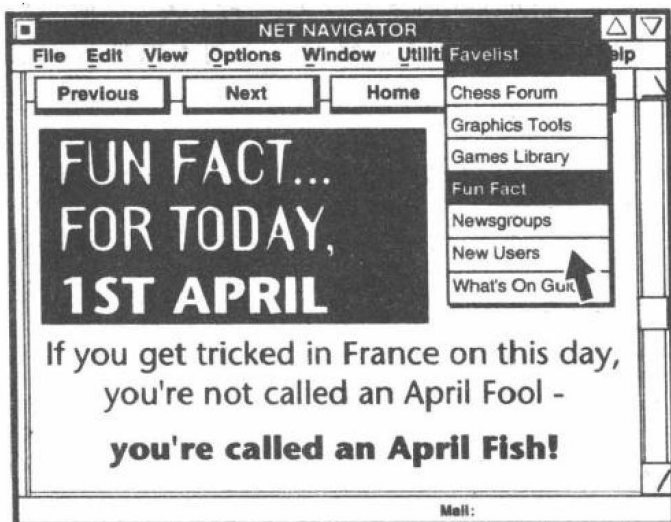




**Abbey School, England.**

**Monday 1st April, 8.16 a.m.**

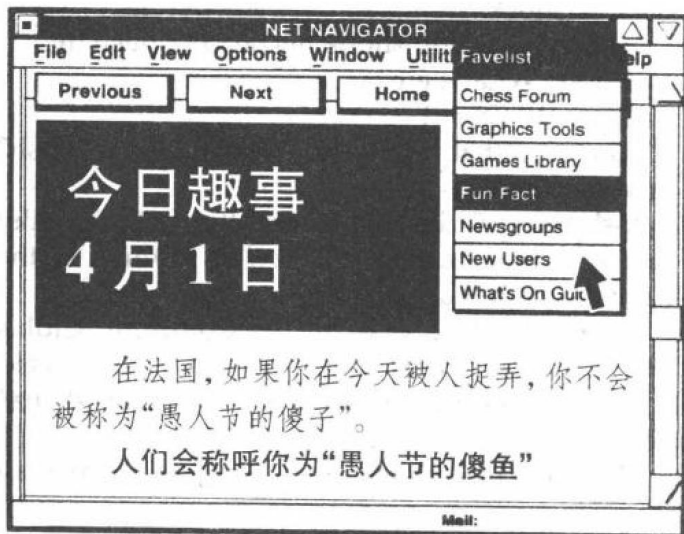
With an easy movement, Josh slid the cursor up to the menu bar and clicked on 'Favelist'. Immediately, a drop-down menu of his favourite Internet destinations appeared. Josh clicked on 'Fun Fact', taking him to a site which offered a different snippet of trivia every day.



英格兰,教堂学校

4月1日 星期一 早8点16分

乔斯悠闲地将光标移到菜单一栏,在“最爱名单”上点了一下,他最喜欢的一些互联网络网址便立刻出现在屏幕上。乔斯又敲了一下“今日趣事”条,进入一个每天提供一条不同琐事片断的网址。





'April Fool's Day,' muttered Josh. 'It's April Fool's Day! How could I have forgotten that!'

He checked his watch. Yes, he just about had enough time ...

### **8.29 a.m.**

Tamsyn breezed in through the school gates and headed straight for the Technology Block.

Usually the double doors of the squat, red-brick building were visible. For the past two months, though, they'd been hidden beneath a makeshift porch of plywood and polythene, as the new Technology Block Extension took shape. And so it wasn't until she turned past a section of ground marked off with orange tape that the doors came into view – and she saw Josh.

He looked awful, as though he'd received a terrible shock.

'Tamsyn ...' Josh shook his head in despair.

'What? What's wrong?'

'It's ... it's gone!'

'Gone? What are you talking about, Josh? What's gone?'

Josh paused, running a hand through his spiky thatch of hair as if he was trying to think of the right words to use.

'The – the hard disk on the Computer Club's PC. Somebody must have got in over the weekend. The control unit's open and the disk has gone!'

He shook his head again. 'I was just on my way

“愚人节，”乔斯咕哝着，“今天是愚人节，我怎么忘了今天是愚人节！”

他看了一眼手表。好，他还有足够的时间去……

### 早晨 8 点 29 分

塔姆辛一阵风似地走进学校大门，直奔科技楼。

以前，这幢教室的红砖楼的双层大门是非常显眼的。而自从两个月前，新的科技楼扩建部分拔地而起以后，双层门就被一座用胶合板和聚乙烯材料临时搭建的门廊遮住了，所以直到她转过了一片用桔黄色细绳隔出的空地后，她才发现科技楼的大门。这时，她看到了乔斯。

乔斯脸色十分难看，好像刚刚受了什么沉重的打击。

“塔姆辛……”乔斯绝望地摇着头，欲言又止。

“怎么啦？你怎么啦？”塔姆辛问道。

“它……它不见了。？”

“不见了？你在说什么，乔斯？什么东西不见了？”

乔斯停顿了一下，一只手快速地梳了梳他那乱蓬蓬的满头浓发，好像在努力寻找合适的词语。

“就是……就是电脑俱乐部的那台 PC 里的硬盘。肯定是有人趁着周末进去过，PC 的主机打开着，硬盘却不见了。”

乔斯又摇摇头。“我正要去告诉芬德利先生，你的

to tell Mr Findlay. Your *Great Expectations* file. All your work ... all *our* work.'

Only as Josh mentioned the name of the famous book by Charles Dickens did the full impact of what had happened sink in. Charles Dickens was her favourite author, and she'd chosen his book *Great Expectations* to study for her English project.

She'd downloaded a copy of the book from the Internet and put it into a file on that disk. What's more, she'd spent hours and hours word-processing her own thoughts and comments into the middle of it.

And she hadn't taken a back-up copy. She'd meant to. Time and time again she'd told herself to bring a diskette and make a copy, but she'd always forgotten or run out of time or ...

'My file!' she wailed.

Josh gave her a glimmer of hope. 'I was on my way to tell Mr Findlay. He's got to know about the robbery. And I thought, maybe he's taken a back-up recently.'

'Mr Findlay!' It was a slim chance, but Tamsyn grabbed it eagerly. Mr Findlay was Abbey School's head of Design and Technology. The computers and their Internet link were his responsibility. Josh could be right. Maybe he'd have a back-up copy of the hard disk.

She thrust her shoulder bag into Josh's hands. 'You stay. I'll go find him!'

And before Josh could say a word she was off, her short dark hair flying as she ran.

《远大前程》的文件，你的所有作业……我们所有的也……唉！”

乔斯提到查理·狄更斯的那部名作时，塔姆辛才充分意识到了这次“失窃”给她带来的严重后果。狄更斯是她最喜欢的作家，而且她已决定把《远大前程》这部作品作为她的英语研究课题。

从互联网络上，塔姆辛已经把这本书下载一份，并存入那个硬盘。而且，她还花了很长时间，费尽心血地把自己的想法和评论加工成文字一起输入到那个文件中。

那份文件她没有备份。其实她倒想这么做，好几次，她都提醒自己带张软盘把文件拷下来，可每次不是忘到脑后就是时间不够……

“我的文件。”塔姆斯急得抹起了眼泪。

“我正要去告诉芬德利先生。”乔斯说，“咱们必须把这种强盗行为告诉他。并且，他最近或许已经把文件做了备份。”

“芬德利先生！”乔斯的话带给了塔姆辛一线希望，她急切想尽最后一次努力，尽管可能性不大。芬德利先生作为设计与技术系主任负责管理计算机和互联网络线路，乔斯说的对，或许，他已经对硬盘的文件进行了备份。

塔姆辛把自己的挎肩书包扔到乔斯怀里，说：“你等着，我去找他。”

没等乔斯反应过来，塔姆斯已经跑出很远。只看见她黑色的短发在身后跳来跳去着。

---

She met Rob Zanelli on the way. Confined to a wheelchair after a car accident when he was eight years old, Rob was the third member of the group. Between them, they'd managed to crack a few mysteries over the Internet. And, as Tamsyn rushed towards him, it looked to Rob as though there might be another mystery looming.

'Tamsyn! What's up?'

'Computer Club PC,' cried Tamsyn without stopping. 'Hard disk stolen! All my Dickens work!'

Rob frowned. 'Are you sure?' he called after her.

'Ask Josh!' she yelled back. 'I'm going to get Mr Findlay!'

Tamsyn raced on, past a group of startled first-year kids and into the main building. Mr Findlay was just emerging from the Staff Room. Breathlessly, she told him what had happened.

'Are you sure?' he said.

*The same daft question Rob had asked!* 'Josh discovered it this morning,' she yelled. 'I've lost stacks of work!'

Mr Findlay's eyebrows arched. 'Sounds like I'd better see for myself,' he said solemnly. 'Hang on there for a minute.'

The teacher disappeared into the staff room, leaving Tamsyn waiting impatiently until he came out again a few seconds later with a buff folder under his arm.

'Right, Tamsyn. Lead on.'

Tamsyn hurried on ahead. Behind her, his keys

路上，塔姆辛与罗伯·扎内利不期而遇。八岁时扎内利不幸遇到车祸，从此，他就再也离不开轮椅车了。他是这个小组的第三名成员。他们已经成功地破译了互联网络上的许多机密。所以，当塔姆辛跑过来时，他还认为网上又出现了什么秘密。

“塔姆辛，你又发现了什么？”他问道。

“计算机俱乐部的PC机上的硬盘被人盗了。我的狄更斯全丢了。”塔姆辛边跑边喊，一步也没停。

罗伯皱起了眉头。“你确定吗？”他冲她背影喊道。

“你去问乔斯就知道了。”塔姆辛回头答道，“我去告诉芬德利先生。”

塔姆辛继续冲刺般地向前跑去，在一群一年级新生惊讶的注视下跑进了主楼。刚巧芬德利先生从教员房间出来，塔姆辛上气不接下气地把事情告诉了他。

“你确信吗？”芬德利问她。

和罗伯问的一样的傻问题。“乔斯今天早晨发现的。”塔姆辛嚷道，“我丢了一大堆的作业。”

芬德利先生的眉毛皱成了弓形。“看来我最好亲自去看看，你等一会儿。”他神情严肃地说道。

他又走进教员房间，塔姆辛在门口焦躁地等着。几秒钟后，芬德利先生腋下夹着一个浅黄色文件夹走了出来。“好，塔姆斯，带我去那儿。”

塔姆辛在前面脚步匆匆，腰带上的钥匙串发出有

jangling musically from a clip on his belt, Mr Findlay followed – though not as quickly as she'd have liked. *Come on*, she thought as she stopped at the Technology Block doors to wait for him to catch up. *I know you're old, but you're not that old!*

When he finally arrived she just had to ask, 'Did you take a back-up of the disk, sir?'

Mr Findlay shook his head slowly. Tamsyn groaned. *All that work!* As they headed down to the end of the corridor, the thought of re-doing it all was making her feel ill.

As she raced ahead of Mr Findlay again, and elbowed her way through the door marked 'Computer Club', she failed to realize that Josh and Rob were both looking at her and grinning.

Only when they chimed together, 'April Fool!' did it fully sink in.

She closed her eyes. Feelings of relief mixed with feelings of stupidity. April the First! That's why Rob had asked if she was sure. That's why Mr Findlay had asked the same question.

'You toad!' she screeched at Josh. 'You weasel! You rat! You slimy—'

'Ah-ah,' said Mr Findlay, behind her. 'Tamsyn, I think you're going to have to accept it. You've been seriously fooled.'

Josh held up a diskette. 'Perhaps this will teach you to take back-up copies of your work, Miss Smith! Here you are. I've done one for you ...' His serious expression collapsed in a fit of the giggles. '... Be sure to write the date on it!'

节奏的碰撞声。芬德利先生跟在后面，速度显然比塔姆辛所期望得慢得多。快点！好不好？塔姆辛站在科技楼门口边等边想，我知道你上点岁数，可也不致于走得那么慢呀

等芬德利赶上来时，她终于按捺不住地问道：

“您把那硬盘上的文件备份了吧？先生？”

芬德利先生慢慢地摇摇头。塔姆辛暗自叫苦：我所有的心血。他们朝着走廊尽头走去，一想到要把过去所有的工作重做一遍，塔姆辛的脑子里一片空白。

塔姆辛再次超过了芬德利先生，她用胳膊肘搥开了“计算机俱乐部”的大门，横穿而过。却没有注意到乔斯与罗伯两个人都在远处注视着她，神秘兮兮地笑着

直到他俩一起冲着她大喊：“愚人节的傻瓜！”塔姆辛才看到他们。

她闭上了双眼，一种突然的放松同时夹着受捉弄的感觉油然而起。愚人节，怪不得罗伯问她是否确信，怪不得芬德利先生也问她同样的问题。

“你这个癞蛤蟆。”她冲着乔斯大叫，“你这个黄鼠狼，讨厌，卑鄙的家伙……”

“哈哈，”身后传来芬德利的声音，“塔姆辛，我看你还是接受现实吧，你确实中计了。”

乔斯手里拿着一张软盘：“史密斯小姐，或许这件事能提醒你把你的文件作个备份。噢，给你，我已经给你复制了一盘……”他起初强作严肃的表情终于撑不住，又发出一阵咯咯笑声。“别忘了在上面记上日期。”



'I'll write the date on *you*, Josh Allan – with the point of my compass!'

'If you don't mind leaving your acts of retribution until later, Tamsyn,' said Mr Findlay, edging into the computer room, 'I'd like a quick chat with the three of you.'

Tamsyn settled for giving Josh a jab in the ribs, then sat down next to him. Mr Findlay pulled a chair across from one of the desks and parked it beside Rob.

'How do you keep these two in order, Rob?' he said.

Rob grinned. 'It's not easy.'

'Well, if it's any consolation, they were a lot worse before you came. At least Tasmyn's a computer fan nowadays.'

They all knew what Mr Findlay was referring to. Rob had only joined Abbey School after an adventure in which Tamsyn and Josh had come to his rescue through Rob contacting them over the Net. In those days, Tamsyn hadn't liked computers at all.

Mr Findlay held up the buff folder he'd retrieved from the staff room. 'I assume you all remember this?'

Tamsyn was momentarily surprised to see her own neat handwriting on the front. And then she realized. 'Our Internet report,' she said.

When Abbey School first installed their Internet link, Tamsyn and Josh had been given the job of writing a report on its advantages and disadvantages. Rob had helped them finish