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书虫·牛津英汉双语读物

■ John Escott (英) 著

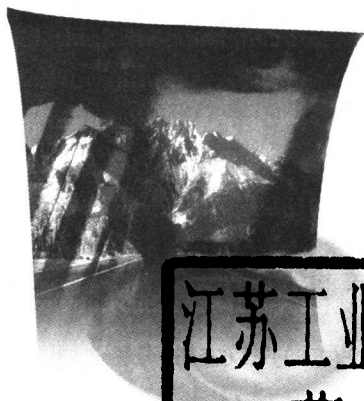
Goodbye Mr Hollywood

别了，好莱坞先生



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Goodbye

Mr Hollywood

别了，好莱坞先生

- John Escott (英) 著
- 关志远 译

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关于本书

“女孩儿突然用手捧住尼克的脸,吻了他的嘴唇。‘开车小心点儿,好莱坞先生。再见!’女孩儿带着甜甜的微笑说,然后转过身迅速离去了。”

尼克·洛茨感到莫名其妙。仅仅十分钟前,女孩来到咖啡馆坐在了他旁边,尼克这才认识她的。可她离去时为什么吻了他?她为什么叫他“好莱坞先生”?在开车去温哥华的路上他一直思考着这些问题,可始终找不到答案。其实,这里还有一件事尼克不知道。

当女孩对尼克说再见时有人在旁边正听着呢——这个人对“好莱坞先生”这个称呼很感兴趣。在温哥华,尼克很快便得知那个人的兴趣于己不利……

GOODBYE, MR HOLLYWOOD

‘The girl suddenly took Nick’s face between her hands, and kissed him on the mouth. “Drive carefully, Mr Hollywood. Goodbye,” she said, with a big, beautiful smile. Then she turned and walked quickly away.’

Nick Lortz doesn’t understand. He only met the girl ten minutes ago when she came and sat next to him in the café. So why does she kiss him when she leaves? And why does she call him ‘Mr Hollywood’? He thinks about these questions when he is driving to Vancouver, but he doesn’t find the answers. And there is one more thing that Nick doesn’t know.

Somebody is listening when the girl says goodbye to him—somebody who is very interested in the name ‘Mr Hollywood’. And in Vancouver Nick soon learns that it’s not a friendly interest ...

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1

Mystery girl

It all began on a beautiful spring morning in a village called Whistler, in Canada—a pretty little village in the mountains of British Columbia.

There was a café in the village, with tables outside, and at one of these tables sat a young man. He finished his breakfast, drank his coffee, looked up into the blue sky, and felt the warm sun on his face. Nick Lortz was a happy man.

The waiter came up to his table. ‘More coffee?’ he asked. ‘Yeah. Great,’ said Nick. He gave the waiter his coffee cup.

The waiter looked at the camera on the table. ‘On vacation?’ he said. ‘Where are you from?’

‘San Francisco,’ Nick said. He laughed. ‘But I’m not on vacation—I’m working. I’m a travel writer, and I’m doing a book on mountains in North America. I’ve got some great pictures of your mountain.’

The two men looked up at Whistler Mountain behind the village. It looked very beautiful in the morning sun.

‘Do you travel a lot, then?’ asked the waiter.

‘All the time,’ Nick said. ‘I write books, and I write for travel magazines. I write about everything—different countries, towns, villages, rivers, mountains, people . . .’

1. 神秘女孩儿

故事发生在一个美丽春日的早晨,地点是加拿大一个叫惠斯勒的村庄——这是一个美丽的小村庄,坐落在不列颠哥伦比亚省的山区。

村子里有个咖啡馆,外面摆着几张桌子,一个年轻人坐在一张桌子旁。他吃完了早餐,喝完了咖啡,抬头看看湛蓝的天空,阳光照在他脸上,暖暖的。他叫尼克·洛茨,是个快乐的人。

服务员走到他的桌子旁。“再来点儿咖啡吗?”他问道。

“是的,太好了。”尼克说着,把咖啡杯递给了服务员。

服务员看看桌子上的照相机。“来度假的吧?”他问道,“你是从哪里来的?”

“旧金山。”尼克答道。接着又笑了,“不过我不是度假的——我是在工作。我是个旅行作家,正在写一本关于北美山岳的书。我已经拍了一些你们这里的山的照片,很棒。”

两人抬头看着村子后面的惠斯勒山。晨光中的惠斯勒山显得非常美丽。

“那你是不是经常旅行?”服务员问道。

“我一直在旅行,”尼克说,“我写书,还给旅游杂志撰稿。我什么都写——不同的国家、城镇、村庄、河流、山脉,还有人们……”

café *n.* small inexpensive restaurant serving meals and drinks. 咖啡馆。
breakfast *n.* first meal of the day. 早餐。
waiter *n.* man employed to take customers' order, bring food, etc. 服务员。
on vacation on holiday. 在度假。
travel *n.* travelling. 旅游。
picture *n.* photograph. 照片,相片。

The waiter looked over Nick's head. 'There's a girl across the street,' he said. 'Do you know her?'

Nick turned his head and looked. 'No, I don't.'

'Well, she knows you, I think,' the waiter said. 'She's watching you very carefully.' He gave Nick a smile. 'Have a nice day!' He went away, back into the café.

Nick looked at the girl across the street. She was about twenty-five, and she was very pretty. 'She *is* watching me,' Nick thought. Then the girl turned and looked in one of the shop windows. After a second or two, she looked back at Nick again.

Nick watched her. 'She looks worried,' he thought. 'What's she doing? Is she waiting for somebody?'

Suddenly, the girl smiled. Then she walked across the street, came up to Nick's table, and sat down. She put her bag down on the table. The bag was half-open.

'Hi! I'm Jan,' she said. 'Do you remember me? We met at a party in Toronto.'

'Hi, Jan,' said Nick. He smiled. 'I'm Nick. But we didn't meet at a party in Toronto. I don't go to parties very often, and never in Toronto.'

'Oh,' the girl said. But she didn't get up or move away.

'Have some coffee,' said Nick. The story about the party in Toronto wasn't true, but it was a beautiful morning, and she was a pretty girl. 'Maybe it was a party in Montréal. Or New York.'

服务员从尼克的头上往他身后看过去。
“街对面有个女孩儿,”他说,“你认识她吗?”

尼克扭过头去看了看。“不认识。”

“不过,我想她认识你,”服务员说道,
“她在很认真地观察你。”他朝尼克笑了笑,
“祝你今天过得开心!”他走开了,回到了咖啡馆里。

尼克看了看街对面的那个女孩儿。她大概有 25 岁,长得非常漂亮。“她确实在看我。”尼克想。这时女孩儿转身朝商店的一个橱窗看去。过了一会儿她又转回来看着尼克。

尼克打量着她。“她看起来很焦虑,”他想,“她在干什么?在等人吗?”

突然,女孩儿笑了。接着她穿过街道来到尼克的桌子旁坐了下来。她把提包放在桌子上,提包半开着。

“你好!我叫简,”她说道,“你还记得我吗?我们在多伦多的一次聚会上见过。”

“你好,简,”尼克应道。他笑了笑,“我叫尼克。可是我们没有在多伦多的什么聚会上见过。我不常参加聚会,更没去多伦多参加过聚会。”

“哦。”女孩儿说道。但是她并没有起身,也没有离开。

“喝点儿咖啡吧。”尼克说道。多伦多聚会的故事并不是真的,可当时是个美丽的早晨,还有一个漂亮的女孩儿,“可能我们是在蒙特利尔或者纽约的聚会上见过。”



across prep. from one side to the other side. 从一边到另一边,横过。 **watch** v. keep an eye on sb. or sth. 注视。 **worried** adj. feeling or showing worry about sb./sth. 担忧的,担心的。 **suddenly** adv. happening, coming or done quickly and unexpectedly. 突然地。 **come up to** come close to. 走过来,走近。 **remember** v. have or keep sb./sth. in the memory. 记得,记着。 **party** n. social gathering to which people are invited. 社交聚会。

The girl laughed. 'OK. Maybe it was. And yes, I'd love some coffee.'

When she had her coffee, Nick asked, 'What are you doing in Whistler? Or do you live here?'

'Oh no,' she said. 'I'm just, er, just travelling through. And what are *you* doing here?'

'I'm a travel writer,' Nick said, 'and I'm writing a book about famous mountains.'

'That's interesting,' she said. But her face was worried, not interested, and she looked across the road again.

A man with very short, white hair walked across the road. He was about sixty years old, and he was tall and thin. The girl watched him.

'Are you waiting for someone?' asked Nick.

'No,' she said quickly. Then she asked, 'Where are you going next, Nick?'

'To Vancouver, for three or four days,' he said.

'When are you going?' she asked.

'Later this morning,' he said. There was a letter in the top of the girl's half-open bag. Nick could see some of the writing, and he read it because he saw the word 'Vancouver'—... *and we can meet at the Empress Hotel, Victoria, Vancouver Island, on Friday afternoon* ...

'So she's going to Vancouver too,' he thought.

Suddenly the girl said, 'Do you like movies?'

'Movies? Yes, I love movies,' he said. 'Why?'

女孩儿笑了。“哦，可能是吧。对了，给我来点儿咖啡吧。”

她喝咖啡的时候，尼克问道：“你来惠斯勒做什么？还是说你住在这里？”

“哦，不，”她说，“我只是，呃，只是旅行经过这里。对了，你在这里做什么？”

“我是一个旅行作家，”尼克说道，“我正在写一本关于名山的书。”

“那一定很有意思，”她说道。但她脸上的表情并不是感兴趣，而是焦虑，而且她又往马路的对面看了看。

一个留着白色短发的男人穿过马路。他有60岁上下，长得高高瘦瘦的。女孩儿在看他。

“你在等人吗？”尼克问道。

“没有。”女孩儿迅速地回答道。接着又问：“你下一站去哪儿，尼克？”

“去温哥华，待上三四天。”他说道。

“什么时候出发？”女孩儿问道。

“今天上午晚些时候。”他说。女孩儿半开着的提包里的最上面有一封信。尼克能看到上面的一些字，他默读着，因为他看到了“温哥华”这几个字——……我们可于星期五下午在温哥华岛维多利亚的皇后酒店见面……

“那她也要去温哥华喽。”他想。

女孩儿突然问道：“你喜欢电影吗？”

“电影？是的，我喜欢电影。”他回答道，“为什么问我这个？”

through *adv.* in at one side and out at the other. 穿过，通过；对穿。**famous** *adj.* known to very many people. 著名的。**interesting** *adj.* holding the attention; arousing curiosity. 有趣的，引起兴趣的。**interested** *adj.* showing curiosity or concern (about sb. or sth.). (对某人或某事物)感兴趣的，关心的。**writing** *n.* written words. 书写的文字。

‘I know a man, and he—he loves movies, and going to the cinema,’ she said slowly. ‘People call him “Mr Hollywood”.’ She smiled at Nick. ‘Can I call you “Mr Hollywood” too?’

Nick laughed. ‘OK,’ he said. ‘And what can I call you?’

She smiled again. ‘Call me Mystery Girl,’ she said.

‘That’s a good name for you,’ said Nick.

Just then, the man with white hair came into the café. He did not look at Nick or the girl, but he sat at a table near them. He asked the waiter for some breakfast, then he began to read a magazine.

The girl looked at the man, then quickly looked away again.

‘Do you know him?’ Nick asked her.

‘No,’ she said. She finished her coffee quickly and got up. ‘I must go now,’ she said.

Nick stood up, too. ‘Nice to—’ he began.

But the girl suddenly took his face between her hands, and kissed him on the mouth. ‘Drive carefully, Mr Hollywood. Goodbye,’ she said, with a big, beautiful smile. Then she turned and walked quickly away.

Nick sat down again and watched her. She walked down the road and into a big hotel.

‘Now what,’ thought Nick, ‘was *that* all about?’

* * *

The man with white hair watched Nick and waited. After

“我认识一个人，他——他喜欢电影，也喜欢去电影院，”她不慌不忙地说道，“人们都叫他‘好莱坞先生’。”她冲尼克笑了笑，“我也叫你‘好莱坞先生’可以吗？”

尼克笑了。“可以，”他说道，“那我怎么称呼你呢？”

她又笑了。“叫我神秘女孩儿吧。”她说道。

“这名字挺适合你的。”尼克说道。

就在这时，那个白发男人进了咖啡馆。他没有看尼克和那个女孩儿，但坐在了离他们不远的一张桌子旁。他向服务员要了一些早餐，接着开始看一本杂志。

女孩儿看了看那个男的，目光又迅速地转到了一旁。

“你认识他吗？”尼克问她。

“不认识。”她回答。她迅速喝完了咖啡，站起身来。“我现在得走了。”她说道。

尼克也站了起来。“很高兴——”他开口说道。

但是女孩儿突然用手捧住尼克的脸，吻了他的嘴唇。“开车小心点儿，好莱坞先生。再见！”女孩儿带着甜甜的微笑说，然后转过身迅速离去了。

尼克又坐了下来，注视着她。她沿着马路走进了一家大酒店。

“这是……”尼克想道，“这都是怎么回事？”

＊ ＊ ＊

那个白发男人看了看尼克，他在等



movie n. cinema film. 电影. mystery n. secrecy. 神秘, 奥秘. magazine n. paper-covered periodical, usu. weekly or monthly. 杂志.

four or five minutes, Nick finished his coffee, took his books and his camera, and left the café. His car was just outside the girl's hotel, and he walked slowly along the street to it.

The man with white hair waited a second, then quickly followed Nick.

From a window high up in the hotel, the girl looked down into the road. She saw Nick, and the man with white hair about fifty yards behind him. Nick got into his car, and the man with white hair walked quickly to a red car across the street. Five seconds later Nick drove away in his blue car, and the red car began to follow him.

When the girl saw this, she smiled, then went to put some things in her travel bag.

待着什么。过了四五分钟,尼克喝完咖啡,拿了书和照相机,离开了咖啡馆。他的车就停在女孩儿去的那个酒店外面,他沿着大街不慌不忙地向自己的车走去。

白发男人等了一下,迅速跟在了尼克的后面。

女孩儿从酒店高处的一个窗户向马路看下去。她看到了尼克和跟在他后面大约50码远的白发男人。尼克钻进了自己的车里,那个白发男人马上朝街对面一辆红色的汽车走去。五秒钟后尼克开动了他那辆蓝色的汽车,而那辆红色的汽车开始尾随在他后面。

女孩儿看到这些,笑了,接着走开去往旅行包里装起东西来。

yard *n.* *unit of length.* 长度单位码。**follow** *v.* *come or go after.* 跟随,跟着。

2

A hand in the back

That evening, in his hotel room in Vancouver, Nick could not stop thinking about the girl in the Whistler café. Why did she come and sit with him? She didn't know him, and that story about a party in Toronto wasn't true. And she was worried about something. But what?

And that kiss! It was nice, of course, but why did she do it? 'Maybe she liked my face,' Nick thought. 'Or my brown eyes. But I'm not going to see her again, so it doesn't matter. Forget it.'

He put some money in his pocket and went downstairs to the hotel restaurant. But there were no free tables, so he walked down to Gastown and found a restaurant there.

After dinner, he went for a walk. Vancouver was a friendly city, and Nick liked walking through Gastown and Chinatown, looking in the shops and watching the people. It was nearly dark now, and it was a busy time of the evening. There were a lot of cars, and a lot of people.

After a time, Nick began to walk back to his hotel. He came to a busy street, and waited, with a small crowd of people, to go across. A tall woman in a blue dress stood next to him. She turned and smiled at him.

'It's the first warm evening of spring,' she said. 'It's nice to be out, after the long cold winter.'