

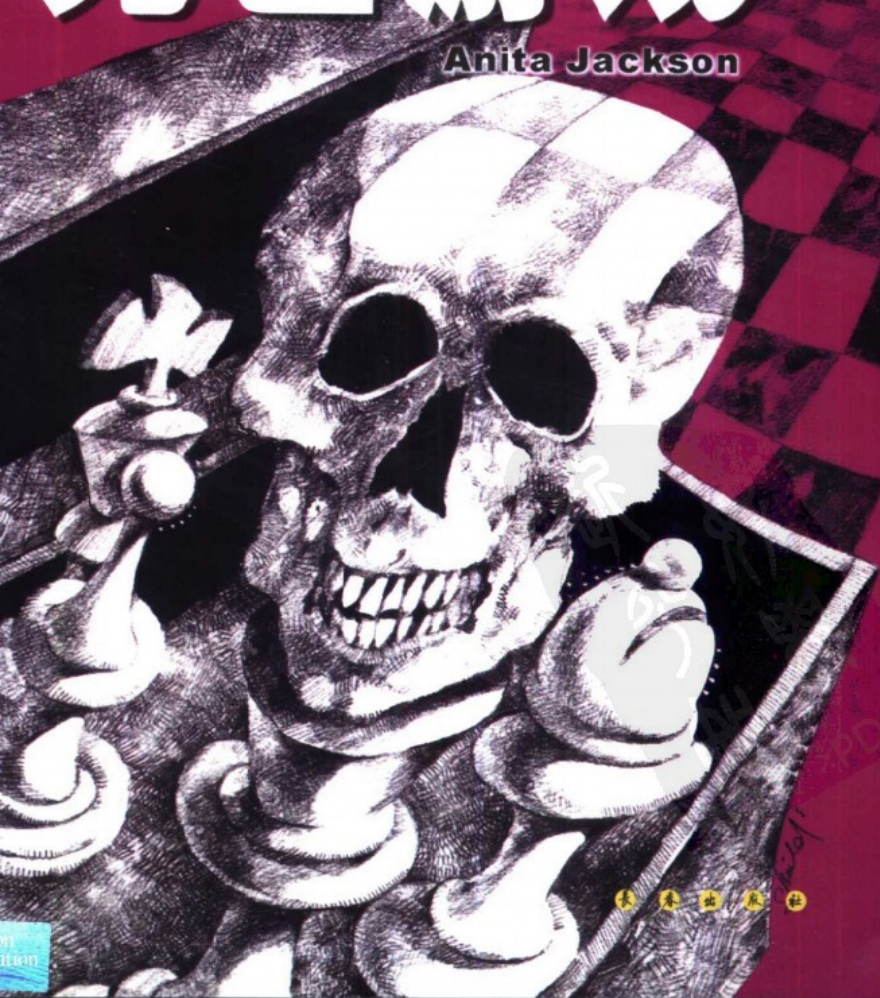
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# 死亡游戏

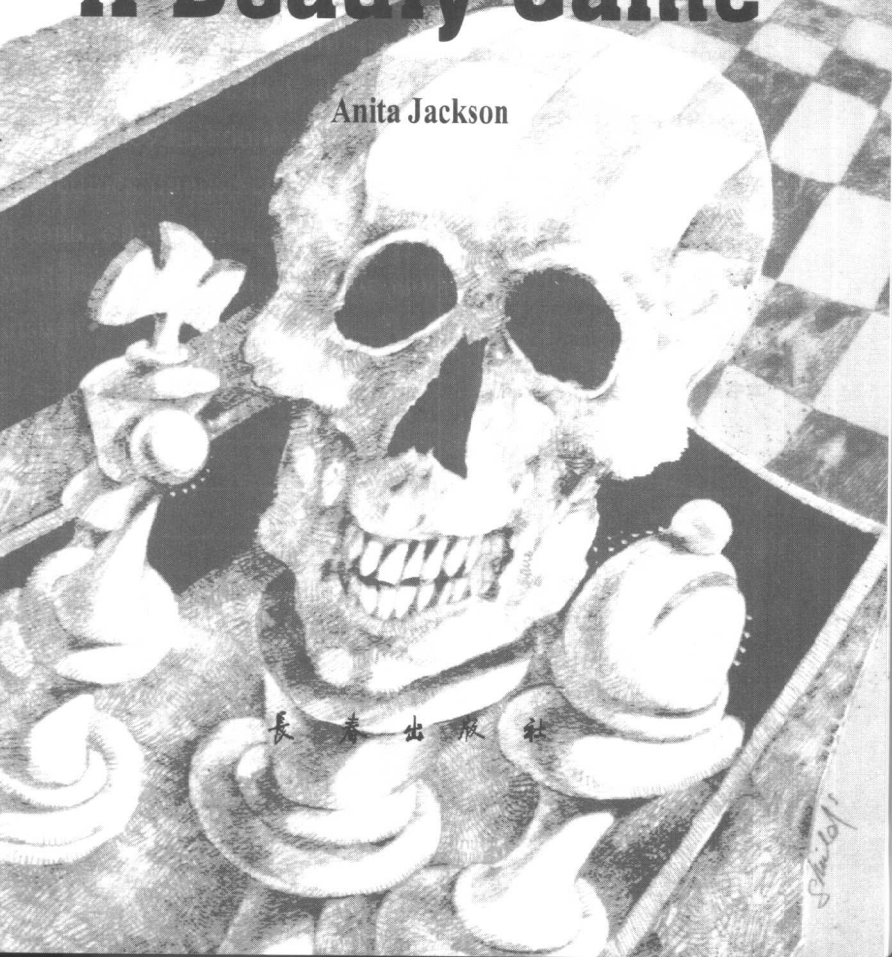
Anita Jackson



美 英 法 德 意 日 韩 俄 西 葡 加 澳 印 中 台 港 台 湾

# A Deadly Game

Anita Jackson



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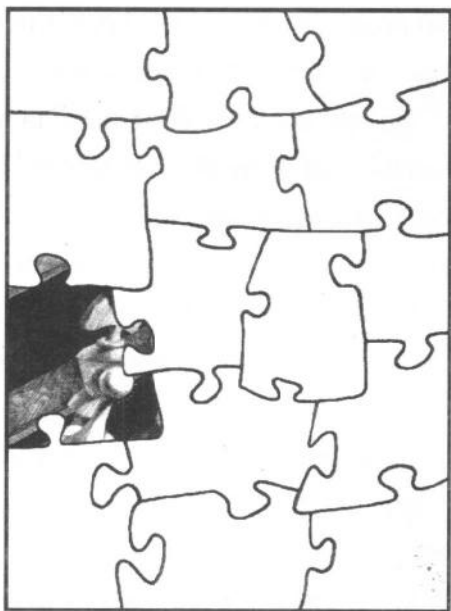
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# Contents

- 1 Free to Kill 1
- 2 An Eye for Money 3
- 3 A New Kind of Game 6
- 4 Too Bad About Uncle Fred 9
- 5 My Share of the Take 13
- 6 My Brother's Luck Runs Out 16
- 7 The Power Game 20
- 8 Death Buys a Store 24
- 9 A Dumb Mistake 27
- 10 Big Money,Big Risks 30
- 11 Dumping the Guns 33
- 12 You Lose,You Die 36
- Skill Builder 42



# 1 Free to Kill

Would you kill a man? Don't say no. Think about it for a while.

I bet you'd kill a man if he was out to get you. If it was your life or his, you'd kill him. Sure, I'd bet you'd try.

I didn't think that I was a killer. I didn't think I had it in me. That's a joke. You see, I am a killer. I've killed

50 people, more or less. I can't tell you the exact number. I lost track after nine or ten.

No one made me do it and I'm not crazy. I'm just as sane as you. Why did I do it then? I'll tell you. I knew I could get away with it. No one could pin the killing on me. I could get away with it every time.

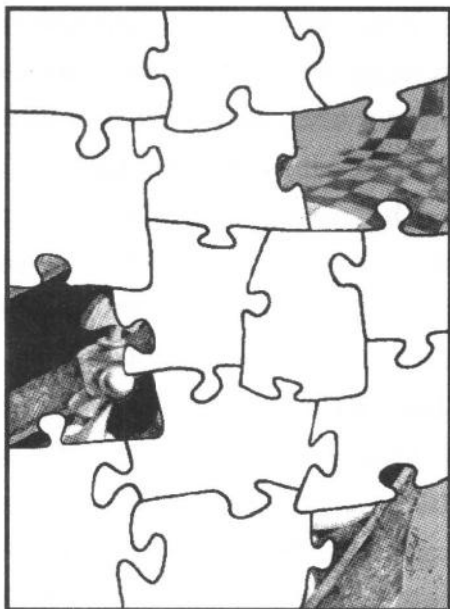
It was all so easy. There was nothing to stop me. Nothing to hold me back. I was free to kill. A new way of life was open to me and I took it. How could I turn it down?

I bet you'd do the same. Yes you would. Don't kid yourself. We're all killers. That's what I think. We're all made that way.

I'll tell you what happened to me. I might as well put it down on paper. If I don't do it now, I never will. My luck has run out. There's only one thing left for me to kill, and that's time. In the end, you'll see what I mean.

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sane[seɪn]a. 心智健全的, 神志正常的; pin sth. on sb. 将某事物附加在某人身上; turn sb/sth down. 拒绝



## 2 An Eye for Money

Two years ago my life was dull. I was just like most people. I had a wife. I had a house. I had a car. My car was old, my house was small, and I didn't get along with my wife. You can see why my life was dull.

---

dull[dʌl]a. 单调的, 令人厌烦的

Every day I worked from 9:00 in the morning to 6:00 at night. When I got home, I sat and looked at TV. That was my life. I had nothing to look forward to, nothing to plan for. I lived from day to day.

Most people live like that. They get up, they work, and they sleep. That's life. That's what it's all about.

I was better off than most people—I owned a store. Just a small store, but it was mine. I was my own boss. There was no one to push me around. No one at all.

When I bought the store, I had big plans. I wanted to take over the store next door and expand, but nothing came of it. The old guy next door wouldn't sell. So that was that. I had to do the best I could with what I had.

There I was, a store owner, trying to make ends meet. Fed up with life. Fed up with myself. I wanted to have some fun in life. Have a good time. Live high. You know what I mean.

Yes, I could just see myself sitting in a new car with a nice-looking woman beside me. I knew what I wanted, but I couldn't do much about it. You need money for that kind of thing.

---

push sb. around 指使某人做某事, 摆布某人    make ends meet  
使收支相抵



No one in my family had much money. The only one with any cash at all was my Uncle Fred. That didn't do me any good. Uncle Fred wouldn't give a penny away.

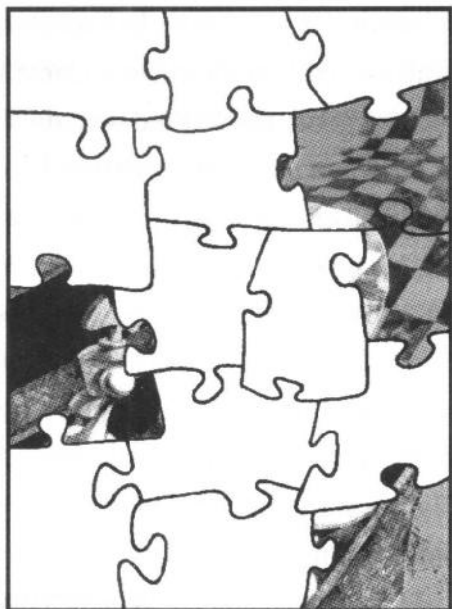
He was a mean old devil, but I always tried to keep on the good side of him. I had my eye on his money. After all, he had to die some day. You know what they say, "You can't take it with you." I hoped Uncle Fred knew that.

Uncle Fred just loved to play chess. I didn't like it so much myself, but I played him a game every Monday night just to keep him happy. Just to keep on the good side of him.

I played so many chess games that I got pretty good at it. I was better than Uncle Fred. A lot better. I could beat him any time. Now and then I let him win. Well, I had to keep him happy.

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mean[mi:n]a. 吝啬的, 自私的, 卑鄙的



### 3 A New Kind of Game

One Monday I was driving along a back alley. It was dinner time, and I had an hour to spare. At the end of the alley I saw a thrift store, so I stopped the car and got out. I was always looking in thrift stores. It was kind of a

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alley[æli]n.胡同,小巷    thrift store n.旧货店

hobby.

Most of the stuff in thrift stores is trash, but now and then you find something you can buy for small change and sell for a few dollars.

I went into the store and started to look around. There was dust on everything, but that didn't bother me. Most thrift stores are pretty much like that.

I didn't find much this time. Just a lot of garbage. Old cups and plates, most of them chipped. Nothing for me.

It was time to get going. I had work to do. I was just about to go out to my car when I saw something. A little box near the door. I hadn't seen it before. It was under a chair, almost hidden. I had to go back and take a look.

I went over to the box and picked it up. There was dust all over it. I raised the lid and looked inside. It was a chess set. An old chess set.

Maybe it was no good. Maybe some of the men were missing. I took it out of the box to look. It was OK. It was all there.

One by one I held up the little chessmen. I didn't know what they were made of. Some sort of stone. Still,

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trash[træʃ]n.垃圾,废物 chip[tʃɪp]v.(在边缘或表面)打破或切削

they were all OK. Not one of them was chipped.

It was a funny-looking chess set. I'd never seen one like it. I could tell that it was very old. Old but well made. It was a good set.

I made up my mind to buy it. I could use a chess set. I didn't have one of my own. This would make Uncle Fred take notice. It was better than his set.

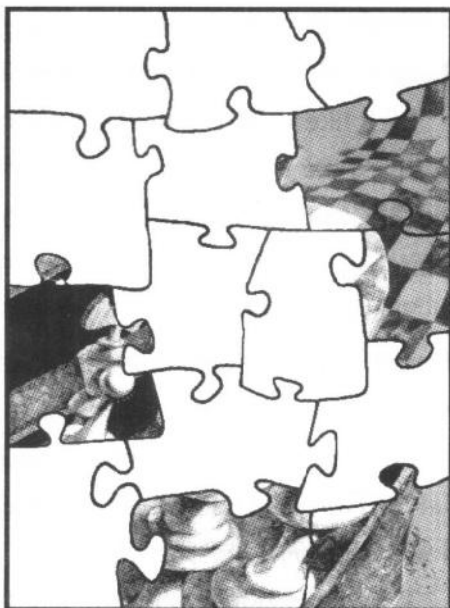
I put the chessmen back in the box and shut it. The box was dusty, but I could see something on the lid. I rubbed my hand over it. Now I could see it better.

There was a message on the lid. It was still almost covered by dust, but I could just make it out. It said: THIS IS A GAME OF LIFE OR DEATH. A funny sort of message. Some kind of joke maybe.

I didn't have time to think about it. I had to get going. I paid for the chess set and ran out to my car.

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rub[rʌb]v.(用某物)擦,磨



## **4** Too Bad About Uncle Fred

I was a little late getting home from work. Uncle Fred would soon be there to play chess.

I yelled to my wife, "Where's dinner? I'm in a hurry!" She came running in with a plate of food. I looked at it—pork and beans. It was cold.

"What's this?" I said. "I can't eat this mess."

My wife looked as if she were going to cry. “I can’t help it,” she said. “You were late. The food got cold.”

I felt like knocking the plate out of her hands, but I just said, “Take it away. Go make me some coffee—hurry up. Uncle Fred’ll be here soon. You’ll have to fix your hair. You look a mess.”

She went out of the room. I got a piece of cloth and started to polish my chess set. It was still a little dusty. I wanted it to look good when Uncle Fred came.

I polished the little chessmen and put them out on the table. They looked fine. They were all set for the game. I was looking forward to it.

The empty box was on my lap. I shut it and started to polish it. The lid was made of metal. As I rubbed it with the rag, it started to shine. The message on the lid was bright and clear: THIS IS A GAME OF LIFE OR DEATH.

Just then the door bell rang, and I let Uncle Fred in. He saw the chess set and rubbed his hands. “That’s a nice chess set,” he said. “Very nice. I wouldn’t mind winning on that chess board. Not at all.”

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lap[læp]n. 大腿的上方    rag[ræg]n. 抹布

He sat down at the table. "Come on, my boy," he said. "Let's begin. Let's see if your chess set will bring me luck."

We started the game. Uncle Fred did his best, but he didn't have a hope of winning. Not unless I gave the game away, and I wasn't going to do that. Not this time.

We didn't talk. We just kept playing. The hands on the clock went around. One by one I took Uncle Fred's chessmen. He couldn't stop me. He didn't have the skill.

I moved my queen forward. Uncle Fred had to get his king out of the way. There wasn't much he could do. I had the game in the bag. It was almost over.

Just then, Uncle Fred sat back in his chair. His face was white. He looked sick. Very sick. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"I've got a pain, my boy," he said. "Here in my chest. It's a sharp pain. Right here. I hope it isn't my heart."

I told him that he should go and lie down, but the old fool said, "No. Don't worry about me, my boy. Let's finish the game." Well, it was up to him. I couldn't make

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in the bag(指结果、结局等)不成问题

him lie down.

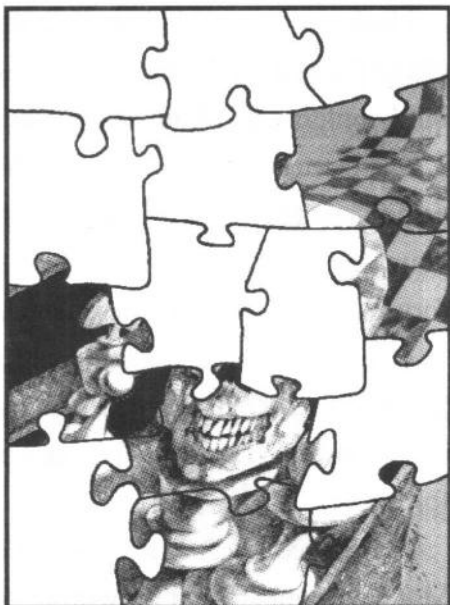
I took my queen and moved it next to his king. That was it. The game was over. I had won.

Uncle Fred looked very strange. He didn't get up. His eyes were fixed on the chess set. The king was still in his hand. It was as if he couldn't let go of it. I had to take it away from him.

He was just sitting there with his eyes wide open. He looked sick, I could see that. My best bet was to get him home. I didn't want to look after him—it wasn't my job.

I dragged him out to the car. It wasn't very far to his house. I was there in no time. Aunt Mary put him to bed and called a doctor. I didn't stay long. I hate being around sick people. I was glad to leave.





## **5** **My Share of the Take**

The next day Aunt Mary came into my store. She was dressed in black. I could see she'd been crying. Her eyes were red. "He's dead," she said. "Your poor Uncle Fred. He was in pain all night. He died this morning."