

英語學習讀物叢書



THUNDERBALL

雷球

外語教學與研究出版社

1980·北京

英語學習 读物丛书

Thunderball

雷 球

周献桃注释

外语教学与研究出版社

1981·北 京

Thunderball

雷 球

周献桃 注释

外语教学与研究出版社出版

(北京外国语学院23号信箱)

重庆印制第一厂排版·印刷

四川省新华书店重庆发行所发行

全国各地新华书店经售

开本 787×1092 1/32 6.75 印张 140 千字

1981年2月第1版 1981年2月重庆第1次印刷

印数 1—10,700 册

书号: 9215·44 定价: 0.60 元

《英语学习》读物丛书

出版说明

英语是世界上广泛使用的语言,在联合国和其他重要国际场合,它是主要工作语言之一。我们在社会主义新长征中,需要学习外国的先进经验,以便加速实现四个现代化。在这方面,英语能起相当大的作用。目前,随着我国对外关系、科技交流、旅行游览活动蓬勃开展,对英语的需要越来越紧迫。通过广播英语和电视英语的教学,英语学习已经普及到了祖国各地,学习人数空前增多。这种形势要求我们出版更多更好的英语读物。

学习外语,在有了一定的语音、语法和词汇知识的基础上,尽可能多读一些书,会大有助于迅速提高外语水平。对于自学者来说,阅读尤为重要。坚持阅读,可以逐渐学会通过外语这个工具来学知识、学专业,为四化建设多作贡献。

为了帮助广大读者学习和提高英语水平,同时也为了弥补《英语学习》杂志目前篇幅之不足,我们特编辑出版《英语学习》读物丛书。这套丛书以初级和中级水平的读者为对象,可供自学或课堂教学使用。读物体裁多样,包括小说(中篇和短篇)、传记、历史、地理、戏剧、童话、游记、回忆录、电影脚本、民间故事、科普作品、幽默小品和描写英美等国风土人情的作品。

为了便利读者,丛书各册均配有汉语注释,解释语言难点,提供背景知识;对作家和作品本身也作了简要介绍。对于人名、地名和较难读的词语,一律用国际音标注明读音。

由于我们水平有限,又缺少经验,错误不当之处,欢迎读者批评指正,使这套丛书能更好地为读者服务。

编者

一九八〇年元月

Contents

<i>Chapter</i>	<i>page</i>
1. 'Take it Easy, Mr Bond'	1
2. Shrublands	11
3. Traction Treatment	19
4. Enemies	28
5. SPECTRE	39
6. Plan Omega	50
7. 'Fasten your Seat Belt'	58
8. The <i>Disco Volante</i>	73
9. Domino	87
10. The Man from the CIA	98
11. 'My name is Emilio Largo'.....	108
12. The Casino	118
13. Under the Water	133
14. The Red-Eyed Grave	140
15. How to Eat a Girl	156
16. When the Kissing Stopped.....	164
17. Time to Decide	171
18. Very Softly, Very Slowly	178
19. The Follower	186
20. War under the Sea.....	195
21. 'Take it Easy, Mr Bond'	205

Chapter 1

'Take it Easy'¹, Mr Bond'

For James Bond², it was one of those days when nothing went right³.

To begin with⁴, he was ashamed of himself. That was an unusual feeling. He had had too many drinks the night before, and now he had a headache—a bad one. And his legs ached. When he coughed (he had been smoking too much, too) small black spots swam across his eyes.

And that last game of bridge⁵ had been a big mistake. He had played foolishly, because he was so drunk, and in the end he had lost £100.

Now he was shaving, and he had cut himself. He stared at his tired face as he tried to stop the blood. Stupid fool⁶! It was all because he had nothing to do. For more than a month now, he'd been working at Headquarters. He'd been sitting at a desk, doing nothing but paperwork⁷. That always made him impatient. Then his secretary had become ill. The new one was silly—and ugly too; that was worse⁸. She called him 'Sir', and spoke to him as if her mouth

was full of fruit stones. And now it was another Monday morning. Another week was beginning. His head felt worse.

The telephone in his bedroom rang. It was the loud ring of the direct line with Headquarters.

James Bond pulled out the chair and sat down. His heart was beating faster than it should have done.⁹ He had raced across London, but his heart was still beating too fast. He looked across the table into the calm, clear grey eyes he knew so well. What could he read in them¹⁰?

'Good morning, James. Sorry to bring you in so early. I've got a very full day ahead. I wanted to fit you in before the rush,¹¹

Bond felt less excited. It was never a good sign when M called him 'James' instead of '007'. (That was his number in the Secret Service¹².) So this wouldn't be a job after all.

'I haven't seen much of you lately, James. How have you been? How's your health, I mean?' M picked up a paper from his desk.

Trying to guess what the paper said, Bond said slowly, 'I'm all right, sir.'

M said gently, 'That's not what the doctor thinks, James. He's just examined you, hasn't he? I think you ought to hear his report.'

Bond looked angrily at the back of the paper. Now what.¹³ He controlled himself,¹⁴ and said, 'Very well, sir.'

M gave Bond a careful glance. He held the paper closer to his eyes. "This officer," he read, "remains very healthy. Unfortunately his way of life will not keep him in this condition for long." The doctor had listed all the bad points.¹⁵ Bond smoked sixty strong cigarettes a day, and he drank half a bottle a day of whisky. Then came the results of the doctor's examination. Bond was still strong and healthy, but he often had headaches, and he sometimes had pains in his muscles. "I suggest that N0 007 should take it easy for two or three weeks,¹⁶" the report ended. "He should smoke and drink much less. I believe he would then make a complete return to his earlier very fit condition."¹⁷

M put the report down. He said, 'Not very good, is it, James?'

Bond tried not to sound impatient.¹⁸ He said, 'I'm completely fit, sir. Everyone has headaches now and again. Lots of people have pains in the muscles, too. A few Aspirins soon get rid of them.'¹⁹ There's really no problem, sir.'

M said firmly, 'That's just where you're making a big mistake,²⁰ James. Medicine doesn't get rid of the

real trouble—it just hides it.²¹ His face was serious. 'Most drugs harm the body, because they aren't natural. And we don't eat natural food: we eat white bread and sugar, and all the goodness has been removed from them. Our milk is boiled until all the useful parts are boiled away. Everything we eat is cooked so much that it's no longer natural.' He looked directly at Bond. 'How much natural food do you eat? Uncooked vegetables? Fresh fruit?'

Bond smiled. 'Almost none at all,²² sir.'

'You shouldn't laugh about it. I'm serious. There is no way to health except the natural way.²³ All your troubles'—Bond opened his mouth to speak, but M stopped him—'come from your unnatural way of life. Have you ever heard of Bircher-Brenner, for example? Or Kneipp, Preissnitz, Rikli, Schroth, Gossmann, Bilz?'²⁴

This was too mysterious for Bond. He couldn't understand M; he didn't usually talk like this. 'No, sir,' he said simply.

'Just so. Well, those are the men you should study. They are the great teachers of natural ways to health. We have foolishly not studied their teaching. Fortunately, it is not too late. Some of their students are working in England. We can still find the way to natural health' M's voice was eager as

he finished.

Bond looked curiously at M. What the hell was the matter with the old man?²⁵ Was he growing too old? But M looked fitter than he ever had before. So what did this silliness mean?

M looked happily at Bond. 'Well, that's all, James. Miss Money Penny has got everything ready. Two weeks will put you right²⁶. You won't know yourself when you come out. You'll be a new man.'

Bond looked across at M in horror. He said in a tight voice,²⁷ 'Out of where,²⁸ sir?'

'It's a place called "Shrublands"²⁹.' A man called Wain—Joshua Wain—is in charge of it.³⁰ He's quite a famous man in this kind of work. He's remarkable. He's sixty-five, but he doesn't look a day over forty.³¹ He'll take good care of you. And don't worry about your work here—009 can look after things for you.'

Bond couldn't believe his ears. He said, 'But, sir, I'm all right! Are you sure about this? Do I really have to go?'

'No,' M smiled coldly, 'you don't *have* to go.³² But if you want to stay in the 00 section of the Service, it's necessary. I can't keep anyone in that section if he isn't completely fit. That's all, 007.'

Bond got to his feet. He said nothing. He walked

across the room, and opened and closed the door very softly.

Outside, Miss Moneypenny looked sweetly up at him.

Bond hit her desk hard. He said angrily, 'Now what the hell³³, Penny? What the hell is the matter with the old man? What does all this nonsense mean? I'm *not* going. It's completely stupid.'

Miss Moneypenny smiled happily. 'Mr Wain's been very kind. He says he can give you the Myrtle room³⁴. He says it's a lovely room—you can see right over the herb garden. They've got their own herb garden, you know.'

'They can keep their herb garden!³⁵' Bond shouted. 'Now look here, Penny,' he said more gently, 'be a good girl. Tell me what it's all about. What's the matter with him?'

Miss Moneypenny often dreamed hopelessly about Bond and love. She suddenly felt sorry for him. She lowered her voice. 'As a matter of fact, I don't think it will last long. But it *is* bad luck that you've been caught³⁶. You know he gets these strange ideas now and again—new ways of keeping the Service in good order. Though you're usually away³⁷, of course.

'Well,' she went on, 'last month M's back was hurting. He was at his club, talking to one of his

friends. One of the fat, drinking ones³⁸, I suppose.' Miss Money Penny turned down her lovely mouth³⁹. 'He told M⁴⁰ about this place. He said it was great⁴¹. He told M that we're all like motor cars: now and again, we have to go to the garage. The dirt has to be cleaned out of the engine. This man goes there every year. He said it only cost £20 a week. That was less than he spends in the club in one day. And it makes him feel wonderful. Well, you know that M always likes to try new things. He went there for ten days.

'And he really thinks it works!⁴¹ He gave me a long talk about food only yesterday. Anyway,' she finished, 'that's what happened⁴². And I must say, I've never seen him so fit before. He's a new man.'

'OK, so it worked for him⁴³. But why did he choose me to go to this crazy place?'

Miss Money Penny gave a secret smile. 'You know he admires you a lot—or perhaps you don't⁴⁴. Anyway, as soon as he saw the doctor's report, he told me to get you in there.' Miss Money Penny screwed up her nose⁴⁵. 'But, James, do you really drink and smoke as much as that? It can't be good for you, you know.' She looked up at him with motherly eyes⁴⁶.

Bond controlled himself. He tried to sound light-

hearted⁴⁷. 'It's just that I'd rather die of drink than of thirst⁴⁸. And the cigarettes—well, I really don't know what to do with my hands.' He heard the heavy words through his headache. Stop that! he thought. Don't talk nonsense!⁴⁹ What you need is a good drink.

Miss Moneypenny looked coldly at him. 'About the hands—that's not what I've heard!'

'Now don't *you* start on me⁵⁰, Penny.' Bond walked angrily towards the door. He turned round. 'Or, when I get out of that place, I'll spank you so hard that you'll have to put a cushion on your chair⁵¹!'

Miss Moneypenny smiled sweetly at him. 'I don't think you'll be able to spank very hard, James. Not after living for two weeks on nuts and lemon juice.'

Bond made an angry noise and left.

注 释

Chapter 1

1. Take it easy. 别着急; 别紧张。
2. James Bond: 詹姆士·邦德, 书中主角名。
3. nothing went right: 事事倒霉; 没有一件事顺心。
4. to begin with: 首先。
5. that last game of bridge: 那最后一局桥牌。
6. stupid fool! 笨蛋! (骂他自己的话)。

7. paperwork: 日常文书工作。
8. that was worse: 更糟。(指他的秘书长得丑比傻更糟糕。)
9. than it should have done: 超过它应该跳动的速度。
“should have done”是虚拟语气形式。
10. What could he read in them? 他能从那双眼睛里看出什么?
11. to fit you in before the rush: 在大忙以前把你的事先安排好。
12. his number in the Secret Service: 他在特务机关中的代号。
13. Now what! 那又怎么啦?
14. controlled himself: 使自己保持平静(不发火)。
15. had listed all the bad points: 列出了(他健康方面的)所有的毛病。
16. I suggest...or three weeks. 我建议七号去轻松两三个星期。这里的 should 没有意思,只是 suggest 后面构成句型需要的形式。
17. his earlier very fit condition: 他原先那种非常健康的情况。
18. sound impatient: 声音里表现出不耐烦。
19. A few Aspirins soon get rid of them: 几片阿司匹灵就可以马上治好(肌肉疼)。
20. That's just where...a big mistake. 你正是在这点上犯了严重错误。这里的 where 所引的是名词从句,在句中作表语。
21. it just hides it: 药物只是把病掩盖起来。
22. almost none at all: 几乎没有(任何未经加工的自然食品)。
23. There is no way...the natural way. 只有通过自然的方式才能保持健康。
24. Bircher-Brenner...Bilz: 俱为人名。他们都主张用自然的方式保持健康。
25. what the hell...the old man? 他妈的这老家伙是怎么啦?
26. Two weeks will put you right. 两个星期就可以使你恢复健康。
27. a tight voice: 声调紧张。

28. out of where; (我)从哪儿出来?
29. Shrublands; “灌木园”, 地名。
30. in charge of it; 主管这个地方。
31. doesn't look a day over forty; 看上去最多不过四十岁。
32. you don't *have* to go. 斜体字*have*表示强调由你自己决定。没有人强迫你去。
33. Now what the hell? 这他妈的是怎么回事?
34. the Myrtle ['mæ:tl] room; 爱神木室, (房间名)。
35. They can keep their herb garden! 把药草园留给他们自己吧! (我才不希罕它!)
36. it is bad luck that you've been caught; 你碰上了。该你倒霉。
37. you're usually away; 一般都没有碰到你头上; 你都逃脱了。
38. the fat, drinking ones; 那些喝酒的胖家伙们。
39. turned down her lovely mouth; 把她可爱的嘴唇向下撇(表示鄙视)。
40. it was great; (这地方)棒极了。
41. it works; 这真起作用。
42. that's what happened; 事情就是这样。
43. so it worked for him; 这么说他是得到了好处; 对他是起了作用。
44. perhaps you don't; 也许你不知道(他欣赏你)。
45. screwed up her nose; 皱皱鼻子。
46. motherly eyes; 慈母般的眼光。
47. sound light-hearted; 听起来(他好像)满不在乎。
48. I'd rather...of thirst; 我宁愿喝酒喝死也不愿饿(渴)死。
49. Stop that! Don't talk nonsense! 别说啦! 别废话了!
50. start on me; 找我的麻烦。
51. I'll spank you...on your chair. 我要把你的屁股揍得没法坐在椅子上(只好放上椅垫才能坐)。

Chapter 2

Shrublands

Shrublands was a big old house, built of rather ugly red brick. Bond paid the taxi driver and carried his suitcase up the steps to the door. Outside, there was a container with a sign¹ saying: *No smoking inside. Cigarettes here, please.*

Inside, it was very warm and quiet. A pretty girl welcomed him, without smiling. He signed the book and she led him to his room. As promised, it was the Myrtle room.

It was quite a pleasant room, and it did look over the garden.² Bond began to unpack his suitcase.

Soon the telephone rang, and a girl's voice said that Mr Wain would be glad to see him in Room A.

Mr Joshua Wain had a firm, dry handshake and a deep, encouraging voice. He had a lot of grey hair above clear eyes, and a quiet smile. He seemed to be pleased to see Bond.

Mr Wain asked Bond to remove all his clothes except his shorts.³ When he saw all the scars, he said politely, 'Dear me—you do seem to have been in plenty of trouble.'⁴ Mr Bond.' Bond said carelessly,

‘Oh, those scars come from the war. Someone was trying to kill me, but he missed in the end!’⁵ In fact, the scars were reminders of some of the times when the secret agent⁶ had fought for his life.

Mr Wain listened at Bond’s back and chest, and did all the other things a doctor does while the agent dressed again, Mr Wain wrote busily at his desk ‘Well, Mr Bond,’ he said, ‘there’s nothing much to worry about.’ I think we can take care of you. But one of the bones in your back is a little out of place.⁸ That was caused by a fall, no doubt?’

Bond said, ‘Perhaps.’ But he remembered when he had had to jump from the Arlberg Express,⁹ when Heinkel¹⁰ and his friends caught up with him in Hungary in 1956.

Mr Wain finished his writing and gave Bond the paper. It was a printed list, with various items marked.¹¹ It was the treatment that Bond would have at Shrublands.

Bond glanced through it. He stopped at one mark.¹² ‘What’s “traction”¹³?’ he asked.

‘It’s treatment on a special machine that pulls your backbone.’ Mr Wain told him. He smiled gently. ‘Don’t worry about it. It doesn’t hurt,¹⁴ and it will help to put that bone straight. But you won’t have that for a day or two. You can start your treatment