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心有余悸

Twice Shy

迪克·弗朗西斯 著

DICK FRANCIS



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GLOSSARIES

rifle	来福枪, 步枪	[ˈrɪfl]
reason	原因, 理由	
races	竞赛, 比赛	
cassettes	磁带	[kæ'set]
tapes	录音带, 录影带	
copy	复制品	
bookies	(赛马等)赌注登记经纪人	[ˈbʊki]
notes	笔记, 摘记	
magnets	磁铁, 磁石	[ˈmæɡnɪt]
manager	经理	
cottage	茅舍, 村舍, 农舍	
tigers	老虎	
wires	金属线, 金属丝	

* 注: 以上所列单词为书中黑体字

心有余悸

Twice Shy

两兄弟有着不同的遭遇。一个窃贼想从兄弟俩那儿盗取一个电脑程序。这个电脑程序可以告诉你哪匹马将在赛马中获胜。为获此电脑程序,窃贼萌发了杀机

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外文出版社

Twice Shy

DICK FRANCIS

Level 2

Retold by Donald Domonkos

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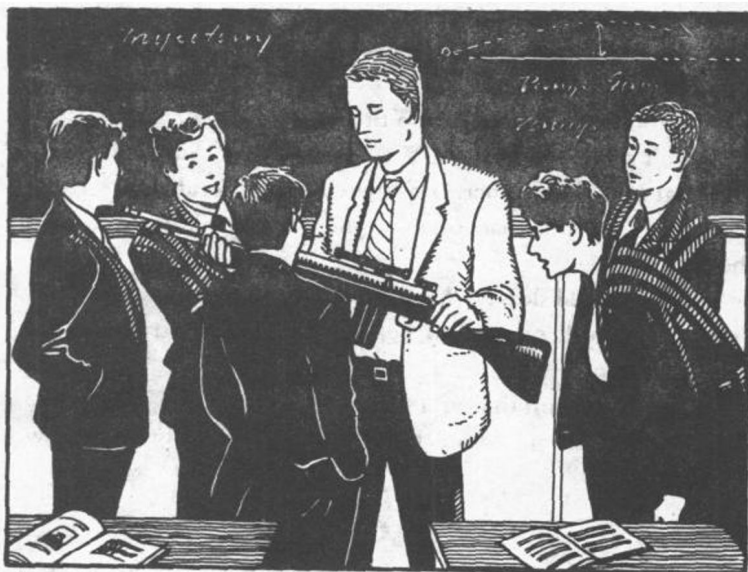
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Twice Shy

BOOK ONE - JONATHAN

It was a Friday morning. I took my **rifle** to school. The students all wanted to hold it. I have noticed that all boys, grown-up boys too, like dangerous things. To teach them the rules of movement, I brought my gun to class. Other teachers didn't always like the way I taught, but I knew that boys learned more when they enjoyed their lessons.

I liked teaching. I liked my job. But at home things weren't



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so good. When I left the school that day, I felt tired and sad. 'Eight years married to Sarah,' I thought, 'and we're really not happy with each other any more.'

The doctors said Sarah couldn't have children. Without babies, I was not enough for her. She wanted more than anything to be a mother. We did not fight about this, though. We did not talk much about anything. That evening was no different. She said hello and I said hello, and that was it.

I was sitting at my desk, reading a letter from my brother, when the telephone rang. She answered it. She talked quietly at first but then she began to shout. I heard her say, 'Oh no!' and, 'Yes, we'll come at once.' When she had put down the telephone, she came to talk to me.

'We have to go and see Donna and Peter. Now,' she told me. Donna was her best friend. Perhaps this was because Donna, too, could not have children. I liked Peter Keithly but I did not know him very well.

'Not tonight,' I said. 'I'm too tired.'

'I don't care. We must go. We must go now!' She was crying.

'What is it?' I asked her. 'Has there been an accident?'

'No . . . no, not that. She . . . she's in terrible trouble, with the police.'

'What,' I asked slowly, 'has Donna done?'

Sarah was still crying but her voice was now stronger. 'She stole something.'

'That's no **reason** to cry,' I said.

'You don't listen,' Sarah shouted. 'You're not listening now. She stole a *baby*.'



We went to see them. Peter met us at the door. He looked terrible. Donna was sitting in the corner of the sitting-room and said nothing when we arrived.

'She won't talk,' Peter explained. 'Or eat.'

'What happened?' I asked him. He took me to the kitchen and told me. He said that she took a baby from the park and drove off with it in her car. The police found the baby in the car by the beach. Donna was sitting near the sea in the rain.

'What will we do?' Peter said. He looked lost. 'I've got enough problems already, and now this . . .'

'Problems?' I said. I was thinking about Donna.

'I did something stupid,' Peter said. 'There was this man I met in a pub. He asked me if I could help someone make computer programs for horse **aces**. I thought, why not? He gave me pages and pages of reports on horses; I wrote the programs, and he paid me.'

'So what's wrong?' I asked.

'Well, after I gave him the programs, these two other men came here one evening. They told me to give them the programs. They said they weren't working with the other man but they wanted the programs.'

'And you gave them to them?' I was surprised.

'Yes, in a way. They were really frightening. They said they'd hurt Donna. But I only gave them the first programs I tried to make. They won't work.' He explained it all in computer language, which I did not understand. But I understood what he did: he gave something useless to two dangerous men.

'You're in trouble,' I said slowly. 'You'll have to go away for a while, as soon as you can. It will be good for you both.'

Peter agreed. 'Donna loves our boat,' he said. 'I'll take her away on that, as soon as I can.'



We stayed with them for that weekend, but on Sunday I decided to go back home to get ready for school on Monday. Sarah wanted to stay with Donna. That was all right with me.

I said goodbye to them. At the last minute Peter gave me three **cassettes**. He told me to listen to them on my way home. I looked at the names on the cassette boxes quickly, and thanked him. Not really my kind of music, I thought.

I was almost home when I remembered them again. I decided to listen to one, but instead of music I heard strange sounds. I knew that sort of noise. I tried another cassette. It was the same. Now I knew what it was: these cassettes were his computer programs.

I enjoyed my classes on Monday. It was easier to work than to think about Peter and Donna's problems. Then I came home, and the problems caught up with me again.

Peter telephoned. 'Jonathan, did you listen to those cassettes? You know what they are, don't you?'

'Your horse-race programs?'

'Yes. Will you keep them for me for a few days? I do want to take that short holiday with Donna, but I don't want to leave the cassettes here at home.'

'Have you heard from those two men again?' I asked.

'No, I haven't.'

'Why didn't you tell me that they were your programs?'

'I didn't want Donna to know about them, or about the two men,' he said. He told me I could try to see if they worked, if I wanted. I said I wasn't very interested in horses. Then I remembered my brother William. He liked horses very much.

I never talked to Peter again. Two evenings later he went down to the river to get his boat ready for the holiday, pushed a switch on it somewhere, and something happened. Sarah telephoned to tell me. She said, 'The boat caught fire. No one knows why. Peter is dead.'

All that night I thought about Peter, about how he died, and in the morning, when I went to school, I took his cassettes with me. I wanted to see if they worked. I went to see Ted Pitts, who



Two evenings later, Peter went down to the river to get his boat ready for the holiday, pushed a switch somewhere, and the boat caught fire.

knew everything about computers. I gave him the cassettes and told him about the programs on them.

'I'll try it for you, Jonathan, but I haven't got time right now.'

'There's no hurry, Ted. Do it when you can.'

Donna didn't go to prison. Perhaps that was because of Peter. Sarah told me all the news when she telephoned. She said, too, that she was not coming home immediately. We ended our conversation with polite goodbyes. What will happen, I thought, when the politeness stops?

On Saturday I took my rifle to a field outside town and practised my shooting all morning. I was usually very good with a rifle, but I didn't shoot very well that day. Driving home, I promised myself to spend more time practising.

I came home to a quiet, empty house, and because Sarah was not there to tell me to put the gun away, I left it in its special box on the table in the sitting-room. A minute later there was a knock at the door and I went to answer it. I had two visitors. They were both dark-haired and dark-skinned, but only one of them was holding a gun.

My mouth opened but I could not speak. The man with the gun told me to go back inside. I did. They came in and closed the door.

'What do you want?' I asked. I was surprised but not frightened.

'Those three computer cassettes.'

'What computer cassettes?' I said, but of course I knew.

'We know you've got them. Your wife said so.' He moved closer. 'Get them. Those three **tapes** your friend gave you.'

I told him I didn't have them. The one with the gun said that was too bad, and then he moved the gun a little and shot a pretty little glass dish of Sarah's. 'Your television is next,' he said. 'Then you -- your feet.'



The man moved the gun a little and shot a pretty little glass dish of Sarah's. 'Your television is next,' he said. 'Then you — your feet.'

'They're in that box,' I said, and pointed at the box on the table.

'Get them out.'

I opened the box slowly. He looked away for a second or two and I pulled out the rifle. Now he and his friend were the ones who were surprised.

'Drop the gun,' I said. 'I don't miss when I shoot at things that are far away and I won't miss you two.'

My rifle was bigger and more frightening than his gun, so he did what I said. 'Now, listen to me,' I told them. 'I gave the cassettes to a friend. I thought they were music cassettes. You'll have to wait for them. I'll send them to you. I don't want you to come back here, so I'll send them to you. Understand?'

They were angry, but they wanted the cassettes. They agreed.

'Where can I send them?'

'The post office in Cambridge.'

'What name shall I put on the envelope?' I asked.

They were not that stupid. They told me to put my own name.

'Now get out,' I said. Both men looked at the gun on the floor.

'I'll throw that to you when you're outside,' I said, but first I took the bullets out.

When they were standing in the road, I threw it to them. The gunman caught it and said, 'You send those tapes, or we'll be back.' Then they left.

After they had left, I telephoned Sarah. 'Yes,' she said, 'an older man came and asked for some cassettes. He was from Peter's office, we thought,' and she gave me the office's address. The next morning I went shooting again. I thought I could really use the practice now.



After school on Monday, at four o'clock, I met Ted Pitts in the computer room and he put one of the cassettes into the computer.

At first I didn't understand the programs at all. But after putting all of them into the computer, I understood the idea. First you chose the race you wanted. Then you put in information on the horses that were running. The programs needed a lot of information and we didn't have enough, but it was easy to see how it worked: the computer told you which horse was going to win. It was very clever.

'Will you use the programs?' Ted asked me.

I told him I didn't know enough to answer the questions in them.

'The information must be somewhere,' he said. 'Horse-racing newspapers, or something.'

'Well,' I said, 'I'll ask my brother. He knows all about horses. He can find the information.'