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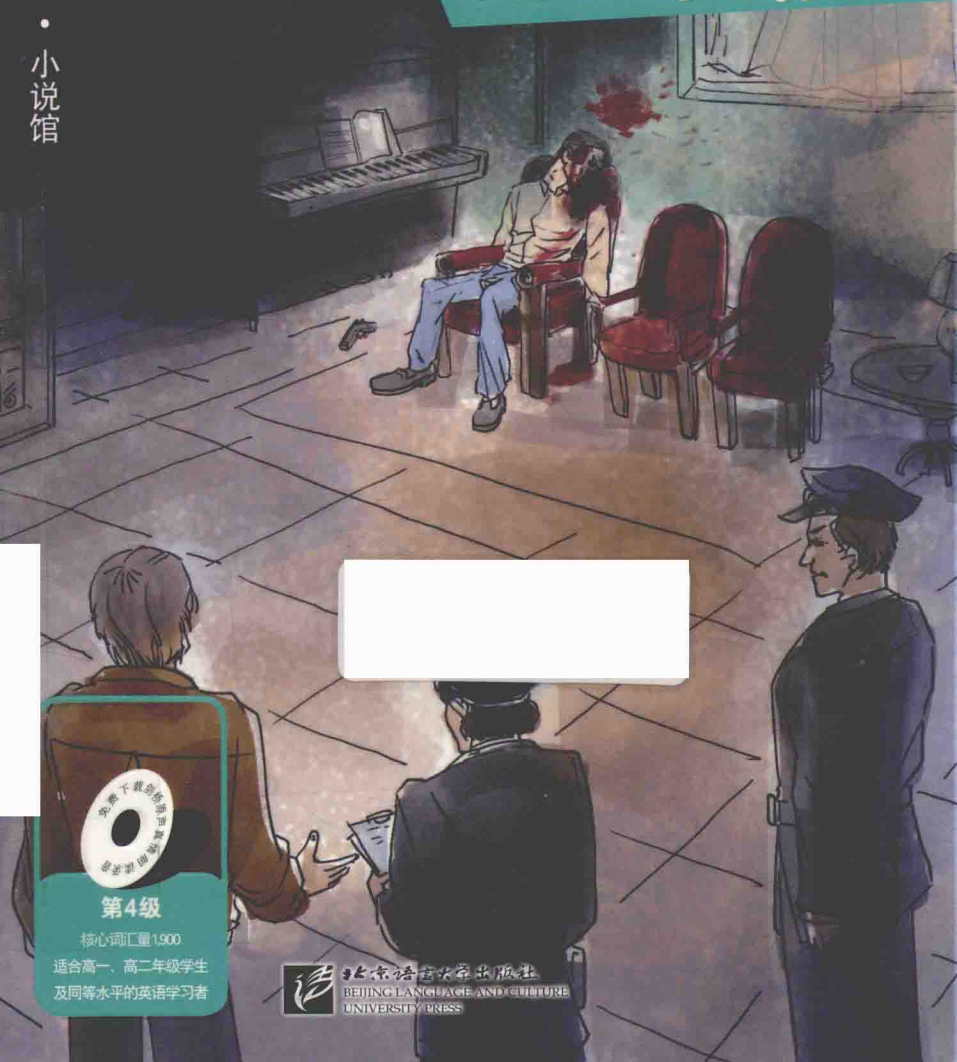


剑桥双语分级阅读 · 小说馆

But Was It Murder?

Jania Barrell 著

死亡诊断



第4级

核心词汇量1900

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原版系列编辑 Philip Prowse

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黄德利

编译

李丽华

审订



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责任印制：陈 辉

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Preface 前言

“剑桥双语分级阅读·小说馆”是一套从剑桥大学出版社引进的面向非英语国家英语学习者的分级系列读物，由英语语言教学专家及小说作家合力创作。创作过程历时二十余年，出版后受到世界各地英语教师和英语学习者的喜爱，许多读本再版十余次，二十余年来畅销不衰，成为全球英语学习者首选的优秀读本。

本系列读物具有以下突出的特色：

1. 它是原创英语读物，而非改编自普通作品的读物。因此，阅读本系列读物，读者读到的是原汁原味的原创英语，而非人为改编过的二手英语。

2. 它是当代优秀短篇小说，而非年代久远的小说。因此，阅读本系列读物，读者读到的是当今活的、学了就能用的英语，而非穿越时空的、学了难以用的英语；了解的是与读者同时代英语国家人们的、而非隔代人的生活、文化、风土人情和价值观。

3. 它是专为非英语国家的英语学习者量身定制的读物，而非为英语母语者而写的大众读物。因此，本系列读物是最适合英语学习的读物。

4. 它是英美知名小说家和英语语言教学专家合力创作的读物，小说家保障了读物的可读性与可欣赏性，英语语言教学专家保障了读物语言作为英语习得材料的科学性与可学性。本系列中的很多小说都曾获得国际广泛阅读教育学会颁发的“语言学习者文学奖 (Language Learner Literature Award)”。因此，阅读本系列读物，读者会在欣赏小说的同时，自然而然地、有效地提高自己的英语水平。

5. 它的故事题材丰富多样，包括侦探、情感、历险、悬疑、人文、科幻、喜剧等，读者可以随心选择自己喜欢的类别进行阅读；它的故事内容生动有趣，故事情节引人入胜、扣人心弦，一旦开始阅读，就想一口气读完，使阅读真正升华到“悦读”。

6. 附赠的音频材料内容精彩——它不是普通英语母语者的朗读录音，而是专业配音员的演绎再创作。听着它，读者犹如在听广播剧、听评书，又仿佛是在听电影、听话剧……这种聆听英语的享受将彻底扫除读者对英语听力的畏难心理。

7. 读本中所使用的语言，既有英式英语，也有美式英语，对应的音频材料也相应分为英音和美音。读者可根据自己的喜好来选择。

8. 本系列一百多本读物根据“欧洲语言共同参考框架 (CEF)”和“剑桥大学外语考试部 (ESOL)”的标准来确定级别划分,是建立在科学研究和实践基础之上的分级。全套共分七个级别(与中国学生英语基础水平的大致对应关系,请参见图书封底表格),读者可根据自己的英语基础选择相应级别的读本来学习。

为了更好地帮助中国学生学习和欣赏,“剑桥双语分级阅读·小说馆”从剑桥大学出版社原版引进后又增加了以下内容:

1. 增加了适量的辅助学习内容,包括“读前思考”“读后活动”“学习指导”三个板块,其中“学习指导”板块又包括生词、短语和表达、文化点滴、阅读练习四项内容。增加这些板块的宗旨是全方位帮助学生提升英语阅读能力,扩充词汇量,扫除阅读中的文化障碍,提高对英语小说的鉴赏能力。

2. 增加了小说全文的参考译文。出于语言学习的考虑,译文尽量采用直译,保证两种语言句子的基本对应,避免文学式意译。值得一提的是,所增加的辅助学习内容和参考译文,均由来自全国不同省市著名中学(包括人大附中、北大附中、清华附中、黄冈中学、上海中学等三十余所中学)的一线英语教师完成,从而确保了所加内容与中国学生的英语学习特点和学习需求相吻合,为学生阅读和欣赏读物、提高英语水平给予恰到好处的助力。目前,本系列中的读本在上海市教育委员会中小学图书馆工作委员会组织的第23届上海市中小学、幼儿园优秀图书评选活动中获得三等奖,并已纳入中国教育装备行业协会发布的《中小学图书馆(室)配备核心书目》。

3. 提供配套网络资源。本系列读物配有专题网页,读者可以在网页上了解读物的基本信息、故事梗概、作者和编译者;可以通过“在线测试”(http://cdextras.cambridge.org/Readers/RPT_last.swf)帮助确定适合自己的阅读级别,再结合自己对题材和英式或美式英语的偏好,来选择具体的读本;还可以进行故事预览和试听,下载录音和拓展习题,与其他读者分享、交流读书心得。教师还可以分享教学经验并下载教案等相关资源(http://www.blcup.com 和 http://www.camstory.cn)。

英语阅读是英语课堂的延伸和补充,也是培养英语语感、提高英语水平的有效途径。选择好的英语读物,收获的将不仅仅是英语语言的进步。欢迎年轻朋友们来到“剑桥双语分级阅读·小说馆”,打开一本本好书,品味一个个好故事,为实现梦想搭建桥梁。

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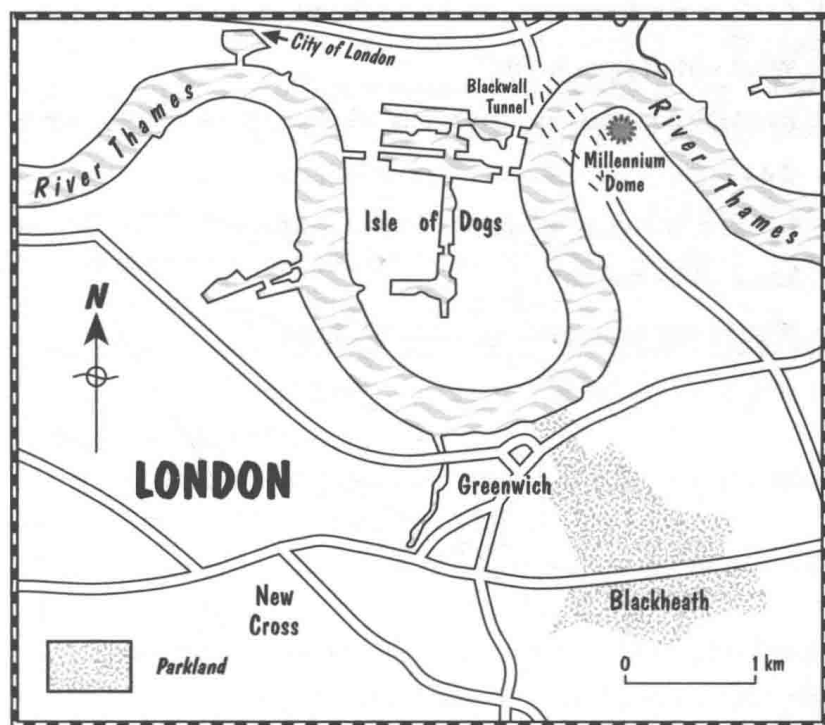
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故事中的人物

- Detective Inspector Rod Eliot:**
Detective Constable Jamie Bowen:
Police Constable Drewitt:
- } Policemen at New Cross police station, London
- Sally Eliot:** Rod Eliot's wife
Micky Eliot: Rod Eliot's son
Alex Forley: owner of an antique furniture shop
Mr and Mrs Crowther: Forley's neighbours
Amanda Grant: Forley's girlfriend
Philip Wilver: Forley's doctor
Lisa Wilver: his wife
Mrs Brook: a cleaner
Linda Scott: manager of Forley's antique shop
-

- 刑侦督察罗德·埃利奥特:
刑侦警员杰米·鲍恩:
警员德鲁伊特:
- } 伦敦新十字警察局的警察
- 萨莉·埃利奥特: 罗德·埃利奥特的妻子
米基·埃利奥特: 罗德·埃利奥特的儿子
亚历克斯·福尔利: 一家古董家具店的老板
克劳瑟先生及太太: 福尔利的邻居
阿曼达·格兰特: 福尔利的女朋友
菲利普·维尔弗: 福尔利的医生
莉萨·维尔弗: 菲利普·维尔弗的妻子
布鲁克太太: 一位保洁工
琳达·斯科特: 福尔利古董店的经理



读前思考

1. Look at the front cover and read the blurb on the back cover.
What sort of story is this?
2. Read the contents on page 5. Say what you think will happen in the story.
3. Look at the map of south London on page 7. What do you know about this city?
4. If you have the recording, listen to Chapter 1.

Chapter 1

Missing The Queen's Head

Detective Inspector Rod Eliot was watching the rain running down his office window. He looked at his watch. 6.30. Time to leave the mountain of papers on his desk and go to The Queen's Head pub across the road.

'But only one beer,' he told himself. 'I don't want to be stopped by some junior policeman for drunk driving. Then I'll have to go home to an empty house.'

Just as he was leaving the office, the phone rang. He turned back automatically and picked it up. He half hoped it might be his wife.

'Sorry to disturb you, sir,' said Detective Constable Jamie Bowen. 'But we've got a bit of a problem.'

'So have I,' said Eliot. 'I shouldn't be here. Ask Inspector Merryon.'

'Sorry, sir,' said Bowen, 'but Inspector Merryon hasn't arrived yet. He phoned to say his car is stuck in a traffic jam in Hackney. He probably won't be here for at least an hour.'

Eliot hit the top of his desk angrily. The lights from The Queen's Head looked so inviting. But in the street below people were crowded into shop doorways, trying to escape from the rain. The water poured onto the street and was thrown up again by the lines of cars moving slowly away from the centre of London.

'All right, Bowen,' he said. 'You'd better tell me about it then. What is it?'

'We've just had a report of a death, sir. And there's a gun.'

This was the last thing Eliot wanted to hear. He had been in a bad mood all day. He usually liked Friday because of the weekend ahead, when he could spend time with his wife Sally and eight-year-old son Micky. Micky was crazy about football, and Eliot always took him to watch West Ham on Saturdays when they played at home. This weekend would be different, though. Eliot had to work, and Sally had taken Micky to her parents' house in Brighton for two nights. He had argued with her that morning.

'Stop shouting,' she had said. 'You're just angry because you don't want us to go away. Why can't you admit it?'

She was right, but knowing this only made him more angry. He had left the house without saying goodbye to her.

He had tried to ring several times to say sorry, but there was no answer. Now she would be at her parents' house. And she could not speak to him openly there because they would be listening.

'I knew this would be a bad day from the moment I woke up,' he told Bowen. 'All right. We'll have to go. Where is it?'

'Blackheath, I'm afraid, sir.'

Eliot sighed. Blackheath was only six kilometres from New Cross police station. But at this time on a Friday night there was so much traffic that the journey could take over an hour.

Eliot could not think of a worse way of spending Friday evening, especially as he had to be in his office early next morning. Why did everyone try to leave London at the same time? One day the whole city would

be stuck in one big traffic jam. Already the traffic moved more slowly than it had a hundred years ago. It was madness.

‘Meet me downstairs in ten minutes, Bowen,’ he said. ‘Oh, and there’ll have to be medical reports. Check that someone’s told a doctor and the pathologist.’

Eliot turned away from the window. Well, at least Sally and Micky weren’t waiting for him at home. He had better phone them now. It might be his last chance this evening.

Sally’s father picked up the phone. ‘Hello Rod. Pity you can’t be here. The weather’s beautiful. How’s the job?’

Eliot made himself chat politely for a few minutes and then asked to speak to Sally.

‘I’m afraid she’s not here,’ her father said. ‘She’s taken Micky for a walk. He couldn’t wait to see the sea. Any message for her?’ Eliot couldn’t believe his bad luck.

‘Just say I’m pleased they’ve arrived safely,’ he said. ‘And give her my love. I’ll ring again tomorrow.’

He put down the phone and took one last look at The Queen’s Head. The traffic seemed hardly to have moved. Well, at least he could get Bowen to drive.

Chapter 2 The colour of death

The car went forward a few metres, and then stopped again. At first Bowen had switched on the blue light and siren so that other drivers would let them pass. But there was no space for them to get through, and they had almost caused two accidents.

They were nearly in Blackheath now. The rain had stopped, but the traffic seemed to be getting worse.

Blackheath Village is one of the prettiest and greenest parts of southeast London. Its narrow streets are on a hill with pleasant views, unusual houses and many restaurants. Large areas of grass separate the village from the main road. Here children play and lovers wander, and families walk with their dogs.

Tomorrow night there would be crowds, as it was November 5, Guy Fawkes Day. Thousands of people would come to the Blackheath firework show if they weren't having parties in their own gardens. Some of these parties seemed to have started already. The sky was full of the sounds and colours of fireworks exploding above their heads.

Eliot thought about his son with a sudden pain. Micky would be so excited tomorrow. Eliot would have loved to bring him here.

He made himself think about his work instead.

'What do you know about this death?' he asked Bowen.

‘Not much, sir. It’s a white man in his thirties.’

‘I suppose we’ll find out more when we arrive. If we ever do arrive, Bowen,’ added Eliot impatiently.

‘Sorry, sir. I’m doing my best,’ said Bowen.

Eliot wondered how Bowen would feel about seeing the dead body. It was never easy, even for himself after all these years, though he had become much harder.

Bowen was twenty-eight, ten years younger than Eliot, and had worked with him since first joining the police. His parents were rich and he had been to Cambridge University. This had worried Eliot at first. But Bowen was honest and intelligent and a good policeman. Eliot now had a high opinion of him, though he did not often show it.

But there was one thing about Bowen which Eliot could not understand: he was always falling in love with the wrong women. They were either married, or not interested in him, or totally crazy. Recently he had started asking Eliot for advice when they were in the car together.

‘All that education, and he can’t get a girlfriend. What a waste!’ Eliot thought. ‘And he’s not bad looking, with those dark eyes and all that black curly hair.’

Eliot knew how lucky he was to be happily married himself. He was sorry for Bowen and angry with himself for arguing with Sally that morning. He wished she had been there when he phoned.

At last they turned off the main road and stopped outside a small but beautiful eighteenth century house at the end of a quiet street. Lights were shining from all the windows. Eliot got out and stretched his legs. Normally he would have looked forward to seeing the inside of