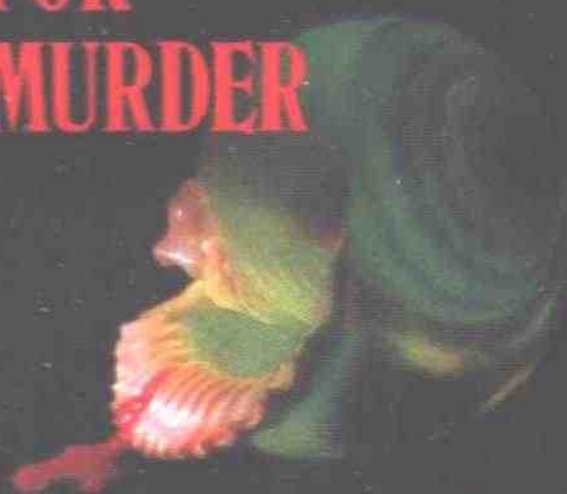


MESSAGE FOR MURDER



James Crooks

FASTBACK HORROR

GUTS



Richard Laymon

胆量

罪恶的诱惑

注定死亡

传奇人物



6

DEATH in Any Language

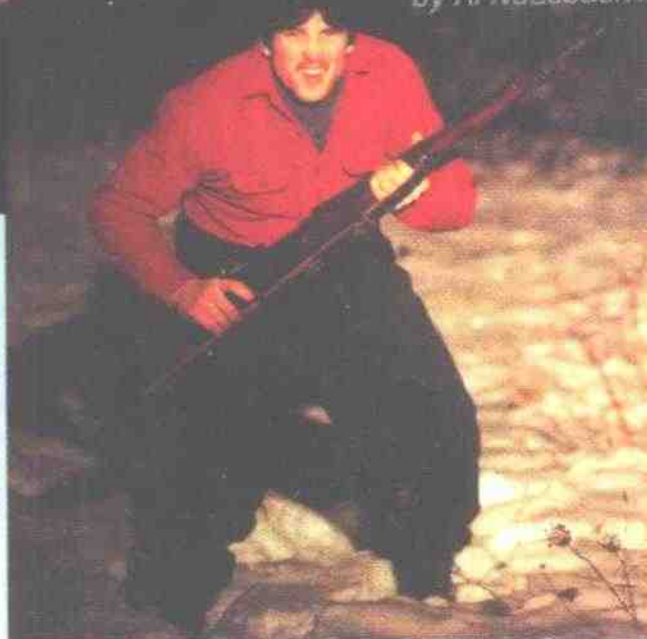


by Dan J. Marlowe

FASTBACK SPY

The Legend

by Al Nussbaum



英语小小说丛书



上海教育出版社



LONGMAN 朗文

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编者的话

手边这套从海外引进的《英语小小说丛书》(英汉对照)即将付梓,作为她的第一读者——编者,想对后来的读者说几句话:

这些小说的用语非常生活化,阅读时,你会惊奇地发现,原来,许多叙说和描述竟可以用如此简单的语汇来表达?体悟到这种轻快简捷的语感后,你对自己的听说能力会陡然信心大增,而这种自信心又最能激活你的语言记忆能力。

这套丛书内容涉及了当代美国社会各个层面的生活现状,其中不乏历史、人文、科技等综合信息,这是一种更深层次的“语感”。

但愿你能获得这两种语感,那对我们编读双方将都是可喜可贺的。

另外,英汉对照这一形式既能使读者品味到语言的“原汁原味”,又能降低或消除阅读障碍,帮助读者提高英语的阅读理解水平,领略中英文两种语言的不同魅力。

这套丛书和《英语短篇小说丛书》(英汉对照)相比,篇幅要短些,文字稍浅些,表达更直接些,但选取的仍是科幻、刑侦、玄秘、情感、运动等方面的题材,相信广大读者特别是年轻的读者们一定会喜欢的。

英语小小说丛书(英汉对照)第6辑

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GUTS

“Here’s one for you, McCoy.”

Tom Harris, sitting nervously on a chair near the office door, watched his new boss hand a sheet of paper to McCoy.

The big man spent a moment reading it. Then he grinned. “Ho, boy,” he said.

“Any problem with that?” the boss asked.

“No sweat,” McCoy answered.

“Well, it made Beamis sweat. I sent him for it last night and he flew the coop.

胆 量

“这个给你，麦科伊。”

汤姆·哈里斯正紧张不安地坐在办公室门旁边的一把椅子上，他看见他的新老板递给麦科伊一张纸。

这个高个子男子读了一会儿，然后他笑起来。“嗨，好家伙。”他说。

“那没有问题吧？”老板问。

“毫不费力。”麦科伊答道。

“唉，这可让比密斯为难。昨晚我跟他去，他溜了。

Probably went off and got himself a snootful. Hasn't shown his face around here since."

"Beamis never had much guts," McCoy said.

"Take Harris with you."

Tom sat up straight as McCoy turned to him. The man smiled in a way that made his stomach knot. Tom tried to smile back. At the thought of being alone with McCoy, he almost wished he hadn't taken the job.

McCoy looked fierce. Though he was young, no older than thirty, his head was hairless except for bushy brows that hung over his small, piggish eyes. He seemed to have no neck. His T-shirt, stretched tightly over bulging muscles, looked as though it would split apart if he took a

也许溜去喝醉了。到现在他还没来。”

“比密斯从来胆子不大。”麦科伊说。

“你带哈里斯去。”

麦科伊朝汤姆转过身来，他立即端坐起来。这个人的笑使他感到心窝里一阵紧缩。汤姆极力陪着笑。一想到要单独和麦科伊在一起，他真希望自己当初不该找这个工作。

麦科伊模样凶狠。尽管他很年轻，30岁不到，但他的头上除了那双贪婪的小眼睛上方挂着浓浓的眉毛外，再也找不到其他毛发。他似乎没有脖子。他的那件T恤衫紧紧地裹着隆起的肌肉，仿佛只要他深呼吸一下衬衫就要裂开似的。

deep breath. On the front of the shirt was the saying, "Don't get mad, get even."

"Are you Harris?" he asked.

"Yes sir," Tom said.

"This will be Harris's first job," the boss said. "I want you to show him the ropes."

"Glad to."

Tom didn't like the way he said that. Nor did he like the gleam in McCoy's tiny eyes.

"Okay," the boss said. "Get to it."

McCoy picked up a black tool box. Tom opened the office door for him, and followed him into the garage. They climbed into an old Plymouth, McCoy behind the wheel.

"So, kid, this is your first night?"

"Yes sir."

衬衫的前面有一句名言：“不要发怒，不要报复。”

“你是哈里斯？”他问。

“是的，先生。”汤姆说。

“这是哈里斯第一次干活。”老板说。“我想让你教教他。”

“非常乐意。”

汤姆不喜欢他那样说。他也不喜欢麦科伊那双小眼睛里射出的光。

“好吧。”老板说。“去干吧。”

麦科伊拿起一只黑色的工具箱。汤姆为他打开办公室的门，跟他走进车库。他们爬进一辆旧普利茅斯牌汽车，麦科伊坐到方向盘后面。

“哦，小子，这是你第一个晚上？”

“是的，先生。”

“Call me McCoy. None of this ‘sir’ stuff, got it?”

“Yes.”

He drove out of the garage. The city streets were nearly deserted. “Ever steal a car before?” McCoy asked.

“No.”

“I didn’t think so. Well, it’s a cinch. Always wanted to be a private eye, I’ll bet.”

“Yes.”

“Well, this is as good a way to start as any. It’s the bottom rung, repossessing cars, but somebody’s got to do it. The world’s full of flakes who buy stuff they can’t afford. The way I see it, they’re no better than thieves. And they call *us* thieves.”

“叫我麦科伊。不要来‘先生’这一套，记住了？”

“是的。”

他把车从车库里开出来。这城市的街道差不多是空寂无人。“以前偷过车吗？”

“没有。”

“我不这样认为。哎，这是一件容易的事。一直想当私人侦探，我敢打赌。”

“是的。”

“哦，这是一个好的开端，任何事情都是这样。取回汽车是低级的活，但必须有人去做。这个世界到处都有买东西付不起帐的骗子。这把戏我见过，他们比小偷好不了多少。而他们称我们是小偷。”

“They do?” Tom asked.

“Sure. They see you making off with their cars and they act like they own the things. I’ve been shot at, knifed. That’s how come we work this time of night. If you’re lucky, the jerks are sleeping and they don’t give you any grief. Next thing they know, they wake up in the morning and their car’s gone. Half the time, the creeps think they’ve been ripped off and call the cops.”

“Do the police ever cause trouble?”

“Sure. If they catch you in the act. For all they know, you’re just a crumb out to steal a car. It gets hairy sometimes. You’re okay, though, once you show them the repo sheet. It’s the owners you’ve got to worry about. *Owners.*” He snorted.

“他们这样吗？”汤姆问。

“当然。他们看着我们把他们的汽车开走。他们的样子好像这车子是他们的似的。有人对我开过枪，动过刀子。这就是我们晚上出来干活时要发生的事。这些傻瓜正在睡觉的话你就幸运了，他们不会给你惹麻烦。接下来的事你知道，他们一早醒来会发现车不见了。这些讨厌的家伙总是以为他们被偷了并报告警察。”

“警察找过麻烦吗？”

“当然，如果他们当场抓住你的话。他们都以为你是一个可鄙的偷车人。有时很危险，尽管一旦你向他们出示购回协议你就没事。你要担心的是那些主人。主人。”他哼了一声。

“They just *think* they're owners. But they really go crazy on you. Always keep an eye out for them. We had a guy last year who got caught repossessing a Jaguar and got himself wasted.”

“Killed?” Tom asked.

“A twelve-gauge sawed-off shotgun will do that to a guy.”

“Geez,” Tom said, and tried not to sound too scared.

“Sound like the job's exciting enough for you?”

“Maybe too exciting.”

“How's this for you?” McCoy asked, and pulled over to the curb. He pointed a thick finger across the street.

Parked in the driveway of the Green Fields Mortuary was a long, black hearse

“他们认为自己是主人。但他们对你真的很疯狂。眼睛要一直朝外面盯着他们。去年我们有一个伙计在取豹牌汽车时被抓住并被杀死了。”

“杀死了？”汤姆问。

“一把12毫米口径的枪管锯短的猎枪能致人死地。”

“该死，”汤姆说。他极力摆出一副没有受到太大惊吓的样子。

“好像你觉得这工作很有意思？”

“也许太有意思了。”

“你认为这工作怎样？”麦科伊问，他把车开到路边。他用他那粗粗的手指指着街对面。

格林·菲尔兹殡仪馆前的车行道上停着一辆长长的黑色柩车。

“You’re kidding,”

Tom said.

McCoy shined a small flashlight on the repo sheet. “I think that’s our baby,” he said. “A 1983 Chrysler limo, funeral model, purchased by a turkey, name of Uriah Stubbins. Owes better than eighteen thousand on it, and hasn’t made a payment in three months.” McCoy chuckled. “That’s a good one,” he said. “A funeral director who’s a deadbeat.”

Tom didn’t feel like laughing. “We have to steal a *hearse*?”

“Not steal it, kid. We’re taking possession for the lenders.”

“But a *hearse*.”

McCoy grinned at him. “Yeah, and I bet

“你开玩笑，”汤姆说。

麦科伊用小手电筒照着购回协议。“我想那是我们的东西，”他说。“1983年制造的小巴，轿车车型，被一个名叫尤赖亚·斯塔宾斯的笨蛋买走。欠了一万八千元，三个月未付帐了。”麦科伊暗笑道。“那是一部不错的车子，”他说。“一个殷帐的殡仪员。”

汤姆觉得不好笑。“我们要去偷轿车？”

“不是偷，小子。我们是为贷方取回。”

“但这是一部轿车。”

麦科伊对他笑笑。“是啊，我肯定它已运了大量的尸体到墓地。”

it's carted plenty of stiffs to the bone orchard." He laughed some more, then climbed out of the car. He took his tool box from the back seat, and shut his door quietly. Tom stepped onto the curb and eased his own door shut.

He stared across the street. The lighted sign of Green Fields Mortuary cast a pale glow over the lawn. The building itself, partly hidden by a row of bushes, was dark at the windows. "Do you think he's in there?"

"Stubbins?" McCoy asked. "More than likely. If he's too cheap to pay for his hearse, he probably lives in a back room."

They walked to the other side of the street and started up the long driveway. "I wouldn't want to live in a place like this," Tom said.

他再次大笑起来，接着他爬出车。他从后座拿了一个工具箱，轻轻地关上车门。汤姆走到路边，慢慢地把他那一侧的车门关上。

他盯着街对面。格林·菲尔兹殡仪馆的灯箱牌射出的暗淡的灯光照在草坪上。这幢房子有一部分掩映在一排灌木后面，窗户一片漆黑。“你认为他在那里？”

“斯塔宾斯？”麦科伊问。“很可能。如果他穷得付不起买柩车的钱，他可能住在后屋。”

他们走到街道的另一边，沿着长长的车道向前走。“我可不想住在这样的地方，”汤姆说。

“You’re not a mortician. Those guys love their work. A house full of stiff is just the ticket. I had a pal who used to work in one of these places. His boss lived in a back room and slept in a coffin.”

“Yuck.”

McCoy stopped behind the hearse. He shined his flashlight on the license plate, and checked the numbers against his repo sheet. “This is it, all right.” His beam passed over the rear window, and Tom noticed curtains hanging inside.

“Okay,” McCoy said, “let’s take her.” He shut off the light.

They stepped to the driver’s door. McCoy scanned the front of the dark mortuary. Tom followed his gaze as he looked at the street. No cars were coming. “Keep a sharp eye out, kid.”

“你不是殡仪工。那些人喜欢那个工作。放腐尸体的房子才是他们需要的东西。我有一个朋友过去在这样一个地方工作。他的老板住在后屋，睡在一口棺材里。”

“呸。”

麦科伊在柩车后面停住。他用小手电筒照了照车牌，再次查对了一下勒回协议中的号码。“这个是的，没错。”手电筒的光线掠过后窗，汤姆发现里面挂着窗帘。

“好吧，”麦科伊说，“我们取走她。”他关了手电筒。

他们朝驾驶室的门走去。麦科伊仔细检查着这部黑色柩车的前部。汤姆顺着他的目光朝街上看着。没有车开过来。“紧盯着外面，孩子。”

Tom watched the street and building, but kept glancing at McCoy. The big man tried the door. It was locked. He crouched and opened his tool box. He took out a long, slim bar that was curved at one end. He shoved the bent end through a gap at the edge of the door. With a flick of his wrist, he popped up the lock button.

"A cinch, huh?"

"Yeah."

"Half the time, you can't get in this way. You've got to pick the lock. Do you know how to do that?"

Tom nodded. "I took locksmith training."

"Good. Then you know all about it. You'll be in fine shape, as long as you don't run into a Cadillac. I spent four

汤姆盯着街道和房子，同时不时地朝麦科伊扫一眼。这个大块头试着打开门。门是锁着的。他蹲下来打开他的工具箱。他拿出一支一端已弄弯了的细长的工具条。他把弯曲的那一端塞进门缝。他的腕关节一用力，锁扣啪的一声跳开。

"容易，嘿？"

"是的。"

"有一半的时间你用这种方法进不去。你不得不撬开锁。你知道如何做那件事吗？"

汤姆点点头。"我学过锁匠。"

"很好。那你都懂。如果你进不了凯迪拉克，你的优势就显出来了。"

hours one night trying to bust into a Caddy. Never did get in."

He picked up his tool box, opened the door of the hearse, and sat behind the steering wheel.

Tom glanced at the mortuary. Its windows were still dark. He saw no one. He looked up and down the street. "Did you give up on the Cadillac?" he asked.

"Not me. Waited till the creep came out to get in, and asked for his keys."

"Did he give you any trouble?"

"He was gutless. Do you know how to pull an ignition, kid?"

"Yes."

"Sure easier than hot-wiring. Out goes the old, in goes the new."

Bending over, Tom watched McCoy take

有一个晚上我花了四个小时想撬开凯迪拉克的门,可就是进不去。”

他拾起他的工具箱,拉开轿车的门,坐到方向盘的后面。

汤姆扫了一眼殡仪馆。其窗户仍是漆黑的。他没有看见人。他朝街道的两端看了看。“你放弃了那辆凯迪拉克吗?”

“我才不呢。等那讨厌鬼出来向他要钥匙。”

“他不给你带来麻烦?”

“他没那个胆量。你知道怎么点火吗,孩子?”

“是的。”

“当然比用电线短路的方法容易些。在外面干是老办法,在里面干是新办法。”

汤姆俯身看见麦科伊从工具箱里拿出一个点火装置,

an ignition unit from his tool box and crank it into a hole on the steering column. "Nothing to it," the man said. He turned the key and the engine started with a smooth, quiet purr. He left the engine running, packed up his tools, and stepped out.

"She's all yours, kid."

Tom's heart raced. "Mine?"

"One of us has to drive this back to the garage. You're it. I'll take the car."

Tom did not want to get into the hearse. But he didn't want to seem cowardly in front of McCoy. "Fine," he muttered.

He sat on the driver's seat and reached for the door handle. McCoy was already striding toward the street. He pulled the door shut. He released the emergency brake. He wiped his sweaty hands on his

把它放进转向柱上的一个洞中转了转。“不费事，”这个人说。他转了转钥匙，发动机随着一阵平稳而静静的轰隆声发动起来。他让发动机在那转着。他收起工具溜了出去。

“她是你的了，孩子。”

汤姆心脏疾跳。“我的？”

“我们中的一个必须把这部车开回车库。你开这部车。我去开那小车。”

汤姆不想钻进这部柩车里。但他不想在麦科伊面前露出胆怯的样子。“好吧，”他小声抱怨道。

他坐在驾驶座上，手朝门把手伸过去。麦科伊正大踏步地在街上走着。他关上门。他松开紧急刹车。他把汗津津的手在牛仔裤上擦了擦，