

外研社·剑桥英语原创读物 (6级)

【英汉双语】

This Time It's Personal



私家侦探

ALAN BATTERSBY (英) 著

王霖霖 译



外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

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外·研·社

剑桥英语原创读物

Cambridge English Readers series 是

特别为非英语国家的青少年学习者撰写的小说类读物。它不同于屡见不鲜的名著简写本，这套读物的作者都是英国具有多年教学经验的 TEFL (Teaching English as a Foreign Language) 教师；或者作者本人就是小说家。他们精心选用词汇和语法要点，按照由低到高、循序渐进的等级水平，用地道的英语，创作了这些引人入胜的作品。这套小说题材广泛，包括历险记、探案、科幻、浪漫、喜剧等等；而且主题现代，贴近生活，并涉及到东西方不同的地域文化，读来仿佛如身临其境、兴致盎然。

泛读一直是英语学习的最大秘密，它使学习者可以利用自己的时间掌握自己的进度，而成功的关键就是——阅读的乐趣！外语教学与研究出版社从英国剑桥大学出版社引进了这套新型的原创小说类读物，并针对国内读者的不同需求，以英汉双语及英文注释两种形式出版。衷心希望读者朋友们在享受阅读乐趣的同时，进一步提高英语水平！

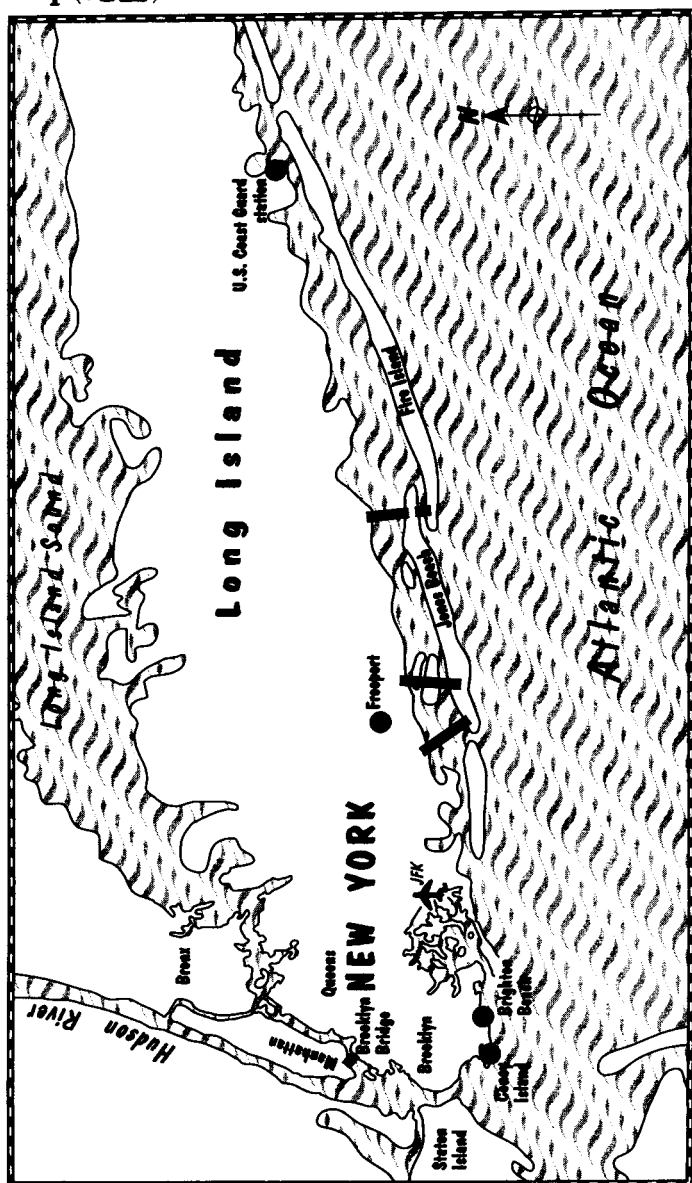
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Map(地图)



Characters

Nat Marley: New York private investigator

Stella Delgado: Nat Marley's personal assistant

Captain Oldenberg: detective with the New York Police
Department (NYPD)

Joe Blaney: colleague of Nat Marley, ex-NYPD

José De La Cruz: Stella's brother

Lena Rosenthal: Nat Marley's lawyer

Mrs. Romanov: Russian widow

Victor Kamenev: Russian businessman

Edith Tilden (Edie): old lady

Commander Jim Lockhart: commander of the Coast
Guard Group, Moriches

Miguel and Carlos: friends of José De la Cruz

Ed Winchester: journalist on the *Daily News*

Mossolov: professional criminal

Zernov: works for Mossolov

Tchernov: Russian immigrant

书中人物

纳特·马利：纽约的私家侦探

斯特拉·迪尔伽多：纳特·马利的私人助手

奥尔登伯格副巡官：纽约警察局的侦探

乔·布拉尼：马利的搭档，前纽约警察

约瑟·德拉克鲁兹：斯特拉的弟弟

莉娜·罗森塔尔：纳特·马利的律师

罗曼诺夫太太：俄裔寡妇

维克多·卡门奈夫：俄裔商人

埃迪斯·蒂尔顿(埃迪)：老妇人

吉姆·洛克哈尔特指挥官：海岸警卫队莫里奇斯地区指挥官

迈格尔和卡洛斯：约瑟·德拉克鲁兹的朋友

埃德·温切斯特：《每日新闻报》记者

莫索洛夫：职业罪犯

左诺夫：莫索洛夫的手下

提切诺夫：俄国移民

Chapter 1 *New York in the spring*

It was a fine but chilly spring morning. Fine enough even to make the New York borough of Queens seem attractive. Like any other day, I left my apartment on Main Street, Queens, and walked to the subway station to commute into midtown Manhattan on the number seven train. Like any other day, I read the *New York Daily News* to pass the time during the journey. Out of professional interest, I always glance through the day's fresh crime stories. Muggings, thefts, a car-jacking, a shooting, a bank robbery, and so on. Crime – the unpleasant reality of life from which I make my living.

The name's Marley, Nat Marley, licensed private investigator. My prediction is that you already have a mental image of my type of work. I can safely bet that that your image comes straight from the fantasy world of Hollywood. That's a long way from the truth. The majority of my work is dull. Often just pure routine stuff like divorce, bad debts, or missing persons. Don't imagine for a moment that I'm good-looking either. Just an ordinary-looking guy, bald, overweight and on the wrong side of forty. And let's get another thing straight, my working days seldom start with a wealthy, attractive female client anxiously waiting for my professional services.

My office is on East 43rd Street, just a couple of blocks from Grand Central Station. Stella Delgado, my personal assistant was already at her desk talking on the phone.

第一章

纽约的春天

这是一个春寒料峭的早上，但天气很好，好到足以使纽约的皇后区看上去都还不错。像以往一样，我离开中心大街的公寓，步行到地铁站去乘坐 7 号线地铁，前往曼哈顿的中心区。像以往一样，我在路上阅读《纽约每日新闻报》，以此打发时间。出于职业兴趣，我通常都会看看当天新报道的犯罪事件，走私啦、盗窃啦、劫车、枪击、抢劫银行什么的。犯罪——这生活中的不幸现实，我可指着它来养家糊口呢。

我叫马利，纳特·马利，职业私家侦探。我猜你在脑子里对我这类工作已经有印象了吧。我还敢打赌你的印象完全来自好莱坞云山雾罩的电影，那可跟现实差得远着呢。我的大部分工作都很无聊，通常只是纯粹的例行公事，像离婚案啊，欠债不还啊，要么就是走失人口。另外，别以为我面貌英俊，我看上去很普通，秃顶、偏胖，年过 40。还有一件事得说明白，很少有什么富有而迷人的女客户在我一上班就等在那里迫不及待需要我的服务。

我的办公室在东 43 大街，离中央车站只隔几个街区。我的私人助手斯特拉·迪尔伽多已经坐在桌旁打电话了。自从我干这行

borough *n.* 美国纽约市的行政区 **commute** *n.* 经常乘车(或船等)往返于两地
licensed *adj.* 领有许可证的
on the wrong side of 已过……岁(或特定的数目)

Stella's been with me most of the time I've been in business. A beautiful, intelligent Puerto Rican in her late twenties. If she wanted, she could get a far better job elsewhere. And I've told her that too. But she insists on working for me; she must like me. You've heard of the expression 'on the wrong side of the tracks', meaning the poor, underprivileged areas of the inner city? That's where Stella grew up, in the Barrio on the Upper East Side, known as Spanish Harlem. She had left school early and got into plenty of trouble as a kid. Then it took years of night school study to catch up on her education.

As she put down the phone, I asked, "How are things on this beautiful spring morning?"

Silence. She just gave me a blank stare. The morning mail was on her desk, unopened. Something was definitely wrong. "Stella, what's the matter? Come on, out with it."

She looked up at me tearfully. "Nat, I don't know what to do. It's family – my kid brother, José. I've just been talking to him on the phone. He's been arrested. He could be in serious trouble."

There was work to catch up with that morning, bills to send out to our satisfied or dissatisfied clients, and some annoying letters from the IRS, the tax people. Yet again, they'd claimed I hadn't paid enough tax. But clients and the IRS would have to wait.

"Stella, tell me everything."

"It's a long story. José was found by the police in the early hours of this morning on 112th Street just off Lexington Avenue, Upper East Side. He was lying unconscious with head injuries, in the driver's seat of a car that had crashed into a wall in a parking lot. Nat, he

以来，斯特拉差不多一直跟着我。她是波多黎各裔人，漂亮、聪明，还不到 30 岁。如果她愿意，完全可以在别的地方找到好得多的工作。我也跟她这么说过。但她愿意为我打工，她肯定是喜欢我。听过“贫贱之地”这个说法吧？指的是市内的贫民区。斯特拉就是在那儿长大的——上东区，又叫做西语人聚集地。她早早就离开了学校，少年时历经波折，后来在夜校经年苦读才得到了应受的教育。

她放下电话时我问：“在这个春光明媚的早上，有什么事发生吗？”

沉默。她只是空洞地看了我一眼。早上来的邮件在她桌上，还没有打开。肯定出岔子了。“斯特拉，怎么啦？来，说说看。”

她眼泪汪汪地抬头看着我。“纳特，我不知道怎么办。是我家里人——我的弟弟约瑟。我刚跟他通过电话。他被捕了，可能有大麻烦。”

这个早晨有很多事要办，给那些满意或者不满意的客户寄账单，应付来自国税局的烦人的通知。他们又说我没交够税。可客户和国税局都得等等。

“斯特拉，把一切告诉我。”

“说来话长了。今天凌晨警察在 112 大街发现了约瑟，那儿离上东区的莱克星顿街不远。他头部受了伤，躺在一辆车的驾驶座上昏迷不醒。那辆车撞到了停车场的围墙上。纳特，他根本就没有车

underprivileged *adj.* 生活水平低下的

Harlem *n.* 哈莱姆(本是纽约市的黑人居住区，这里指讲西班牙语的人的居住区)

definitely *adv.* 肯定地，一定地

IRS (Internal Revenue Service) (美国)国税局

doesn't even own a car. Anyway, he was taken to the emergency room at Metropolitan Hospital. Now he's in a secure room under police guard. He was allowed to make one phone call, so he called me."

"So what's the story? How did he get into this mess?" I asked.

"The awful thing is he has no memory of what he was doing," Stella said. "All he can remember is being at some bar in Brighton Beach with his buddies yesterday evening. Then nothing."

"Has he been charged with anything?" I asked.

"No. At least, not as far as I know," replied Stella.

"Why were José and his buddies going out for a drink at Brighton Beach, anyway? That's quite a way from Spanish Harlem for a night out."

"José works in the summer at a diner on Surf Avenue, Coney Island. The place closes up in the winter. José had been to see his boss to confirm his job for next summer. He got some good news – they took him on as a cook. José had taken a couple of his buddies along to see if he could fix up work for them. They were taken on as waiters. Good money, plus room and board, starting first of April. Afterwards, they went out to celebrate."

The thought of Coney Island brought back some of those golden childhood memories: trips to Coney Island beach and the rides at the amusement park, family vacations at the beach. I put those thoughts to the back of my mind and concentrated on Stella's story.

"Anything more?" I asked.

"He said he had just a vague memory of a bar somewhere on Brighton Beach Avenue. He knew he'd had a few too

啊。不管怎样，他被送到了大都会医院急救室，现在在监护室里由警察看管。他被允许打一个电话，于是就找了我。”

“到底是怎么回事？他怎么惹上麻烦的？”我问。

“糟糕的是他不记得自己都做了什么，”斯特拉说，“他只记得昨天晚上跟朋友在布莱顿海滩的酒吧里。别的就没了。”

“他被指控犯了什么罪吗？”我问。

“没有，起码我还不知道，”斯特拉回答。

“可约瑟为什么和朋友去布莱顿海滩喝酒呢？晚上去那儿可够远的啊。”

“夏天时约瑟在科奈岛冲浪大道的小餐馆打工。餐馆冬天不开张。约瑟去见他的老板，确认明年夏天还能不能在那儿工作。他得到了好消息——他们请他做厨师。约瑟还带去了几个朋友，看是不是能给他们也安排工作。他们都做了侍应生，薪水不错，还管吃管住，从4月1日开始上班。然后他们就去庆祝了。”

提到科奈岛我想起了一些童年时的美好往事：到科奈岛海滩远足，去游乐园玩，全家在海滩度假。我把这些记忆丢在脑后，集中精力考虑斯特拉的事。

“还有吗？”我问。

“他说他隐约记得那个布莱顿海滩路的酒吧。他知道自己喝了

many drinks. Then nothing until he woke up in a hospital bed."

"Maybe he's in shock," I suggested. "Temporary memory loss. If this was a simple case of drunk-driving, he wouldn't be under police guard. And where did he get the car from?"

"I don't know, Nat. José's never had a driver's license."

Not having a driver's license didn't mean he hadn't stolen the car and driven it anyway. But I didn't say that to Stella.

I thought for a moment. If José hadn't been charged with any offense, the NYPD could only hold him for a limited time.

"All right, Stella. This is what we'll do. If José hasn't been formally charged, there's no reason why we shouldn't be allowed to visit. We're going straight over to the hospital to talk with him."

Stella didn't move but just stood by her desk, biting her lip.

"Is something else bothering you?" I asked.

"Nat, I'm worried sick. José's an ordinary loveable guy who likes a good time. OK, he's got a criminal record. He got into some trouble when he was a teenager. But I know he's harmless. A danger to nobody. But someone with his background . . . you know as well as I do what conclusion the police will come to."

"Come on, Stella," I said. "Things have changed in this city. It's not like the bad old days. You know how sensitive the police are nowadays about any question of possible prejudice. You can't assume that the NYPD will think José is guilty because of his background. Any suspect has to be judged on the evidence."

不少，然后醒过来以后就发现自己在医院里了。”

“他可能受了惊吓，”我提醒说，“暂时失忆。如果这只是件酒后驾驶的小事，用不着警察看管他。还有，他从哪儿弄来的汽车？”

“我不知道，纳特。约瑟根本就没有驾驶执照。”

没有驾驶执照并不意味着他就不会偷一辆车开走。不过，我没跟斯特拉这么说。

我想了一下。如果约瑟没被指控犯罪，纽约警方不会滞留他太长时间。

“好吧，斯特拉。我们这么办，要是约瑟没被正式指控，那就没有理由禁止我们去探视他。我们直接去医院跟他谈谈。”

斯特拉没有动，只是咬着嘴唇站在桌旁。

“还有其他问题吗？”我问。

“纳特，我很担心。约瑟是个平平常常、讨人喜欢的小伙子，就是爱玩。是的，他有过犯罪记录。他十几岁的时候惹过麻烦。可我知道他不会伤害别人，不会威胁到任何人。可对像他那样有前科的人……你我都知道警方会得出什么结论。”

“好了，斯特拉，”我说，“这个城市有许多事都变了，不像过去那么糟糕了。你也知道现在警察对怀有偏见的质疑有多敏感。你不能断定警方会根据约瑟的背景而认为他有罪。任何犯罪嫌疑人都得根据证据定罪。”