

The American Graffiti

A Hacker's Diary

美国涂鸦英语阅读丛书

# 黑客日记

4 延文信 编



陕西科学技术出版社

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——瓦斯灯工作室 Gaslight Studio



## 序《黑客日记》

我一直想把下面的故事讲给爱学英语的人，还有那些学英语而对其没有兴趣的人，以及那些不爱学但又不得不硬着头皮学习英语的人。（我妻子说她已经听了一百遍了。）

每个人的一生都会有对其产生深刻影响的一件事或一个人。这种影响可能会改变他一生所走的生活道路。我的生活道路的改变就是由于一件偶然的事情。

70年代的中国，大家都很穷。我家也不例外。兄弟姊妹7个，个个衣服补丁摞补丁。九口之家，生活极为艰难。76年冬季的一天，家里让我三哥把红薯拉到城里卖一点，准备过年，我帮着拉车。记得傍晚从家里出发，走了一个晚上，天明时在晨雾中看到蹄嗒蹄嗒的马车时才恍然感觉已非乡下的景致。我们先在纬十街卖了半天，买的人少，价钱也低。听说小寨红薯价钱高，就又拉着车子赶到现在的小寨十字，国贸大楼对面的洗相部的位。果然不错，一斤二角五分。人们拥挤着，一会儿也就卖完了。在这之后，我们又马不停蹄走上了返回家乡的路。

当时，我只有14岁。经过二十几个小时的跋涉，我已是疲惫不堪，坐在车子上，有点昏昏欲睡。就在这时，我们身后叽哩嘟噜的说话声突

然驱散了我的睡意。我转过头一看，是一男一女。男的推着一辆自行车，女的走在旁边，挽着男子的胳膊。（现在想来，他们可能是一对恋人。）他们所说的，我一点不懂。可就在那一瞬间，那种叽哩嘟噜的说话引起的美妙的感觉真是难以言表。我问我三哥，他们说什么，他说不知道，可能是英语吧（但今天回想起来，感觉可能不是英语）。我让我三哥走慢，让他们走在前面，我们跟着他们，悄悄听。当他们骑上车子走的时候，我就让我哥拉上车子，狂奔一气，跟上他们。等他们停下来时，我们也停下，听着他们叽哩嘟噜。就这样，直到他们拐入一条小巷，我们才又慢慢走起来。（今天想起来真有些后怕：想想看，两个衣着褴褛，面黄饥瘦的农民，拉着一辆破架子车，一直跟着他们，他们停，我们停，他们走，我们走。要是把我们当成打劫的坏人，给一顿臭打怎么办？——当然他们可能打不过我们。）

不管怎么说，我沉浸在一种莫明其妙的美好感觉中。接着，我三哥讲起有一次他去钟楼，有个翻译在给外国人讲解时，好像忘了什么，旁边有个老外讲了一句什么，所有的老外和那个翻译都笑了。听着这些，当时别提我有多兴奋：哼，我要将来能说英语，也能让人发笑，该多美！我想象着和他们说话，嘴里也不知不觉叽哩嘟噜胡说一气。

接下来的日子就像万花筒，日子一天一个样。高考制度恢复，我考上了一所重点中学。巧

得很，我们县只在重点中学开设英语课。这下，我真像以往一年一次的大年三十晚啃骨头那样高兴（我们家每年大年三十晚煮肉，我妈把没有剔净肉的骨头分给我们这些孩子啃）。我们的老师是全县最好的，我先后有幸聆听了张旺井老先生，陈先生（我至今不知其名），薛孝富老先生，郝维刚老师的教诲。他们的教学各有特色，尤其是张旺井老先生。他的教学极为灵活，爱说笑话。我记得常常笑得肚子疼。他的“听说读写译，环环紧跟上”的外语教学思想，在目前中国外语教学工作者意识到之前早已提出，并且贯穿于他的教学当中。他的“听说领先，读写跟上”思想使得我们有较强的英语口头表达能力。他和其他老师优良的教学更加强了我对英语那份难得的情感和浓厚的兴趣。因此，无论大考小考，我都能考得很好。

后来，在城里工作的大哥大嫂给了我一台小收音机。从此，一天四次，早晨、中午、下午和晚上，无论寒暑，我成了电台英语讲座的忠实听众。今天想起来，我自己都感到不可想象。电台上的老师后来都先后成了我面对面授课的老师，如候环，于宝珠，黄浩书等老师。

总之，那对恋人（可能是），我的老师和我的三哥和其他家人使我与英语结下了不解之缘。我实现了在卖红薯归来的路上所产生的所有愿望。我永远感谢他们。

当我有幸参与 Gaslight Studio 策划“美国涂鸦”英语阅读丛书并选编这本《黑客日记》的时

候，我不由得回忆起往事，深感学英语最重要的，也是编写本书的最重要的出发点就是：激发兴趣。

本书的最大特点是素材极为新鲜，而且许多内容可供深入探讨和玩味。如“比利旅馆”表面是一桩简单的杀人案，但探讨起来其实很复杂。如杀人的动机是什么？杀了多少人？他们的关系是什么？从写作手法上，作者怎样运用了比喻、拟人、对照，以及进行悬念的设计？作者是否在探讨人性的本质？作者采用什么手法对主题进行升华？不信吗？何不先从这篇文章读起？

如果你在阅读的时候，或多或少感到有点意思，或者时而会心一笑，甚或你对文中所设计的阅读理解题的答案产生疑问，甚至认为是错的，那么这本书的目的就已达到，因为你已经“读进去”了，你的自觉思维已经开始。

非常感谢陈向京、魏朝霞、张军科等老师在本书编写过程中的大力协作。感谢杨卫宁同志对本书中文部分的电脑处理。更重要的是，感谢 Gaslight Studio 诸君们对本书选材的建议和他们为图书的整体策划和设计。

聂文信

1997 年 12 月于西安



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做为人，可能偶而会有想游戏生活的冲动，无论在“春风得意”的时候，还是在“唯我孤独”之时。

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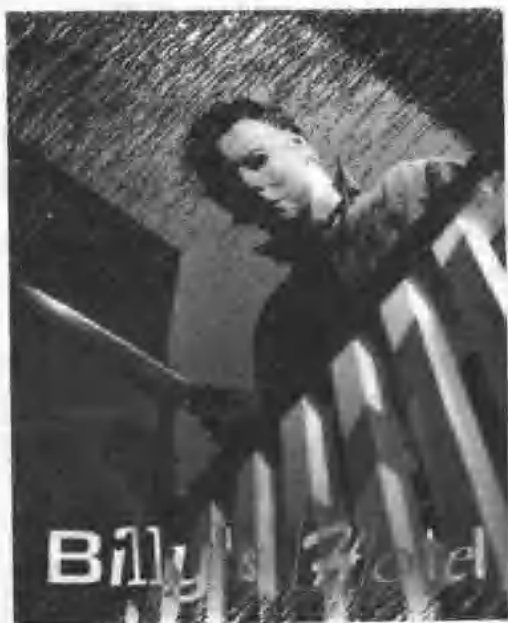


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对于人们来说，最大的愤慨莫过于犯罪者逍遥法外。在“秘密”这一故事中，一位警官叙述了一起杀人案，而受害者却与他有着不能诉说的关系。

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## 比利的旅馆

### Billy's Hotel

第十二遍读“比利的旅馆”。窗外雪已堆盐，望过去使人觉得不寒而慄。

真的很久很久没有被文学感染过，更没有在文学中感受到什么新东西。不知道“比利的旅馆”这样的作品在当代欧美文学中能占怎样的地位，但它深深感染了我，它给了我极其深刻的启迪。

*David DeSoucey*

Mrs. Butterfly gingerly stepped out into a stark white world.



The rugged earth below was now smooth, covered with a warm, welcoming blanket of snow. The trees moaned in ecstasy in the gentle stirring of the wind as fine linens of white were draped about them. All was beautiful, radiant, and virgin. All, that is, except for the now faint tracks of snow, left by a little boy, leading away from the dark mahogany door which Mrs. Butterfly now stood at, surveying the situation. Oh Billy, Mrs. Butterfly thought to herself, where have you run off to?

Inside the house, which the dark mahogany door guarded, a warm meal was beckoning her hungry stomach. Biscuits and bacon sat crackling softly, giving off an absolutely divine odor. Steam poured forth from hot pockets in the biscuits. Above Mrs. Butterfly, clouds, dark and threatening, released their potent spell of murk on the world below and the first cracks of sunlight in days ripped through the massive layer of clouds and shined upon the white earth.

At that moment, a voice, small, scratchy, and seemingly unimportant, cawed out in horrible tone to the white world. Oh my, Mrs. Butterfly uttered to herself under her weary breath. She clumsily broke into a fast trot then a run, nearly slipping on the ice beneath her. The snow bounded forth under the soles of her boots in a vicious blur. The screaming intensified to a point where one would not be able to distinguish the owner of the voice to be a boy, a girl, or a Banshee. Mrs. Butterfly continued to follow the direction of the source of the screaming when suddenly, as she turned the corner of the house, she came to a reckless halt, nearly tripping over the unpredictable churn of her feet. Fortunately for her, she was able to remain upright and not face first into the earth's blanket. Her skin



broke out in a rash of gooseflesh, a color so white that she blended in with the snow around her. Her knees became watery and weak and she nearly lost her balance. She would have most certainly collapsed and smacked her head on a footstone behind her, rendering her unconscious, if it was not for the unexpected conclusion of Billy's screaming. And now the world was silent, so silent. The irregular pitter patter of her feeble heart within her frail chest was audible. He was simply standing in the backyard of the house with his hands by his side and a monstrous grimace of pleasurable evil on his face. The grimace must have been a bona fide gift from the Devil himself. That was the evil stare that met Mrs. Butterfly's shocked gaze. She was certain that if she was to look upon the stare of that boy any longer, she would most certainly go insane. That was the thought that tap danced its way through kind Mrs. Butterfly's mind when Billy, as swift as a panther after a fast morsel of food, raised his arms in violent upswEEP and ran at her.

When he finished filling in the makeshift grave and its vacancy of space was satisfied, he wiped off his dirtied hands on his overalls, and momentarily turned back to view the land with its mounds of plenty, sticking out of the earth like inquisitive angels. All were covered with a thick veil of white innocence. All that is, except the mound which just welcomed its new occupant. But it too would become covered with snow, just as the others. With that, Billy trudged toward the dark mahogany door which stored a warm, steamy breakfast. He could nearly taste that golden bacon, gently melting on his blood ripe tongue. Boy, was he famished... after all, keeping a good hotel is hard work, and he heard word that someone else was already inquiring about a place to stay for the rest of the



cold, ruthless winter ahead.

### Notes

Banshee or Banshie 盖尔人民间传说中的女精灵,家里有人将死时她隐藏在那家窗下嚎哭,以示警告。

### Reading Comprehension

1. From the description of the first two paragraphs, we can infer that \_\_\_\_\_.
  - A. something unusual would happen
  - B. all the things of the world were beautiful
  - C. Mrs. Butterfly was very hungry
  - D. the boy disappeared mysteriously
2. The horrible voice \_\_\_\_\_.
  - A. frightened Billy
  - B. was made by a Banshee
  - C. terrified Mrs. Butterfly
  - D. both B and C
3. The possible relationship between Mrs. Butterfly and Billy was of \_\_\_\_\_.
  - A. mother-son
  - B. grandmom-grandson
  - C. client-owner
  - D. not mentioned
4. We can infer that Mrs. Butterfly \_\_\_\_\_.
  - A. was still young
  - B. was quite old
  - C. was middle-aged
  - D. was younger than Billy thought



5. Mrs. Butterfly \_ \_ \_ \_ .
  - A. saw Billy killing someone
  - B. was confused at what Billy did
  - C. was terrified at whom Billy killed
  - D. was killed by Billy
6. The word "mound" as used in the story can be best replaced by which of the following words?
  - A. knoll
  - B. grave
  - C. hill
  - D. hilltop
7. Keeping a good hotel was difficult for \_ \_ \_ \_ .
  - A. Mrs. Butterfly
  - B. Billy
  - C. both Mrs. Butterfly and Billy
  - D. Someone
8. The story makes a sharp contrast between \_ \_ \_ \_ .
  - A. Mrs. Butterfly and Billy
  - B. white snow and murder
  - C. Mahogney door and white snow
  - D. delicious food and coldness outside
9. The white snow blanket covering everything in the environment symbolizes the fact that \_ \_ \_ \_ .
  - A. Billy's wrong doing was covered
  - B. Mrs. Butterfly's mistake was covered





- C. the hotel's evil things were covered  
D. someone's body was covered
10. The story taking place can be described as \_\_\_\_\_.  
A. a tragedy  
B. an adventure  
C. a love story  
D. a fairytale
11. We can infer that Billy \_\_\_\_\_.  
A. murdered Mrs. Butterfly only  
B. murdered many people  
C. lost his parents when he was little  
D. was actually a grown-up