

Five-Minute Mysteries

5分钟断案系列



英汉对照

DOUBLE SUICIDE

# 双人自杀

主编 肯·韦伯

推理·悬疑·惊悚

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five-minute mysteries

# 5 分钟断案

——双人自杀



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## 作者按

谨告读者：

悬疑小说爱好者知道世上只有两种人：一类是喜欢悬疑小说的人，而另一类则是不喜欢悬疑小说的人。后者只略占多数，这倒是好事，因为不喜欢悬疑的人得不到一种奇特的感觉。只有在破解悬疑的过程中，读者才能获取输赢的快感，并能从中得到刺激。

悬疑小说的刺激来自于满足感。悬疑爱好者可以自己断案解谜，把作者打得一败涂地，这是再痛快不过的事了。他们根据逻辑、分析、直觉和洞察力读故事，没等翻到末页，就已经把问题的答案找到了，特殊快感由此得。然而，悬疑小说爱好者的与众不同之处更在于意外的发现——读到最后一页，发现等待自己的却是一个意外结局，他们没有想到的结局，这种刺激无可比拟。

本书中的案例千差万别，涉及面广，悬疑爱好者将经历 40 次刺激，体验输赢之乐趣。书中的每个疑点皆期待读者的破解，每个故事的末尾都有一个问题：“是谁……？”“做了……？”或者“似乎盗贼犯了一个错误。他怎么……？”等等。

书中故事内容涉猎广泛。故事背景覆盖面广：从死海到特拉法加广场，从小饭店到美术馆。从工厂到会议

中心。故事人物形形色色。书中有纵火犯和盗贼、假艺术家和谋杀犯、有普通警察和私人侦探、律师、医生、士兵,甚至还有簿记员。

书中案例难度亦不尽相同,每个案例皆以图标起首。翻开《双人自杀》,可见1、2、或3个指纹图标。图标数目标志着数目标志着断案的难易程度:一个指纹,悬疑易破解;两个指纹断案略有困难;三个指纹断案有难度。(确切地说,每个案例的难易程度只是个人看法。)不要让这种分类妨碍你的阅读,使你不能尽享全书之乐。我标注的“有难度”的案例也许对你来说并非棘手难解之迷,而让你感到棘手的可能恰恰是我标注的“易破解”案例。

本书的最后一个特点是,所有的破案玄机皆附于书后。书后答案可证实你是个赢家;即使偶尔受挫,你也能享受断案之乐。无论输赢,皆有乐趣。

(徐莉娜译)

## MEMORANDUM

To: ALL MYSTERY BUFFS

From: the author

Mystery buffs know there are only two kinds of people in the world: those who love mysteries and, well, that other kind. A tiny majority, the latter are, and that's a good thing because they are missing something unique. For only in mysteries can a reader get a charge out of winning or losing.

It works like this. Nothing gives mystery buffs more satisfaction than getting ahead in a story and beating the writer to the punch. They get a special charge out of combining logic, analysis, intuition and insight so that before they turn the last page, they already have the problem solved. Yet—and this is what sets mystery lovers apart—nothing thrills them more than when the mystery defeats them, when they turn the last page and find a surprise waiting, something they'd missed.

In this, the fifth installment of the series, mystery lovers get forty shots at the fun of winning or losing, in a set of wildly different stories. Every mystery in the book is set up for the reader to solve. At the end of each mystery there is a question: Who did ...? or What did ...? or It seems the thief

## five-minute mysteries

made a mistake. How could . . . ? Like that.

There's great variety. The settings range from the Dead Sea to Trafalgar Square, from diner to art gallery, and from factory to conference center. There are arsonists and thieves, con artists and murderers. You'll encounter regular cops and private investigators, lawyers, doctors, soldiers and even a bookkeeper.

There's also variety in the level of challenge. As you turn the pages of *Double Suicide on Midland Ridge* you'll notice one, two or three symbols—a fingerprint—at the beginning of each story. The number of fingerprints suggests how easy or difficult the mystery is, one being easy, two being a little harder, and three, difficult. ( Or, perhaps more accurately, how easy or difficult each one seems to me. ) But don't let the ratings stop you from enjoying all the mysteries! One that I rate "difficult" might be an open-and-shut case for you, while you might be utterly stumped by one I've rated "easy." Try them all.

Finally, all the solutions are at the back of the book, so you can prove you're a winner or, once in a while, get a kick out of losing. Either way, enjoy.

## 目 录

1. 沙滩孤尸	Alone on the Beach	[ 1 ]
2. 追踪逃兵	In Pursuit of Deserters	[ 10 ]
3. 保险柜现金失窃案	The Case of the Open Safe	[ 19 ]
4. 不留痕迹	Leave No Trace	[ 25 ]
5. 紧急订购	A Rush Order	[ 32 ]
6. 用药过量吗?	Too Much Medication?	[ 39 ]
7. 冲动的嘉奖	An Impulse Rewarded	[ 47 ]
8. 疑心渐起	A Second Opinion on the Case	[ 55 ]
9. 银行下班后	After Hours at the Bank	[ 63 ]
10. DJ 案分析	Analyzing a DJ	[ 73 ]
11. 炭疽阴谋	The Anthrax Plot	[ 84 ]
12. 风险估定	Assessing the Risk	[ 92 ]
13. “天堂飞刀手”托尼·派利诺死有余辜	The Unlamented Demise of Tony “the Heaver” Pellino	[ 99 ]
14. 完美犯罪?	A Perfect Crime?	[ 107 ]
15. 利奥的中期报告	Leo's Interim Report	[ 116 ]
16. 内部敌人	An Enemy Within?	[ 121 ]
17. 通往现场之路	En Route to the Scene	[ 127 ]
18. 克兰西哥德堡事务所里的讨论	A Discussion at Clancy, Goldberg & Associates	[ 135 ]
19. 另一种职业	An Alternative Career	[ 143 ]
20. 下一步	The Next Step	[ 156 ]
21. 惠特桑岛诈骗案	The Whitsun Islands Sting	[ 164 ]
22. 一个败类?	One Bad Apple?	[ 173 ]

## five-minute mysteries

23. 为何二等兵雷蒙德被淘汰了?  
Why Pvt. Raymond Failed [184]
24. 草丘守望者 On a Grassy Knoll [188]
25. 婚礼前的援手  
One Small Favor Before the Wedding [196]
26. 亨伯维 13 号的清晨凶案  
An Early Morning Murder at 13 Humberview [204]
27. 躲避鸭子案件  
The Case of the Slow-Moving Ducks [211]
28. 高速公路上的微波炉?  
Microwaves on the Freeway? [220]
29. 双人自杀 Double Suicide on Midland Ridge [226]
30. 犯错的纵火犯 The Case of the Erring Arsonist [234]
31. 古玩店的枪杀案 The Antique Store Shooting [242]
32. 养蜂场有人失踪吗?  
Anyone Missing at the Apiary? [250]
33. 园艺年会谋杀案  
The Case of the Floral Killer [257]
34. 饭店停车场上的运钞车  
A Cash Transfer at the Good Eats Diner [266]
35. T. A. 琼斯再次出手 T. A. Jones Strikes Again [278]
36. 自杀未遂 The Case of the Attempted Suicide [283]
37. 第 8 轮赛跑的比赛结果  
The Results of the Eighth Race [290]
38. 死海之行 Dead Sea Tour [297]
39. 会走路的毛衣 The Case of the Walking Sweater [302]
40. 博雷巷凶杀案 The Prowle on Burleigh Court [307]
- 答案 Solutions [313]



## 1. 沙滩孤尸

汤尼·桑奇兹单腿跪下，小心谨慎地跪在了尸体旁边，生怕碰着沙滩上的脚印。脚印有4行，其中两行显然是椅子上这一个小男性死者的。他的脚印平平的，像他那双昂贵的礼服鞋鞋底一样平。沙滩上的脚印非常浅，深度与死者体重吻合。如果当时沙滩上的车辆多一些的话，这些脚印就一点也看不出来了。

“幸好现在正是旅游淡季。”汤尼身后传来一个声音，一语道出了他内心的想法。“这些房子里没有人，快餐店都关门了。昨晚沙滩上只有这椅子上的小矮个和那个射杀他的人。”

即使没立刻听出说话人是谁，汤尼从他说话的口吻也能猜出几分。曼尼·希尔弗是汤尼在比洛西凶案组的临时搭档。他的个人档案显示他因不尊重犯罪受害人和受害人中的幸存者受过几次处分。在汤尼看来，搭档共事两个月来，曼尼的这一毛病仍不见改。

汤尼慢慢地站了起来，转过身去正面对着搭档。

“我认识这个人。”汤尼说。

“你认识这……这个受害者？”曼尼的确非常吃惊。比洛西城面积不大，但这种事情不常发生，因为就像多数旅游区那样，这里大多数人都是过客。

“是你的一位朋友？”曼尼后退了几步。汤尼不仅资历比他

## five-minute mysteries

老,而且级别比他高两级。众所周知,他是地道的实干家,工作严肃认真。

“他跟我住在同一座楼里,不是我的朋友,但我认识他。住在那座楼里的人都知道他——此前没有不知道他的。他生前与众不同,说实在的,不是古怪,只是,嗯,跟别人不一样,很扎眼。”

曼尼感到有机会开始另一个话题了。“是啊,他一定很奇怪!”大大的木制沙滩椅和椅子上的人显得比例失调,极不相称。曼尼绕到木椅的另一边。“我的意思是,你见过有几个人会手持精美的拐杖在沙滩上散步呢?何况还穿着牛津衫?再想一想。如果你穿着背心,戴着叫什么来着——是叫三角领带吗?——再配上西装,你也还是你,就是……就是……嗨,干脆这么说吧,汤尼,那样你不过是有点怪罢了!”

汤尼没接过话茬,而是换了一个角度,离受害者更远一点,但没有离开椅子的那一侧。从这个新的角度,他更清楚地看到了死者的正面。如果弹孔不是在胸前——如果不是那身服装——那么这个小矮人也许会被误认为不过是一名漫步沙滩、坐下休息、睡着了的游客。不过,这种印象中有很多破绽。最明显的一点就是血迹和椅子后面沙地上的木头碎片。汤尼觉得这情景太有讽刺效果了,几乎——他不愿这么想:几乎是相映成趣——这个男人精心选择了服装,而凶手也用心选择了子弹,子弹射入胸膛,几乎没有破坏他的正面形象,而出弹口却炸开了个大洞,椅背被炸得碎片飞落。

汤尼终于说话了。“我们叫他麦考伯先生,我们那座楼的人就这么叫他。部分原因是他小腹突起,身材矮小。你看见他

的脚印一直通到椅子跟前吗？看见他坐上椅子脚就够不着地了吗？”

“看见了，看上去他死前就没再落地。”

汤尼似乎没留意他说了些什么。“瞧这身正式着装。他总是身穿三件套西装，衬领浆硬，头戴礼帽，手拄拐杖。我想起来了，怎么没看到礼帽，要查一查，也许这礼帽是个疑点。”

曼尼·希尔弗转了一整圈。“对，哪儿也看不见帽子。那么这个麦克什么来着——他是爱尔兰人，是吗？——他有清晨在沙滩上散步的习惯吗？”

“我不知道他是不是爱尔兰人。叫麦克与爱尔兰名字没有关系。麦考伯先生是《大卫·科波菲尔》里的一个人。”

“这家伙为科波菲尔工作？那个魔术师吗？”

汤尼想着曼尼的问题，没有吭声。“那是狄更斯的小说。”汤尼终于开口了，“在《大卫·科波菲尔》里有一个人物总是一副有钱人的打扮，即使没钱的时候，他也讲究穿着。”

曼尼为自己缺乏文学知识感到一点窘迫，但他掩饰得很好。“所以我们这个受害者可能缺钱了。可能是个壁橱里的赌徒，负债累累，不敢见人吧？欠债可能是杀人动机。”

“我不知道他的经济状况。”汤尼回答道，“我知道的都告诉你了。此外，所有女人都认为他很好。”

“是啊，女人总是喜欢身材矮小的家伙，尤其是上了年纪的男人。就是说这些男人肯定不会伤害她们。”

“不，不是这个原因，是因为他很重礼节。地地道道的绅士，各方面都像个绅士。我妻……我前妻总是说他应该当教师。”

## five-minute mysteries

“对啊，所以我们的超级风度先生才会穿着这身奇怪的衣服在沙滩上散步，吃枪子儿，开枪的……”对面的汤尼单腿跪在椅子旁边，曼尼也单腿跪下。“他被打死了，凶手穿着——唔，穿着……”汤尼俯下身观察通向椅子的另外两行鞋印，他俯得很低，鼻子几乎碰上那鞋印。“穿着一双女士新百伦鞋，7 1/2 码双 D 号，我敢说。”

曼尼站起来，看见汤尼脸上的表情，咧嘴笑了起来。“我此前在一家鞋店工作。你一下子就猜中了鞋码。”他双手叉腰，“我的看法是，受害人麦考伯先生出来散步健身。一大清早，沙滩上一个人也没有。他坐在这椅子上，一位穿着 7 1/2 码双 D 号新百伦鞋的女士走上前来——你可以看见她站的位置，她的脚步稍微有点挪动——子弹穿透背心，然后就离开了。一、二、三，就那样了。你同意吗？”

汤尼点了一下头，过了一会儿，又点了点头。“只是有一点我不同意，”他说，“我说开枪的是个男人。”

曼尼皱起了眉头。“是吗？你凭什么说是个男人？”

（徐莉娜译）



汤尼·桑奇兹根据什么说凶手是个男人？

## 1. Alone on the Beach

Tony Sanchez lowered himself to one knee beside the

body, being very careful not to touch the footprints in the sand. There were two sets of these, one of them obviously made by the little man in the chair, the dead man. His prints were smooth, like the soles of his expensive dress shoes and, consistent with the weight of the man, the indentations in the sand were very shallow. Had there been more beach traffic, they might not have been seen at all.

"Good thing it's off season." The voice came from behind Tony, echoing his thoughts. "Nobody in the cabins. Snack shack's closed. Only people on the whole beach last night were the runt here and whoever popped 'im."

Even if he hadn't recognized the voice instantly, Tony would have clued in from the attitude of the speaker. Manny Silver, Tony's temporary partner on the Biloxi homicide squad, had several reprimands in his personnel file citing his disrespect for victims of crime and their survivors. As far as Tony was concerned, in the two months they had worked together, there had been no evidence of moderation in Silver's style.

Tony got to his feet slowly and turned right around so he could look his partner full in the face.

"I know this man," he said.

"You know the ... the vic?" Manny was genuinely surprised. Biloxi's territory was not a large one but this didn't happen often for, as in most tourist areas, a large percent-

## five-minute mysteries

age of the population was transient.

"A friend of yours?" Manny was backpedaling. Tony was not only his senior and two grades up in rank, he had a reputation as a completely no-nonsense cop.

"He lives in my building and no, he's not a friend but I know him. Everybody in the building knows him—knew him. He was different. Not odd really but, well, unusual. Hard to miss."



Manny sensed an opportunity for a fresh start. "Yea, that's for sure!" He moved around to the other side of the large wooden beach chair that seemed so far out of proportion to the man it held. "I mean, how many people do you know that walk on the beach with a fancy cane? And Oxfords? But then come to think of it, if you wear a vest and a whaddayacallit—cravat? —and a suit, you're not just another dude, you're ... you're ... well, let's face it, Tony, you

gotta be just a bit strange!"

Tony didn't respond but instead angled himself farther from the victim, keeping to the same side of the chair. From the new position he had a clearer front view of the dead man. Were it not for the bullet hole in his chest—and the clothes—the little man might have passed for just another tourist walking the beach who sat down for a rest and fell asleep. But there were too many factors slicing through that impression, the most striking of which was the blood and the wood splinters on the sand behind the chair. It struck Tony as more than a bit ironic, almost—he hated to think it: appropriate—that this meticulously dressed man would be shot by someone using a carefully chosen bullet that barely disturbed his appearance on entering the chest, but blew a mighty exit hole on the way out, taking chunks of the chair back with it.

He finally spoke. "We called him Mr. Micawber, the people in our building did. Partly it was the little tummy sticking out and him being so short. See how the footprints come up to the chair and when he sits his feet don't touch the ground?"

"Yea, looks like he died without ever getting out of the chair again."

Tony didn't seem to be aware of the interruption. "And the formal dress. He always wore a three-piece suit,

## five-minute mysteries

starched collars, a hat and cane. Come to think of it, I don't see a hat anywhere. We've got to check into that. May be something to it. "

Manny Silver rotated a full circle. "Yea, no hat anywhere I can see. So was this Mick-whatever—he's Irish or something, is he? —was he in the habit of walking on the beach this early in the morning?"

"I don't know if he's Irish or not. It's not Mick in that sense. Mr. Micawber was a character in David Copperfield. "

"This guy worked for Copperfield? The magician?"

Tony was silent as he contemplated his response. "The novel by Charles Dickens," he said finally. "In David Copperfield there's a popular character who always dressed up like he was well off, even when he wasn't. "

If Manny was even slightly embarrassed by the gap in his literary background, he concealed it admirably. "So could be our vic here was hard up. Closet gambler maybe with big debts? Might be a motive there. "

"I have no idea at all about his finances," Tony replied. "All I know is what I've told you. Except that the women all thought he was wonderful. "

"Aw, women always like short guys, 'specially when they're old. Means they're sure to be harmless. "

"No, that's not it. It's because he was so polite. A total