

书虫·牛津英汉对照读物

JUSTICE

Tim Vicary

公正



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简介

恐怖分子不在乎杀害谁或伤害谁；对别人是否公正他们并不感兴趣，他们感兴趣的只是炸弹、枪支、杀人，然后如何逃脱法律责任。但是在有警察、法律和监狱以前，人们用一种更古老的方法来讨回公道，那就是以眼还眼，以牙还牙，以命抵命……

国会大厦门外，一颗炸弹在女王乘坐的马车里爆炸，炸死了五人，可偏偏没炸着女王。简·科尔正在观望的人群中。她惊恐地推开惶恐的人群寻找着为女王驾车的父亲。她看到他正躺在血泊中痛苦地呻吟着。

阿兰·科尔没有死，但他失去了一条腿。而且他和女儿的危难才刚刚开始，因为他知道恐怖分子的一些事情。尽管当时他还不知道这点，但很快他就意识到了。

然而，在某个地方，某个人正急切地想阻止阿兰讲明真相……

本书作者蒂姆·维卡里是一位很有经验的教师和作家。他已为牛津出版社写了许多故事，而且还出版了两本小说：《红玫瑰上的血》及《猫和老鼠》。他现在居住和工作在英格兰北部的约克。

1
Bomb

‘**L**ook!’ Jane Cole said. ‘Here she comes now!’
The two Americans looked along the street. There were crowds of people everywhere. In the middle of the road, soldiers were riding towards them on horseback. Behind them came a golden coach, pulled by six black horses.

‘That’s my father,’ Jane said. ‘He’s the coachman — the man driving the horses.’

The American woman said, ‘Fantastic! Your father’s driving the Queen! Quick, Harry, use the video camera!’

‘I *am* using it!’ her husband said. ‘But she’s too far away. Can’t we get a little nearer, Jane?’

‘We can try,’ Jane said. ‘Follow me!’ She took them nearer to the entrance to Parliament. ‘This is where the coach will stop and the Queen will get out. Then she’ll go upstairs to open Parliament for this year.’

‘Didn’t someone put a bomb under your Parliament once?’ the American man asked. ‘I read about that at school. Guy . . . something?’

‘Guy Fawkes,’ Jane said. ‘In 1605. He tried to blow up Parliament, that’s right. But don’t worry. There’s no Guy Fawkes here today.’

She smiled at the Americans. She was a student, and this was her part-time job — to show tourists round London. She

1 炸弹

“看!”简·科尔说,“她来了!”

那两个美国人顺着街道看去。到处都是人群。马路中间,士兵正骑在马背上朝他们这边走来。在士兵们的后面,是一辆由六匹黑马拉着的金色马车。

“那是我父亲,”简说,“他是马车夫——就是赶马的人。”

那个美国妇女说:“真奇妙!你父亲正驾车拉着女王!快点,哈利,用摄像机拍下来!”

“我正在拍!”她丈夫说,“可她离得太远了。我们能再离近些吗,简?”

“试试吧,”简说,“跟我来!”她带他们走得离国会大厦门口更近些。“马车就停在这儿,女王从这儿下车。然后她上楼去召开今年的国会会议。”

“不是有人在你们的国会大厦下埋过炸弹吗?”那个美国男人问。“我在学校里读到过那事。是一个叫盖什么的人?”

“盖·福克斯,”简说,“是在1605年。他想炸飞国会大厦,没错。但别担心。今天这儿没有盖·福克斯。”

她朝美国夫妇笑了笑。她是个学生,而这是她的兼职工作——带游客们在伦敦观



crowd n. large group of people. 一群人。 **coach** n. kind of car pulled by horses. 马车。 **fantastic** adj. wonderful. 奇妙的。 **parliament** n. building where people discuss and make laws in a country. 国会。

felt proud to show them her father, driving the Queen on a wonderful day like this.

Then the Queen's coach came past in front of them, the golden roof bright in the sunlight.

There were people everywhere, trying to take photos. Jane saw a woman with red-brown hair behind the American man, pressing the button of her camera. That's stupid, Jane thought, she can only see the backs of people's heads there. The woman shook her camera angrily; there seemed to be something wrong with it. The American woman pulled Jane forward, laughing happily. 'Come on,' she said, 'let's get to the front! Use that video, Harry!'

Alan Cole stopped the coach outside Parliament, and sat there, quietly holding the horses. A man opened the coach door, and Prince Charles and the Duke of Edinburgh got out. Then the Queen got out. She was wearing a long white dress, and carrying a gold handbag. She walked slowly towards the entrance to the building.

'Excuse me, please,' the woman with red-brown hair said. 'I must get closer.' She pushed past Jane and held out her small black camera.

'Oh, all right,' Jane said. 'But . . . *my God!*'

There was a loud BANG! Jane saw a bright white light in front of her eyes, and felt a terrible hot wind on her face. The wind threw her backwards, and she fell to the ground with a lot of other people. For a moment she lay there, not thinking,

光。能指给别人看她父亲在像今天这么令人羡慕的时候给女王驾车使她很自豪。

接着女王的马车从他们面前经过,金色的车顶在阳光下闪闪发光。

到处都是想照相的人。简看见在美国男人身后有一个长着棕红色头发的女人,她正按下照相机的快门。那样做可真傻,简想,她在那儿只能看到人们的后脑勺啊。那女人生气地摇晃着照相机,照相机好像出了什么毛病。那个美国女人往前推着简,高兴地笑着。“走啊,”她说,“咱们上前边去!哈利,用摄像机拍一下!”

阿兰·科尔把马车停在国会大厦门前,坐在那儿,静静地把住缰绳。一个男人打开马车门,查尔斯王子和艾丁堡公爵走出马车。接着女王也走了出来。她穿着一件长长的白色连衣裙,手中拿着一个金提包。她慢慢走向大楼门口。

“劳驾,”留着棕红色头发的女人说,“我得靠近些。”她推开简往前走,举着她那个黑色小相机。

“噢,可以,”简说,“可是……天啊!”

“砰”的一声巨响!简看到眼前闪过一道白光,感到一股难忍的热浪扑面而来。热浪把她抛向后面,她和许多其他人一起摔倒在地。一时间她倒在那儿脑中一片空白,

proud *adj.* feeling pleased about something you have done. 自豪。 **press** *v.* push steadily against. 按。

not seeing.

Her eyes were open but she saw nothing. Only ... blue sky. She heard nothing. Only ... silence. Her body felt no pain. But she could smell something. Smoke.

Smoke? she thought. I don't understand. Why smoke? And this blue sky. Where am I?

Then the screaming began.

The screaming was high and loud and terrible. It didn't sound human. It went on and on and on.

Jane saw a hand in front of her, on the ground. A man's hand with blood on it. And broken glass. She moved her head and saw broken glass everywhere, and blood, and bodies lying on the ground. She stood up slowly.

For a moment she thought everyone was dead. There were bodies everywhere, but no one was moving. Then a man ran across the road, and one of the bodies moved.

The body wasn't human; it was a horse. As it moved, it screamed. The horse tried to stand up, but it couldn't, because it only had three legs. There was blood all round the horse, and a big bit of wood in its stomach.

The Queen's coach was broken into a thousand pieces, and there were bits of wood and clothes and bodies everywhere. The bodies looked like broken dolls.

'Dad!' she screamed. 'Oh God — *my father!*'

She ran quickly towards the coach. A policeman with a bloody hand tried to stop her, but she pushed him away.

眼前一片漆黑。

她睁开眼睛,可眼前除了蓝色的天空什么也看不见;耳边除了一片寂静什么也听不到。她感觉不到身体的疼痛,可她能闻到一股味儿。是烟味。

烟?她想,我不明白,为什么会有烟?天这么蓝。我在哪儿?

紧接着喊叫声开始响起来了。

这喊叫声又尖又响,很痛苦似的。真不像是人所能发出的声音。还又响个不停。

简看到眼前的地上有一只手。是男人的一只血淋淋的手。还有碎玻璃。她挪了挪脑袋,看到地上到处是碎玻璃、鲜血和尸体。她慢慢地站起身来。

片刻间,她以为所有的人都死了。因为周围到处是躯体,但又都一动不动。接着一个男人跑过街道,而后又有东西动了起来。

动起来的不是人而是马。它一边动着,一边嘶鸣着。它想站,可站不起来,因为它只剩三条腿了。它浑身都是血,肚子上还插着一大块木头。

女王的马车被炸得粉碎,到处都是碎木头、破布条和碎尸块。那些尸体就像是破了布的娃娃。

“爸爸!”简尖叫着,“噢,上帝啊——爸爸!”

她赶快向马车跑去。一只手满是血的警察想拦住她,可她推开了他。

scream *v.* cry or say loudly, especially because of fear or anger. 尖叫。 *human* *n.* 人类。 *doll* *n.* toy that looks like a child. 布娃娃。

‘My father’s over there!’ she screamed.

At first she couldn’t find him. There were so many bodies — and so much blood! She saw the horse in the middle of a great lake of blood, trying to get up on its front leg. There was blood coming from the horse’s nose and stomach — and under the back legs, something that looked like . . .

A body. A man. ‘*Father!*’

Alan Cole was covered with blood and his face was as white as paper. When he saw Jane, he opened his eyes and screamed. ‘It’s my leg! My leg — get this horse off me!’

His leg was under the back of the horse, which was moving wildly, trying to get up. Each time the horse moved, it fell on Alan Cole’s leg, and he screamed.

Jane ran and pushed the horse but it was too big, too heavy. She pulled its tail but that was no good. It tried to get up and fell on her father’s leg again, twice. She could hear his bones breaking. Then a policeman came and held the horse’s leg. Jane held its tail, and another policeman held Alan’s arms. Jane and the first policeman pulled the horse to one side, while the second policeman pulled Alan free. The horse screamed, kicked Jane on the shoulder, and died.

Jane went in the ambulance with her father to the hospital. There were lots of people there. She heard a reporter talking on the telephone to his office.

‘Five,’ he said. ‘Five dead, and about thirty are very

“我父亲在那边呢！”她尖叫着。

开始她找不到他。这么多的尸体——而且这么多的鲜血！她看到正躺在一大片血泊中的那匹马，它正挣扎着想用前腿站起来。血从它的鼻子和肚子里流淌下来——而在它那黑色的腿下，好像有什么东西，是……

是一个人，一个男人。“爸爸！”

阿兰·科尔浑身是血，脸苍白得像一张白纸。他看到简时睁大眼睛，叫道：“我的腿！我的腿——把这马从我身上推开！”

阿兰的一只腿压在马背下，那匹马正疯狂地挪动着想站起来。马每动一下，都要压一下阿兰的腿，于是他直叫唤。

简跑过去推那匹马，可是它太大，太重。她去拽马尾巴，可一点用都没有。它两次想要站起来，可又都摔在了她爸爸身上。她听见他的骨头都断了。那时，一个警察过来并抓住马的一条腿。简拽住马尾，另一个警察抓紧阿兰的胳膊。简和第一个警察把马拽到一边，第二个警察把阿兰拖了出来。那匹马嘶叫着，踢了简的一个肩膀一下，然后就死了。

简随爸爸上了救护车到达医院。那里有很多人。她听到一个记者正在给办公室打电话。

“五个，”他说，“五人死亡，大约三十人受

kick *v.* hit something or someone with the foot. 踢。
shoulder *n.* 肩。

badly hurt. It was a bomb — it must be terrorists. But the Queen is safe. She was inside Parliament with her husband and Prince Charles and ...'

'Never mind the bloody Queen!' Jane thought. 'What about my father?'

The doctors took Alan away from Jane, and she had to sit and wait. Her shoulder was hurt, but not badly. For nearly four hours she walked up and down, drank coffee, and thought: *why?*

Why try to kill the Queen — how will that help anyone? Why kill tourists and soldiers outside Parliament? *Why try to kill my father?*

Jane's father was the most important person in the world to her. When he was a soldier, she had travelled around the world with him. He had taught her to climb mountains, win judo fights, ride horses, sail boats — he was a great father. Now, she thought, he may be dead.

At midnight, a young Indian doctor came to see her. He was tired and serious. He looked at her sadly.

'It's bad news, isn't it?' Jane said. 'Is he dead?'

'No, Miss Cole,' the doctor said. 'We have saved your father's life. But I am afraid ...' He hesitated.

'Yes? What then? Please — tell me!'

'I am afraid he has lost his leg. It was too badly broken — we had to cut it off.'

'Oh my God!' Jane sat down suddenly. 'You cut his leg

重伤。是一枚炸弹——一定是恐怖分子干的。但女王安然无事。她当时在国会大厦里，与她在一起的有她的丈夫、查尔斯王子及……”

“女王怎么样无所谓！”简想，“我父亲怎么办？”

医生们从简身边带走阿兰，她只好坐在那儿等。她的肩膀有些疼，但不很严重。大约有四个小时，她就这样走来走去，喝咖啡，思考着：这是为什么？

为什么要杀女王——那样对谁有什么好处吗？为什么要杀国会大厦前的游客和士兵？为什么要杀我父亲？

对于简来讲，父亲是世界上最重要的人。在他当兵的时候简就跟着他周游世界。他教她爬山、柔道、骑马、扬帆开船——他是个了不起的父亲。现在，她想，他可能就要死了。

午夜，一位年轻的印度医生来看她。他看上去很疲劳也很严肃。他悲伤地看着简。

“是坏消息，对吗？”简问，“他死了？”

“不，科尔小姐。”医生说，“我们已经救活了你父亲。但恐怕……”他犹豫道。

“嗯？怎么样呢？劳驾——请告诉我吧！”

“恐怕他的腿保不住了。伤得太厉害——我们不得不锯掉它。”

“噢，天啊！”简一下坐在椅子上。“你们

ambulance *n.* special car for carrying people who are ill or wounded. 救护车。

terrorist *n.* someone who frightens, hurts, or kills other people in order to get what he or she wants. 恐怖主义分子。**bloody** *adj.* bleeding or covered in blood; also, a word used to show that you are angry. 血腥的；也可用于强势语。

judo *n.* 柔道。**serious** *adj.* important because of possible danger. 严重的。

hesitate *v.* stop for a moment to show that you are not sure about what you are doing or saying. 犹豫。

off!’ She stared at the doctor and thought: Dad will never be able to climb or ride or sail again. Oh, poor man! It’s worse than being dead! She began to cry.

‘I’m very sorry, miss,’ the doctor said. ‘We had to do it, to save his life. He’ll get an artificial leg. He’ll learn to use it. At least he’s alive . . .’

‘Yes, I suppose so.’ Jane looked up. ‘I’m sorry, doctor. I’m sure you did your best. Can I see him now?’

‘Yes, of course. The nurse will show you . . .’

In the hospital bed, Alan Cole lay quietly. His face was as white as the sheets on the bed, but when Jane came in, he opened his eyes slowly. Jane took one of his hands in hers. The hand was cold, like ice.

‘Janie? Are you all right?’

‘Me? I’m fine, Dad. And you’re going to be OK too, aren’t you? The doctor told me.’

He closed his eyes, and for a long time he didn’t answer. Perhaps he’s asleep again, Jane thought. Then, very quietly, Alan Cole said, ‘Stay with me, Janie.’

‘Of course, Dad. I’m not going anywhere.’ Jane sat down on a chair beside the bed. ‘You sleep now.’

Her father closed his eyes, and the nurse smiled at Jane. ‘Would you like a cup of tea, miss?’

‘Yes, please,’ Jane said. ‘It’s going to be a long night.’ She held her father’s hand, and watched him sleeping. He looks happy now, she thought. Like a baby.

锯了他的腿！”她盯着医生想：爸爸再也不能爬山，再也不能骑马，再也不能扬帆开船了。噢，可怜的人！这比死了还难受！她哭了起来。

“实在对不起，小姐。”医生说，“为了救他的命，我们不得不这样做。他会安条假腿。他会学会用它的。至少他还活着……”

“是啊，我想是这样的。”简抬起头。“对不起，大夫。我确信你们已经尽力了。我现在能看看他吗？”

“当然可以。护士会带你去……”

病床上，阿兰·科尔静静地躺着。他的脸就像床单一样惨白。但当简进来时，他慢慢睁开双眼。简拉起爸爸的一只手。那手冰凉冰凉的。

“简妮？你没事儿吧？”

“我？我很好，爸爸。您也会好起来的，不是吗？医生告诉过我的。”

他闭上眼睛，好长时间没有回话。也许他又睡着了，简想。接着，阿兰·科尔静静地说：“陪着我，简妮。”

“当然，爸爸。我哪儿也不去。”简坐在床边的一把椅子上。“您睡会儿吧。”

父亲合上了双眼；护士朝简笑了笑。“你想要喝杯茶吗，小姐？”

“好的，来一杯吧。”简说，“这一夜长着呢。”她握住爸爸的手，看着他睡着的样子。他现在看上去很快活，她想，就像孩子一样。

stare *v.* look very hard at something for a long time. 盯着看。**artificial** *adj.* not natural; made by people. 人造的。**suppose** *v.* think. 想，认为。**Janie** *n.* 简妮(人名 Jane 的昵称，常用于家人之间的对话中)。