

# 网络侦探丛书

英文注释版

## 网络陷阱

迈克尔·科尔曼 著



外文出版社

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### 网络陷阱

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## 编者的话

当今时代,什么技能最热门?关于这一问题,尽管仁智所见,人言言殊,但真正无可争议的答案只能是:英语和微机。

英语热由来已久,微机热正是方兴未艾。随着中国改革进一步深入、开放程度进一步提高,中国社会与国际社会在许多方面已经实现全面接轨。其中最令人炫目的当首推信息技术的发展。而信息技术中最令人瞠目的又非国际互联网络(Internet)莫属了。在这一点上,作为信息国际传播之载体的英语和作为国际互联网络之基石的微机两厢情愿地联姻结亲了。

历次西学东渐中,最近的信息科技的传布,其迅猛的来势可谓空前,而国人表现出的积极态度及国内各界达成的一致共识亦少有先例。原因只在于,现代社会是信息社会。正如托夫勒在《第三次浪潮》中说的,谁掌握了信息,谁就掌握了权力。因此,Internet当之无愧地成为通往21世纪的捷径。谁若抢先掌握了Internet,执信息技术之牛耳,谁就足以傲视侪朋,毫无疑问地成为新世纪的一代才俊。显然,一场空前的Internet热正在徐徐地拉开帷幕……

为了适应国内英语、微机和Internet三大热潮,我社慎重推出这一套Internet侦探丛书,以英汉对照和英文注释两种版本面市,以满足不同读者的需求。这

套丛书有如下三个主要特点：

首先，本书原为英文版，故其英语纯正地道。文中对话占去相当大的篇幅，内容虽三句话不离 Internet，但对日常生活中的各个方面也多有涉及，故而完全可以作为英语口语教材来学习。

其次：每篇故事虽系杜撰，但其中所有关于 Internet 的描述，毫无虚构成分，即非童话，也非科幻，乃是当今世界已然存在的科技实录。因此，对 Internet 之实际用途及其对人们生活的种种影响，读者尽可先睹为快。

第三，本套丛书熔英语知识、微机知识及 Internet 知识于八篇生动有趣的小故事中，每篇都围绕着与 Internet 密切相关的一件神秘案件展开，读来饶有趣味，寓教于乐，使人学不知疲。

本套丛书的主人公们虽只是些稚气未脱的孩子，但他们凭借 Internet 知识，接连破获了许多连大人都束手无策的大案要案。

我们由衷地感谢每位对本套丛书感兴趣的读者。希望读者诸君通过阅读本套丛书，能够对电脑科技的发展及信息技术的应用获取一个全新的认识，且能进一步发挥各自的想像力与创造力，作一位走在时代前面的现代人。

98 年 4 月

编者谨识

## WEB TRAP

Mr Zanelli was staring at the screen, his face white.

'That's not possible,' he said. 'Tom must have made a mistake. He must have bought a different game.'

Rob shook his head. 'Not Tom, Dad. If he says he's got a copy of Speed Surf, then that's what he's got ...'

Mr Zanelli ran a hand across his eyes. 'There's no way that can be a genuine<sup>①</sup> version.<sup>②</sup> Somebody's got hold of one of our games and copied it. Possibly thousands upon thousands of times.'

Mr Zanelli held his breath.

'It could ruin<sup>③</sup> us.'

**Titles in the**

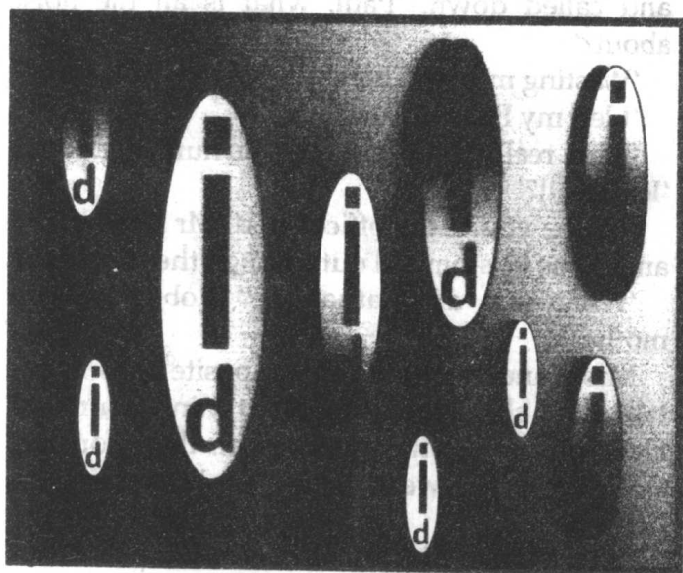
** INTERNET DETECTIVES  
series**

- 1. NET BANDITS**
- 2. ESCAPE KEY**
- 3. SPEED SURF**
- 4. CYBER FEUD**
- 5. SYSTEM CRASH**
- 6. WEB TRAP**
- 7. VIRUS ATTACK**
- 8. ACCESS DENIED**



**Manor House, Portsmouth, England.**

**Monday 2nd September, 8.25 a.m.**



'Rob!' shouted Mr Zanelli angrily as he saw his son's specially-designed<sup>①</sup> screensaver<sup>②</sup> popping up<sup>③</sup> randomly<sup>④</sup> on the screen. 'Are you using this PC?'<sup>⑤</sup>  
Hearing his father's shout, Rob Zanelli gulped<sup>⑥</sup>





down the piece of toast he'd been eating at the breakfast table in the kitchen.

'Yeah, I am,' said Rob, swallowing<sup>①</sup> the last mouthful.<sup>②</sup> 'I mean, I was. I was on the Internet earlier.'

'Then turn it off! I haven't got money to burn!'<sup>④</sup> came a shout from the hallway. 'You spend too much time on that system<sup>③</sup>, Rob. Did you see how much our last telephone bill was?'

'Sorry,' began Rob, 'I ...'

Mrs Zanelli appeared at the top of the stairs and called down. 'Paul, what is all the noise about?'

'Wasting money, Theresa!'

'I left my PC on,' said Rob.

'Paul, really!' said Mrs Zanelli, hurrying down. 'Is that all?'

'I'll see you at the office later!' Mr Zanelli said angrily as he stomped<sup>⑤</sup> out through the front door.

'What was all that about?' Rob asked his mother.

Mrs Zanelli took a seat opposite<sup>⑥</sup> Rob at the table and shrugged. 'Oh, don't mind your dad. He's under a bit of strain<sup>⑦</sup> at the moment.' She gave Rob a weak smile. 'We both are, to be honest.'

'Why? What's the matter?' asked Rob.

'Sales<sup>⑧</sup>,' said Mrs Zanelli. 'They're down. The last couple of months have been disappointing.'

Rob felt a knot<sup>⑨</sup> in his stomach. His parents ran a computer games company called GAME-ZONE. If the company was in trouble then it



was no wonder his Dad had been in a bad mood.<sup>①</sup>

'Sales are down?' he echoed.<sup>②</sup> 'Why?'

'Oh, lots of reasons,' said Mrs Zanelli. She smiled. 'The Internet, for one. There are plenty of free games on there. Maybe kids are downloading<sup>③</sup> them instead of buying ours.'

'But the games on the Net are nothing like as good,' said Rob. 'That's *why* they're free!'

A thought suddenly occurred<sup>④</sup> to him as he remembered an e-mail<sup>⑤</sup> he was going to send to his friend Tom in Australia. 'Anyway, things'll pick up<sup>⑥</sup> when Speed Surf comes out, won't they? Tom wants to know when he'll be able to buy a copy.'

Mrs Zanelli laughed. 'I don't think one sale in October will help us much!'

'October?' said Rob.

'Afraid so. That's when Speed Surf is being released<sup>⑦</sup> in Australia,' said Mrs Zanelli. Her mood had already become solemn<sup>⑧</sup> again. 'We could certainly do with it being sooner.<sup>⑨</sup> Advance orders<sup>⑩</sup> for Speed Surf are down in the UK. Even after all the advertising<sup>⑪</sup> we've paid out for.'

Speed Surf was GAMEZONE's latest product, a virtual reality<sup>⑫</sup> game in which the player had to sail a racing yacht<sup>⑬</sup> single-handed<sup>⑭</sup> round the world. Apart from plotting<sup>⑮</sup> a route<sup>⑯</sup> and sailing the yacht, the player had to handle everything from hurricanes<sup>⑰</sup> to shark<sup>⑱</sup> attacks! Complete with<sup>⑲</sup> the sounds of howling<sup>⑳</sup> winds and the crashing<sup>㉑</sup> surf, the game even had action video shots<sup>㉒</sup> taken on a real yacht that the company

had sponsored<sup>①</sup> in a Transatlantic<sup>②</sup> race.

'But why are orders down?' asked Rob.

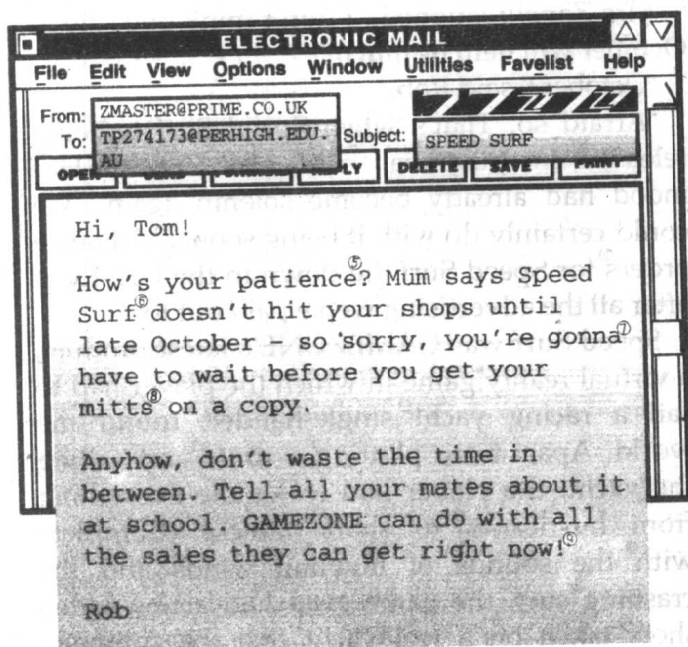
'If we knew that,' said Mrs Zanelli. 'We'd know what to do about it. Anyway, I don't want *you* worrying about it.' Looking at her watch, she snapped into action<sup>③</sup>. 'And this sort of talk won't get you to school, will it?'

Rob threw his cup and plate into the dishwasher. 'Can I send that e-mail before we go?' he said.

'If you're quick,' called Mrs Zanelli.

'I will be,' called Rob.

Moments later he was in front of his keyboard<sup>④</sup> in his room and typing his message to Tom Peterson.



Rob stared at the words on the screen. *Why are sales falling?* he wondered. Was it simply that kids weren't buying so many games nowadays? Or could there be another reason?

He shrugged.<sup>②</sup> Either way, as his mother had said, there was nothing much he could do about it. He had to hope that his parents sorted it out<sup>③</sup> themselves.

Switching his PC off, he turned towards the door. *What a great way to start the new school year!*<sup>④</sup>

## **Abbey School.**

**Monday 2nd September, 1.45 p.m.**

'Welcome to your first English class of the new school year.' Ms Gillies gave a broad smile. 'And your first piece of homework!'

The room was filled with groans.<sup>⑤</sup> After a gentle morning spent in extended<sup>⑥</sup> registration<sup>⑦</sup> finding out all about their new timetables, this was school work for real.

Josh Allan turned to Rob and gave him a thumbs-down.<sup>⑧</sup> 'I was going to suggest some Net-surfing<sup>⑨</sup> tonight,' he whispered. 'Bang goes that idea!'<sup>⑩</sup>

Behind them, Tamsyn Smith leaned forward, her short dark hair framing<sup>⑪</sup> her face. 'Hey, it's not the end of the world, guys<sup>⑫</sup> – it's gonna be *English* homework!' English was her favourite subject.

Josh pretended<sup>⑬</sup> to slump<sup>⑭</sup> lifeless in his seat. 'That is the end of the world,' he moaned.<sup>⑮</sup> English was *not* his favourite subject.

At the front of the class, Ms Gillies called for attention.

'English isn't just about reading and writing. It's also about listening and speaking ...'

'So how come<sup>①</sup> she's always telling me to be quiet!' Josh whispered.

'Be quiet, Josh!' shouted Ms Gillies. 'This term,' she went on, 'we will also be looking at writing for the mass media<sup>②</sup>. That is, the different methods used to spread news and information to the general public such as the newspapers, television, radio ...'

Josh suddenly jerked up<sup>③</sup> in his seat. 'Hey, don't forget the Internet, Ms Gillies. That reaches zil-lions<sup>④</sup> of people!'

The teacher nodded. 'I thought you'd find a way of getting that in, Josh! But, you're right. The Internet, like satellite<sup>⑤</sup> television, is an excellent example of one of the many new and developing forms of mass media. So, for your first homework, I want you to choose one type of information and examine how effective<sup>⑥</sup> the different mass media are at disseminating<sup>⑦</sup> that information.' She put her hands on her hips<sup>⑧</sup> and looked round the class. 'Any questions?'

Slowly, Josh put his hand up.

'Yes, Josh?'

'Er ... this being English, Ms Gillies ... could you possibly say that again? In English?'

The teacher tried not to smile. 'Perhaps it might help if I give you an example. Take



advertising. Every newspaper carries adverts.<sup>①</sup> So does the television—'

'And the Net,' said Josh. 'So you want us to look at where it's best to advertise?'

'That was just one example. You could look at how we receive international<sup>②</sup> news, or sports results ...'

She rambled<sup>③</sup> on. But, as far as Rob, Tamsyn and Josh were concerned,<sup>④</sup> their teacher could have stopped talking there and then. Each of them had already decided which topic they would be examining ...

### **Technology Block. 3.45 p.m.**

'Advertising,' said Rob. 'That's the one for me.'

Tamsyn nodded. Rob had already mentioned GAMEZONE's falling sales. 'You reckon<sup>⑤</sup> you'll come up with<sup>⑥</sup> a better way of advertising computer games?' she said.

Rob shrugged. 'I doubt it. But it's worth a go. What are you going to look at?'

'Photographs,'<sup>⑦</sup> said Tamsyn at once.

'Photos?' echoed Josh. 'What have photos got to do with English?'

Tamsyn laughed theatrically.<sup>⑧</sup> 'Haven't you ever heard of the saying, "a picture is worth a thousand words"?' ...

'Of course I have,' said Josh, pulling a face and putting on a daft<sup>⑨</sup> voice. 'You fink<sup>⑩</sup> I'm an ignora-mus<sup>⑪</sup>?' He held up his hands as Rob opened his mouth. 'No, don't answer that!'

'Newspapers are full of pictures,' said Tamsyn. 'But so's the Net. And the ones on the Net can get round the world fastest of all.' She smiled. 'Anyway, it'll give me an excuse to surf the on-line<sup>1</sup> encyclopaedia<sup>2</sup>!'

Both Tamsyn and Rob turned to Josh. 'So, what are you going to look at?'

'Well ...' he said, 'I thought I'd keep that a secret for the time being.'

'Josh!' cried Tamsyn. 'You know what *we're* doing!'

'Too right,' grinned<sup>3</sup> Josh. 'But that doesn't mean I've got to tell— Yee-ow!'

'Looks like you *have* got to tell,' laughed Rob. Tamsyn had leapt to her feet and grabbed Josh by his dark spiky<sup>4</sup> hair. 'Unless you want to end up bald<sup>5</sup>, of course!'

'All right, all right!' cried Josh.

'I thought you'd see it our way,'<sup>6</sup> said Tamsyn, letting go<sup>7</sup>.

Josh rubbed his head. 'Just don't laugh, OK?'

'Laugh?' said Rob. 'What could you be looking at that we'd laugh about?'

'Kelly Rix,' said Josh.

Rob and Tamsyn exchanged glances. As each saw the other trying to keep a straight face,<sup>8</sup> they burst out laughing.

'I'm serious, guys!' yelled Josh. 'This is a serious English project!'

'Serious English?' cried Tamsyn. 'Studying a TV soap star<sup>9</sup> and pop singer? Come on, Josh, this I've got to hear!'



Josh leaned forward, counting off points on his fingers as he went. 'One. Pretty much the whole universe<sup>①</sup> has heard of Kelly Rix – right?'

Tamsyn and Rob both nodded. Kelly Rix, although still only in her early twenties, was fast becoming a household name.<sup>②</sup> Starting out as one half of a pop duo<sup>③</sup> called Ambush, she'd become world famous after joining the cast of a TV soap called *New York, New York*. It was a series<sup>④</sup> about the lives of different characters who lived in the city and was currently<sup>⑤</sup> being shown on TV in dozens of countries. The programme had a large cast, but it was Kelly's role<sup>⑥</sup> – as a junior<sup>⑦</sup> newspaper reporter – that had captured<sup>⑧</sup> the public's interest. Everybody wanted to know what sort of scrape<sup>⑨</sup> she was going to get into next.

'Two,' Josh continued. 'Stars need the media to keep them in the public eye, don't they? Y'know, publicize<sup>⑩</sup> what they're doing and all that?'

'Like bringing out their latest single<sup>⑪</sup>,' said Rob.

Kelly Rix was making successful records, too. She and her Ambush partner, Jeannie Corrick, had split up<sup>⑫</sup> to pursue<sup>⑬</sup> solo<sup>⑭</sup> careers<sup>⑮</sup> some eighteen months before. The newspapers had tried desperately to prove that the split had been the result of a bust-up<sup>⑯</sup>, but they'd failed. Although Jeannie Corrick had been nothing like as successful as Kelly Rix, the two girls had continued to be seen together, laughing and joking.

'And to keep their fans happy,' said Tamsyn.

'That was point number three,' said Josh,





popping up<sup>①</sup> a third finger. 'Contact<sup>②</sup> with their fans. How do they do that?'

'Fan clubs,' said Rob. 'You pay your subscription<sup>③</sup> to get on their mailing list<sup>④</sup>...' He stopped, even as he said the words. 'Mailing lists? Is that what you're going to look at?'

Josh shook his head.

'You're not going to try e-mailing Kelly Rix?' said Tamsyn, wide-eyed.

'I've said enough,' grinned Josh. He stood up and grabbed his bag as Tamsyn took a step towards him. 'And you can torture<sup>⑤</sup> me as much as you like but I won't say another word!'