

书虫·牛津英汉双语读物

■ Tim Vicary (英) 著

SKYJACK !

劫机!



外语教学与研究出版社

牛津大学出版社



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- Tim Vicary (英) 著
- 秦小雅 译

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劫机!

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“书虫·牛津英汉双语读物”是外研社和牛津大学出版社联合奉献的一大阅读精品,受到了广大英语学习者的热烈欢迎,连续多年畅销不衰。为了满足读者朋友更加广泛的阅读需求,我们再次推出 18 本新的“书虫”系列英汉双语读物,期待与您的相约。

关于本书

当有人用枪来得到他们想要的东西的时候,你该如何阻止他们呢?如果他们要什么,你就给什么,他们定会心花怒放——而且,更会得寸进尺,变本加厉。如果你不交出他们想要的东西,那么,就可能会惹恼他们——他们可能会杀了你。很难说到底该怎么办才好。

在这个故事中,面对这个两难境地的是首相,一位政府首脑。但首相也是和我们一样的普通人——有家庭,有孩子。

如果有人拿枪对着你的家人,你怎样才能让头脑保持清醒呢?你该怎么做呢?你采纳别人的建议,跟劫机者展开对话,搞清楚他们到底想要什么,你尽力让大家保持冷静,你慢慢地采取行动。但是,恐怖分子可不愿意等你,迟早你得决定到底该怎么办……

SKYJACK!

When people use guns to take what they want, how do you stop them? If you give them what they want, they will be happy—and they will use their guns again, and again. If you don't give them what they want, then they will be angry—and they will kill. It is not easy to decide what to do.

In this story, the person who has to decide is the Prime Minister, the head of the government. But the Prime Minister is also an ordinary person, just like the rest of us—a person with a family and children.

How can you think clearly, if someone is pointing a gun at your family? What do you do? You take advice, you talk to the hijackers, you find out what they want, you keep everybody calm, you try to move slowly. But terrorists don't like waiting, and sooner or later, you have to decide what to do ...

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Chapter 1

The air hostess smiled. 'Welcome aboard, sir. Would you like a newspaper?'

'Yes, please.' Carl took the newspaper and looked at his ticket. 'I'm in seat 5F. Where's that?'

'It's near the front of the plane, sir. On the left, there. By the window.'

'I see. Thank you very much.' Carl smiled back at the air hostess. She was young and pretty. Just like my daughter, he thought.

He put his bag under his seat and sat down. His friend Harald sat beside him. They watched the other passengers coming onto the plane. Harald looked at his watch.

'9.30 p.m.,' he said. 'Good. We're on time.'

Carl agreed. 'And in three hours we'll be home,' he said. 'That's good. We've been away for a long time. You'll be pleased to see your family, won't you, Harald?'

Harald smiled. 'Yes, I will. Have you seen this, sir?' He opened his bag and took out two small planes. 'These are for my sons. I always bring something back for them.'

'How old are your sons?' Carl asked.

'Five and almost seven. The older one has a birthday tomorrow.'

'He'll be very excited tonight then.'

'Yes. I hope he gets some sleep.'

第一章

空中小姐微笑着招呼道：“欢迎乘坐本次航班，先生。请问您想来份报纸吗？”

“好，来一份吧。”卡尔一边接过报纸，一边看着他的票，“我的座位号是 5F，请问在哪儿？”

“在飞机的前部，先生。在左边，就在那里，靠近窗户的位置。”

“我知道了，非常感谢。”卡尔也微笑着跟空中小姐说。她又年轻又漂亮。她真像我女儿，卡尔心想。

他把随身携带的包放在座位底下，然后在自己的位子上坐了下来。他的朋友哈拉尔德就坐在他的旁边。他们看着其他的乘客一一登上了飞机。哈拉尔德看了看手表。

“晚上 9 点半，”他说，“很好。我们会准时起飞的。”

卡尔表示同意。“再过三个小时，我们就到家了，”他说，“这真是太好了。我们已经离家很久了。哈拉尔德，见到家人你会很高兴的，对吧？”

哈拉尔德微笑着。“是的，我会很高兴。先生，你见过这个东西吗？”他打开提包，从里面取出了两架小飞机，“这是给我的儿子买的。我每次都给他们带些小玩意儿回去。”

“你儿子多大了？”卡尔问。

“一个五岁，一个快七岁了。大儿子明天过生日。”

“那他今天晚上一定特别兴奋。”

“肯定的。但愿他能睡会儿觉。”



air hostess a woman who looks after the comfort of the passengers of an aircraft during flight. 女空中服务员，空中小姐。
aboard adv. on or into (a ship, train, aircraft, bus, etc.). 在(船、火车、飞机、公共汽车等)上；上(船、火车、飞机、公共汽车等)。

The plane took off. Carl watched the lights of the airport grow smaller below them. Then the plane flew above the clouds and he could see the moon and the stars in the night sky. He lay back in his seat and closed his eyes.

飞机起飞了。卡尔看着机场的灯在他们的下面越变越小。然后飞机飞到了云层上面，他能看见夜空中的星星和月亮。他靠在座位上，闭上了双眼。

take off (*esp. a plane*) to
rise from the surface of
the earth. (尤指飞机)起
飞。

Chapter 2

Later, he woke up. Harald was asleep. Carl looked at his watch. It was midnight. He called the air hostess.

‘Excuse me. What time do we arrive?’

‘11.30 p. m. local time, sir. That’s about half an hour from now.’

‘Thank you.’ Carl changed the time on his watch.

‘Anything else, sir?’

‘No, I don’t think so. Oh, wait a minute—could I have a cup of coffee, please?’

‘Yes, of course, sir.’ He watched her bring the coffee.

‘She walks like my daughter, too,’ he thought. ‘And she is *very* young. She looks nervous, not sure what to do.’

‘How long have you been an air hostess?’ he asked.

She smiled. ‘Three months, sir,’ she said.

‘Do you like it?’

‘Yes, I love it. It’s very exciting.’ She smiled nervously.

‘Will that be all, sir?’

‘Yes, thank you.’

‘Have a nice flight.’

He drank the coffee and started to read his newspaper. When Harald woke up, Carl showed him a page in the paper.

‘Look. There you are,’ he said. He pointed to a

第二章



过了一会儿，他醒了。哈拉尔德还在熟睡。卡尔看看手表，正是半夜时分。卡尔招呼空中小姐。

“对不起。请问我们几点到达？”

“当地时间晚上 11 点半，先生。还有大约半个小时。”

“谢谢。”卡尔把他手表调成了当地时间。

“还有别的事情吗，先生？”

“没，没有了。哦，等一下——请给我来杯咖啡好吗？”

“没问题，先生。”他看着她把咖啡端过来。“她走路的样子也像我女儿。”他想，“她还很年轻。她看起来有点儿紧张，不知道到底怎么做才好。”

“你当空中小姐多长时间了？”卡尔问她。

她微笑着。“三个月了，先生。”她说。

“你喜欢这个工作吗？”

“是的，我喜欢。这工作非常有意思。”她笑得有些不自然，“还有事情吗，先生？”

“没事儿了，谢谢。”

“祝您旅途愉快。”

他开始边喝咖啡边看报纸。哈拉尔德醒来的时候，卡尔把报纸的其中一个版面指给他看。

“瞧，你在这儿呢，”他说。他手指着一

wake up 醒，醒来。asleep
adj. sleeping. 睡熟的，睡着的。

picture. In the middle of the picture stood Carl himself—a short thin man with grey hair, wearing a suit. Behind him, on the left, was Harald—a tall, strong young man, like a sportsman. Both men were smiling. ‘That’s you and me, outside the Embassy,’ said Carl. ‘We’re in the news again. You can show it to your sons. You’re a famous man, Harald!’

Harald laughed. ‘You’re the famous man, sir, not me,’ he said. ‘I’m just a police officer. It’s my job to take care of you. That’s a photo of you, not me.’

‘Perhaps. But your children think that you’re a famous man, I’m sure. Here, take it, and show it to them.’

‘OK. Thanks.’ Harald smiled, and put the newspaper in his coat pocket. ‘I think I’ll have a cup of coffee too.’ He called for the air hostess, but she did not come. Harald looked surprised.

‘What’s the matter?’ Carl asked.

‘The air hostess,’ Harald said. ‘She’s sitting down talking to those two men.’

Carl looked up and saw the young air hostess. She was sitting in a seat at the front of the plane with two young men. They looked worried and nervous. Suddenly, one of the young men picked up a bag and *walked into the pilot’s cabin!* The other man and the air hostess followed him.

‘That’s strange,’ said Carl. ‘What are they doing?’

‘I don’t know. It’s very strange,’ said Harald. ‘I don’t

张照片。站在照片中间的那位就是卡尔——一个身材瘦小,头发花白,身穿西服的人。在他身后的左侧站着哈拉尔德——他是个又高又壮的年轻人,就像个运动员。两个人都笑了。“这是我们在大使馆门口照的,”卡尔说,“我们又成新闻对象了。你可以把这张照片给你的儿子看一看。你是名人了,哈拉尔德!”

哈拉尔德笑了。“先生,你是名人,我可不是,”他说,“我只是个警察。我的工作是保护你,这照片是照你的,不是照我的。”

“也许吧。但是,我敢肯定,你的孩子会把你当成名人的。给,拿上这张报纸,回去给他们看看。”

“好吧。谢谢。”哈拉尔德微笑着接过报纸,装在了外衣口袋里,“我想我也需要一杯咖啡。”他招呼空中小姐,但是她没有过来。哈拉尔德的表情很惊讶。

“怎么了?”卡尔问。

“那个空中小姐,”哈拉尔德说,“她坐在那儿跟那两个男的说话。”

卡尔抬起头,看见了那个年轻的空中小姐。她正和两个年轻男子坐在靠近飞机前部的一个座位上。他们看上去都很焦虑、紧张。突然,其中的一个年轻男子拿起一个袋子进了机长室!剩下的那个男人和空中小姐也跟了进去。

“太奇怪了,”卡尔说,“他们在干什么呢?”

“我也不知道,是很奇怪,”哈拉尔德说,

pick up *take hold of and lift sth.* 拿起,捡起。
cabin *n. the room at the front of an aircraft in which the pilot sits.* 机长室。

like it at all.' He began to get out of his seat, but then stopped and sat down again.

For one or two minutes nothing happened. None of the other passengers moved or spoke. They had seen the young men too. It became very quiet in the plane.

A bell rang, and for a moment they could hear two voices arguing. Then the pilot spoke.

'Ladies and gentlemen, this is the Captain speaking. Please do not be afraid. There is a change of plan. We have to land at another airport before we finish our journey. There's no danger. We will land in fifteen minutes. Please stay in your seats and keep calm. Thank you.'

Then the air hostess came out of the cabin. She looked very different now because she had a machine gun in her hand. She stood at the front of the plane and watched the passengers carefully.

“我感到不对劲儿。”他从座位上站了起来，本打算出去，但很快他又坐了下来。

有那么一会儿工夫，什么事情也没有发生。其他乘客也看见了那两个年轻人，但是既没人动一动，也没人说话。飞机上变得非常安静。

传来一声铃响，一时间，人们能听到两个人争论的声音。随后，传来了驾驶员的声音。

“女士们，先生们，我是本次航班的机长。请大家不要害怕，我们要改变飞行计划。在到达目的地之前，我们得在另外一个机场降落。这没有危险。飞机 15 分钟之后降落。请大家在各自的座位上坐好，保持镇静。谢谢。”

这时候，那个空中小姐从机长室走了出来。不过，此时的她已经有了很大变化，因为她手里拿着一把机枪。她站在飞机的前部，目不转睛地看着飞机上的乘客。



argue v. to provide reasons for or against sth., esp. clearly and in proper order. 辩论, 争论。

Chapter 3

‘**H**ere we are, madam.’ The big black car stopped and a police officer opened the back door.

‘Thank you.’ Helen Sandberg smiled at him as she got out. Another police officer opened the front door of her house.

Inside the house it was quiet. Her daughter was reading. She put the book down.

‘Hello, Mummy. You’re late. You said you’d be home by ten o’clock. I wanted to talk to you about my homework, remember?’

Helen sat down. ‘I’m sorry, Sarah. I did remember, really. But I had a very busy day. Anyway, I’m home now. What’s the problem?’

‘It’s this book,’ said Sarah. ‘I have to write about it at school on Friday, and I don’t understand it.’

‘All right,’ said Helen. ‘Bring the book into the kitchen and I’ll look at it while you make me a cup of coffee.’

They sat in the kitchen and talked for nearly half an hour. Then Helen looked at her watch. ‘OK, Sarah, that’s enough for now. It’s nearly midnight, and I must be up at six tomorrow. I’m going to bed. Goodnight.’

Alone in her bedroom, she undressed and got into the big empty bed. She was very tired. She closed her eyes and in