

# 真真假假



上海外语教育出版社

英 汉 对 照 读 物

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FACT OR FICTION

陆人骊 译

卢思源 校

上海外语教育出版社

英汉对照读物  
**真 真 假 假**  
陆人驹 译

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## 译 者 的 话

《真真假假》共收录了《越狱在逃的杀人犯》等七篇短篇小说。它歌颂了人在空中、陆上或海洋等险情中发挥的智慧和表现的大无畏精神。该书立意清新、内容惊险，悬念迭宕引人入胜。这些故事或为虚构，或取之实事，让读者分辨。全书遣词优美，通俗易懂，所用词汇约三千个，每篇小说后面均有背景介绍和练习，及练习答案，以加深读者对小说的理解。另附参考译文，便于读者作英汉对照学习。

本书实为具有中等英语水平的读者自学英语的良师益友，也是课外阅读的一本良好教材。

本书由上海大学商学院陆人骝、聂雅真、胡中堂、李初民和李荣秋翻译，并请上海机械学院卢思源副教授审订。

译者

一九八五年三月

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## \*VENGEANCE \*REEF

*Don Waters*

A stiff southeast breeze sent the small sailing ship *Tiburon* flying over the blue water, spray shooting out around her. About a mile to the west, the high rounded shape of Saxons Island was visible against the setting sun. The white beach edged by palm trees, the dark green bushes that grew up the side of the steep hill, and the \*surf breaking on the reef that surrounded Saxons Island were all in plain sight. The *Tiburon's* crew had spent the afternoon setting a long, deep \*shark net in the channel that ran along a mile or two south of Saxons Island, and after spending the night in Saxons Harbor were going back to lift the net in the morning.

John Pindar sat on the deck of his ship, leaning his back against the cabin and enjoying the feel of the sun-hot deck under his bare feet. He was working on a rope with a steel \*marlinespike which hung from his wrist by a \*loop. He looked up at the island as his ship approached the reef, and saw that a couple of rocks at the northern end were almost covered by water. The tide was coming in strong. Behind his ship, a bank of thick storm clouds was piling up in the east. That meant a storm when the tide turned tonight, he was certain. The storm

was traveling toward them, but by the time it caught up with them they would be safely tied up inside the little harbor of Saxons land. It was dangerous for a sailing vessel to be struck by a storm in the narrow Saxons \*Pass.

It was a few years since Pindar had last seen the island. He noticed that someone seemed to have cleared a small space on the top of Saxons Hill. That seemed strange. He gazed at it. Small vessels occasionally pulled into the harbor to get water or firewood, or occasionally, like his own ship, to ride out a storm. But their crews would have no reason to clear off the very top of the hill, or even to go up there. He thought he saw someone moving across the clearing. Then he decided it was probably the shadow of a tree swaying in the stiff breeze. As the ship moved nearer the island, the line of palm trees on the shore cut off his view of the hilltop.

Now he was close enough to hear the waves \*rumbling on to the reef. They had rolled all the way across the Atlantic Ocean without any interference, and they seemed to explode with anger at this interruption now. The man who was steering stood up in order to see better. He pulled his straw hat low over his eyes, and steered carefully through the break in the reef. If a ship struck rock at the edge of the pass, it wouldn't last long.

The *Tiburon* crossed the reef. As she did so, a high wave came up under her and threw her forward fifty feet. The small boat tied to her \*stern flew behind her like a spear. The little sailing vessel rolled and swung down the center of the passage between the \*jagged rows of greengrey rocks. Between the

reef and the island, the water smoothed out. Behind them, the ocean raged and roared, but now they were safe from its anger.

The channel turned to the right. In a wide sweeping curve, graceful as a bird, the *Tiburon* followed the turn. Her mainsail swung to the other side of the mast, and one of the crew lowered a couple of other sails. Now she pointed for the opening between two rocky cliffs that led into the harbor beyond. This little basin, entered through the narrow channel, and surrounded by steep hills, was a secure harbor during even the heaviest storms.

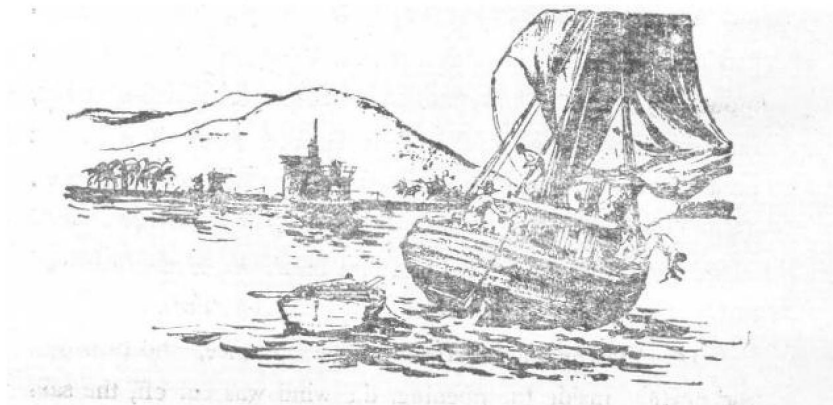
Saxons Harbor was lonely, for the nearest settled island was more than thirty miles away, but in times past many a ship had found shelter there. Years ago, there had been a half-dozen families living along the beach in palm-thatched cabins. The men had worked a salt pond, drying out the sea water and piling the shining crystals in heaps along the shore. Then sailing ships from Jamaica and Boston, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland came here to load.

But since the war had begun in Europe, ships had stopped coming to Saxons Bay for salt. They could make more money by carrying guns and ammunition, food and supplies, than by carrying rough sea salt. It had been years since the salt pond had been worked, and the cabins on the beach were in ruins. Their little gardens were all overgrown. The horseshoe shaped island that surrounded the peaceful basin was rarely disturbed now, except by the sea birds which nested there.

The *Tiburon* passed through the entrance, and turned to the north. Inside the opening, the wind was cut off, the sails



hung \*limp and the ship lost speed. Two of the crew were at the ropes, ready to lower the rest of the sails. The third man was at the wheel. John Pindar, who was the fourth member of the crew, tucked his knife back in the \*sheath on his belt. As the ship slipped through the entrance, Pindar noticed, with some suspicion, the hightide marks along the cliffs about a foot above the present level of the water. The line was very plain and very black. Some time, quite recently, a film of oil had floated on the surface of the water. When the tide had flowed back out to sea, it had left the \*tell-tale black line. There must have been an oil-burning vessel in this harbor very recently. Cautiously, Pindar raised his head above the level of the cabin top. In the small space between the cabin roof and the bottom of the sail, he saw a long black ship anchored right in the center of the pond. It was a black steel \*submarine, lying low in the water, with a long thin machine gun pointed right at his ship. Behind the gun stood a couple of men.



At that sight, John Pindar bent low behind the cabin, and jumped overboard, yelling a warning to his crew-mates. But his shout was cut short by the water closing over his head, and his crew were frozen in their places by surprise. A loud, ear-splitting crash sounded. A streak of fire flamed out. The surface of the harbor between the submarine and the sailing ship was turned to foam by the force of the blast. A five-inch shell exploded and ripped the *Tiluron* to bits.

John Pindar was deep under water when the force of the explosion drove all the air from his lungs. When he came to the surface, bits of rope and wood showered down around him. He took a deep breath and dived under again. His ship and her crew were gone. He wondered how long it would be before he, too, was gone. Apparently the gun crew had not noticed him, hidden behind the cabin, as the *Tiluron* sailed in.

Swimming under water, he headed toward the deep shadow of the western shore a hundred feet away. Here the waves had worn away the shore under the beach, forming a little cave. He hid in there, his ears still ringing and his other senses still deadened by the shock of the explosion. The last of the high tide was now coming in. The long shadows of the setting sun slowly spread over Saxons Harbor. With the sunset, the wind died. The palms along the shore grew still and silent. There was a hush, broken only by the low murmur of the waves breaking on the reef in the distance.

There was a camp on the eastern side of the harbor, and men were moving about between the tents. Pindar watched a small

boat leaving the camp, with six men in it. He weighed the marlinespike, still on its loop round his wrist, and felt at the back of his belt for his sheath knife. It was still there. If they found him, he'd make the best fight he could. Anxiously, he waited.

Apparently the men in the small boat thought that the crew of the sailing ship had all been killed. They looked around among the scattered wreckage for a few minutes, and then went back toward shore. He saw them tie their boat up again and join the other men on the bank opposite him.

Gradually, Pindar's ears stopped ringing and his head cleared. He began to think about what had happened so suddenly. The submarine crew must have had a \*lookout on the hilltop. He had undoubtedly watched the *Tituron* that day, while she was anchored and the crew was setting its shark net in the channel that ran alongside the reef. Many sharks used that channel, and the crew had hoped for a big catch. But perhaps those men on the opposite shore sailed through the channel themselves. They might have thought that the shark net was a trap for their ship. From a distance the lookout could not see that the net was just made of cotton. Perhaps he thought it was made of fine steel wire, and the round glass \*floats were bombs fastened to the ship trap.

This must be the hidden base of operations for the submarine, where the men went ashore to rest between hunting expeditions. Here was where they brought back the stuff they stole from ships before they sank them. They could not have found a better place. The hilltop formed a good \*lookout post.

Any vessel sailing down the mainland coast on one side, or along the channel on the other, could be seen for miles. They had taken this way of keeping their hiding place a secret. Like \*pirates, they believed that "dead men tell no tales."

As the \*tropical night fell quickly over the island, John Pindar crept cautiously out of his cave. The last glow of reflected sunlight faded from the sky. A thick bank of clouds rolled up from the east. The damp, cool scent of rain was in the air. Ashore on the other side of the harbor, there was a campfire, and the shadows of many men could be seen as they crossed in front of it. Pindar could even smell the food cooking. The small boat \*put out from shore again. He heard the splash of \*oars in the water. It made a short trip out to the black ruin of the *Tiburón*, and then went back to the camp. He tried to see through the dark, but the night was very black. He could just make out the dim outline of the boat.

A thin rain began to fall. He might be able to slip along the shore, cut the small boat loose, and escape in it. Then he thought of his crew and his ship. He remembered how he had cut down a big tree and shaped it for the ship's \*keel, then hunted through the \*jungle for pieces of wood so bent by nature that they could be used to form her \*framing. It had been difficult to find them, and to drag them out of the thick tropical growth, and even more difficult to join them with their simple tools. Pindar had made several trips to the mainland to buy the yellow pine \*planking and the \*hardware. He remembered how he had sat with his three friends under the palm trees, sew-

ing the stiff canvas for the sails. Those white wings which were now lying in rags at the bottom of Saxons Harbor would never again fill with the warm southeast wind. That trim ship would never again ride fast and free over the blue seas. And of the four men who had built the *Tiluron* so lovingly, and had sailed her with such joy, only he was left.

Cold rage spread through John Pindar. His head was clear, and his heart was full of anger. They had sunk his ship, without warning, without giving anyone on board a chance for life. He thought of other ships sailing down the channel, other sailors engaged in peaceful unsuspecting commerce. That low black ship with the gun sticking out of it was a threat to all of them. It was a wicked enemy that must be destroyed. But how? How could one man, armed with a marlinespike and a sheath knife, fight forty men armed with machine guns and \*torpedoes?

As he looked over toward the campfire glowing through the rain on the opposite shore, he had a sudden idea. That long narrow submarine out there was full of complicated and powerful machinery. The \*conning tower could lift its head above the sea and with its mirror view the entire horizon. Up forward were torpedoes, each one of which could destroy a ship. Yet all this equipment was only as effective as the men who operated it. They had sunk his ship, but if they didn't guard their own closely, he would sink it in turn.

John Pindar was in his own element in Saxons Harbor. He was a tough sailor, used to relying on his own strength and \*resourcefulness when facing the dangers of the sea. Now he

stood barefoot and bareheaded in the waist-deep water, as the tropical rain fell all around him. Then he \*waded out until the water came up to his shoulders. He swam, so smoothly that he hardly disturbed the surface, out to the black shadow of the submarine. He touched her cold wet steel side, and felt the slippery green stuff and the rough \*barnacles which had grown on her side below the waterline. It had been months since this boat had been in port to be cleaned up properly, and her bottom was foul.

As the rain grew steadily heavier, he cautiously worked his way along the side of the ship. \*Amidships near the conning tower was a man with his back turned. In a sudden glare from the campfire, Pindar could dimly see the man's rifle, and the shine of his wet raincoat. Pindar made his way \*aft along the 300-foot ship. When he reached the stern he eased himself up over the \*propeller onto the deck. He crept toward the conning tower on his hands and knees. Four feet away from the guard, he quickly stood up, swinging up his arm with the marlinespike in his hand. The marlinespike landed on the man's head, and without a sound the man fell backward. Pindar tried to catch him, but the limp figure slipped across the wet deck and slid off into the water. That fellow, at least, would give him no more trouble. There might be other men aboard, but he would have to take a chance on their not coming above decks for a few minutes.

He hurried forward and leaned over the bow. He grasped the anchor chain and slid down it slowly. When he reached

the water he took a deep breath and went on down the chain, hand over hand, to where the anchor lay on the bottom, twenty feet below the surface. He hooked an arm around the \*shank of the anchor to hold himself down. He felt the \*shackle that fastened the chain to the anchor, and found the pin that ran through the shackle. The pin was locked in place by a small iron ring. He forced the soft iron ring open with his marlinespike, and struggled to work it loose. For a full two minutes he twisted at the ring. When his head was bursting and his ears were beginning to crack he floated up to the surface.

The tide was full and \*slack right now. Soon the tide would turn, and begin flowing out through the pass like a swift mill stream. He would have to work fast before the current started to drag on the anchor chain. He caught his breath and went down again. He found the shackle, and using his marlinespike pushed out the \*tapered pin which had locked the shackle to the anchor ring. The pin was loose in the shackle, for now that its ring was gone it came out fairly easily. He floated up to the surface again. He was halfway back the length of the ship when his head broke the surface of the water. The tide had turned and was beginning to run out.

A stout rope secured the stern to a tree on the bank, to keep the ship from swinging on her anchor line. There was no room for a ship to swing free in this small basin. With the pull of the tide, the submarine was slowly swinging away from the shore, held by the rope aft. John Pindar swam back and cut the heavy rope with a few blows of his big sheath knife. He held on to the

shore end of the rope so that it wouldn't make too much noise when it fell in the water. When it fell, it dragged him under water for ten feet with its weight. But that didn't matter. The submarine was \*adrift. This was an old wrecker's trick. More than one ship along this reef in times past had been cut loose from her anchor in the night by a diver working under water. Many things could happen in the next few minutes. If there were men aboard, they might start the engines and get the ship back into place. If the crew ashore noticed the empty harbor, the slack rope —

Anxious and scarcely breathing, John Pindar floated silently. The long black shadow of the submarine had swung. It moved faster and faster with the tide, dragging its useless anchor chain over the bottom. Heading toward the opening toward the reef, it disappeared into the darkness of the night.

Pindar swam ashore fifty yards below the camp and hid in some bushes, while the rain continued to pour down. He could watch the camp through the bushes. They had \*rigged up a shelter over the fire to protect it from the rain. He could hear the group talking and laughing around the fire. He cursed them under his breath. Unless their attention was drawn away by something, it would be difficult for him to get to the small boat without being noticed.

Ten long slow minutes passed. Then there came a rifle shot from the lookout on the hill above. There were yells and shouts. Above the noise of the rain he could hear bushes crashing and feet \*clattering up the rocky path on the hillside.



### **Confusion reigned.**

Suddenly a \*flare lit up the rain-filled night, showing the little circular basin empty. The flare died; the darkness that followed seemed blacker than before. In the glare from the camp-fire, Pindar saw that the camp was deserted. He flattened himself out and crawled toward the camp.

Just as he started to move toward the small boat on the beach, a couple of men appeared. Running hard, they stumbled over the rocks. One of them untied the boat from the tree to which it was fastened. They stood on the bank ready to slide the boat into the water. John Pindar leaped out and up. He struck between the men, locked an arm around each, and caught a full deep breath. With a splash, all three tumbled into the water. There was a silent struggle for the next few minutes beneath the surface, but few other men could live under water as long as John Pindar.

Pindar got in the boat, and using one of the oars as a push pole, poled it over the shallows and out to sea. He was a quarter of a mile away when a white flare went up. By its light, rifle bullets rained all around him, splashing in the water. One hit the edge of his boat and split it. He stood up in the \*bouncing little craft, cursed and shook his fist at the men who were firing at him. Fortunately, he had already gone quite a distance before they sighted him, and hitting a small boat bouncing about on the waves in a heavy rain, at that distance, was not easy. The flare floated slowly down and died as it hit the sea.

Pindar was past the shallows now, in deep water and out of