

网络侦探丛书

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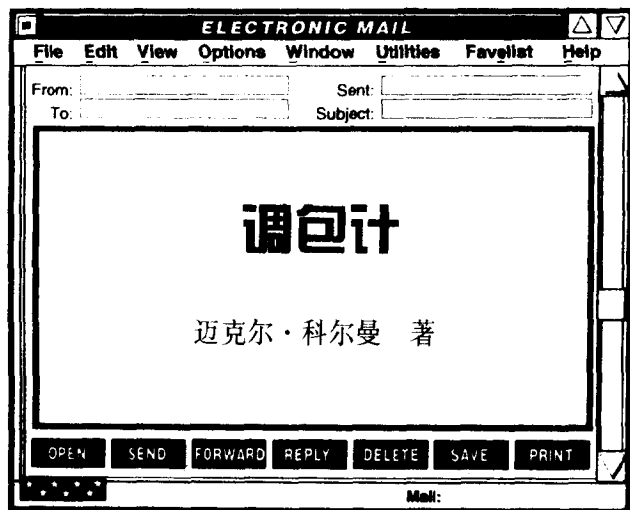
调查

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调包计

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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。其中最令人眩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“网络侦探丛书”,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

SPEED SURF

The security^① guard's hand landed roughly on Mitch's arm. 'Come on. Fun's over for one day.'^②

Outside, Mitch sat down on the gallery^③ steps. He closed his eyes, trying to conjure up^④ the face he'd seen in the sketch.^⑤ Was he right?

Yes, definitely. He was as certain as he could be.

The man they suspected of walking out with a five million dollar painting under his arm was the man who had come into Cyber^⑥Snax earlier that week. Mitch had helped him send the message over the Net to the trans-Atlantic^⑦ yacht^⑧ race bulletin^⑨ board ...

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**

The white-topped waves loomed^① high above Josh's head. It was all he could do to stop himself crying out in fear.

As the water crashed down, he turned his head away. Into his ears hammered^② the sounds of a wave pounding^③ onto the yacht's foredeck^④ and fierce^⑤ hissing^⑥ as the water sluiced^⑦ over the side and back into the sea.

Breathing heavily, he looked up. The yacht's sails, large and fat-bellied^⑧, were filled with the wind he could hear howling^⑨ around him. At his side, almost within touching distance, the sea was rushing past.

Another wave crashed against the bow^⑩, then another, sending spray^⑪ high into the air. Josh could almost taste the salt on his lips.

He peered^⑫ ahead. The horizon^⑬ was barely^⑭ visible^⑮, merging^⑯ with the grey clouds. Looking this way and that, there was no sign of land. He was alone, totally alone, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

And then everything went dark.

Portsmouth, England.

Sunday 2nd June, 2.40 p.m.

Taking off the Virtual Reality headset,^① Josh Allan took a couple of seconds to adjust^② to the fact that he wasn't alone on a racing yacht but in a bedroom with his two friends, Tamsyn Smith and Rob Zanelli. He'd been watching a VR^③ program using Rob's computer.

'That was *excellent*,' said Josh. It was just like being there!'

Rob grinned.^④ 'Yeah, but wouldn't you like to be there for *real*, Josh? Sailing across the Atlantic on your own?'

Josh shook his head, a shock^⑤ of brown hair flying in all directions. 'No way!^⑦ A VR program is as close as I want to get to the ocean.'^⑥

Tamsyn laughed. 'For once,^⑧ I agree with Josh one hundred per cent! I like to feel the dry land under my feet.'

'Well, I'd love it,' Rob said. He leaned^⑨ forward to slip the sailing program CD-ROM^⑩ from his computer.

'Did you say there was more on that?' Tamsyn asked, pointing to the disk in Rob's hand.

'Yeah, a sort of guided tour of below deck at the start. It's amazing how much you can't see from the outside. Those boats have everything, y'know.'

Tamsyn reached for the VR headset. 'Can I try it?'

Rob shook his head. 'Not right now, I want to log into the Net.^⑪ I'm expecting some sea-mail!'

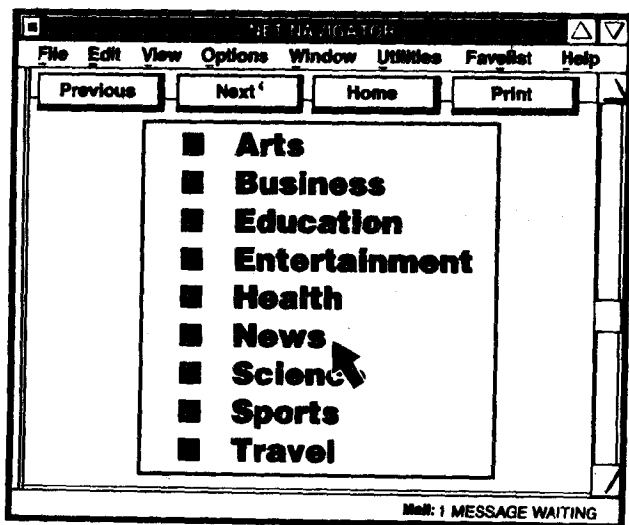
As he quit the VR program, Rob's screen

changed to show its home page. He^① double-clicked^② the mouse^③ on a globe icon.^④

'I know I shouldn't ask,' sighed Josh, 'but why did you say "sea-mail" instead of "e-mail"?'

Rob's grin grew wider. 'Josh, my man,^⑤ he said, 'You're just gonna^⑥ have to wait and see ...'

They didn't have long to wait. Moments later, the screen display changed. Rob's computer was now connected to the world-wide network of computers known as the Internet. Up on the screen flashed a start menu^② of choices.



Rob had been an Internet user for some time. After the car accident which had confined^⑧ Rob to a wheelchair, his parents hadn't been prepared to send him to an ordinary school. For a long time he'd been taught at home, and his only way of

making friends had been over the Net.

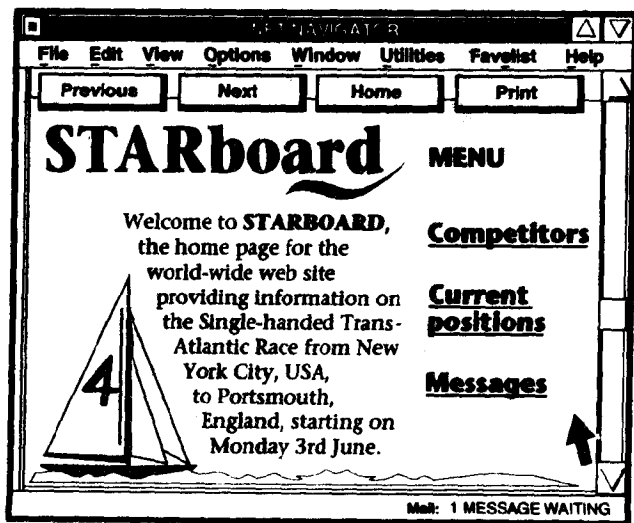
That was how he'd first got in touch with Tamsyn and Josh, after their school joined the Internet. Now that Rob went to Abbey School as well, they met every day for real.^①

'One waiting,' said Josh, pointing at the message on the bottom line. 'Is that it?'

'No, that's e-mail,' said Rob. 'Sea-mail is somewhere else!'

He moved the mouse cursor^② across the screen and clicked on the item marked 'Sport'. Immediately another menu appeared, with a whole list of sports, everything from 'Athletics'^③ to 'Yachting'. It was this last option^④ that Rob homed in on.^⑤

'Ahoy,^⑥ shipmates!' cried Rob as he saw what he was looking for. 'It's there!'



He motioned^① to Tamsyn to take over the mouse. 'Try clicking on Competitors^②,' he said.

A list of names flashed up: the yachts taking part in the race, their sponsors^③, and the yachtsmen and women who would be sailing them.

'Either of you see a name you recognize?' said Rob, looking from Tamsyn to Josh.

They both scanned^④ the list – and saw, in the middle, what Rob was getting at.

GO GAMEZONE (Brad Stewart.
Sponsor: GAMEZONE LTD)

'GAMEZONE?' said Tamsyn, wide-eyed. GAMEZONE was the name of the computer games company owned by Rob's parents. 'You mean your parents are sponsoring a yacht in a big race? I'm impressed!'

Rob nodded, clearly delighted. He picked up the shiny CD-ROM. 'Not any old yacht, Tamsyn. The yacht on here. The one you've just been sailing, Josh!'

'Yeah? Cool.'^⑤

'And you've been keeping it to yourself?' said Tamsyn.^⑥

'Not quite,' said Rob, teasingly.^⑦ 'I've already fired off notes to the others to tell them about it.'

He meant Tom, Lauren and Mitch, three friends they'd all made over the Internet. Tom lived in Australia, Lauren in Canada and Mitch in America.

'But you didn't tell us!' cried Tamsyn.

Rob held up his hands. 'Hey, I wanted to tell you two personally! Besides, I only found out myself a couple of days ago. I couldn't believe it when Mum and Dad told me.'

'That they'd bought that boat, you mean?' said Josh. 'I'd have had trouble believing that as well.'

'They haven't bought it. They're just sponsoring it – putting up some money to help with the costs, in return for having the company's name on the yacht.'

'Why?' asked Josh.

Tamsyn tapped at the computer screen. 'Advertising.^① If the race details are on the Net ...'

'And on TV,' added Rob, 'and splashed all over the papers^②...'

'Then the whole world will have heard of GAMEZONE by the time the race is finished. Especially if GO GAMEZONE wins!'

'Or sinks!^③' said Josh making wild rolling motions^④ in his chair.

'Josh!' Tamsyn hurled^⑤ a cushion^⑥ in his direction.

'Don't worry, Tamsyn,' said Rob. 'If Brad Stewart's as good a yachtsman as Dad says, then there's no chance of that happening. He might not win, but he definitely won't sink!' ^⑦

'He's going to be sailing on his own?' Tamsyn asked.

Rob nodded. 'Scary,^⑧ huh? He's done loads of single-handed racing before, though. He shot the video for that CD-ROM during his last trip. It certainly got Mum and Dad interested.'

Apparently ^① they've been thinking of expanding into VR games, and the minute they saw Brad's video they realized just how good a sailing one would be. Bingo ^② – they turn it into a demo ^③ CD-ROM.'

'Now I understand why you were going on about sea-mail!' ^④ said Josh.

'Ah, not completely,' said Rob. He clicked on the MAIL WAITING part of the status line. ^⑤ At once the screen display ^⑥ changed to show the list of electronic mail items that Rob hadn't yet filed. ^⑦ He selected the new arrival, at the top of the list.

From: BRAD@STAR.COM

To: ZMASTER@PRIME.CO.UK

Josh looked at who the note was from. 'Brad? Not *the* Brad?'

'Sure is. The company who've set up the STARBOARD Internet web site are organizing the whole event as a clever way of showing what can be done with communications ^⑧ equipment nowadays.'

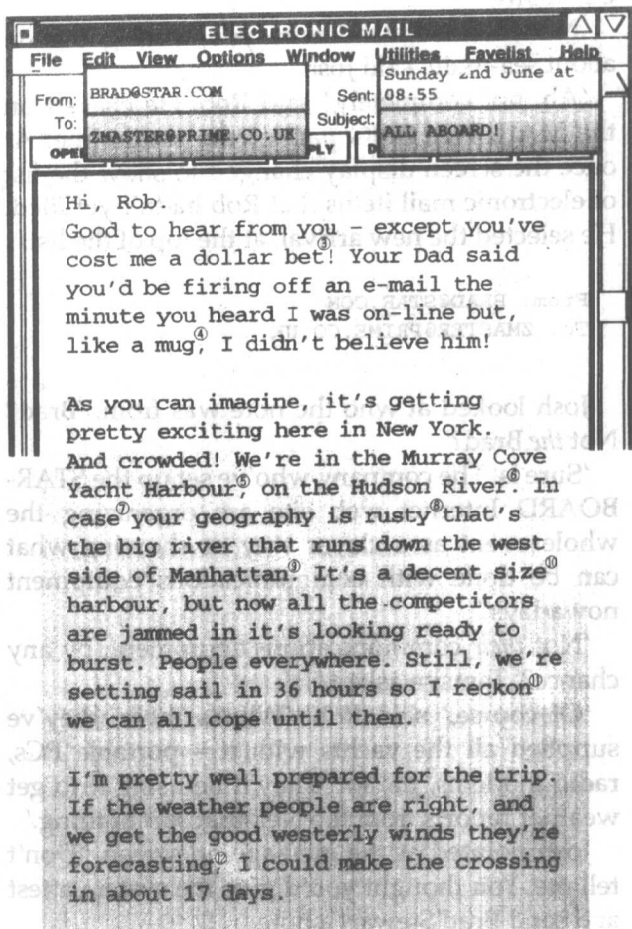
'Not *their* communications equipment, by any chance?' ^⑨ Tamsyn asked.

'Of course,' said Rob. 'What's more, they've supplied ^⑩ all the yachts with it – portable ^⑪ PCs, radio modems, ^⑫ the lot. ^⑬ They'll be using it to get weather reports from the Net, that sort of thing.'

Josh pointed at the message on screen. 'Don't tell me. You thought you'd give the system a test and send Brad Stewart a note.'

Rob laughed, 'Got it in one,^① my boy!'

They read the reply from Brad Stewart, each trying to picture the yachtsman sitting at his portable PC on board ^②GO GAMEZONE



'By ... the 20th of June?' said Tamsyn.

'Just after our exams finish,' said Rob.

Josh groaned^① loudly. 'Don't talk about exams. Don't even mention exams.'

It's getting a bit tense^② here, too. None of us wants anything to go wrong, of course. The race is getting a mountain of^③ publicity^④ and the harbour's been buzzing with sightseers^⑤. Nobody minds them, just so long as they don't turn into souvenir-hunters^⑥ and start lifting^⑦ things. That's why most of the yachts have intruder alarms^⑧ fitted^⑨ nowadays.^⑩

Mind you, even they can be a pain. GO GAMEZONE's alarm went off last night, and I had to be dragged from my bed to shut it up!

'Alarm?' said Josh at once.

They looked at one another. Solving^⑪ intriguing^⑫ puzzles^⑬ over the Internet was something they were becoming very good at.

'Read the next bit,' said Tamsyn, looking back at the screen.

As you might have worked out,^①
 I wasn't on board. We're a
 superstitious^② lot,^③ us sailors,
 and one of my superstitions is to
 sleep in a soft hotel bed for a
 couple nights before setting
 sail - the theory^④ being that
 it'll bring me a smooth crossing.
 There's method^⑤ in my madness,
 mind: whether it does or not, at
 least I get some decent shut-eye^⑥,
 which is what I *won't* get for
 the next 17 days!
 Anyhow, it must have been a
 false alarm.^⑦ Nothing was
 missing. Even so, I'll be giving
 this particular superstition a
 miss^⑧ tonight and sleeping on
 board just in case.

'Sorted, then,' said Josh, sounding disap-
 pointed.

'Pity,' said Rob. As he hit PAGE DOWN^⑨ to
 scroll^⑩ to the remainder of Brad's note, his eyes
 brightened. 'Still, there's no reason why Mitch
 can't check it out while he's there ...'

And, sure, I'd love to show your
 pal Mitch over GO GAMEZONE. Tell
 him to head for Berth^⑪ 42 - and
 it'll have to be before noon