



这是谋杀吗？

*But Was it
Murder?*

JANIA BARRELL

外语教学与研究出版社
剑桥大学出版社

外研社·剑桥英语分级读物(英文注释)

Level 4

Series editor: Philip Prowse

But Was it Murder?

这是谋杀吗?

Jania Barrell (英) 著

胡欲晓 注

外语教学与研究出版社

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

剑桥大学出版社

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

(京)新登字 155 号

京权图字 01-2002-2436

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

这是谋杀吗? / (英)巴雷尔(Barrell, J.)著;胡欲晓注释. - 北京:外语教学与研究出版社, 2002

ISBN 7-5600-2731-8

I. 这… II. ①巴… ②胡… III. 英语-注释读物, 故事-英、汉

IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2002)第 033630 号

Originally published by Cambridge University Press in 2000.

This reprint edition is published with the permission of the Syndicate of the Press of the University of Cambridge, Cambridge, England.

本书原版由剑桥大学出版社于 2000 年出版。英文注释版由剑桥大学出版社授权外研社出版。

© Cambridge University Press 2000

This edition is licensed for distribution and sale in the People's Republic of China only and may not be distributed and sold elsewhere.

只限中华人民共和国境内销售 不供出口

这是谋杀吗?

Janis Barrell (英) 著

胡欲晓 注

* * *

责任编辑: 吴 静

出版发行: 外语教学与研究出版社

社 址: 北京市西三环北路 19 号 (100089)

网 址: <http://www.fltrp.com.cn>

印 刷: 北京外国语大学印刷厂

开 本: 850×1168 1/32

印 张: 4

版 次: 2002 年 7 月第 1 版 2002 年 7 月第 1 次印刷

书 号: ISBN 7-5600-2731-8/H·1409

定 价: 5.00 元

* * *

如有印刷、装订质量问题出版社负责调换

制售盗版必究 举报查实奖励

版权保护办公室举报电话: (010)68917519

外研社·剑桥英语分级读物

亲爱的老师们、同学们，由外语教学与研究出版社和英国剑桥大学出版社联合出版的这套《外研社·剑桥英语分级读物》终于与国内读者见面了。它集原创性、针对性、时代性和多样性于一体，是一套理想的英语学习读物。

本套读物是我国目前引进的第一套专为非英语国家读者撰写的英语故事性读物，作者全部是经验丰富的英语教学专家。读物依据难易程度共分六级，每级四本，每本独立成篇。题材涉及广泛，包括喜剧、历险记、侦探小说、浪漫爱情故事和短篇故事等。内容涉及东西方多种地域和文化，情节扣人心弦，极富吸引力。读者在提高自身英语水平的同时，还会享受到阅读的巨大乐趣。

本套读物分为英汉对照版和英文注释版两种版本，以适应不同读者的不同需要。其中，英文注释版附有练习，为不同程度的英语学习者在阅读中提供了及时而必要的帮助。

如果你们喜欢这套读物，请把它推荐给你们的朋友。如果你们对这套读物有什么意见和建议，也请告诉我们。

在此，我们谨向那些为这套读物的出版给予帮助和关切的老师们表示衷心的感谢！

Characters

Detective Inspector Rod Eliot: { Policemen at
Detective Constable Jamie Bowen: { New Cross police
Police Constable Drewitt: { station, London.

Sally Eliot: Rod Eliot's wife.

Micky Eliot: Rod Eliot's son.

Alex Forley: owner of an antique furniture shop.

Mr and Mrs Crowther: Forley's neighbours.

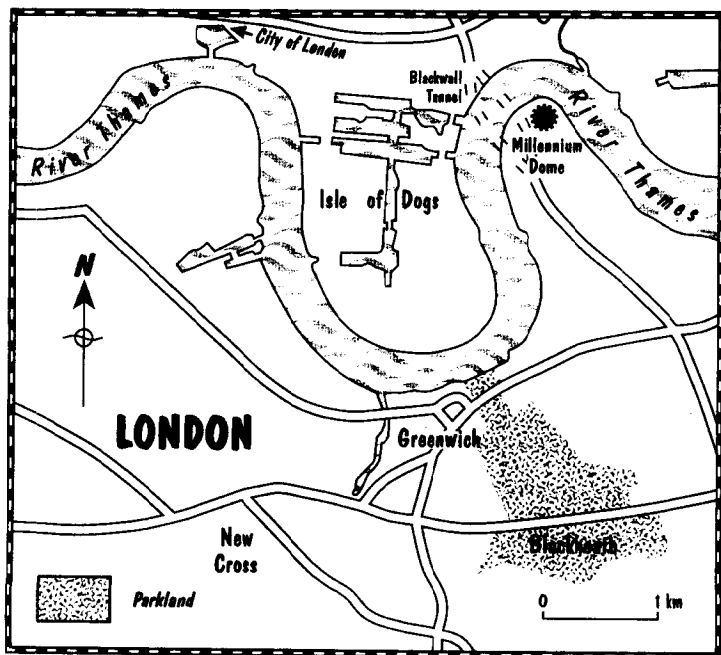
Amanda Grant: Forley's girlfriend.

Philip Wilver: Forley's doctor.

Lisa Wilver: his wife.

Mrs Brook: a cleaner.

Linda Scott: manager of Forley's antique shop.





Before Your Reading

Answer the following questions:

1. Look at the front cover and read the blurb on the back cover.
What sort of story is this?
2. Read the contents on page ii. Say what you think will happen in the story?
3. Look at the map of south London on page iv. What do you know about this city?

Contents

Characters	iv
Before Your Reading	v
Chapter 1 Missing The Queen's Head Check Your Reading 1	1
Chapter 2 The colour of death Check Your Reading 2	6
Chapter 3 Just friends Check Your Reading 3	13
Chapter 4 The sound of a shot Check Your Reading 4	19
Chapter 5 New Cross at night Check Your Reading 5	24
Chapter 6 Identifying the body Check Your Reading 6	30
Chapter 7 Not an easy relationship Check Your Reading 7	36
Chapter 8 The Blackheath bonfire Check Your Reading 8	42
Chapter 9 Secrets and lies Check Your Reading 9	46
Chapter 10 Falling in love again Check Your Reading 10	52
Chapter 11 Homes and families Check Your Reading 11	59
Chapter 12 One kind of marriage Check Your Reading 12	66
Chapter 13 Home at last Check Your Reading 13	72

Chapter 14	But was it murder? Check Your Reading 14	75
Chapter 15	Uncovering lies Check Your Reading 15	80
Chapter 16	Jealousy Check Your Reading 16	85
Chapter 17	Putting the pieces together Check Your Reading 17	93
Chapter 18	The truth at last Check Your Reading 18	98
After Your Reading		104
Answer Key		105
Summary		109
Level Chart (读物分级标准)		112
Grammatical Grading (每级针对的语法重点)		113

Chapter 1 *Missing The Queen's Head*

Detective Inspector Rod Eliot was watching the rain running down his office window. He looked at his watch. 6.30. Time to leave the mountain of papers on his desk and go to The Queen's Head pub across the road.

'But only one beer,' he told himself. 'I don't want to be stopped by some junior policeman for drunk driving. Then I'll have to go home to an empty house.'

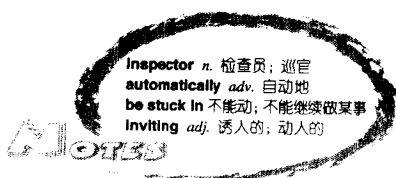
Just as he was leaving the office, the phone rang. He turned back automatically and picked it up. He half hoped it might be his wife.

'Sorry to disturb you, sir,' said Detective Constable Jamie Bowen. 'But we've got a bit of a problem.'

'So have I,' said Eliot. 'I shouldn't be here. Ask Inspector Merryon.'

'Sorry, sir,' said Bowen, 'but Inspector Merryon hasn't arrived yet. He phoned to say his car is stuck in a traffic jam in Hackney. He probably won't be here for at least an hour.'

Eliot hit the top of his desk angrily. The lights from The Queen's Head looked so inviting. But in the street below people were crowded into shop doorways, trying to escape



from the rain. The water poured onto the street and was thrown up again by the lines of cars moving slowly away from the centre of London.

'All right, Bowen,' he said. 'You'd better tell me about it then. What is it?'

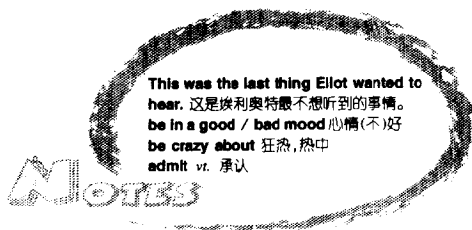
'We've just had a report of a death, sir. And there's a gun.'

This was the last thing Eliot wanted to hear. He had been in a bad mood all day. He usually liked Friday because of the weekend ahead, when he could spend time with his wife Sally and eight-year-old son Micky. Micky was crazy about football, and Eliot always took him to watch West Ham on Saturdays when they played at home. This weekend would be different, though. Eliot had to work, and Sally had taken Micky to her parents' house in Brighton for two nights. He had argued with her that morning.

'Stop shouting,' she had said. 'You're just angry because you don't want us to go away. Why can't you admit it?'

She was right, but knowing this only made him more angry. He had left the house without saying goodbye to her.

He had tried to ring several times to say sorry, but there was no answer. Now she would be at her parents' house. And she could not speak to him openly there because they would be listening.



‘I knew this would be a bad day from the moment I woke up,’ he told Bowen. ‘All right. We’ll have to go. Where is it?’

‘Blackheath, I’m afraid, sir.’

Eliot sighed. Blackheath was only six kilometres from New Cross police station. But at this time on a Friday night there was so much traffic that the journey could take over an hour.

Eliot could not think of a worse way of spending Friday evening, especially as he had to be in his office early next morning. Why did everyone try to leave London at the same time? One day the whole city would be stuck in one big traffic jam. Already the traffic moved more slowly than it had a hundred years ago. It was madness.

‘Meet me downstairs in ten minutes, Bowen,’ he said. ‘Oh, and there’ll have to be medical reports. Check that someone’s told a doctor and the pathologist.’

Eliot turned away from the window. Well, at least Sally and Micky weren’t waiting for him at home. He had better phone them now. It might be his last chance this evening.

Sally’s father picked up the phone. ‘Hello Rod. Pity you can’t be here. The weather’s beautiful. How’s the job?’

Eliot made himself chat politely for a few minutes and then asked to speak to Sally.

‘I’m afraid she’s not here,’ her father said. ‘She’s taken Micky for a walk. He couldn’t wait to see the sea. Any message for her?’ Eliot couldn’t believe his bad luck.

sigh vi. 叹息; 叹气
madness n. 疯狂; 精神错乱
pathologist n. 病理学家
chat n.; vi. 聊天; 闲谈

‘Just say I’m pleased they’ve arrived safely,’ he said. ‘And give her my love. I’ll ring again tomorrow.’

He put down the phone and took one last look at The Queen’s Head. The traffic seemed hardly to have moved. Well, at least he could get Bowen to drive.



Check Your Reading 1

Give the best answer to each question:

1. Match the beginnings and endings.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| 1) Eliot was planning to | a a death in the Blackheath area. |
| 2) Bowen phoned to tell him about | b not being able to spend the weekend with his family. |
| 3) Eliot was annoyed about | c and gave his good wishes to his family. |
| 4) Eliot knew the journey | d have a beer on the way home. |
| 5) Eliot phoned Brighton | e would take ages in the heavy traffic. |

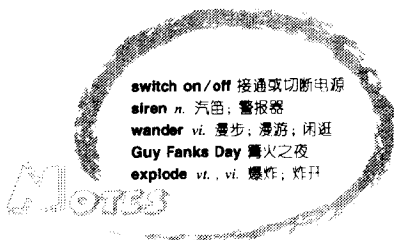
Chapter 2 *The colour of death*

The car went forward a few metres, and then stopped again. At first Bowen had switched on the blue light and siren so that other drivers would let them pass. But there was no space for them to get through, and they had almost caused two accidents.

They were nearly in Blackheath now. The rain had stopped but the traffic seemed to be getting worse.

Blackheath Village is one of the prettiest and greenest parts of south east London. Its narrow streets are on a hill with pleasant views, unusual houses and many restaurants. Large areas of grass separate the village from the main road. Here children play and lovers wander, and families walk with their dogs.

Tomorrow night there would be crowds, as it was November 5, Guy Fawkes Day. Thousands of people would come to the Blackheath firework show if they weren't having parties in their own gardens. Some of these parties seemed to have started already. The sky was full of the sounds and colours of fireworks exploding above their heads.



Eliot thought about his son with a sudden pain. Micky would be so excited tomorrow. Eliot would have loved to bring him here.

He made himself think about his work instead.

‘What do you know about this death?’ he asked Bowen.

‘Not much, sir. It’s a white man in his thirties.’

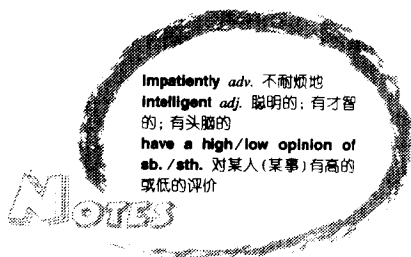
‘I suppose we’ll find out more when we arrive. If we ever do arrive, Bowen,’ added Eliot impatiently.

‘Sorry, sir. I’m doing my best,’ said Bowen.

Eliot wondered how Bowen would feel about seeing the dead body. It was never easy, even for himself after all these years, though he had become much harder.

Bowen was twenty-eight, ten years younger than Eliot, and had worked with him since first joining the police. His parents were rich and he had been to Cambridge University. This had worried Eliot at first. But Bowen was honest and intelligent and a good policeman. Eliot now had a high opinion of him, though he did not often show it.

But there was one thing about Bowen which Eliot could not understand: he was always falling in love with the wrong women. They were either married, or not interested in him, or totally crazy. Recently he had started asking Eliot for advice when they were in the car together.



‘All that education, and he can’t get a girlfriend. What a waste!’ Eliot thought. ‘And he’s not bad looking, with those dark eyes and all that black curly hair.’

Eliot knew how lucky he was to be happily married himself. He was sorry for Bowen and angry with himself for arguing with Susan that morning. He wished she had been there when he phoned.

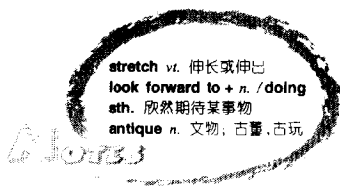
At last they turned off the main road and stopped outside a small but beautiful eighteenth century house at the end of a quiet street. Lights were shining from all the windows. Eliot got out and stretched his legs. Normally he would have looked forward to seeing the inside of such a lovely building.

A young policeman opened the door. He looked pale, and seemed very pleased to see them.

‘Evening, sir. Evening, sir,’ he said, looking at each of them. ‘My name’s Drewitt. The, er, body’s through here.’

They followed him through a hall with a deep red Persian carpet, past some beautiful wooden stairs and into a sitting room at the back. A fire was burning in the fireplace, and lamps on low tables threw a warm light over the curtains and walls and antique furniture. An open piano stood by the window, with music on it and a half-filled glass of red wine.

Eliot’s attention was caught by a dark shape on the wall



beside one of the armchairs. It was the same colour as the carpet in the hall. At first it seemed the only ugly thing in the room. But then Eliot looked down at the chair. He quickly looked away again.

It was a man's body. But he only knew it was a man from its shape and the clothes it wore. Not enough of the face remained to show what sex it had been. It sat in a chair with its back to the window. A gun lay beside it on the floor.

Eliot made himself look again. The hands were long, with thin, well-shaped fingers. Piano-playing hands. There was a thick gold ring on the third finger of the right hand. So he wasn't married, though he could be divorced. His clothes looked expensive, as you would expect in a house like this.

In the few seconds it took for these thoughts to cross Eliot's mind, Bowen had taken out his notebook and started questioning Drewitt.

'Bowen's becoming as hard as me,' Eliot thought. 'Not like young Drewitt there. He's as white as a sheet.'

'Any idea who he is?' Bowen asked Drewitt.

Drewitt was obviously having difficulty speaking. 'Well, sir,' he said at last, 'the house belongs to a Mr Alex Forley. His neighbours called us. Mr and Mrs Crowther. They live next door. He normally had tea with them on Fridays, and they got worried when he didn't come this afternoon as

