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谜中谜职场小说系列

职场英语阅读第一书

威尼斯遇险

Peril in Venice

James Schofield 著

谈颖译



原版引进
英汉对照

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Chapter 1

Journey to Pacelli

Skim read the chapter once. Check:

- who Emily Lee works for.
- how she travels to Venice.
- the name of the island she is going to.

It was the year a large shark was seen swimming down the Grand Canal. For a week the newspapers were full of the story and everybody at work told Emily Lee that she would be eaten alive when she announced she was going to Venice for a holiday.

“I need a break,” she told her boss. “It’s been too much.” It really had. In the previous few months she had uncovered a sophisticated fraud inside the German company, Bergerbild, where she worked, which had resulted in the death of a project manager and the arrest of the company’s Chief Financial Officer. She was exhausted and decided that two weeks in Venice, half of which would be in an exclusive spa hotel on a little island in the lagoon offering courses in relaxation and yoga, was just what she needed.

Her friend and colleague at Bergerbild, Filippo Cimino, was pleased. “You’ll love Venice. I studied there you know. Why don’t I come for a few days too, to show

you around?" Emily pointed out that at 28 years old she should be able to manage, but Filippo disagreed.

"I tell you, you'll need me. Two minutes in the backstreets around San Marco on your own and you'll be lost." So Emily had agreed to meet up with Filippo after the spa week and he would be her guide.

She set off by train from Munich to Venice at lunchtime. She loved seeing the countryside, houses and people gradually changing and it gave her a feeling for travel which she never really experienced when she flew from one plastic airport to another on business. The train left the neatly packaged German fields and flowery gardens behind and the scenery gradually became more and more hilly until they were going through the mountains and speeding past cars and trucks nose to tail on the motorway bridges, before shooting into the Italian sunshine with the hills becoming smaller and smaller again and the gardens near the stations bursting with fruits and vegetables.

At 6.30 in the evening the train finally rolled along the causeway from Mestre into Venice, with water on both sides of the track and the low profile of the buildings and churches rising out of the lagoon to greet them.

She rolled her suitcase down the station platform, smelling the air and noticing the sounds all around her. It was warmer, louder and smelt interestingly different to Munich, where the main station seemed to be dominated by the smell of kebabs and sausages. This was her first time

in Venice and as she came out of the main entrance she didn't know what to expect. Filippo had talked for hours about how beautiful Venice was but she thought she might be disappointed. After all, it was only the station area. But the moment she came out onto the steps she felt her heart jump. Directly in front of the station was the Grand Canal, the water thick with boats going up and down and following a logic it was difficult for a tourist to understand at first. Real gondoliers in stripy shirts, their gondolas full of digital camera-clicking tourists, rowed down the opposite side, calmly finding a path past the water buses, the famous vaporettos. A white church with a bright green copper dome (San Simeone, her guidebook told her) faced the station and up above everything the pigeons and seagulls flew from side to side in a blue sky that looked as if it had come from a Venetian painting.

Near the station Emily went to a bar and ordered a cappuccino, trying out her bad Italian which somehow the barman managed to understand. How was it that even with so many tourists Italians were usually friendly? Emily decided that they must have an extra friendliness gene that was missing in the rest of the world. It was the only possible explanation. She sat and watched the vaporettos arriving in front of the station to release crowds of people — mostly tourists returning to the mainland after a day in Venice — and enjoyed the feeling of having no emails to answer, reports to write or meetings to go to.

This was going to be the most relaxing holiday ever, she decided. Two weeks of doing very little and not worrying about anything.

When she was ready she took the number one vaporetto down the Grand Canal and — probably like the poor, confused shark — fell in love with everything she saw. At San Zaccaria she changed boats and sat looking back at the sun setting over Venice as the ferry chugged across the lagoon into the darkness towards the island of Pacelli, and the Advanced Centre for Wellness and Meditation.

Chapter 2

Doctor Caliban Leone

Skim read the chapter once. Check:

- caliban's age.
- two things you can do at the Centre.
- maria's nationality.

“Did you sleep well, Signorina Lee?”

It was ten o'clock the next morning. Doctor Caliban Leone, the founder of the Centre, spoke excellent English with a slight Italo-American accent. He sat on a cushion in front of a large window that looked onto a beautiful garden leading down to the sea. He was about fifty with shoulder-length white hair tied into a ponytail and was dressed in pale blue robes. His voice was deep and relaxing. His eyes were almost black.

“Yes, thank you. Very well.” Emily had arrived quite late at the Centre. The last part of the journey had been in a water taxi. Doctor Leone had met her at the quay and carried her bags up to her room. She was so tired she had just brushed her teeth, fallen into bed and slept for ten hours. She had been woken by a knock, and had found a tray with coffee and rolls outside her door and a note from Leone asking her to come to see him in the meditation hall downstairs when she was ready.

“What led you to us?”

“Oh, I think it was an advert in a magazine.”

“Yes, but what made you want to come here?”

His voice made Emily want to talk. Little by little she told Leone about her family in Malaysia, the British-style girls school she went to in Kuching, the enormous culture shock she had experienced going to Harvard Business School and her most recent job, which had ended in a murder investigation.

For Emily this had been a shocking experience. She had been selected by a senior manager at Bergerbild — Frank Churchill — to look at the finances of a big project after the project accountant — Sean McCabe — had apparently committed suicide. Frank Churchill was a former boyfriend of Emily's and, to her horror, during the investigation she found out that he was not only stealing money from the company, but had also murdered Sean. She realized that Frank had only given her the job because he thought their previous romance would stop her looking too hard or going to the police. It was a mistake that meant he was now sitting in jail. Leone listened quietly until she had finished.

“I can see it's not a good idea to underestimate you, Signorina. But now what you need is time to relax. Here in Pacelli you are in the right place. We have a programme for you. In the morning a little exercise followed by the special vitamin breakfast we have developed that will help

to restore your strength. ”

“My mother always said that breakfast was the most important meal of the day,” said Emily. There was a moment’s pause from Leone and Emily decided that humour was not his strong point. Finally he gave a polite smile.

“She was right, of course... after breakfast, two hours of yoga with the other guests and myself or one of my employees. Valentina is the instructor today. Then lunch and a siesta during the heat of the day. After that you may swim, explore the island — it is deserted apart from us you know — or take a mud bath and perhaps have a massage. Dinner is with the other guests from 8. 30. ”

“It sounds wonderful. Who are the other guests? When do I meet them?”

“They come from many places, but some of them are looking for quiet and will not welcome much contact outside of the meal times. ”

“Right. ” Emily felt like a schoolgirl who had said the wrong thing in church.

“You will be looked after by Maria Torres. Let me introduce you... Maria! Maria!” The door behind Emily opened when he called and a pretty Philippino woman of about 25 entered. She knelt next to the cushion Emily was sitting on and, putting her hands together, bowed her head first to Leone and then to Emily.

“Maria will be your hostess while you are here. She is

a fitness instructor and masseuse. Today she can show you the island. ”

“Hello, Maria. Do you look after other guests as well as me?” asked Emily.

“Yes, Signorina. I have two other guests at the moment. ”

“Well, I’ll try not to be a nuisance then. ”

Maria smiled. “Don’t worry, Signorina. Would you like me to show you around now?”

“Please ... call me Emily. I would like that but I should unpack my bags first. ”

“Oh, I’ve done that for you already. Shall we go?”

“Very good, Maria. ” said Leone “Please tell Milos that I will see him in a moment. ” Maria went to the door; Emily stood and turned for a moment towards Leone.

“Well, thank you, Doctor Leone. I feel very happy that I’m here. ”

“That’s good, Emily. The healing has begun. ”

Chapter 3

Making mistakes

Skim read the chapter once. Check:

- milos' job.
- what Maria and Emily do.
- who Emily meets on her walk with Maria.

As she joined Maria outside the building Emily saw her talking to a young, tough-looking man — Milos, she assumed. His blonde hair was very short and muscles seemed to fill the tight, white shirt he was wearing. She couldn't see his eyes, hidden behind the sunglasses he had on, but he didn't return Emily's smile as she approached. Maria didn't look him in the face at all as she delivered Leone's message. He turned away from her without a word and went inside.

"I'm sorry, Emily. Let me show you the island." Maria looked upset.

"Who's he? Is that Milos?" asked Emily. "He's not very friendly!"

"Yes. He works for Dottore Leone. Sometimes he picks up guests from the airport in the Dottore's motor boat. He buys the food and stuff we need from the mainland and takes things over there. He's always very busy. I think he's from Bosnia. The Dottore found him

when he was a little boy over there in a small village. His parents had been killed in the war, and he has been here since then. ”

“Who else works here?”

“Oh, there are two other boys here also. They are both from Italy. Paolo does the cooking — he’s really very good...” Her smile told Emily that Maria liked Paolo for more than just his cooking. “... and Carlo looks after the buildings and the grounds here. And then there are two other hostesses — Valentina and Theresa. ”

“Where are you from, Maria? What brought you to Venice?”

“I’m from Manila in the Philippines. I worked as a nurse there, but my family is very poor and we needed to pay a lot for schools for my brothers and sisters. So I took the chance to come and make some good money. Most of what I earn goes back home to my family. ”

“What are the guests like?”

“Very nice... usually. ” Her mouth turned down at the corners slightly as she said this. They were walking along a path towards another building where the yoga rooms and the mud-baths were located. As they turned the corner of the building a short, overweight young man appeared, dressed in a turquoise shirt, three quarter length trousers and enormous trainers. The baseball cap on his shaven head was, of course, on backwards. The final touch was the sunglasses, the glass of which was orange.

His red, sunburnt face suggested British tourist. The London accent confirmed it a moment later.

“Hey, Maria! Who’s your pretty little friend? Why don’t both of you come and give me a massage? Could be a lot of fun!”

“Signor Tucker! Signorina Lee is a guest here!” Maria hissed at him. He looked surprised.

“Oh... right. Sorry. I thought... you know... you being foreign and everything ... I thought you were a hostess here.”

Emily gave him a hard stare. “Don’t worry, Mr Tucker. We all make mistakes. When I first saw your skin, I thought you were a lobster.” And taking Maria by the arm, they carried on into the building.

“Who was that?” Emily asked when they had both stopped giggling.

“Oh... Signor Tucker, he’s another guest. He visits about every three months for a weekend. Normally Valentina looks after him, but she was too busy this time, so I had to take him. You always have to watch where he puts his hands.”

“Every three months? His yoga must be very good by now! Are there many people like that here?” Emily was rapidly rethinking the amount of time she wanted to spend at the Centre.

“Oh no! Mostly they are older and very kind. Nice people... you will see at lunch. Valentina told me Signor

Tucker is some famous DJ in nightclubs around Europe and America. He's even had a hit record she said. He doesn't go to the yoga sessions, and he's leaving tomorrow anyway. Come along this way..."

The rest of the morning Maria showed her around the Centre and the island. It was a small island, with paths leading between tall pine trees and rocks. The lagoon was all around them, and from the highest point — a small hill in the centre — Emily could see Venice and, further away, the Lido where the Venetians would go to the beach and play roulette in the casino. There was also a small bay with rowing boats floating on it.

"You can use one if you want to row around the island or go swimming."

"Do you do that?" Emily asked

"No, no. I don't like small boats at all. I can't swim. I only go on a ferry or the Dottore's big motor boat."

They walked slowly back, Maria telling her the history of the Centre.

"The Dottore comes from an old, rich Venetian family, and this was their summer house. He was a brilliant student at the university here — he studied chemistry — everybody said he would be a great scientist. Then just after his exams he left his family and the chance of a great career and went to live in India and Nepal. About twenty years ago his parents died and he came back and opened