电脑世伪录

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外文出版社

ELECTRONIC MAIL

File　Edit　View　Options　Window　Utilities　Favelist　Help

From:　　　　　　　　　　Sent:
To:　　　　　　　　　　Subject:

电脑世仇录

迈克尔·科尔曼　著

OPEN　SEND　FORWARD　REPLY　DELETE　SAVE　PRINT

Mail:

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。

<div style="text-align: right">

98 年 4 月

编者谨识

</div>

CYBER FEUD[1][2]

Josh heard the doors of the technology block crash[3] open and footsteps racing his way. Before he knew what was happening, the teacher had stormed into the room.

'What do you think you're doing?' he shouted.

Josh was too stunned[4] to answer. Never had he seen Mr Findlay so angry.

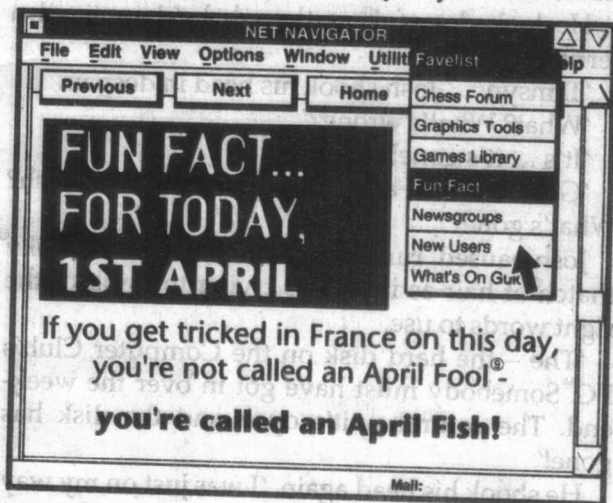'I thought I asked you to forget all about this fire business?'

'Yes, sir, but …'

'But nothing. Now I'm *telling* you. Get rid of that database!'[5]

Josh deliberately[6] did the opposite and his hands darted[7] across the keyboard in a couple of swift movements to close down the system.

Mr Findlay was outraged.[8] 'Right. You're off the project,[9] Josh! I will not be disobeyed!'

Abbey School, England.
Monday 1st April, 8.16 a.m.
With an easy movement, Josh slid the cursor[1] up
to the menu[2] bar and clicked[3] on 'Favelist'.
Immediately, a drop-down menu[4] of his favourite
Internet destinations[5] appeared. Josh clicked on
'Fun Fact', taking him to a site[6] which offered a
different snippet[7] of trivia[8] every day.


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┌──────────────── NET NAVIGATOR ──────────── △▽
│ File  Edit  View  Options  Window  Utiliti Favelist   │lp
│ ┌──────────┐ ┌──────────┐ ┌──────────┐ ┌─────────────┐
│ │ Previous │ │   Next   │ │   Home   │ │ Chess Forum  │
│ └──────────┘ └──────────┘ └──────────┘ │ Graphics Tools│
│                                         │ Games Library │
│   FUN FACT...                           │ Fun Fact      │
│   FOR TODAY,                            │ Newsgroups    │
│                                         │ New Users     │
│   1ST APRIL                             │ What's On Gu  │
│                                         └─────────────┘
│  If you get tricked in France on this day,
│      you're not called an April Fool[9] -
│  you're called an April Fish!
│                                    Mail:
└─────────────────────────────────────────────────────
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'April Fool's Day,' muttered Josh. 'It's April Fool's Day! How could I have forgotten that!'

He checked his watch. Yes, he just about had enough time …

8.29 a.m.

Tamsyn breezed in through the school gates and headed straight for the Technology Block.

Usually the double doors of the squat, red-brick building were visible. For the past two months, though, they'd been hidden beneath a makeshift porch of plywood and polythene, as the new Technology Block Extension took shape. And so it wasn't until she turned past a section of ground marked off with orange tape that the doors came into view – and she saw Josh.

He looked awful, as though he'd received a terrible shock.

'Tamsyn …' Josh shook his head in despair.

'What? What's wrong?'

'It's … it's gone!'

'Gone? What are you talking about, Josh? What's gone?'

Josh paused, running a hand through his spiky thatch of hair as if he was trying to think of the right words to use.

'The – the hard disk on the Computer Club's PC. Somebody must have got in over the weekend. The control unit's open and the disk has gone!'

He shook his head again. 'I was just on my way

to tell Mr Findlay. Your *Great Expectations* file. All your work ... all *our* work.'

Only as Josh mentioned the name of the famous book by Charles Dickens did the full impact of what had happened sink in. Charles Dickens was her favourite author, and she'd chosen his book *Great Expectations* to study for her English project.

She'd downloaded a copy of the book from the Internet and put it into a file on that disk. What's more, she'd spent hours and hours word-processing her own thoughts and comments into the middle of it.

And she hadn't taken a back-up copy. She'd meant to. Time and time again she'd told herself to bring a diskette and make a copy, but she'd always forgotten or run out of time or ...

'My file!' she wailed.

Josh gave her a glimmer of hope. 'I was on my way to tell Mr Findlay. He's got to know about the robbery. And I thought, maybe he's taken a back-up recently.'

'Mr Findlay!' It was a slim chance, but Tamsyn grabbed it eagerly. Mr Findlay was Abbey School's head of Design and Technology. The computers and their Internet link were his responsibility. Josh could be right. Maybe he'd have a back-up copy of the hard disk.

She thrust her shoulder bag into Josh's hands. 'You stay. I'll go find him!'

And before Josh could say a word she was off, her short dark hair flying as she ran.

She met Rob Zanelli on the way. Confined[1] to a wheelchair after a car accident when he was eight years old, Rob was the third member of the group. Between them, they'd managed to crack[2] a few mysteries[3] over the Internet. And, as Tamsyn rushed towards him, it looked to Rob as though there might be another mystery looming.[4]

'Tamsyn! What's up?'

'Computer Club PC,' cried Tamsyn without stopping. 'Hard disk stolen! All my Dickens work!'

Rob frowned.[5] 'Are you sure?' he called after her.

'Ask Josh!' she yelled back. 'I'm going to get Mr Findlay!'

Tamsyn raced on, past a group of startled[6] first-year kids and into the main building. Mr Findlay was just emerging[7] from the Staff Room.[8] Breathlessly, she told him what had happened.

'Are you sure?' he said.

The same daft[9] question Rob had asked! 'Josh discovered it this morning,' she yelled. 'I've lost stacks of[10] work!'

Mr Findlay's eyebrows[11] arched.[12] 'Sounds like I'd better see for myself,' he said solemnly.[13] 'Hang on there for a minute.'

The teacher disappeared into the staff room, leaving Tamsyn waiting impatiently until he came out again a few seconds later with a buff[14] folder[15] under his arm.

'Right, Tamsyn. Lead on.[16]'

Tamsyn hurried on ahead. Behind her, his keys

jangling musically from a clip on his belt, Mr Findlay followed – though not as quickly as she'd have liked. *Come on*, she thought as she stopped at the Technology Block doors to wait for him to catch up. *I know you're old, but you're not that old!*

When he finally arrived she just had to ask, 'Did you take a back-up of the disk, sir?'

Mr Findlay shook his head slowly. Tamsyn groaned. *All that work!* As they headed down to the end of the corridor, the thought of re-doing it all was making her feel ill.

As she raced ahead of Mr Findlay again, and elbowed her way through the door marked 'Computer Club', she failed to realize that Josh and Rob were both looking at her and grinning.

Only when they chimed together, 'April Fool!' did it fully sink in.

She closed her eyes. Feelings of relief mixed with feelings of stupidity. April the First! That's why Rob had asked if she was sure. That's why Mr Findlay had asked the same question.

'You toad!' she screeched at Josh. 'You weasel! You rat! You slimy—'

'Ah-ah,' said Mr Findlay, behind her. 'Tamsyn, I think you're going to have to accept it. You've been seriously fooled.'

Josh held up a diskette. 'Perhaps this will teach you to take back-up copies of your work, Miss Smith! Here you are. I've done one for you …' His serious expression collapsed in a fit of the giggles. '… Be sure to write the date on it!'

'I'll write the date on *you*, Josh Allan – with the point of my compass!'

'If you don't mind leaving your acts of retribution until later, Tamsyn,' said Mr Findlay, edging into the computer room, 'I'd like a quick chat with the three of you.'

Tamsyn settled for giving Josh a jab in the ribs, then sat down next to him. Mr Findlay pulled a chair across from one of the desks and parked it beside Rob.

'How do you keep these two in order, Rob?' he said.

Rob grinned. 'It's not easy.'

'Well, if it's any consolation, they were a lot worse before you came. At least Tasmyn's a computer fan nowadays.'

They all knew what Mr Findlay was referring to. Rob had only joined Abbey School after an adventure in which Tamsyn and Josh had come to his rescue through Rob contacting them over the Net. In those days, Tamsyn hadn't liked computers at all.

Mr Findlay held up the buff folder he'd retrieved from the staff room. 'I assume you all remember this?'

Tamsyn was momentarily surprised to see her own neat handwriting on the front. And then she realized. 'Our Internet report,' she said.

When Abbey School first installed their Internet link, Tamsyn and Josh had been given the job of writing a report on its advantages and disadvantages. Rob had helped them finish

it off when he'd started at the school.

'I was looking at it again over the weekend,' said Mr Findlay. He flipped[1] over the pages. 'Especially this bit.' He read aloud the section he was referring to.

> *Being on the Internet means we can 'visit' lots of other computers and get information from them. But it also means that other people could 'visit' us, if we set up our own pages for them to read.*
>
> *This would be a good thing for Abbey School, because there are millions of people all over the world who are connected to the Internet, including lots of schools. They could all use our pages to find out about us and what we do here.*
>
> *We would be putting Abbey School into cyberspace.[2] We could call it Cyber-Abbey!*

'I think that's a really good idea,' said Mr Findlay, closing the report. 'And now we've been on the Internet for a while, I think it's time we took up your suggestion.'

'For some Cyber-Abbey pages?' said Josh. 'Cool!'[3]

'I hope you'll still think so when you hear my suggestion, Josh. I'd like you, Tamsyn and Rob to think about what sort of information we could include.'

'Right on,[4]' said Rob at once.

'No problem!' said Tamsyn, just as enthusiastic[5] as the two boys.

'Ideally,[6] I'd like some thoughts by Friday the twelfth.'

'Why's that, Mr Findlay?' asked Rob innocently. 'Important day or something, is it?'

Mr Findlay raised the folder as if to clout Rob on the head. 'As you well know, Friday the twelfth is the day the Technology Block extension is being officially opened. There are going to be displays of all sorts, and I'd like to include one with your ideas.'

Rob, Tamsyn and Josh exchanged glances – and nods. 'Friday the twelfth it is,' said Tamsyn.

Abbey School. 12.40 p.m.

'So,' said Tamsyn, 'anybody had a bright idea?'

'I had one on the way to French,' said Rob, tucking into his lunchtime sandwich. 'I thought we could have a computerized plan of the school. When a user clicks on different spots, photos come up showing how it really looks.'

'Not bad. How about you, Techno-man?'

Josh grinned. 'Get this! The Abbey Cyber-Joke Centre. Visit our site for the best jokes in Cyberspace!'

'Very educational,' said Tamsyn. 'With me as the prize exhibit, I suppose?'

'Of course,' said Josh. 'What about you, then? Any brainwaves?'

'Nope,' said Tamsyn. 'But then I didn't try ...' she added quickly as Josh put on his I-thought-not look, '... because my idea is to let the Net do the work.'

Rob looked at her. 'Check out some other

school sites, you mean? See if they've got anything we could copy? Good thinking.'

'So what are we waiting for?' said Josh, pressing the button on the front of the Computer Club's PC. 'Let's go surfing!'

Within moments he was going through the opening sequence² which connected them to the whole world-wide Internet network.

He sat up straight as, the initial³ flurry⁴ of activity over, the first menu screen flashed up. 'Aha! Mail for me time!'
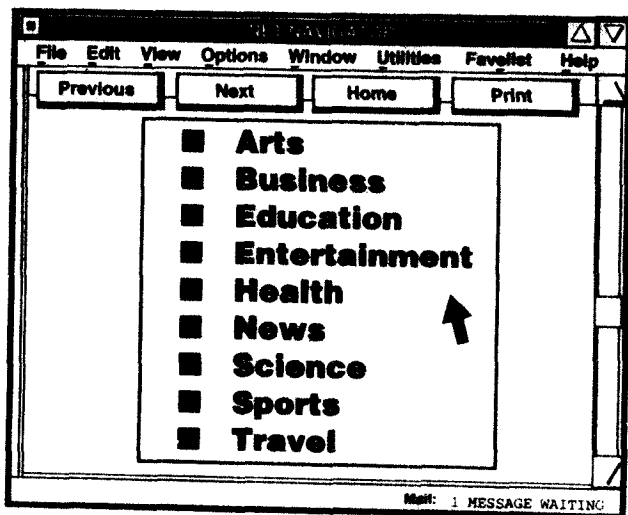
In the bottom right-hand corner of the screen, on the status⁵ line, the words: MAIL: 1 MESSAGE WAITING were flashing.

'I thought we were checking out school sites?' said Rob.

'We are,' said Josh. 'Just as soon as I've read this.' He clicked on the OPEN button. Immediately the unread e-mail was displayed for him.

It was from Tom Peterson, their friend who lived in Perth, Australia. As usual, the note was copied to all three of them.

ELECTRONIC MAIL			
File Edit View Options Window		**Utilities** Favelist Help	
From:	TP274173@PERHIGH.EDU.AU	Sent:	Monday 1st April at 20:24
To:	ALLSTAR@ABBEY.PRIME.CO.UK TAMSYN@ABBEY.PRIME.CO.UK ZMASTER@PRIME.CO.UK	Subject:	NATURAL BORN BURGLARS!

OPEN
SEND
FORWARD
REPLY
DELETE
SAVE

Hey, did you guys know that
nobody in the whole universe[1]
has got the same set of
fingerprints?[2] Dad told me.Last
week they nabbed[3] a burglar[4]
they've been after[5] for months.
Got him on fingerprints – he'd
left his dabs[6] everywhere, the
clown.[7] So now I'm investigating[8]
'Peterson's Prints Principle'.
Even though everybody's
different, I'm wondering if
there's something about a
crook's prints that marks them
out as a crook.[9] If there is,
you could spot them the day
they're born! I've started a
fingerprint collection and
sneaked half my class's
already.[10] So, if you guys want
to do the same and send them