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Sarah and Virginia Teichmann

# Teenage Detectives



<u>Cornelsen</u>

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### **Teenage Detectives**

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#### **Jogging**

#### Chapter One

"Your tennis has got better, Jeff. But if you don't get faster before March, you haven't got much of a chance," my tennis **coach**, Mr Allen, told me with a friendly smile. That was last October on the last day of tennis **practice**. Then I knew that I had to jog every day if I wanted to be a member of the tennis team at our high school in the summer.

My hobbies are tennis, **skate-boarding** and I play the piano. Mike, my best friend, and I skate-board in a quiet street near my house. Mike is a year younger than I am, but he's really good at skate-boarding. That's the only thing he can do

jog [dʒɔg] vi. 缓步前进,慢跑 coach [kəutʃ] n. 教练员 practice ['præktis] n. 练习 skate-board v. 滑滑板



1

bother boðə vt. 烦扰,打扰 bratty [ bræti ] adi. 淘气的 business biznis n. 业,生意 nervous 「'naivas ] a. 易 激动的,紧张不 安的 neighbourhood [ 'neibəhud ] n. 四邻,街坊;街 道,地区 mow [ məu; 美 mau] vt. XI,割 lawn [loin] n. 草地,草坪 private school 私 立学校 anyway ['eniwei] ad. = anyhow 不管怎 样,无论如何 kindergarten [ 'kində qa:tn ] n. 幼儿园 route [ruit] n. 路 线,路程 afraid [ ə'freid ] a. 怕,害怕 finally ad. 最后, 最终 concentrate [konsentreit] vi. 集中,全神贯 注 breathing ['bri:ðin] n. 呼 吸

better. Mike lives in our street. He's lucky because he has only one older brother who doesn't bother him much. I have a bratty eight-year-old sister, Barbara, or Babs as her friends call her, who's my mother's favourite. My father is away on business a lot, but I think Babs makes him nervous, too. The problem with our neighbourhood is that there are a lot of little kids around. But all my friends except Mike live near the high school. Sometimes I go over there with the new motorcycle I got for my sixteenth birthday. Mike and I often play tennis at Milford Park or mow lawns for our lawn-mowing business.

I'm in the tenth grade at the high school in Milford. School is boring most of the time. Mike goes to **private school** now, so he isn't even on my bus any more. My father says I could get good grades if I worked harder, so it isn't worth sending me to private school. I wanted to go to our high school **anyway**, because I have a chance of getting on the tennis team there. And a lot of kids I like very much also go to the high school, like Lucy Smith. She has been in my class since **kindergarten**.

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So in October I started jogging. My route went into town, back a longer way behind our house and home again. At first I always took about forty-five minutes to run the route. Of course, it was difficult to leave the house. My mother always wanted to know where I was going. She was frightened when I told her my jogging route. She was afraid for me in the traffic, at night and in the cold. My bratty sister always wanted to come with me and shouted when I told her she couldn't. Then, once I was finally on my way, it was really hard. For the first few runs I had to concentrate on my breathing. After the first two weeks, I could sometimes look at the shop windows in town. I was a little more careful at the traffic lights. I often looked into

our neighbours' gardens and houses when I came to that part of my route.

There are always some houses for sale in our neighbour-hood, and the one on Duncan Street was also on my route. I started to watch all the changes in town, especially in our own neighbourhood, during my jog. Soon I saw a change at that same house every Wednesday. And it wasn't people interested in buying the house or moving in.

Usually the house was empty and dark, and nobody was near it or in it. No cars were parked anywhere near the house. But every Wednesday a wine-red Ford was in the driveway of the house and somebody was working in the garden. The Ford didn't really look like a normal gardener's van. But maybe it belonged to the owner of the house or a friend who was doing garden work. When we changed back the clocks and the late afternoons got darker, I saw a light on in a back room. I also saw shadows of people on the back lawn.

I asked myself why the same people met at an empty house every Wednesday evening. They sat in one room and left all the others dark. **Repairmen** work every day, not just one day a week. I couldn't understand it. The house was in my **thoughts** all week after I had **realized** how often this had happened on Wednesdays. I **decided** to check the house the next week. I didn't like feeling so **unsure** about it.

The next Wednesday I passed the house again. When I was far enough so the gardener couldn't see me any more, I went around to the back and through the garden behind the house. I was careful. I stayed in the shadows, and I walked up quietly to the back of the house. When I was standing under the window with the light on, I could hear three

for sale 待售, 出售中 especially is'pe[əli] ad. 尤其 move in 移入 driveway n. 车 渞 gardener [ 'qa:dnə ] n. 园林工人 van [væn] n. 大篷货车,运 货车 change back 夏 令时结束时把 钟调回原来时 间 shadow [ˈfædəu]n. 阴 影,影子 repairman [ri'pɛəmən] n. 修理工 thought [  $\theta$ :t] n. 思想,思维, 思考 realize [ 'riəlaiz ] vt. 实现,意识到 decide [di'said]vt. 决 定,决意 unsure ['An'fuə]a. 无把握的,不 确知的 pass [pais] vt. 经讨,穿过

voice [vois]n. 说话声,声音 gruff [ qrAf ] a. (说话、态度 等)粗暴的,生 硬的;(声音) 粗哑的 deep [dirp] a. (声音)深沉的 ounce [ auns ] n. 盎司 pure [pjuə] a. 纯粹的,不搀 杂质的 unlikely  $\Lambda$ n'laikli a. 未必的,未必 可能的 coke [kəuk]n. [美俚]= cocaine 可卡因 drug  $\lceil dr_{\Lambda} q \rceil n$ . 毒品

voices; one gruff, deep man's voice, one girl's voice and one boy's voice, probably about my age. At first I couldn't really understand anything, but soon I could hear some words, "Fifty dollars... half an ounce... pure."

I waited quietly and thought about what I had heard. Slowly I understood what was happening, but it was so **unlikely** in our neighbourhood, that I listened again. This time I clearly heard the word 'coke'. Now I was really sure. There was something **going on** here with **drugs**. I moved away quietly and ran home as fast as I could.

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When I got home, my mother was nervous because I was fifteen minutes late. I still wasn't sure about what I had heard, so I just ate my meal quickly and went to bed. The strange thing was that I was sure that I had heard one of those voices before. But where, and who was it? And what should I do now? With these questions in my head, I didn't sleep till midnight.

#### Chapter Two

In school the next day, I was thinking about what had happened the day before. I couldn't listen to the teachers. Of course, I had to go to the police about my discovery—that was clear. But would they believe me, a sixteen-year-old? Or should I tell my father the story? No, that wasn't a good idea; he was always tired and nervous after work. I had to do it myself. I was thinking about this when my English teacher asked a question. Then I heard something that made me think of the house. I heard the same voice that I had heard at the house. I looked around and saw it was Lucy Smith. She was answering the English teacher's question.

discovery [disˈkʌvəri] n. 发现 I felt myself turn white, then red, then white and cold. I just couldn't believe it. Lucy Smith **involved** in drugs? A nice girl like Lucy? Now I had to go to the police. Right after school. I didn't want Lucy to be involved in drugs. It was even more terrible than I had thought.

So I got off the bus in town near the police-station. I hadn't thought about the last part of the **journey** home. I felt quite sure of myself, as I went into the police-station next to the library. A tall **police officer** was sitting at a desk. He didn't look up when I came in, so I said, "Good afternoon." The policeman was still writing, but at last he looked up.

"Good afternoon, can I help you?" he asked in a **bored** voice.

"Yes, I think there are drug **dealers** in an empty house in Duncan Street. They sell their drugs to teenagers there."

"Well, son, what you think isn't enough here. The police have to have some **proof**. How did you get this idea?"

"The house is usually empty, but every Wednesday a wine-red Ford is in the driveway and somebody works in the garden and . . . "

"Haven't you ever heard of a gardener? The owners are probably trying to make a nice garden, so somebody will buy the house at last. Get back to your schoolbooks and your sports, and don't bother us with your teenage fantasies. We have serious work to do here, with real criminals."

"But sir, I'd like to tell you the whole story. I'm sure a drug dealer goes there . . . "

"Of course, probably **disguised** as a gardener, right? Leave their job to the police, son. Now go home and stop **wasting** time. Your mother is worrying where you are. Goodbye."

And so this bored police-officer had laughed at me and I had to walk all the way home and carry my school things. I

involve in'volv vt. 使卷入,使陷 人 journey [ˈdʒəːni]n. 旅 行,路程 police officer 警官,警察 bore [bo:] vt. 使厌烦 dealer n. 商人 son  $\begin{bmatrix} s_{\Lambda}n \end{bmatrix} n$ . (对男孩或青 年人的爱称) 小弟弟,孩子 proof [pru:f] n. 证据 fantasy fæntəsi, 'fæntəzi] n. 幻 想,怪念头 serious siprips a. 严肃的,认真 的,重要的 real [riəl] a. 真正的 criminal 'kriminl *n*. 罪犯,犯人 disguise [ dis'qaiz ] vt. 把……假扮起 来 waste weist vt. 浪费

started walking. I was tired and thinking about what I could say to my mother when I got there, because I was more than an hour late.

I tried to go in quietly as if nothing had happened, but, of course, Babs shouted and everybody saw me. My parents wanted me to explain why I had missed the bus and why I was so late. I said something about staying after school and then I went up to my room.

After I had done my homework, I had to decide what to do next. The police didn't want to help me, so the only thing I could do was to find out more for myself. But it was too dangerous to **check** the house and be near the criminals alone, so I had to choose an assistant. The best person was Mike. I was sure he would believe me and help. So I decided to tell him the whole story. The next day I went over to Mike's house and talked about it with him. Mike was even more **enthusiastic** about it than I was myself.

"Hey, man, that's really terrible. We'll be in the newspapers if we catch that **drug ring**."

I told him that we didn't know if a whole ring was involved, that we had to have some proof first, and that the whole thing was very **frightening**. That's when Mike had one of his **coolest** ideas.

"We have to keep a diary of everything we see that happens at that house. We have to collect really clear evidence," said Mike. He had really understood the idea now. Every Wednesday he jogged with me. After the first time, we decided that Mike should walk down to the corner of Miller Road and Duncan Street to meet me. That first Wednesday he was running so hard he got a stitch and had to walk. Soon, we had an idea about what was happening. We kept careful notes of every new and different thing we saw and all the conversations we heard. Mike was really brave and went

check [tfek] vt. 检查 enthusiastic [in.thiu:zi'æstik] a. 热情的,热 心的 drug ring 毒品 团伙 frightening fraitnin a. 吓人的 coolest a. 最 酷的 keep a diary 记 日记 collect kə'lekt vt. 收集,搜集 evidence ['evidons] n. 根据,证据 stitch [stitf] n. [肋部]突然 剧痛 note [naut] n. 笔记,记录 conversation konvo'seifon n. 会谈,谈话 brave [breiv] a. 勇敢的



right up to the car sometimes, even when the gardener was there. We found out that he wasn't really a gardener, but that comes later. Here are some of the things we wrote in the diary:

right up to 直 接地

#### Wednesday, 14th November

- 1. Ford in the same place.
- 2. Man with dark **beard**, brown trousers and dark blue pullover working in the garden.
- 3. Three people in kitchen at the back of house:
  - -man, about 40, blue and green pullover, jeans;
  - girl, it really is Lucy Smith, student at Milford High School;
  - boy, about 15, black.
- 4. Together the kids buy two ounces of cocaine for \$200.

beard [biəd] n. 胡须,络腮 胡子

#### leather [ leðə] n. 皮革

- 5. The man in the kitchen has a big, brown **leather** bag.
- 6. Mike goes quietly over to car and sees small brown paper bags under the front seats.

#### Wednesday, 21st November

- 1. Wine-red Ford car, gardener and other man with beard arrive at 5:02 pm.
- 2. Kids are already at the back of house.
- 3. Man tells gardener to stay near the car — there's a lot of money in there. He leaves car doors open.
- 4. Gardener has to look after car.
- 5. Man with beard and kids go in and leave through the back door.
- 6. Today they buy another two ounces.
- 7. All leave at 5:39 pm.
- 8. Two men leave in car, kids leave through garden door.
- 9. Walk behind Lucy as far as her house (109 Miller Road).
- 10. Mike follows boy to 9 Sycamore Street.

We collected information for over six weeks. Then Mike and I decided it was enough for our plan. Now we had:

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- our notes in our diary
- an unclear tape of the voices in the house
- the number of the car
- -some wool from the dealer's pullover that he had caught on one wall of the house
- some paint Mike had taken off a dirty place on the car.

Now we were ready. The only problem was to **convince** the police that it was time to arrest the gang. I was also really worried about what could happen to Lucy; I didn't want her

as far as... 那 么远,直到 …… unclear

 $\lceil ' \land n' k | i \ni \rceil a$ . 不清楚的 tape  $\lceil \text{teip} \rceil n$ . 磁带,录音带 wool  $\lceil \text{wul} \rceil n$ . 羊毛,毛线 some paint Mike had taken

off a dirty place

on the car 麦克 从汽车的脏处

取到的一些涂

漆 convince

kən'vins vt. 使确信 arrest [ə'rest] vt. 逮捕,拘留

gang [qæn]n. (歹徒的)一帮 to go to jail... Our next step was to think of a good plan so that the police could arrest the criminals by surprise. We didn't want them to have a chance to escape after our weeks of work.

jail [ dʒeil ] [ 美 ] n. = gaol 监狱 escape [ is'keip ] vi. 逃跑,

#### Chapter Three

Mike and I both agreed that we needed some of the drug to convince the police to come and arrest the gang. The big problem was to get the man in the garden away from the car. One of us could then take one of the small bags from under the seat. This was the evidence we needed. Mike and I thought about this problem for at least three days. Then one day Mike came over when I was repairing my motorcycle in the garage. He wanted to help me. At last! I knew the best way to take the gardener's eyes away from the car: a 'broken' motorcycle. As soon as I told Mike, he was happy about the idea, too.

garage ['gærɑːʒ] n. 车库

Then we started working on the **details** of our plan. It was clear that I would have to be the 'unlucky' motorcycle owner. I could **ask for** the gardener's help and talk to him for as long as **possible**. This was the chance for Mike to get a small bag out of the car, run to the neighbour's house, phone the police and then wait for the officers to arrive. We tried to think of all the details. We wrote a list of the things Mike should tell the police, and the things that he mustn't forget because he was so excited. Some of the things on the list were:

detail ['di:teil, di'teil] n. 细节 ask for 请求 possible ['pɔsəbl] a. 可能的

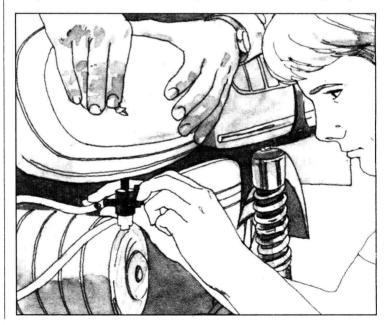
- the police should block the driveway with their car, so that nobody could escape by car
- they should quickly block the back door
- nobody should **come over** to me.

block [blok] vt. 阻塞,拦阻 come over 过来 gas [qæs] n. [美口]汽油 filter [ 'filtə ] n. 过滤器 judo [ 'dʒuːdəu ] n. [日]现代柔 道 in case 假使, 以防(万一) silence sailans vt. 使沉默,使安 静 repeat ri'pirt vt. 重说,重做 go wrong 出 岔子 stomach [ 'stamak ] n. 胃,腹部

Mike also had to ask if the police could come in other clothes. Our list also had other information like Mike's name and address and the address of the house. We wanted to stop the motor by blocking the gas with some paper in the filter. And we practised judo in case we had to fight. Our plan was that Mike could get into the car but nobody should see him. Then Mike and I could silence the man in the garden when he saw a strange car in the driveway. And, of course, the most important idea was that the police should come immediately.

The Big Wednesday came. In my thoughts, I repeated what I had to do over and over again. I also thought about all the things that could go wrong. By the time I came home, I had the most terrible pain in my stomach. I was really nervous. I didn't tell my mother why I was going out

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on my motorcycle and not jogging. Then I went over to meet Mike. He was even more nervous than I was, but everything we did from then on went well.

We started off on my motorcycle and then stopped 200 metres from the Duncan Street house, opened the gas line quickly and put some paper in to clog the filter. We closed it up again and started the motorcycle. Mike got off a few houses before the 'drug' house and I drove on slowly till I was nearly in the garden, away from the driveway, but near enough so the gardener could see me. I was afraid the gas would last too long, but then my motorcycle suddenly stopped and it just didn't start again. I tried to look as worried as possible. I looked at my watch, checked my motorcycle and tried to make it start. At last I got off, pushed the bike off the street and onto the grass. I tried to do everything very slowly to give Mike time. I started to repair my motorcycle, and I felt even more nervous. The gardener just went on with his work. He looked at me quickly now and then. Just when I thought I would have to call and ask for his help, he walked over to me. I tried to look very busy - just repairing my motorcycle.

"Need any help, kid?" a gruff, but not unfriendly voice asked.

I felt as if I was going red, but then I said quietly, "I don't understand it. The motor just stopped, but there's enough gas."

"I know a lot about motorcycles," the man said and smiled.
"Perhaps I can repair it for you."

"Yeah," I said. I was hoping that he wouldn't think of the filter immediately. I got out the **tool kit** and we checked things on the motorcycle. I felt it took a long time. I thought about Mike all the time – would the man hear Mike when he opened the cardoor? Would he think of the filter, find the paper and the whole plan would go wrong? I was

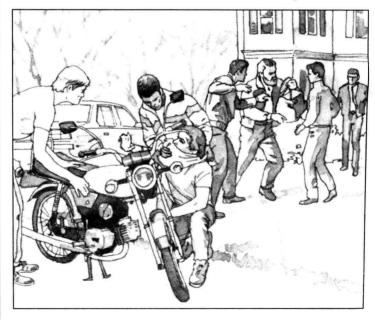
clog [klog] vt. 阻塞

now and then 时而,不时 unfriendly ['ʌn'frendli] a. 不友好的,有 敌意的

tool kit 工具 箱 outside ['aut'said] n. 外部,外面 whistle ['hwisl] vi. 吹口哨 scarf [skq:f] n. 围巾,头巾 automatically ad. 自动地,无意识地 grip [grip] n. 紧握, 控制

very nervous. To my surprise, the man didn't see how nervous I was or Mike at the car. I was too worried to look up to see what Mike was doing at the car or if he was gone. I tried to be normal on the **outside**, but a thousand things were jumping around in my head and each minute lasted longer than sixty seconds.

But from the minute I heard Mike, who was **whistling** as he walked down the street, everything happened quickly. Just as two cars drove up the driveway, Mike walked over to us to 'help' and suddenly put his **scarf** over the gardener's mouth. **Automatically**, I got his arms into the **grip** we had practised while Mike tied the scarf. He helped me take



control
[kən'troul]
n. 控制
helpless
['helplis] a.
无助的

**control** of the man, who stood there surprised and **helpless**. The police were really great. Two police officers came over and took our man. Three other police officers walked up to the back door very quickly and quietly and took the group in

the kitchen by surprise. The man with the beard had heard the cars and was just trying to go out the back door, but they arrested him.

We watched the police when they drove away in their cars and the wine-red Ford with the criminals and the kids before we really knew it was all over. Mike and I were really glad – but I felt terrible when I saw Lucy in there with criminals and police officers. We opened the gas line again, took the paper out of the filter, started up my motorcycle and drove to Mike's. I called my mom and told her I was eating dinner at Mike's, so she didn't have to worry. And we sat on the living-room floor and talked through every minute of the last hour to each other till the phone rang. We had to go to the police-station. There we showed what we thought was a very professional book of evidence. They asked us lots of questions. The police congratulated us on a good job.

Just as we wanted to leave, a man came in, who knew everybody. He was the 'Milford News' reporter for police stories. When he learned from the police officer about the gang, we had to tell the story all over again into the microphone of his cassette-recorder and then he took our picture. We were so glad to get out of the police-station that I forgot to ask about Lucy. I thought about it all the way home and decided to tell my parents. My mom wasn't too happy, of course, but she told me not to worry about Lucy; young criminals don't usually go to jail.

#### Chapter Four

When my dad opened the newspaper the next morning, he got a big surprise. The **front page** looked like this:

living-room n. 起居室 professional prə'fe[ənl] a. 职业的, 专业的 congratulate [kən'qrætjuleit] vt. 祝贺 microphone [ 'maikrəfoun] n. 传声筒 (俗称话筒或 麦克风) cassetterecorder 盒式 录音机

front page (报 纸)头版