

<<三十九级台阶>>

图书基本信息

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### 内容概要

第一次世界大战前夕，英国人理查德·汉内得到了德国间谍将暗杀希腊总理、窃取英国作战方案、以挑起世界大战的生要情报。

他不顾个人安危，机智能敢地同德国间谍周旋，历经千辛万苦，终于把情报及时送到英国外交大臣手中。

接着他又协助伦敦警察厅将德国间谍一网打尽。

本书由罗兰·约翰根据约翰·巴琴同名原著简写。

故事情节紧张生动，文字浅显通顺，可供英语初海陆空者阅读。

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书籍目录

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## 章节摘录

‘ But that cant be true, Mr. Whittaker said. Lord Alloa told me that he probably wouldnt come to the meeting. But I know him very well and was not surprised to see him here. Youre quite wrong about this, Hannay. Sir Walter went out of the room and spoke to someone on the telephone. When he came back, his face had turned pale. I ve spoken to Alloa, he said. He got out of bed to come the telephone. Hannay is right. The gentleman who was here was not Lord Alloa. I dont believe it, General Winstanley said. Alloa was standing beside me ten minutes ago. Gentlemen, I said, the Black Stone knows its business. You probably didnt look at the man carefully. You were talking about these important plans. The fellow was like Lord Alloa, and you accepted him. But it was another man, and I have probably seen him during the past month.

It was a cold night and I was very hungry. Turnbull still had my coat, and my watch and Scudder s note-book were in a pocket of it. My money was in my trousers pocket. I lay down in some long grass but could not sleep. I thought about all the people who had helped me. And I decided that I had been a very lucky man. Food was my chief problem. I closed my eyes and saw thick pieces of meat on a white plate. I remembered all the meals that I had eaten in London. I used to refuse fruit after dinner! Now I would give five pounds for an apple. Towards morning I slept a little but woke again about six oclock. I sat up and looked down into the valley. I lay back immediately in great surprise. Men were searching the long grass below and they were only a quarter of a mile away. I crawled a few yards and hid behind a rock. There I noticed a crack that ran to the top of the hill. I crawled into this crack and began to climb. When I reached the top, I raised my head again. My enemies were still searching the long grass. I rolled over the hill-top to the other side. No one could see me there, so I ran for half a mile. Then I climbed to the top again and stood up straight. The men saw me at once and moved towards me. I ran back over the hill-top and returned to my first place. My enemies were now going the wrong way, and I felt safer. My best plan was to go to the north, and I chose my path carefully. Soon a wide valley lay between me and my enemies. But when they discovered their mistake, they turned back quickly. I saw them suddenly above the hill-top, and they began to shout at me. I noticed then that they were not my real enemies. Two of them were policemen. Jopley has reported me, I thought, and now they re looking for the murderer. Two men ran down and began to climb my side of the valley. The policemen ran across the hill-tops to the north. I felt afraid now because these men knew the country. I had strong legs and plenty of breath but did not know the best paths. I left my hill-top and ran down towards a river. A road ran beside the river, and I noticed a gate at the side of the road. I jumped over the gate and ran across a field. The path led through a group of trees where I stopped and looked back. The police were half a mile behind me. I crossed a low wall beyond the trees and stood in a farmyard. The farmhouse was about fifty yards away. There was a glass building at the side of the house, and an old gentleman was sitting at a desk inside. He looked at me as I walked towards the building. Dixon had to write up some of his notes for the Merrie England lecture. But before that he must review his financial position, see if he could somehow restore it from complete impossibility to its usual level of merely imminent disaster, and before that again he must think, just for a couple of minutes, about the unbelievable ending to the Summer Ball the previous evening and about Christine. He found himself unable to think effectively about, hardly even to remember, what theyd said to each other at the Welches, nor could he now recall what it had been like kissing her more clearly than that he d enjoyed it. He was already so excited about Tuesday afternoon that he had to get up and walk about in his room. The important thing was to convince himself that she wouldnt come; then whatever happened would be something extra. The trouble was that he could imagine exactly how shed look coming across the hotel lounge towards him. Then he found he could see her face quiteclearly in his mind. He was just getting out his Merrie England notes when therewas a knock at his door and Margaret came in. She was wearing the green Paisley dress and the velvet shoes. Hullo, Margaret, he said with a heartiness which came, he realised, from a guilty conscience. But why had he got a guilty conscience. Leaving her with Gore-Urquhart at the Ball had been doing the right thing, hadnt it? She looked at him with her expression which suggested doubt

about who he was, an expression which had often, without any other aid, beaten him to the ground. Oh, hullo, she said. Still looking at him, she shook her head slowly, like a doctor letting it be known that there is no hope. Her face looked yellowish, and her nose seemed pinched. Do you hate me, James? Dixon wanted to rush at her and push her backwards, to make a deafening rude noise in her face, to push a bead up her nose. What do you mean? he asked. It took her a quarter of an hour to make clear what she meant. She talked fast, her head jerking to replace hair she imagined to have come loose, her thumbs bending and straightening. Why had he deserted her at the Ball like that? or rather, since she and he and everyone else knew why, what was he trying to do? or rather, again, how could he do this to her? In exchange for such information on these and other problems as he could give, she offered the news that all three Welches were out for his blood and that Christine had made a remark showing a low opinion of him at breakfast that morning. No mention of Gore-Urquhart was made except a passing attack on Dixon's rudeness in leaving the dance without saying good night to him. Dixon knew from experience that to counter-attack Margaret was always a mistake, but he was too angry to consider that. When he was sure that she was going to say no more about Gore-Urquhart, he said, his heart beating rather fast: I don't see why you're making all this fuss. You looked as if you were looking after yourself all right when I left.

When Dixon went in through the College gates next morning three students standing there fell silent and nudged each other. His stomach turned over as he recognised Welch's handwriting on a note with his mail. He went upstairs reading it. Welch felt he ought to let him know, unofficially, that when the Council met next week he would be unable to recommend keeping Dixon on the Staff. He advised Dixon, also unofficially, to settle his affairs in the district and leave as soon as possible. He would supply testimonials for any application Dixon might make for a new job, so long as it was outside the city. He himself was sorry Dixon had got to leave, because he had enjoyed working with him. Dixon went into his room and stood at the window. He could easily get a school-teaching job; his old headmaster had told him at Christmas that a senior history post in the school wouldn't be filled until September. He'd write to him and say he'd decided University teaching didn't suit him. But he wouldn't write today, not today. Moving off down College Road with his books and notes under his left arm, Dixon forgot to take a last look at the College buildings until it was too late. He felt almost free from care, which, considering the circumstances, was something he thought he could be proud of. He'd go home that afternoon and come back next week to get the last of his possessions, see Margaret, and so on. See Margaret. Oooooeeyaaa, he called out to himself thinking of it. Waaaaeeeooghgh. With his home so near hers, leaving this place wouldn't seem like a move on, but a drift to one side. That was really the worst of it. He remembered now that this was the day he was to see Catchpole at lunch-time. What could the fellow want? No use wondering about that; the important thing was how to fill in the time until then. Back at his lodgings, he bathed his eye, which was beginning to fade a little, though its new colour was just as unpleasant. Then he had a shave and a bath. While he was in the water, he heard the telephone ring, and in a few moments Miss Cutler knocked at the door. Are you there, Mr. Dixon? Yes, what is it, Miss Cutler? A gentleman on the telephone for you. ....

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### 编辑推荐

本书是高等学校文科英语泛读教材，共有三部小说组成，篇篇精彩，部部经典，都可称得上是惊世之作。

尤其是里面的《三十九级台阶》曾被多个国家相继拍成电影，轰动海内外。

曲折感人的故事，跌宕起伏的情节，幽默风趣的语言，尽在本书。

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