

40. The Burglar In Hyde Park

Loud shouting in the distance made us look up. This was nothing unusual for Hyde Park, for many people come here on a Sunday to air their views,

and shouting is the only means by which they can make themselves heard.

We had become part of a large crowd which moved from speaker to speaker

to hear what each one had to say. So far, we had listened to political

speeches, serious debates, and lonely singers wailing dolefully to themselves. Now the newcomer attracted our attention, mainly because of the extreme loudness of his; voice.

We soon discovered that the cause of all this commotion was certainly the ugliest fellow we had ever seen. He was completely bald and his face was painted red and blue so that he looked rather like a Red Indian chieftain.

When a reasonable crowd had gathered, the man quietened down, surveyed

everybody with some contempt, and proceeded to undo his shirt. Soon he

was displaying a huge, coloured tattoo which covered the whole of his back

and chest. When the man was satisfied that he had produced the desired

effect on the crowd, he explained quite plainly that he was a burglar and

wanted to say a few words about his trade. He commenced by criticizing

the police severely for impeding him in his work. Policemen, he explained,

were ungrateful to him, because it was people like himself who kept them

busy. These remarks so astonished the crowd, that it drew round him closer,

anxious to hear more. The man began describing the art of getting through

a closed window at night, when a formidable old lady shook her umbrella

at him and said that if he did not go away, she would call a policeman.

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The burglar calmly pointed out that the police were his friends, and only took an interest in him when he was about his 'lawful' work(2). Glaring at the crowd, he said that if anyone else had any further comments to make, he would be glad to meet him in the dark(3). The crowd laughed uneasily, but the old lady stalked off(4) angrily to fetch a policeman. We waited expectantly to see what would happen as the burglar continued to explain how easy it was to pick a lock(5) with a hairpin.

### 海德公园里的窃贼

远处的大声叫嚷引起我们抬头看望。这在海德公园是很寻常的事，因为有许多人星期天来这里发表自己的观点，而只有大声叫喊才能使别人听清楚他们讲话。我们随着人群在一个又一个演讲者的跟前拥过去，听他们各自要说些什么。到这时为止，我们已经听了一些政治演说，严肃的辩论以及孤独的歌唱者自悲自叹的哀唱。忽然，一个新来者引起了我们的注意，这主要是因为他的嗓门特别高。

我们不久就发觉，引起这场骚动的，肯定是那个我们有生以来所见到的第一号丑汉。他完全秃了顶，满脸涂着红蓝两色，看上去活象一个印第安人的酋长。当一个相当大的人群汇拢以后，他便安静下来，用带有几分轻蔑的目光打量了一下每个人，接着开始脱衬衣。不一会，他向众人展示了满布他前胸和后背的彩色文身。当他相信在群众中已经产生了预期的效果时，便很坦率地表明自己是个撬窃贼，想就自己所干的那一行谈一些想法。他一开始就严厉地批评警察妨碍他的工作。他解释道，警察对他忘恩负义，因为正是象他这种人才使警察忙忙碌碌。他的这一番话使周围的人感到惊讶，就朝他靠得更近，急于想听听下文。那人开始描述他深夜撬窗入室的窍门，而就在那时，一个威风凛凛的老太婆朝他挥舞着雨伞，并且说，要是他不离开的话，她就要去叫警察。窃贼若无其事地向她指出：警察都是他的朋友，只有当他在干他的"法定的"工作时，他们才对他感兴趣。窃贼虎视眈眈地望着人群说，假若有什么人还有意见要发表的话，他将乐意与他秘密会谈。人群中发出了不自然的笑声，而那个老太婆却愤然大踏步离开了人群去叫警察。当窃贼接下去讲述用 12.星丝 话阉 侨缩吻岫 拙俚氛焙颖 颐玺购芟 牒埔磺平响纸 嵩跣 ?

### L. G. 亚历山大

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- (1) Hyde Park: 伦敦的海德公园，因常常举行各种政治性集会而著称。
- (2) was about his...work: 在从事于自己的.....工作。
- (3) to meet him in the dark: 与他秘密会谈。in the dark 此处解作  
"不

为人知", "偷偷地"。

(4) stalked off: 高视阔步地离去。

(5) pick a lock: 撬锁。