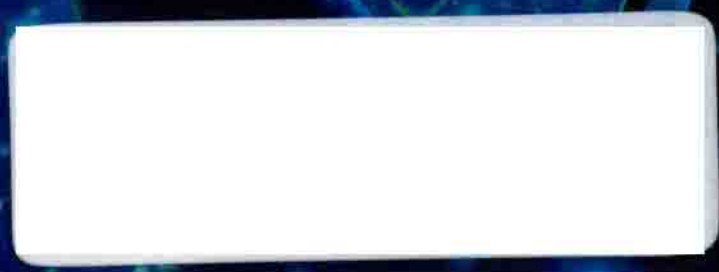




THE GOOD
DINOSAUR

Disney · PIXAR

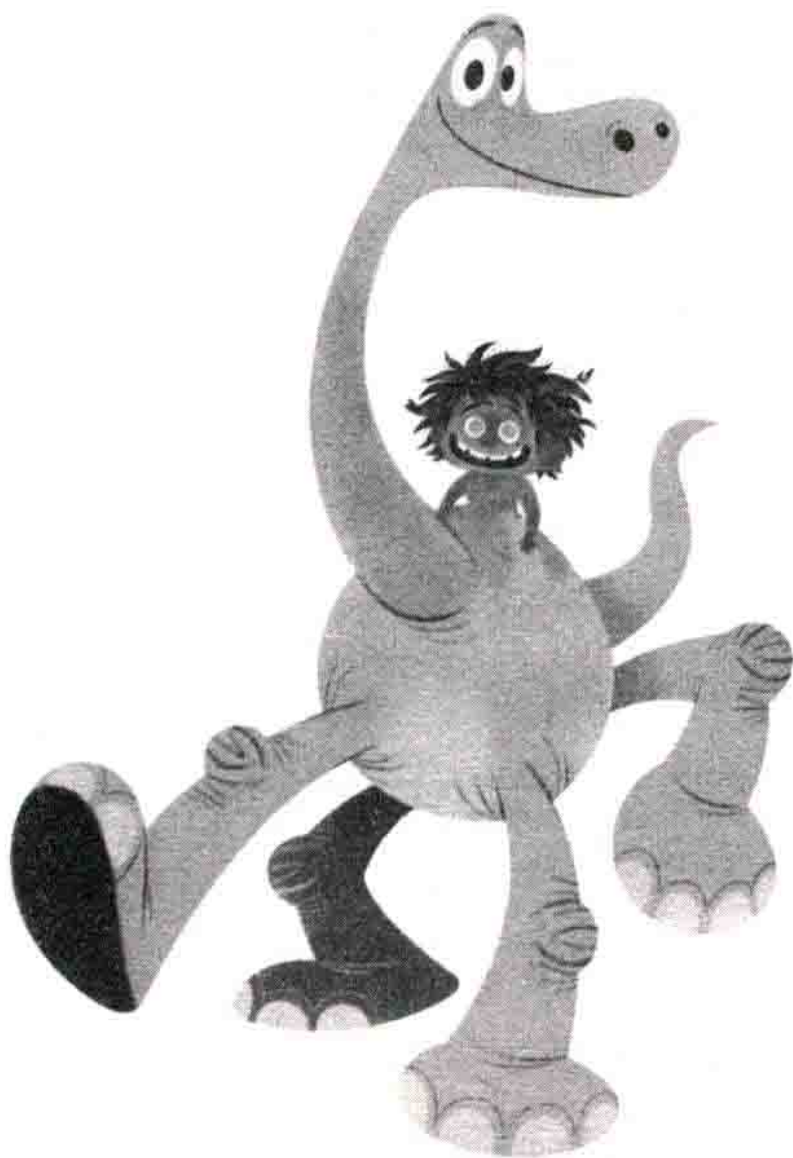
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Chapter 1

Sixty-five million years ago—on a day very much like many before it—all was quiet on Earth as a group of dinosaurs peacefully ate in a lush^①, green field. A big moon cast a gentle glow from above as they lazily chewed^② on fern fronds, twigs, and leaves.

But in the deepest, darkest depths of outer space—way beyond the dinosaurs—things were not so calm. A giant space rock was hovering^③ millions of miles above the earth, moving more quickly than the others in the asteroid^④ belt. It nudged into a larger rock, sending an even bigger rock on its path. The asteroid began descending toward

① lush *adj.* 茂盛的 ② chew *v.* 咀嚼 ③ hover *v.* 徘徊在……近旁
④ asteroid *n.* 小行星

Earth. It burned as it entered the atmosphere, gaining momentum and on track to smack right into the blue planet. It raced faster and faster, getting closer and closer and closer, until . . .

Whoooooosh!

The raging fireball darted^① right past Earth—just missing it.

Down below, the dinosaurs stopped chewing for a brief moment as they watched the bright, silver streak of light shoot across the night sky.

Then they went back to chomping^② on their leafy greens.

Millions of years later, the world had changed. The Earth and the dinosaurs that roamed it had become very different. Two

① dart v. 猛冲 ② chomp v. 大声地咬

Apatosauruses^① were busy cultivating a farm alongside a river at the base of a three-point mountain range called Clawtooth Mountain. Henry and Ida worked hard tending to their fields and produced enough food to get them through every winter. Their farm was flourishing^② and soon, they'd have a family.

Early one morning, Henry was outside doing his chores, using his mouth and long neck to spray^③ streams of water across the cornfields, when he heard Ida's voice ring out: "Henry!" called Ida. "It's time!"

Ida and Henry gazed at the eggs cozily^④ sitting together in their large nest. All three were smooth and white, but one of them was quite a bit larger than the other two. Naturally, they assumed that would be their biggest and strongest. Ida and Henry had been dreaming about the little dinosaurs growing inside

① Apatosaurus *n.* 雷龙 ② flourishing *adj.* 繁茂的

③ spray *v.* 洒 ④ cozily *adv.* 舒适地

those beautiful eggs for so long. It was hard to believe the waiting was about to be over. They watched with hopeful eyes as one of the smaller ones wobbled^① just a bit. Then it wobbled a bit more. And finally... a tiny crack formed.

Crack!

The shell cracked open and, like a little ray of sunshine, a girl dinosaur cheerfully bounced out. “Our first girl,” said Poppa with a smile. “Let’s call her Libby, after your momma.”

Momma’s eyes welled up with tears of joy as she and Poppa watched Libby smile and then vanish. In a flash, she reappeared, popping^② out of her hiding place, her long, thin tail whipping behind her. The silly little trickster^③ made Momma and Poppa laugh, disappearing and reemerging from unexpected places.

① wobble *v.* 摇晃 ② pop *v.* 冷不防地出现 ③ trickster *n.* 骗子

Then the other small egg began to wobble.
Crack!

A tiny crack appeared at the top of its shell. It wobbled and pushed a bit more until...
Pop! A foot came out!

Pop! Pop! Pop!

One by one, three more feet pierced^① through, sticking straight out. The egg rolled over and its four thick legs stomped around^② until it bashed^③ into a tree trunk. The shell crumbled away and a tough little male dinosaur—built like a tank—stood and looked at them. Even his head was big for a baby apatosaurus and looked as if it were balancing on top of his long neck.

“Hello, Buck,” Poppa said proudly. The little dinosaur picked up a stick and started beating his father’s leg with it. “He’s got your eyes.”

Finally, the largest egg began to wobble

① pierce v. 穿过 ② stomp around 在周围乱蹬 ③ bash v. 猛撞

and quiver. Momma and Poppa leaned in, excitedly, waiting to see their third child. “Looks like it’s going to be a big one!” Poppa exclaimed anxiously. The egg wiggled^① ... and wobbled some more. Henry and Ida continued to sit and stare.

Crack!

The egg cracked open and the top popped off. The parents gasped in excitement, but nothing happened. No little dinosaur emerged. They leaned forward, peering in, and curled^② up inside the bottom of the egg, was the tiniest dinosaur either of them had ever seen!

Poppa pulled off the top half of the shell and the tiny dinosaur peeked out at them timidly^③.

“Hello, Arlo,” Poppa said, trying to coax^④ the little apatosaurus out of the egg. But Arlo

① wiggle v. 摆动 ② curl v. 蜷缩 ③ timidly adv. 胆小地

④ coax v. 哄, 劝诱

didn't move. His arms and legs were splayed^①, gripping the inside of the shell tightly. He was not interested in leaving.

“It's alright. Come on out,” Poppa encouraged.

Arlo nervously inched forward, and seemed to quiver with fear.

“Look at you,” said Poppa, smiling adoringly.

Then Arlo tipped over and fell flat on his face with his backside sticking straight up in the air. Seeing a golden opportunity, Buck lumbered^② over and smacked Arlo on the butt with his stick.

“Get out of there! You little prickle^③ bush!” scolded Poppa.

Buck scurried^④ off and ran around with Libby, bouncing and romping about. Arlo watched them for a moment and then tried to join the fun. He was nervous at first; but as he picked up speed, he began to enjoy running

① splay *v.* 展开 ② lumber *v.* 笨拙地移动

③ prickle *n.* 针刺般的感觉 ④ scurry *v.* 急匆匆地走

with his brother and sister.

Eventually, the three little dinosaurs ran all the way to the door, where the view stopped them in their tracks. Their eyes opened wide as they gazed^① out at the bright, big world outside.

“That’s our farm,” said Poppa contentedly. “And you’re all gonna help take care of it.”

Libby and Buck already seemed excited by the farm and the possibilities ahead of them. But Arlo was overwhelmed^② and unsettled^③ by all of its newness and unfamiliarity.

① gaze v. 盯着 ② overwhelm v. 使……不知所措

③ unsettle v. 使……使心神不宁

Chapter 2

By the time they were five years old, Buck, Libby, and Arlo were expected to help around the farm. The hard work seemed to come naturally to Libby and Buck. They always did their chores^①—and they even knew how to have fun while doing it. Libby loved tricking^② Buck and getting him to do her work for her.

One time, when she didn't particularly feel like watering the crops, she hid in the high stalks of corn with a mouthful of water. When Buck was within range, she aimed and took her shot . . . spraying him right in the face! Libby quickly retreated into the fields—laughing hysterically^③ at her shocked brother.

Determined to get revenge, Buck ran to

① chore *n.* 杂活 ② trick *v.* 哄骗 ③ hysterically *adv.* 歇斯底里地

the trough^① and filled his giant mouth with water. Libby peeked out from behind the corn and stuck her tongue out at him, then darted out of sight again.

In his attempt to hit her, Buck sprayed the entire field. When Libby saw that each stalk had been watered, she raced out. Buck chased her through the rows of corn but when he finally caught up, he hardly had any water left. He wound up^② only spraying her with a light drizzle^③.

With a big smile on her face, Libby called, “Momma! I finished my watering!”

“Good job, Libby!” Momma answered back. “Buck, get back to your chores!”

Libby grinned as she watched Buck begrudgingly^④ begin his work.

But things were very different for Arlo. He struggled to find his place. Being smaller

① trough *n.* 水槽 ② wind up 绕了一大圈 ③ drizzle *n.* 细雨, 毛毛雨
④ begrudgingly *adv.* 不情愿地

than his siblings didn't help matters, but Arlo's biggest problem was his fear. He was afraid almost all the time and of almost everything. And it held him back—making it difficult for him to accomplish even the simplest of chores.

One morning, Momma helped Arlo get ready to do one of his dreaded^① daily chores: feeding the claw-footed squawkers^②. He hated those birds. They made terrible noises and he was sure they could pierce right through his foot with their sharp, hooked beaks^③. The way they looked at him with their empty, dead eyes . . . it was like they were thinking up different ways to peck him to pieces. Just the thought of them sent a ripple of shivers down his spine.

Momma smiled as she hung the basket of corn kernels around his neck and gently nudged him with her big tail. Reluctantly,

① *dreaded* *adj.* 可怕的 ② *squawker* *n.* 夜鹭 ③ *beak* *n.* 鸟嘴

Arlo headed off alone.

He slowed as he approached the fenced-in coop^①. As much as he hated all the noises those feathered fiends made, what was even more eerie^② was the present silence. Carefully and quietly, he peeked inside, wondering where they were.

Just then a rustling in the grass startled him and he jumped, scattering some feed onto the ground.

“Who is that?” Arlo asked, looking toward the sound. He craned^③ his neck through the grass and saw Eustice, a fuzzy, little, baby squawker, tangled up in some weeds. Relieved, Arlo bent down to help her. He peeled off the weeds, one by one. And even gave her a kiss on the side of her soft head.

As he freed Eustice, a pair of big, old, ugly clawed feet scratched into the ground beside him.

① coop *n.* 笼子 ② eerie *adj.* 令人害怕的 ③ crane *v.* 伸长脖子

Squawk!

It was Henrietta, Eustice's scary momma!

Arlo screamed as Henrietta chased him away. She screeched^① and squawked, horrifying Arlo with each awful noise.

“Aaahhhhhh!” Arlo screamed as he ran for cover.

In his panic, Arlo ran to the silo^②—where Poppa, Momma, Libby, and Buck were working. He curled himself up in Poppa's tail and closed his eyes. It was his favorite hiding spot.

Poppa unwound his tail and looked down at Arlo. “Everything alright?” he asked calmly.

“Oh, that?” Arlo said, trying his best to hide his fear. “That was nothing—you know that Henrietta.”

Poppa chuckled^③. “You're okay.”

Arlo watched as Poppa went back to work. He filled the silo with corn through the

① screech *v.* 发出尖叫声 ② silo *n.* 筒仓 ③ chuckle *v.* 轻笑着说

opening, and closed up the hole with a boulder^①. Then he turned and faced the family.

“That should do it. Today we are forever through with the critters^②. Why? Because I have made this silo 100% Critter free,” he said proudly.

Momma gazed lovingly her husband. “Put your mark on there, Henry,” she said. “You worked hard.”

Then Poppa pushed his foot into a thick puddle of mud, making a footprint, and stamped his foot onto a rock. He lifted the printed rock and slid it into place—at the top of the silo. “There,” he said smiling. He turned to his wife and said, “You make your mark, Ida.”

“What for?” she asked.

“I couldn’t have built this farm without you,” he explained.

Then Momma made a mark, too, on the

① boulder *n.* 大石头 ② critter *n.* 小动物