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★ 双语阅读 ★

ARTHUR, CLEAN YOUR ROOM!

玩具大搬家

(美) 马克·布朗 绘著
范晓星 译



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this is a
**STICKER
BOOK!**

CHISO 新疆青少年出版社

BIONIC

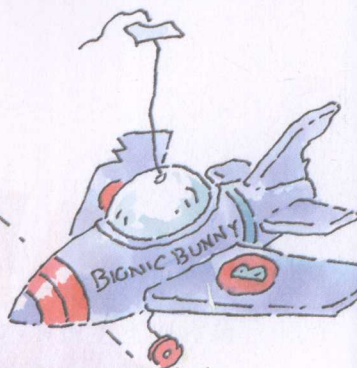
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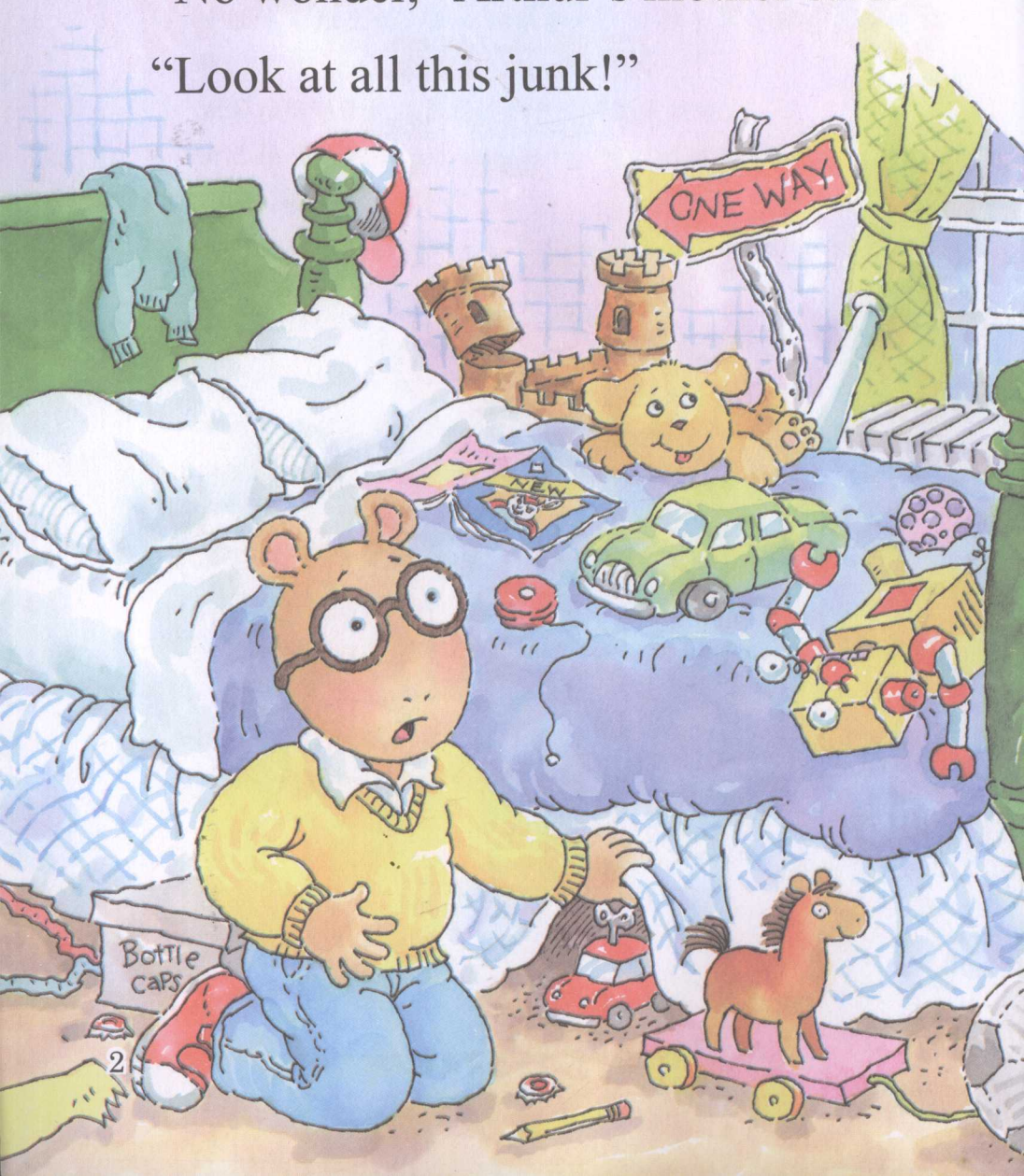


“Mom, I can’t find
my Bionic Bunny,”
said Arthur.



“No wonder,” Arthur’s mother said.

“Look at all this junk!”



“It’s not junk,” said Arthur.

“It IS junk,” she said,

“and I want you to get rid of it—

NOW!”



“But how can I get rid of it?”

asked Arthur.

“Sell it,” said D.W.

“You can make big money.”





“Have a **garage** sale,” said Mother.

“And have it today.”

D.W. helped Arthur carry
boxes of junk outside.

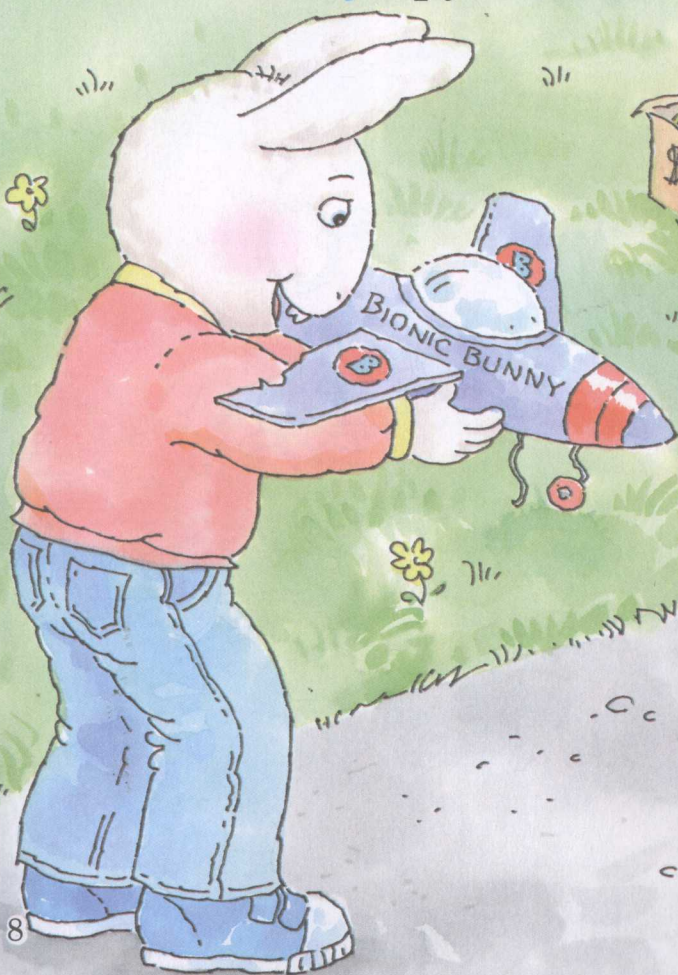
“I’ve always liked
your Jolly Jingle Maker,”
said D.W. “Can I have it?”
“I’m selling it,” said Arthur.





Buster was the first **one** there.

“I can’t believe you’re selling
this Bionic Bunny **Jet** Fighter,”
said Buster. “I don’t have a **dollar**,
but I’ll trade you my
Bionic **Bunny** Spy **Glasses**.”





“Your Bionic Bunny Spy Glasses!”

said Arthur. “Okay, great trade!”

Buster ran to his house
to get them.

Then Francine came along with a wagon filled with comic books.

“My mom is making me get rid of these,” she said sadly.

“Oh, boy, Cool Cat comics!” said Arthur.

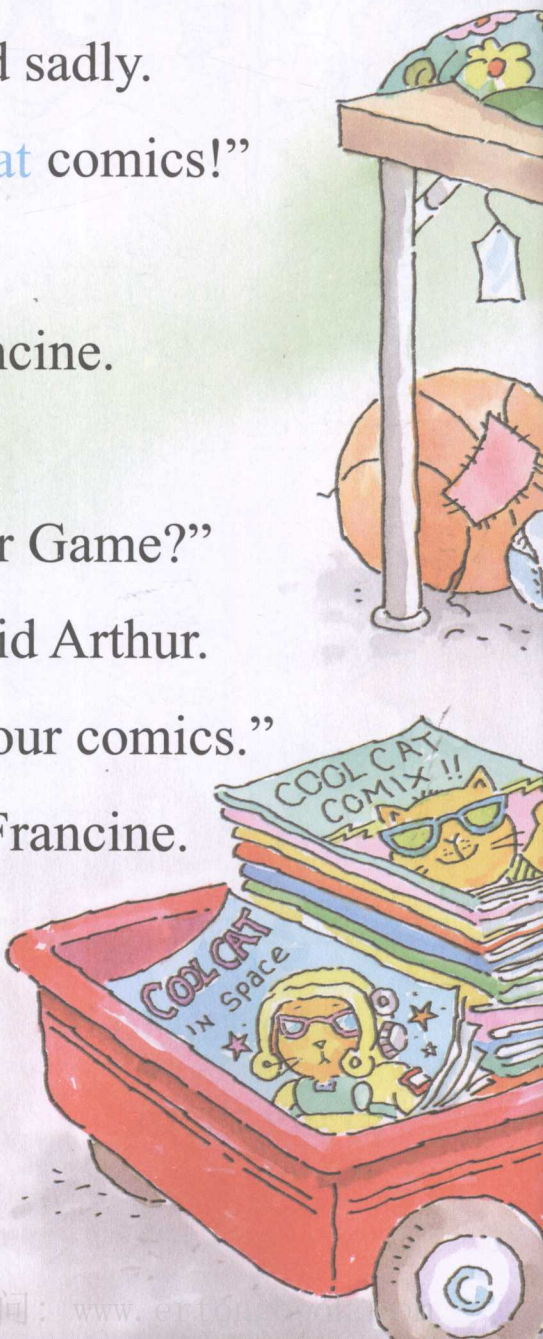
“Wow!” said Francine.

“Is that a real World Cup Soccer Game?”

“Almost new,” said Arthur.

“I’ll trade it for your comics.”

“All right!” said Francine.







News spread, and Arthur's friends
all came with things to trade.

"Binky, that is so cool,"
said Arthur. "What is it?"

"My punching **bag**," said Binky.

"I want to trade it
for your **Sailor Sam Ship**."

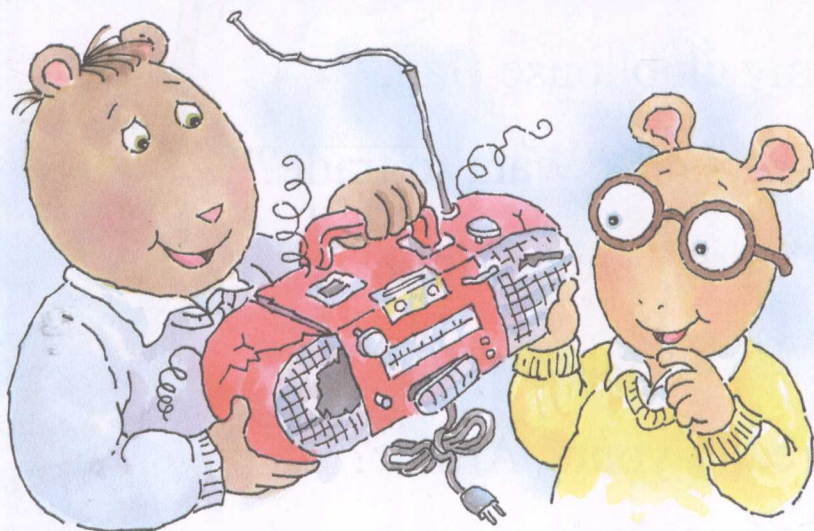
"Good deal!" said Arthur.

Muffy showed up next.
“You’ve always liked
my clubhouse **flag**,”
she said. “Want to trade?”
“Sure,” said Arthur.
“Is this cute **vest**
really yours, Arthur?”
she giggled.
“It’s yours now,” he said.
“It’s never been worn.”

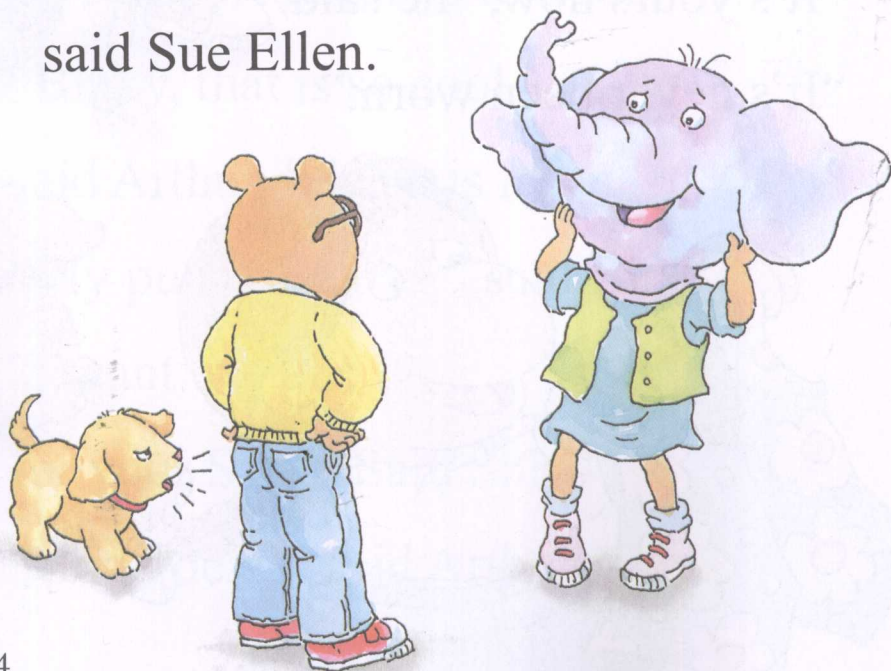


The Brain came with a **radio**.

“It needs a little work,” he said.



“I’ll trade you my **elephant** mask,”
said Sue Ellen.



Prunella traded
her **rock star** poster.



Fern had a **typewriter**
that Arthur really liked.



Arthur was happy.

His old stuff was gone.

D.W. ran to the garage.

“You didn’t sell your
Jolly Jingle Maker,” she said.

“But I got rid of all my other
old stuff,” said Arthur.

