

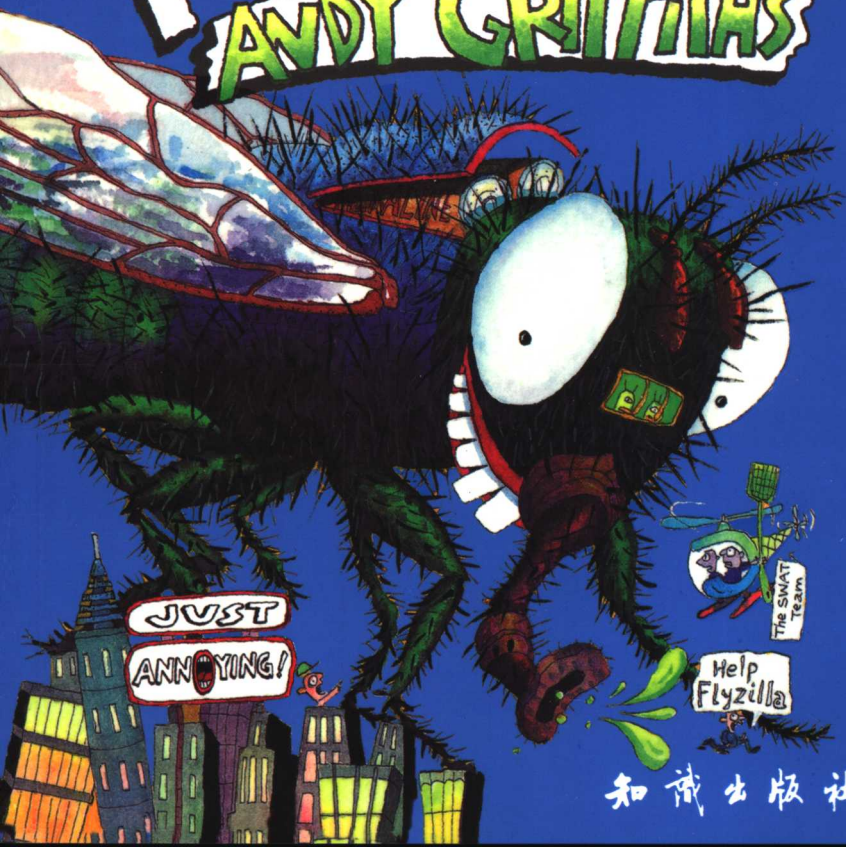
校园幽默英语读本

原著
海迪·霍里费德

插图绘画
泰瑞·亨顿

超级讨厌

SO
ANN^YING!
ANDY GRIFFITHS



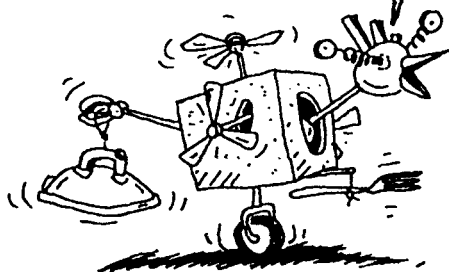
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校园幽默英语读本

超级讨烦

原 著：安迪·葛里费兹

插图绘画：泰瑞·丹顿



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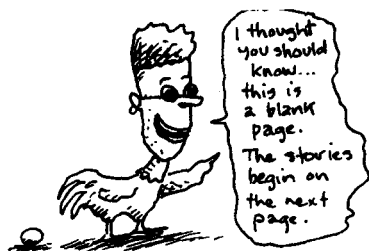
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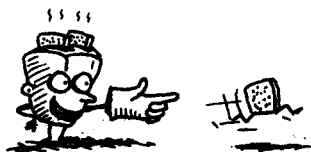
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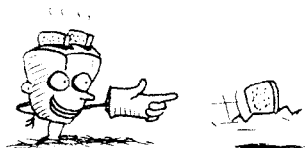
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ARE WE THERE YET?



ad?’

‘Yes?’

‘Are we there yet?’

‘No.’

‘Now?’

‘No.’

‘Now?’

‘For goodness sakes!’ grows Dad.^① ‘Will you stop it!’

‘Alright,’ I say. ‘Don’t get your knickers in a knot.’

We’ve been in the car for two days now. Mum and Dad are at breaking point.^②

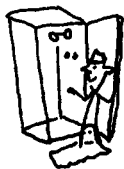
Don’t get me wrong. I don’t want them to get mad at me—it just happens.^③

Like it or not, when you go on a long drive



KNOTTED
KNICKERS.

INTERACTIVE
MOVIE!
Grasp book
edge between
thumb and
forefinger
and FLIP.



FAVOURITE
FLY
RESTING
SPOTS.



there are times when you just have to stop.

And my parents do not like it.

But what's the alternative?⁽⁴⁾

Do they want me to starve to death?⁽⁵⁾ To wet my pants?⁽⁶⁾ To be sick all over the back seat?

I think any of these would be a lot more annoying and inconvenient than the few stops it takes to prevent them. I'm actually doing them a favour.⁽⁷⁾

Mum and Dad should save their energy for really annoying things. Like the fly that has been buzzing around⁽⁸⁾ in the car for the last half hour. It's driving me mental.⁽⁹⁾ I'm going to do us all a big favour. I'm going to get rid of it.⁽¹⁰⁾



BABY
WILL JUST
LOVE YOUR
OLD DEAD
FLIES

I wind the window down. The fly jumps away.

It's hiding, just waiting for me to wind the window back up again.

I have to lure it out.⁽¹¹⁾

I start doing my best fly-call.

'Bzzzz! Bzzzzzzz! Bzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz!'

Still no fly. Have to do it louder.

'BZZZZZZ! BZZZZZZZZ! BZZZZZZZZZZ!'

'Andy!' yells Dad. 'I can't concentrate with you making that stupid noise.'⁽¹²⁾ Do you want



us to have an accident? Do you want us all to be killed?’

I hate it when Dad asks dumb questions like that. What does he expect me to say? ‘Yes, Dad, I want us to have an accident. I want us all to be killed.’

But I don’t say that. It might cause Dad to have an accident. We might all be killed.

‘Alright, Dad,’ I say instead. ‘Don’t get your knickers in a knot.’¹³

‘And stop telling me not to get my knickers in a knot!’ he explodes.

‘Okay,’ I say. ‘Don’t get your trousers in a twist.’

Dad hunches over the steering wheel.¹⁴ His knuckles whiten. Tiny drops of perspiration¹⁵ appear on the back of his neck.

He knows he’s been outsmarted once again. It must be frustrating¹⁶ for him having a son as clever as me. It must be hard knowing that he can never win.

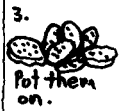
The fly lazily cruises in front of my eyes. It’s asking for trouble. Well, it’s come to the right man.

I once saw a movie where the door of an aeroplane opened mid-air¹⁷ and everybody was sucked out by the vacuum it created.¹⁸ I

Tying
your
knickers
in knots.
Lesson: 12

The double
overhand
knot.

1. Take a
large pair
of knickers.



Put them
on.



FAVOURITE
FLY RESTING
SPOTS



To accompany
the MOVIE
try making
your own
sound
effects.





don't need a vacuum quite that powerful, but maybe if I open and close the door I'll be able to create one strong enough to suck the fly out.

I squeeze the door handle as carefully and slowly as I can so that it doesn't make any noise.¹⁹ I swing it open, then shut.

Open, shut.

Open, shut.

'What do you think you're doing?' screams Dad.

'I'm creating a vacuum,' I say.

'What?'

'A vacuum! I'm trying to get a fly out of the car.'

'Shut the door! And keep it shut!' shouts Dad. 'I'm warning you. If you don't behave yourself, I'll stop the car and you can get out and walk. Do you understand?'

'But, Dad . . .' I say.

'No buts! Do you understand?'

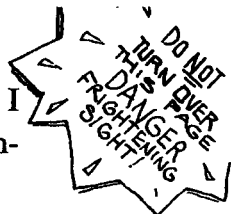
'Yes, Dad.'

Dad's knuckles are really white now. He's gripping the steering wheel so hard that his bones are practically breaking through his skin.²⁰

I hear a buzz. It's coming from behind me.



The vacuum didn't work. I turn around but I can't see the fly. Hang on²¹—the noise is coming from outside.



I undo my seatbelt and kneel up on the seat to get a better view.

There's this crazy-looking guy riding an old black Harley. He's got a long red beard, a black bowl-shaped helmet and a pair of old-fashioned plastic riding goggles²². They make him look like a fly. And his motorbike sounds like one. Only much louder.

Suddenly the fly shoots across the window. Showdown time!

I try to cup it in my left hand and hook it out of the window.

That's my plan, anyway.

But the fly has other ideas. It skates across the window to the far corner. And then back again. I'm chasing the fly²³ back and forth across the window when I notice that the bkie is making hand signals.

He thinks I'm waving to him!

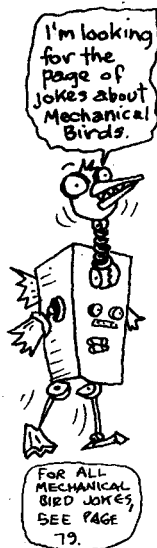
I wave.

He waves back.

I wave again.

He waves back again.

We're best friends now.



'Stop waving,' says Dad. 'Sit down and put your seatbelt back on.'

'But he waved first,' I say.

'Don't annoy bikies,' says Dad. 'I don't want any trouble.'

'I'm not annoying him—I was just being friendly.'

'Sit down!'

'Okay, okay, don't get your knickers in a knot.'

I give one last wave to Bike-man, but he's pulling into a service station and doesn't see me.

I feel like I've lost my best friend.

I notice a movement out of the corner of my eye.²⁴

I look up. The fly is on the roof. It's taunting me. It buzzes again.

'Andy,' says Dad, 'you're pushing your luck!'²⁵

'It wasn't me,' I say. 'It was the fly!'

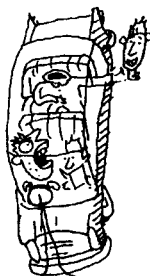
I have to get rid of this fly. And quickly. Before it gets rid of me.

I reach up and try to cup it with my hand.

It jumps to the left.

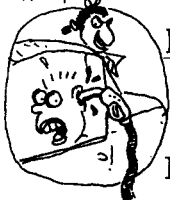
I try again.

It jumps to the right and then heads



HARMONIOUS
HAPPY
HOLIDAY
TIP #4.

When you
fill up with



Petrol, don't
insert the
nozzle in
your brother's
ear.



I'd love
to play the
fly in the
movie of this
book.



towards the front windscreen,²⁶ daring me to come after it.



I unbuckle my seatbelt and dive into the front seat. I catch the fly in mid-air.

'HOWZAT?' I yell.

I'm lying with my head in Mum's lap and my legs all over the steering wheel.

Dad slams the brakes on. The car lurches forward.²⁷

'Get out!' he says.

'But it's not my fault,' I say. 'It was the fly.'

'I don't care whose fault it was,' he says. 'Out!'

'But look!'

I open my hand to show Dad the fly and prove that I'm not lying, but my hand is empty. It must have swerved²⁸ at the last minute. Outsmarted by a fly! I hate that.

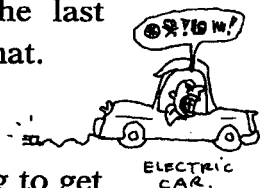
'Out,' says Dad.

Surely he can't be serious.

'I'm sorry, Dad . . . I was just trying to get the fly out of the car . . . in case it caused an accident . . .'

'You're the only one who is going to cause an accident,' he says. 'Out.'

'Mum?' I say. 'Are you going to let him do this?'



'It's for your own good,' she says. 'You've got to learn.'

I open the door.

'You'll be sorry,' I say, 'when you come back and find my bones being picked clean by vultures.'

'There are no vultures²⁹ in Australia.'

'Kookaburras³⁰ then.'

'Shut the door,' says Dad. 'You're letting the hot air in.'

There's no reasoning³¹ with him.

I get out of the car and shut the door slowly.

The wheels of the car spin. I am showered by gravel. I wipe the grit out of my eyes and look for the car. It's gone.

I look down at my shoes. There is a big red bull ant on my toe. I brush it off. Maybe I should try to catch it. I might need it for food.

Nah.³² I won't have to eat ants. They'll be back. Any second. Five minutes tops. Just enough to give me a scare.

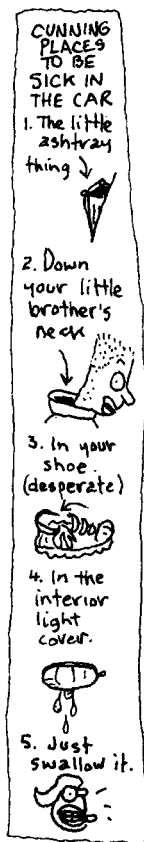
I start walking.

Actually, it's quite nice. Fresh air. Blue sky. Space. No grumpy³³ parents.

Five minutes pass.

Another five minutes.

And another five minutes.



Romeo.
Romeo.
Wherefore
art thou,
Romeo?



Where are they?

I sit down.

I should just lie down and die—that would teach them.

The only trouble is that it could take a while because I'm actually feeling pretty healthy.³⁴

I hear a droning³⁵ sound in the distance.

Ha! I check my watch. It took them fifteen minutes to give in and come back and get me. That's really going to teach me a lesson I'll never forget. Not.

But as I listen I notice the drone has a different quality. Throatier.³⁶ Not the putty-putt-putt sound of Dad's car at all.

It's Bike-man!

I jump up and wave.

He waves back and pulls up alongside me.

He looks even crazier close up.³⁷ His beard is full of insects. Some of them are still alive.

'Well,' he says, 'if it isn't my little mate. What are you doing out here all by yourself?'

'My parents threw me out of the car,' I say. 'They told me I had to walk.'

'You like bikes?' he says.

'Are you kidding?'

'Hop on then,'³⁸ he says. 'What's your name?' 'Andy. What's yours?'

To be,
or not
to be?
OUCH!



Tricks to
play on
a bikie
when he/she is
not looking

1. Squirt
silicon in
their helmet,
so it sticks
to their
head...
permanently.

2. Stick
potatoes
up their
exhaust
pipes.

3. Fill their
tyres up
with water.



Don't worry
bikies never
get
annoyed.



DO BIKIES
HAVE A
SENSE OF
HUMOUR?



So, Mr Einstein,
a more
COMPLEX
QUESTION!...
would you
rather be a
passenger
in a car
driven
through
space
by....



1... a foul
smelling,
short sighted
asthmatic
lemur or
2... a
mad
middle aged
mongoose
with loose
dentures.



'Max. Pleased to meet ya!'

He hands me a helmet.

'Here,' he says. 'Put this on.'

It's just like the one he's wearing.

'Hold on,' he says.

'To what?' I yell, but he doesn't hear me
above the chugging³⁹ of his bike.

He gives it full throttle.⁴⁰

My stomach drops as he accelerates up
the road.

I grab him around the waist.

Roaring wind. My whole body shaking
and vibrating. I'm freezing. I wish I had more
clothes on.

I see Mum and Dad's car in the distance.

'That's them!' I yell into Max's ear.

Max surges forward, the old Harley suck-
ing up the highway like spaghetti.

As we pull closer to the car I signal to Max
to blow his horn to let them know I'm here.⁴¹

He blasts. I wave. But they don't stop. If
anything they seem to speed up.

Maybe Dad thinks Max is just trying to
hassle⁴² him. They probably don't recognise
me with a helmet on.

'Max!' I yell. 'Go up next to them. I don't
think they realise it's me.'



Max pulls up alongside them.

I wave.

Dad just looks straight ahead.

'Hey,' I yell. 'Stop!'

No reaction.⁴³

I wave both hands.

Dad flicks a nervous glance across at me,⁴⁴

but he doesn't show any sign of recognition.⁴⁵

Instead he hunches over the wheel and pulls away from us at high speed. Wow! I never knew the car could go so fast. If Dad always drove like that, I wouldn't have so much time to get bored.

Max accepts the challenge. He speeds up, but Dad veers onto the other side of the road to block us. Radical!⁴⁶

But Max knows a few tricks, too.

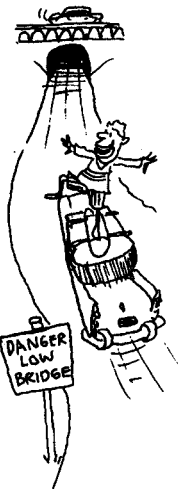
Max pulls back in and rides up the side of the road that Dad has just vacated.

We're back beside them—on the inside lane this time.

Max turns to me and yells above the roar: 'They're not going to stop! You're going to have to board 'em.'

He's joking.

He's got to be. Either that or he's completely insane.⁴⁷



'No way!' I yell. 'I'm staying with you.'
'Stand up,' he says. 'I'll go in as close as I can.'
He's not joking.

He rides right up beside the car and signals for me to stand.

I kneel on the seat. I hold on to Max's shoulders and pull myself up. My legs are shaking.

There's still a huge gap.⁴⁸

'It's too far!' I yell.

Max edges in as close as he dares.

The roof is only a metre away.

My stomach is churning.⁴⁹

I don't want to do this.

I'm too young to die!

I bend down.

'I can't do it,' I yell in Max's ear.

'You have to,' he growls.

'Why can't I stay with you?' I say. 'I'll be your apprentice.'

He laughs.

'Highway's no place for a nice kid like you. Go back. Finish school.'⁵⁰

'I'm not nice,' I say. 'I'm really annoying.'

He laughs again, a scary, high-pitched sort of laugh.

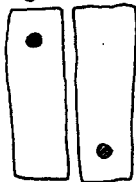
'Jump,' he says.

He has a wild look in his eyes. Maybe



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

How many changes are there between picture A and B.



A. B.
For answer see p. 142

