

校园幽默英语读本

著者：葛迪·葛里費

插图绘画
泰瑞·丹顿

超级玩笑

KIDDING!

ANDY GRIFFITHS



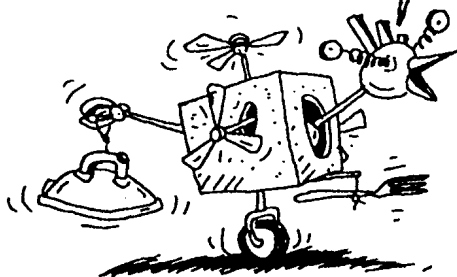
知識出版社

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超级玩笑

原 著：安迪·葛里费兹

插图绘画：泰瑞·丹顿



知识出版社

总编辑：徐惟诚

社 长：田胜立

图字：01 - 2003 - 7848

JUST KIDDING!

Text copyright © Andy Griffiths 1997

Illustrations copyright © Terry Denton 1997

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

超级玩笑 = Just Kidding / (澳) 葛里费兹 (Griffiths, A.)

著. —北京：知识出版社，2004.6

(校园幽默英语读本)

ISBN 7 - 5015 - 4094 - 2

I. 超... II. 葛... III. 英语—语言读物，笑话
IV. H319. 4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2004) 第 056510 号

策划编辑：张高里 韩 波

责任编辑：何 为 范继花

责任校对：梁熾曦

责任印制：张新民

封面制作：BLUEWIND 谢顺富

内文制作：巴蜀图文

知识出版社出版发行

(北京阜成门北大街 17 号 邮政编码：100037 电话：010 - 68318302)

固安保利达印务有限公司印刷

新华书店经销

开本：850 毫米 × 1168 毫米 1/32 印张：6.5 字数：150 千字

2004 年 6 月第 1 版 2004 年 6 月第 1 次印刷

印数：1 - 10000 套

ISBN 7 - 5015 - 4094 - 2/G · 2307

全套定价：38.00 元 (共 4 册)

本书如有印装质量问题，可与出版社联系调换。

Andy Griffiths discovered a talent for kidding his parents at an early age. Since then he has tried to kid many other people including friends, neighbours, teachers and complete strangers with a variety of lame pranks, poorly executed stunts, pathetic disguises and ridiculous stories.

Terry Denton hates writing illustrator biographies. So he draws them. He was sitting at his desk trying to write this one when his head fell off. It landed on a skateboard . . .



and rolled down the corridor...



out the front door and on to the street...



into the path of a HUGE TRUCK.



But a little dog rescued my head just in time.



The dog brought my head home. Lucky eh?!



THE END.

Also by Andy Griffiths
and illustrated by Terry Denton

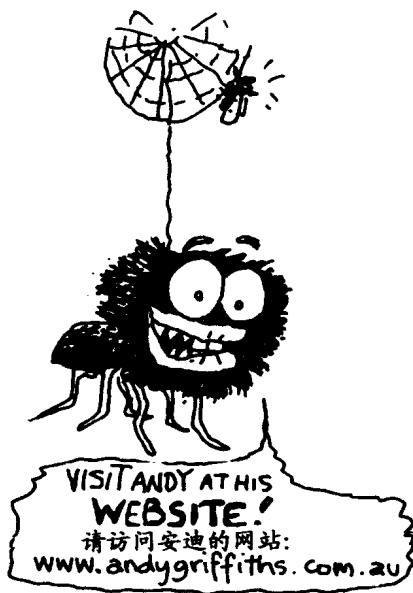
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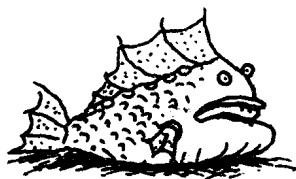
Just Stupid! 《超级傻瓜》





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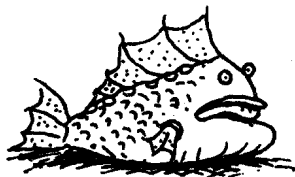
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FRESHWATER
FISH of the
WORLD #47

The
Thompson's
Gazelle.



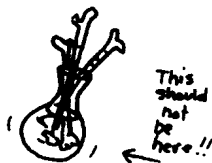
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**GREAT
FRESHWATER
FISH of the
WORLD #47**

**The
Thompson's
Gazelle.**



PLAYING DEAD

It's 8:15 a.m. and I'm still in bed. I should have got up an hour ago.

But I didn't. You want to know why?

Because I'm dead.

Well, not really dead. I'm just pretending I'm dead so I don't have to go to school.

If I can convince^① Mum and Dad that I'm dead, not only will I have pulled off^② one of the greatest practical jokes of the century, but I'll get off^③ going to school for the rest of the year. Maybe even for the rest of my life.

I got the idea from my dog^④. I've been taking Sooty to obedience^⑤ classes each

↓
This is the start of the first story.
We don't need any drawings here...
↓

← or here.

↑ or here. →
K... ..

FRESHWATER
FISH OF THE
WORLD #22:
The
doorhandle.



Sunday morning. We've only been going for a few weeks, but already he's learned to sit, beg *and* roll over. Yesterday he learned how to play dead. I thought, if my dog is smart enough to do it, then why not me?

All I've got to do is lie here without breathing or blinking.⁶ Well, when I say without blinking, I mean blinking when nobody is looking.

And when I say without breathing, I don't mean not breathing at all—that would be stupid. I mean just taking a tiny little breath every so often—just enough to keep me alive.

The only thing that worries me is, I'm such an excellent practical joker, I might trick myself into thinking I'm really dead.⁷ And if that happened, I'd be as good as dead—or as bad as dead—because as far as I can see, there's nothing really good about being dead, except that you don't have to go to school.

Suddenly Mum bustles into the room.⁸

'What? Still in bed? Come on, you'll be late!'



LET
CORNER
IT'S GOOD OR
WILL GET A FRIGHT

I hear the rattle⁹ of the curtains being opened.

The sudden light hurts my eyes, but I remember not to blink.

Any moment now Mum is going to see me. And scream.

She's standing right next to me.

'Pooh, what a stink!¹⁰ When's the last time you cleaned this room? It's an absolute pigsty!¹¹ Dirty socks and undies¹² everywhere. Why can't you put them in the washing basket like your sister does? If you're not showered, dressed and out of this house in ten minutes you're going to miss your bus, and I'm not going to drive you.'¹³

She walks out of the room.

I stare at the ceiling. What else would a real corpse¹⁴ do? It's not as if it would make some brilliantly witty comeback, like, 'Lay off me, you old bag.'¹⁵ I'm not going to school today because I'm dead. Just leave me alone so I can rot in peace.' Yeah—that would be a good line, but I can't say it because I'm supposed to be dead.¹⁶ So, I just lie here and stare at the ceiling some more.

Next time
your parents
take you
to a fancy
expensive
restaurant,
have an
eating
race with
your brother/
sister.

If the race
is close try
stuffing food
in your ears,
up your nose,
down your
shirt, in the
flower bowl or
in your
shoes.





Next thing I know, Dad is standing next to the bed.

‘Andy?’ he says.

I don’t answer.

‘Are you all right?’ says Dad in a slightly deeper voice.

I’m holding my breath. My body is tight.

He puts his hand on my shoulder and shakes me roughly.

‘Andy!’ he says. ‘Andy, I’m warning you ... if this is another one of your practical jokes, it’s not funny! You hear me? Not funny!’

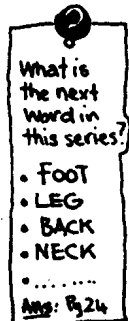
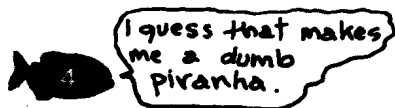
I tense as hard as I can while Dad shakes me.¹⁷ Then he stops and puts his thumb and forefingers around my wrist. He’s trying to find my pulse.¹⁸

Damn!¹⁹ It’s the one thing I can’t fake. All the same, I try to concentrate on my heart and slow it down.

I read somewhere about these people who use the power of the mind to slow down their heartbeat, so I figure I might as well give it a bash.²⁰

I imagine that my heart is as still as a rock.

A red rock.



APRIL 1ST
should be
WORLD
PRACTICAL
JOKING
DAY



Try filling
your parents'
good work
shoes/boots
with woven
cushion.
When they
slip them on,
say:
"Happy World
Practical etc
Day")
They'll love you
for it.



A paralysed red rock.²¹

A frozen paralysed red rock.

A frozen paralysed red rock in a deep deep sleep.

It seems like forever, but eventually Dad puts my arm back down on to the bed. Gently.

And he says in a quiet voice: 'Andy—now listen to me. You're cold and you're not breathing. You're staring at the ceiling and I can't find a pulse. You may be dead for all I know. But then your past record leaves me no choice but to wonder if this isn't just another one of your so-called "jokes". If you are just playing a trick, then I'll give you to the count of three to get out of bed and we'll say no more about it.²² But, if you don't get out of bed, and I find out later that you're not really dead . . . well . . . you'll wish that you had been. Is that clear?'

He's trying to trick me. He wants me to nod.²³ But I'm not going to fall for it.²⁴ There's only room for one practical joker around here—and it's not Dad. He starts counting.

'One . . .'

I'm not sure I believe that I won't get



DARE YOU
TO STICK
YOUR
TONGUE
IN THE
END OF
AN
ESCALATOR.



so, why am I
here?



into trouble if I confess.²⁶ He sounds pretty serious. I'll probably end up being grounded for a week. And I'll definitely end up having to go to school.²⁹

Next time
your
friend is
bragging,
bet him
he can't
remove
the cheese
from a
mouse-trap
with his
nose.
(Show him
photos
(faked) of
you doing
it)



Keep
Hospital
number
close by.



'Two ...'

What have I got to lose? And, anyway, I've come too far to chicken out now.

'Three!'

I don't move a single muscle.

Dad calls Mum into the room.

'Is everything all right?' she asks.

'I'm afraid I've got some bad news,' says Dad. 'I don't know how, or why, but it appears that Andy is no longer living ... that is to say, he is ... er ... dead.'

'Oh no,' she says, and starts to cry. 'Oh no!'

Out of the corner of my eye, I see Dad move to put his arms round her.

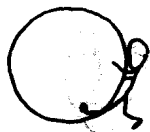
While they're distracted,²⁷ I quickly take a couple of good deep breaths.

'But he was such a good boy!' Mum wails.²⁸ 'Such a *good* boy! He had his problems ... but deep down he didn't mean any harm.'

'No,' says Dad, 'I don't believe he did



I have to tell
you the page
number.



mean any harm — it's just he never knew when to stop.'

Dad's taking the whole thing better than I expected.² I mean, he's usually pretty calm and all, but I would have thought, maybe, he might be a bit more upset. After all, I am his son.

'Oh well,' he says. 'No use standing around here all day. There's work to be done.'

'But surely you're not going to work now!' says Mum.

'Well,' says Dad, 'somebody's got to dig the hole.'

'What hole?'

'We can't just leave his body here.'

'I suppose not,' says Mum. 'Where are you going to dig it?'

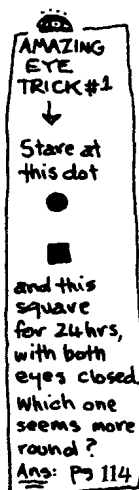
Dad hands her his handkerchief.

'I think underneath the lemon tree might be nice — and it'd be good for the lemons.'

'Yes,' says Mum, 'it's been struggling a bit lately.'

'I'll go get the spade and start digging. I'd like to have him in the ground before lunchtime. Before he starts to smell.'

'Okay,' says Mum, wiping her eyes. 'And



THINGS
TO
DO:



Why not
try to
convince
your
brother
that
barbells
make
great
floaties.



FRESHWATER
FISH OF THE
WORLD #75:
Half of
something,
minus
what!

while you're doing that, I'll put the kettle on. I think we could both use a good strong cup of tea.'

I can't believe what I'm hearing. Have my parents completely lost their senses? Are they seriously thinking of burying me in the backyard? Aren't there laws against that sort of thing?

Dad leaves the room.

Mum kneels down beside the bed and kisses me on the cheek. She passes her hand over my eyelids,^⑩ just like they do in the movies. I'm so touched, I almost forget to close them—but I remember just in time.

'I don't care what anyone says,' she whispers, 'you *were* a good boy.'

Mum leaves the room.

I don't dare open my eyes again. I wouldn't want her to come back and catch me with them open. That would really freak her out.^⑪ And I think she's been freaked out enough for one day.

Maybe I should confess.

But how do I confess without freaking her out even more? After all, if she thinks I'm



This is page 8.
Got the idea!



dead, and then I walk into the kitchen, what do I say? Somehow, I don't think 'Hi, Mum, I'm not really dead, I was just kidding!' would go down all that well.^②

But if I don't confess, I'm going to be buried in a cold muddy hole in my own backyard.

I'll have worms gnawing at my eyeballs for the rest of eternity.^③ That's a pretty high price to pay for a practical joke. Even one as brilliant as this.

The lemon tree is right outside my window. I can hear Dad digging. And whistling.

Whistling?

I die and he whistles? What is he — some kind of psycho? Normal people don't whistle when their son dies. Then again, normal people don't bury bodies in the backyard.

But as I listen to Dad's whistle, I begin to notice something strange. It's different from his normal one.

It's too loud.

Too cheerful.

And now it becomes clear.

My parents don't think I'm dead — they just want me to think that they *think* I'm

FRESHWATER
FISH of the
WORLD n° 75b:



The other
half.

To discover
the best
practical
joke ever,
turn to
Pg 178



This is page 6
upside down.



dead. All this crap about being good for the lemons . . . that's not what it's about at all.³⁴
They're just trying to teach me a lesson.

They want to scare me.

Well, I don't scare easily. And I'm not about to be beaten at my own game by a couple of amateurs.³⁵

After a long morning of staring at the ceiling, I'm pretty bored.

At last I hear Dad stop digging.

Mum and Dad come into my room. I know what's coming next.

I suck my breath in and try to remain absolutely still.³⁶ Dad grabs me underneath my arms. Mum lifts me up by the legs. I try to make my head flop around in a convincing corpse-like fashion.³⁷ They carry me out to the backyard and lay me down underneath the lemon tree.

Dad gets down into the hole — which, I can see through my slitted eyes, is deeper than I expected — puts his hands back underneath

Is your
family
COMPUTER
KEYBOARD
malfunctioning.

HOW TO FIX IT.

- ★1. Fill the bath with mud.
- ★2. Screw off all bits that will screw off.
- ★3. Carefully Chuck the keyboard and bits into the bath.
- ★4. Stir with a tennis racket.
- ★5. Glue all the bits together again with Hobby Glue.

It should now work perfectly.

