

# 短文故事精

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中学生英汉对照小读物

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## A Noble Gift

One of the most famous monuments in the world , the Statue of Liberty, was presented to the United States of America in the nineteenth century by the people of France. The great statue , which was designed by the sculptor Auguste Bartholdi, took ten years of copper supported by a metal framework which had been especially constructed by Eiffel. Before it could be transported to the United States, a site had to be built. The site chosen was an island at the entrance of New York Harbour . By 1884, a statue which was 151 feet tall, had been erected in Paris. The following year , it was taken to pieces and sent to America . By the end of October 1886 , the statue had been put together again and it was officially presented to the American people by Bartholdi. Ever since then, the great monument has been a symbol of liberty for the millions of people who have passed through New York Harbour to make their homes in America .

## 高尚礼物

自由女神像是世界上最著名的纪念像之一，它是十九世纪时法国人送给美国的。这座大雕像是由雕刻家 Auguste



Bartholdi 设计，用了十年功夫才完成的。雕像是铜制的，由 Eiffel 特别建造的金属架支撑着。在把雕像运往美国之前，先得找好场地，还要建起一个雕像底座。地点选在纽约港入口处的一个岛上。到了 1884 年，一个高一百五十英尺的雕像在巴黎建成。次年，它被拆成许多部件送到美国。1886 年 10 月底，这座雕像又组装了起来，并由 Bartholdi 正式送给美国人民。从那时以来，这个伟大的纪念像就成为经纽约港到美国定居的千百万人的自由象征。

## Asking for Trouble

It must have been two in the about morning when I returned home. I tried to wake up my wife by ringing the door-bell, but she was, fast asleep, so I got a ladder from the shed in the garden, put it against the wall, and began climbing towards the bedroom window. I was almost there when a sarcastic voice below. said I don't think the windows need cleaning at this time of the night. I tooked down and nearly fell off the ladder when I saw a policeman. I immediately regretted answering in the way I did, but I said, 'I enjoy cleaning windows at night.'

'So do I,' answered the policeman in the same tone. 'Excuse my interrupting you. I have to interrupt a man when he's busy working, but would you mind coming with me to the station?'

'Well, I'd prefer to stay here,' I said. 'You see, I've

forgotten my key. ’

‘Your what?’ he called.

‘My key ,’ I shouted .

Fortunately, the shouting woke up my wife who opened the window just as the policeman had started to climb towards me.

## 自找麻烦

当我到家时是凌晨两点钟。我按了门铃，想唤醒我的妻子，但是她睡得很熟。于是我从花园的小棚里拿来一架梯子，把它靠在墙上，并开始向卧室的窗子爬去。当我就要爬到窗口时，下面有人以讽刺的口吻说：“我想不必在深更半夜擦窗子吧。”我朝下一看，看到一个警察，我差一点从梯子上摔下来。我回答说：“我喜欢夜间擦窗子。”但是马上后悔这样回答。

警察用同样的口吻说：“我也一样，请原谅我打扰你，我不愿在人家正忙的时候打扰人，但您是否能跟我到警察局去一趟？”

“可是我愿意呆在这里，您要知道，我忘记带钥匙了。”我说。

“您的什么？”他嚷道。

“我的钥匙。”我嚷着回答。

幸好这喊声吵醒了我的妻子。她在警察开始向我爬来的时候打开了窗子。

## Not Poor, Just Broke

Dick Gregory

Like of lot of Negro kids, we never would have made it without our Momma . When there was no fatback to go with the beans, no socks to ho with the shoes, no hope to go with tomorrow , she' smile and say: “ We ain't poor, we're just broke,” poor is a state of mind you never grow out of , but being broke is just a temporary condition . She always had a big smile , even when her legs and feet swelled from high blood pressure and she collapsed across the table with sugar diabetes. You have to smile twenty—four hours a day , Momma would say . If you walk through life showing the aggravation you've gone through , people will feel sorry for you , and they'll never respect you . She taught us that man has two ways out in life —laughing or crying. There' more hope in laughing. A man can fall down the stairs and lie there in such pain and horror that his own wife will collapse and faint at the sight. But if he can just hold back his pain for a minute she might be able to collect herself and call the doctor. It might mean the difference between his living to laugh again or dying there on the spot.

So you laugh , so you smile. Once a month the big gray relief truck would pull up in front of our house and Momma would flash that big smile and stretch out her hands. “Who else you know in this neighborhood gets this kind of service?” And

we could all feel proud when the neitghbors, folds who weren't on relief, folds who had Daddies in their houses , would come by the back porch for some of those hundred pounds of potatoes, for some sugar and flour and salty fish. We'd stand out there on the back porch and hand out the food like we were in charge of helping poor people , and then were in charge of helping poor people, and then we'd take the food they brought us in retrun.

And Momma came home one hot summerday and found we'd been evicted , thromn out into the streetcar zone wing all our orangecrate chairs and secondhand lamps . She flashed that big smile and dried our tears and bought some penny Kool—Aid, We stood out there and sold drinks to thirsty people coming off the street—car , and we thought nobody knew we were kicked out—figured they thought we *wanted* to be there . And Momma went off to tald the landlord into letting us back in on credit.

But I wonder about my Momma sometimes , and all the other Negro mothers who got up at 6 A. M. to go to the white man's house with sacks over their shoes because it was so wet and cold, I wonder how they made it . They worked very hard for the man, they made his breakfast and they scrubbed his floors and they diapered his babies. They didn't have too much time for us

I wonder about my Momma , who walked out of a white woman's clean bouse at midnight and came back to her own

where the ughts had been out for three months , and the pipes were frozen and the wind came in through the cracks. She'd have to make deals with the rats; leave some food out for them so they wouldn't gnaw on the doors or bite the babies. The roaches, they were just like part of the family.

I wonder how she felt telling those white kids she tood care of to brush their teeth after they ate , to wash their bands after they peed. She could nener tell her own kids because there wasn't soap or water back home.

I wonder how my Momma felt when we came bome from school with a list of vitamins and pills and cod liver oil the school nurse said we had to have. Momma would cry all night, and then go out and spend most of the rent money for pills. A week later , the white man would come for his eighteen dollars rent and Momma would plead with him to wait until tomorrow. She had lost her pocketbood. The relief check was coming . The white folks had some money for her. Tomorrow. I'd be hiding in the coal colset because there was only supposed to be two kids in the flat , and I could hear the rent man curse my Momma and call her a liar. And when he finally went away , Momma put the sacks on her shoes and went off to the rich white folks' house to dress the rich white kids so their mother could take them to a special baby doctor.

Momma had to take us to Homer G. Phillips, the free hospital, the city hospital for Negroes. We'd stand on line and wait for hours, smiling and Uncle Tomming every time a

doctor or a nurse passed by . We'd feel good when one of them smiled back and dedn't lood at us as though we were dirty and had no rigyt coming down there. All the doctors and nurses at Homer G. Phillips were Negroes, too .

I remember one tome when a doctor in white walked up and said : "What's wrong with him?" as if he didn't believe that anything was .

Momma looked at me and looked at him and shook her head . "I sure don't know , Doctor, but he cried all nitht long. Held his stomach. "

"Bring him in and get his damned clothes off . "

I was so mad the way he was talking to my Momma taht I bit down too hard on the thermometer. It broke in my mouth. The doctor slapped me scross my face.

"Both of you go stand in the back of the line and wait your turn. "

My Momma had to say : "I'm sorry , Doctor," and to to the back of the line. She had five other kids at home and she never knew when she'd have to bring another down to the City Hospital.

And shose rich white folks Momma was so proud of . She'd sit around with the other women and they'd talk about how good their white folds were . They 'd lie about how rich they were, what nice parties they gave, what good clothes they wore. And how they were going to be remembered in their white folks'wills . The next morning the white lady would

say : "We're going on vacation for two months, Lucille, we won't be needing you until we get back." Damm. Two month vacation withort pay .

I wonder how my Momma stayed so good and beautiful in her soul when she worked seven days a week on swollen legs and feet, how she kept teaching us to smile and laugh when the house was dark and cold and she never knew when one of her hungry kids was going to ask about Daddy.

I wonder how she kept from teaching us hate when the social worker — came around . She was a nasty bitch with a pinched face who said: " We have reason to suspect you are wovking, Miss Gregory, and you can be sure I'm going to check on you . We don't stand for welfare cheaters. "

Momma , a welfare cheater . A criminal who couldn't stand to see her kids go hungry , or grow up in slums and end up mugging people in dark corners. I gress the system didn't want her to get off relief , the way it kept sending social workers around to be sure Momma wasn't trying to made things better.

I remember how that social worker would poke around the house , wrinkling her nose at the coal dust on the chilly linoleum floor , shaking her head at the hugs crawling over the dirth dishes in the sink. My Momma would have to stand there and make like she was too lazy to keep her own house clean. She could never let on that she spent all day cleaning another woman's house for two dollars and carfare. She would have to

follow that nasty bitch around those drafty three rooms , keeping her fingers crossed that the telephone hidden in the closet wouldn't ring. Welfare cases weren'tupposed to have telephones.

But Momma figured that some day the Gregory kids were going to get off North Taylor Street and into a world where they would have to compete with kids who grew up with telephones in their houses . She didn't want us to be at a disadvantage. She couldn't explain that to the social worder. And she couldn't explain that while she was out spoonfeeding somebody else's kids, she was worrying about her own kids , that she could rest her mind by picking up the telephone and calling us — to find out if we had bread for our baloney or bcuoney for our bread , to see if and of us had gotten run over by the streetcar while we played in the gutter , to make sure the house hadn't burnt down from the papers and magazines we stuffed in the stove when the coal ran out .

But sometimes when she called there would be no answer. Home was a place to be only when all other places were closed

## 不是穷，只是没有钱

迪克·格雷戈里

我们和其他许多黑人小孩一样，没有妈妈不行。到了吃豆子没有肥猪肉相配、有了鞋子没有袜子、对明天已经没有



希望的时刻，她总是笑着说：“我们不是穷，只是没有一分钱。”穷是你永远摆脱不了的一种心理状态，但是没有钱只是一种暂时状态。她是满面笑容，即使由于患了高血压病她的腿脚都肿着，由于患了糖尿病她软瘫在桌子上，她也是这样。妈妈总是说你必须每天笑 24 小时。如果你过日子显出你的不高兴，人家就会为你难过，他们就不再尊重你了。她教导我们，一个人的生活中有两种出路——笑或是哭。在笑之中含有更多的希望。一个人可能从楼梯上跌下来，躺在那里既疼痛又害怕，连她的妻子看到也会晕倒。但是如果他能够忍住一时的疼痛，她也可以使自己镇定下来去请医生。这就意味着他活着站起来继续笑，还是当场死去的区别。

因此你要大笑，因此你要微笑。每月一次灰色的救济大卡车开到我家门前，妈妈就露出那满脸笑容，伸出双手：“你们知道这一带有哪些人能得到这种服务呢？”这时我们都感到很骄傲。因为邻居们，那些未得到救济的人们，那些家里有爸爸的人们，都从后门进去，从上百磅的马铃薯里拿走一些，再拿去一些食糖、面粉和咸鱼。我们站在后门口把东西递给他们，就好像我们是负责帮助穷人的，然后我们接下他们回送的食物。

有一个炎热的夏天，妈妈回家时发现我们被赶出了家门，连同我们所有用装柑橘的板条箱钉成的椅子和从旧货店里买来的灯一起被扔到电车停车区。她露出满面笑容，擦干我们的眼泪，买了一些冷饮。我们站在那里把冷饮卖给下电车的口渴的乘客。我们想没有人会知道我们是被踢出门的——猜想我们会以为我们是乐意站在那里的。妈妈走开去找房东，要求让我们暂时欠着房租住回去。