

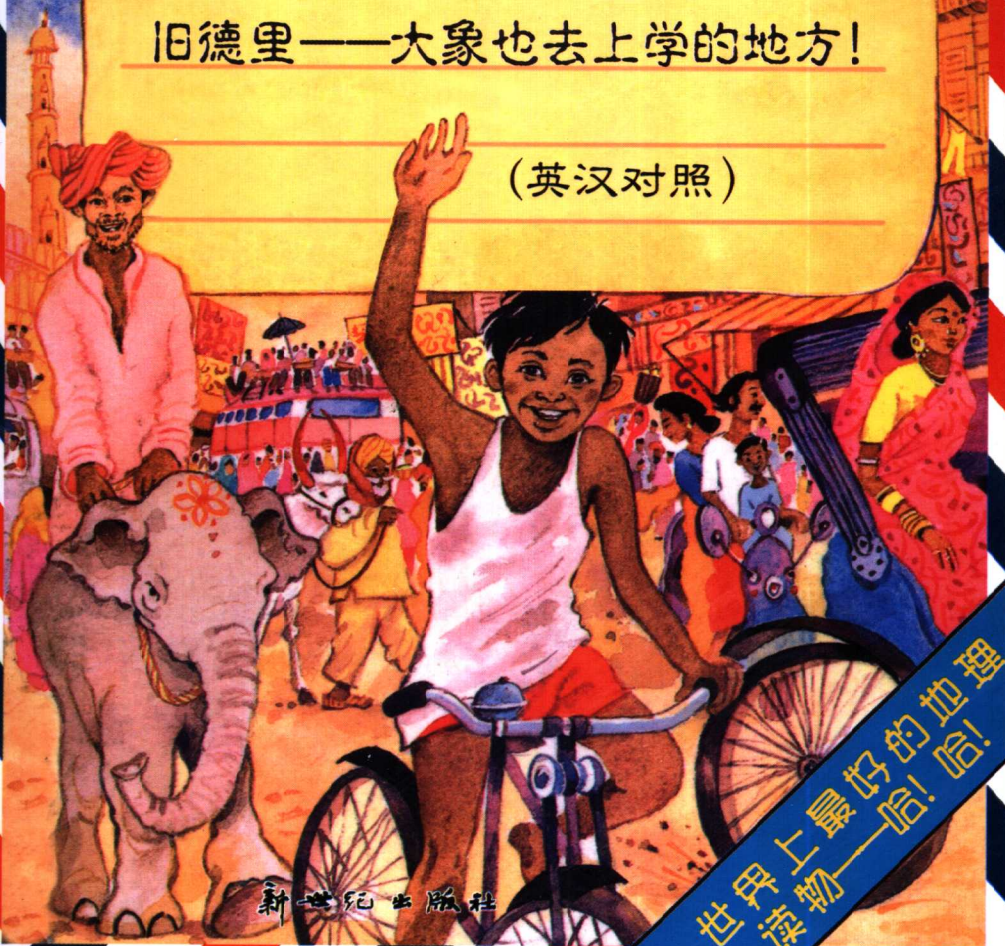
孩子最好的
英文学习书
哈哈！



印度孩子给您的信

旧德里——大象也去上学的地方！

(英汉对照)



新世纪出版社

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读物——哈哈！

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作者：迈克尔·考克斯 翻译：吴晓真

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AIRMAIL FROM...

Old Delhi – where elephants go to school! is part of a series of books about fascinating countries around the world. Each book is made up of letters written by a boy or girl who lives in one of these countries. You might find that their English isn't always quite right (unlike yours, which is always perfect – ha ha!). So watch out for a few mistakes and crossings out. Sometimes in their letters the children use words from their own language (just like we all do!).

Hari, who writes these letters, occasionally uses words from the Hindi language. Like “namaskar” which means “hello”. Don't worry! You already use quite a few words that came from India in the first place. Like “pyjamas” . . . and “bungalow”, and lots, lots more. So a few new ones shouldn't be too hard, should they?



来自……的航空信

《旧德里——大象也上学的地方!》是一套有关世界上令人神往的国度的丛书之一。每本书都由一名居住在该国的男孩或女孩所写的信件组成。你可能会发现他们的英语不那么正确,(不像你,你的英语总是完美无缺——哈哈!)所以注意,书里边会有一些错误和划去的部分。有时这些孩子在信里还使用了他们自己语言里的词汇。(我们都这样!)

写这些信的哈里偶尔会使用印地语中的词汇。例如“namaskar”,它的意思是“你好”。别担心!你其实早已运用一些源自印度的词语。例如“睡衣(py jamas)”……和“平房(bungalow)”,还有很多很多其他词。所以再来几个新的也没多大困难,是不是?



18 November

Dear letter-wallah,

Namaskar (hello). Good morning. How are you? My name is Hari Sharma and I am living in the big city called Delhi, which is in India. I have just come to live in this busy huge place. At the moment I have got hardly any friends. All my old ones are behind in my village. But do not cry

再见，哈里！
Bye bye, Hari!

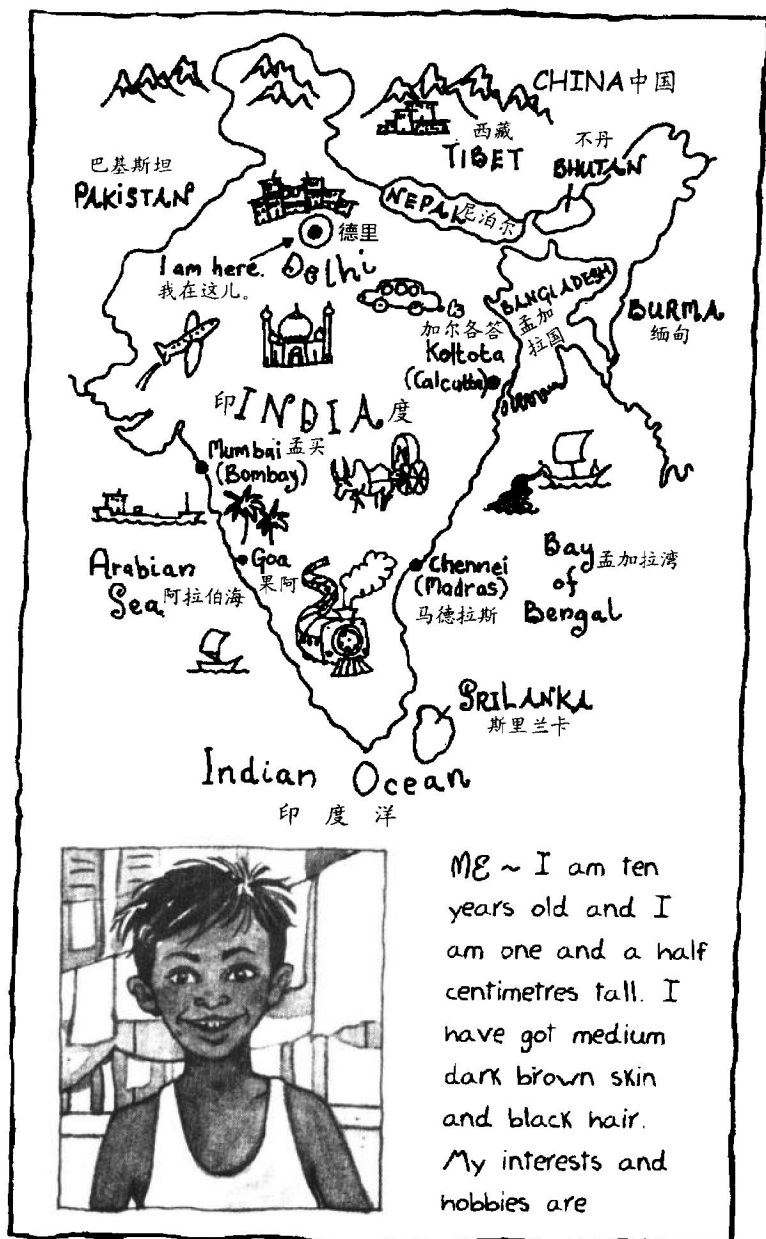


for me. I will make some new ones soon. No problem! I am a happy, friendly and natterly person. But, in the mean time, do you mind if I am being your pen friend? I will write to

you and tell you all about what it is like to be me and about India too. And some other gossipy things! You will not regret this great decision. So, here we are going.



WHOOOOOSH*



drawing, bicycling, cricketing and writing. But not all at the same time! (Arf arf arf! - that's me laughing - you will get used to it.) Also, I am a lunatic about reading. I often have my head buried in a book.

FAMILY~ I have got one sister called Pushpa. She is 19 and next year she is going to be married. But we do not know who to. My mum and dad are looking for the right boy for her. This is how most weddings happen in India. Your parents choose who is going to be your partner for your life.

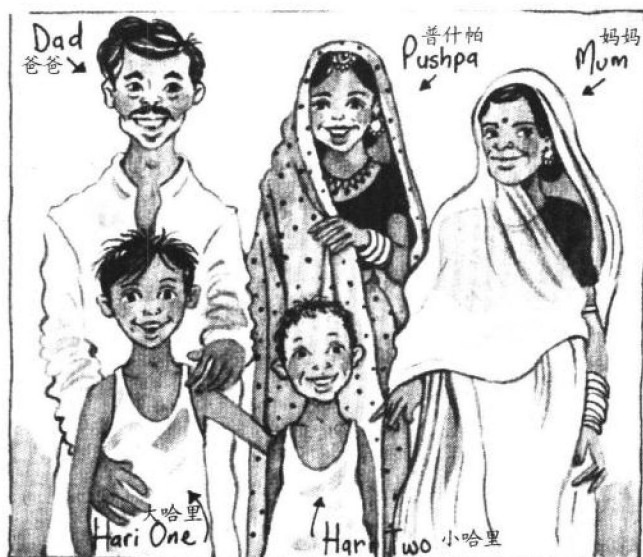


I will let you know when they find her one.

I have also got one brother called Hari who is five. Yes, that is right! We are both Hari! I am Hari One! And he is Hari Two! Because he is the youngest. Sometimes also my dad and mum are calling us Big Hari and Little Hari.

My mum is called Laxmi and she looks after the family. Prempal, my dad, is a top expert car and motorbike fixer. He was the best Mr fix-it-wallah* in our village - he was also the only Mr

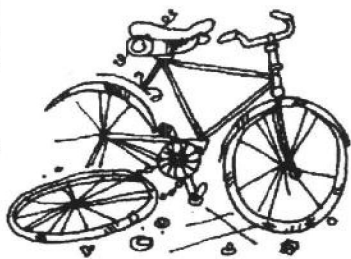
fix-it-wallah in our villagel (Arf arf arf!) Here we all are:



Some weeks ago my uncle Darshan wrote this note to Dad (he is not really my uncle - in India you can call a really good friend "brother" or "sister" and Darshan is Dad's oldest friend):

Prempal my brother. Dalhi car-mending business expanding like wildfire. Need top spanner man quick sharp. Yes! You! Bring all family too! Soon as possible... I will give you BIG money. No sweating!

So, here we are! We came on a train that was four hours long. Tomorrow my bapuji (daddy) is going to start his new job at Darshan's Car Hospital. No Job Too Big. He is very chuffed. He says that now we will have



more money than ever before. If I am good he will buy me a new bicycle. (My old one is all clapped in.)

For the moment we are living with Uncle Darshan and Aunty

Meena and their five children in their flat. It has got only two bedrooms so we are squashed. Especially as we have brought our daada (grand-daddy) with us. I was forgetting to tell you about him! His name daada 爷爷

is Jatinder and he is very old with false teeth and whiskers.

Soon we will be moving to our own place. Good! Then I can escape from uncle Darshan's children. They are

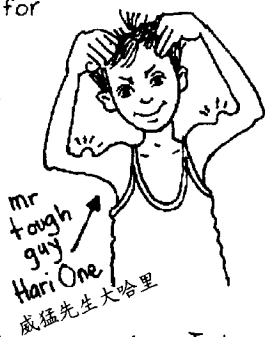


sometimes being horrible to me for no reason at all. But no matter. I am being very tough when I am wanting to.

Right this moment I am hiding from them so I can write this first letter to you.

Uh oh! I think I can hear them coming now. So I will sign off quick. I look forward to corresponding with you at my nearest conveniences.

Here they come, the horrible ones! I am gone!



Bye bye!

Hari

Last quicky!

* A wallah is our Indian word for a person or a job-doer. So now I am your airmail-wallah (arf arf!).

亲爱的笔友：

Namaskar(你好)。早上好。你好吗？我叫哈里·沙曼，我住在印度一个叫做德里的大城市里。我刚刚搬到这个繁忙的大都会来。目前我几乎一个朋友都没有。我的老朋友们都还呆在村子里。但别为我哭泣，我很快就会交上新朋友的。没问题！我是个无忧无虑、热情友善、又爱瞎扯闲聊的人。但是，在这段时间里，你愿意做我的笔友吗？我会给你写信，告诉你我的情况，还有印度的情况。我还会跟你瞎扯些别的！你一旦作出做我笔友的伟大决定，你就不会后悔。好了，就让我们开始吧。

我——我今年10岁，身高1.5厘米。我的皮肤黑中带棕，头发黑色。我的兴趣和爱好是画画、骑自行车、打板球和写作。但我不是要在同时做这么多事！（哈哈！——那是在笑——你会慢慢习惯的。）还有，我爱阅读，爱得都快疯了。我常常埋头读书。

家庭——我有一个姐姐，名叫普什帕。她19岁，明年就要结婚了。但我们不知道她要嫁给谁。我爸爸妈妈在为她寻找合适的男士。印度的大部分婚姻都是这样，你的父母决定谁将成为你的终身伴侣。他们为她找到合适人选之后，我会告诉你。

我还有一个弟弟，叫哈里，他今年5岁。对，没错！我们都叫哈里！我是哈里第一，他是哈里第二！因为他最小。有时候我爸爸妈妈也叫我们大哈里和小哈里。

我妈妈叫拉克西米，她专管家务。我爸爸普莱姆帕尔是位专家级的汽车、轻型摩托车修理工。他是我们村里最棒的修理“wallah”*——他也是我们村里惟一的一位修理“wallah”！（哈哈！）这就是我们：（请看P6的上图）

几个星期前我叔叔达山给爸爸写了这封信：（他不是我的亲叔叔——在印度，你把好朋友称作“兄弟”或“姐妹”，而达山是爸爸最老的朋友）

普莱姆帕尔我的兄弟，德里的汽修生意越做越大，需要好的修理工。对！就是你！把你的家人也带上！越快越好……我会付给你很高的工资！不必吃苦！

所以，我们就到这儿来了。我们坐了4个小时的火车。明天我bapuji（爸爸）就要去达山的“没有什么难得倒我们的汽车医院”上班了。他很是沾沾自喜。他说从现在起我们会有比以前多得多的钱，如果我乖的话，他会给我买一辆新自行车。（我的旧自行车都快骑坏了。）

目前我们同达山叔叔、米娜婶婶和他们的5个孩子一起住在他们的公寓里。它只有两间卧室，所以我们都快挤扁了。尤其是因为我们把daada爷爷也带来了。我忘了跟你说他！他叫贾亭达，很老很老，装着假牙，留着八字须。

不久我们就会搬进我们自己的住处。很好！那时我就可以摆脱达山叔叔的孩子们了。他们有时无缘无故就对我不讲道理。但没关系。要是我愿意，我也可以变得很凶悍。

目前我正躲着他们，好给你写第一封信。喔哦！我想我听见他们过来了，所以我就匆匆收尾了。我盼望能一有空就给你写信。

他们来了，这些不讲道理的家伙！我走了！

再见！

哈里

11月28日

最后一笔！

* “wallah”是印度语，指一个人或者干一份工作的人。所以现在我是你的航空信“wallah”。（哈哈！）

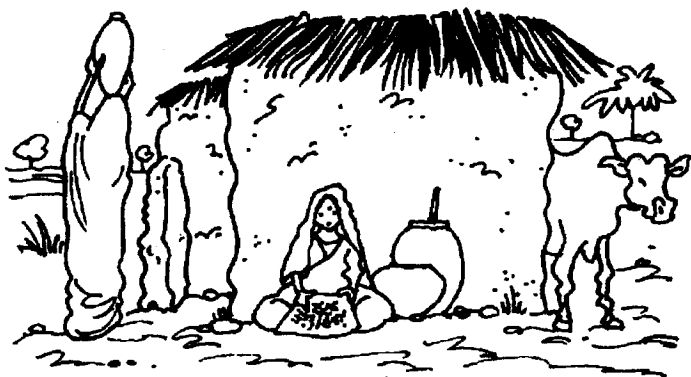
18 December



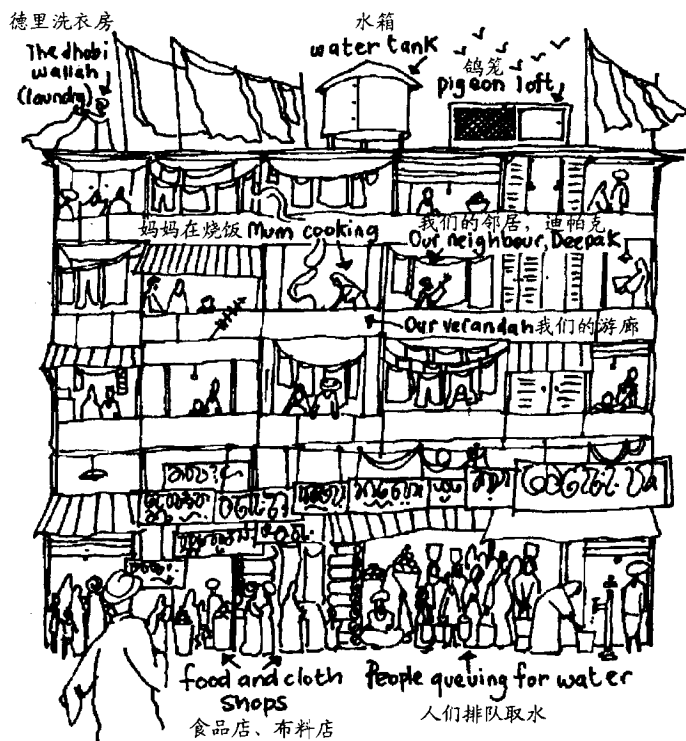
Hello good morning reader-wallah,

Namaste (greetings). How are you? Here is the news from your special India correspondent, Hari Sharma. By the way, I am one and a half metres tall. Not one and a half centimetres, like I told you!

FIRST NEWS! At last we are in our own place. Hoorah! In our village we lived in a mud and dung and thatching house with fields all around it. It had only two rooms with soil on the floors. Mum and Pushpa did nearly all our cooking outside on a fire made from cow poos. We had no electricities and had to fetch our water from the well which was quite a big walk away!



Our new house here in Old Delhi is not like that at all! It is made from cement and bricks and tiles and breeze blocks. It has three rooms with electricities and a water tap quite handy just around the corner. Also a nice verandah for doing cooking. We are snug as a bug in a bug! We are renting it from Mr Singh. He has got a whole building full of them.



SECOND NEWS! Dad is happy with his new work. He says he is rushed off his fingers doing mending at Darshan's Car Hospital No Job Too Big. Soon we will get a pile of money! (New bicycle here I come!) Yesterday I took his tiffin (lunch) to him there.

It was quite an adventure, I can tell you, old chum! Mum gave me daddyji's tiffin carrier and the directions but I was being so busy staring at fantastic sights that I was suddenly lost! As I was wondering where to turn next I saw some boys run to a car parked right by me and tear off the screen wipers.



Then they hopped in an alley and were gone! Next moment a man ran to me and grabbed my neck scruff very hard. He said, "Hey you. Your friends just stole my wipers and you were their