

独家引进

石头汤 系列读物

Stone Soup

由畅销 30 多年的美国金牌期刊汇编而成

美国青少年原创佳作
中国中学生阅读精品




勇者无敌

 安徽科学技术出版社

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出版者的话

Stone Soup 是美国出版的面向青少年读者的双月刊,创刊至今已有 30 余年,畅销美国、加拿大、墨西哥等国家,深受世界各地读者的欢迎。

“石头汤”是一个民间故事的名字,在俄国、瑞典和非洲的部分地区广为流传。其含义为通过每个人的一点贡献,将一锅水和石头煮成鲜美的汤。比方说,你贡献一个土豆,我贡献一点胡萝卜,他贡献一些鸡……在《石头汤》期刊中,所有作者的各自贡献,使得该刊犹如一锅丰盛鲜美的“汤”。

继成功推出 *Chicken Soup for the Soul*《心灵鸡汤》系列读物后,我社又从美国 Children's Art Foundation 独家引进了 *Stone Soup*《石头汤》系列读物。

书中的文章都是由当今美国青少年所写的上乘之作,极富时代感。他们通过自己的故事,讲述了各自成长过程中的理想追求、成败得失和喜怒哀乐,从不同的视角诠释了他们对大千世界的认识和对生活的理解。

本套书反映了当今美国青少年现实生活的方方面面。内容生动有趣,情感真实丰富,语言地道简约、优美流畅。实为中国青少年英语学习上的佳读物。

为了方便中国读者阅读和理解,我们请语言专家对书中一些较难理解的词语进行注释,并对语言本身和人文内涵的精妙之处给予点评。

本套书的注释工作由邢凌初组织实行。

本书注释者为李红、易保树。



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Honesty

诚实

导语

诚实是一个人最优秀的品德。生活中,我们也一定见过各种各样诚实的表现。尽管这样,当我们看到一个女孩因为买橘子的零钱追过几条街找到顾客时,我们仍然会为之动容,为之感动。

It was a freezing cold winter day in China. My family and I were visiting my beloved¹ paternal grandmother who lives in Zhengzhou, a city in China. And this time we were celebrating the Chinese New Year with her.

It was said that eating oranges during the special occasion is meant for good luck. Being superstitious², my father and I went to the market to buy a few before the big day. The market in China is different. It's usually a street with small booths³. These booths sell fresh vegetables, fruits and even meat. People who have farms in the countryside

1. 所深爱的(人) 2. 迷信的, 迷信 3. (市场的)售货棚、摊位



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always come to the market to sell their goods.

When my father and I arrived, the market was crowded with people, and of course, oranges. *We looked around in the crowd of people and stopped at the sight of a small booth.*¹ This small booth was quite different; it was just a big piece of cloth on the ground with a few fresh-looking oranges. But I wondered why there were no customers. Unable to stop my curiosity, I persuaded my father to take a look at the oranges. We walked toward the booth and saw a young girl sitting on a stool, reading next to the booth. Her mind seemed to have whirled into the story, because she didn't even notice us when we walked toward her.

My father cleared his throat and asked, "How much are the oranges?"

*The girl heard him and jumped up as though her stool had just been electrified.*² "Oh...ah...what?" the girl stammered.

"How much are the oranges?" my father repeated patiently.

"Oh...three for one yuan," the girl answered politely. "They are not totally ripe...a bit sour," she added, when my father was examining the oranges carefully.

After a while he looked up and said, "I don't mind if they are sour...I'll buy twenty of them." Both the girl and I looked at him with surprise; I never thought my father could be so generous. Then the girl put the oranges in a bag and gave

1. 我们在人群中张望,看到一个小摊子时,我们停了下来。 2. 女孩听到他的声音,立刻跳起来,就像她的凳子有电一样。



them to him. My father carelessly stuffed¹ some money into her hand and we walked out of the busy street.

“Why did you buy so many oranges from her?” I asked my father as we walked toward the bus stop.

“Well, she was so truthful and even told me that her own oranges are sour; besides, she really enjoys studying. And look at her book, it's so old; maybe she can use the money she earned to buy some books! ”

I nodded my head vigorously after hearing my father's words. Just then, I felt somebody tugging my arm; I turned and recognized the person as the girl whom we bought the oranges from. “Ran...ran all the...way here, never...thought you walked so fast...here's...your change...” she panted², and stuffed the money in my hand. “Got to go and...look after my booth, bye! ” *Before I could mutter a thanks, she had already turned a corner and was out of sight.*³ I stared at the coins in my hand; although it was only a few coins, the girl and her act of honesty will be etched in my memory forever...

by Zhang He

1. 塞,填,通常与into连用,相关用法:stuff with 把……装满,填满;stuff oneself 使某人吃饱,吃足 2. 喘气,喘息,喘着气说 3. 我还没来得及说声谢谢,她已经转过拐角,消失不见了。



Gray Fingers of Rain

At first misty
then drizzling
now coming down hard
like long, thin fingers
reaching down to earth
gray against the green of the pine trees
combining with the fog
that has rolled in from the sea.

Many people prefer
tropical islands
or dusty deserts—
but
I like the wet
and the fog
and the mist
and the gray skies of home
because...

to me, nothing is better
than wet and mist and fog
and
gray fingers of rain against green trees.

by Natalie Lam



变色的雨

起初雾气重重
接着细雨蒙蒙
现在大雨滂沱
如同细长的手指
轻触大地
灰色,映衬着松柏的苍绿
同那海上而来的雾气
翻滚纠结。
许多人钟情
热带岛屿
或干旱沙漠
而
我却独爱雨天
雾气
和家乡灰蒙蒙的天空
因为
于我,再没有比这
更美好的
雨天,
薄雾
和映衬绿树的
灰色的雨水。



My Friend the Bull

我的朋友,公牛

小主人公与公牛建立了深厚的友谊,他也在与公牛的交往中“长大成人”。

Our power was gone again. The house was at least sixty years old, I say *sesenta*, but we moved in a few weeks ago. *The rain was slamming¹ into the earth like a fist.* Trees outside bent their heads in awe of the storm. I thought, this was the kind of weather when my *abuela*, or grandmother, once sang songs and drank hot black coffee. *But in the family room my parents and two older brothers sat around the newspaper like mosquitoes to a light with no words shared between them.²*

I stepped out into the rain. The water met my skin in a burst of coldness, past the jacket and pants to the tender skin.

1. 猛推,猛踩,猛地放下,大雨像拳头似的猛击大地。2. 但是在家中的房间里,我的父母和两个哥哥围着一张报纸,就像蚊子围着灯火一样,彼此间一句话也没有。



Rain always makes me feel alive and I hear my heartbeat through the pattern of drops. But then I go back inside to the air-conditioning and rock 'n' roll music, and I am not so sure.

My father calls himself a man of the times. He works in a city job and must watch the politics and the local events on the television or read of them in the papers. My *abuela* said that it is a changing world, but we must not forget those before us who were born and lived their lives in Cuba. *Also she said that of the many things that will make me a man, one is conscience.*¹ One day I broke a mug while washing and, remembering this thing, I went to tell my father, but instead of thanking me for my words as I had hoped, he paddled me. Telling does not matter much anymore. Now my brothers altaste of grease rose in my throat with the taste of bile² and I thought of my *abuela's* fish and yellow rice. We are in her house which was given to us when she died, a few miles from Miami. My parents much prefer city life, but this house was all paid off and with much furniture, and they came for the cheapness. But they tore down all her paintings and memories and put up wallpaper with seashells. Think of it, I tell myself, trading a lifetime for seashells!

"So," my father told us, "the bull will be delivered tomorrow." A sign was up for a bull for sale and my brother

1. 她还说,会有很多事情会让我成人,其中一件就是良心。conscience

n. 良心,道德心,是非观念 相关用法:conscientious *adj.* 认真的,尽责的,诚心诚意的 2. 胆汁



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Juan saw it.

“I want to be a matador¹,” he told my father. Juan has the temperament of a fighter. *He is mean and cunning and has no mercy, and he played the games of fighting when a child.*²

“Very well,” said my father, “but besides strength you must get education too.”

Now the bull is coming. Probably Juan will try to ride its horns into me.

The Bull was young and medium-size. His nostrils³ flared and he pranced⁴ near the walls of our pen⁵. His name was Diablo, which is devil; however, as soon as I saw his hide I called him Rojo. His skin was red as blood or pepper. I liked to think of him as my own age and circumstance, only another prisoner in this great big world.

That morning Juan stepped into the pen with his bullfighting cap and a red ways uncover what I have done wrong and tell for me.

My brothers, they are the strong and handsome names of Juan and Padre, just as my father is Miguel. But me, the last child, I am only little Gabriel. But I remember my *abuela* always calling me her little *nieto*, which is grandson, but from the ways she spoke it with her heart in her lips and eyes I

1. 斗牛士 作为西班牙人的后裔,成为斗牛士似乎成为他们血液中的固有因素。 2. 他很有天赋,很狡猾,而且下手不留情。当他是孩子时,他就开始这种比赛了。 3. 鼻孔 4. (马、牛等动物)腾跃 5. (家畜的)栏,圈



always imagined myself as loved one. Whenever I was with my *abuela* I was the loved one but now I am only Gabriel. I *look back*¹ and see the yellow evening when she died. I sat on a chair beside her cheek but my parents and the doctor stood frowning far away at the foot. *In the window above her head the sun settled like an old bird into its nest with a halo of red clouds, the sign of clear skies tomorrow.*² I heard her say in a voice as thin as a fallen leaf, “*El sol sets on me today, my little nieto. But en la mañana, you will rise and see him, my darling. Many more of him you will see. Recuerdas, remember what I have taught you, my nieto. Adios.*”

“*Adios, mi abuela,*” I whispered. Her lids fell lightly across her cheeks and I knew the end.

I sat for many hours memorizing each wrinkle of her face until my father called for me, “Gabriel!” Then I kissed her cheek and left her forever.

I went in for *la comida*, but I thought it did not deserve the Spanish name because it was pizza. The cloth and all his proud anger. Maybe it is angry pride; I do not know which.

“Bull!” he shouted in an ugly voice. “Come and fight!” The bull in response charged across the dirt to him and he stepped aside just in time from the pointed horns. Then he ran and vaulted³ the fence. Now he is inside telling tales of

1. 回忆, 回顾 2. 从她头顶的窗户望出去, 即将落山的太阳就像巢中垂暮的鸟, 它带着一圈红晕, 那是明天好天气的征兆。 3. (尤指以手撑物或撑竿)跳跃



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how he conquered the mighty¹ bull, on his first attempt. Only I saw him.

Then I opened the gate and approached the bull. A sugar cube rested on my open hand, which showed my good intention. The bull, or Rojo as I thought in my private mind, pawed the ground anxiously. *I thought, you are just scared and lonely like a lost kitten.*²

Soon his curiosity overcame fear. Rojo approached me and consumed the sugar into his great mouth. I reached out one hand to pat his great horn. He was not afraid and he *leapt*³ away and did a bull dance all around the pen. The dirt was packed by his prancing hooves. When he returned he begged for more and I fed it into his mouth, and then I seated myself upon his broad back and wrapped my legs around his muscled sides. This was the first time that Rojo and I did the bull dance together.

Days passed and the poisons of my life became more bearable. I did not mind the pizza nor my brothers' loud rock 'n' roll music. The bull had become my friend. *I told him all my sorrows, of my abuela's death, and my family who did not respect me or the old ways of Cuba.*⁴

From my journal I read his stories. These I had created with my knowledge of the old tales and songs. The journal

1. 强有力的, 强大的 2. 我认为, 你就像个迷路的孩子一样害怕和孤独。 3. (leap的过去式) 跳跃, 跳越 4. 我告诉他我所有的悲伤——关于奶奶的过世, 关于家里谁不尊重我, 还有古巴的老传统。