


石头汤 系列读物

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



# 友情 百分 百

 安徽科学技术出版社

Stone Soup

石头汤系列读物

友情百分百



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的上佳读物。


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,并选择语言本身和人文内涵的精妙之处给予点评。

本书注释者为陈赟哲、张敏、常彦。



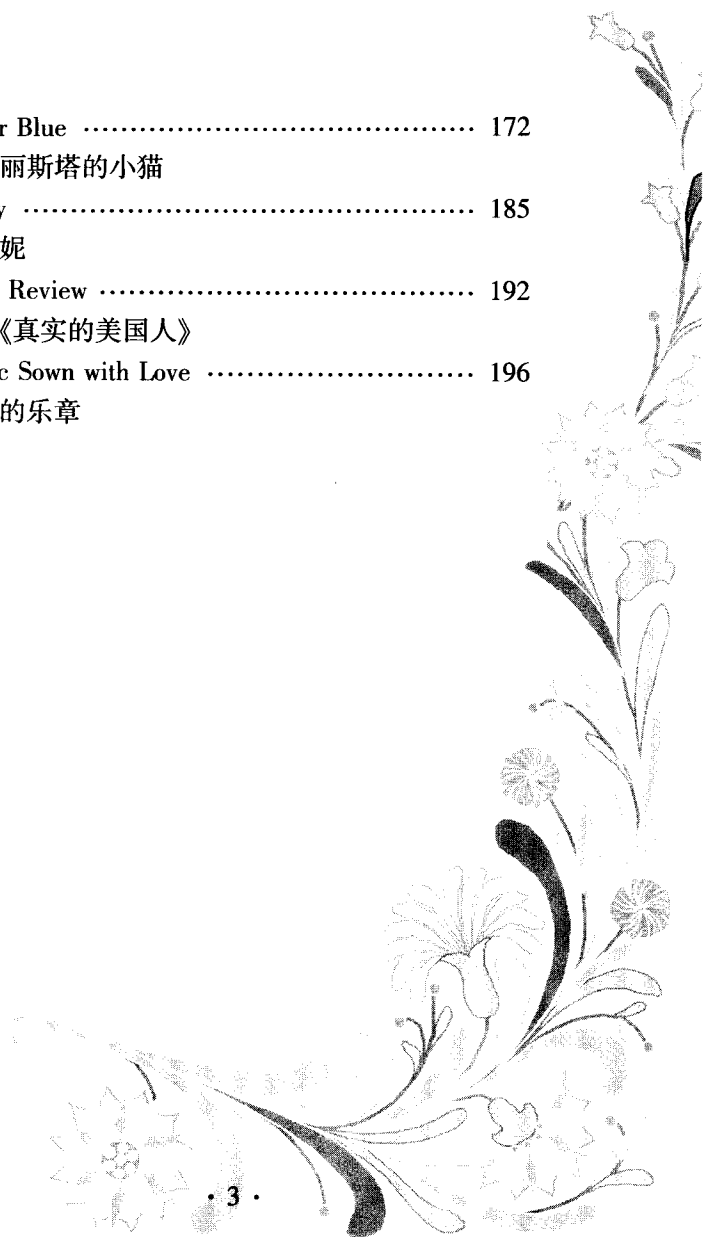
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## With Liberty and Justice for Some 部分人的自由与正义

导  
语

Betty是个日裔美国小女孩。二战期间,日本偷袭了珍珠港,从那以后,所有在美国的日本后裔的命运就改变了。人们敌视他们,政府要监管他们,他们不再有自由。

拘禁的日子何时是个尽头呢?

“Yip!” The sharp, Insistent<sup>1</sup> yapping<sup>2</sup> of my dog Urashima drew me sluggishly<sup>3</sup> upright<sup>4</sup> the day the summons<sup>5</sup> came.

“Yip! ”

“Betty,” my mother called to me from the kitchen, “quiet your dog, please! ”

“Yip! ”

I responded<sup>6</sup> with an unpromising grunt<sup>7</sup>, flipping<sup>8</sup> the page of my book. I was engrossed in<sup>9</sup> *Gone With the Wind*<sup>10</sup>,

1. 急迫的 2. (指犬)尖声急吠 3. 缓慢地 4. 直立的,笔直的 5. 传票  
此处指(官方)信函 6. 回应 7. 咕哝声 8. 猝然一翻 9. 全神贯注于  
10. 《乱世佳人》,美国文学名著。作者Margaret Michelle (1900-1949)





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reading it for the seventh time, and resented<sup>1</sup> any distractions<sup>2</sup>.

“Yip! ”

“Betty Okubo, that means *now*! ”

I slowly sat up, dragging<sup>3</sup> my feet like a run-down windup toy<sup>4</sup> as I walked to the door. Pulling Ura's collar with one hand and groping<sup>5</sup> for the mail with the other, I nodded a quick apology to the postman in case<sup>6</sup> my dog had disturbed him. He gave me a glare that could crush stone and hurried down the sidewalk, as if our house was liable to explode at any moment.

Letting go of my terrier<sup>7</sup>, I groped through the closet for the mail: a brand new Sears-Roebuck<sup>8</sup> catalogue<sup>9</sup>, the monthly electric bill<sup>10</sup>, a notice that my library books were hereby overdue—and a printed envelope addressed to “The Okubo family.” Sucking in my breath, I opened it and prayed fervently that it didn't hold bad news. But no notice of death, doom, or despair fell out, only a typewritten slip addressed “To whom it may concern”.

I ran through the house with the force of a full elephant stampede<sup>11</sup>, screaming<sup>12</sup>, “Mama! Mama! ”

“What?” my mother asked in a tired voice as I *frantically*<sup>13</sup> waved the paper in her face. She seized it from

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1. 憎恶 2. 干扰 3. 拖动 4. 一个破旧的发条玩具 5. 摸索 6. 以免  
7. 梗(犬的一个品种,性格活泼,个头小) 8. 美国一大公司名称 9. 产品目录  
10. 按月开具的电费账单 11. 惊逃,奔逃。作者这里运用了夸张的手法,表示极度的惊恐。 12. 尖叫 13. 狂乱地



me and began to read, then sat down quickly as a look of shock crossed her face. “They don’t understand,” she murmured<sup>1</sup>. “They will never understand.”

“What is it?” I asked eagerly. Wordlessly, she passed the paper to me. I read it slowly, carefully, drinking in<sup>2</sup> every dire<sup>3</sup> word like forbidden fruit<sup>4</sup>.

1 May 1942

To whom it may concern:

All Americans of Japanese<sup>5</sup> descent in Military Zone 41<sup>6</sup> must report for internment<sup>7</sup> between the dates of May 1 and June 1. Please be at the First Methodist Church<sup>8</sup> of Newark on May 7. You will be moved from there to an internment camp. Bring only as much as you can carry. Tardiness will not be tolerated<sup>9</sup>.

In a flash, everything made sense: the cold looks people had given me in the six months since Pearl Harbor; the fear in my mother’s eyes when I ventured<sup>10</sup> out alone at night; the suspicious glares<sup>11</sup> I received when others discussed the war; what being in “Military Zone 41” really meant, other than the fact that we were prohibited from leaving<sup>12</sup>. My parents had

- 
1. 喃喃低语 2. 仔细地读取 3. 可怕的 4. 禁果, 来源于圣经故事  
5. 所有的日裔美国人 6. 户籍属于第41军事区的 7. 拘留 8. 第一卫  
理公会教堂 9. 不得拖延。 10. (带有冒险和一点未知色彩的)出行。  
11. 怀疑的眼光 12. 禁止做……



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tried to make excuses for the government: it was wartime, after all; it wasn't just us, it was Italians and Germans as well; even though we weren't spies, others might be. They had refused to move away before it was too late.

"They just won't understand," Mama muttered<sup>1</sup> again. I nodded in silent agreement. We were as American as the O'Neils, who lived next door, or the Smiths, who owned the local grocery<sup>2</sup>. We celebrated the Fourth of July and had a picture of George Washington in our dining room. But our last name was Okubo<sup>3</sup>, our hair was black and straight, and our eyes were slanted<sup>4</sup>, and so we had to go.

"It's not fair!" I burst out. "We're as American as they are!" Mama had come over from Japan when she was eight. Dad was *Nisei*, born here. I'd never heard of Hirohito<sup>5</sup> until I saw his name in a headline in the *San Francisco Chronicle*<sup>6</sup>. And yet we were being ordered away, just because our ancestors were Japanese.

"No, it's not fair," Mama agreed, "but neither is life."

I scowled<sup>7</sup>.

My parents made me go to school the next few days, although I didn't want to. The allures of packing won out over the drab calls to learn the history, geography, and language of

---

1. 喃喃而语 2. 杂货店 3. 但我们的姓氏是Okubo,....Okubo是典型的日本姓氏。 4. 倾斜的。这里作者是指区别于欧美人种的亚洲人的眼部特征,眼窝较浅,眼距较宽。 5. 日本裕仁天皇 6. 旧金山编年史 7. 愤怒



a country that no longer wanted me<sup>1</sup>. “Who knows when you’ll see another school,” was my father’s only comment on the topic. “Enjoy this while you can.”

Every school day began with *the Lord’s Prayer*<sup>2</sup>, the “Star-Spangled Banner<sup>3</sup>,” and the Pledge of Allegiance<sup>4</sup>. I stood dutifully with my hand over my heart for the latter, but balked at<sup>5</sup> the words “with liberty and justice for all”. I had just received a painful example of American liberty and justice. With that thought in mind, I closed my mouth on the last phrase. Never, I swore to myself, never again would I say those six stalwart<sup>6</sup> words. Never again would I believe in liberty and justice for all.

I gave tearful farewells<sup>7</sup> to my friends and Ura, who had to stay behind. A less sorrowful good-bye was given to my school, which I was not overly mournful about deserting. Then, toting our three suitcases apiece, my family boarded the bus together, not knowing where we were traveling or what would happen when we reached our destination<sup>8</sup>.

The bus was deathly quiet except for the cries of a few babies and the mumbling<sup>9</sup> of old women in Japanese. I propped<sup>10</sup> *Anne of Green Gables*<sup>11</sup> on my knee and began to

1. 我们就要离开这个地方了。家长们再催促我们到学校里去学习已毫无意义。况且这个国家并不想要我们。 2. 对上帝的祈祷。 3. 美国国歌 4. 宣誓忠于国家 5. 回避,不愿意说 6. 崇高的,伟大的,让人顿生崇敬之情的 7. 告别,分别 8. 目的地 9. 含糊的说话 10. (使)平放 11. 书名,作者Montgomery, Lucy Mand (1874-1942),加拿大女作家,以思乡怀旧的儿童小说著名。



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read, trying to lose myself in the story as we traveled along a narrow road through a windswept desert.

The camp appeared suddenly before me, its barbed-wire fences a stark reminder of our coming imprisonment<sup>1</sup>. “Barbed wire, Hana?” my father asked my mother nervously. “I don’t like the look of this.” None of us did. For the first time in years, I accepted my father’s hand as we stepped off the bus.

The first thing I saw was tar-paper barracks<sup>2</sup> lined up in rows, as far as the eye could see. The second thing I saw was a girl about my age running breathlessly toward the slowing bus. Her black hair lay sleekly<sup>3</sup> down her back and her dark eyes sparkled<sup>4</sup> as she skidded<sup>5</sup> to a stop, kicking up clouds of dirt. “I’m Asako,” she introduced herself, gasping. “And you’re Betty. You’re next to us. Don’t worry, it’s not that<sup>6</sup> bad here. I take dance and play basketball and go to school...” I made a face “...and, well, the food’s awful<sup>7</sup>, but that doesn’t matter so much. We’re down here. Come on! ”

Bewildered<sup>8</sup> by this girl’s seemingly boundless<sup>9</sup> energy, I grasped my luggage like a lifeline<sup>10</sup> and blindly followed her to a barrack. She flung<sup>11</sup> open a door, did a tap-dance<sup>12</sup> step, and announced, “Ta-da! Here it is! ”

1. 拘留营突然出现在我们的眼前,冰冷的铁丝网确定无疑地告诉我们,拘禁的日子即将开始了。 2. 由油毡搭建的简易房舍。 3. 柔软而发亮地

4. (指眼睛)明亮、发亮 5. (因急停而)打滑 6. =So,如此地 7. 可怕的,非常糟的 8. 使困惑,发愣 9. 无限的 10. 救生索 11. 猛地一拉 12. 踢跹舞



I was far from<sup>1</sup> impressed. The room was spartan<sup>2</sup> and tiny, holding a wood-burning stove, a rachitic<sup>3</sup> table and chairs. and three army cots<sup>4</sup>. My father set his baggage on a rickety<sup>5</sup> wooden chair and pushed the beds up next to the wall so that we would have more room. Although he didn't know it at the time, this gave me the added benefit of being able to whisper to Asako through the cracks<sup>6</sup> in the wall at night.

"So," Asako asked eagerly, "what do you think?"

"I can't say that it's *nice*, exactly," I replied hesitantly<sup>7</sup>, "but I suppose it shall have to do."

Life in camp quickly settled into a grinding monotony<sup>8</sup>. Asako and I began ninth grade, along with fifty others. Manzanar High School was unlike any other: filled with studious<sup>9</sup> pupils, fervently learning the language and culture of a country that no longer wanted them. Asako's best subject was math; everyone agreed that I was a good writer. We never mentioned life after Manzanar. I had no intention of remaining confined<sup>10</sup> forever, yet existence outside of the barbed wire, beyond the guards, seemed surrealistic<sup>11</sup>. I had not exchanged a word with my friends since the fateful<sup>12</sup> day we said good-bye, over two years ago, and they rarely occupied my thoughts now. In the weeks following our departure. I took comfort in

---

1. 毫不, 远非, 一点儿也不 2. 简陋的 3. 破旧的 4. (可折叠的)行军床 5. 摇摇晃晃的, 快散架的 6. 裂缝 7. 犹豫地, 吞吞吐吐地 8. 一种折磨人的单调、乏味 9. 用功的, 勤学的 10. 受限制的, 被拘禁的 11. 超现实的 12. 关系重大的, 决定命运的



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imagining what they were doing, feeling as if I was among them again. But as the year passed without a word between us, they played a smaller and smaller role in my dreams of life outside of the internment. I had already begun to forget their faces. “They’re just not a part of my life anymore,” I said to Asako when we compared memories of the outside world. “They have no idea what’s happening to me.”

Even as my memories slowly faded<sup>1</sup>, I never stopped dreaming of freedom: dreaming of my home, where the wind didn’t whistle through the walls at night, where my bed was a fluffy mattress<sup>2</sup>, not an army cot. I longed for<sup>3</sup> a meal without the ubiquitous<sup>4</sup> hunger that followed: a meal of apple pie, cheeseburgers<sup>5</sup>, chocolate cake, and mint ice cream<sup>6</sup>. I yearned for<sup>7</sup> the war to be over so that we could return home at last. We gathered around the radio every night, following the progress of the war, wondering when we could return. As the Allies advanced through Europe, I finished tenth grade and began eleventh. It was an odd feeling, knowing that I might graduate from a school outside Manzanar—a school that I had barely attended.

The day that I began my eleventh-grade finals, class was stopped. I groaned and laid down my pencil; I had finally started to make progress on the American History essay, and didn’t wish to be interrupted. I took tests well once I began: it

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1. 消散 2. 柔软而舒适的床垫 3. 渴望 4. 无所不在的 5. 一种顶端  
带有一抹干酪的汉堡包 6. 薄荷冰淇淋 7. 渴望



was beginning that was the problem. The rest of the class didn't share my disappointment; a low murmur of talking began as the principal's voice crackled over the intercom<sup>1</sup>.

"Students," Mr. Mitsuko began, "Germany has surrendered." The class began to buzz<sup>2</sup> like a zoo of infuriated flies<sup>3</sup>. "The war in Europe is over."

My heart started beating like a bass drum<sup>4</sup>. Could we go home? The unspoken question hovered<sup>5</sup> on the lips of every student in the room, as school was dismissed for the day. Would the government release us from this camouflaged<sup>6</sup> prison? As the days crept by<sup>7</sup> without a word of our liberation, we began to lose hope. The military island-hopping campaign was not ending the war in the Pacific; I began to think that I would celebrate my eighteenth birthday at Manzanar.

That last summer was long and scorchingly<sup>8</sup> hot. The tarpaper barracks heated like ovens<sup>9</sup> during the day and remained that way long into the night. I would lie in bed for hours, tossing<sup>10</sup> and turning, the muggy<sup>11</sup> air pressing on me as I unsuccessfully tried to sleep, listening to the rhythm<sup>12</sup> of Asako's gentle snoring<sup>13</sup> through the wall.

The heat stretched<sup>14</sup> though July and into August. Asako and I lazed about<sup>15</sup> on the faded wooden benches, watching

- 
1. 学生之间的悄悄话 2. 作嗡嗡声 3. 一群被惹恼的苍蝇 4. 大鼓, 低音鼓 5. 停留在, 悬在 6. 经过伪装的 7. 极其缓慢地移动, 过去  
8. 灼热地 9. 火炉 10. 辗转反侧 11. 闷热的 12. 韵律, 节奏  
13. 鼾声 14. 延伸 15. 懒散的度过





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the few remaining plants wilt<sup>1</sup>. We often talked for hours, discussing memories from before Manzanar, reliving<sup>2</sup> the taste of juicy watermelons and crisp<sup>3</sup>, tangy<sup>4</sup> strawberries—tastes that had become nothing more than a dim<sup>5</sup> memory, filed with<sup>6</sup> all of the other happy times before internment, happy times that we devoutly<sup>7</sup> hoped to have again.

And then, one day, as I sat on the sun-blistered<sup>8</sup> bench, Asako did not come. I waited for three hours, feeling my skin burning from the sun, reading *The Grapes of Wrath* and watching worriedly for my best friend.

Finally, just as I was about to move to one of the sparse patches of shade, I saw her running toward me, black hair flying behind her in the desert wind.

“We’ve bombed Hiroshima,” she called, her words drifting toward me. “My uncle is dead.”

The United States, she told me, had created the most terrible weapon that the world had ever seen and proceeded to drop<sup>9</sup> it on one of the major Japanese cities in hopes of ending the war. Asako’s mother’s brother lived there; she had never met him.

As it had two months before, the question of freedom hovered on my lips. We knew the war could not go on much longer; Asako and I spent the ensuing week<sup>10</sup> tensely waiting,

- 
1. 凋萎 2. 再体验 3. 炸薯片 4. 味道浓烈的 5. 模糊的 6. 伴随着  
7. 热心地, 热诚地 8. (因阳光照射)而油漆斑驳的 9. 着手, 开始  
做…… 10. 接下来的一周