

英汉对照

DOUBLE FASTBACK
SPORTS

BREAK
AWAY

Lucy Jane Bledsoe



The

HITTER

The

RIVALS

Dan J. Marlowe

Mary C. Rosensteel



The
MUDDER

Dan J. Marlowe



英语短篇小说丛书

Break Away
Dirt Rider
The Mudder
The Hitter
The Rivals



上海教育出版社



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编者的话

继推出原版《英语微型小说丛书》及《英语短篇小说丛书》以后,我们又将向读者推出这套原版《英语短篇小说丛书》。它同样选自美国当代畅销读物系列,内容仍涉及情感、科幻、运动、侦探、恐怖等,但就语言文字的程度而言,显然要比前两套“深”——例如描述性的词汇丰富了些;语气或委婉、或调侃而使表达更艺术性些。如果说读前两套丛书已尝试了一下美国当代生活语言的“原味”,那么读这套丛书时,就该作点品味了。因此,不要让这个“深”字吓倒,反而应该为将跨上语言学习的第二个台阶而欣喜。

还须补充说明一点:我们特意为这套丛书作了全文对译,动机决不只在解决读者的阅读障碍,而是想让读者于阅读中时时有个参照,看看自己能否品味出地道的英语原作所传达的细微末节,以便对自己的翻译理解水平作一个检测。

最后想说的是,如果读者对原作的理解与我们的对译文字相去甚远,请千万不要以为一准是自己错了,恰恰相反呢?也未可知。我们非常乐意与大家一起来研究、探讨。

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CASEY'S CLAW

It was late in the game. The Tigers were down by two goals and heading for their sixth straight loss. They'd played well enough to keep it close, but they were sagging badly in the later stages of the game. Their opponents, the Stars, were starting to skate them into the ice.

凯西的虎爪

比赛快结束了。虎队落后两个球，正走向他们的六连败。他们本来打得挺好，和对方势均力敌，但是在比赛的最后阶段他们退步得太厉害了。他们的对手——星队，正开始把他们逼到绝境。

For Tiger captain Bobby Drake, it was discouraging. The ex-NHL defenseman was playing some of the best hockey of his career. But it wasn't enough to turn his team around. What the Tigers really needed was some youth. They were the oldest team in minor-league pro hockey, and it showed.

Bobby was 35 years old. That made him part of the problem, whether he was playing well or not. That idea pushed him on, made his skates bite a little deeper into the ice. He had to make something happen.

Bobby knew that sooner or later he would get a break. When it came, he would have to make the most of it.

The break came when there were only five minutes left in the game. Bobby was gambling a bit, moving up from the

对虎队的队长波比·德里克来说,这太令人泄气了。这位前全美冰球联合会的防守队员打出了他这辈子最棒的球。但这还不足以扭转球队的劣势。虎队真正需要的是年轻人。他们是职业冰球小联合会中年纪最大的球队,这一点表现出来了。

波比35岁了,这使他本人成为问题的一部分,不管他打得好还是不好。这个想法惹恼了他,使他让自己的冰鞋往冰里咬得更深。他必须做点什么事情。

波比知道迟早他会得到一个机会的。当它到来的时候,他必须充分利用它。

当机会到来的时候,比赛只剩下五分钟了。波比有点冒险地从防守区往前移动。

defense. A bad pass by the Stars bounced off his leg and landed in front of him. He picked up the puck at his own line, and for a moment he was in the clear.

But the goal was a long way off, and 15 years as a pro had taken something out of Bobby's legs. By the time he struggled across the center, both Star defensemen were back and waiting for him. The closest, a tall kid with a droopy mustache, looked up at him and smiled.

Bobby slowed down and looked for help. But no one was in position for a pass. The two Star defenders had Bobby lined up and were moving in for the hit. Both were smiling now.

There was only one thing for Bobby to do—try to split the defense. Bobby waited as the defenders came together. Then he

星队一个糟糕的传球在他腿上弹了一下，落在他前面。他在自己的场界上得到冰球，这会儿他是无人防守的。

但是球门还离得很远，而且，做职业球员的十五年时光带走了波比腿里的什么东西。等他奋力穿过中场，星队的两个防守队员都回防了，正在等着他。最靠近的这个——一个长着下垂胡子的高个子小伙子，微笑着盯着他。

波比慢下来寻求帮助。但是没有人可在传球的位置上。星队的两个防守队员挡住了波比，并跑过来击球。现在两个人都在笑。

波比只想做一件事——撕开这道防线。波比等着防守队员走到一起。

dug in a skate and tried to skate between them.

It almost worked. His upper body made it through. But a stick caught between his knees and he spilled forward. He crashed to the ice just as the linesman blew the whistle for an offside call.

Some of the Tigers screamed for a penalty, but the ref was having none of it. The kid with the droopy mustache skated over and picked up the stick from between Bobby's legs.

"You'll never get back to the bigs playing like that, pop," he said with a lopsided grin.

Bobby looked up and laughed. "I'm 35," he said. "I've given up on waiting for the phone to ring."

As the kid skated away, Bobby took note of the big number "4" on his back. Number

然后他滑着挤过去，想从他们中间滑过。

这一招差点奏效。他的上半身过去了。但一根曲棍夹在他的膝盖之间，他往前摔倒了。他撞向冰面，与此同时巡边员吹响越位的哨声。

虎队的一些球员因为罚球尖叫起来，但裁判置之不理。长着下垂胡子的小伙子滑过去，从波比的两腿之间捡起曲棍。

“像这样打球你永远也回不了大球会，大爷。”他撇撇嘴笑着说。

波比抬头看了看，笑了。“我三十五岁了，”他说，“我对等待电话响起已不抱希望。”

这家伙滑走时，波比记下了他背上的大数字“4”。

Four would do well to keep an eye out for him in the future.

The referee skated by as Bobby was getting to his feet. "Shake it off, Drake, or else get to the bench," he growled. "We've got a game to finish here."

"Easy, Henry," Bobby said. "I'm fine. Give me a minute or two to skate the cobwebs out. OK?"

Henry scowled. "Make it snappy then."

Bobby skated the length of the ice in a lazy curl. In the Tigers' net, Gordie Stone was sweeping "snow" out of the crease with his goal stick. He grinned up through his mask as Bobby coasted up beside him.

"You OK, Captain?" Gordie asked.

"Never felt better," Bobby lied. "Think you can hold them off for the rest of the game?"

将来他最好还是对4号留点心。

波比站起来,这时裁判从他身边滑过。“别管了,德里克,否则到替补席去,”他咆哮道,“我们这里有一场比赛必须打完呢。”

“没事儿,亨利,”波比说,“我很好。给我一到两分钟清醒一下,好吗?”

裁判绷着脸。“那么动作快点。”

他慢慢溜着圈从冰场的这一端滑到另一端。在虎队的球门里,高迪·斯通正用曲棍把冰粉扫出球门区。当波比滑行到他身边时他透过面罩咧嘴笑了。

“你好吗,队长?”高迪问道。

“再好不过了。”波比撒了个谎。“你认为在剩下的时间里能抵挡得住他们吗?”

Gordie shrugged. "Don't see why not," he said. "With a little help from my friends, of course. Uh-oh, Bobby, here comes Malone."

Bobby turned. Buck Malone was puffing toward him from the bench. Malone was sweating, and his stringy hair hung down from his helmet in damp ropes. Malone was the scarred veteran of many hockey wars. He was the closest thing to a "policeman" that the Tigers had.

"I saw that," Malone yelled in his raspy voice. "That guy pitchforked you pretty good."

"It was an accident, Malone," Bobby said.

Malone ground to a stop, laughing. "Sure. An accident." He flashed a toothless grin. "Anyway, you don't have to worry about him. I'm going to get even for us."

高迪耸了耸肩。“没看到有啥不行。”他说。“当然，需要朋友们的一点帮助。噢，波比，马龙来了。”

波比转过身。巴克·马龙喘着粗气从替补席向他走过来。马龙正大汗淋漓，他的卷发湿漉漉的一绺绺从头盔里垂下来。马龙是个参加过许多冰球比赛的伤痕累累的老手了。他是虎队最像“治安警察”的人。

“我看到了，”马龙用他刺耳的声音嚷道，“那家伙着实狠推了你一下。”

“这是一次意外，马龙。”波比说。

马龙停住了，笑起来。“是的，一次意外。”他抿嘴一笑。“不管怎样，你不用担心他。即使为了我们大家我也要去向他报仇。”

“Don’t bother,” Bobby said. “I fight my own battles.”

“Nobody says you don’t, Bobby. I’m just telling you.”

Gordie looked up from the net. “Better not, Malone,” he said. “You haven’t won a fight in five years. Face it, you’re just as old and worn-out as the rest of us.”

“Shut up,” Malone told him. “Bobby, we’ve got to shake things up a bit. Maybe a scrap right now is what we need to get things turned our way.”

Bobby looked at him. “Your timing is lousy, Malone. This game is over. A penalty right now would seal it.”

Malone’s eyes narrowed. “I’m not asking you for permission, Bobby. I’m telling you. Understand?”

“Why mention it at all, then?”

“别费心。”波比说，“我自己能处理。”

“没人说你不能，波比。我只是告诉你而已。”

高迪从门里往上看。“最好别这样，马龙，”他说，“你有五年没有打赢过一场架了。正视这一点，你和我们别的人一样又老又疲惫。”

“住嘴，”马龙告诉他，“波比，我们非得让事情有点改观。或许立刻来一场争吵正是我们所需来把局面扭转到我们这边来的东西。”

波比盯着他。“你选的时机真是糟糕，马龙。比赛要结束了。一次罚球就完了。”

马龙眯起眼。“我并没有征求你的允许，波比。我只是告诉你。明白吗？”

“那么，究竟为什么要说这件事？”

Malone shook his head. "You're wearing Casey's claw, aren't you? I figured you had a right to know."

Malone skated away. Bobby followed him back to the face-off circle, watching him carefully. A lot of voices lately had been saying that Malone was bad for the team. And Bobby wondered if they might be right.

The Stars won the face-off cleanly, and the puck was swept around on the boards for Number Four. The gangly kid picked it up in full stride, and started to bring it out over the line. Suddenly, Bobby saw Malone taking a run at the kid from the blind side.

There was no way Number Four could have seen Malone coming. His eyes were up the ice, looking to make a pass. Malone

马龙摇了摇头。“你戴着凯西的虎爪，不是吗？我想你有权利知道。”

马龙滑走了。波比跟着他回到开球圈，仔细地打量他。近来许多呼声反映马龙对球队有害处。波比想知道他们是不是对的。

星队干净利索地赢得了开球权，冰球被猛打到隔离栏附近给4号。那个瘦长难看的家伙大步前进接住球，开始沿着边界往外带。突然，波比看到马龙从未被防守的一边滑向这家伙。

4号不可能看到马龙的到来。他的眼睛只盯住冰面，想要传球。

had the angle on him and was closing in like a freight train.

Somehow, the kid must have sensed him. At the last second, he looked up. When he saw Malone, his mustache seemed to stand up on end. He dug his skates in, trying to stop, trying to avoid the check. He managed to dodge the worst of it. But Malone still got a big enough piece of him to spill both players to the ice.

As they slid into the boards, Number Four brought up his gloved fist and pushed it angrily into Malone's face. Malone threw off his gloves and went at him. The fight was on.

Bobby arrived with a knot of other players, all trying to crowd in on the action. The referee waved them back and told them to keep their distance.

马龙处于阻挡他的有利位置并像一列货车那样逼过去。

不知怎的，那家伙肯定是感觉到他了。在最后一秒钟，他抬起了头。当他看到马龙，他的胡子看起来好像是倒竖起来了。他抵住冰鞋，试图停下，并力图避开这次阻截。他设法避免最坏的情况发生。但是马龙仍碰到了他身体足够大的一部分使他们俩都摔倒在地。

他们滑到隔离栏上，4号掏出戴手套的拳头愤怒地打在了马龙脸上。马龙扯下他的手套还击他。打架开始了。

波比和一群其他的球员赶到了，都想加入这场争斗。裁判挥手赶他们回去，告诉他们要保持距离。

“Let them go, guys!” Henry was yelling. “We have a fair fight here, so just let them go until they get tired. Keep out of it, or you’re through for the night.”

From where Bobby stood, the fight didn’t look fair at all. The kid with the mustache was ten years younger and 20 pounds heavier, and Malone was taking quite a beating. When the linesman finally pried them apart, Malone was sporting a thick lip and a cut over his left eye.

Malone skated past Bobby on his way to the penalty box. “I told you I’d get him,” Malone said.

Bobby said nothing. There was really nothing to say.

Malone was given the extra penalty, two minutes for charging. He squawked a bit about it, but it was a good call. It also took the last bit of fight out of the Tigers.

“让他们去吧，小伙子们！”亨利叫道。“我们这里在举行公平比赛，所以让他们去，直到他们感到厌烦为止。置身事外吧，否则你会为了今晚的事付出代价。”

从波比的立场看来，比赛一点儿也不公平。留胡子的家伙要年轻十岁，重二十磅，马龙几乎是在挨打。当最后巡边员把他们分开，马龙的嘴唇肿得明显并且左眼上出现一道伤口。

马龙在到受罚席去的路上滑过波比。“我告诉你我会向他报仇的。”马龙说。

波比没说什么。确实也没什么好说的。

马龙被给予特别的惩罚——受训两分钟。他大声抗议了一下，但这算是一个好的判决。这也带走了虎队的最后一点斗志。

The Stars scored another goal with the one-man advantage, then played out the last few minutes in command. The final score was Stars 4, Tigers 1.

After the game, the dressing room was very quiet. The players slumped on their benches and folding chairs and tried to avoid each other's eyes. They looked beaten, both in body and in spirit.

Bill Topay, the Tiger coach, stuck his head in for a peek. Then he quickly retreated down the hallway to his office. Bobby Drake dressed in a hurry and went down to join him.

In addition to being coach and general manager of the Tigers, Topay owned a

星队凭着多一人的优势又破门得分,然后控制着局面打完最后几分钟。最后比分是星队 4,虎队 1。

比赛过后,更衣室非常安静。球员们倒在长凳和折叠椅上,尽量避开彼此的眼睛。他们看起来在肉体和精神上都被打败了。

比尔·托培,虎队的教练,把头伸进来张望了一下。然后又退到通向 he 办公室的走廊。波比·德里克赶忙穿好衣服去见他。

在做虎队的教练和总经理之外,托培还拥有

local car dealership. He also owned a fair-sized chunk of the Tigers. Topay looked up as Bobby came in. "Nice game," he said. "I think the team is starting to improve."

"You really think so, Coach?" Bobby asked tiredly. He slumped into a chair and took a long, hard look at the coach. Topay was around 50 and slightly built, with an open face and a fondness for three-piece suits. As a hockey man, he was a good car salesman.

"We were in this one for a long time," Topay said. "We might have won if Malone hadn't pulled his stunt."

"We were never in it," Bobby said. "We were outplayed from the beginning."

"That argument won't wash, Bobby. Buck Malone cost us that game, and you know it as well as I do."

当地的汽车经销特许权。他还拥有虎队的大部分股份。波比进来时托培抬眼望着他。“精彩的比赛，”他说，“我认为这支球队开始进步了。”

“你真这样看，教练？”波比厌烦地问道。他倒进一张椅子，长时间地、锐利地看着教练。托培五十上下，身材瘦小，长着一张显得很单纯的脸，穿着一套三件头西服。作为从事冰球事业的人，他算一个出色的汽车销售商。

“我们在这种状态中已经好长一段时间了，”托培说，“如果马龙不摆噱头，我们也许会赢。”

“我们从来没有进入状态，”波比说，“从一开始我们就失败了。”

“那种辩解站不住脚，波比。巴克·马龙毁掉了我们的这场比赛，你和我一样明白。”

“I don't agree. It was over long before that.”

“Still protecting him, eh, Bobby?” he asked.

“That's got nothing to do with it,” Bobby said.

“He's trouble, Bobby. I'd have gotten rid of him a long time ago if you hadn't stood up for him.”

“Malone's all right, Coach. He's a good team player.”

“He's a has-been, Bobby. What's worse, he's afraid to admit it. And so are you.”

Topay looked Bobby in the eye. “You two broke in the same year, didn't you?”

“As a matter of fact, we did. Seventy-one. So what?”

“Look, Bobby, most of the time I take your advice around here. We all know I'm

“我不同意。在那之前早就没救了。”

“还护着他，呃，波比？”他问。

“这跟那没关系。”波比说。

“他是个麻烦，波比。如果不是你老为他辩护的话我早就开除他了。”

“马龙是不错，教练。他是一个很好的球员。”

“他是个已过了巅峰期的人，波比。更糟的是，他不敢承认这一点。你也是如此。”托培看着波比的眼睛。“你俩在同一年垮掉的，不是吗？”

“的确是这样的。71年。那又怎样？”

“瞧，波比，在这里大部分时间我都采用你的建议。大家都知道我不是冰球运动员，