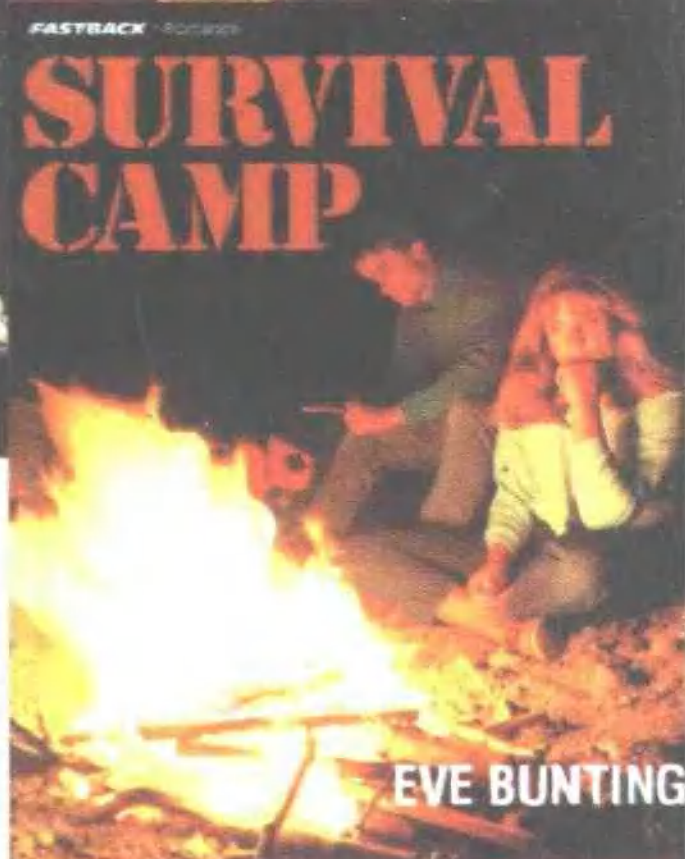
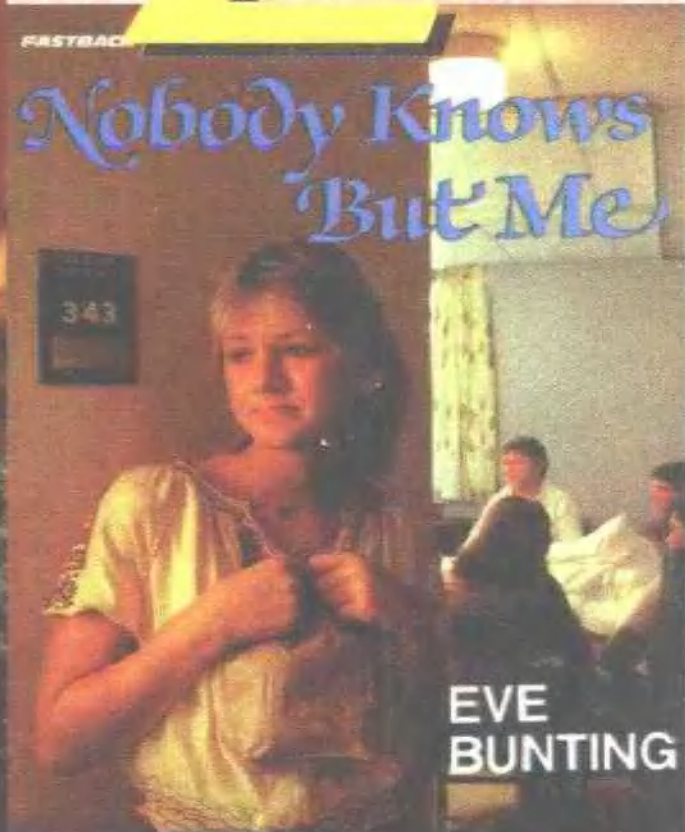


心中的爱
嘿，里克！
一份梦想
救生营



英语小小说丛书



上海教育出版社



LONGMAN 朗文

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(英汉对照)

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编者的话

手边这套从海外引进的《英语小小说丛书》(英汉对照)即将付梓,作为她的第一读者——编者,想对后来的读者说几句话:

这些小说的用语非常生活化,阅读时,你会惊奇地发现,原来,许多叙说和描述竟可以用如此简单的语汇来表达?体悟到这种轻快简捷的语感后,你对自己的听说能力会陡然信心大增,而这种自信心又最能激活你的语言记忆能力。

这套丛书内容涉及了当代美国社会各个层面的生活现状,其中不乏历史、人文、科技等综合信息,这是一种更深层次的“语感”。

但愿你能获得这两种语感,那对我们编读双方将都是可喜可贺的。

另外,英汉对照这一形式既能使读者品味到语言的“原汁原味”,又能降低或消除阅读障碍,帮助读者提高英语的阅读理解水平,领略中英文两种语言的不同的魅力。

这套丛书和《英语短篇小说丛书》(英汉对照)相比,篇幅要短些,文字稍浅些,表达更直接些,但选取的仍是科幻、刑侦、玄秘、情感、运动等方面的题材,相信广大读者特别是年轻的读者们一定会喜欢的。

英语小小说丛书(英汉对照)第2辑

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Nobody Knows But Me

George stopped the car in front of Ellen's house. His arm slid along the seat behind her shoulders, and she knew he was going to kiss her. Their first kiss.

The light from the streetlamp shone in his dark eyes and turned his black hair almost blue. Ellen felt her heart begin to beat faster, faster. She closed her eyes.

And it was then that the terrible thing happened. Her mind did a switch, and suddenly it was Leo Carlton kissing her, not George. Those were Leo's hands on her shoulders. That was Leo's cheek, a little rough against hers.

心中的爱

乔治把车停在爱伦的家门前。他的胳膊顺着她肩膀后的座椅滑过来，她知道他想要吻她。他们的初吻。

街灯发出的光逼视着他那乌黑的双眼，几乎把他那乌黑的头发变成了蓝色。爱伦觉得自己的心开始跳得越来越快。她闭上了她的眼睛。

正在那时，可怕的事情发生了。她的思路突然一变：是李奥·卡尔顿正在吻她，而不是乔治。是李奥的双手搭在她的肩膀上。是李奥那有点粗糙的脸颊贴在她的脸颊上。

She pulled away and opened her eyes.
Not Leo. George. George!

"I like you a lot, Ellen," George said.

"I like you too," Ellen stammered.

"So, it's all set then. Tomorrow night we'll split up after the game so we can change out of our crummy band uniforms," George said. "Then I'll pick you up here. And we'll go straight to the football dance. Right?"

"Right," Ellen said. "I'm really looking forward to going." And don't probe into why you're looking forward to it, she warned herself silently. She pushed the ghost of Leo Carlton away angrily and smiled at George.

He walked her to her door. And this time his good-night kiss blotted out any thoughts she had of Leo.

"See you," George said.

"See you." Ellen hugged her arms tightly

她推开来，睁开双眼。不是李奥。是乔治。乔治！

"我非常爱你，爱伦，"乔治说。

"我也爱你，"爱伦结结巴巴地说。

"那，那就这样安排：明晚表演结束后我们分手，好去换掉我们这身劣质的乐队制服，"乔治说。"那我来这儿接你。我们直接去参加橄榄球舞会，好吗？"

"好的，"爱伦说。"我的确想去。"不要查问你为什么想去，她暗暗地告诫自己。她气呼呼地把李奥的影子推开，对乔治微笑起来。

他和她一起朝她的房门走去。这次他那表示晚安的吻将她关于李奥的一切想法消除得一干二净。

"再见，"乔治说。

"再见。"爱伦紧紧抱着双臂，闭起了眼睛。

about her and closed her eyes. George was nice, really, really nice.

But that night, lying sleepless in bed, the dreams of Leo came as they always did.

He'd be at the football dance. All the varsity team would be there. He'd come striding in, bigger, taller, more terrific than anyone in the room. His mane of golden hair! And his eyes, they were golden too. Leo the Lion, king of the jungle. But she wasn't going with George just so she could see Leo, just so she could be in the same room with him. She wasn't!

Ellen punched her pillow and turned it over. George! George had come to Muir High only two months ago. He'd joined the band right away, and then she'd noticed him in algebra class. George was smart. He wasn't sticking his hand up all the time and shouting out answers, but if Mr. Andrews did ask him something, he always knew.

乔治不错,真的,真的不错。

可是那晚躺在床上无法入眠时,李奥的影子又像往常一样出现了。

他可能参加这个橄榄球舞会。每个大学代表队都将在那儿。他会大步流星地走进来,高高大大的,比屋子里的任何人都特别。他那金黄色的长发!他的眼睛也是金黄色的。李奥,这头丛林中的狮子王。但她不能和乔治一起去,只有这样她才能见到李奥,只有这样她才能和他共处一室。她不能!

艾伦拍了拍枕头,把它翻过来。乔治!乔治仅仅是两个月前来收尔学校的。他立即参加了校乐队,她在代数课上注意到他。乔治很聪明。他在课堂上从不伸着手大声嚷着答案,但如果艾奇司老师要他回答某个问题,他总能知道。

Sometimes old Andrews even asked George to figure something out for him. Leo Carlton was in algebra too.

Ellen sat up, punched her pillow again, and lay down.

She sat right behind Leo. Of course, he didn't know she was there and didn't care either. He was too busy watching Vicki Smith. And Ellen watched him watching Vicki. It was like some kind of crazy merry-go-round. Hey, she thought, what if George is watching me, watching him, watching her? That's funny. No, it isn't funny at all.

The living room clock struck 1 a.m.

Ellen got out of bed and took her flute from its case on the dresser. Many nights she'd done this, playing softly to herself so that the sound wouldn't carry upstairs and wake her parents. She sat on the corner of the crumpled blanket.

有时老艾奇司甚至还要乔治帮他演算某个东西。李奥·卡尔顿也在这个代数班上。

爱伦坐起来，再次拍了拍枕头，接着躺下来。

她正好坐在李奥的后面。当然，他不知道她在那儿，他也不会注意到。他的目光忙于盯着维奇·史密斯。爱伦看他一直盯着维奇·史密斯。这真有点像骑旋转木马时那种疯狂的感觉。噢，她想，要是乔治盯着我，我盯着他，他盯着她，那会怎样？那真可笑。不，这一点不可笑。

起居室里的钟敲了一下，凌晨一点了。

爱伦躺下床，从梳妆台上那匣子里取出她的长笛。很多夜晚她都这么做，轻轻地吹给自己听，因此声音不会传到楼上，不会吵醒自己的父母。她坐到那皱巴巴的毯子的边角上。

*Nobody knows how I feel about you,
Nobody knows but me.
Nobody knows how the touch of your hand
Changes my world to a new wonderland.
Nobody knows but me.*

It was one of the Muir band tunes, a lilting, swinging melody that they played at the halftime shows. The melody conjured up for Ellen the football stadium, the stands crammed with people, the dry, brown turf. But the words, the words belonged to Leo.

Oh, Leo, she thought. Why isn't it you who likes me a lot? Why isn't it you taking me to the dance?

She gently put her flute back in its case and climbed into bed again. As usual the music had comforted her. The sadness was gentler now. And tomorrow, tomorrow she'd keep Leo out of her mind. Of course,

没有人知道我对你的感觉，
只有我知道。
没有人明白你手指的触摸是怎样
把我带到了一个奇妙的世界，
只有我知道。

这是牧尔乐队的一支曲子，一个他们总是在中场休息时演奏的轻快而有节奏的旋律。这旋律使爱伦想起那橄榄球场，那挤满人群的看台，那干干的棕色的草皮。但这歌词，这歌词是献给李奥的。

噢，李奥，她想。为什么你不爱我多一点？为什么你不带我去参加舞会？

她轻轻地把她的笛子放回匣子里，重新爬上床。这音乐像往常一样让她感到愉快。伤感现在减轻了。明天，明天她要把李奥从自己的脑海里请出去。当然，

the band would be playing at the game, and she'd be sitting there, watching, hearing Leo's name over the loudspeaker. Well, try anyway, Ellen. Just try.

She was trying. Sitting in the front row of the band seats at the game, she was trying.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the Muir Monarchs," the loudspeaker boomed, and the band exploded into the Monarch fight song.

Ellen forced herself not to look for number 60 as the red and gold swarm rushed onto the field. But it was hard to miss him when he was the first one out, leading the pack. The first one to break through the paper

乐队还会在这场表演中演奏，她会一直坐在那儿看着，听着李奥的名字从扬声器里传出。哎，不管怎样试试吧，爱伦。只是试试。

她在试了。在这场表演中她坐在乐队的前排，她正在试。

"女士们，先生们，请听牧尔乐队演奏《国王之歌》。"扬声器噼噼作响，乐队开始演奏起《国王之歌》这首战歌。

一群身着红色和金黄色衣服的球员冲进场时，爱伦克制着自己不要去寻找60号。但当他领着一群人，第一个出现时，令人很难不去看他。这第一个人冲破由维奇和其他唱歌的女孩举着的纸屏障。

barrier that Vicki and the other song girls held.

Number 60 stood to attention for the national anthem.

He cradled his helmet, and the wind blew his hair into a golden halo. The flute suddenly felt slippery in Ellen's hands, and she didn't think she had enough breath left for the last star-spangled notes. How did a person get to be this way about another person? It was as mysterious and unpredictable as a summer cold.

On the sidelines the song girls and cheerleaders turned cartwheels and did a kicky little dance.

"Would you look at those goony girls!" Tammy Townsend said. Tammy played flute next to Ellen. "Honestly! I think this year's group is worse than last year's."

Ellen glanced sideways at her. There was a sound in Tammy's voice that Ellen had

60号在国歌声中肃立着。

他手拿着头盔，头发被风吹起，像带了个金黄色的光环。爱伦突然觉得手里的长笛滑溜溜的，她觉得自己在听《星条旗之歌》那最后部分时气接不上来。一个人对另一个人怎么会这样？这和夏日里的严寒一样神秘和不可预测。

在边线那儿，唱歌的女孩们和拉拉队队长们做着侧手翻并跳着一些带有刺激性的小舞蹈。

“你看那些傻妞们！”汤米·堂森笛说。汤米在爱伦旁吹长笛。“噢！我认为今年的乐队比去年的差多了。”

爱伦斜着眼睛看了看她。爱伦以前曾在汤米的话里听出一种声音。

heard before. And she remembered when. The band had been waiting for a football practice to end. The players had been running some kind of formation on the field.

“Get a load of those dumb jocks,” one of the drummers had sneered. “Not a brain in the bunch.”

George had spoken quickly. “Why don’t you just shut up, Lewis. Have you ever taken a look at a game playbook? Man, football is more complicated than chess. I’d like to see you try to figure it out.”

Lewis had muttered something and had clammed up.

But Tammy Townsend was still talking. “You’d never in the world catch me making a fool of myself like that. And in front of all those people.”

Ellen saw Tammy’s flute balanced across the thick bulge of her thighs. No, never in the world would you ever catch Tammy

她记起了那个时间。是在乐队等待一次橄榄球训练结束的时候。是运动员们在场地上演练某种队形的时候。

“一群愚蠢的运动员，”一名鼓手讥讽道。“一群中没一个有脑子。”

乔治立刻说：“你为什么不能闭嘴，路易思。你看过这项运动的战略和比赛方法手册吗？小子，橄榄球运动比下棋复杂。我希望看到你把它搞清楚。”

路易思咕哦了几句什么便不说了。

但汤米·堂森德仍在说。“你毕竟不应该让我那样出丑。在所有那些人面前！”

爱伦看到汤米的长笛支在她大腿那鼓起的地方保持着平衡。不，毕竟你不应该让汤米像那样出丑。

making a fool of herself like that. Nobody would ever ask her to.

She looked down at the song girls. They were the chosen ones. The ones with the shining hair and the shining smiles. The ones the football players noticed, kidded, dated, took to the after-game dances.

Well, Ellen thought. I'm going to the dance tonight too. She turned and waved to George in the trumpet section, two rows behind.

Muir had lost the toss. The offensive team stood along the sidelines, their backs to the stands. Even if that big 60 hadn't been on Leo's jersey, Ellen knew she'd have had no trouble picking him out. Those identical red and gold game shirts, those

没有人会要她那样做。

她朝下看了看这些唱歌的女孩子们。她们都是挑选出来的。她们都有着闪闪发亮的头发和迷人的微笑。她们是一群被橄榄球运动员们注视着、被拿来开玩笑、被约会、被带去参加赛后舞会的人。

哎，爱伦想。今晚我也要去参加舞会。她转过身来，向坐在后面两排小号组中的乔治挥了挥手。

牧尔队在掷钱币中失败了。进攻的球队沿边线站着，他们背对着看台。即使那个大大的 60 号没有印在李奥的运动服上，爱伦知道自己也能毫不费力地把她认出来。那些完全相同的红色和金黄色的运动衬衫。

gold pants stretched over knee pads and hip pads and heaven knows what other mysterious pads couldn't disguise him.

"Aren't you going to play, for Pete's sake? Honestly!"

Mr. Davis, the band director, had his baton raised, and the band swung into "California Dreaming."

Ellen couldn't find the music. She riffled quickly through her stack, taking the pages from the clip.

Tammy's eyes rolled in another silent "Honestly!"

And it was then that disaster struck.

A fluky gust of the Santa Ana wind whirled over the stands, lifted all of Ellen's music, and scattered it in a flurry of white squares.

"Oh, no." She grabbed hopelessly at a couple of sheets that were within reach. Some of them already fluttered along the

那些金黄色的运动短裤延伸至护膝处和臀部护垫处，上帝也不知道还有什么其他神秘的护垫能把他伪装起来。

“哎呀，难道你不想去玩？咳！”

乐队指挥戴维斯先生举起指挥棒，乐队开始演奏《加利福尼亚之梦》。

爱伦找不到乐谱。她把乐谱从夹子上取下来，在她那一叠乐谱中飞快地翻找着。

汤米的眼球又一次转了转，像是在无声地说：“咳！”

就在那时，灾难降临了。

一阵圣安娜风席卷过看台，吹起爱伦所有的乐谱，白色的纸片飘得到处都是。

“哦，不。”她绝望地抓着能够到的两三张纸片。有一些已经飘到了边线那儿。

sidelines. What if they blew on the field?
What if Muir got penalized for delay of game
and it was her fault?

She shoved her flute into Tammy's hands.

"Honestly!" Tammy said.

Ellen rushed down to the sidelines where
some little kids were already scooping up
the sheets. She crouched behind the line of
players.

They shuffled and scuffed their feet in the
dry dirt. One giant-sized football shoe
mashed a music sheet and ground it
relentlessly.

Ellen touched the red and yellow striped
sock with a timid hand. "Excuse me. Could
you move your foot?"

The black shoe lifted, a head turned down
in her direction, and — oh my gosh! Leo
the Lion.

"What the heck are you doing?" His voice
was anything but friendly.

如果吹到赛场上那怎么办？如果牧尔队因为延误比赛受到惩罚那怎么办？这是她的过错？

她把长笛塞到了汤米的手里。

"咳！"汤米说。

爱伦朝几个小孩正在那儿抢纸片的边线冲去。她蹲在一排运动员的后面。

他们在这干燥的泥土中滑着步，拖着脚走。一只大号球鞋毫不留情地踩在一张乐谱上，将它踩得粉碎。

爱伦用一只手战战兢兢地碰了一下那红黄条纹相同的袜子。"对不起。你动一下脚好吗？"

这只黑球鞋抬起来，一个人低着头朝她看过来——哦，天哪！是狮子王李奥。

"你在搞什么鬼？"他的声音里没有一丝友善。

Ellen scrambled up. Bits of grass clung to the knees of her baggy red pants.

"S . . . sorry," she muttered. "I . . . my music." She pushed her hair back with the hand that held the crumpled sheets.

Leo's golden eyes were narrowed. Suddenly they opened wide, and he smiled. "Oh," he said, "it's you. You're Ellen, aren't you?"

Ellen's heart did a flip-flop into her throat. "Ellen?" She sounded as if she'd never heard her name before. Dumb, dumb. She coughed. "Ellen. Yes."

"Are you coming to the dance tonight?" The words were caught in another gust of wind and whirled away. Surely she couldn't have heard right?

She nodded.

"Good," Leo said.

"Carlton!" The coach's voice swung him back around to the field.

爱伦爬起来。几根草粘在她那红色宽松短裤的膝盖处。

"对……对不起,"她低声说。"我……我的乐谱。"她用那只拿着皱巴巴的乐谱的手把自己的头发往后面理了理。

李奥那金黄色的眼睛眯起来。突然他的双眼睁得很大,接着他笑起来。"哦,"他说,"是你呀。你叫爱伦,对不对?"

爱伦的心嘣嘣一声提到了嗓子眼。"爱伦?"她好像以前从没听到过自己的名字似的答了一声。沉默,沉默。她咳嗽了一下。"爱伦。是的。"

"今晚你来参加舞会吗?"这句话被另一阵狂风裹着卷走了。她很可能没听清楚,是不是?

她点了点头。

"好,"李奥说。

"卡尔顿!"教练的喊声使他把身子转回到场地上。

Ellen stood behind him. She could still hear her heart, but now it was thumping like one of the timers Mr. Davis used to get the music beat right.

“**H**ere.” A little kid jammed some dirty music sheets into her hands.

“I think that's all of them,” George said. And there he was, too, smiling that nice lopsided smile, holding out more of her dumb music.

“Thanks, George,” Ellen said.

She climbed like a sleepwalker back to her seat in the stands.

Tammy sniffed, “Honestly! If I'd been you, I would have died.”

爱伦站在他后面。她仍能听到自己心脏跳动的声音，不过现在它就像戴维斯先生过去用来掌握音乐节奏的跑表那样正怦怦地跳着。

“给你。”一个小孩把一些脏兮兮的乐谱塞到她手中。

“我想它们都在了，”乔治说。他又递过来一些她那愚蠢的乐谱，同时歪着嘴善意地笑着。

“谢谢你，乔治。”爱伦说。

她像一个梦游者那样朝看台上自己的座位爬回去。

汤米轻蔑地说道，“唉！我要是你，我会死的。”