

新英语故事丛书 1
NEW ENGLISH STORIES

蓝眼睛朱蒂

Judy The Blue Eyes



喻贵英 任素珍 刘捷 编

西安电子科技大学出版社

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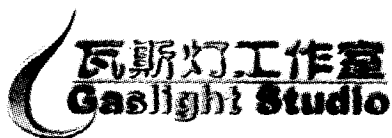
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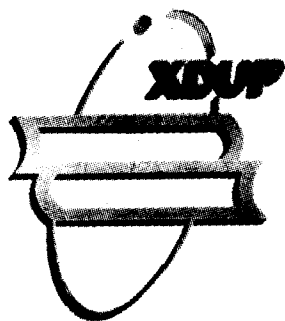
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内 容 简 介

阴森小镇上的秘密，进城打工者惊心动魄的经历，马戏团里恐怖的一幕，因特网结成的恋情，动物向人类的全面复仇，剧作家从父母之外感受到的长辈关爱，玩计算机游戏不能自制的老人，监狱里放回的儿子，在开罗受刀伤之后悲惨的遭遇，……38个闻所未闻的新奇故事，吸引您忘掉学英语的苦恼，而陶醉在使用英语的快乐之中。



瓦斯灯工作室的故事

——代序“新英语故事丛书”

那五六个穿黑衣留长发的年轻男女，呆呆地看潭的手指在键盘上敲击。

“我学过一些爵士钢琴。”潭说着，弄出非常奇特的声音来。

这几个正在玩摇滚的年轻人都不大懂英文，更不知潭时不时唱两句唱的是凡·莫里林的“乔女士”。他们几个茫然不知说什么，也许他们根本就不该来与这位在美国浪荡过几年的人谈流行音乐。因此，当维扬进门之后，他们便怯生生地告辞走了。

维扬猛往前冲，横身跃起，将斜后方传来的高球使劲扫向球门。球崩在门楣上弹出，他无力地爬在地上。

潭坐在那儿看维扬他们做传切练习，看了两个多小时。维扬还像以前那么认真。潭不认识那个女生，可她要潭把维扬写的情书转还。潭现在也不认识那个女生。

“你和这么小的男孩女孩也玩得到一块儿？”维扬问。

“我觉得那女孩特有气质，”潭的话没完，维扬就接了过去，“是不是特有发展前途？”

“你这货！整个流氓文人的腔调。”潭一面笑着说，一面从地下书堆里翻出一本书，“那女孩特像这本英语故事里的一个主角。”

“你们那个瓦斯灯工作室？”维扬信口支吾着，胡乱翻了

翻那书。他也不懂英文，给他看也白搭。

维扬叫潭陪他去堵那女生，要跟人家交朋友。那女孩面无愧色地拒绝了他。潭躲在远处笑他。

刚离开西安时维扬总想，潭一定会和她好起来的，他们还会谈到她。这念头放不下有两三年时间，最后干脆觉得就是真的。可潭仍说不认识她。

“怎么会是这样？她和一个带眼镜的人结婚了吧？”维扬这样想。

维扬脚一拨球，跃起来躲过一个飞铲，自己也踉跄几步，紧接着晃过一个伸手抓他的，再骗开守门员的重心推远角，……又打门柱了。

观众不多，潭一直看到结束。

维扬穿着军装，站在空荡荡的月台上，看上去比潭还高，还壮实些。潭拍着他的肩膀与他握别。他却忽然像是动了感情一样说：“那时你是队长，大家都相信你不久就会出类拔萃，成为我们当中唯一能进国家队的人。”

“你这货，还这么傻！”潭嘴上说着，心里并不知自己说了什么，只觉得一种奇怪的冲动涌上心头。

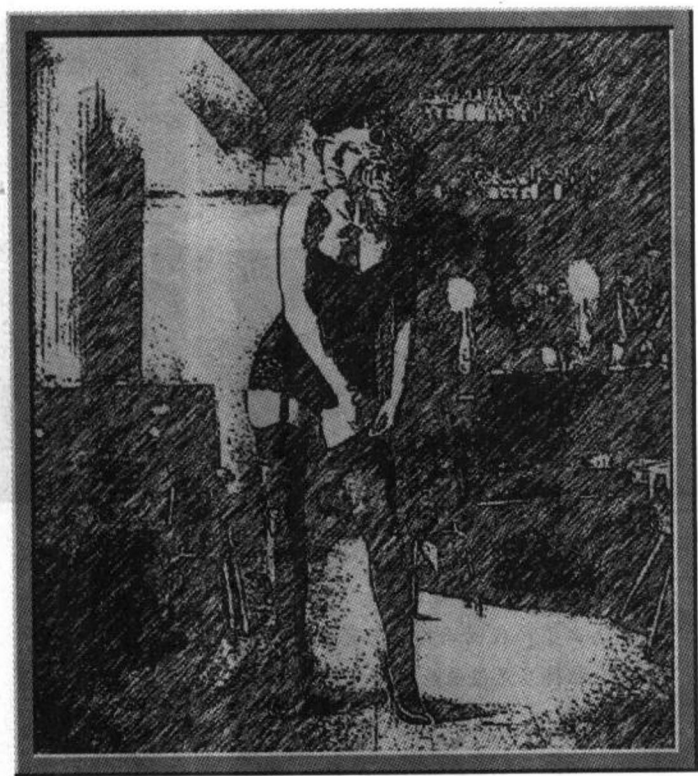
编 者

初稿作于1988年5月，
1998年6月修改，于瓦斯灯
工作室。



于是我留意那汤，我看到一段小孩手指样的东西。我一下将手里的餐具扔在了桌上。女招待跑到我桌前问怎么了，我说：“什么怎么了？我他妈的汤里有节小孩指头！这是什么鬼地方啊！”女招待只是傻呆呆地站在那儿，她说：“难道你不喜欢汤里有小孩？”

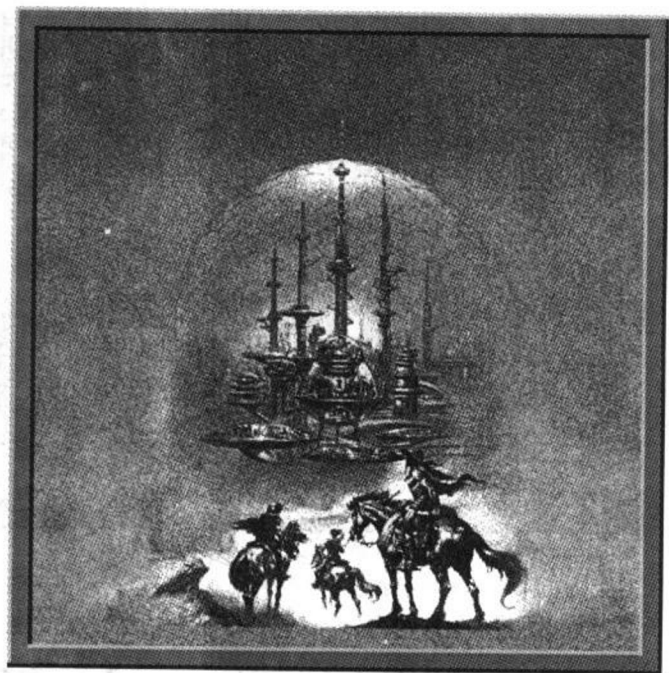
——摘自“误入魔城”



她瞪着他，“我不需要你，乔，我从不需要你。能照顾我的人只有一个，那就是我自己。”一面说，她的手一面伸进打开的包里，摸到了那件冰冷的铁器。

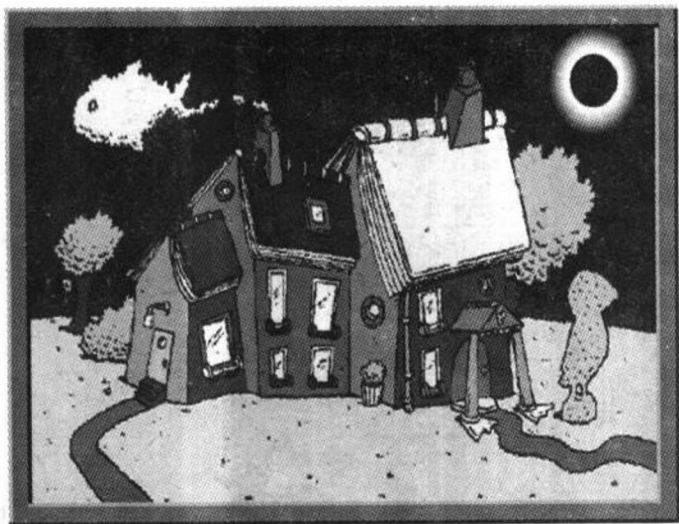
“站在那儿别动，乔。这次别想再把你的臭狗屎弄在我身上了。我不怕，结束了，乔，一切都结束了。”

——摘自“熊猫”



这是一座他从未来过的城。这儿的房屋不是砖石结构的，而是用光滑闪烁的水晶造就，而且形状特别，几乎没有棱角，所有的东西都是圆滑的。TORM 植物从建筑物上疏密有致地垂下，将周围笼罩在柔和迷人的光芒中。

——摘自“再生”



室内星点的灯光反射在屋外的草坪上。邻近的街灯使我们能清楚地看到屋顶和周围的地方。室内的灯开始熄灭，什么也没发生。一点声音也没有，只能听到我们自己喘着粗气。实际上只几分钟过去，就感觉似乎等了很久。我们开始有点不安，是不是我们的周密计划被发觉，要么是我们各就各位时被发现？没等我设想出下一种可能，谜底就揭开了：那噪音出现在我们正下方！

——摘自“捉鬼”

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误入魔城

Lost in a Strange Town

By Mike Bath

我特别喜欢那些以美国小镇为背景的故事。也许因为小镇最能显露异邦风情，也许因为在这里往往有城市文化与乡土文化的碰撞，再也许是出于自己被压抑的浪漫幻想……我总是喜欢一个城市人来到一个陌生的小镇而由此引出一段感人的故事。

在美国电影中这样的故事的确不少，当我凝神回想时，却发现那些留在印象中的故事总是与大大小小的麻烦纠缠在一起：两个女学生被小镇上的恶警长诬害入狱；一个越战老兵被小镇警长逼迫无奈而挑起战争；一个外科医生被小镇判罚而羁留镇上的医院；一个城市青年来小镇报枪杀父母之仇……下面这个小镇的故事也许更令人触目惊心。

I knew I was lost when I passed a sign that said "Welcome to Killville". That's when I got a strange feeling in my stomach.

Being kind of frightened, I rolled up the windows and locked the doors. Something about this town scared the crap

out of me. Also the fact that it was getting kind of dark and I would have to stay in this town for the night.

Slowly creeping into the main part of town, I noticed that there were no children or any schools to be seen anywhere. It was only a bunch of unhappy-looking, middle-aged people that had no personality on their faces.

Driving through town, I noticed that I was getting low on gas, so I stopped at the closest gas station and filled up my car. When I went in to pay the guy for my gas. I asked the guy if there where any motels in the area. He just took my money, grunted and walked away. I just thought that he was just a grumpy, old fart that didn't like newcomers.

Getting back into my car my belly started to tell me that I was hungry. So I decided to find a place to eat. I found a place that looked very clean and kept up. I walked in and sat down on a stool by the bar and picked up a menu. A waitress came by and asked me what I would like to eat. I just said, "Give me the special." So the lady yelled to the back, "I need the soup special please!" I was kind of anxious to find out what the soup special really was. The lady said that it was really good only if you have a different taste in food.

While waiting for my soup, I heard an awful sound. It sounded like a small child screaming for its life, but I just thought it was a cat getting ran over and just ignored it. After a half hour of waiting, a greasy, fat, old man came out with my food. He just said "Enjoy" and walked back into the kitchen. I took a bite. It was surprisingly pretty good. Then I looked down. I saw what looked like part of a small child's finger. Instantly I threw-up all over the table. The waitress ran over to my table and asked me what's wrong. I said "What do

you mean what's wrong! There's a child's finger in my **** soup. What kind of place is this?" The waitress just stood there like an idiot and said, "Don't you like small children in your soup?" Being disgusted I ran out of the so called restaurant and jumped into my car.

I flew to the police station to tell them what was going on. The cop on duty jumped up instantly like he never heard of this before and it was all new to him. On the way back, I thought to myself why haven't the police done anything about this before.

Shortly we arrived back to the most demented place of all time. The cop walked in casually and sits down. I just stood there in disbelief. He looked over to the waitress and said, "Hello Wanda, Give me the special. You know I like small children, their meat is so tender." Not believing what I just saw and heard, I attempted to run back out. Instantly I heard a gun fire and felt something hit my leg. I fell to the ground in pain. The cop walked over to me as I laid there in pain, and said, "Now you know our town's little secret and you must die."

Notes

... scared the crap out of me “把我的屎都吓出来了”，形容非常害怕

grunt n. 哼声；v. 哼

grumpy a. 性情乖戾的，脾气暴躁的

fart n. 屁；v. 放屁

stool n. 凳子，大便；v. 长新枝

**** 作者不愿意拼写出的脏字，而英语中这些词多为四个字母，如 damn, shit, fuck 等

demented a. 发狂的，精神错乱的

伤心男孩

The Sad Little Boy

By Margaret Kavanagh

对于学英语的读者来说，我认为读经典故事就像是“误入魔城”。因为你根本还体会不到语言的精妙；因为你已经知道了情节所以根本没有读故事的乐趣；因为失去了悬念的诱惑，因为失去了顿悟的快慰，因为失去了感情投入，因为失去了再讲给他人的乐趣；因为你多半高山仰止，半途而废；因为你常常会直接翻出译文一口气读完……而“新读物”提供给您的故事都不是经典，甚至有个别连好都算不上，可是它对你运用英语益处良多，你甚至可以对故事本身的优劣大加品评。

He stood in the corner of the playground, all alone, staring into space, there in body but not in soul. The other children were running around laughing and shouting noisily, without a care in the world. A small girl walked up to him and offered him a sweet; he hardly noticed her at first, but she insisted; he turned towards her and sadly shook his head. So the small girl shrugged her shoulders and ran off with one of her friends.

He was alone again with his thoughts.

Suddenly the school bell made him jump into the present. He made his way to his classroom, sat down at his desk, got out his English book and started to write. The other children in the class were noisily throwing pencils and rubbers around the room; all went quiet as their teacher Mrs. Davies came in and told them to sit down. It was only then that they noticed Mrs. Davies was not alone. Another lady was with her. All the children were curious except for the sad little boy; his face paled even more and he felt his heart pounding. Mrs. Davies's face and voice softened as she spoke to the sad little boy. She explained to him that the lady was Mrs. Smith and that she wanted him to go with her. He quietly put his work away and carefully put his chair under his desk. The other children's eyes followed him from the classroom.

Mrs. Smith took him to the rest room and sat him down. She explained to him that she was a social worker and that she had just come from the hospital that his mummy was in. "Did you know how ill your mummy was?" He nodded his head; his mind started wandering again. He remembered the last time he had seen his mum. He had hardly recognized her, her face was so haggard and old. She'd tried to cuddle him but she was so weak and it caused her so much pain that he hadn't wanted her to. Her eyes were the same but the pain in them was obvious. Later she had tried to talk but he couldn't understand her hoarse voice. His father's face was full of concern and anxiety. "Mummy will soon be better," he'd said. But all the little boy could think of was the pain that she was going through; there was nothing he could do to make it go away. He stroked her face gently; it was wet with sweat, so he got a tissue to wipe