

美国中学生优秀作文选

# Eighth Grade

赵恒元 姚霞

马秀娥 王晓鸥

译

花季

的

梦

美国青少年作者 著

By Eighth  
Grade Writers



清华大学出版社 <http://www.tup.tsinghua.edu.cn>

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美国图书馆联合会提名最优秀青少年作品

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美国青少年作者 著

赵恒元 姚 霞 译  
马秀娥 王晓鸥

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**EIGHTH GRADE**

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## 内 容 提 要

《花季的梦》是美国几位花季少年以其稚嫩的眼光观察缤纷的世界,回忆欢乐的童年,畅想美好未来而编织出的一一个个美丽、离奇的梦。本书的12篇故事全部是美国八年级小作者的作品,均以美国的生活和历史为背景、涉及顽皮的玩闹趣事、对异性的朦胧感觉、对种族不平等的疑问、暖暖的人间亲情、以及对贫富不均的愤慨等。每篇文章都构思新颖,语言流畅,笔调清新,想象丰富。配以中文译文、生词表及绘声绘色的朗读磁带后,更使其成为读者提高阅读、听说能力,了解异国文化风情的益友。

本书配1盘原版朗读录音带。纯正美音。

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## 出版说明

我们十分欣喜地向全国大中学生、青少年读者推荐《美国中学生优秀作文选》丛书。这套丛书是美国图书馆联合会的最优秀青少年作品。丛书中每篇文章都出自美国中学生之手，文中叙述了他们的实际生活及感受，吐露了他们的真实思想和情趣，也暴露了他们成长中的问题和烦恼。我们阅读这些原汁原味的作品，既可以学习、提高运用英语写作、叙事的能力，又可以对美国文化及青少年的生活有所了解。必须指出的是，生活在美国的青少年的人生观及其生活方式、思想方式和我们是有很多不同的，他们在文章中所表现出来的积极的、向上的、健康的、美好的东西是值得我们吸取的，而那些消极的、颓废的、不健康的甚至丑恶的东西是应该批判的，抛弃的。

我们相信，我国的大、中学生，青少年读者对于善与恶、美与丑是有分辨能力的，因此出版时忠实于原作，保持原汁原味。这样有利于学习当代英文，也有利于全面了解美国文化，了解美国青少年。

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抓小偷

The Clubhouse

# 玩闹会馆

文中讲述了几个  
少年吸收新成员  
加入他们的会馆  
的过程，其中别  
致、奇怪、甚至  
恶作剧式的人会  
三关写得细致生  
动，可笑可叹。



兰德尔怎样成为会员——这类故事讲不完。





How Randall became a Rat: A tale with a tail.

## *The Clubhouse*

by RYAN TATE

The sound of sneakers thumpity-thumping filled the air as the five of us raced violently for our beloved clubhouse. Being together felt different today, though, because of new blood in the Rat Pack. His name was Randall, and his initiation adventure was just commencing. As we scrambled up the frayed rope ladder like the Rats we were, the bright Saturday sun shone vividly through the east window.

"If we don't put a shade on that window soon, I'm gonna go blind like that geezbag Smithers," Bobby exclaimed.

"Who's Smithers?" Randall inquired.

"The old dork who lives in that shack," Joe answered with his arm extended in a northerly direction.

"Yeah, he's blind as a bat and more ugly! Do you remember the time we T.P.'d his house? He didn't notice until he found the piles of pulp in his gutter! And even then he thought it was just dogwood petals!"

Elmo said.

The whole tree house shook with cheery chuckles. Our Rat Pack meeting had begun like all the others. Bobby, Elmo, and Joe were all hunched over their home-made pinball game, while Randall was still investigating his new surroundings. I, on the other hand, was in the corner working on some graffiti with a black marker. Joe glanced in my direction.

“Twink, you rodent! What are you writing now?” Joe screamed.

I stepped back to reveal my work. It was a drawing of the ugliest face my hand could manage, and next to it were the words, “GIRLS STINK.”

“Oh yeah, girls stink. Tell me something I don’t already know, Twink. Now get over here! Bobby just hit the bottle cap on our pinball game and I think he might get the new clubhouse high score. You too, Randy,” Joe said.

The four of us cheered Bobby on, but he still fell two hundred points short.

“Ha! You dweeb! My score is unbeatable!” Elmo gloated.

“Oh, shut up, or I’ll tell everybody about your little incident with Mrs. Foster and her German shepherd,” Bobby retaliated.

“OK, I’m cool,” Elmo quickly replied.

Joe took charge and said, “Now, Rats, it’s time to get down to business.”

Everyone except Randall deposited twenty-five cents into a small Pac-Man bank and sat back down. Digging deep, I found a dirty quarter next to a couple of candy wrappers and reluctantly plunked it in. I noticed a peculiar glare upon Randall’s long face. He seemed over-

whelmed by all the excitement.

Joe stared at his hand and continued, "Now, I have our agenda in my hand, uh, I mean, on my hand, and it says that all we have to do is initiate Randy and then we can party! Do you think you lamebrains can handle that? Randy, prepare to become an official member of the Rat Pack!"

One by one we marched off to Elmo's house while I brought up the rear. We burst in the front door and headed straight for the refrigerator. I seized the ketchup and handed it to Bobby.

Elmo began, "The first step in becoming a Rat is taking a nice big swig from an ice-cold bottle of Heinz."

Randall grimaced and took the bottle in hand. As the container touched his puckered lips, we could all smell the salty stench of the crimson concoction. I sensed an air of uncertainty: Randall looked like he wasn't sure he wanted to play our game. He must have been reminding himself that it was just a tiny mouthful, but it didn't seem to help. His eyes glazed, as big as dinner plates. The blood-red material sluggishly made its way down the neck of the frosty bottle. Slowly, the thick substance slid to the back of his mouth. Randall swallowed as quickly as he could without gagging. He cried for a glass of water to no avail—we were all in hysterics!

"One down and two to go!" I exclaimed with a loud cry.

"This next one is a whole lot easier. All you have to do is eat a fly," Bobby stated.

"Uh, no thanks, guys. I'm already full from that delicious ketchup. Honestly, I couldn't eat another bite," Randall returned.

"Ah, c'mon! It's just an itsy-bitsy fly. You've never hurt a fly in your life and couldn't if you tried. So why should it hurt you?" I whined.

Randy stared at the linoleum floor and pondered the thought of eating a bug. He seemed to have gained some confidence in himself, and I could see determination in his eyes. He really, truly wanted to be a Rat.

"OK, but at least let me make a sandwich out of it," Randall chimed, in a sly tone of voice.

"Sure. That's all right," Joe said.

Randy grabbed a piece of bread from Elmo's pantry. Then we proceeded up to his room where Elmo had a live fly contained in a jar. I could tell that Randy wanted to get this over with as quickly as possible. Randy caught the fly and squashed it, stuck it between the bread, and took a whopping bite.

"There!" Randall exclaimed with his mouth full of Wonder Bread. "You goons satisfied? Now what's next?"

"First of all, get yourself and your flybreath out of my room. Fall in, Rats!" Elmo ordered.

Joe led us back to Elmo's kitchen. We were all astonished at how quickly Randy had eaten the fly. It was a record-breaking time and he didn't even wince! We exchanged looks of amazement as we descended the stairs. Joe draped a towel over his arm and used his best French waiter's accent to introduce the next taste adventure.

"After monsieur has had hees ketchup cocktail and hees fly á la sandweech, I am most sure zat he would like another treat for hees tongue. I now prazent to you, my customaire, our house especiality. Rotten tuna feesh on a stale Vheat Thin! It ess très magnifique!

And I might mention zat it ees our best-selling item. C'est formidable!!" Joe tried furiously to hold in a serious case of the giggles.

He presented Randy with a cracker, on top of which was a generous gob of Elmo's week-old tuna. Randy figured it couldn't be much worse than a fly or ketchup, so he flung the whole thing into his mouth. He attempted a smile, but his mouth could not comply. Randy found himself slugging tap water straight from the faucet to the tune of maniac laughter from our direction.

"Rat Huddle!" I cried. We all bent over in a circle and unanimously voted Randy into our pack.

Joe stood up and cleared his throat. "After much deliberation, the Society of Honorable Rodents has voted you, Mr. Randall P. Snodgrass, an official member of the Rat Pack. I think you will make a fine addition to our club," he stated in a very professional manner.

"Congrats—you're a Rat!" Bobby said as he patted Randall on the back.

"Call 911 and see if you can get my stomach pumped!" Randy gasped.

"Oh, you'll be just fine. True Rats can eat anything and still live," Elmo replied.

"Enough of this initiation junk. Let's go back to the clubhouse and have some real fun," I added.

Randy cried, "Last one there's a rotten Rat!"

In a flash we were off and up to our old mischief, only this time with a new Rat in the pack—another set of sneakers thumpity-thumping, another lifelong friend.

兰德尔怎样成为会员——这类故事讲不完。

## 玩闹会馆

文中讲述3个少年吸收新成员加入他们的会馆的过程，其中别致、奇怪、甚至恶作剧式的入会三关写得细致生动，可笑可叹。

——译者提示

我们五个人拼命地向我们心爱的会馆跑着，噼噼啪啪的胶底鞋声响个不停。今天感觉与往日不同，因为有一位新会员要加入我们的玩闹协会。新会员名叫兰德尔，对他的入会考验就要开始了。我们像耗子一样，攀登着破绳梯，爬进我们的会馆，这时耀眼的太阳光正从我们会馆的东窗口照射进来。

“如果不把那个窗口遮挡一下，我的眼睛会被强光刺瞎的，变成史密瑟斯老头儿了。”博比说。

“史密瑟斯是谁？”兰德尔问。

“就是住在那间破屋子里的一个傻家伙。”乔边说着，边伸手朝北指了指。

“那老头儿瞎着个眼像蝙蝠，比蝙蝠还丑！还记得我们用大便纸糊他的房间吗？直到臭纸浆堵了他的排水道，他才发现！他还以为大便纸是山茱萸的花瓣呢！”埃尔莫说。

我们嘎嘎地大笑起来，弄得我们设在树杈上的会馆摇晃不已。我们玩闹协会的玩闹开始了，其他玩闹协会也是这

个样子。博比、埃尔莫和乔躬着腰玩起了弹子游戏，弹子是自己做的。兰德尔仍在打量着四周，对他来说这是一个新环境。我缩在一个角落里，用黑笔在会馆的墙壁上瞎画着。乔朝我瞅了一眼。

“特温克，你这个耗子！写什么呢？”乔冲我尖叫着。

我向后挪动了一点儿，把我画的东西露给他看。这是我尽力画的一张最丑陋的面孔，面孔旁边写着“臭丫头”。

“哎哟，又是臭丫头。你不能来点儿我不知道的新鲜点儿的，特温克。算了吧，你过来！我们玩弹球游戏，博比的球正好打在瓶盖上。我看他要创下了我们会馆的新纪录了。兰德尔，你也过来。”乔说。

虽然博比离创新纪录还差200分，但我们四个人都在为他加油。

“哈哈！你是我的手下败将！我的纪录是不可破的！”埃尔莫眼盯着游戏局面，自信地说。

“嗨，别吹牛了。不然我给大伙儿说说你跟福斯特夫人和她家那条大狗的丑事儿。”博比反唇相讥。

“说就说呗，我不在乎。”埃尔莫立刻回答。

乔以老头儿的口气说，“行啦行啦，会员们，咱们办正事吧。”

除了兰德尔，我们每人向帕克门钱罐儿里投了一个25美分的硬币，然后坐回到原来的地方。我投币时，向钱罐深处一望，看见一个25美分的脏币粘着几块糖纸，很恶心，但还是扔下去了。我注意到了兰德尔拉着长脸，惊奇地瞪着眼睛。他好像是陷入激动之中而不能自拔。

乔盯着自己的手，接着说：“好的，我们接纳会员的议程就在我手里，噢，我是说写在我手上。是这么写的：首先必须接纳兰德尔，接着举行仪式！你们这些笨家伙玩儿得转吗？兰德尔，准备好，你将要成为我们会馆的新成员了！”



我们排着队开始向埃尔莫家进发，我在最后。我们从前门进去，直奔冰箱。我从冰箱里拿出一瓶番茄酱，递给了博比。

埃尔莫说：“要想成为本会会员，第一关要喝一大口冰镇的番茄酱，‘黑汁’牌的。”

兰德尔一脸苦相，拿起那瓶子番茄酱。当瓶子触及到他紧皱的嘴唇时，我们都能闻到这种大红色调制品的咸臭味。我有一种此事要砸锅的感觉，因为兰德尔看样子不一定愿意玩我们这种把戏。他一定是提醒过自己，这不过是一小口而已，但这种提醒似乎又不管用。他目光呆滞，瞪得又大又圆，像两个盛菜的盘子。这血红的东西慢慢地从冰冷的瓶颈流出来。这粘稠的物质又慢慢地流进了他的口中。兰德尔猛地吞下去一大口，没有呕吐出来。他喊叫着要杯水，但没有用——我们一个个都狂笑起来！

“这一关过了，还有第二关！”我大声喊道。

“下一关容易些，是囫圇个儿的。你要吃下一只苍蝇。”博比解释说。

“哦，谢谢诸兄弟，不行。那美味的番茄酱已经把我灌饱了。真的，我一口也吃不下了。”兰德尔退缩了。

“哎呀，来吧。这只不过是只小苍蝇。你一生还没伤害过苍蝇。你把它吃下去，也不能算是伤害它。既然如此，苍蝇为什么会到你肚子里后伤害你呢？”我苦口婆心地劝说。

兰德尔盯着油毡地面，琢磨着怎样吃虫子。他似乎有信心了，从他的眼神里能看出他决心已下。他真地、诚心想成为本会会员。

“那就来吧，但至少应让我把它做成三明治吃下去。”兰德尔用机智的口气插话说。

“那是当然，就这么办。”乔说。