

〈美〉唐娜・乔・纳波利 著

少年文学英汉对照作品证是



省班中卫 SOCCER SNOCK

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First published in the United States under the title **SOCCER SHOCK by Donna Jo Napoli**, **illustrated by Meredith Johnson**. Text copyright © Donna Jo Napoli, 1991. Illustrations copyright © Meredith Johnson, 1991. Published by arrangement with Dutton Children's Books, a division of Penguin Putnam Inc.

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All young adults in America have to read fiction in school and then discuss it from the stance of literary analysis. That is, they have to talk about the character development, the plot, the setting, and the writing style in the book. Many of these young people read fiction for pleasure outside of school, as well. But others don't. The ones who don't often find reading a chore and they have enough chores in their life without picking up a book.

When I write for young adults, I always remember that reading can be a chore—so I want to make that chore worth it for them. My goal is to get the reader to care so much about the characters, that turning the page is a joy. I don't think about trying to send a message or anything didactic like that. I think only of trying to tell a good story—one that helps the reader get inside the skin of my characters and truly understand them.

When I was a child, I lived in a poor family. I didn't have many opportunities to

know much about life outside the small environment I lived in. But I was very lucky: I loved to read. And reading opened up the world for me. It taught me that there were other cultures, other languages, other ways of living. I became such a good reader that school was easy for me and I was lucky again: I got a scholarship to go to college. Then I studied further and became a university professor. And now I am a writer, as well.

When I write, I remember the child I was—I remember how reading opened up doors for me. My job as a writer is to give the gift of lovingto read to children and young adults. That way maybe I can help open up doors for them, too. So I never write only for the "good" reader. I try to write for everyone. I try to entice everyone, grab their hearts, make them laugh or cry or both.

I hope you enjoy these books. I wrote them for you.

Sincerely,

Donna Jo Napoli

作者致中国读者

亲爱的读者:

小说是美国青少年在校学习的一项内容,他们不但要读,还要从文学分析的角度进行讨论。他们要讨论人物的成长、情节、背景及作品的写作风格。不少年轻人都把课外读小说当做一种乐趣。不过,也有一些人把它当成负担,在他们看来,生活中的负担本来就不少,哪有心思去读书?

因此,在为青少年写书时,我总是提醒自己:读书可能是乏味的事。记住这一点就能促使我为他们写出值得一读的作品。我的创作目标是让读者对书中的描述更感兴趣,从而把读书当成一件快乐的事。我不想有意说教,而只想讲一个有意思的故事——一个能让读者设身处地地体验书中人物,从而真正了解他们的故事。

我小时候家里很穷,除了自己生活的小天地,很少有机会去了解外面的世界。但幸运的是,我有读书的嗜好。读书使我开阔了眼界,从书上我知道世界上还有别的文化、别的语言和别的生活方式。爱读书的习惯还使我成了一名好学生,并使我幸运地拿到了上大学的奖学金。这样我才得以继续深造,后来当上了大学教授。现在我还是一名作家。

每次写书的时候,我总会想起自己的孩提时代,我清楚地记得读书是怎样为我打开了认识世界的大门。作为一名作

家, 我要把培养爱读书的习惯作为一份礼物送给我们的青少年, 或许这样也能为他们打开一扇认识世界的门。正因为这个原因, 我的书不只是写给那些爱读书的人们, 而是写给所有的人。我要用自己的作品去唤起他们的兴趣, 抓住他们的心, 让他们跟着我的故事开怀大笑或伤心落泪。

希望你们喜欢我的这些书,因为这些书就是为你们而写的。

唐娜・乔・纳波利

译者的话

我国的英语阅读教学长期存在费时较多、成效较少的问题。究其原因,主要是课文讲解单调枯燥,占时过多,学生自主读书的时间和选择余地太少,尤其是难以读到时代气息 较浓、适合他们年龄的当代英语少年文学读物。

为改变这种状况,首都师范大学英语系两年前率先在《英语沙龙》杂志上开办了"阅读伴我成长"栏目,以介绍美国少年文学作品为目的,在青少年读者中引起了强烈反响。而后又结合教学科研,利用选编的少年文学阅读材料在北京市一些高中进行了学生阅读兴趣的调查。结果表明,学生们普遍认为,英语教材应适量增加文学体裁文章的比重,所选文章应与他们的现实生活与心理需求有关连,有时代感,不应只局限在传统文学经典范围之内,非常希望能够读到更多的海外少年文学作品,认为这种体裁的读物故事性强、篇幅短、语言浅显、通俗易懂,描述的又正好是他们这个年龄层次所特有的理想与烦恼,易于产生阅读兴趣。

同学们的反响坚定了我们运用少年文学进行阅读教学改革的决心,促使我们更加努力地选编、翻译、推荐国外当代优秀少年文学作品,致力于同世界范围的文化组织——国际读书协会接轨,打通引进国外优秀少年文学作品的渠道,使这些作品能够陆续同国内广大青少年读者见面。

此次与学苑出版社密切合作,首次在中国大陆推出美国

九十年代女作家唐娜·乔·纳波利的六部少年儿童小说,是我们近年来不断努力的结果。唐娜·乔·纳波利是美国 Swarthmore 学院的资深语言学教授,作为五个孩子的母亲,她非常了解少年人心理,善于运用孩子的语言为青少年写故事,她的作品深受美国青少年读者的欢迎,自 1990 年起已有十五、六部作品问世,其中多部获奖。

这次选译的六部作品,语言诙谐,在平凡的叙事中给人以美感与启迪。简练的文体、幽默的语言让人在阅读过程中尽享轻松、愉快;曲折的情节和巧妙的构思又给人们提供了品味英语词汇的多种语境;可以让青少年读者在快乐的心境中了解海外同龄人的生活,在提高英语阅读能力的同时接受文学作品及地道英语的熏陶。

我们希望,这一套英汉对照读物的出版,对于丰富我国 英文图书市场,激发学生读英文书兴趣,强化课外阅读起到 推动作用。

> 首都师范大学英语读书协会 王小萍 杨 阳

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1 **The Shock**

Adam stood on the soccer field and twisted his hands together while Coach Morrison assigned them positions. He'd started out as left fullback[®] at every practice since the school year began last week. Not a great position. But left fullback was better than not playing. There were only two positions left to assign, and there were still eight boys waiting for their assignments.

Coach Morrison stopped talking and folded his arms across his chest. "I don't like the looks of those clouds, guys." He twisted his mouth in indecision. "Hmmmm." He rocked back on his heels and watched the sky.

Adam looked up, too. The clouds weren't the black, lumpy storm clouds that drenched everyone in a flash. They were light grey and sort of smeared at the edges. And they were moving this way fast. Above them the sky was a watery pink, like someone had painted it.

Grayson, the tallest kid in fifth grade and the best player around, dribbled his soccer ball in a circle. "Can't we play at least

一、雷击

莫里森教练安排场上位置时,亚当站 在球场上一个劲儿搓手。自打上周开学 后,每次训练他都踢左后卫。这个位置虽 然没多好,但能上场踢总比干看着强。现 在等着分派的男生还有八个,可位置只剩 两个了。

这时莫里森教练打住话头儿,双臂往胸前一抱,瞅着天上的云彩嘟囔着:"伙计们,我可不喜欢那样的云彩。"他撇了撇嘴,拿不定主意到底还踢不踢。他沉吟了一下,扭回身,看了看身后的天。

亚当也抬眼看了一下。天上的云不像 是那种暴雨来临前的黑云,一下雨就能把 人浇成落汤鸡。那云彩颜色发灰,轮廓有 点模糊,此刻正冲这边飞快地飘过来。乌 云上空透出一片淡粉色,像是有人画的一 样。

格雷森,这个五年级里个头最高、踢球最棒的男生运球转了个圈,说:"就练 一小会儿还不行吗?"

①left fullback: 左后卫。

a short scrimmage?"

Coach Morrison looked across the boys' faces and finally nod-ded. "Okay, let's try it. Michael, you're sweeper^①; Adam, left fullback. That's it for both sides. The rest of you boys start on the sidelines, and I'll rotate^② you in." Coach Morrison ran to the middle of the field and set down the soccer ball. "Let's play ball!" he shouted. He blew the whistle and Grayson kicked off.

The ball zipped onto Adam's side of the field, and Michael dashed up from the rear and took off with it. Milt followed and came up on the left for a pass. Adam watched the action, which was by now far away. He scratched his knees and happened to glance down. A hard-shell beetle crawled along the top edge of his right shoe. Adam looked across the field. The action was still thick and still far away. He stamped his feet and looked again. The beetle was now clinging to the knot on Adam's shoelaces. It was shiny black and about the size of his thumbnail. Adam thought he saw pincers coming out of its head. He danced in place. The beetle crawled onto his sock. Adam knew he should reach down and flick it off. Just one of those simple, fast flicks with the back of his hand. It would be easy. Except for those pincers³. Adam held up his foot and shook hard. The beetle stuck fast. Adam held his foot higher and flung it wildly about.

At that very moment the ball came zooming his way, like a demon with his wings on fire. It bashed into Adam's left knee, bounced off, and Grayson had a perfect shot at a goal.

Adam watched the ball sail through the goalposts. He heard

莫里森教练看了看这帮男孩子,见他们个个跃跃欲试,点头答应道: "好吧,那咱们开始。迈克尔,你踢自由中卫;亚当,你踢左后卫。两个队先这么安排,其他人站在一边,一会儿我再换你们上。"说罢,莫里森教练跑到场地中央,把球一放,喊道: "开始!" 哨声一响,格雷森首先开了球。

球直飞到了亚当他们这半场, 迈克尔 连忙从后面冲上来截住了球。米尔特限到 他的左面,准备接传球。亚当看着他们往 远处运球。他挠挠膝盖, 无意中往下溜了 一眼,一只硬壳甲虫正顺着他右脚鞋帮往 上爬。亚当又扫了一眼场上,双方争抢得 很凶、但离他这儿还很远。他跺跺脚、低 头再看,甲虫却趴在鞋带结上了。这只甲 虫乌黑发亮,大小和他拇指指甲差不多。 亚当仿佛看到甲虫头前的大颚伸了出来, 吓得他连忙原地乱蹦, 可是甲虫却爬到袜 子上来了。要不是那对大颚,亚当本想哈 腰把它掸掉。这也不费事,用手背猛一胡 噜就成。现在亚当只得抬脚使劲甩,可甲 虫叮得还挺紧,亚当又把脚抬高了些,拼 命用了起来。

就在这时,球呼地向他飞来,那么快、那么猛,就像翅膀带火的魔鬼。球砸在亚当的左膝上又弹起,格雷森趁机一记漂亮的抽射,球应声人网。

亚当看着飞入网窝的球、耳旁响起队

①sweeper: 自由中卫。

②rotate: (使) 交替;轮换。

③pincers: 大颚。

groans from the boys on his side. Someone from behind him (Was it Clifford?) hissed, "What were you doing, Freckle Brain?" Adam hoped no one else had heard. He looked down at his speckled arms. When he was a little kid, people used to call him Freckles. But they stopped a couple of years ago. Adam didn't like his old nickname. He didn't want it back.

He scratched both knees. Then his arms. Then his back. He was itchy all over. Every time something rotten happened to him, he got itchy.

"Okay, Gordon," shouted Coach Morrison, "rotate in for Adam."

The boys on the sidelines had organized their own mini-scrimmage behind the bleachers. Now they stopped and looked at Coach Morrison expectantly.

"Jim, go in there for Pete; Zach, take Jeff's place. Yeah, that's enough for now. Don't worry, guys," said the coach to the remaining three boys. "You'll all be worked in the next chance I get." He blew the whistle.

Adam walked off the field with Pete and Jeff. But while Pete and Jeff joined the rest of the boys on the sidelines, Adam sat down alone on the lowest level of the bleachers $^{\bigcirc}$.

Kim came out from under the bleachers and stood in front him. "Hi".

Adam looked past her at the game. He wondered what she was doing here. They'd never been in the same class before this year, so he hardly knew her. But she always seemed to be popping up²

友们的惋惜声。他身后有个人(好像是克利福德)叹口气埋怨起来:"你刚才干什么呢?麻脸?"天啊,但愿没人听见他这话。亚当低头看了看自己长着斑点的胳膊。他小的时候,人们常管他叫"花瓜",但几年前已经不这么叫了。亚当可不喜欢这个老外号,他不愿人们再这样叫他。

他挠挠双膝,又挠挠胳膊,接着又挠起后 背来。坏了,他感觉浑身都那么痒痒。每次遇 到什么倒霉事,他都会浑身发痒。

"好吧, 戈登," 莫里森教练喊道: "你来 替下亚当。"

场外的男孩子们已经在看台后自己组织了 小型对抗赛。听到喊声他们都停下来,眼巴巴 地看着莫里森教练,盼着能被换上场。

"吉姆,去换下皮特;扎克,你替杰夫。 好啦,现在人够了。别着急,伙计们,"教练 对余下的三名男孩子说:"一有机会我一定都 让你们上。"说完,他又吹响了哨。

亚当同皮特、杰夫一起走出场地。皮特和 杰夫马上加人了场外其他孩子的比赛,亚当却 一个人在看台的最底层坐下来。

"嗨,"这时金从看台下面来到亚当面前, 向他打着招呼。

"嗨,"亚当漫不经心地回了一声,目光越过金继续看着比赛。他真不知道她来这儿干什么。他们俩以前从来没在一个班里呆过,这学期才分在一个班没多久,所以他几乎不认识她。可是她最近似乎总在他眼前晃悠。

①bleachers: 看台。

② pop up: 突然出现; 冒出来。 lately. "Hi," he said.

Kim waited. She ran her thumbs around the inside of her belt. "October isn't very far away."

Adam thought about that. There didn't seem to be anything to say. He watched Gordon block a hard kick. Very nice move. Milt should have picked up on it, though. He should have been ready to take it and travel back up the field.

"The first Thursday of October, roller skating begins at the Super Rink." Kim moved over to block Adam's view. "It's going to be fun."

Adam slid along the bench till he could see the game again. That forward on the other side—Rick, yeah, that was his name—he was moving out from the crowd and looking around. He was obviously planning something. And no one on Adam's side seemed to notice. They had better watch him. Adam wished he could shout out to his side's defense. But Coach Morrison didn't allow anything like that.

"I'm going." Kim moved over and blocked Adam's view again. "Are you?"

"Huh?"

"Roller skating," said Kim. "Now that we're in fifth grade, we're allowed to go to the Thursday night skating sessions. You know, in October. Are you going?"

"I don't think so." Adam leaned to the left and looked past Kim. He saw Grayson run directly toward Jeff as though he was going to zip by him on the left. At the last minute he dodged to the