


南兆旭  
李郁萍 译



# HERE AND NOW CREATIVE YOUNG AMERICA



美国中学生获奖作文选

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## 前 言

美国“中学生写作奖”(Scholastic Writing Awards)于一九二五年设立，每年颁发一次，设一、二、三等奖。美国各中学的教师们每年都把本校最优秀的作文推荐给评委。评委们从几万份来稿中精心筛选，评出当年的优秀作品。美国当代许多著名的作家如伯纳德·马拉默德，约翰·斯坦福特在少年时期都曾获该奖。它已成为美国最有权威、最有影响的中学生写作大奖。

本书收集了十二篇近年来的获奖作品，为了便于读者提高英语阅读与翻译能力，同时刊出英文原文和中文译文。但译者多采用译意的方法，故有时与原文不甚吻合，仅供参考。这些作文观察角度的独特、想象力的奇异及写作手法的多样展示了一个与我国中学生作文模式完全不同的世界。

## 给你一个新世界

——译者序

在大学里，我们曾不止一次地讨论过少年时那个相同的幻想——散发一种药雾，让所有的人都迷糊一会儿，而我们能一日千里地去把天下的好书都收罗来，该它个痛快！

我们的中学时代，文学世界是一个把绿色的想象全部割除，举目一片荒漠的时代。现在的少年们，能不能理解没有书读是一种怎样的焦灼和痛苦？

后来，我们又都不约而同地走进了校园，当了教师，我们的目光常常不由自主地追随着那些少男少女们，看着他们被硕大的书包压得微微倾斜的肩膀；注视着他们变幻着青春期种种微妙冲突的面孔。但无论他们是双手插在衣兜里悠悠地走过，还是嬉闹追逐着飞快地闪过，我们都吃惊地注意到那一双双眼睛，总是那么亮，总是张得那么大，透着一种急切的渴望，仿佛能容下整个世界……

那个梦，那片已经埋葬的荒漠，那些发亮的大眼睛，日日夜夜困扰着我们，激励着我们，使我们产生了一个共同的愿望：为现在的、将来的、乃至世世代代的少男少女们写几本、译几本书。

感谢我们的同伴，也感谢我们热忱的美国老师汤姆·曼克博士（Dr. Tom Mack），为我们带来了这本书的英文版《Here and Now——Creative Young America》。在友情的激励下，这本书得以译出。并由南兆旭对每篇作文作了简评，以供参考。

我们感到，无论哪一个民族和哪一个国家，中学生大都跨在人生的一个门槛上——一只脚已踏入成人世界，另一只脚仍留在童年的田园。这恐怕是人一生中对外部世界最敏感，内心最容易激荡的时期。

那么，大洋彼岸校园里的少男少女们是怎样生活的？他们的向往、追求又是什么？他们的内心流露出什么样的爱与恨，蕴藏着什么样的忧伤与快乐？这本书就象是一个长镜头，摄下了一幅幅生动的画面。又象一个小舞台，浓缩了那块土地上同龄人的心态与生活。

对这些作文，我们两点感受最深。

首先是坦率真诚，这是其中许多作文共同的特点。小作者们毫无掩饰地表现出他们真实的观察、真实的感受和真实的思想。如《飞翔的雪吻》里男孩对妹妹的嫉妒与怨恨；《探望》中“我”对残疾少年的厌恶与畏惧；《遗嘱》中老人凄凉的结局；《无球乒乓球赛》中格雷的疯狂……尽管可能有同样的经历和感受，这些严峻、冷酷甚至丑恶的现实，能不能在我国中学生的笔下得以展现？这是我们忍不住要思索的一个问题。真的发现是智慧的发现，更是诚实和勇气的发现，应受到赞美和欣赏。而用浅薄的文笔来粉饰美化生活的做法是不足取的。愿我们的同学、老师和作家们都能深切地意识到这一点。

其次，深沉、独特的个性，是这些作文给我们的另一点强烈印象。

《我的伙伴小鱼王》的作者，透过轰轰烈烈的反种族歧视运动，描写了社会变革给个人命运带来的悲剧；《纸花》里两位女伴友情的破裂，反映了动荡时代的青年在人生道路上的重大抉择；《先人们的快乐》展示了计算机文明对人的物化。这些小作者们思考角度的独特与深刻，令人惊叹，也引人反思：一个善于发现，善于思考，善于想象的民族才是一个有希望的民族。我们不能因为年轻而原谅自己的浮浅，要从少年时代就培养自己独立思考、敢于想象的能力，这是我们对谈者的一点希望。

我们喜欢这本书，相信读者们也会喜欢它。人类需要理解、交流和相互充实，正处在敏感时期的少年们更是这样。我们铭记着这样一句话：“如果你能告诉我，少年们脑子里想的是什麼，那么，我就会告诉你，我们的未来是什么样的。”能为代表着未来的少年们介绍一个新世界，这令我们自豪和欣慰。

南兆旭 李亚萍

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## The Flight of the Snowbird

by Jean Lively

The snow was falling quickly now. It was beginning to form little piles in the corners of the wooden cross of the windowpane. The winter sky was pink-white and the bare trees in the front yard cast their weird shadows in the pale winter light.

Suddenly something flapped its way into the yard. It landed awkwardly in the snow and fell forward on its beak. The bird struggled to its feet and glanced around intently. It was small and white, about the size of a sparrow. The bird waddled around clumsily, occasionally pecking at the ground. The boy at the window watched the bird with his nose against the glass. He pressed his forehead against the pane and then watched as its vapor print disappeared. He did this three times and wondered if he would be able to get away from them tonight. The lawn chairs in the front yard were heavy with snow and he longed to be outside to tip them over.

His mother called him and the bird flew off. The boy watched it fly gracefully across the moonlit sky and idly

wondered to himself<sup>2</sup> what kind of bird it was. He watched it until it was out of sight behind the barn and then resumed his drawings on the window.

His mother called him again sharply, and he began to walk slowly through the hall and out to the kitchen. He stepped into the warmly heated sun porch and waited. Without looking up from the table his mother said, "Go wash your hands in the kitchen."<sup>3</sup> The boy frowned but went into the kitchen and swished his hands through the cold water. Waving them dry, he walked back to the sun porch.

While his mother said grace he drew designs on the worn oilcloth with his fingernail. He picked up his spoon and dipped it into the steaming chicken noodle soup.

"Don't lean on the table, son." His mother said this softly. The boy frowned, but took his elbows off the table. Crumbling a cracker into his soup, he forced his eyes over to where his sister was sitting. Her eyes were already fastened on his face. Could she read his mind? Sometimes it seemed to him that she saw right through him.

A wet noodle was pasted against her chin and he looked away in disgust as his mother helped the noodle back into her mouth and tried to get her to start eating again.

He finished eating his soup and drank his milk in one gulp<sup>4</sup>.

"Can I go now?"

His mother looked up puzzled, "Where?"

The boy frowned at her impatiently as if she should know.

"I thought I'd go out to the pond and try my new skates."

His mother glanced over to where his sister sat and said softly, "Wait a few minutes and you can take her with you."

The boy pushed his chair violently and said loudly, "I'm going by myself. I won't take her."

"Please, Benjy, you never give her a chance. You know she loves to skate. Just because she can't tell you, you think you can ignore her. Please let her go with you this time."

The boy was watching the curious floating noodles in his soup bowl. He mumbled something. His mother looked up. "What did you say?"

"I said, I don't ignore her. She always stares at me. I'm not taking her."

A strand of gray hair fell across his mother's pale cheek and she said tiredly, "Her skates are in the hall closet."

The boy stared at both of them with hate and then burst out, "I won't take her!"

He ran to the closet and grabbed his coat, mittens, and bag. Slamming the door behind him, he ran to the shed and opened the creaky door. He looked over to where his skates hung. Their bluish blades were glittering in the pale light. He pulled them off the peg and felt their sharp blades against his palm. Touching the soft black leather and silver eyelets,

he slung them across his shoulder and ran into the yard. The lawn chairs were still waiting and he went over to them and tipped each one over. He smiled and ran across the field.

The skates thumped gaily against his back, and he looked around the pasture. The pale winter light gave everything an unnatural glow and made the trees and bushes stand out darkly against the snow<sup>5</sup>.

The snow was still falling but more lightly now, and he let it tickle his nose until his eyes began to water, then he scratched at his nose furiously. The snow beneath his feet was soft and his shoes squeaked crisply.

At the end of the pasture the pond gleamed brightly, like an open eye. He sat down on a snow-covered hayrack and put on his skates. Tying the shoelaces of his other shoes, he slung them across his shoulder and walked to the edge of the pond. He stood there and shivered deliciously.

Something tugged at his coat and his stomach jumped. He looked down to see his sister. Her coat was buttoned up crookedly and her muffler was tied loosely. He saw that her nose was running.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a wadded-up Kleenex<sup>6</sup> and wiped her nose viciously. Taking her hand, he pulled her roughly over to the rack. As he sat her down he considered for a moment sending her back, but knew he would get in trouble if he did. He laced her skates too tight and looked to see if there was any change in her face, but

there was none . . . nothing at all. Even when the laces bit into her skin, she sat looking at him, her eyes boring quietly through him.

"Why couldn't she have had a good baby instead of you?" He looked at her as if she were something loathsome and hated himself for hating her. She was nothing to him but a barrier between him and his mother.<sup>7</sup> At times he found he couldn't even remember her name. But then perhaps he made himself forget. He finished lacing her skates and then walked away from her.

There was a slight breeze now and it cut through his corduroy pants. He slid out onto the pond and began to skate. His ankles ached pleasantly and he could feel his sharp blades hiss and scrape on the ice below the snow. The cold was numbing; it bit into his face and ears making them tingle.

Skating backward, he could see her coming up behind. He watched her skate toward him with a gracefulness he knew he would never have. She was a good skater, he admitted. But did she really know what she was doing? Was skating just something that came naturally to her?

She wasn't well coordinated with her fingers but she could skate better than anyone he knew. Maybe it was her smallness and frailness that made her so detestable to him. So pale and white.

He watched her slide across the pond like a piece of

chipped ice. Then he turned around and skated forward. He stopped to sniff his nose and felt a gentle tug at his coat. He shook her loose and went the other way.

He used to have his friends over, but she would stand behind the kitchen door and stare at them until they stopped coming. She made them feel uneasy.

She could tell if he was happy, and if he was she would pad along behind him and hang onto his shirttail. But always there were the eyes following him around — empty eyes boring through his back when he wasn't looking.

He looked around for her and couldn't see her. He skated to the middle of the pond and looked around. Then he saw her over on the part of the pond that was off limits to them. There was no sign but he knew it was thin ice.

For a moment he stood motionless. It would be so easy. So easy to tell his mother he hadn't even known she was there . . . so easy to see the look of age and weariness disappear from her lined face . . . no more kind and patient words from his sister's bedroom, no more look of defeat on his mother's face when his sister wouldn't learn to tie her own shoes. There would be no more tears from his mother.

He watched as his sister slid farther and farther away. Suddenly he saw something out of the corner of his eye. It was the small awkward bird that flew so beautifully. It was flying slowly across the pond but when the boy looked at it directly, it disappeared; but he knew it was there. He had seen it.

His legs began to pump forward and his skates dug frantically at the ice. He couldn't see her now and his legs were burning with impatience. He swung his arms to try to get up speed. He couldn't seem to move fast enough and tears were beginning to stream from his eyes. She was visible to him now. He watched as she skated onto the thin part. Then he heard the loud crack and he felt the ice tremble and shake. He edged carefully to the hole in the ice and grabbed the tail of her coat. He clung tight as the icy water numbed his fingers. Pulling as hard as he could he saw her head appear. The coat slipped from his fingers and he lost her. Desperately he thrust both arms into the water and searched frantically for her. He felt her coat in his hands again, and this time he heaved her out onto the ice.

For what seemed a long time he watched her blue face and prayed for her eyes to open. His stomach jerked convulsively when her eyes opened. She began to shiver and he quickly took off her clothes, laid her on his warm coat, and wrapped it around her small body. He was vaguely aware of his freezing arms and hands as he took off his skating socks and put them on her feet. The biting cold cut into his feet and he tried but couldn't unlace his other shoes. He slipped them on as best he could. Picking her up, he started to walk to the edge of the pond. Her body was very still in his arms and he noticed her lips were cut and bleeding. He took the tissue from his pocket and wiped the blood away.



Looking down at her face, he searched for something in her eyes but still there was nothing . . . no pain, no accusation, nothing . . . except tears. Never before had he seen her cry. Even when his mother would cry her heart out in front of his sister, she would sit and stare unknowingly. Now the tears began to form and roll down her cheeks. The boy finally remembered her name. It was Sheryl. She struggled closer to the warmth of his body and unconsciously he hugged her closer to him. Looking at her, he softly said her name. At last he saw something more than emptiness. He saw that she recognized him. He began to walk faster.

#### 注释:

1. occasionally pecking at the ground; 不时在地上啄一下。  
“pecking”是现在分词，表示与谓语动词“waddled”同时发生的动作。
2. Wondered to himself: 自己琢磨。
3. “Go wash your hands in the kitchen.”: 这是个表示命令的第二人称祈使句。
4. in one gulp: 一口气。
5. against the snow: 在雪的映衬下。against 在此处是“映衬”、“衬托”之意。
6. Kleenex: 是美国一种名牌手巾纸。
7. was nothing to him but ...: 当 but 与 no one, none, nothing 等否定词连用时，意思是“除...之外”。
8. He slipped them on as best he could, 在 as best 后省略了“as”。