

WHEN THE WATER CLOSES OVER MY HEAD

〈美〉唐娜·乔·纳波利 著

少年文学英汉对照作品选集

水没头顶啦



学苑出版社



水没头顶啦

WHEN THE WATER CLOSES OVER MY HEAD

(美) 唐娜·乔·纳波利 著

by Donna Jo Napoli

王小萍 译



学苑出版社

H319
1250

R13E50 / 06

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

水没头顶啦: 英、汉对照 / (美) 纳波利 (Napoli, D.J.)
著; 王小萍译. - 北京: 学苑出版社, 1999.6
(唐娜·乔·纳波利少年文学作品选集)
ISBN 7-5077-0814-4

I. 水… II. ①纳… ②王… III. 儿童文学-小说-美国-
现代-对照读物-英、汉 IV. H319.4 : I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (1999) 第 16981 号

北京市版权局著作权合同登记号图字: 01-1999-1256 号

First published in the United States under the title **WHEN THE WATER
CLOSES OVER MY HEAD** by Donna Jo Napoli, illustrated by Nancy
Poydar. Text copyright © Donna Jo Napoli, 1994. Illustrations copyright ©
Nancy Poydar, 1994. Published by arrangement with Dutton Children's Books,
a division of Penguin Putnam Inc.

学苑出版社出版发行

北京市万寿路西街 11 号 100036

争锐图文设计制作公司照排

高碑店市印刷厂印刷 新华书店经销

787 × 1092 32 开本 6.25 印张 124 千字

1999 年 9 月北京第 1 版 1999 年 9 月北京第 1 次印刷

印数: 10000 册 定价: 10.00 元

Dear Readers,

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.

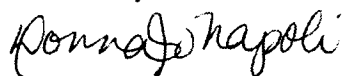
When I was a child, I lived in a poor family. I didn't have many opportunities to

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 loving to 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作一种乐趣。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

目 录

1. 弹弓 (The Slingshot)	(3)
2. 准备上路 (Getting Ready)	(21)
3. 冰淇淋 (Ice Cream)	(39)
4. 汽车旅馆 (The Motel)	(47)
5. 刀子 (The Knife)	(71)
6. 住奶奶家的第一夜 (The First Night)	(87)
7. 游泳课 (The Swimming Lesson)	(103)
8. 农场 (The Farm)	(133)
9. 朋友家的泳池 (The Friends' Pool)	(153)
10. 游泳 (Swimming)	(163)

The Slingshot

Mikey stuffed one more pair of shorts into his backpack. He looked at his green bathing suit, sitting there in the bureau. He didn't like water, and he couldn't swim. No one could make him go in the water this summer. He shut the drawer.

Mikey walked around the house, checking all the doorknobs for rubber bands. He had six in his pocket so far. He needed at least ten for the superdeluxe slingshot^① he had in mind. He planned to take that slingshot to fourth grade with him at the end of the summer.

Mikey was good at sports. He was fast with his feet and hands. He was always pitcher at baseball because he had great aim. He knew with practice he could be a sharpshooter at the slingshot. But swimming? No way.

"Mikey," his mother called. "Do you know where your brother is? I can't pack his part of the suitcase without him."

"No," Mikey called back as he stuck a fat red rubber band in his pocket. This one was strong. It would shoot far.

一、弹弓

迈克^①又往背包里塞了一条短裤。他瞅了瞅静静地呆在衣柜里的绿色游泳裤。他本来就不喜欢水，再说又不会游泳，这个夏天谁也甭想逼他下水。想到这儿，他一把关上了抽屉。

迈克在屋里乱转，拉开所有的抽屉，想找几根皮筋。他兜里已经有了六根，但做一副他中意的那种超级弹弓，起码需要十根。他计划着在暑假结束后上四年级时，把这个弹弓带到学校去。

迈克体育不错，而且手脚麻利。因为球投得很准，玩棒球时他总是充当投手。凭经验他就知道，只要好好练，自己打弹弓准会百发百中。可要说游泳，那绝对没戏。

“迈克，”妈妈在喊他，“你知道你弟弟在哪儿吗？他不在，我没法儿给他收拾行李？”

“不知道，”迈克一边喊，一边又往兜里塞了根红色的粗皮筋。这根够粗的，肯定弹得远。

①迈克(Mikey)：迈克尔(Michael)的昵称。——译者注

①slingshot：弹弓。

"Well, find him for me, please, would you?"

"Ask Victoria," Mikey called in a louder voice. So far that morning he had helped clean out^① the car for the trip, taken their bird in his cage to the neighbor's house for safekeeping, and finished his own packing. That made three chores already. It was Victoria's turn for chores. After all, she was the big sister.

"I'm asking you," Mamma said. "Now!"

Mikey jammed three more rubber bands into his pocket and went out the back door, shouting, "Calvin, where are you?"

Mikey went to the sandbox^② first. That was Calvin's favorite spot. The lid was off, and the sandbox toys were scattered across the yard. Mikey automatically picked up the pink rake that Calvin loved and aimed carefully. It landed on top of the plastic jeep in the middle of the sandbox.

He went around to the front of the house. There was a box of crayons dumped on the porch. Some of the crayons had been chewed up. Yippy, their puppy, had been at work.

Mikey was headed for the garage when he saw Calvin. Calvin and Julie were strapped into their car seats in the third row of the station wagon.

"Hey, Calvin. Mamma wants you. What are you doing in the car?" Mikey opened the tailgate. Calvin and Julie smiled at him. Yippy jumped up from between them and licked Mikey's face.

"I'm all strapped in, Mikey, see? I did it myself. And I did Julie, too." Calvin patted his seat belt.

"Well, unstrap yourself. Mamma needs you."

“那你帮我找找他，行吗？”妈妈又喊。

“叫维多利亚去吧，”迈克抬高嗓门答道。从早上起床到这会儿妈妈叫他，他先是清洗这次旅行用的汽车，接着把鸟连同笼子送到邻居家去保存，然后收拾自己的行李，已经干了三次活儿了。该轮到维多利亚干点事了。怎么说她也是姐姐呀！

“我叫的是你，”妈妈命令道，“马上去。”

迈克又往兜里塞了三根皮筋，然后走出后门大喊：“卡尔文，你在哪儿？”

他先到沙箱那儿看了看，那是卡尔文最喜欢呆的地方。箱盖开着，玩具扔得满院子都是。迈克随手拾起卡尔文喜欢的尖齿耙子，然后仔细地瞄准，粉红色的耙子不偏不斜地落在沙箱中间的塑料吉普车上。

迈克转到房子的前面，看到门廊上扔着一盒蜡笔，有些笔已被啃过。肯定是“雅皮”——他家那只狗干的好事。

迈克朝车库走时，看见了卡尔文。卡尔文和朱莉已经坐进旅行车的第三排座位里，系上了安全带。

“嗨，卡尔文，妈妈叫你呢。你们在车上干嘛？”迈克说着打开后门。卡尔文和朱莉冲他一笑。雅皮从他们中间跳了出来，用舌头舔着迈克的脸。

“你瞧，”卡尔文拍了拍安全带说，“迈克，我都把安全带系好了，是我自己系的。我还帮了朱莉。”

“那你再自己解开吧，妈妈叫你呢。”

①clean out: 把……打扫干净。

②sandbox: (供儿童在其中作堆沙游戏的)沙地。

"I'm ready to go, Mikey." Calvin nodded his head as he talked. "I'm all ready to go to Iowa. I'm not going to be left behind. I'm going, too."

"Me too," Julie chimed in. Her fat, round cheeks were red from the heat. Her blond hair clumped in ringlets.

Mikey looked from Julie back to Calvin. Their faces were worried and hopeful. Why had he been born into such a dumb family? "Calvin, you worm brain^①. Of course you're going to Iowa. We're all going to Grandma and Grandpa's. But we're not leaving till tomorrow. Come out of the car now. Come on. Come out."

"I'll just wait here till tomorrow," said Calvin.

"You'll be afraid when it gets dark."

"I have my sleep blanket." Calvin held up his shabby blue blanket. Julie held up her rag doll. "Julie's not afraid either," said Calvin.

Mikey pulled the rubber bands out of his pocket and counted them. He sighed. "Look, Calvin, you just get out of the car and go upstairs and I'll let you help me make my slingshot."

"You're making a slingshot? Oh, goody^②!" Calvin put his hands on the seat belt buckle. "I love to help you make slingshot, Mikey. What's a slingshot?"

Mikey arranged the rubber bands by size on the dining room table. Then he attached them together, starting with the skinny ones. Next he added two medium bands at one end and one at the other. It wasn't equal, but there was nothing he could do about it.

“我已整装待命了，迈克。”卡尔文一边说一边郑重地点了点头，“我都做好去衣阿华的一切准备了，我不能被拉下的，我也要去的。”

“我也是，”朱莉也跟着喊。因为天热，她那胖乎乎的圆脸蛋显得特别红，金黄色的头发卷成了一个一个小圈圈。

迈克看看朱莉，又扭过脸看看卡尔文。他们俩一脸的焦急和期盼。我怎么会生在这种笨蛋的家庭里？

“卡尔文，你这脑袋不开窍的傻瓜。你当然会去衣阿华。咱们全家都要去看奶奶和爷爷，但是我们明天才走呀。赶紧从车上下下来，快点下来。”

“我就在这儿一直等到明天，”卡尔文说。

“天一黑你就该害怕了。”

“我有睡毯。”卡尔文举举他的蓝色旧毯子，朱莉也举起她的布娃娃。“朱莉也不害怕，”卡尔文说。

迈克掏出兜儿里的皮筋数了数，叹着气说：“听着，卡尔文，你只要从车里出来上楼去，我就让你帮我做弹弓。”

“你在做弹弓？噢，太棒了！”卡尔文忙伸手解安全带扣，“我就喜欢帮你做弹弓。迈克，弹弓是什么？”

迈克把皮筋摆在餐桌上，按粗细码好。他先把细皮筋连在一起，然后，在这串细皮筋的一头接上两根中不溜粗的皮筋，在另一头接了一根中不溜粗的。虽然这样不对称，迈克也无可奈何，家里只能找

① worm brain: 傻瓜。

② goody: 〈儿语〉好哇。

These were all the medium-size bands in the house. Last of all, he attached a fat band at each end. Now he had a superdeluxe slingshot band. It was time to find a superdeluxe forked stick.

Mikey went out the back door. Yippy bounded out from under the bushes and tagged along at his heels. It didn't take long to find the perfect stick. It had just the right spring to it. Mikey imagined himself face-to-face with a robber. The robber would think a boy his size had to be unarmed. But Mikey would whip out^① his slingshot and zap the guy between the eyes. The robber would take off^② screaming. Mikey dragged the stick into the dining room with grim determination, letting the door swing shut in Yippy's face.

Calvin sat at the dining room table, humming and working away^③ busily at the rubber bands.

Mikey looked closer. "What are you doing?" He dropped his stick and ran to the table. Calvin had separated the rubber bands into three piles: green, red, and brown. Mikey gasped. "Look what you did to my slingshot!"

Calvin started to cry. Calvin always started to cry. There he'd go and do something awful to Mikey, and when Mikey would get mad at him, he'd cry.

"Mikey." Mamma's voice rose in a half question, half scold. She came downstairs. "Mikey, what's going on?"

"Calvin ruined my slingshot."

"I hate slingshots," said Mamma.

"You hate everything fun."

"You say sorry, Michael Nelson. And you catch hold of