

汤姆·索亚 历险记

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

中英对照全译本

马克·吐温

Mark Twain



世界图书出版公司

美国小说卷

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*The Adventures
of Tom Sawyer*
Mark Twain

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前言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。

送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。



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PREFACE

序

Most of the adventures recorded in this book really occurred; one or two were experiences of my own, the rest those of boys who were schoolmates of mine. Huck Finn is drawn from life; Tom Sawyer also, but not from an individual: he is a combination of the characteristics of three boys whom I knew, and therefore belongs to the composite order of architecture.

The odd superstitions touched upon were all prevalent among children and slaves in the West at the period of this story; that is to say, thirty or forty years ago.

Although my book is intended mainly for the entertainment of boys and girls, I hope it will not be shunned by men and women on that account, for part of my plan has been to try to pleasantly remind adults of what they once were themselves, and of how they felt and thought and talked, and what queer enterprises they sometimes engaged in.

THE AUTHOR

Hartford: 1876

这本书里记载的冒险故事绝大多数都在现实生活中发生过,有一两件是我的亲身经历,其他的都是发生在我的同学们身上的故事。哈克·费恩取材于生活,汤姆·索亚也是如此,只不过他并不是一个单独的个体——我是把我认识的三个男孩的特征综合成这样一个人物形象,用句建筑术语来说,他是个“组合建筑”。

书中提到的一些迷信都是在故事发生的年代——也就是三四十年前,在美国西部孩子和奴隶中间非常流行的。

尽管这本小说主要是为了娱乐小男孩和小女孩们,但我也希望大人们不要因为这个缘故就避而不看,因为我还试图想让那些成年人愉快地回忆起他们孩童时的事情,以及那时他们是怎么感受,怎么思考和怎么谈话的,还有他们那时时不时热衷的稀奇古怪的“事业”。

作者

哈特福德, 1876 年

Chapter I 第一章

“TOM!”

No answer.

“TOM!”

No answer.

“What’s gone with that boy, I wonder? You TOM!”

The old lady pulled her spectacles down and looked over them about the room; then she put them up and looked out under them. She seldom or never looked *through* them for so small a thing as a boy; they were her state pair, the pride of her heart, and were built for “style,” not service – she could have seen through a pair of stove-lids just as well. She looked perplexed for a moment, and said, not fiercely, but still loud enough for the furniture to hear: “Well, I lay if I get hold of you I’ll –”

She did not finish, for by this time she was bending down and punching under the bed with the broom, and so she needed breath to punctuate the punches

“汤姆!”

没人答应。

“汤姆!”

还是没人答应。

“我真想知道那孩子又跑哪了? 汤姆!”

老太太把眼镜往下拉了拉，透过镜片上方在房间里四下看了看，然后她又把眼镜往上抬了抬，从镜片下面看了看。她很少或者说她从来没有戴这副眼镜找过像小男孩这样小的东西，因为这副眼镜是她最为体面的行头，也是她内心的骄傲。它们用来体现她的派头，并没有实用价值，因为即使她戴着两片炉子盖，也照样能看得清楚。她茫然不知所措地愣了一会儿，然后说：“好，我发誓要是我抓住你，我就——”口气虽算不上暴怒，但也足够大到让屋子里的家具都能听见。

她话没说完，就弯下腰用扫

with. She resurrected nothing but the cat.

"I never did see the beat of that boy!"

She went to the open door and stood in it and looked out among the tomato vines and "jimpson" weeds that constituted the garden. No Tom. So she lifted up her voice at an angle calculated for distance and shouted:

"Y-o-u-u TOM!"

There was a slight noise behind her and she turned just in time to seize a small boy by the slack of his roundabout and arrest his flight.

"There! I might 'a' thought of that closet. What you been doing in there?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Look at your hands. And look at your mouth. What IS that truck?"

"I don't know, aunt."

"Well, I know. It's jam - that's what it is. Forty times I've said if you didn't let that jam alone I'd skin you. Hand me that switch."

The switch hovered in the air - the peril was desperate -

"My! Look behind you, aunt!"

The old lady whirled round, and snatched her skirts out of danger. The

帚往床下猛捣，还时不时地停下来喘口气。结果，除了一只猫，她什么都没捣鼓出来。

"我还从没有见过这么淘气的孩子!"

门开着，她走到门口，站在门里，朝爬满西红柿藤和长满曼陀罗的花园中张望。可还是没发现汤姆。于是，她亮开嗓子朝远处高声喊道：

"汤——姆!"

这时她听到身后有轻微的声音，于是她便立即转过身去，趁那个小男孩正要逃走的时候一把抓住了他的短外套的衣角。

"原来你躲在这！我早该想到那个壁橱的。你躲在那里干什么呢？"

"没干什么。"

"没干什么！瞧你那双手，再看看你那张嘴，那些渣渣是什么？"

"我不知道，姨妈。"

"嗯，我知道。是果酱——对，就是果酱。我跟你说过 40 遍了，要是你动我的果酱我就扒你的皮。把鞭子给我。"

鞭子在空中挥舞——危险近在眼前——

lad fled on the instant, scrambled up the high board-fence, and disappeared over it. His aunt Polly stood surprised a moment, and then broke into a gentle laugh.

"Hang the boy, can't I never learn anything? Ain't he played me tricks enough like that for me to be looking out for him by this time? But old fools is the biggest fools there is. Can't learn any old dog new tricks, as the saying is. But my goodness, he never plays them alike, two days, and how is a body to know what's coming? He 'pears to know just how long he can torment me before I get my dander up, and he knows if he can make out to put me off for a minute or make me laugh, it's all down again and I can't hit him a lick. I ain't doing my duty by that boy, and that's the Lord's truth, goodness knows. Spare the rod and spile the child, as the good book says. I'm a laying up sin and suffering for us both, I know. He's full of the old scratch, but laws-a-me! he's my own dead sister's boy, poor thing, and I ain't got the heart to lash him, somehow. Every time I let him off, my conscience does hurt me so, and every time I hit him my old heart most breaks. Well-a-well, man that

"天哪！你后面是什么？姨妈！"

老太太猛地转身，撩起裙子看后面是什么。汤姆立刻拔腿就逃，爬过高高的木栅栏，然后就不见了。他的波莉姨妈先是站在那儿愣了一会儿，随后轻声笑了起来：

"这个该死的孩子！我怎么老是不长记性？他不知要过我多少次了，难道我到现在还不该对他有所提防吗？不过，最笨的就是老糊涂蛋了。就像俗话说，老狗学不会新把戏。可是，天哪！他一天换一个花样，谁能猜出他接下来要玩什么花样？他好像知道我什么时候会发火，然后在此之前赶紧收手，他也知道，只要他能想个法子让我不马上发火，或者逗我笑，就什么事都没有了，而且我也不会揍他。上帝知道我对那孩子确实没尽到责任。《圣经》里说：‘不打不成器。’我知道我这样对我俩都不好。他一肚子鬼点子，可是，天啊！他可是我那死去的亲姐姐的儿子，可怜的孩子，我怎么也不忍心揍他。我每一次放过他，我的良心都会不安，可是只要一

is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble, as the Scripture says, and I reckon it's so. He'll play hookey this evening, and I'll just be obliged to make him work, tomorrow, to punish him. It's mighty hard to make him work Saturdays, when all the boys is having a holiday, but he hates work more than he hates anything else, and I've got to do some of my duty by him, or I'll be the ruination of the child."

Tom did play hookey, and he had a very good time. He got back home barely in season to help Jim, the small colored boy, saw next-day's wood and split the kindlings before supper — at least he was there in time to tell his adventures to Jim while Jim did three-fourths of the work. Tom's younger brother (or rather half-brother) Sid was already through with his part of the work (picking up chips), for he was a quiet boy, and had no adventurous, troublesome ways.

While Tom was eating his supper, and stealing sugar as opportunity offered, Aunt Polly asked him questions that were full of guile, and very deep — for she wanted to trap him into damaging

打他，我的心就要碎了。哎，哎，就像《圣经》上说的，‘人生苦短，烦恼无限。’我看这话说得一点都不错。今天傍晚他要是逃学，我就罚他明天干活。星期六所有的男孩子都出去玩，让他干活恐怕苛刻了点，因为他最讨厌干活，但是我不得不对他尽点责任，否则这个孩子就被我给毁了。”

汤姆果真逃学了，而且玩得十分快活。他回家的时候正好赶上帮助吉姆——一个黑人小孩干活，他们要在晚饭前锯好第二天用的木头，还要劈点引火柴。不过，他只顾着迫不及待地把他的冒险故事讲给吉姆听，所以四分之三的活都是吉姆干的。汤姆的弟弟（确切地说是同母异父的弟弟）希德已经干完了他的那份活（捡碎木块），因为他是个安静的男孩子，不喜欢冒险，也不惹什么麻烦。

吃晚饭的时候，汤姆一有机会就偷糖吃，波莉姨妈问了他很多狡猾、隐蔽的问题——因为她想要套他说出实话。跟许多其他单纯的人一样，她相信她那幼稚

revelments. Like many other simple-hearted souls, it was her pet vanity to believe she was endowed with a talent for dark and mysterious diplomacy, and she loved to contemplate her most transparent devices as marvels of low cunning. Said she: "Tom, it was mid-dling warm in school, warn't it?"

"Yes'm."

"Powerful warm, warn't it?"

"Yes'm."

"Didn't you want to go in a-swimming, Tom?"

A bit of a scare shot through Tom — a touch of uncomfortable suspicion. He searched Aunt Polly's face, but it told him nothing. So he said:

"No'm — well, not very much."

The old lady reached out her hand and felt Tom's shirt, and said:

"But you ain't too warm now, though." And it flattered her to reflect that she had discovered that the shirt was dry without anybody knowing that that was what she had in her mind. But in spite of her, Tom knew where the wind lay, now. So he forestalled what might be the next move:

"Some of us pumped on our heads —

的自负天生就善于玩尔虞我诈的外交手腕，并且她热衷于构思极易被人识破的诡计。她说：“汤姆，学校里有点热吧？”

“是的，姨妈。”

“很热吧？”

“对，姨妈。”

“你是不是想去游泳，汤姆？”

汤姆忽然感到一阵儿惊慌——一丝不安和疑惑掠过心头。他仔细看着波莉姨妈的脸，可她脸上毫无表情。于是他说：

“没有，姨妈——呃，不是很想去。”

老太太伸手摸了摸汤姆的衬衣，说道：

“不过你现在也不是很热吧！”她不动声色地发现汤姆的衬衣是干的，这让她感到很得意。但是，尽管如此，汤姆此时已经有所察觉，所以他在姨妈开口前先说：

“有些人把水喷到了我们

mine's damp yet. See?"

Aunt Polly was vexed to think she had overlooked that bit of circumstantial evidence, and missed a trick. Then she had a new inspira-tion:

"Tom, you didn't have to undo your shirt collar where I sewed it, to pump on your head, did you? Unbutton your jacket!"

The trouble vanished out of Tom's face. He opened his jacket. His shirt collar was securely sewed.

"Bother! Well, go 'long with you. I'd made sure you'd played hookey and been a-swimming. But I forgive ye, Tom. I reckon you're a kind of a singed cat, as the saying is - better'n you look. *This time.*"

She was half sorry her sagacity had miscarried, and half glad that Tom had stumbled into obedient conduct for once.

But Sidney said:

"Well, now, if I didn't think you sewed his collar with white thread, but it's black."

"Why, I did sew it with white! Tom!"

But Tom did not wait for the rest. As he went out of the door he said:

"Siddy, I'll lick you for that."

头上——我的头发还是湿的。看到了吗?"

想到自己居然没注意到这么明显的证据,没有对此善加利用,波莉姨妈觉得很懊恼。不过她接着又有了新灵感:

"汤姆,他们往你头上浇水的时候,没必要拆掉我给你衬衫上缝的领子吧?把上衣的纽扣解开!"

汤姆脸上的不安立刻就消失了。他解开上衣,衬衣的领子缝得好好的。

"真是怪了!得,算了吧!反正我肯定你是旷课去游泳了。但是汤姆,我原谅你了。我觉得你表面调皮捣蛋,本质上还不坏。这次饶了你,下不为例。"

她一面为自己的计谋落空而失落,可同时又为汤姆这次这么听话而感到高兴。

可是希德说:

"嗯,要是我没记错的话,你缝领子的时候用的是白线吧?可现在是黑线哦。"

"什么?我的确用白线缝的!汤姆!"

可汤姆根本不会等到听完这些。他走到门口的时候说:

In a safe place Tom examined two large needles which were thrust into the lapels of his jacket, and had thread bound about them – one needle carried white thread and the other black. He said:

“She’d never noticed if it hadn’t been for Sid. Confound it! Sometimes she sews it with white, and sometimes she sews it with black. I wish to geeminy she’d stick to one or t’other – I can’t keep the run of ’em. But I bet you I’ll lam Sid for that. If I don’t blame my cat!”

He was not the Model Boy of the village. He knew the model boy very well though – and loathed him.

Within two minutes, or even less, he had forgotten all his troubles. Not because his troubles were one whit less heavy and bitter to him than a man’s are to a man, but because a new and powerful interest bore them down and drove them out of his mind for the time – just as men’s misfortunes are forgotten in the excitement of new enterprises. This new interest was a valued novelty in whistling, which he had just acquired from a negro, and he was suffering to practise it

“希德，等着吧，看我不揍你！”

等到达安全的地方，汤姆把别在上衣翻领上的两根大针取下来看了看，线都还穿在上面，一根穿的是白线，另一根穿的是黑线。他说：

“要不是希德说出来，她永远不会注意到的。真讨厌！她一会儿用白线，一会儿又用黑线。我真希望她要么一直用白线，要么一直用黑线——变来变去的我真跟不上。不过，我发誓要给希德点颜色瞧瞧，我说到做到！”

汤姆不是村里的模范男孩。虽然他跟那位模范男孩很熟，但他很不喜欢他。

才过了两分钟，甚至还不到，他就把全部的烦恼抛到九霄云外了。这并不是因为他的烦恼没有大人的那么沉重和难受，而是因为一种新的、强烈的兴趣暂时压倒并驱散了他心中的烦闷。其实大人们也一样，当他们对崭新的事业而激动时，也会暂时忘却自己的不幸。他的新兴趣就是他刚从一个黑人那学到的一种很有价值的吹口哨的新方法，现在他正在专心致志地单独练习。

undisturbed. It consisted in a peculiar bird-like turn, a sort of liquid warble, produced by touching the tongue to the roof of the mouth at short intervals in the midst of the music — the reader probably remembers how to do it, if he has ever been a boy. Diligence and attention soon gave him the knack of it, and he strode down the street with his mouth full of harmony and his soul full of gratitude. He felt much as an astronomer feels who has discovered a new planet — no doubt, as far as strong, deep, unalloyed pleasure is concerned, the advantage was with the boy, not the astronomer.

The summer evenings were long. It was not dark, yet. Presently Tom checked his whistle. A stranger was before him — a boy a shade larger than himself. A new-comer of any age or either sex was an impressive curiosity in the poor little village of St. Petersburg. This boy was well dressed, too — well dressed on a week-day. This was simply astounding. His cap was a dainty thing, his close-buttoned blue cloth roundabout was new and natty, and so were his pantaloons. He had shoes on — and it was

这声音听起来像特别的鸟叫声，流畅而委婉。在吹的时候，舌头要断断续续地抵住口腔的上腭——成年的男性读者也许还记得该怎样吹这种口哨。靠着勤奋和专注，汤姆很快就掌握了其中的要领。于是他吹着口哨在街上大步流星地走着，心里乐滋滋的，就和天文学家发现了新行星时一样高兴，但是，就其喜悦的程度、深度和纯粹来说，此时的汤姆无疑都比天文学家更胜一筹。

夏天的黄昏总是特别漫长。天还没黑。汤姆的口哨突然停下来了，一个陌生人站在他面前——一个块头比他稍大的男孩子。一个新来的人，不管是男是女，多大年纪，总能让圣彼德堡这个贫穷村子的村民充满好奇，并且留下深刻印象。尤其是这个男孩还穿得非常讲究——在工作日竟穿戴如此整齐，这真让人吃惊。他的帽子很优雅，蓝色布料的紧身上衣扣得紧紧的，又新又整洁，马裤也是一样。他穿着鞋

only Friday. He even wore a necktie, a bright bit of ribbon. He had a citified air about him that ate into Tom's vitals. The more Tom stared at the splendid marvel, the higher he turned up his nose at his finery and the shabbier and shabbier his own outfit seemed to him to grow. Neither boy spoke. If one moved, the other moved - but only sidewise, in a circle; they kept face to face and eye to eye all the time. Finally Tom said:

"I can lick you!"

"I'd like to see you try it."

"Well, I can do it."

"No you can't, either."

"Yes I can."

"No you can't."

"I can."

"You can't."

"Can!"

"Can't!"

An uncomfortable pause. Then Tom said:

"What's your name?"

"'Tisn't any of your business, maybe."

"Well I 'low I'll MAKE it my business."

"Well why don't you?"

子——而这才星期五！他甚至还用一条鲜亮的丝带打了领结。他那股城里人的派头让汤姆心里很不舒服，越是盯着他那身华美的行头，汤姆的鼻子就翘得越高，可同时也越来越觉得自己的打扮很寒酸。两个男孩都不说话。一个动了，另一个也动——不过要动也只是侧向移动，转着圈子。他俩始终你盯我，我盯你。终于汤姆憋不住先开口了：

"你是不是想找打！"

"我看你有没有这个胆。"

"好，我打给你看。"

"你不敢。"

"我敢。"

"你就是不敢。"

"我就是敢。"

"不敢！"

"敢！"

"不敢！"

两人都不说话了，很尴尬地停了一会儿，接着汤姆问他：

"你叫什么名字？"

"恐怕这不关你的事。"

"哼，我会让它变成我的事。"

"那你怎么不动手啊？"

"你再啰唆，我就动手。"

“If you say much, I will.”

“Much – much – much. There now.”

“Oh, you think you’re mighty smart, *don’t* you? I could lick you with one hand tied behind me, if I wanted to.”

“Well why don’t you *do* it? You *say* you can do it.”

“Well I *will*, if you fool with me.”

“Oh yes – I’ve seen whole families in the same fix.”

“Smarty! You think you’re *some*, now, *don’t* you? Oh, what a hat!”

“You can lump that hat if you don’t like it. I dare you to knock it off – and anybody that’ll take a dare will suck eggs.”

“You’re a liar!”

“You’re another.”

“You’re a fighting liar and darn’t take it up.”

“Aw – take a walk!”

“Say – if you give me much more of your sass I’ll take and bounce a rock off’n your head.”

“Oh, of *course* you will.”

“Well I *will*.”

“Well why don’t you *do* it then? What do you keep *saying* you will for? Why

“啰唆——啰唆——啰唆，我啰唆了，你能怎样？”

“喔，你以为自己很了不起，是吗？要是我想动手，一只手绑在背后都能打败你。”

“好啊，那你为什么不动手啊？你可要说到做到。”

“如果你要我的话，我就打给你看。”

“嘿——你这种人我见得多了，也不怕把牛皮吹破了！”

“多自以为是的家伙啊！你现在觉得自己挺是个人物的，对吧？瞧你那帽子！”

“你要是看不顺眼就把它摘下来呀！我敢打赌你不敢动它——谁想这么做的话就是个十足的傻瓜！”

“你吹牛。”

“你不也是吹牛。”

“你就是嘴皮子厉害，不敢动手。”

“噢，快滚吧你！”

“听着——你再骂我，我就捡块石头砸碎你的脑袋。”

“好啊，你砸啊！”

“别着急，我肯定会会的。”

“那你为什么还不动手啊？你一直吹牛说你要干什么

don't you *do* it? It's because you're afraid."

"I AIN'T afraid."

"You are."

"I ain't."

"You are."

Another pause, and more eying and sidling around each other. Presently they were shoulder to shoulder. Tom said:

"Get away from here!"

"Go away yourself!"

"I won't."

"I won't either."

So they stood, each with a foot placed at an angle as a brace, and both shoving with might and main, and glowering at each other with hate. But neither could get an advantage. After struggling till both were hot and flushed, each relaxed his strain with watchful caution, and Tom said:

"You're a coward and a pup. I'll tell my big brother on you, and he can lam you with his little finger, and I'll make him do it, too."

"What do I care for your big brother? I've got a brother that's bigger than he is - and what's more, he can throw him

来着? 怎么还没动手呢? 因为你害怕了。"

"我没害怕!"

"你害怕了!"

"我没有!"

"你就是怕了!"

两个人又僵持了一会儿没出声, 并且又眼瞪眼, 侧身兜着圈子走了几步。忽然两个人肩抵着肩。汤姆说:

"赶紧滚吧! 你!"

"你滚吧!"

"我不滚。"

"我也不滚。"

于是他俩站在那儿, 都斜着一只脚撑着劲, 用全身力气把对手往后推, 同时满怀怒火地互相瞪着眼。可是势均力敌, 谁也没占上风。在他们斗得浑身燥热、满脸通红之后, 两人都不得不充满警惕地找机会稍稍放松休息一下。这时, 汤姆又说:

"你是胆小鬼, 狗崽子。我告诉我大哥哥去, 他用一根小指头就能把你打得满地找牙, 我会叫他揍你的。"

"你以为我会怕你什么大哥哥? 我大哥比你那大哥哥还要大, 而且, 他从这就能把你大