

跳蚤 · 阅读
FLEA READERS

第一辑⑦

小猪贝贝

反叛者的生活

詹姆斯·瓦特和茶壶

雾
都
孤
儿

Oliver Twist

外文出版社

跳蚤·阅读精品系列中英文对照文丛

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目 录

CONTENTS

美丽人生 BEAUTIFUL LIFE/2

胜过金钱的报酬 A Payment Greater than Money

巴卢先生虽然没有付给我剪草坪的工钱，但他给的东西却远远不是金钱所能衡量的……

环球之旅 AROUND THE WORLD/10

反叛者的生活 Life Behind the Rebel Lines

一位摄影记者在车臣用了四周时间记录了一场杂牌军与俄政府军的战斗……

说文解字 WORD AND EXPRESSION/20

扬基佬 Yankee

藏在八号球后 Behind the Eight-ball

英语快餐 ENGLISH SALOON/28

餐厅实用英语 Dining English

名人名言 FAMOUS QUOTATION/30

娱乐巨星 Entertainment Star

幽默乐园 HUMOUR/32

她是我的妻子 She's My Wife

实际的打算 A Practical Plan

赠言赠诗 QUOTATION AND POEM/34

赠挚友 To a Very Special

英文金曲 ENGLISH SONG/36



爱情故事 Love Story

神秘故事 MYSTERY STORY/40

飞碟探索 A Study of Flying Saucers

到底有没有飞碟?飞碟到底是什么?下面的这些故事可能会让你感兴趣……

西方逸事 WESTERN ANECDOTE/112

詹姆斯·瓦特和茶壶

James Watt and the Teakettle

电影赏析 ENGLISH THROUGH FILM/118

小猪贝贝 Babe

一头可爱的小猪成了银幕的主角,电影界的新宠,并且影响了全世界烤乳猪的销量……

文学名著 LITERATURE WORKS/148

雾都孤儿 Oliver Twist

奥立佛是个孤儿,在一次被强迫的偷窃中受伤,但是就在此刻,他的命运发生了戏剧般的变化……



前言

《跳蚤·阅读》(FLEA READERS) 是刘国彬教授和美籍专家迈克·理斯顿先生为大中学生和广大英语爱好者精心策划的一套英语课外读物, 是针对教育部对目前英语教学现状提出的意见编撰的, 旨在为广大中学生和大学低年级学生提供一套既实用又轻松的中英文对照读物。

这套书编排形式活泼新颖, 文章短小精悍, 图文并茂, 注释详实, 这是本书的第一个特点;

第二, 本丛书取材广泛, 纵横古今中外, 品类繁多, 包罗影视文(章)网(络)。

我们拟先推出三辑 30 本, 以后再陆续添加。在本丛书的成书过程中, 许多人都付出了大量的时间、精力和心血。我们在此向他们表示由衷的感谢。

尽管我们在尽最大的努力做好每一件事, 但是失误仍然在所难免。希望广大读者一如既往地对我们的工作进行监督与批评, 并欢迎广大读者随时与我们联系。

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A Payment Greater than Money

By Michael Dorris

When I was 14, I earned money in the summer by mowing ^① lawns, and I got to know people by the flowers I had to remember not to cut down, by the things stuck in the ground on purpose or by the things lost in the ground on purpose or by the things lost in the grass. I also learned something about my neighbors in Louisville, Ky, by their preferred method of payment: by the job, the month—or not at all.

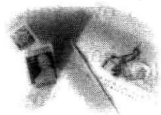
Mr. Ballou fell into the last category ^②, and he always had a reason. One day he had nothing smaller than a fifty. On another he was flat-out of checks; on another he was simply not home when I knocked on his door. Still, except for the money, he was a nice enough old guy, always waving or tipping his hat when he' d see me from a distance. I figured him for a thin retirement check, maybe an injury that kept him from doing his own yard-work. I kept a running total, but didn't worry about the amount too much. Grass was grass, and the little that was Mr. Ballou's didn't take long to trim.

Then one late afternoon in mid-July I was walking by his house, and he notioned me to come inside. The hall was cool, shaded, and it took my eyes a minute to adjust



胜过金钱的报酬

迈克尔·多瑞斯



14岁时我在夏天靠修剪草坪挣钱,我得记住哪些花儿不能除掉,哪些东西是特意插进地里的,我找回了人们丢失在草地上的物品,通过这些事我认识了他们。在肯塔基州路易斯维尔市,我根据邻居们的付款方式,了解到他们的一些情况。有的根据工作情况;有的按月;有的根本就不付款。

巴卢先生就属于最后一种人,他总有说辞。一天是他没有小于50美元的票子,又一天是他只有支票。再不就是当我敲门时,他根本就不在家。其实,除了钱,他还是一位非常和蔼的老人,他从远处看到我的时候,总是挥舞或者举起他的帽子。我猜他的退休金很微薄。他欠我的钱我一直记着帐,但我并不很担心那笔钱。草坪就是草坪,修整他家那块小草坪无需长时间。

后来,在7月中旬的一天傍晚,我从他家门口走过时,他让我进屋去坐坐,他家的门厅很凉快、阴暗,过了一会儿我的

① mow[məʊ] v. 扫射,割

② category ['kætigəri] n. 种类,部门

to the muted light.

"I owe you, " Mr. Ballou began, "but. . . "

I thought I'd save him the trouble of thinking up a new excuse. "No problem. Don't worry about it. "

"The bank made a mistake in my account, " he continued, ignoring my words. "It will be cleared up in a day or two. In the meantime I thought perhaps you could choose one or two volumes for a down payment. "

He gestured toward the walls, and I saw books stacked everywhere. It was like a library, except with no order to the arrangement.

"Take your time, " Mr. Ballou encouraged. "Read, borrow, keep. Find something you like. What do you read?"

"I don't know. " And I didn't. I generally read what I could snag^① from the paperback rack at the drugstore or what I found at home—magazines, the backs of cereal^② boxes, comics. The idea of consciously seeking out a special title was new to me, but not without appeal—so I browsed^③ through the piles of books and asked, "You actually read all of these?"

Mr. Ballou nodded. "This is just what I've kept, the ones worth looking at a second time. "

"Pick for me then. "

He raised his eyebrows, cocked his head, regarded me appraisingly as though measuring me for a suit. After a



眼睛才适应了屋里微弱的光线。

“我欠你工钱，”他说道，“不过……”

我想，就别让他费心再想出个借口了，就对他说：“没事儿，你不必担心。”

“银行把我的帐目搞错了，”他继续说道，根本不理我的茬儿。“这两天就会搞清楚。在此期间，我想或许你可以选择一两本书作为第一笔报酬。”

他指了指墙，只见书堆放得到处都是。这些书除了没有按次序分类摆放之外，数量之多就像个图书馆。

“慢慢来，别着急。”巴卢先生鼓励我说，“读一下，借走，看中了就留下。找你喜欢的。你爱读什么样的书？”

“我不知道。”我的确不知道。我一般读的就是能从杂货店货架上拿到的或者在家里找到杂志、麦片盒子背面的介绍和连环画。我从未想过有意识地找一本特别的书来读。不过并非没有兴趣——于是我浏览着这一堆堆书，问他，“这些书你真的都读过吗？”

巴卢先生点点头。“这些只是我保留的书。值得再读一遍。”

“那你为我选一本书吧。”

他扬了扬眉毛，歪着头，用评估的眼光注视着我，好像为我量体裁衣一

① snag[snæg] v. 使搁浅，使戳破

② cereal[ˈsiəriəl] n. 谷类

③ browse[brauz] v. 放牧于，浏览

moment, he searched through a stack and handed me a dark-red book, fairly thick.

"*The last of the just,*" I read. "By Andre Wehwarz-Bart. What's it about?"

"You tell me," he said. "Next week."

I started after supper, sitting outdoors on an uncomfortable kitchen chair. Within a few pages, the yard, the summer, disappeared, and I was plunged into the aching tragedy of the Holocaust, the extraordinary clash of good, represented by one decent man, and evil. The language was elegant, simple, overwhelming.

When the evening light finally failed, I moved inside and read all through the night.

To this day, 35 years later, I vividly remember the experience. I was stunned by the undiluted ^① power a novel could contain. I lacked the vocabulary to translate my feelings into words, so the next week, when Mr. Ballou asked, "Well?" I replied, "It was good."

"Keep it then," he said. "Shall I suggest another?"

I nodded, and was presented with Margaret Margaret Mead's classic study in anthropology ^②, *Coming of Age in Samoa*.

To make two long stories short, Mr. Ballou never paid me a dime for cutting his grass that year or the next, but,



样。过了一会儿，他翻找了一堆书之后拿给我一本深红色、相当厚的书。

“《最后的公正》，”我读道，“安德烈·施瓦茨·巴特著。写的是什么？”

“下周你来告诉我。”他说道。

晚饭后，我坐在户外很不舒服的厨房椅子上开始读起来。没读几页，那庭院、夏季的炎热都消失了。我已沉浸在纳粹对犹太人的大屠杀的痛苦之中，陷入了一位正直的人所体现的善良与邪恶异乎寻常的冲突之中。这本书的语言优美、朴实，气势磅礴。

当夜色最终降临的时候，我进到屋子里读了一个通宵。

35年后的今天，我还清楚地记得那段经历。我吃惊于一部小说如此震撼心灵。我无法用语言来表达我的感受，因此，第二个星期，巴卢先生问我“这本书怎么样，”我回答说，“很好。”

“那么，你就留下吧。”他说。“要不要我再给你推荐一本？”

我点点头。于是他把玛格丽特·米德在人类学研究方面的权威性著作——《萨摩亚人的成年》赠送给我。

关于劳动报偿和送书的事就长短说吧。巴卢先生从来没有看到的最

① undiluted
[ˈʌndaiˈljʊːtɪd] adj.
未经冲淡的

② anthropology
[ˌænthrəˈpɒlədʒi] n.
人类学

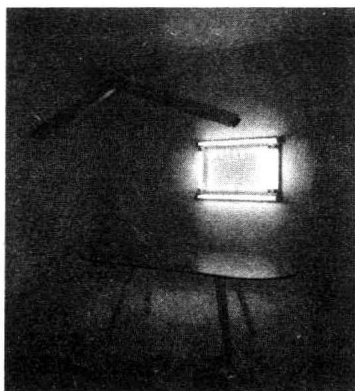
eventually, I would teach anthropology at Dartmouth College. And I discovered that a book, if it arrives at the right moment, in the proper seson, will change the course of all that follows.



BEAUTIFUL LIFE



终结果是我能在特默思大学教人类学课了。那年夏天,我还发现,一本书,如果它来的正是时候,在恰当的时期,它将改变人生道路上随之而来的一切。



Life Behind the Rebel Lines

A photographer spends four weeks in Chechnya, documenting a ragtag army's battle against the Russians. Here is his story.

BY ROBERT KING

The Chechen capital, Grozny, is a desolate place, where people live mostly underground. I'm bunked in with some Chechen fighters in the cellar of an abandoned bank building. It's musty ^① and damp. Heat comes from a wood stove, and kerosene lanterns cast huge shadows on the walls. The bearded ^② fighters clean their weapons or pray or watch videos – from kung fu films to “A Perfect World,” starring Kevin Costner and Clint Eastwood. They fastforward past sex scenes and rewind ^③ to watch the combat ^④ episodes ^⑤ over and over again.

I'm an American photographer who calls Tennessee home, but I'm doing my best to blend in with my new companions. I don't speak the local language, but I spent many months in Chechnya in 1996, during the first war with Russia. Now I've returned to chronicle Russia's second attempt to crush the rebels in the separatist republic. While I'm here, the Russian Army slowly closes in on Grozny. (Late last week, after I left, the Russians



反叛者的生活

一位摄影记者在车臣用了四周时间记录了一场杂牌军与俄政府军的斗争。以下是他的报道。

罗伯特·金

在荒凉的车臣首府格罗兹尼，大多数人生活在地下。我与一群车臣武装分子同住在一座银行大楼废弃的发霉潮湿的地下室里。靠一个烧木头的炉子取暖。煤油灯在墙上投下巨大的阴影。留着胡子的战士有的在擦枪，有的在祈祷，有的看着电影——从功夫片到凯文·科斯特纳和克林特·伊斯特伍德主演的《完美的世界》，他们将色情镜头倒过来看，一遍遍地看着格斗场面。

作为一名来自美国田纳西州的摄影记者，现在我努力与新伙伴们相处，我不会讲当地话，但在1996年第一次与俄政府军的战斗中，我曾在车臣待过几个月。现在，我回来记录俄政府第二次粉碎车臣分裂分子的叛乱。当时俄军正缓慢向格罗兹尼推进。（上周晚些时候，在我离开之后，俄军占领了车臣第



① musty[ˈmʌsti]

adj. 发霉的，废弃的

② bearded[ˈbiədɪd]

adj. 有胡子的

③ rewind[riːˈwaɪnd]

v. 转回（录音带等）

④ combat[ˈkɒmbæt]

n. 战斗，格斗

⑤ episode

[ˈepɪsəʊd] n. 插曲

captured Gudermes, Chechnya's second largest city.)

On my first night in the Grozny cellar on Oct. 21, three Russian journalists with satellite phones turn up. Russian missiles had hit the Grozny market earlier in the day, killing at least 140 people, and the mood in the basement is tense. (The Chechens seem suspicious that the Russian reporters are spies.) We sit at a table covered with bottles of vodka ^①, plates of sausage and marijuana ^②. Everyone is drinking but nobody offers a toast. Eventually, a fight breaks out between a very drunk Russian and a Chechen fighter. It takes several people to break it up.

At night the fighters shout "Allahu akbar" —God is great! —in their sleep. During the day, in the short spells when I leave the cellar, I'm always with bodyguards. The Russians are bombing the city and I'm a prime target for kidnappers: Everyone is at risk — even ordinary Chechens—but the asking price for an American or European is \$ 500,000 to \$1 million. We race through Grozny in a dark blue BMW with tinted ^③ windows, blasting ^④ the cassette ^⑤ player. A popular song among the gunmen is "Believe".

A Chechen commander—Aslan Bek—is my protector in Grozny. I sought him out when I arrived because I knew him from the first Russian war with Chechnya. At that time I traveled (as a journalist) with some fighters smuggling arms. We crossed Russian lines at night on