

迪士尼电影读物 (英汉对照) 之十七



HIGH SCHOOL MUSICAL

STORIES FROM EAST HIGH #3

歌舞青春 · 东高中传奇 3



POETRY IN MOTION
动感诗篇

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POETRY IN MOTION
动感诗篇

By Alice Alfonsi

熊念恩 译注

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出版前言

“阅读改变人生。”广泛的阅读可以开阔视野、拓宽思路、修身养性。英语阅读同样必不可少,好的英语是读出来的,读出来的英语是地道的、自然的,培养出来的语感是流畅的。文学性与趣味性兼顾、想象力丰富并能启发心智的书籍可以让读者立即产生阅读的欲望,一旦上手,就希望一口气读完,在轻松愉快的氛围中享受英语阅读的乐趣。

“迪士尼电影读物”是上海外语教育出版社引进编译的一套英汉对照读物,全套共24本,包含《歌舞青春》、《海底总动员》、《闪电狗》、《玩具总动员》、《加勒比海盗》、《102忠狗》、《魔法奇缘》等永不落幕的迪士尼经典电影故事。各类关于成长、探险、人性、友情、幸福等主题的故事能激励读者去克服生活中的挫折、去体验情感中的悲喜、去培养精神世界中的追求。阅读这些书的同时,读者可以重温经典、启发心智、丰富生活。全套读物英汉对照,边栏特意为难点词汇加注,以方便读者阅读。

希望这套读物能让读者在身心愉悦的同时潜移默化地吸收语言知识、培养良好的阅读习惯,成为读者永久珍藏的经典英语读物!

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Chapter 1

Troy Bolton stifled¹ a yawn. At the front of the room, Ms. Barrington was reading yet another Scottish ode².

English was Troy's first class after lunch. Today he'd downed two cartons of milk and a turkey sandwich — good choices for athletic nutrition but a seriously bad combo for listening to two-hundred-year-old poetry. Pinching³ the back of his hand, Troy tried to stay alert. But his eyelids felt as if they'd been loaded down with free weights⁴. His head dropped once, twice, three times. Then — *bop!* A little paper airplane hit him. Troy sat up straight. He was definitely awake now.

The tiny projectile had dropped onto his desk. He picked it up and unfolded the paper. Right away, he recognized the neat, delicate handwriting. . . .

O stay awake, Troy Bolton!

Push your comprehension.

'Cause if you nod off one more time,

第一章

1. stifle v. 抑止
2. ode n. 颂诗,
颂歌

3. pinch v. 捏, 拧

4. free weights
负重训练器械

特洛依·波顿强忍住一个哈欠。教室的前面, 贝灵顿小姐还在朗读另一首苏格兰颂诗。

语文课是特洛依午餐后的头一节课。今天他一口气灌了两盒牛奶, 还吞下一个火鸡三明治——这是份适合运动健将的营养美餐, 可对于要听讲两百年前古老诗歌的他却再糟糕不过。特洛依掐着自己的手背, 想尽量保持清醒, 可眼皮却感觉像是挂了哑铃似的, 脑袋也不由自主地往下磕, 一次, 两次, 三次……突然, “噗”的一声, 一架轻巧的纸飞机击中了他。特洛依挺身坐直, 这下他可完全清醒了。

抛过来的小飞机掉在桌上, 特洛依捡起并展开了开来。他一下子就认出了上面整洁而秀丽的笔迹……

哦, 特洛依·波顿, 打起精神!

倾尽全力, 巧思如神。

你若还要, 昏昏沉沉,



You'll be napping in detention¹!

*Poetically yours,
Gabriella*

Before he could stop himself, Troy laughed out loud.

At the front of the room, the teacher looked up from her textbook. "Is something *funny*, Mr. Bolton?"

"No, Ms. Barrington," Troy said. He quickly crumpled² the note, hiding it in his fist.

The tall, slender teacher peered at him through her black oval-shaped glasses. Ms. Barrington wasn't very old, but her floor-length skirts, severely upswept³ red hair, and love of eighteenth-century poetry made her seem ancient to Troy.

"It certainly *sounds* as though you found something amusing in Robert Burns⁴'s poem," she said. "Why don't you share it with us?"

Troy silently groaned. Gabriella Montez was sitting in the next row. She'd been smiling at him when he read her funny note. Now that it had triggered trouble, she looked really upset.

Sorry, she silently mouthed to Troy.

It's okay, he mouthed back.

Ms. Barrington tapped her foot. "Mr. Bolton? I'm waiting." She glanced at Gabriella and narrowed her eyes. "Enlighten us. What exactly made you laugh?"

"Umm . . ." Troy swallowed. He felt heat rising in his

1. detention *n.*
课后留校的惩罚

2. crumple *v.* 弄皱, 压皱

3. upswept *a.*
朝头顶上梳的

4. Robert Burns
罗伯特·彭斯,
苏格兰诗人

让你留堂再睡,叫苦无门!

你满怀诗意的,
凯碧

特洛依禁不住笑出了声。

教室的前面,老师将目光从课本上移开,抬起头来问:“波顿先生,什么事这么好笑?”

“没有,贝灵顿小姐。”特洛依回答。他迅速将那张纸条揉成一团,紧抓在自己手里。

顾长纤瘦的女教师透过黑色的椭圆形边框眼镜直直地盯着他。贝灵顿小姐的年纪并不太大,但她的及地长裙,全无装饰、朝上挽起的红色头发,还有她对18世纪诗歌的热爱都让特洛依觉得她着实像个老古董。

“可刚才明明听起来像是你在罗伯特·彭斯的诗里发现了什么有趣的东西,”贝灵顿小姐追问道,“为什么不和我们分享一下呢?”

特洛依心里暗暗叫苦。凯碧·蒙特茨就坐在隔壁一排,刚才他在看那张好玩的纸条时,她还一直朝他微笑。可现在这纸条惹了麻烦,凯碧显得沮丧极了。

“对一不一起。”她无声地用唇语向特洛依表达歉意。

“没一关一系。”他也做着口形回答。

贝灵顿小姐抬脚叩了叩地板。“波顿先生?我在等你回答。”她又瞥了凯碧一眼,眯缝起眼睛。“跟我们讲讲,究竟是什么让你发笑?”

“嗯……”特洛依咽了口唾沫,他感到有



cheeks.

Gabriella was about to speak up when a voice came from across the room.

"My man wasn't laughing," Chad Danforth insisted.

Ms. Barrington put a hand on her hip and turned her head. Now she had a new target. "Is that right, Mr. Danforth?"

Troy froze¹. Chad was one of his best friends. He always watched Troy's back, especially on the basketball court. But now was not the time for his teammate to execute a fake-out!

"Straight up," Chad said. "You misheard Troy. He was just clearing his throat."

Ms. Barrington narrowed her gaze. "I mis-heard him?"

"Sure," Chad said. "I mean, what dude² in his right mind would laugh at what you just read?"

Troy cringed³. "Uh, right. Sorry to interrupt, Ms. Barrington. I just had to, you know, clear my dry throat. Like Chad said."

"You see how powerful that poem was?" Chad went on. "Like subliminal advertising⁴ or some-thing."

"All right, Chad. That's enough." Ms. Barrington cleared her own throat. "Let's move on, shall we?"

"Okay by me," Chad mumbled⁵, exchanging a glance with his teammates sitting in the back row. Two points, he silently mouthed to them.

Zeke Baylor and Jason Cross quietly sniggered⁶, and Troy exhaled with relief. He had no doubt that Chad had just saved him and Gabriella from all the joys of detention.

1. freeze v. 呆住

2. dude n. 家伙

3. cringe v. 卑躬
屈膝

4. subliminal
advertising
潜意识广告

5. mumble v. 咕
啾

6. snigger v. 窃笑

股热气朝脸颊涌来。

凯碧正打算开口,这时,教室的另一头传来一个声音。

“那家伙不是在笑。”查德·丹佛斯很肯定地说。

贝灵顿小姐把一只手支在胯上,转过头去。现在她又有了新的目标。“是吗,丹佛斯先生?”

这下特洛依可傻了眼。查德是他最好的朋友之一,他总是保护着特洛依,尤其是在篮球场上。但现在可不是协助队友做假动作虚晃过人的时候!

“是真的,”查德回答,“您听错了,他刚才只是清了清嗓子。”

贝灵顿小姐的眼神变得更加凌厉。“我听错了?”

“没错,”查德回答,“我的意思是,哪个神志清醒的家伙会对着您刚才念的东西发笑?”

特洛依只好毕恭毕敬地说:“嗯,是这样,贝灵顿小姐,很抱歉打断了您讲课,我刚才只是——您知道——清了清发干的喉咙,就像查德说的那样。”

“您看到了吧,那首诗多有力量,”查德继续胡诌,“就像潜意识广告之类的东西似的。”

“好了,查德,够了,”贝灵顿小姐自己清了清嗓子,“现在继续讲我们的诗,好吗?”

“我没问题,”查德嘀咕道,和坐在后排的队友们互换了一下眼神。“两分!”他朝他们用口形默示。

柴克·贝勒和杰森·克若斯暗暗窃笑,特洛依则松了一口气。毫无疑问,刚才是查德把他和凯碧从留堂处罚将会带来的种种尴尬中解救了出来。



At the front of the room, Ms. Barrington lifted her chin and addressed the class. “For the last four weeks, you’ve all been studying a number of poets. Now it’s time to test what you’ve absorbed.”

She snapped her textbook shut and leaned back against the edge of her desk. “But I’m not going to give you a traditional multiple-choice quiz. In my view, that’s not the best way to test whether you’ve really learned what poetry is all about. Next Tuesday, at a special school assembly¹, each of you will read an original poem. This assignment will be a very important part of your semester grade. But I’m sure each of you will rise to the occasion².”

Chad scratched his head of floppy brown hair. “Excuse me, Ms. Barrington?” He waved his hand. “What do you mean, each of us will ‘read an original poem’?”

The English teacher frowned. “What’s not to understand, Chad? You will write a poem. Then you will read the poem you wrote. Simple.”

“But . . .” Chad blinked. “In front of the whole school?”

“Yes, in front of the whole school. As I said, it’s a very special assembly.” Ms. Barrington clapped her hands.

“So, will you accept poems written in any style?” Taylor McKessie asked, turning to a fresh page in her notebook. “Or just the Romantic style?” She lifted her pen, ready to scribble³ a detailed answer.

“Any style of poetry is welcome,” Ms. Barrington said. “We’ve covered a number of them in class, and I’ve given

1. assembly *n.* 集会, 会议

2. rise to the occasion 灵活应变, 应对自如

3. scribble *v.* 潦草书写

教室的前面, 贝灵顿小姐抬起下巴, 对着全班同学说道: “在过去的四个星期里, 大家已经研读了不少诗作。现在是测试大家所学知识的时候了。”

她啪的一声把课本合上, 身体向后倚在自己的讲桌边上。“我不打算给你们进行传统的选择题形式的测验。在我看来, 那不是考查你们是否真正理解诗歌内容的最好方法。我们将在下周二举行一场特殊的全校大会, 而你们每个人都都要在大会上朗诵一首原创诗歌。这份作业将成为你们整个学期综合评分的一个非常重要的组成部分。但我相信你们每一个人都能够成功通过这次测验。”

查德挠了挠了他那头棕色的蓬松头发。“对不起, 贝灵顿小姐?” 他挥动手臂问道, “你说我们每个人都都要‘朗诵一首原创诗歌’是什么意思?”

语文老师皱起了眉头。“你哪儿不明白了, 查德? 你要自己写一首诗, 然后把你写的那首诗朗诵出来, 就这么简单。”

“可是……” 查德眨巴着眼睛, “在全校同学面前?”

“是的, 在全校同学面前, 我刚才说了, 那将是一场很特别的全校大会。” 贝灵顿小姐击掌强调道。

“那么诗歌的风格可以任选吗?” 泰勒·麦凯西一边提问, 一边把笔记本翻到新的一页。“还是仅限于浪漫主义风格?” 她拿起笔, 准备迅速记下一份详细的答复。

“诗歌的风格不限,” 贝灵顿小姐回答, “我们已经在课上学了不少风格类型, 并且我也给



you all a reading list. Inspiration abounds!¹
Take advantage of it.”

Kelsi Neilsen’s hand went up. She nervously pushed up her round glasses. “Ms. Barrington?” she asked, her small voice barely rising above the brim of her cap. “You’re not really going to make it mandatory² that we read our own poems, are you?”

“Of course!” Ms. Barrington boomed³. “Reading your own poetry is a vital experience and an essential part of the assignment.”

Now Sharpay Evans raised her hand. “I, for one, think it’s a brilliant assignment! Thank you, Ms. Barrington, for giving us this opportunity to spotlight⁴ our individual talents!”

Ms. Barrington nodded. “You’re welcome, Sharpay.”

Troy noticed Taylor rolling her eyes. Gabriella just sighed. Then the bell rang, and everyone scattered.

* * *

“Dude, I owe you,” Troy said, walking up to Chad a few minutes later. “Thanks for the save back there.”

“No problem,” Chad said. “Just pay me back with some sweet passes on the court.”

“You got it,” Troy smiled, and the two sealed the deal by knocking fists.

Taylor McKessie tossed Chad a warm smile as she walked into the hallway. “Easy assignment, huh, Chad?” she called.

“The assignment?” Chad said, automatically tensing⁵.

1. abound v. 大量存在

2. mandatory a. 强制的, 必须履行的

3. boom v. 发出深沉而有回响的声音

4. spotlight v. 把光线集中在……, 使显著

5. tense v. 变得紧张

了大家一张阅读清单,那里头有很多可以汲取的灵感!好好利用它吧。”

这时,凯西·奈尔森举起了手,她紧张地向上推了推她的圆框眼镜。“贝灵顿小姐,”她问道,那声音低得几乎没能传过她的帽檐,“您不是真的要把我们朗读自己写的诗歌当作一项强制性的要求吧?”

“当然要这样!”贝灵顿小姐的回答深沉有力。“朗诵你们自己的诗作是一次非常重要的经历,也是这份作业的基本内容之一。”

这时夏培·埃文斯举手发言道:“我个人认为这份作业题出得实在是太绝了,贝灵顿小姐,感谢您给了我们大家这个能够凸显各自才华的机会!”

贝灵顿小姐点了点头答道:“不客气,夏培。”

特洛依注意到泰勒翻了个白眼,而凯碧只是叹了口气。接着,下课铃响了,同学们各自散去。

“伙计,我欠你一个人情,”几分钟后,特洛依走向查德说,“刚才多谢你及时搭救。”

“没事,”查德说,“球场上多传几个好球给我就成了。”

“我会的。”特洛依笑着答应了,两人对撞了一下拳头,表示成交。

这时泰勒·麦凯西也走进走廊,她朝查德投去一个热情的笑脸。“这作业很容易,是吧,查德?”泰勒问道。

“作业?”查德说着,不自觉地紧张起来。



"Uh . . . sure . . . piece o' cake," he told her, forcing a smile and trying to seem relaxed.

The moment Taylor was gone, he grimaced¹. "As if I'm going to do it," he whispered to Troy. "Yeah, right."

Troy blinked. "What do you mean?"

"I'm not doing that poetry assignment," Chad said. "That's what I mean."

Troy couldn't believe what he was hearing. "Chad, you have to. You heard Ms. Barrington. It's a big part of your semester grade."

Chad waved his hand. "I'll tell her I've got writer's block² or something. She'll let me off the hook³. But I am *not* getting up on East's auditorium stage, in front of the entire school, spouting⁴ rhymes about rainbows and red, red roses. This whole poetry thing freaks me out⁵!"

"Freaks you out?" Sharpay piped up⁶, over-hearing him. She tossed her blond hair and threw a special grin Troy's way. "What's the big-gie, guys? Roses are red, violets are blue. The *writing* is simple. What's key is the *presentation*. Just find the right costume, practice in front of a mirror, and you'll do fine!"

Chad looked horrified.

Sharpay didn't notice. She checked her watch. "Sorry, I've got to run," she chirped, dashing off. "Drama class next, and I haven't warmed my vocal cords! Buh-bye!"

Chad shuddered. He turned to Troy. "Did you hear what she said?" he whispered. "A *costume*?"

"Oh, wow. That's right. I forgot." Troy smacked his

1. grimace v. 做
鬼脸

2. writer's block
暂时性写作障
碍症

3. let ... off the
hook 让……
脱离困境

4. spout v. 滔滔
不绝地讲

5. freak out (使)
惊恐, 烦躁

6. pipe up (尖声
地) 说, 讲话

“嗯……当然……小菜一碟。”他回应道, 强挤出一丝笑容, 好让自己显得很轻松。

泰勒刚走, 他便做起鬼脸。“搞得像真的一样,” 他朝特洛依低声说道, “真是的。”

特洛依眨巴着眼睛问: “你什么意思?”

“我不打算做那份诗歌作业,” 查德说, “就是这个意思。”

特洛依无法相信自己的耳朵。“查德, 你非完成不可, 你也听到贝灵顿小姐说了, 这份作业将是你整个学期综合评分的重要组成部分。”

查德摇摇手。“我会告诉她我得了‘暂时性写作障碍症’, 或者找个别的什么理由, 她会放我一马的。我可不打算登上东高中礼堂的舞台, 面对着全校同学喋喋不休地念叨什么七色彩虹、红红玫瑰这样的诗句。诗歌朗诵会这件事情都让我觉得恐怖!”

“让你觉得恐怖?” 夏培无意中听到了查德这句话, 尖声叫道。她甩了甩她的金发, 意味深长地朝特洛依露齿一笑。“帅哥们, 有什么大不了的? 玫瑰花儿红艳艳, 紫罗兰儿蓝澄澄, 写诗很简单, 关键是朗诵和表演。找一套合适的行头, 在镜子前多练练, 你们会顺利过关的!”

查德一脸惊骇之色。

夏培并没注意到查德的表情。她看了看表。“对不起, 我得走了,” 她边跑边咂嘴感叹, “下一节是戏剧课, 我还没吊嗓子呢! 再见!”

查德哆嗦了一下, 转向特洛依道: “你听到她说什么了吗?” 他压低了声音说, “一套行头?”

“哦, 是呀, 我都忘记了。”特洛依拍了一下



forehead, suddenly remembering. “Your leotard¹ incident.”

“Dude, don’t even go there.” Chad shook his head, looking a little sick to his stomach. He glanced around, making sure no one was close enough to hear.

Troy didn’t blame him. When they were in the fourth grade, their teacher had convinced Chad to recite a poem at the Albuquerque² Renaissance Fair³. Unfortunately, she’d failed to warn him that he’d have to wear Elizabethan tights, silk bloomers⁴, and a hat with a feather.

All the boys in their class were laughing hysterically at him the second he stepped onto the stage. Chad had memorized the love poem perfectly. He was actually hoping to impress a girl named Rhonda. But when he saw every boy in his class laughing in the front row, he forgot the lines and began to stammer. Then he dropped his hat, bent over to pick it up, and his bloomers split open.

It wasn’t a good day.

Six months later, Rhonda moved to Denver⁵. But Chad never forgot the look on her face as he ran off the stage, mortified.

“I can’t do it, man,” Chad whispered. “I just can’t.”

“But —”

“Sorry.” Chad shook his head. “I’ll catch you later!”

Troy stood like a statue in the hallway. A couple of kids bumped into him. He didn’t notice. He was too upset by what Chad intended to do — and not do.