

申娜英语童话集

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Rumours^① Aren't True

One morning, Mr Boots went to teach a primary five class (5B) their art-and-craft lesson. He taught them how to make a styrofoam animal. One of them made a pig and because she was colourblind, coloured purple spots onto it. Her friend saw her colouring the purple spots.

"Yucks! A pig with purple spots! Are you mad? "

"I wanted brown spots of mud, " said the girl, going very red. "But I didn't know which colour was brown. I hate being colourblind, and you won't help me. "

During playtime, the friend went to tell a boy from 5C, twisting^② the words a bit, "You know, Mr Boots taught us how to make pigs with purple spots today! "

"Really? " the boy was astonished. (That was the start of the rumours.) "Fancy a teacher teaching children to make pigs with purple spots! I've never heard of such a thing! "

He then told his brother from 4D, "You know, 5A had a most fascinating lesson this morning! Mr Boots brought a plastic pig with purple spots into class for them to play with! "

① 则言 则言 谣言 谣 则言 则言 扭曲

And the brother went to tell a pal from 3A, “My brother says that Miss Mankie brought a china pig with purple spots into the toilet this morning!”

The pal, also going to twist the words, told the first person he met in the canteen, who turned out to be Ormie, “Miss Mankie brought a *live* pig with *purple* spots into the toilet this morning and gave it a bubble bath in a sink!”

“Hey, Tibbit, you know what?” Ormie came skidding into the classroom, where Tibbit was sitting eating a hamburger. “Someone says that Miss Mankie brought a *live* pig with *purple* spots into the toilet this morning and gave it a bubble bath in one of the sinks!”

“Yeuch, bet that pig’s got measles^① or something,” said Tibbit, pulling a disgusted^② face. “Poor little Toppie’s got chicken pox. Maybe the pig got the disease from her?”

“Definitely not,” cried Ormie. “You’re joking! *Purple* spots, hey!”

They pondered a lot over this rumour going around the school. Live pig with purple spots? Incredible^③! They went to the Office and strode over to Miss Mankie to ask her why she did such a thing.

① 皂藻译: 麻疹 ② 咎骂译: 厌恶的 ③ 登制译: 不可置信的

“I don’t have a pig with purple spots,” said Miss Mankie, bewildered^①. “And the toilet is out of soap this morning — how can anyone make bubbles?”

“But ... but someone says ... ” began Ormie, but Mr Boots, who was sitting beside Miss Mankie, grunted, “I taught 5B this morning and Katie made a pig with purple spots. Don’t listen to the rumours, mate.”

Miss Mankie nodded vigorously^②. “Yes, never believe rumours. People like to twist words. I really can’t believe that *Mr Boots* teaching *5B* how to make a *styro-foam animal* changing into *me* taking a *pig with purple spots* into the toilet to give it a bubble bath in one of the sinks! ”

The boys smiled. “Okay, we’ll never believe any of the rumours next time.”

But now Rotow was busy listening to and believing the pal who told people that Miss Mankie took a pig with purple spots into the toilet to give it a bubble bath in one of the sinks! Soon Miss Mankie would have to explain to Rotow and Morris too (Rotow would definitely tell Morris about it).

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Answer the following questions about the story.

① 遭逢怪事 ② 使人感到奇怪 ③ 用力地

- ★ From this story , we can learn how a rumour emerges and travels. Can you think of other possible ways that a rumour may come out ?
- ★ The rumour in this story does not seem to be harmful. But sometimes rumours can hurt people. Can you illustrate such a case ?
- ★ When you hear a rumour , what would you do ?



A Friend in Need Is a Friend Indeed

Pitter patter! The rain lashed^① at the rattling windows. Miss Mankie could not continue the lesson because the rain was making so much noise that it was impossible for her to talk and be heard clearly. So they had to do worksheets quietly.

Another beam of lightning flashed by and the first rumble^② of thunder echoed and roared around the whole school. The primary one children screamed — you should see the state class 1A is in! Some sheltered under tables, some just stayed in their seats, hands over their ears, screaming wildy, while Miss Mankie and Jackie flapped their arms and rushed around, trying to console^③ the frightened children. Another clap of thunder roared. The screams grew louder.

The bell signalling that it was after school already could not be heard over the deafening din. The distressed principal tried many other ways to tell the children to go home, but it was too noisy. At last, she sent many members of the staff, including even the secre-

① 肆虐: 抽打 摇 则完遭: 轰隆 摇 糟糕译: 安慰

tary, to go from class to class and inform them that school was over.

“What?” gasped Miss Mankie, when the secretary shouted over the noise and told her the news. “School’s over already? But ... but how can the kids go home like this?”

“That’s right,” said the secretary heavily, “They’ve got to go home. The school buses are here — they can walk through the rain and go onto the school buses one by one as they drive to the school gate. A few teachers are in charge — they’ll take the children under the umbrella group by group and escort^① them onto their buses.”

“What about the kids travelling by parents’ car?”

“Oh, they’ll just go down to the canteen and wait for their parents to come and fetch them.”

“And the ones travelling by bike, by foot and by public transport?”

The secretary thought hard. “Maybe some have umbrellas or raincoats ... we can lend them some from our storeroom if they come to ask.”

“Right, I’ll inform them. Thanks for your trouble — bye.”

Slowly the mayhem^② died down and the terrified lot of children dwindled^③ down to only two. One was Tibbit,

① escort 陪同 ② 混乱 ③ 减少

standing by the window, and the other was Cheerio, getting ready to leave with her large patched black umbrella. But before she'd stepped out of the classroom, she saw a shadow moving by the window (Cheerio had problems with her eyes — she was colourblind and short-sighted but she was too poor to afford glasses. She was very weak and only a little push would send her tumbling down the stairs, that's why boys like to push her. She was best friends with Alice, and she was a very kind and generous girl.)

Cheerio squinted, shifted closer and saw that it was Tibbit. He was crying. His eyes were red and swollen, and he was staring out of the window at the many school buses queuing up, teachers scurrying^① here and there, and the top of many umbrellas like flowers. There were also coloured figures moving here and there — kids in raincoats.

"Tibbit, why are you crying?" asked Cheerio kindly, her patched and frayed black school bag dangling on one shoulder — one of the ragged thin black material attaching it to her shoulders was torn apart into halves, so only one held it to her shoulder, swaying dangerously.

"I ... I'm supposed to walk home," sobbed Tibbit. "But ... but I didn't bring an umbrella, so ... so I can't

① 泽书则赠：匆忙来往

go home ... otherwise I'll get drenched and I ... I'll get a cold! ”

“Why don't you borrow an umbrella or raincoat from the storeroom? ” suggested Cheerio.

“The raincoats and umbrellas are ... are all borrowed,” explained Tibbit miserably.

Cheerio smiled slightly. “It doesn't matter,” she said. “I can lend you my umbrella.”

“But ... but won't you get wet? ”

“I just need shelter^① till I get to the bus stop, where I can take a public bus home,” grinned Cheerio.

“It stops just outside my home, and the path to my apartment is sheltered. Go on, come along to the bus stop with me under my umbrella, and then I can lend it to you. You can walk home then.”

Tibbit took his elbow away from the window pane, his sad, pale face suddenly lighting up. “You mean it? ” he cried.

“Yes,” smiled Cheerio.

Tibbit danced happily across the room. “Thanks!” he said gratefully, and followed Cheerio out of Sunshine School.

The grounds were quite deserted now. The few teachers with umbrellas were trudging^② across the mud-

① 遮蔽 遮盖 ② 跋涉 蹒跚: 越过

dy patch, clutching their bags. One of them was already getting into a taxi, taking her flower-patterned rose pink umbrella with her.

Although the thunderstorm had subsided^①, the rain was still there. If it was a little drizzle Tibbit wouldn't have worried, but the rain was still quite big. Tibbit walked arm in arm with Cheerio under the old black patched umbrella. Because Cheerio was short-sighted, she didn't see a puddle and stepped into it, causing a little splash which washed over her filthy^② holey shoes with shoe laces that were far too short and had stray threads coming out.

"Good lord, I'd better be careful," exclaimed Cheerio. They reached the bus stop, where Tibbit borrowed Cheerio's umbrella with repeated thanks, and finally went home. He decided to make friends with Cheerio — she was really a friend indeed.

* * *

Answer the following questions about the story.

- ★ When it rains like this when your school is over, how do you usually manage to go home?
- ★ Did you ever help your friends when they were in need?

① 泽遣霍藻: 退去, 减弱 ② 穉穉: 肮脏的

The Baby-Crawling Race

When Tibbit came back from Gregory's Grocery with some carrots and potatoes to make mashed potato for Topple, he was distracted^① by a large crowd gathered around a sign put outside the Community Centre. Feeling curious, he went over to look.

Tibbit tried to squeeze through the jostling crowd, holding his basket high so that the carrots and potatoes would not be squashed, and finally a large man with a beefy moustache in front of him moved, so he could read the sign.

BABY-CRAWLING RACE !

A chance not to be missed!

If you have a baby whose age is under one , you should not miss this chance ! Come to the Community Centre and register him /her for the baby-crawling race ! Maximum only twenty babies , so HURRY UP ! We will not accept any more babies after 25 October .

① 遭集當明群鹹造: 被分散注意力

孕婦雜誌!

云：通。黄芩一。000 葬。生。葬。刺。黄。燥。增。黄。燥。燥。生。黄。燥。！

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栽藥性味苦寒——雜00 栽慙葬刺藥遭遭解藥栽製爆土澤藥性

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贈糟責藻譟譟!

Date : 26 October , Sunday

Time : 1.30 to 2.30 p.m.

Venue : The lounge of the Community Centre

Tibbit was delighted. Ah, this is a wonderful chance! Topple had just learnt how to crawl and she wasn't one year old yet. She was only eight months old. If they registered Topple for this nice little exercise, she might win one of the top three prizes! And she could at least win a Tweety Bird plastic cup — that would be nice! But they'd have to hurry up, though, only twenty babies can take part in this activity. He was sure Topple could crawl very fast — she was so energetic!

Tibbit raced home as fast as a cat chasing a mouse. When he swung open the door, his mother hadn't even asked whether he'd forgotten to buy the groceries^② when he announced excitedly, "There's a baby-crawling race!"

“What?”

① 藿香 尿片 摇 早 燥 藜 译: 食品

So Tibbit explained everything. Luckily he was very clear-headed today, he didn't forget a single thing written on the sign. His mother smiled. "All right, we'll register Topple. Ask her if she'd like to go."

"Topple! Topple!"

"Vat?" said Topple, crawling over to him and looking up at him innocently with her cute twinkling eyes.

"Would you like to go to a baby-crawling race?"

"Yeth," said Topple, though she didn't quite understand what a baby-crawling race meant. But she would like to crawl.

"Good girl!" trilled Tibbit, and gave Topple one of her favourite soft little jelly sweets.

*

The next week Tibbit's mother went to the Community Centre to register^① Topple for the baby-crawling race.

"You're very lucky, ma'am," said the man at the counter, looking at her closely. "There's just one vacancy^② for your child. Nineteen babies registered already. I'm one of the judges," he added. "So I'll be at the race."

"Phew," sighed Tibbit's mother in relief.

"You'll need to fill up this form," said the man,

① 注册 ② 空缺

brandishing^① a sheaf of paper under her nose. “And remember that your child’s number twenty. He’ll ... ”

“She,” corrected Tibbit’s mother instantly.

“So she’ll be crawling on path twenty.”

Tibbit’s mother filled up the form with Topple’s name, age, and number. She waved a merry “See you at the race!” and departed^②.

*

At last, the day of the race came. Twenty mothers carrying writhing^③ babies could be seen from Ormie’s bedroom window. They were all heading towards the Community Centre.

“Mama!” called Ormie. “What’re all those ladies doing?”

“Oh, don’t you know about the baby-crawling race?” questioned Ormie’s mother as she washed the dirty plates they had just used for their lunch. “I heard Tibbit’s baby sister Topple’s competing.”

“I want to go and cheer Topple on!” cried Ormie, and leapt off his bed before his mother could say anything.

*

Meanwhile, Tibbit and his family members were already in the lounge of the Community Centre. After a

① 遭攔上署梁: 晃动 ② 搖 苗离身期: 离开 ③ 搖 憎哩藥: 扭动

brief report to the counter, Tibbit's mother placed Topple carefully at the starting point of her path labelled twenty, with a plastic number twenty stuck to her back. Topple looked surprised. She kept gazing around curiously, scrabbling^① at the itchy object attached to her back, and staring at the many eyes gazing at her and the other babies. What was all this about?

"Topple, crawl well, will you?" bellowed Tibbit in the crowd. Topple uttered a "Yeth" that no one could hear because of the din everybody was making. The other babies didn't seem as brave as Topple — they were either wailing loudly or scuffling^② back to their mothers, who were all encouraging their babies on. Many siblings were yelling good luck to their baby sisters and brothers like Tibbit. Then, Ormie arrived. He situated himself next to Tibbit and grinned toothily at him. Tibbit grinned back.

"I think Topple can win the first prize, you know, seriously," said Ormie.

"Wanna bet? I'm not sure whether she'll clinch the first prize," said Tibbit.

"Oh right, bet ten cents," said Ormie. "But that'll be nothing to you if Topple's won a thousand dollars."

Tibbit giggled, and watched his mother going down to sit in front of Topple. She had Topple's favourite toy —

① 洋翻遭撞: 抓摸 ② 洋翻遭撞: 慌乱地赶

a red stuffed rabbit who squeaked when squeezed — in her hand, and planned to wave it in front of Topple to lure her on during the race. Many other mothers were doing the same.

Suddenly, a gong echoed around the lounge, and the judges arrived, seating themselves in turquoise arm-chairs near the babies. Now the mothers had managed to lure their babies into position, and when the first judge (the man who had helped Tibbit's mother register Topple) stood up, a tense silence followed, broken by the smallest of excited squeals. *Phee!* He blew the whistle, and the mothers hurried before their babies, waving their favourite toys. The babies all started to crawl.

"Go, Topple, go!" screamed Tibbit and Ormie. All the other siblings were cheering loudly too. Topple was in the lead, crawling enthusiastically, eyeing her favourite toy hopefully, and wondering why it didn't come any closer. She crawled faster, mainly to achieve^① her rabbit, and making it impossible for number 19, which was a wailing baby in a chrome yellow shirt, to outstrip^② her. This was because number 19 would not budge and refused to crawl a single step even though his mother was in front of him, desperately waving a toy car, and staring back at the excited audience with a frightened look in his eyes.

① 葬(葬)葬: 得到 摇 燥(燥)燥: 超过