

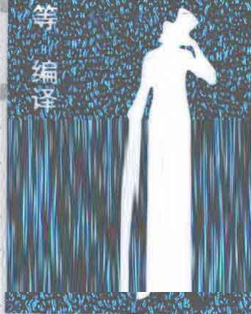


中文导读英文版

「美」珍·韦伯斯特 著 王勋 纪飞 等 编译

长腿叔叔

Daddy Long Legs



清华大学出版社





插图·中文导读英文版
儿童文学名著



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北京

内 容 简 介

《长腿叔叔》是20世纪美国最优秀的文学作品之一，是一部充满阳光与奇迹的爱情喜剧。故事的主人公朱蒂是一个孤儿，从小在孤儿院长大。十八岁那年，幸运之神忽然降临在她的身上，孤儿院的一位匿名理事——“长腿叔叔”愿意资助她上大学。作为要求，朱蒂必须每月写信向“长腿叔叔”汇报学习、生活情况，并且不会得到回信。在之后的四年时间里，她一直给这位素未谋面的叔叔写信，并赋予心灵的寄托。朱蒂是一个独立且自尊心很强的姑娘，虽然得到了别人的帮助，但她并没有依赖思想。她努力学习获得了奖学金，还利用假期做家教贴补生活费用。当她爱上了杰维少爷，并正当她考虑向他表达爱意的时候，她的“长腿叔叔”终于露面了，原来杰维就是“长腿叔叔”。

该书自出版以来，一直畅销至今，并多次被改编拍成电影、动画片、戏剧等，被媒体评价为“百年难得一见的好书”。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量的插图。

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珍·韦伯斯特（Jean Webster, 1876—1916），美国著名小说家。

1876年7月24日，韦伯斯特出生在纽约州弗雷多尼亚。她的父亲是出版商，母亲是著名作家马克·吐温的侄女。1901年7月，她毕业于瓦萨学院，获英国文学和经济学学士学位，之后一直以写作为生。在校期间，她常常为瓦萨学院的文学杂志和地方新闻刊物撰稿，并利用课余时间到孤儿院和感化院做社会公益服务。大学学习期间的所见所闻，为她日后的小说创作提供了素材。1903年，韦伯斯特出版了第一本短篇小说集《帕蒂去上大学的时候》，大获成功，从此奠定了她在美国小说界的地位。韦伯斯特是一名活跃的政治及社会活动者，她支持女性选举权以及女性受教育权，参加支持妇女选举权的游行，她的小说体现了支持女性受教育的思想，小说中的主要角色也明确的支持妇女选举权；她经常参与各种改革运动，并且是国家慈善援助协会的成员。1916年6月11日，韦伯斯特在纽约斯隆妇女医院产下一名女婴后去世。

韦伯斯特一生共出版了8部小说，而让她享誉世界的就是1912年出版的《长腿叔叔》（Daddy Long Legs）。该书讲述了一个女孩认真求学、奋发向上，最终成为一个作家的感人故事。这是一部历久弥新、脍炙人口的名著，是一个充满阳光与奇迹的爱情喜剧，被媒体评价为“百年难得一见的好书”。这部经典名著将青少年在成长中遇见的种种迷惘表现得



相当真实，小说还宣扬了仁慈、博爱、平等、独立的思想，同时还展示了什么是真正的自尊、自信和自强，对所有成长中、恋爱中、迷失中的青少年读者具有教育和帮助作用。该书一经出版，便成为当时最有影响的小说，并一直畅销至今。近一百年来，该书被翻译成多种语言，并被改编拍成电影、动画片、戏剧等，影响了一代又一代青少年读者的心灵。

在中国，《长腿叔叔》是青少年读者最熟悉、最喜爱的外国文学名著之一。目前，在国内数量众多的《长腿叔叔》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是英文原版。其中的英文原版越来越受到读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看，直接使用纯英文素材更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《长腿叔叔》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作简洁、精练、明快的风格。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读的内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。同时，为了读者更好地理解书中内容，在部分章节中加入了插图。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、刘乃亚、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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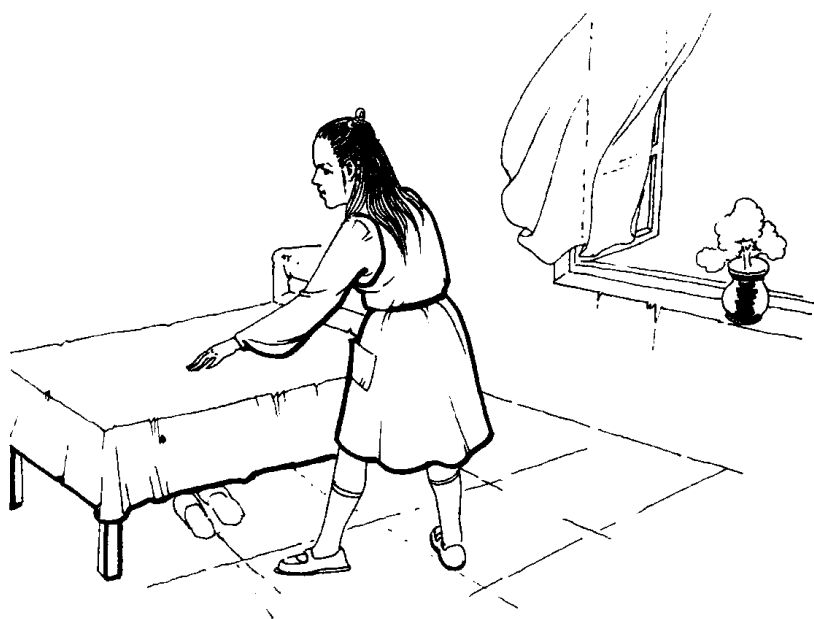
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我叫婕茹莎·艾波特，在孤儿院长大。我最不喜欢的就是星期三，因为在这一天作为孤儿院年龄最大的我是最倒霉的。所有的孤儿必须梳洗穿戴整齐，床铺不能有一丝褶皱。今天这个星期三，我被要求负责十一个小家伙的穿戴以及饮食。忙完了这些事情之后，我瘫坐在椅子上，从早上一直到现在，孤儿院院长里佩特太太不停地在催促我们劳动。评议先生们已经完成了照例的工作，这一次检查过关了，我们暂时可以松一口气。我经常幻想着自己能够像那些评议人一样富裕，有属于自己的马车和房子，这让里佩特太太看不下去，她认为我迟早会出问题。

唱歌班的汤姆又在毫无音调地用歌声转达消息，里佩特太太要求我去办公室见她。我心里担心着是不是今天的检查出现了什么不满意的结果。在去办公室的途中，我见到了最后一个评议先生的背影，除了显得手长腿长以外没记住其他的特征。不过这一个小小的有趣发现也让我开心地笑了起来。

见到里佩特太太之后，她告诉我最后离开的那位是最有钱的评议先生之一，之前曾经送不少男孩去读书，他不喜欢女孩。里佩特太太说今天的会上有人提出关于我的前途问题，因为我的年纪已经不适合再待在孤儿



婕茹莎每周三都要为比自己小的孩子整理床铺

院，同时有些科目的成绩还不错，更重要的是那位先生看过我写的文章，于是决定送我去读大学，希望能够培养我成为作家。他要求我上学后每个月至少写一封信，告诉他我在学校的情况，但他不会回信，而且一切都由秘书转交，以“约翰·史密斯”称呼他，这不是他的真实姓名。

BLUE WEDNESDAY

The first Wednesday in every month was a Perfectly Awful Day—a day to be awaited with dread, endured with courage and forgotten with haste. Every floor must be spotless, every chair dustless, and every bed without a wrinkle. Ninety-seven squirming little orphans must be scrubbed and combed and buttoned into freshly starched gingham; and all ninety-seven reminded of their manners, and told to say, “Yes, sir,” “No, sir,” whenever a Trustee spoke.

It was a distressing time; and poor Jerusha Abbott, being the oldest orphan, had to bear the brunt of it. But this particular first Wednesday, like its predecessors, finally dragged itself to a close. Jerusha escaped from the pantry where she had been making sandwiches for the asylum’s guests, and turned upstairs to accomplish her regular work. Her special care was room F, where eleven little tots, from four to seven, occupied eleven little cots set in a row. Jerusha assembled her charges, straightened their rumpled frocks, wiped their noses, and started them in an orderly and willing line towards the dining-room to engage themselves for a blessed half hour with bread and milk and prune pudding.

Then she dropped down on the window seat and leaned throbbing temples against the cool glass. She had been on her feet since five that morning, doing everybody’s bidding, scolded and hurried by a nervous matron. Mrs. Lippett,

behind the scenes, did not always maintain that calm and pompous dignity with which she faced an audience of Trustees and lady visitors. Jerusha gazed out across a broad stretch of frozen lawn, beyond the tall iron paling that marked the confines of the asylum, down undulating ridges sprinkled with country estates, to the spires of the village rising from the midst of bare trees.

The day was ended—quite successfully, so far as she knew. The Trustees and the visiting committee had made their rounds, and read their reports, and drunk their tea, and now were hurrying home to their own cheerful firesides, to forget their bothersome little charges for another month. Jerusha leaned forward watching with curiosity—and a touch of wistfulness—the stream of carriages and automobiles that rolled out of the asylum gates. In imagination she followed first one equipage, then another, to the big houses dotted along the hillside. She pictured herself in a fur coat and a velvet hat trimmed with feathers leaning back in the seat and nonchalantly murmuring “Home” to the driver. But on the door-sill of her home the picture grew blurred.

Jerusha had an imagination—an imagination, Mrs. Lippett told her, that would get her into trouble if she didn’t take care—but keen as it was, it could not carry her beyond the front porch of the houses she would enter. Poor, eager, adventurous little Jerusha, in all her seventeen years, had never stepped inside an ordinary house; she could not picture the daily routine of those other human beings who carried on their lives undiscommoded by orphans.

Je-ru-sha Ab-bott

You are wan-ted

In the of-fice,

And I think you’d

Better hurry up!

Tommy Dillon, who had joined the choir, came singing up the stairs and down the corridor, his chant growing louder as he approached room F. Jerusha wrenched herself from the window and refaced the troubles of life.

"Who wants me?" she cut into Tommy's chant with a note of sharp anxiety.

Mrs. Lippett in the office,

And I think she's mad.

Ah-a-men!

Tommy piously intoned, but his accent was not entirely malicious. Even the most hardened little orphan felt sympathy for an erring sister who was summoned to the office to face an annoyed matron; and Tommy liked Jerusha even if she did sometimes jerk him by the arm and nearly scrub his nose off.

Jerusha went without comment, but with two parallel lines on her brow. What could have gone wrong, she wondered. Were the sandwiches not thin enough? Were there shells in the nut cakes? Had a lady visitor seen the hole in Susie Hawthorn's stocking? Had—o, horrors!—one of the cherubic little babes in her own room F "sauced" a Trustee?

The long lower hall had not been lighted, and as she came downstairs, a last Trustee stood, on the point of departure, in the open door that led to the porte-cochere. Jerusha caught only a fleeting impression of the man—and the impression consisted entirely of tallness. He was waving his arm towards an automobile waiting in the curved drive. As it sprang into motion and approached, head on for an instant, the glaring headlights threw his shadow sharply against the wall inside. The shadow pictured grotesquely elongated legs and arms that ran along the floor and up the wall of the corridor. It looked, for all the world, like a huge, wavering daddy-long-legs.

Jerusha's anxious frown gave place to quick laughter. She was by nature a sunny soul, and had always snatched the tiniest excuse to be amused. If one could derive any sort of entertainment out of the oppressive fact of a Trustee, it was something unexpected to the good. She advanced to the office quite cheered by the tiny episode, and presented a smiling face to Mrs. Lippett. To her surprise the matron was also, if not exactly smiling, at least appreciably affable; she wore an expression almost as pleasant as the one she donned for visitors.

"Sit down, Jerusha, I have something to say to you."

Jerusha dropped into the nearest chair and waited with a touch of breathlessness. An automobile flashed past the window; Mrs. Lippett glanced after it.

"Did you notice the gentleman who has just gone?"

"I saw his back."

"He is one of our most affluent Trustees, and has given large sums of money towards the asylum's support. I am not at liberty to mention his name; he expressly stipulated that he was to remain unknown."

Jerusha's eyes widened slightly; she was not accustomed to being summoned to the office to discuss the eccentricities of Trustees with the matron.

"This gentleman has taken an interest in several of our boys. You remember Charles Benton and Henry Freize? They were both sent through college by Mr.— this Trustee, and both have repaid with hard work and success the money that was so generously expended. Other payment the gentleman does not wish. Heretofore his philanthropies have been directed solely toward the boys; I have never been able to interest him in the slightest

degree in any of the girls in the institution, no matter how deserving. He does not, I may tell you, care for girls."

"No, ma'am," Jerusha murmured, since some reply seemed to be expected at this point.

"Today at the regular meeting, the question of your future was brought up."

Mrs. Lippett allowed a moment of silence to fall, then resumed in a slow, placid manner extremely trying to her hearer's suddenly tightened nerves.

"Usually, as you know, the children are not kept after they are sixteen, but an exception was made in your case. You had finished our school at fourteen, and having done so well in your studies—not always, I must say, in your conduct—it was determined to let you go on in the village high school. Now you are finishing that, and of course the asylum cannot be responsible any longer for your support. As it is, you have had two years more than most."

Mrs. Lippett overlooked the fact that Jerusha had worked hard for her board during those two years, that the convenience of the asylum had come first and her education second; that on days like the present she was kept at home to scrub.

"As I say, the question of your future was brought up and your record was discussed—thoroughly discussed."

Mrs. Lippett brought accusing eyes to bear upon the prisoner in the dock, and the prisoner looked guilty because it seemed to be expected? —not because she could remember any strikingly black pages in her record.

"Of course the usual disposition of one in your place would be to put you in a position where you could begin to work, but you have done well in school in certain branches; it seems that your work in English has even been brilliant.

Miss Pritchard, who is on our visiting committee, is also on the school board; she has been talking with your rhetoric teacher, and made a speech in your favor. She also read aloud an essay that you had written entitled, Blue Wednesday."

Jerusha's guilty expression this time was not assumed.

"It seemed to me that you showed little gratitude in holding up to ridicule the institution that has done so much for you. Had you not managed to be funny I doubt if you would have been forgiven. But fortunately for you, Mr.—, that is, the gentleman who has just gone—appears to have an immoderate sense of humor. On the strength of that impertinent paper, he has offered to send you to college."

"To college?" Jerusha's eyes grew big.

Mrs. Lippett nodded.

"He waited to discuss the terms with me. They are unusual. The gentleman, I may say, is erratic. He believes that you have originality, and he is planning to educate you to become a writer."

"A writer." Jerusha's mind was numbed. She could only repeat Mrs. Lippett's words.

"That is his wish. Whether anything will come of it, the future will show. He is giving you a very liberal allowance, almost, for a girl who has never had any experience in taking care of money, too liberal. But he planned the matter in detail, and I did not feel free to make any suggestions. You are to remain here through the summer, and Miss Pritchard has kindly offered to superintend your outfit. Your board and tuition will be paid directly to the college, and you will receive in addition during the four years you are there, an allowance of thirty-five dollars a month. This will enable you to enter on the same standing

as the other students. The money will be sent to you by the gentleman's private secretary once a month, and in return, you will write a letter of acknowledgment once a month. That is—you are not to thank him for the money; he doesn't care to have that mentioned, but you are to write a letter telling of the progress in your studies and the details of your daily life. Just such a letter as you would write to your parents if they were living.

“These letters will be addressed to Mr. John Smith and will be sent in care of the secretary. The gentleman's name is not John Smith, but he prefers to remain unknown. To you he will never be anything but John Smith. His reason in requiring the letters is that he thinks nothing so fosters facility in literary expression as letterwriting. Since you have no family with whom to correspond, he desires you to write in this way; also, he wishes to keep track of your progress. He will never answer your letters, nor in the slightest particular take any notice of them. He detests letterwriting, and does not wish you to become a burden. If any point should ever arise where an answer would seem to be imperative—such as in the event of your being expelled, which I trust will not occur—you may correspond with Mr. Griggs, his secretary. These monthly letters are absolutely obligatory on your part; they are the only payment that Mr. Smith requires, so you must be as punctilious in sending them as though it were a bill that you were paying. I hope that they will always be respectful in tone and will reflect credit on your training. You must remember that you are writing to a Trustee of the John Grier Home.”

Jerusha's eyes longingly sought the door. Her head was in a whirl of excitement, and she wished only to escape from Mrs. Lippett's platitudes, and think. She rose and took a tentative step backwards. Mrs. Lippett detained her with a gesture; it was an oratorical opportunity not to be slighted.