



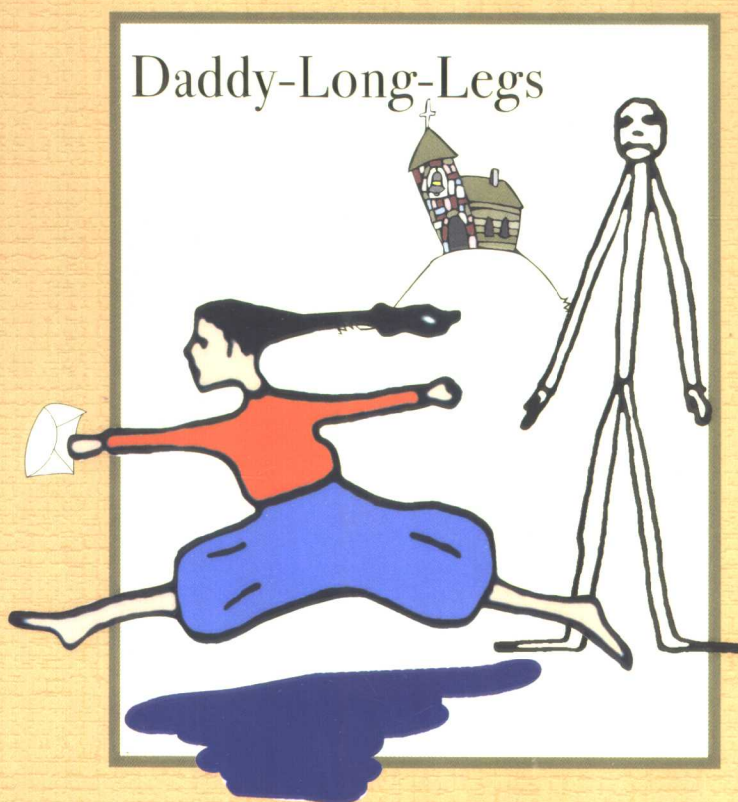
名著名篇双语对照丛书

美国经典儿童文学名著

长腿叔叔

中英对照

简·韦伯斯特 著 郭义成 译



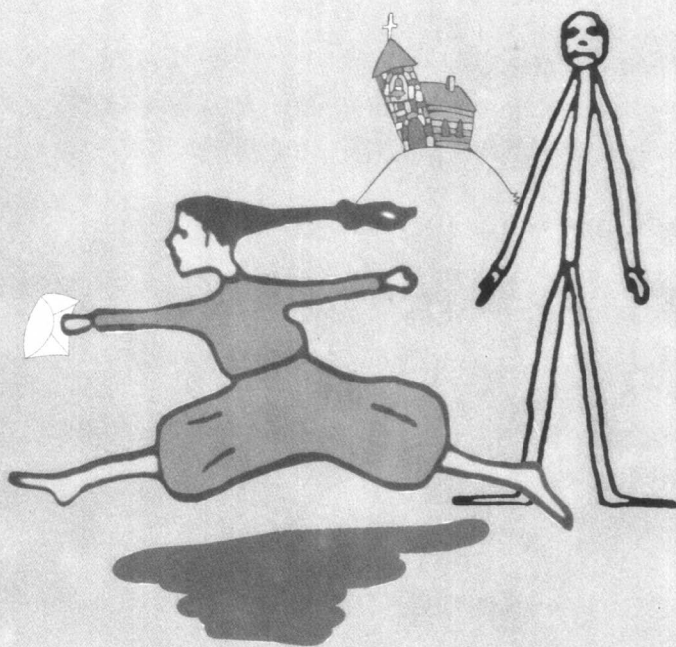
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本书简介

简·韦伯斯特的这篇小说以洁露莎·艾伯特的第一人称写出，全篇采用书信的体例，讲述的是孤儿洁露莎·艾伯特受到歌利尔孤儿院董事的资助上大学的故事。洁露莎性格乐观坚强，哪怕是最倒霉的时候，也能够给自己找到快乐的理由。她的文笔诙谐清新，从而获得了董事的青睐。进入大学之后，洁露莎充分利用学习的环境，努力吸收各种知识，终于长大成人，并且获得了真挚的爱情。在书中，女主人公的身世经历，她所描写的大学生活、她对于自己提出的希望，对于生活的见解，都使得本书的情节非常引人入胜。在洁露莎的笔下，我们看到她对于生活所持有的希望和勇气，她从一个孤儿院的中学生逐渐成长为一位自食其力、受过良好教育、愿意对社会有所贡献的年轻人，这个过程之中作者写出了洁露莎细腻的心理变化和她对于周遭人事的敏锐观察，情感真实而丰沛。此外，全书配上插图绘画尤其妙趣横生，使得整部小说时时闪现出幽默机智的火花。

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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

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忧郁的星期三

每个月的第一个星期三是一个相当可怕的日子，是怀着恐惧等待它来临的一天，必须提起勇气挨过去，然后很快将它忘记。这一天，地板要光可照人，椅子一尘不染，床铺不能有丝毫的皱褶，还要把九十七个活泼乱跑的小孤儿梳洗一遍，穿戴整齐，给他们穿上浆好的花格布衣服，并且一一提醒他们要注意礼貌，还要这样回答评议先生的问题：“是，先生。”“不，先生。”

这真是一个令人沮丧的日子。可怜的洁露莎·艾伯特是这一群孤儿中年龄最大的，当然就更加倒霉了。这个特别的星期三，和以往一样，总算过去了。洁露莎终于从厨房里逃了出来，不须再为孤儿院的客人做三明治了。她上楼去做她的日常工作。她负责第六室，那里有十一个四至七岁的小家伙，和十一张排成一系列的小床。

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 noncha-

Daddy Long Legs

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洁露莎把他们集合起来，一一为他们整理凌乱的衣服，擦了鼻涕，乖乖排好队，然后带着这些小家伙到餐厅去。在那里他们可以幸福地度过半个小时，喝牛奶、吃面包，再加上梅子布丁。

然后她疲累地跌坐在窗户旁的椅子上，把头昏脑胀的头靠在冰凉的玻璃上。她从早上五点就忙个不停，听从每个人的指示，被神经质的院长李佩太太斥责，催促得晕头转向。在私底下，李佩太太就不像她在评议先生们或女客面前那样，始终保持沉稳，一副端庄的模样。洁露莎的眼光膘掠着孤儿院高高的铁栏杆外面一片冻结的辽阔草地，眺望远方那起伏不定的山峦，山上散落着村舍，光秃秃的树丛中露出了房舍的屋顶。

这一天过去了，她知道大家今天的表现应该是及格了。评议先生们和巡视委员会的成员照例巡视孤儿院、阅读报告书、喝茶，现在他们正急着回到家中温暖的炉火旁。还要再过一个月之后，才又会想起这些他们所监护的磨人的家伙。洁露莎探出身子，带着一丝渴望及好奇心望着那成队的马车和小汽车开出孤儿院大门。她想

lantly 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.

长篇小说

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象自己随着一辆又一辆车，来到山坡上那一幢幢的大房子里。她幻想着自己穿着皮大衣，戴着有羽毛装饰的丝绒帽子，靠坐在车中，漫不经心地对车夫说：“回家。”但是到了家门口呢，她的幻想变得模糊了。

洁露莎喜欢幻想，李佩太太告诉她，如果她再这样幻想下去，迟早会出问题的；但是无论她的想象力有多么丰富，都无法引她进入她想去的那些房子里面，只能停留在门廊上。可怜的热切的充满冒险的小洁露莎，在整整十七年的岁月里，从来没有去过任何人的家。她想象不出那些没有孤儿打扰的人们每天是怎样生活的。

洁露莎·艾伯特

办公室传唤

依我看，你还是

动作快点才是！

唱诗班的汤姆·狄伦边唱着上楼了，从走廊走向第六室，声音越来越接近，越来越响亮。洁露莎不得不离开窗口，再次面对人生的烦恼。

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,

她打断汤姆的说唱，急切地问道：“谁找我？”

李佩太太在办公室，

我想她快气疯了。

阿门！

汤姆仍然虔诚地唱着，他的音调并没有幸灾乐祸的意味。即使是最冷酷的孤儿，对于一个犯了错而被叫到办公室去见生气的院长的姐姐，也会深表同情的，更何况汤姆还是满喜欢洁露莎的，尽管她有时会使劲扯他的胳膊，帮他洗脸时，几乎把他的鼻子给擦伤了。

洁露莎皱着眉头一言不发地走去。她心想：到底出了什么差错？三明治切得不够薄？果仁蛋糕里有果壳？还是哪位女客看见苏西·豪尚的长袜上有破洞？哦，天呀！是不是她管的第六室的天真孩子冒犯了哪位评议先生？

楼下的长廊没有点灯。她下楼时看到最后一位评议先生正要离去，他站在通向车道的那扇门口。洁露莎对他只留下一个短暂的印象：除了个子很高之外，别无其

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

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他。他向停在弯曲车道上的一辆汽车招手。当车子发动向他直驶而来时的瞬间，耀眼的车前灯把他的影子清晰地投射到大厅的墙上，影子的腿和手臂拉得长长的，样子真是奇怪，从地板一直延伸到走廊的墙壁上，就像一只人们所称“长腿叔叔”之摇摇摆摆的大蜘蛛。

洁露莎的额头舒展开来，开怀地笑了起来。她的个性开朗，一点小事情都能使她哈哈大笑。从让人感到压迫的评议先生身上发现一点点乐趣，的确是件意外的好事。这件小插曲使她雀跃不已。她带着一张笑脸，走到办公室去见李佩太太。很意外地，洁露莎发现院长显得相当客气，即使她不是由衷地在笑。她几乎就像对待访客那样地笑容满面。

"洁露莎，坐下。我有话要跟你说。"

洁露莎在最靠近她的一张椅子上坐下来，略微紧张地等待着。一辆汽车驶过窗外，李佩太太望着远去的车子问道：

"你有没有注意到刚才离开的那位先生？"

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.

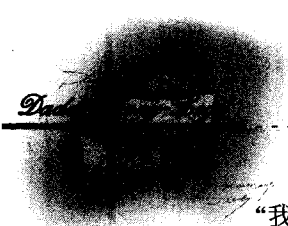
"This gentleman has taken an interest in several of our boys. You remember Charles Benton and Henry Freize? They were both sent through college by Mr.—this Trustee, and both have repaid with hard work and success the money that was so generously expended. Other payment the gentleman does not wish. Heretofore 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



"我只看到他的背影。"

"他是我们最有钱的评议先生之一，捐了很多钱给孤儿院，但他表明不愿让人知道，所以我不能透露他是谁。"

洁露莎微微睁大了眼睛。她不习惯被叫到办公室来跟院长谈论评议先生们的古怪习性。

"这位先生照顾过孤儿院的几个男孩。你记得查尔斯·本顿和亨利·弗雷兹吗？他们都是这位……嗯，评议先生送去上大学的。两人都很用功，用优秀的成绩报答他的慷慨资助。但这位先生不要求其他回报。到目前为止，他只资助男孩，从来也没办法使他对女孩稍加注意，不管她们有多么出色。我可以告诉你，他不喜欢女孩。"

"是的，太太。" 洁露莎轻声说，因为李佩太太此刻似乎在等待她作出一些反应。

"在今天的例会上，有人提起你的前途。"

李佩太太稍作停顿，然后又慢条斯理地说下去，这对听者骤然绷紧的神经更是难以忍受的折磨。

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

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“你知道，依照常理，孩子们到了十六岁就得离开孤儿院，但你是个例外。你十四岁念完孤儿院的课程，成绩优良也不尽然。我得说，你的操行也并非那么理想。我们送你到本镇中学继续求学，现在你快毕业了，孤儿院不能再负担你的费用。就这样，你已经比大多数孩子多接受了两年教育。”

李佩太太全然不提在这两年里，洁露莎为了她的食宿卖力地工作。孤儿院的事情总要先做完，才能照顾学业。若遇到像今天这样的日子，她就会被留下从事清洁工作。

“我刚才说了，有人提出你的前途问题，例会上讨论了你的表现，各方面都说到了。”

李佩太太转用责备犯人的目光盯着她瞧。而这位犯人看起来就一副有罪的样子，倒不是她想起做过什么坏事，而是觉得李佩太太似乎认为她理所当然应有如此的表示。

“当然，一般情况下，给你安排一个工作就行了，但你有些科目成绩很不错，尤

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.”

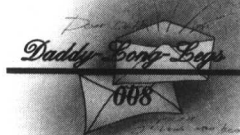
“To college?” Jerusha's eyes grew big.

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,



其是英语这门功课似乎非常优秀。普力华德小姐是巡视委员会的成员，也是校务委员会的委员。她跟你的修辞学老师谈过，她在例会上直夸奖你，还读了你的一篇作文，题目是《忧郁的星期三》。”

这回洁露莎可真的知罪了。

“我认为你取笑养育过你的孤儿院根本就是忘恩负义的行为。要不是文章写得俏皮，恐怕你绝对不会被原谅的。很幸运的，那位先生，刚才离开的那位先生很有幽默感，那篇无礼的文章让他决定送你去念大学。”

洁露莎瞪大了双眼说：“念大学？”

李佩太太点点头。

“他留下来和我讨论条件，而且是很不寻常的条件。我想这位先生还真是有点古怪。他认为你非常有创意，想要培养你成为作家。”

“成为作家？”洁露莎的脑海一片空白，她只能重复李佩太太的话。

“这是他的愿望，能否实现，以后自然就会知道。他给你一笔很大的零用金，这

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 letter-writing. 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 letter-writing, and does not wish you to become a burden. If any point should ever arise

长篇小说

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对一个从未理过财的女孩来说，似乎是太多了。他安排得很周全，我也不便说什么。这个夏天你留在这里，普力华德小姐慷慨答应帮你添置衣服。你的学费和食宿费由那位先生直接付给校方，在校的四年，你每月会收到三十五元的零用钱，这足够让你和其他学生平起平坐了。他的私人秘书每个月会把钱汇给你，而你每个月收到钱之后要写信给他，不是感谢他给你零用钱，他不想让人提起这件事，而是详细描述你的学习情况和日常生活，就好像如果你父母亲还活着的时候，你所写给他们的信一样。

“写信给约翰·司密斯先生，由秘书转交，但这不是他的真名，他宁愿隐姓埋名。他对你永远只能是约翰·司密斯。他要你写信，因为他认为这是培养文学素养的最好方式。因为你没有家人，他希望你依此模式写信给他，而且他也希望能随时知道你有没有进步。他不会回信，也不会特别去注意你的信。他不喜欢写信，不希望你成为他的负担。如有事急需要他回答，譬如说，你被开除学籍，我想这应该不会发生，你可以写信给他的秘书戈里格士先生。每个月写一封信是你的义务，这是司密斯先

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.

“I trust that you are properly grateful for this very rare good fortune that has befallen you? Not many girls in your position ever have such an opportunity to rise in the world. You must always remember—”

“I—yes, ma'am, thank you. I think, if that's all, I must go and sew a patch on Freddie Perkins's trousers.”

The door closed behind her, and Mrs. Lippett watched it with dropped jaw, her peroration in midair.

Daddy Long Legs

010

生要求的唯一回报。因此，你必须按时写信，就像按时付款一样。我希望你在信上永远保持谦恭，展现你所受到的良好教养。你要牢记你的信是写给歌利尔之家的一位评议先生。”

洁露莎的眼睛调转到房门直瞧。她兴奋得有些晕头转向，她恨不得尽快逃离李佩太太的这番唠叨，她需要好好想一想。她起身试探着退了一步。李佩太太举手示意她留下来，这么好的训话机会怎能轻易放过呢？

“我相信你对这突如其来的好运一定会感激不尽。像你这样的女孩很少能有机会出人头地，你必须永远牢记……”

“我……是的，太太。谢谢你，如果没有其他事情，我想我该去给佛莱迪·帕金斯缝补裤子了。”

洁露莎带上房门走了。李佩太太目瞪口呆地盯着房门，她的长篇大论正说到兴头上呢。

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THE LETTERS OF MISS JERUSHA ABBOTT TO MR. DADDY-LONG-LEGS-SMITH

215 Fergusson Hall,

September 24th

Dear Kind-Trustee-Who-Sends-Orphans-to-College,

Here I am! I travelled yesterday for four hours in a train. It's a funny sensation, isn't it? I never rode in one before.

College is the biggest, most bewildering place—I get lost whenever I leave my room. I will write you a description later when I'm feeling less muddled; also I will tell you about my lessons. Classes don't begin until Monday morning, and this is Saturday night. But I wanted to write a letter first just to get acquainted.

It seems queer to be writing letters to somebody you don't know. It seems queer for me to be writing letters at all—I've never written more than three or four in my life, so please overlook it if these are not a model kind.

长腿叔叔

011

洁露莎·艾伯特给长腿叔叔司密斯的信

菲古森 215 室

9月24日

亲爱的送孤儿上大学的仁慈评议先生：

我到学校了！昨天我坐了四个小时的火车，心中充满新鲜的感觉，不是吗？我从来没有坐过火车呢。

校园很大，我常感到无所适从，一离开房间就会迷失方向。等我对周围环境熟悉一点，再向你描述我的校园，并报告我的课程。现在是星期六晚上，要到下星期一上午才开始上课。但我想先写封信和您互相认识一下。

写信给一位陌生人似乎有点奇怪。对我来说，写信这事本身就很奇怪，我一生

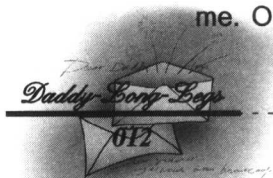
Before leaving yesterday morning, I had a very serious talk with Mrs. Lippett. She told me how to behave all the rest of my life, and especially how to behave towards the kind gentleman who is doing so much for me. I must take care to be Very Respectful.

But how can one be very respectful to a person who wishes to be called John Smith? Why couldn't you have picked out a name with a little personality? I might as well write letters to Dear Hitching-Post or Dear Clothes-Prop.

I have been thinking about you a great deal this summer; having somebody take an interest in me after all these years makes me feel as though I had found a sort of family. It seems as though I belonged to somebody now, and it's a very comfortable sensation. I must say, however, that when I think about you, my imagination has very little to work upon. There are just three things that I know:

1. You are tall.
2. You are rich.
3. You hate girls.

I suppose I might call you Dear Mr. Girl-Hater. Only that's sort of insulting to me. Or Dear Mr. Rich-Man, but that's insulting to you, as though money were the



写的信不超过三、四封，要是写得不好，请您多加原谅。

昨天早上离开孤儿院前，李佩太太和我作了一次慎重的谈话。她告诫我今后该如何为人处事，特别是如何对待那位好心的先生，因为他帮了我那么大的忙，我一定要特别尊敬他。

但是，对于一位希望被称为约翰·司密斯的人，我要怎样表示尊敬呢？您为何不选择一个较有个性的姓名？我还不如给亲爱的拴马桩子先生或衣架先生写信呢。

整个夏天，我想了很多关于您的事。在孤儿院待了这么多年，突然有人关心我，我好像找到了一个家似的，开始有了归宿。这是一种令人陶醉的感觉，但我不得不说，每次一想到您，我的脑子里总是一片空白。我只知道三件事：

- 一、您很高。
- 二、您很有钱。
- 三、您讨厌女孩。

我想我应该称您“讨厌女孩先生”，但这是多么伤我的自尊。称您为“有钱的先

only important thing about you. Besides, being rich is such a very external quality. Maybe you won't stay rich all your life; lots of very clever men get smashed up in Wall Street. But at least you will stay tall all your life! So I've decided to call you Dear Daddy-Long-Legs. I hope you won't mind. It's just a private pet name, we won't tell Mrs. Lippett.

The ten o'clock bell is going to ring in two minutes. Our day is divided into sections by bells. We eat and sleep and study by bells. It's very enlivening; I feel like a fire house all of the time. There it goes! Lights out. Good night.

Observe with what precision I obey rules—due to my training in the John Grier Home.

Yours most respectfully,

Jerusha Abbot

长腿叔叔

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生”，又侮辱了您的人格，好像只有钱才与您有关。此外，富有只是一种外在的表象，或许您不会一辈子有钱，很多聪明人在华尔街栽了跟斗。但至少您的身高是改变不了的！我决定称您为亲爱的长腿叔叔。希望您不要介意。这只是我们之间的昵称，不要告诉李佩太太。

10点的铃再过两分钟就要响了。我们的作息是由铃声支配，按铃声吃饭、就寝、学习。生活过得很有朝气，我一刻也闲不下来，像救火车一样。听，铃响了！该熄灯了。祝您晚安！

瞧我多么遵守规矩，这得归功于歌利尔之家的训练。

尊敬您的洁露莎·艾伯特