



超级畅销书双语彩色插图本

中英对照 彩色插图 难词解释



Daddy-Long-Legs

长腿叔叔

[美] 简·韦伯斯特 著

张莉 胡晓欧 聂晓黎 译

承载温馨的信笺

充满惊喜的爱情

中国国际广播出版社



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译者前言

《长腿叔叔》乍一看像是儿童读物，一部童话。细细品味，感觉它更是一部写给成人的小说，一部成人童话，因为它不但让书中的女主人公更让这个物欲社会的成年人懂得什么是爱，如何去爱以及什么是幸福，如何看待幸福。

儿时阅读这本书，印象中讲述的是一个孤儿给资助她念大学的先生周一封信讲述她日常生活的故事；青春懵懂的时候再读，感觉是一部感伤的爱情小说；如今将近而立之年，接到出版社编辑的邀请，要翻译再版这本书，于是一气呵成读了三遍，才真正体味到这部成人童话不仅仅是在讲述一个孤儿感伤的爱情故事，而是向世俗的成年人阐明幸福快乐的真谛——品味历程，活在当下。

《长腿叔叔》讲述的是一个在孤儿院长到十七岁的孤儿，一个穿着别人施舍的衣服一直担心被衣服的主人揭发的女孩，一个每天除了学习、吃饭和睡觉，其余时间都得为孤儿院工作的大小孩，幸运地得到不愿意透露身份的富有理事的资助，送她去上女子大学的故事。从此，她开始了全新的生活和学习，条件就是每月给那位赞助理事写一封永远不会有回信的信。这位可怜、孤独、聪明而又幸运的女孩就是朱蒂。“长腿叔叔”是朱蒂对那位神秘理事的称呼，因为她只瞥见过那位理事被车灯投射在墙上长长的身影。本书是朱蒂写给长腿叔叔的书信，主要是讲述朱蒂在大学学习生活的点点滴滴。这一封封信件，向读者展示了一位善良、独立、追求精神自由、懂得感恩的少女形象。

虽然《长腿叔叔》的作者简·韦伯斯特用简单的书信作为这本书的写作形式，但是用那位神秘理事的话讲，要培养她成伟大的作家，写信是练习写作的最好方式。的确，越简单越琐碎的故事越贴

近生活,点点滴滴才是生活,生活的点点滴滴才是人间大道。朱蒂写给“长腿叔叔”的每一字每一句都是她敏感而丰富情感的宣泄,也是她心灵成长的见证。故事中有这样两段:

“其实,最有意思的不是谈惊天动地的大事,而是生活琐事。我觉得自己发现了快乐的真谛——品味历程,活在当下。不要总是懊悔过去或者展望未来,而是要充分享受今天。比如种田,可以分为粗放耕作和精耕细作。今后,我要过精细的生活,享受人生的每一刻,而且在享受的同时能清醒地意识到自己是在享受。现实生活中,许多人不是在生活,而是在跟时间赛跑。他们一直努力攀登生命地平线上的最高峰,拼命地奔跑着,可他们却忘记了欣赏一路上美轮美奂的旖旎风光。有一天,自己老了,倦了,猛然发现原来实不实现目标结果都一样。不过,我是打算漫步人生的,一路走一路游,累积人生,享受生活中的点点滴滴,就算永远当不了伟大的作家也无所谓。您见过像我这样的哲学家吗?”

.....

“回首四年的大学生活,再想起以前在孤儿院的日子,心中的暖意油然而生。刚上大学时,我为自己被剥夺了的美好童年而满腹不平,因为别的女孩子都有幸福的童年。而今,我再也不这么想了。我只是觉得那是一段不同寻常的人生经历,让我能从不同的角度去审视生命,好像是逐渐成熟了,而我对世界的独特认识正是那些正常家庭出身的孩子所缺乏的。”

记得光良的《童话》里面唱道“你哭着对我说,童话里都是骗人的,我不可能是你的王子……”可二十多年来,我对童话的阅读却乐此不彼,因为我坚信童话是播种幸福的种子,美丽的童话能净化人的心灵。从朱蒂的故事我们可以看到,一颗美丽的心灵能铸就一段美好的人生!

《长腿叔叔》就是这样一部美丽的成人童话!

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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**s; 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 ruffled frocks, wiped their noses, and started them in an orderly and willing line toward 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

spotless

['spɒtlɪs]

adj. 没有污点的;极其清洁的,一尘不染的

wrinkle

['rɪŋkl]

n. 皱褶,皱纹

squirm

[skwɜ:m]

v. 蠕动;蠢动

starched

[sta:tʃt]

adj. 僵硬的,硬挺的,拘泥刻板的

gingham

['dʒɪŋəm]

n. 条格平布,方格花布

predecessor

['prɪdɪsesə]

n. 前任[辈];[古]祖先

pantry

['pæntri]

n. 餐具室;食品室

matron

['meɪtrən]

n. 年长的已婚妇女(尤指品格高尚的)

trustee

[trʌs'ti:]

n. 受托管理人;董事,理事

黑色星期三

每个月第一个星期三真是糟糕透顶——总是忧虑地等待着,勇敢地忍耐着,忙着忙着就又忘记了的日子。每层地板都不能有一点儿污迹,每张椅子都要一尘不染,而且每条床单都不能有半条皱痕。九十七个好动的小孤儿收拾整理完毕后,穿上刚烫好的硬挺格子衫,而且出门之前一再受嘱咐要注意自己的礼貌,告知他们只要董事们一问话,就立刻回答“是的,先生”或者“不是,先生。”

这一天可真难熬。可怜的乔茹莎·阿伯特,年龄最大,理所应该首当其冲。不过跟平常一样,这个郁闷的星期三终于要结束了。乔茹莎迅速逃离了为来访者做三明治的厨房,跑到楼上去完成她的日常工作。她特别关照F号房,F号房里住着年龄从四岁到七岁不等的十一名小孩,十一张小床整齐地排成一排。乔茹莎把他们都叫来,帮他们整理好衣服,擦干净鼻涕,让他们排列整齐,然后领着他们快快乐乐地走进餐厅享用牛奶面包和布丁,享受那半小时的感恩时光。

乔茹莎独自坐在窗台上,然后将阵阵作痛的太阳穴侧靠着冷冰冰的玻璃。从早晨五点钟起来,她一直手脚不停,听从每个人的命令,时不时还遭到神经兮兮的女监事责骂,还不时听她催命似的叫喊,利皮特太太在背地里可不是像她在董事们或者女士来访时表现得那样冷静和严肃。掠过孤儿院的

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 **doorsill** 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 undiscommoed 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.

asylum

[ə'saɪləm]

n. 避难所; 庇护所

undulate

['ʌndjuleɪt]

v. (水面, 风中的麦田等) 波动, (土地等) 起伏; (音量、音调或节拍上) 起伏变化

sprinkle

['sprɪŋkl]

v. 洒, 喷, 淋

wistful

['wɪstfʊl]

adj. 渴望的, 不满足的

equipage

['ekwɪpɪdʒ]

n. 马车及仆从

nonchalantly

[nɒnʃələntli]

adv. 漠不关心地, 冷淡地

doorsill

['dɔ:sɪl]

n. 门槛

wrench

[rentʃ]

v. 猛扭, 扭伤, 曲解

reface

[ri:'feɪs]

v. 重修表面

铁栅栏, 乔茹莎望着远处那一大片冻枯的草地, 凝视着远方的山峦叠嶂, 盯着小山上若隐若现的村庄在光秃秃的树林中露出的屋顶。

就她所知, 这一天应该算是圆满结束了。董事们与参访团已经走过了一圈儿, 汇报也听了, 茶也喝了, 现在正该赶回他们温暖的炉火边了呢, 正好忘记他们每个月要例行的过场。乔茹莎倾身向前, 好奇地看着, 马车、汽车穿过孤儿院的大门, 不禁一阵幻想。幻想着她跟着一辆车子, 回到山边的大房子, 她穿着一件貂皮大衣, 外面罩着天鹅绒, 背靠在椅子上, 淡淡地对司机说“回家”, 可她刚到家门口, 一切却模糊不清了。

乔茹莎有个幻想——可利皮特太太说要是小心, 这幻想会给她惹上麻烦。尽管她那样深深地渴望, 却仍然无法引她走进那扇幻想的大门。乔茹莎是个贫穷, 爱幻想可又富于冒险精神的女孩儿。十七年以来, 她从未踏入过一个正常的家庭, 所以她无法想象没有孤儿干扰的正常家庭生活会是怎样的。

乔—茹—莎 阿—伯—特

叫你

去办公室,

我想啊

你最好跑快点儿!

刚加入唱诗班的汤米·迪伦一边唱一边上楼梯, 一直唱下走廊去, 他越靠近F号房, 就越唱得带劲儿。乔茹莎努力挣脱幻想的思绪, 回到现实中应付那堆恼人的琐事。

“谁叫我?” 她焦虑的应答打断了汤米的歌声。

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—oh, horrors! —one of the **cherubic** little babes in her own room F “sassed” 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-cochère**. Jerusha caught only a fleeting impression of the man—and the impression consisted entirely of tallness. He was waving his arm toward 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.

intone

[in'təʊn]

v. (以拖长的单调音)吟咏,唱或吟咏(圣歌)

malicious

[mə'li:ʃəs]

adj. 怀恶意的,恶毒的

cherubic

[tʃe'rʊ:bɪk]

adj. 天使的,无邪的,可爱的

porte-cochère

[pɔ:tko:'ʃeə(r)]

n. 可让车辆出入庭院的通道,供马车出入之门廊

grotesque

[grəu'tesk]

adj. 奇怪的,可笑的

elongate

['i:lɔŋgeɪt]

v. 延长,伸长

episode

['epɪsəʊd]

n. 插曲,插话,(作品的一段)情节,有趣的事件

affable

[ɪ'æfəbl]

adj. 和蔼可亲的,友善的,殷勤的

don

[dɔn]

v. 穿,戴

利皮特太太在办公室,

好像很生气

阿——门

汤米一副虔诚的样子,不过他那腔调儿也不完全是幸灾乐祸。即便是心肠最硬的小孤儿,对于一个做错事的姐姐被叫去见恼人的女监事,还是会同情她的。虽然她有时候会猛力揪他,有时候甚至快把鼻子给他拧掉了!可总的来说,汤米还是喜欢乔茹莎的。

乔茹莎一声不吭便去了,可她脑子里一串问号,哪儿又出了问题?她琢磨着,是三明治切得不够薄?还是蛋壳掉进杏仁蛋糕里了?还是哪位来访的女士看到苏茜·霍桑袜子上有破洞了啊?还是——哎,糟糕!——F号房里的不懂事儿的小宝贝儿对董事又无礼了?

又长又低的大厅已经关了灯,她下楼时,看见只剩下一个董事站在那儿,办公室的门开着,他好像正要离开的样子。乔茹莎迅速瞟了一眼,只觉得那个人个子好高高。他正向外面等待的汽车挥着手,车子靠近时,他的影子被车灯投射在院内的墙上,手脚都被拉得老长老长,影子在墙上晃来晃去,真像个巨大的长腿蜘蛛。

乔茹莎紧锁的眉头终于放松下来,咯咯地笑了起来。她生性乐观,从不放过每一次开心的机会。说真的,要是人能从压迫中寻点乐趣,也算是挺好的吧。因为这段小插曲,她进办公室去见利皮特太太时脸上还挂着一丝微笑。让她吃惊的是,讨厌的女监事也冲她笑,就算不是发自内心的,至少也算友善,就像她接待访客一样令人愉悦。

"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 toward 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. —er—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

“来，乔茹莎，坐下，我有话跟你说。”

乔茹莎迅速拣了就近的椅子坐了下来，屏息以待。汽车灯光照过窗户，利皮特太太盯了半天说道：

“你看到刚走的那位先生了吗？”

“只看到了背影。”

“他是最富有的董事之一，给我们捐了很多钱，不过我不能说他的名字，他要求不要透露他的身份。”

乔茹莎微微张大了双眼，她不喜欢跟女监事在办公室讨论董事们的怪癖。

“这位先生已经资助好几个男孩儿了。你还记得查理·班顿跟亨利·傅理兹吧？他们都是被这位——呃——先生——这位董事——送去上大学的，而且现在已经工作，正努力赚钱来回报这位先生呢。可他从不要求回报，到目前为止，他只资助过男孩子，我也从未能让他对本机构的女孩子感点儿兴趣，不管多么优秀的。这么说吧，他根本不在乎女孩儿。”

“是的，女士。”乔茹莎低声答道，不过这好像是讨厌的女监事期望的答案。

“今天在例会上，说到你的问题了。”

利皮特太太说到这儿停顿了一会儿，然后再慢条斯理地说下去，好像是故意让听者神经紧张起来。

“你也知道，一般说来，孩子们过了十六岁就不能再留下来了，你已经是个特例。十四岁就中学毕业，成绩还不错——不过，也不是一直都很好，

stipulate

['stɪpjuleɪt]

v. 规定, 明定

eccentricity

[ɛksən'trɪsɪti]

n. 古怪, 古怪的行为, 怪癖

philanthropy

[fɪ'lænθrəpi]

n. 博爱主义, 慈善事业, 善心

deserving

[dɪ'zɜ:vɪŋ]

adj. 应得的, 值得的

placid

['plæsid]

adj. 安静的, 平和的

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

根据你的表现，可以继续上村里的高中，现在高中也毕业了，我们不能再负担你的生活了。就这样，你已经比其他人多住了两年。”

利皮特太太完全忽视乔茹莎这两年为了她的食宿辛苦地工作，永远都把孤儿院的工作放在第一位，学习放在第二位，像今天这种日子她就得留在家干活。

“刚才说了，你的问题已经提了出来，当然，你的记录也被拿出来讨论了——彻彻底底讨论了一番。”

利皮特太太一副指责的眼光盯着她的囚犯说道。而这囚犯一副罪孽的样子，也不是因为她真的犯过什么错，而是她就该这个表现。

“当然，是讨论你该去哪工作了。不过你在学校某些科目表现突出，好像你的英文写作不错。你们校董——普里查德小姐，这次正好随团参访，她找你的作文老师谈过，很为你说了一些好话，而且她还朗读了你的作文——名叫‘黑色星期三’。”

此时此刻，乔茹莎无辜的表情绝不是装出来的。

“我听出来了，你在讽刺给你吃给你穿还送你上学的孤儿院，几乎没有怀有感激之情。不知道你是不是故意讽刺，会不会得到上帝的宽恕。不过，你还真走运——那位先生，就是刚走那位，真是好笑，还就因为你那篇可恶的文章，他还想送你去念大学。”

“念大学？”乔茹莎瞪大了双眼问道。

利皮特太太只点了点头。

“他会找我谈具体时间的，这些人都很怪异。

disposition

[dispə'ziʃən]

n. 处置；性情

rhetoric

['retərɪk]

n. 修辞，华丽虚饰的语言，修辞学

ridicule

['rɪdɪkjʊ:l]

v. 嘲笑，嘲弄，愚弄

immoderate

[ɪ'mɒdərət]

adj. 无节制的，过度的

impertinent

[ɪm'pɜːtɪnənt]

adj. 鲁莽的，无礼的，粗鲁的

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 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 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