

英汉对照读物

*DADDY-LONG-LEGS*

# 长腿爸爸

〔美〕简·韦伯斯特 著



中国对外翻译出版公司

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Daddy-Long-Legs  
*Jean Webster*

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喻璠琴译

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## 译者的话

我第一次读《长腿爸爸》是三十多年前上高中的时候。这本书信体的小说以它诙谐的笔调、引人入胜的情节以及有趣的插图打动了，给我留下深刻的印象。后来，我从事英文翻译工作，尽管读了很多古典和现代的英文小说，这本书仍然时时浮现在我脑际，使我很想找来重读一遍。可惜未能如愿。一向少有空闲，自己又懒散，手头的书都读不完，也就没有费力去找它。

1985年7月正值我参加在烟台召开的全国文学翻译工作者会议回京，看到电视台正在播放《长腿爸爸》的动画片。这使我又想起我喜爱的这本书。可能是受到翻译工作者会议的激励，我决心把它翻译出来奉献给我国读者。

这次重读本书我仍和青年时代一样喜爱它。女主人公的身世经历吸引我，她在给长腿爸爸的信中对大学生活的描写也使我回忆起自己在美国大学的那段生活而感到很亲切。她对各种事物和人的看法及坦率的评论常常引起我的共鸣。作者简·韦伯斯特本人就是在孤儿院长大的，难怪她对孤儿的思想感情的描写能如此透彻。我尤其喜欢杰鲁莎·艾博特的性格。“她性格开朗，一事情也能把她逗笑”，所以尽管她以为孤儿院管理太太叫她到办公室去是要训斥她，也还能因为

投在墙上的影子象摇摇晃晃的长腿大蜘蛛而感到可笑，带着笑脸去见李培太太。长腿爸爸要把她培养成为作家。她写了几篇小说都没有成功，最后又花了整个冬天的晚上和第二年暑假的空闲时间写了一本书。出版社又退回来了。她狠狠心把书稿烧掉了。在给长腿爸爸的信中，她说：“昨晚上床，心绪紊乱。我觉得我将一事无成……今晨醒来，脑子里又出现新的构思……我决不悲观失望。如果哪天我的丈夫和十二个孩子都在地震中丧生，第二天我又会微笑着打起精神，开始我的新生活。”

这次重读，我还从一个翻译工作者的角度去读它。我觉得这本书文字深入浅出，对大学的生活描写详尽，不但是学习英语的好读物，还可以学习写信，学习如何生动有趣地描述身边发生的一切。因而我决定不但要翻译它，而且要出一本英汉对照本，因其或将有益于我国广大的英语爱好者。

喻璠琴

1986年

英汉对照读物

# 长 腿 爸 爸

中国对外翻译出版公司

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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 blessed half hour with bread and milk and prune pudding.

Then she dropped down<sup>2</sup> to 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,<sup>3</sup> scolded and hurried by a nervous matron. Mrs. Lippett, behind the scenes, did not always maintain that calm and pompous dignity with which

## 恼人的星期三

每月第一个星期三都是个极端可怕的日子。你得战兢兢地等着它的到来，硬着头皮挨过去，又迅速把它忘掉。这一天，地板要光洁照人，椅子一尘不染，床铺不能有半点皱褶，还要把九十七个活蹦乱跳的小孤儿刷洗一遍，梳理齐整，给他们穿上浆好的花格布衣服，并一一提醒他们注意礼貌，回答理事的问题时要说：“是，先生”，“不，先生”。

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这真是一个令人沮丧的日子。可怜的杰鲁莎·艾博特是孤儿里年龄最大的，当然更加倒霉。这个特殊的星期三，和以往一样，总算挨到头了。杰鲁莎终于从食品室里逃了出来，不用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东西和十一张排成一行的小床。杰鲁莎把他们拢到一堆儿，帮他们整理好揉得皱巴巴的衣服，擦了鼻涕，排成一行，然后领着这些急煎煎的小东西到餐厅去。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。

她疲惫地跌坐在窗旁的椅子上，把涨得发疼的太阳穴靠在冰凉的玻璃上。她从早上五点就手脚不停地忙，听从每个人的吩咐，被神经质的管理员李培太太横加指

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 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 undiscommoded by orphans.

*Je-ru-sha Ab-bott  
You are wan-ted  
In the of-fice,  
And I think you'd  
Better hurry up!*



责，催得晕头转向。在私下里，李培太太就不能象她在理事们或女客人面前那样，始终保持镇静，一副庄重模样。杰鲁莎的目光掠过孤儿院高高的铁栏杆外面一片上了冻的开阔草地，望到远处那起伏的山峦，山上散落着村舍，在光秃秃的树丛中露出了房舍的尖顶。

这一天过去了，在她看来总算没出什么差错。理事们和巡视委员会的成员照例看了孤儿院，读了报告书，喝了茶，现在，他们正急着回到自家暖人的炉火旁。起码要再过一个月才会想起他们照管的这些磨人的小东西。杰鲁莎探出身子，带着一丝渴望，好奇地望着那一连串马车和小汽车挤挤挨挨地开出孤儿院大门。在想象中，她随着一辆车又一辆车，来到座落在山坡上的一幢幢大房子里。她想象自己穿着裘皮大衣，带着有羽毛装饰的丝绒帽子，靠在车座上，漫不经心地对车夫说：“回家”。但是到了家门口呢，她的想象就模糊了。

杰鲁莎喜爱想象，李培太太告诉她，这样子不加约束地想来想去，总会给她带来麻烦。<sup>get me trouble</sup>但是不管她的想象力有多么丰富，都不能带她进入她想去的那些房子里，她只能停留在门廊上。可怜充满冒险精神的小杰鲁莎，在整整十七年的岁月里，从未步入任何人的家。她想象不出那些没有孤儿打扰的人们每天是怎样生活的。

杰鲁莎·艾博特

办公室找，

依我看，你还是

快点为妙！

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!<sup>1</sup>*

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.<sup>2</sup>

Jerusha went without comment, but with two parallel lines<sup>3</sup> on her brow. What could have gone wrong<sup>4</sup> 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-cochère. Jerusha caught only a fleeting impression<sup>5</sup> 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

唱诗班的汤咪·迪伦唱着上了楼，从过道走向第六室，声音越来越近，越来越响。杰鲁莎不得不离开窗口，再次面对人生的烦恼。*the trouble of life*

她打断汤咪的咏唱，急切地问道：“谁找我？”

李培太太在办公室，  
我想她很恼火，  
阿门！

汤咪仍然虔诚地唱着，他的音调并不带有恶意。即使是最冷酷的孤儿也会同情犯了错儿而被叫到办公室去见生气的管理员的姐妹，何况汤咪还是喜欢杰鲁莎的，尽管她有时使劲扯他的胳膊，给他洗脸时几乎把他的鼻子擦掉。

杰鲁莎默默地去了，额上平添了两道皱纹。出了什么差错？三明治切得不够薄？果仁饼里有果壳？还是哪位女客人看见苏西·豪桑的长袜上有破洞？噢，天呀！是否她管的第六室的娃娃冒犯了哪位理事？

楼下的长廊没有点灯。她下楼时望见最后一位理事正要离去，他站在通向车辆出入门道的那扇门口。杰鲁莎对他只留下一个短暂的印象——除了高高的身材之外别无其他。他向停在弯弯的车道上的一辆汽车招手。当小汽车起动后向他直驶而来的一瞬间，刺眼的车前灯把他的影子投射到大厅的墙上，影子的腿和手臂给滑稽地拉长了，从地板一直延伸到走廊的墙壁之上，就象一只

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<sup>2</sup> 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 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

人们俗称“长腿爸爸”的摇摇晃晃的大蜘蛛。

杰鲁莎的额头舒展开，轻快地笑了起来。她性格开朗，一点小事情都能把她逗笑。从使人感到压抑的理事身上发现笑料，确是件意外的好事。这小插曲使她高兴起来。她到了办公室，给李培太太看到一张笑脸。杰鲁莎意外地发现，管理员也显得相当和蔼，即使不能说在笑。她几乎象对待来访的客人那样满面喜色。

“杰鲁莎，坐下。我有事要对你说”。

杰鲁莎在最靠近她的一张椅子上坐下，略微紧张地等待着。一辆汽车在窗外驶过，李培太太望着远去的车子，问道：

“你注意到刚才离开的那位先生了吗？”

“我看到他的背影。”

“他是我们最富有的理事之一，向孤儿院捐了很多钱。但他特意讲了不愿让人知道此事，所以我不能透露他的姓名。”

杰鲁莎微微睁大了眼睛。她不习惯被叫到办公室来同管理员谈论理事们的古怪脾气。

“这位先生关照过孤儿院的几个男孩。你记得查尔斯·本登和亨利·弗雷兹吗？他们都是呃……这位理事送去上大学的。两人都很用功，用良好的成绩报答了他的慷慨资助。这位先生不要求其他报偿。到目前为止，他只资助男孩，从来也没法子使他对女孩留一点心，不

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<sup>1</sup> the prisoner in the dock;<sup>2</sup> 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

管她们有多么出色。可以告诉你，他不喜欢女孩”。

“是的，太太。”杰鲁莎轻声说，因为李培太太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。”

李培太太略微停顿了一下，然后又慢条斯理地说下去，这对听者骤然绷紧的神经更是一种难以忍受的折磨。

“你知道，一般情况下，孩子们到了十六岁就得离开孤儿院，但你是个例外。你十四岁读完孤儿院的课程，成绩优良——我不得不说，你的操行并非一向优良——我们送你到本村中学去继续求学。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受了两年教育。”

李培太太全然不提在这两年里，杰鲁莎为了她的食宿卖力地干活儿。孤儿院的事情总要先做完，才能顾上她的学业。遇到象今天这样的日子，她都被留下打扫卫生。

“我刚才说了，有人提出你的前途问题，会上讨论了你的表现，各方面都谈到了。”

李培太太用责备的目光盯着被告席上的犯人。犯人看来自觉有罪，倒不是她能想起做过什么坏事，而是觉得李培太太似乎认为她应当有此表示。

“当然，一般情况下，给你安排一个工作就行了。但你在某些科目上成绩很不错，英语甚至可以说非常出色。普利查德小姐是巡视委员会的成员，也是校务委员会的

has been talking with your rhetoric teacher, and made a speech in your favor.<sup>1</sup> She also read aloud an essay that you had written entitled, 'Blue Wednesday.'<sup>2</sup>

Jerusha's guilty expression this time was not assumed.

"It seemed to me that you showed little gratitude in holding up to ridicule<sup>2</sup> 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<sup>3</sup> 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<sup>4</sup> 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<sup>5</sup> 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



成员。她同你的修辞学老师谈过，在会上夸了你，还读了你的一篇作文，题目是《恼人的星期三》。”

这回杰鲁莎可真的知罪了。

“我认为你取笑养育过你的孤儿院是忘恩负义的。若不是文章写得俏皮，我怕你决不会取得谅解。幸运的是，呃——刚才离开的那位先生有强烈的幽默感，那篇无礼的文章使他决定送你去上大学。”

杰鲁莎瞪大了双眼，“上大学？”

李培太太点点头。

“他留下和我讨论了条件。很不寻常的条件。让我说，这位先生真有些古怪。他认为你有创见，他要培养你成为作家。”

“成为作家？”杰鲁莎的<sup>numbed</sup>头脑麻木起来，她只能重复李培太太的话。

“这是他的愿望，能否成为现实，日后自然明白。他给你很大一笔津贴，对一个从未理过财的姑娘来说，似乎是太大了。他安排得很周全，我也不便说什么。这个夏天你还留在这里，普利查德小姐自愿帮你添置衣装。你的学费和食宿费由那位先生直接付给校方，在校四年期间，你每月还会收到35元的零用钱，这足够使你跻身其他学生之间。这位先生的私人秘书每月把钱汇给你，