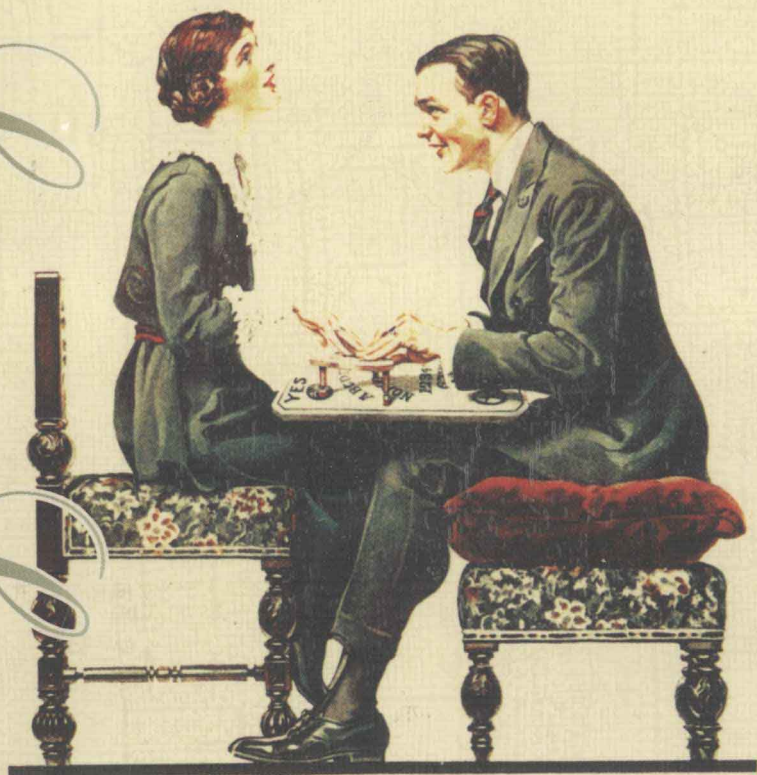


*Daddy-Long-Legs*

# 长腿叔叔

英汉双语·名著经典

[美] 简·韦伯斯特/著 李鸿鸣/译



最温馨、最浪漫、最诙谐有趣的成人童话

一部充满爱与奇迹的书信体爱情小说

北方文艺出版社

# Daddy-Long-Legs



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## 译者的话

秋之十月，是丰美而盈硕的季节。天高气爽的日子，偶有闲暇时，常会在案头的书卷中随性地翻翻，信手拿上几册，轻踏着遍地碎金般的落叶，来到林阴中长椅上小坐。整日与书为伍，形形色色的书籍如云烟般在眼前流转，然而常年在我案头散发淡淡墨香的惟有《假如给我三天光明》、《青鸟》、《小王子》、《爱的教育》、《长腿叔叔》以及《欧·亨利短篇小说集》这几部百年前的世界经典，它们独特的文化内涵和浓郁的人情感怀令我多年来情有独钟。

在林中草地上读书，是美国盲聋哑作家海伦·凯勒的宿习。海伦·凯勒是我极其敬重的女作家，1880年，她诞生在美国亚拉巴马州的一个小镇上。如果诞生之初，她能预知自己的命运是如此多舛——88个四季轮回中，有87年挣扎在无光、无声、无语的地狱般孤绝的岁月中——我不知道她是否还有勇气来到尘世。然而，正是这个幽禁在盲聋哑世界里的柔弱女子，一举取得了哈佛大学的学位证书，学会了五种不同国家的文字，写出了十四本著作，并倾毕生之力为残疾人的福利事业奔走！每每身心惫乏时，我便翻出她在黑暗世界里用一颗明亮的心创作的《假如给我三天光明》，读上一两段，她的事迹虽早已烂熟于胸，却仍如清冽的甘泉，总能将我心头的慵尘倦思涤荡殆尽，并代之以精神力量的充盈！

“当那翩然的影子掠过我们的心灵，潜伏在意识中的某种东西被唤醒、并随之活跃。仙女的钻石唤醒宇宙万物蛰伏的灵魂，《青鸟》则唤醒全人类蛰伏的灵魂。”与语言质朴平实的《假如给我三天光明》相比，比利时作家莫里斯·梅特林克的童话《青鸟》则营造了一种梦幻般恍若无形的美丽，悄然轻诉幸福的内涵。幸福是如此真实，它就在我们身边，幸福又如此平淡，以至于它匆匆离去后，人们才蓦然惊觉，这便是不幸者的遗憾。《青鸟》不是一部做学问的书，没有冗长的说教，却阐明了“真正的幸福乃是一

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颗无私的心所带给人的精神享受”，每次读它，都是一次体味幸福的寻觅之旅，读懂了它就懂得了幸福的内涵。

这是个飞速发展的时代，快节奏的生活促生了速食文化，很多人在营营碌碌中如陀螺般旋转，身心却茫然无所寄托。“驯养的意思很简单，就是建立一种关系，但是这种关系几乎被人们忘记了……如果你驯养了我……那金黄色的麦田会让我联想到你的头发，风吹打麦穗的声音也会变得优美而动听。”这是法国作家安东·德·埃克絮佩里著的《小王子》中那只等爱的狐狸忧郁的心语，却深深地印在我的心上。大千世界中，我们就像那只等爱的狐狸，渴望有人关爱自己疲惫的身心，也期待着献出自己真诚的关爱，希冀着和小王子一样用孩子无邪的眼睛淡化成人的功利、盲目、愚蠢和狂妄，用孩子天真的思维抚慰成人的孤寂和忧伤。

“有这样一部书，凡是读过它的人都无法抗拒它的魅力……它所饱含的教益、慰藉和激荡的情愫无不使所有的人流下动情的眼泪。”这部让全世界读者流泪的书就是意大利作家亚米契斯的《爱的教育》，遥远的异国少年艾瑞克用他天真的眼睛和稚嫩的笔，感动全世界的读者。劳作之余，怠惰之时，我便任凭一颗心随着那100个与孩子有关的故事起起落落，父母之爱、师生之情、朋友之谊在心中慢慢清晰，并渐渐浓郁。

生活中常常有一对如影随形的伴侣——贫穷与孤寂，他们让压抑和恐惧折磨着我们的身心，我们害怕被世界遗忘，害怕一无所有——其实一无所有后才会无所不有，失去后才懂得珍惜，学会施与才懂得感恩，这是美国女作家简·韦伯斯特的爱情童话《长腿叔叔》让我明白的道理。而《欧·亨利短篇小说集》则在夸张、嘲讽、风趣、诙谐、机智的幽默中，以“含泪的微笑”反映了严肃而又值得深思的主题，在百年后仍然保持着不衰的魅力。

感谢这些美妙的书，在漫长的岁月中犹如润物无声的春雨，用纯真的爱滋润我的心田，让我懂得了爱，学会了感动。因此我们选译出这些独具时代特征、蕴含深刻现实意义的名篇，采用中英文对译的形式，使读者在学习英语语言的同时，欣赏到优秀的文学作品。

# 作者与作品

美国著名女作家简·韦伯斯特诞生于1876年，原名爱丽丝·简·韦伯斯特。她的母亲是美国著名幽默大师马克·吐温的侄女，父亲查尔斯是一位出版商。1894年，韦伯斯特进入寄宿学校。因为一个室友也叫爱丽丝，她便将自己的名字改为简·韦伯斯特。

1897年，简·韦伯斯特进入巴萨大学读书，大学毕业后成为自由撰稿人和小说家。她一生共写了八部小说及无数未出版的故事和剧本，其作品以朴实、清新、机智、幽默而蜚声文坛。1912年出版的《长腿叔叔》被誉为她的“最佳作品”，出版后不久便被改编成舞台剧，引起强烈反响。

《长腿叔叔》是一本书信体小说，文字通俗而优美，整部小说除了开篇是第三人称描写外，其整体部分是由在孤儿院长大的少女乔若莎写给“长腿叔叔”的信组成，而“长腿叔叔”则是顽皮的乔若莎对资助她上大学却不肯透露姓名的好心理事的称呼。阅读没有回信的信札似乎是观看一场乏味的独角戏，而我们分明从中看到了孤儿院院长李皮太太的古板、刻薄和势利；名门之后朱莉娅的保守、乏味和强烈的等级观念；中产阶级子弟莎莉的温柔、友好和善解人意；好心理事“长腿叔叔”的神秘、专制和对乔若莎的体贴与慈爱；杰维少爷的温文尔雅与和蔼可

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亲；当然，我们更看到了孤女乔若莎的活泼、俏皮、善良、热情及小小的虚荣、自卑与叛逆。

在乔若莎心中，“长腿叔叔”不仅是资助自己学习的恩人，更是自己幻想中的家人。她通过给长腿叔叔写信，并时不时地画上一些有趣的简笔画来表达自己的对新生活的热爱及对幸福的向往。那些被大多数人视为理所当然的东西，在她眼里是遥不可及的，因而她能体味到更多的快乐。她拒绝了出身名门的杰维少爷的爱情，却创造了最温馨、最浪漫的爱情奇迹！

《长腿叔叔》是一部洋溢着温馨、怀旧、惊喜、明朗和热情的爱与奇迹的成人童话，它用纯真而诚挚的情感提醒生活在幸福和爱中的人们，在享受温馨和美的生活的同时，要珍惜所拥有的一切，无论是得到还是施与，都要心怀感激。

## BLUE WEDNESDAY

## 沮丧的星期三

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.

每个月的第一个星期三都是一个极糟糕的日子——一个怀着恐惧等候、鼓足勇气忍耐,并且在忙乱中忘记的一天。这一天,每一处地板都必须保证没有污渍,每一把椅子都必须纤尘不染,每一张床单都必须没有丝毫褶皱。还要给九十七个好动贪玩的小孤儿梳洗干净,给他们穿上浆洗过的花格布衬衫;并且还要提醒他们注意礼貌,只要有领事提出问题,就要回答“是的,先生”,“不,先生”。

这真是一个令人沮丧的日子;可怜的乔若莎·艾伯特是他们中最年长的孤儿,当然也就更倒霉了。不过,这个特殊的星期三总算像以前一样画上了圆满的句号。乔若莎逃出了那个她刚刚还在为孤儿院的客人们做三明治的厨房,转而上楼去完成她每天的例行工作。她负责F号房,那里有十一个四岁到七岁不等的小家伙,以及十一张排成一系列的小床。乔若莎把他们都叫来,帮他们把弄皱的衣服拉直,把鼻涕抹净后,就让他们排成整齐的一排到餐室去,在那里他们可以度过半个小时的幸福时光,享用牛奶、面包和梅子布丁。



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.

然后,她就跌坐在窗前的椅子上,把涨得发痛的太阳穴抵在冰冷的玻璃上。从早晨五点钟开始,她就一直忙碌个不停,听从每个人的命令,还要不时地受到一个神经质的女监事的责骂和催促。私下里,李皮太太可不像她在面对理事们和来访的女士时表现得那样冷静和端庄。乔若莎的目光掠



乔若莎跌坐在窗前的椅子上,把涨得发痛的太阳穴抵在冰冷的玻璃上。她的目光掠过孤儿院那高高的铁栅栏,望向一片开阔的上了冻的枯草地。

过孤儿院那高高的铁栅栏，望向一片开阔的上了冻的枯草地，在这片草地的延伸处是几座波浪般起伏的山峦，山上散落着村舍，在光秃的树干间露出房舍的尖顶。

这一天就这样结束了——就她所知，事情做得还算圆满。理事们和到访的委员已经巡视完毕，并且听取了报告，也喝了茶，现在正匆忙地要赶回家中温暖的火炉旁，至少要到下个月才会再想起他们照管的这些麻烦的小家伙。乔若莎好奇地向前探过身去——还带着那么一丝渴望——注视着窗外成串的马车和汽车驶出孤儿院的大门。想像中，她跟随着一辆辆马车来到了那些沿着山坡星罗棋布的大房子前。她幻想着自己穿着皮大衣，戴着插有羽毛的天鹅绒帽子，靠在车座上，漫不经心地对车夫说：“回家！”然而她的想像却在房子门口打住了，至于房子里面的模样她无论如何也想像不出来。

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 undiscovered by orphans.

*Je-ru-sha Ab-bot*

*You are wan-ted*

*In the office,*

*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.

乔若莎有一个幻想——李皮太太说，如果她不小心点儿，这个幻想就会给她招惹麻烦——但是无论她的想像多么丰富，也不能带她进入那些大房子的内部，而仅限于房外的门廊。可怜的、满怀渴望的、喜欢冒险的小乔若莎，在她十七年的生命里，还从未踏入任何一个普通的家庭；她无法想像出那些没有孤儿打扰的人每天的生活是怎样的。

“乔……若……莎……艾……伯……特

去办公室……报到

我认为……你最好

能够快点儿到！

刚加入唱诗班的汤米·狄龙边唱边上楼，从走廊走向F房间，声音越来越近，也越来越响。乔若莎将自己的思绪从窗外拉回，重新面对生活中的麻烦事。

“是谁找我？”她打断了汤米的说唱，急切地问道。

李皮太太在办公室，

我想她一定气疯了。

阿……门！

汤米仍虔诚地吟唱着，他的音调里并不完全是幸灾乐祸的成分。即使是心肠最硬的小孤儿，对于一个做了错事的姐姐被叫到办公室去面对一个讨厌的女监事这件事，也会表示相当的同情的；况且，汤米很喜欢乔若莎，尽管她有时会猛拉他的胳膊，洗脸时几乎把他的鼻子擦下来。

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 portecochere. 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.

乔若莎没说什么就走开了,但是她的额头上却多了两道皱纹。她猜测着又出了什么差错。是三明治切得不够薄?还是有果壳掉进了杏仁蛋糕里?还是来访的女士看到了苏茜·豪森袜子上的漏洞?还是——哦,糟糕!——是不是她负责的F房的哪个可爱的小家伙对理事无礼了?

又长又矮的走廊里的灯已经熄了,当她下楼时,看到最后一位理事正站在供车辆出入的通道口处,准备离开。对这个人,乔若莎仅有一个短暂的印象——这种印象完全由高度组成。他正向停在弯形车道上的一辆汽车挥动手臂。当汽车发动后朝他迎面驶来的瞬间,耀眼的车前灯将他的身影投射到他背对着的墙上。影子的形状非常奇怪,腿和手臂都被拉长了,从地板一直延伸到走廊的墙壁上。无论怎么看,它都像一只摇摇晃晃的大蜘蛛——通常,人们称之为“长腿叔叔”。

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 influential 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."

乔若莎原本紧蹙的眉头立刻舒展了,取而代之的是一阵欢快的笑声。她生性开朗乐观,一点儿小事就能让她高兴起来。事实上,从一个令



乔若莎坐在了距李皮太太最近的椅子上，有点儿紧张地等待着。一辆汽车从窗前一闪而过，李皮太太的目光紧随着它。

人感到压抑的理事身上发现笑料，的确是一件意外的好事。这段小插曲让她在去往办公室的路上始终很愉快，以至于在见到李皮太太时，脸上还挂着微笑。让她感到惊讶的是这位女监事的脸上也

同样挂着微笑，即使这种微笑看起来很假，但至少还有那么一点儿和蔼可亲；她的表情几乎像对待来访的客人一样令人感到舒适。

“坐下来，乔若莎，我有件事情要告诉你。”

乔若莎坐在了一把离她最近的椅子上，有点儿紧张地等待着。一辆汽车

从窗前一闪而过；李皮太太的目光紧随着它。

“你注意到刚刚离开的那位先生了吗？”

“我看见了他的背影。”

“他是我们最有势力的理事之一，还捐了一大笔钱给孤儿院。他特别要求过不要透露他的姓名，所以我不能冒昧地提及他的名字。”

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.”

乔若莎的眼睛微微睁大了些；她不太习惯被召到办公室与女监事评论某个理事的古怪脾气。

“这位先生曾对我们这里的几个男孩儿特别关心。你还记得查尔斯·本顿和亨利·弗雷兹吗？他们都是被这位——呃……这位理事先生送上大学的，他们两个人学习都很用功，并用优秀的成绩来报答他慷慨的资助。但这位先生不想要任何回报。到目前为止，他所资助的对象都是男孩儿；我从未能使他对任何女孩儿稍加注意，不论她多么优秀。我可以告诉你，他一点儿也不关心女孩子。”

“是的，夫人。”乔若莎低声地说，因为此刻似乎需要她对此作一些回答。

“在今天的例会上，有人提到了你的前途问题。”

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.”

李皮太太停顿了片刻，然后又缓慢地继续说了下去，这使得她的听众神经突然紧绷，难受至极。

“通常，你知道的，孩子们过了十六岁以后就不能留下来了，不过你是一个例外。你十四岁就完成了我们孤儿院的课程，而且表现良好——我必须说，你的操行也并非一直都很好——由于你的表现，我们才决定



让你继续就读村里的高中。现在你的高中学业也完成了,孤儿院也没有责任再负担你的生活费了。事实上,你已经比其他人多享受了两年教育。”

李皮太太全然不顾乔若莎在这两年的时间里,为了她的生活费努力工作的事实,更何况孤儿院的工作始终被摆在第一位,而学业则排第二;像今天的这种情况,她就得留下来做清洁工作。

“我刚才说了,有人在会上提出了你的前途问题,并且对你的表现作了讨论——彻底的讨论。”

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.

李皮太太用一种责难的眼光盯着她的犯人,而这个犯人也表现出一副有罪的样子——这并不是因为她记得自己曾经做过什么坏事,而是因为她觉得李皮太太似乎就想让她有这种表现。

“当然,通常情况下,给你安排一个合适的工作就可以了,但是你的某些学科的成绩非常好,尤其是在英文写作方面有着过人的才气。普里查德小姐也在我们的参访团里,而且她还是你们学校理事会的成员;她曾和你的作文老师谈过你,在会上也为你说了不少好话。她还读了你写的一篇作文,题目是《沮丧的星期三》。”

这下乔若莎的心虚不再是假装的了。

“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 col-

lege.”

“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.

“我认为,对于这个将你养大的孤儿院,你只是一心取笑,根本没有丝毫的感激之情。我不知道你是不是有意嘲弄,也不确定你是否会被宽恕。但是你很幸运,那位先生——就是刚才离去的那位先生——表现出了很大度的幽默感。就因为你那篇无礼的作文,他表示愿意资助你去上大学。”

“去上大学?”乔若莎瞪大了眼睛。

李皮太太点了点头。

“他留下来和我讨论了条件。很不寻常的条件。让我说,这位先生真的很古怪。他认为你很有天分,想把你培养成一个作家。”

“一个作家?”乔若莎的大脑一下子变得麻木了。她只重复着李皮太太的话。

“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.

“那是他的愿望。至于是否能实现,将来自然会知道。他会给你一大笔补助金,对一个从来没有过理财经验的女孩儿来说,那数目太庞大了。但是他计划得很周全,我也不好再提什么建议了。这个夏天你要继续待在这儿,普里查德小姐爽快地答应要为你准备所有的行李。你的生活费和学费会被直接付给校方,并且,在大学四年里,你每个月都会收到三十五美元的额外补助。这将使你能够和其他同学平等地生活。每个月这笔钱都会由他的私人秘书邮寄给你,同样,作为回报,你每个月都要写一封感谢信。更确切地说——不是让你感谢他为你支付一切费用;他对那些根本不屑一顾,而是把你的学习进展和日常生活详细地写信告知他。就像写给你的父母一样,如果他们还在世的话。

“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 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.”

“这些信将指名给约翰·史密斯先生,由他的秘书转交。这位先生的名字当然不是约翰·史密斯,只不过他更喜欢隐姓埋名。对你来说,他永远都是约翰·史密斯。他要你写信的理由是,他认为没有什么比写信更能培养写作技巧了。因为你没有家人可以联络,他才要求你以这种方式写信给他;同时,他也希望能随时了解你的学习进展。他不会给你回信,也不会特别关注你的信。他讨厌写信,也不希望写信成为你的一种负担。如