

【名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版】

世界儿童文学名著精选

——伊迪丝魔幻传奇系列故事



Harding's Luck

幸运的迪吉

[英] 伊迪丝·内斯比特 著

王勋 等 编译

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内 容 简 介

《幸运的迪吉》是世界儿童文学名著。主人公迪吉·哈丁是一个善良、正直的跛脚小男孩，生活在新十字大街上。他的父母都不在人世了，被一位与自己并没有血缘关系的姑姑收养。一天，调皮而乐观的迪吉为了避免姑姑的责骂，跟着一位叫做比尔的大叔离开了家，一路上他们历经了各种艰难险阻，在相互帮助中产生了深厚的情义。一个神奇的夜晚，迪吉发现自己掌握了不可思议的魔力，他可以在时间的海洋中自由穿梭，他回到了三百年前，成为了阿尔丁伯爵家的孩子。在那个古老的年代，迪吉结识了自己的堂弟堂妹，他们一同寻找着消失已久的家族宝藏。虽然被认定为是合法的阿尔丁伯爵，但他知道自己所有的地位、财产、未来都建立在剥夺别人的基础上，最后“幸运”的迪吉放弃了这里的一切并使其恢复了原状。

该书自从出版以来，已被翻译成多种语言，成为世界各地、特别是欧美国家青少年的必读书籍。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。

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

幸运的迪吉= Harding's Luck: 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版/(英)内斯比特著;王勋等编译. —北京:清华大学出版社, 2014
ISBN 978-7-302-37625-5

I. ①幸… II. ①内… ②王… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②儿童文学—长篇小说—英国—现代 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2014)第 188823 号

责任编辑:柴文强 李 晔

封面设计:傅瑞学

责任校对:胡伟民

责任印制:沈 露

出版发行:清华大学出版社

网 址: <http://www.tup.com.cn>, <http://www.wqbook.com>

地 址:北京清华大学学研大厦 A 座 邮 编:100084

社总机:010-62770175 邮 购:010-62786544

投稿与读者服务:010-62776969, c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

质 量 反 馈:010-62772015, zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

印 刷 者:清华大学印刷厂

装 订 者:三河市新茂装订有限公司

经 销:全国新华书店

开 本:170mm×260mm 印 张:15 字 数:295 千字

版 次:2014 年 10 月第 1 版 印 次:2014 年 10 月第 1 次印刷

印 数:1~3500

定 价:29.00 元

产品编号:059694-01



伊迪丝·内斯比特（Edith Nesbit, 1858—1924），英国著名童话作家、小说家、诗人。

1858年8月15日，伊迪丝出生在英国伦敦，先后在法国、德国和英国接受教育。她的父亲是农业化学家，在她三岁的时候去世了。十七岁的时候，伊迪丝就开始在杂志上发表自己的作品。她二十一岁结婚，由于丈夫生意破产且长期生病，所以经济拮据的伊迪丝一家一直靠她的写作为生。

伊迪丝是一位多产的作家，一生出版过各种文体的作品一百多部，其中包括诗歌、小说和剧本等，而使她名扬世界的是儿童文学作品。她是一位充满想象力的儿童文学作家，一生共出版了四十多部儿童文学作品，其中大部分已经成为世界儿童文学宝库中的经典之作。伊迪丝的儿童文学主要分为两类：一类是小说，代表作有《寻宝六少年》《神奇探宝人》《想做好孩子》和《铁路边的孩子们》等，主要描写现实家庭的冒险故事，这类作品对儿童性格刻画鲜明，对家庭生活描写真切动人；另一类是魔幻故事，代表作有《沙仙活地魔》《魔法古城堡》《凤凰与魔毯》和《护身符传奇》等，这些故事悬念重重、曲折离奇、想象力丰富，给孩子以身临其境、真实可信的感觉。在她的冒险、魔幻故事中，内斯比特以其超凡的想象力，将冒险、魔法世界与现实世界结合得浑然一体。

伊迪丝是“世界一流的现代儿童文学作家”，她是英国儿童文学史上第一个黄金时代的巨星。《哈利·波特》系列小说的作者J·K·罗琳说：“伊迪丝·内斯比特的作品，一直是我行文风格临摹的对象，她笔下的童话故事永远是浩瀚无垠且趣味横生的神奇世界！……她是最欣赏的儿童文学作家，我创作《哈利·波特》系列小说的灵感来自于《沙仙活地魔》。”一个世纪以来，她的冒险、魔幻儿童故事一直受到全世界读者的喜爱，至今被译成几十种文字，曾先后多次被改编成电影、电视和卡通片，受到世界各地读者的喜爱。

在中国，伊迪丝冒险、魔幻儿童文学故事同样是最受广大青少年读者



欢迎的经典童话作品。作为世界童话文学宝库中的传世经典之作，它影响了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。目前，在国内数量众多的此类书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是中英文对照版。其中的中英文对照读本比较受读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英语的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看，直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。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，我们决定编译伊迪丝系列魔幻传奇系列童话故事，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。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，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故事内容，书中加入了大量的插图。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。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT，还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在 TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由王勋编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起勇、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。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。

啄木鸟教育 (www.zmnedu.com)

2014 年 6 月



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第一章 银铃铛与向日葵

Chapter 1 Tinkler and the Moonflower



小迪吉住在新十字大街上，这并不是他的家，而是他姑姑的房子。所有人看到小迪吉时都会说上一句：“哦，真是个可怜的小东西！”谁说不是呢，还在襁褓的时候他就瘸了腿，不久后与他相依为命的爸爸又撒手人寰。收养小迪吉的姑姑和他并没有血缘关系，虽然姑姑有时候发起脾气来像吓人的火山，但是小迪吉还是很感激她为自己提供了一个遮风避雨的屋檐。不过老天给了迪吉一颗金子般的心，他可不认为自己可怜，唯一让他烦心的事情莫过于家门前那片杂乱的院子了。当人们像黄蜂一般涌入本属于大自然的领地时，曾经娇艳的鲜花不见了，曾经像婴儿脸上绒毛一般的绿草不见了，灰色的房子像怪物一般践踏着植物的王国，荒凉的院子中裸露的黄土像是触目惊心的伤疤。迪吉姑姑的院子里散布着各种稀奇古怪的东西——吃剩的骨头啦，断裂的红砖头啦，生锈的破锄头啦，真像一个年久失修的杂货铺子。迪吉决定在隔壁叔叔的帮助下对姑姑的院子进行一次大改造，他要把硬得像铁一般的土地耕得松软，再用自己仅有的一便士零花钱买一些花种，将这些可爱的小生命洒在棉被一样软和的土壤里，再过几个月院子里说不定就会花团锦簇啦！说干就干，迪吉马不停蹄地跑到了粮食店，他像一个大人一样认真地挑选着种子，最后他选择了一种名叫“派罗凯特精细鸟种”的种子，因为它的宣传画上印着一只五彩斑斓的大鹦鹉，也许这种植物的花会像鹦鹉一样漂亮吧。当小迪吉兴高采烈

地将自己买的种子放在邻居叔叔的面前时，叔叔有些哭笑不得，因为迪吉买到的并不是花种，而是鹦鹉鸟粮！不过好心的叔叔还是帮助迪吉将种子种在了土里，迪吉的心中已经充满了对未来的憧憬。

夜凉如水，迪吉爬上自己的小床，尽管干了一天的农活有些腰酸腿疼，可是迪吉还是迫不及待地将今天发生的一切告诉了自己的知己——一根五英尺长的棒子，上面还挂着几颗黑乎乎的小铃铛。这是迪吉的爸爸在临死前留给儿子的遗物，迪吉还记得爸爸那张苍白的嘴唇嘱咐自己一定要好好保管它，从那以后他就把这根棒子当成了无话不谈的好朋友，当然这位“朋友”可是从来都没开口说过话。第二天天一亮迪吉就起床了，阳光暖洋洋地似乎在和孩子们挠痒痒，不过一件不幸的事情发生了。迪吉在上学的路上不小心踩到了一片香蕉皮，他摔倒在地的时候正好有一辆推车不偏不倚地轧上了他的跛脚，可怜的迪吉被送到了医院。不要以为迪吉会哭鼻子，因为对他来说在医院的生活简直像是在天堂里一样，每一个人都会对他微笑，白净的床单和干净的屋子，还有像天使一样细心照顾他的护士们。等到迪吉出院的第一天，他回到家发现了一个令他震惊的事实——小铃铛不见了！他不动声色地搜索着家中的每一个角落，他没有发现小铃铛的身影，但是却找到了一张姑姑当掉小铃铛的当票。迪吉愁眉苦脸地望着当票，他不知道怎么办才能凑足一先令赎回他的宝贝，他把头望向花园，忽然他的眼睛一亮。当年播下的沉睡的种子今天居然长出了一株巨大的向日葵，向日葵扬着它骄傲的脖子，金色的花瓣闪闪发光。迪吉决定用向日葵来换回小铃铛，他跑到当铺去，将自己与小铃铛的故事原原本本地讲给老板听，老板开始还以为这是个玩笑，可是后来他的神情渐渐认真起来。好心的老板收下了迪吉的向日葵，他让手下的伙计把小铃铛擦得干干净净，还在上面粘上一个白玉印章。迪吉心花怒放，他告诉老板好心一定会有好报的。

姑姑让迪吉去买火柴，可是迪吉光顾着看街边的木偶戏迷了路，这时他遇到了一个大高个，高个子答应带迪吉找寻回家的路。可是大人们说话往往是不算话的，虽然这位叫做比尔叔叔的陌生人带着迪吉吃了最好吃的茶点，但是他却没有将迪吉带回姑姑家。比尔给迪吉讲着自己的冒险经历，他劝说迪吉和自己一起到处走走，有了迪吉的帮助他混口饭吃或许更加容易。比尔像是提前有准备似的拿出纸笔，他让迪吉写下是自愿跟随自己的。暮色将晚，迪吉想着姑姑发怒时的样子，不禁打了个哆嗦，随着笔尖沙沙

地划过纸张，迪吉下定决心跟着比尔流浪。比尔要迪吉喊自己爸爸，可是倔强的小迪吉告诉他只能叫他比尔父亲，因为迪吉觉得“爸爸”这个称呼只属于那个已经逝去的温柔的背景。

Dickie lived at New Cross. At least the address was New Cross, but really the house where he lived was one of a row of horrid little houses built on the slope where once green fields ran down the hill to the river, and the old houses of the Deptford merchants stood stately in their pleasant gardens and fruitful orchards. All those good fields and happy gardens are built over now. It is as though some wicked giant had taken a big brush full of yellow ochre paint, and another full of mud color, and had painted out the green in streaks of dull yellow and filthy brown; and the brown is the roads and the yellow is the houses. Miles and miles and miles of them, and not a green thing to be seen except the cabbages in the greengrocers' shops, and here and there some poor trails of creeping-jenny drooping from a dirty window-sill. There is a little yard at the back of each house; this is called "the garden," and some of these show green—but they only show it to the houses' back windows. You cannot see it from the street. These gardens are green, because green is the color that most pleases and soothes men's eyes; and however you may shut people up between bars of yellow and mud color, and however hard you may make them work, and however little wage you may pay them for working, there will always be found among those people some men who are willing to work a little longer, and for no wages at all, so that they may have green things growing near them.

But there were no green things growing in the garden at the back of the house where Dickie lived with his aunt. There were stones and bones, and bits of brick, and dirty old dish-cloths matted together with grease and mud, worn-out broom-heads and broken shovels, a bottomless pail, and the mouldy remains of a hutch where once rabbits had lived. But that was a very long time ago, and Dickie had never seen the rabbits. A boy had brought a brown rabbit to school once, buttoned up inside his jacket, and he had let Dickie hold it in

his hands for several minutes before the teacher detected its presence and shut it up in a locker till school should be over. So Dickie knew what rabbits were like. And he was fond of the hutch for the sake of what had once lived there.

And when his aunt sold the poor remains of the hutch to a man with a barrow who was ready to buy anything, and who took also the pails and the shovels, giving threepence for the lot, Dickie was almost as unhappy as though the hutch had really held a furry friend. And he hated the man who took the hutch away, all the more because there were empty rabbit-skins hanging sadly from the back of the barrow.

It is really with the going of that rabbit-hutch that this story begins. Because it was then that Dickie, having called his aunt a Beast, and hit at her with his little dirty fist, was well slapped and put out into the bereaved yard to "come to himself," as his aunt said. He threw himself down on the ground and cried and wriggled with misery and pain, and wished—ah, many things.

"Wot's the bloomin' row now?" the Man Next Door suddenly asked; "been hittin' of you?"

"They've took away the 'utch," said Dickie.

"Well, there warn't nothin' in it."

"I didn't want it took away," wailed Dickie.

"Leaves more room," said the Man Next Door, leaning on his spade. It was Saturday afternoon and the next-door garden was one of the green ones. There were small grubby daffodils in it, and dirty-faced little primroses, and an arbor beside the water-butt, bare at this time of the year, but still a real arbor. And an elder-tree that in the hot weather had flat, white flowers on it big as tea-plates. And a lilac-tree with brown buds on it. Beautiful. "Say, matey, just you chuck it! Chuck it, I say! How in thunder can I get on with my digging with you 'owlin' yer 'ead off?" inquired the Man Next Door. "You get up and peg along in an' arst your aunt if she'd be agreeable for me to do up her garden a bit. I could do it odd times. You'd like that."

"Not 'arf!" said Dickie, getting up.

"Come to yourself, eh?" sneered the aunt. "You mind, and let it be the last

time you come your games with me, my beauty. You and your tantrums!”

Dickie said what it was necessary to say, and got back to the “garden.”

“She says she ain’t got no time to waste, an’ if you ‘ave she don’t care what you does with it.”

“There’s a dirty mug you’ve got on you,” said the Man Next Door, leaning over to give Dickie’s face a rub with a handkerchief hardly cleaner. “Now I’ll come over and make a start.” He threw his leg over the fence. “You just peg about an’ be busy pickin’ up all them fancy articles, and nex’ time your aunt goes to Buckingham Palace for the day we’ll have a bonfire.”

“Fifth o’ November?” said Dickie, sitting down and beginning to draw to himself the rubbish that covered the ground.

“Fifth of anything you like, so long as she ain’t about,” said he, driving in the spade. “‘Ard as any old door-step it is. Never mind, we’ll turn it over, and we’ll get some little seedses and some little plantses and we shan’t know ourselves.”

“I got a ‘apenny,” said Dickie.

“Well, I’ll put one to it, and you leg ‘long and buy seedses. That’s wot you do.”

Dickie went. He went slowly, because he was lame. And he was lame because his “aunt” had dropped him when he was a baby. She was not a nice woman, and I am glad to say that she goes out of this story almost at once. But she did keep Dickie when his father died, and she might have sent him to the work-house. For she was not really his aunt, but just the woman of the house where his father had lodged. It was good of her to keep Dickie, even if she wasn’t very kind to him. And as that is all the good I can find to say about her, I will say no more. With his little crutch, made out of a worn-out broom cut down to his little height, he could manage quite well in spite of his lameness.

He found the corn-chandler’s—a really charming shop that smelled like stables and had deep dusty bins where he would have liked to play. Above the bins were delightful little square-fronted drawers, labelled Rape, Hemp, Canary, Millet, Mustard, and so on; and above the drawers pictures of the kind of



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animals that were fed on the kind of things that the shop sold. Fat, oblong cows that had eaten Burley's Cattle Food, stout pillows of wool that Ovis's Sheep Spice had fed, and, brightest and best of all, an incredibly smooth-plumaged parrot, rainbow-colored, cocking a black eye bright with the intoxicating qualities of Perrokett's Artistic Bird Seed.

"Gimme," said Dickie, leaning against the counter and pointing a grimy thumb at the wonder—"gimme a penn'orth o' that there!"

"Got the penny?" the shopman asked carefully.

Dickie displayed it, parted with it, and came home nursing a paper bag full of rustling promises.

"Why," said the Man Next Door, "that ain't seeds. It's parrot food, that is."

"It said the Ar-something Bird Seed," said Dickie, downcast; "I thought it 'ud come into flowers like birds—same colors as wot the poll parrot was, dontcherknow?"

"And so it will like as not," said the Man Next Door comfortably. "I'll set it along this end soon's I've got it turned over. I lay it'll come up something pretty."

So the seed was sown. And the Man Next Door promised two more pennies later for real seed. Also he transplanted two of the primroses whose faces wanted washing.

It was a grand day for Dickie. He told the whole story of it that night when he went to bed to his only confidant, from whom he hid nothing. The confidant made no reply, but Dickie was sure this was not because the confidant didn't care about the story. The confidant was a blackened stick about five inches long, with little blackened bells to it like the bells on dogs' collars. Also a rather crooked bit of something whitish and very hard, good to suck, or to stroke with your fingers, or to dig holes in the soap with. Dickie had no idea what it was. His father had given it to him in the hospital where Dickie was taken to say good-bye to him. Good-bye had to be said because of father having fallen off the scaffolding where he was at work and not getting better. "You stick to that,"

father had said, looking dreadfully clean in the strange bed among all those other clean beds; "it's yourn, your very own. My dad give it to me, and it belonged to his dad. Don't you let any one take it away. Some old lady told the old man it 'ud bring us luck. So long, old chap."

Dickie remembered every word of that speech, and he kept the treasure. There had been another thing with it, tied on with string. But Aunt Maud had found that, and taken it away "to take care of," and he had never seen it again. It was brassy, with a white stone and some sort of pattern on it. He had the treasure, and he had not the least idea what it was, with its bells that jangled such pretty music, and its white spike so hard and smooth. He did not know—but I know. It was a rattle—a baby's old-fashioned rattle—or, if you would rather call it that, a "coral and bells."

"And we shall 'ave the fairest flowers of hill and dale," said Dickie, whispering comfortably in his dirty sheets, "and greensward. Oh! Tinkler dear, 'twill indeed be a fair scene. The gayest colors of the rainbow amid the Agreeable green of fresh leaves. I do love the Man Next Door. He has indeed a 'art of gold."

That was how Dickie talked to his friend Tinkler. You know how he talked to his aunt and the Man Next Door. I wonder whether you know that most children can speak at least two languages, even if they have never had a foreign nurse or been to foreign climes—or whether you think that you are the only child who can do this.

Believe me, you are not. Parents and guardians would be surprised to learn that dear little Charlie has a language quite different from the one he uses to them—a language in which he talks to the cook and the housemaid. And yet another language—spoken with the real accent too—in which he converses with the boot-boy and the grooms.

Dickie, however, had learned his second language from books. The teacher at his school had given him six—"Children of the New Forest," "Quentin Durward," "Hereward the Wake," and three others—all paper-backed. They made a new world for Dickie. And since the people in books talked in

this nice, if odd, way, he saw no reason why he should not—to a friend whom he could trust.

I hope you're not getting bored with all this.

You see, I must tell you a little about the kind of boy Dickie was and the kind of way he lived, or you won't understand his adventures. And he had adventures—no end of adventures—as you will see presently.

Dickie woke, gay as the spring sun that was trying to look in at him through his grimy windows.

"Perhaps he'll do some more to the garden to-day!" he said, and got up very quickly.

He got up in the dirty, comfortless room and dressed himself. But in the evening he was undressed by kind, clean hands, and washed in a big bath half-full of hot, silvery water, with soap that smelled like the timber-yard at the end of the street. Because, going along to school, with his silly little head full of Artistic Bird Seeds and flowers rainbow-colored, he had let his crutch slip on a banana-skin and had tumbled down, and a butcher's cart had gone over his poor lame foot. So they took the hurt foot to the hospital, and of course he had to go with it, and the hospital was much more like the heaven he read of in his books than anything he had ever come across before.

He noticed that the nurses and the doctors spoke in the kind of words that he had found in his books, and in a voice that he had not found anywhere; so when on the second day a round-faced, smiling lady in a white cap said, "Well, Tommy, and how are we to-day?" he replied—

"My name is far from being Tommy, and I am in Lux Ury and Af Fluence, I thank you, gracious lady."

At which the lady laughed and pinched his cheek.

When she grew to know him better, and found out where he had learned to talk like that, she produced more books. And from them he learned more new words. They were very nice to him at the hospital, but when they sent him home they put his lame foot into a thick boot with a horrid, clumpy sole and iron things that went up his leg.

His aunt and her friends said, "How kind!" but Dickie hated it. The boys at school made game of it—they had got used to the crutch—and that was worse than being called "Old Dot-and-go-one," which was what Dickie had got used to—so used that it seemed almost like a pet name.

And on that first night of his return he found that he had been robbed. They had taken his Tinkler from the safe corner in his bed where the ticking was broken, and there was a soft flock nest for a boy's best friend.

He knew better than to ask what had become of it. Instead he searched and searched the house in all its five rooms. But he never found Tinkler.

Instead he found next day, when his aunt had gone out shopping, a little square of cardboard at the back of the dresser drawer, among the dirty dusters and clothes pegs and string and corks and novelettes.

It was a pawn-ticket—"Rattle. One shilling."

Dickie knew all about pawn-tickets. You, of course, don't. Well, ask some grown-up person to explain; I haven't time. I want to get on with the story.

Until he had found that ticket he had not been able to think of anything else. He had not even cared to think about his garden and wonder whether the Artistic Bird Seeds had come up parrot-colored. He had been a very long time in the hospital, and it was August now. And the nurses had assured him that the seeds must be up long ago—he would find everything flowering, you see if he didn't.

And now he went out to look. There was a tangle of green growth at the end of the garden, and the next garden was full of weeds. For the Man Next Door had gone off to look for work down Ashford way, where the hop-gardens are, and the house was to let.

A few poor little pink and yellow flowers showed stunted among the green where he had sowed the Artistic Bird Seed. And, towering high above everything else—oh, three times as high as Dickie himself—there was a flower—a great flower like a sunflower, only white.

"Why," said Dickie, "it's as big as a dinner-plate."

It was.



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