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导读

世界名著阅读丛书

Pollyanna

波莉安娜

[美] 埃莉诺·霍奇曼·波特 著
蔡红昌 等编译



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内 容 简 介

《波莉安娜》是 20 世纪美国最伟大的童话著作之一，是一部关于“快乐”的童话。主人公波莉安娜自幼父母双亡，与姨妈生活在一起。姨妈是个有钱的老姑娘，对波莉安娜的管教非常严格且似乎不近人情，但她为人很正直、心地善良。波莉安娜虽然是个孤儿，可她从未因此抱怨哭泣，反而能在每一个困难面前积极乐观地去发现快乐、享受快乐，她的“高兴游戏”深深地感染了她身边的每一个人，整个小镇也因她的到来焕发出勃勃生机。在波莉安娜的努力下，她的姨妈也终于与恋人冰释前嫌，有情人终成眷属。本书自出版以来，已被译成世界上几十种文字，曾先后多次被改编成电影、电视剧、话剧、舞台剧。



前 言

埃莉诺·霍奇曼·波特（Eleanor Hodgeman Porter, 1868—1920），美国著名童话作家和小说家。

1868年12月19日，埃莉诺出生在美国新罕布什尔州的一个小镇。埃莉诺从小接受音乐方面的教育，年轻时是当地有名的歌手。1901年，她放弃歌唱生涯正式开始写作，1913年出版了第一部童话小说《波莉安娜》，该小说使她大获成功。之后，埃莉诺创作了《波莉安娜》的续集，取名为《波莉安娜长大了》，同样引起了轰动。

埃莉诺一生共创作20多部短篇故事和15部小说，主要是儿童文学、冒险故事和浪漫传说。而使她名扬世界的仍然是她的第一部儿童文学作品《波莉安娜》，该书出版100多年来，至今已被译成世界上几十种文字，曾先后多次被改编成电影、电视剧、话剧、舞台剧，并成功塑造了一个世界范围内家喻户晓的人物——波莉安娜。波莉安娜（Pollyanna），一个整天喜气洋洋、生机勃勃的小姑娘，她的名字甚至被《美语韦伯斯特词典》收录，“Pollyanna”所代表的正是“乐观昂扬得无法抑制，对万事万物都能看出好来”的那一类人。

在中国，《波莉安娜》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典文学作品之一。作为世界儿童文学宝库中的经典之作，它影响了一代又一代中国人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。基于这个原因，我们决定编译《波莉安娜》，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，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。同时，为了使读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对提高当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书由蔡红昌组织编译。参加本书编译工作的还有赵雪、刘乃亚、纪飞、陈起永、熊建国、程来川、龚武元、李毛华、徐平国、敖宗林、龚桂平、熊志勇、潘文华、陈凤英、谭学民、李丹妮、张灵玲、谭榜乾、付建平、汪疆玮、龚火荣、葛文聪、杨晓、葛文博、张雨、葛其昌、于丹等。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。

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1. 波莉小姐

Miss Polly

导 读

六月一个的清晨，向来从容矜持的波莉·哈林顿小姐急匆匆地冲进了厨房，把女仆南希吓了一跳。南希在哈林顿老宅工作了两个月，已经充分体会到了女主人出了名的坏脾气，却从未见过她表现得如此失态。

使得波莉小姐如此匆忙的原因，是她那十一岁的外甥女——波莉安娜·惠蒂尔小姐马上要过来和她一起生活了。波莉小姐的姐姐詹妮，在二十岁时不顾全家人的反对，拒绝了镇上另一位富有的年轻人的追求，选择和一位牧师私奔。之后就发生了家庭决裂，詹妮寄过来的最后一封信，写的是她用两位妹妹的名字——波莉和安娜——给自己的小女儿取名为“波莉安娜”。几年后，詹妮就过世了。而在两天前，波莉小姐又收到从遥远的西部寄来的一封信，告诉她惠蒂尔牧师也告别了人世，只留下一个女儿，希望波莉小姐将小女孩抚养长大。

波莉小姐立刻回信，表示肯定会收留这个孩子。她眉头紧皱地吩咐南

希将阁楼打扫干净，同时又为自己能够好好履行职责而感到自豪。只是，她默默地想：“‘波莉安娜’——这个名字太荒唐了！”



波莉小姐吩咐南希将阁楼打扫干净



Miss Polly Harrington entered her kitchen a little hurriedly this June morning. Miss Polly did not usually make hurried movements; she specially prided herself on her repose of manner. But to-day she was hurrying—actually hurrying.

Nancy, washing dishes at the sink, looked up in surprise. Nancy had been working in Miss Polly's kitchen only two months, but already she knew that her mistress did not usually hurry.

"Nancy!"

"Yes, ma'am." Nancy answered cheerfully, but she still continued wiping the pitcher in her hand.

"Nancy,"—Miss Polly's voice was very stern now—"when I'm talking to you, I wish you to stop your work and listen to what I have to say."

Nancy flushed miserably. She set the pitcher down at once, with the cloth still about it, thereby nearly tipping it over—which did not add to her composure.

"Yes, ma'am; I will, ma'am," she stammered, righting the pitcher, and turning hastily. "I was only keepin' on with my work 'cause you specially told me this mornin' ter hurry with my dishes, ye know."

Her mistress frowned.

"That will do, Nancy. I did not ask for explanations. I asked for your attention."

"Yes, ma'am." Nancy stifled a sigh. She was wondering if ever in any way she could please this woman. Nancy had never "worked out" before; but a sick mother suddenly widowed and left with three younger children besides Nancy herself, had forced the girl into doing something toward their support, and she had been so pleased when she found

a place in the kitchen of the great house on the hill—Nancy had come from “The Corners,” six miles away, and she knew Miss Polly Harrington only as the mistress of the old Harrington homestead, and one of the wealthiest residents of the town. That was two months before. She knew Miss Polly now as a stern, severe-faced woman who frowned if a knife clattered to the floor, or if a door banged—but who never thought to smile even when knives and doors were still.

“When you’ve finished your morning work, Nancy,” Miss Polly was saying now, “you may clear the little room at the head of the stairs in the attic, and make up the cot bed. Sweep the room and clean it, of course, after you clear out the trunks and boxes.”

“Yes, ma’am. And where shall I put the things, please, that I take out?”

“In the front attic.” Miss Polly hesitated, then went on: “I suppose I may as well tell you now, Nancy. My niece, Miss Pollyanna Whittier, is coming to live with me. She is eleven years old, and will sleep in that room.”

“A little girl—coming here, Miss Harrington? Oh, won’t that be nice!” cried Nancy, thinking of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at “The Corners.”

“Nice? Well, that isn’t exactly the word I should use,” rejoined Miss Polly, stiffly. “However, I intend to make the best of it, of course. I am a good woman, I hope; and I know my duty.”

Nancy colored hotly.

“Of course, ma’am; it was only that I thought a little girl here might—might brighten things up for you,” she faltered.

“Thank you,” rejoined the lady, dryly. “I can’t say, however, that I

see any immediate need for that.”

“But, of course, you—you’d want her, your sister’s child,” ventured Nancy, vaguely feeling that somehow she must prepare a welcome for this lonely little stranger.

Miss Polly lifted her chin haughtily.

“Well, really, Nancy, just because I happened to have a sister who was silly enough to marry and bring unnecessary children into a world that was already quite full enough, I can’t see how I should particularly WANT to have the care of them myself. However, as I said before, I hope I know my duty. See that you clean the corners, Nancy,” she finished sharply, as she left the room.

“Yes, ma’am,” sighed Nancy, picking up the half-dried pitcher—now so cold it must be rinsed again.

In her own room, Miss Polly took out once more the letter which she had received two days before from the far-away Western town, and which had been so unpleasant a surprise to her. The letter was addressed to Miss Polly Harrington, Beldingsville, Vermont; and it read as follows:

“Dear Madam:—I regret to inform you that the Rev. John Whittier died two weeks ago, leaving one child, a girl eleven years old. He left practically nothing else save a few books; for, as you doubtless know, he was the pastor of this small mission church, and had a very meagre salary.

“I believe he was your deceased sister’s husband, but he gave me to understand the families were not on the best of terms. He thought, however, that for your sister’s sake you might wish to take the child and bring her up among her own people in the East. Hence I am writing to you.

“The little girl will be all ready to start by the time you get this letter; and if you can take her, we would appreciate it very much if you would write that she might come at once, as there is a man and his wife here who are going East very soon, and they would take her with them to Boston, and put her on the Beldingsville train. Of course you would be notified what day and train to expect Pollyanna on.

“Hoping to hear favorably from you soon, I remain,

“Respectfully yours,

“Jeremiah O. White.”

With a frown Miss Polly folded the letter and tucked it into its envelope. She had answered it the day before, and she had said she would take the child, of course. She HOPED she knew her duty well enough for that!—disagreeable as the task would be.

As she sat now, with the letter in her hands, her thoughts went back to her sister, Jennie, who had been this child's mother, and to the time when Jennie, as a girl of twenty, had insisted upon marrying the young minister, in spite of her family's remonstrances. There had been a man of wealth who had wanted her—and the family had much preferred him to the minister; but Jennie had not. The man of wealth had more years, as well as more money, to his credit, while the minister had only a young head full of youth's ideals and enthusiasm, and a heart full of love. Jennie had preferred these—quite naturally, perhaps; so she had married the minister, and had gone south with him as a home missionary's wife.

The break had come then. Miss Polly remembered it well, though she had been but a girl of fifteen, the youngest, at the time. The family had had little more to do with the missionary's wife. To be sure, Jennie herself had written, for a time, and had named her last baby “Pollyanna”



for her two sisters, Polly and Anna—the other babies had all died. This had been the last time that Jennie had written; and in a few years there had come the news of her death, told in a short, but heart-broken little note from the minister himself, dated at a little town in the West.

Meanwhile, time had not stood still for the occupants of the great house on the hill. Miss Polly, looking out at the far-reaching valley below, thought of the changes those twenty-five years had brought to her.

She was forty now, and quite alone in the world. Father, mother, sisters—all were dead. For years, now, she had been sole mistress of the house and of the thousands left her by her father. There were people who had openly pitied her lonely life, and who had urged her to have some friend or companion to live with her; but she had not welcomed either their sympathy or their advice. She was not lonely, she said. She liked being by herself. She preferred quiet. But now—

Miss Polly rose with frowning face and closely-shut lips. She was glad, of course, that she was a good woman, and that she not only knew her duty, but had sufficient strength of character to perform it. But—POLLYANNA!—what a ridiculous name!