

## 目录

### 1 chapter 1

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WE were in the prep.-room when the Head came in, followed by a new boy in ordinary day clothes, and a beadle carrying a big desk. The sleepers aroused themselves, and we all stood up, putting on a startled look, as if we had been buried in our work.

The Head motioned to us to sit down. "Monsieur Roger," said he in a quiet tone to the prep. master, 'I've brought you a new boy. He's going into the second. If his conduct and progress are satisfactory, he will be put up with the boys of his own age.' The new boy had kept in the background, in the corner behind the door, almost out of sight. He was a country lad of about fifteen, and taller than any of us. His hair was clipped straight across the forehead, like a village choir-boy's. He seemed a decent fellow enough, but horribly nervous. Although he was not broad across the shoulders, his green cloth jacket, with its black buttons, looked as if it pinched him under the arms. Protruding well beyond the cuffs, he displayed a pair of raw, bony wrists, obviously not unaccustomed to exposure. His legs, encased in blue stockings, issued from a pair of drab-colored breeches, very tightly braced. He had on a pair of thick clumsy shoes, not particularly well cleaned and plentifully fortified with nails. The master began to hear the boys their work. The newcomer listened with all his ears, drinking it in as attentively as if he had been in church, not daring to cross his legs or to lean his elbows on the desk, and when two o'clock came and the bell rang for dismissal, the master had to call him back to earth and tell him to line up with the rest of us.