

英汉
对照
全译

英语大书虫世界文学名著文库

童年

Childhood

(苏联) 高尔基 著
英语学习大书虫研究室 译



ENGLISH

英语大书虫
世界文学名著文库

童年

(苏联)高尔基 著
英语学习大书虫研究室 译

伊犁人民出版社·YILI PEOPLE'S PRESS
柯文出版社·KEWEN PRESS

责任编辑:韩新帮

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

世界文学名著英汉对照全译精选/王惠君,王惠玲译
奎屯:伊犁人民出版社,2001.12

ISBN 7-5374-0291-4

I.世… II.①王… ②王… III.英语——对照读物,
小说—英、汉 IV.H319.4;I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2001)第 082302 号

英语大书虫世界文学名著文库

——世界文学名著英汉对照全译精选

英语学习大书虫研究室 王惠君,王惠玲 主译

伊犁人民出版社 柯文出版社 出版发行

(奎屯北京西路 28 号 邮编 833200)

各地新华书店经销 中牟胶印厂印刷

880×1230 毫米 32 开 650 印张 16640 千字

2001 年 12 月第 1 版 2001 年 12 月第 1 次印刷

印数:1—3000 套

ISBN 7-5374-0291-4/I·247

定价:896.80 元

如有印装问题,请直接同承印厂调换

导 读

《母亲》一书的作者高尔基(1868—1936),原名阿列克赛·马克西莫维奇·彼什科夫,是前苏联无产阶级文学奠基人,出生于一个普通的木匠家庭,幼年丧父,11岁即开始自谋生活,在全国各地流浪,饱尝人世的辛酸,十九世纪90年代初与革命者接近,1892年开始发表作品,以一个浪漫主义作者的形象出现在俄国文坛。《福马·高尔杰耶夫》(1899)和《三人》(1900)是最早的两部长篇小说,在他的《海燕之歌》中充满了对战斗的渴望与其追求光明的献身精神。在十月革命的前夕,高尔基完成了自传体三部曲中的《童年》、《在人间》、《我的大学》是在1912—1923年间完成的。其作品还有《小市民》(1901)、《敌人》(1906)、《阿尔达莫诺夫家的事业》(1924—1925),以及未成的巨著《克里姆·萨姆金的一生》(1925)等。

《童年》是高尔基自传体三部曲的第一部,作者通过对自己童年的描写展现了处在世纪之交那一代人的成长过程。这部小说的主要内容是:《童年》的小主人公阿辽沙在父亲去世后,在外祖父家里所度过的岁月。阿辽沙在这里所看到的都是些他本人所不能理解的事情,舅父们为了家产而不停地争吵、甚至为此还大打出手,并且还做一些愚弄弱者、毒打儿童的事情。在这当中,他得到外祖母的疼爱,他对外祖母所讲的故事也产生了很大的兴趣,对他日后的创作思路产生了很大的影响。

《在人间》写阿辽沙十一岁时,因外祖父破产而不得不外出谋生的经历。他曾经在鞋店、圣像作坊里当学徒,在轮船的厨房里打杂,过着非常沉重而又苦闷的生活,而不得不从读书中找到生活的慰藉,从而读了大量的文学作品。并由此开始向往新的生活。

《我的大学》中说的是阿辽沙16岁时到喀山想进大学读书,但当时对他这样一个穷人家的孩子是不可能的,阿辽沙只有在那里的“社会”大学里学习,在那里,他接触到许多知识分子,受到各种思想的启迪与教育,这所“大学”为他展现出越来越宽广的世界。让他获得

了新生。

读完这三部曲以后,你不能不为阿辽沙为了读书而遭受的屈辱而感慨万千,也不能不为他的那种渴望读书的刻苦精神所感动。从他的身上,我们可以看出在高尔基成长的历程中,他那种对市民恶习的憎恨,对自由的热烈追求,和对美好生活的强烈向往。与此同时,由于他生活在社会的底层,深入大众,再加上他如饥似渴地读书学习,才使他成为一代文学大师。

最后再来谈谈这部小说的翻译情况,时值新千年之际,我们本着有助于广大青年读者学习英语的目的,在翻译时参照现有译本,本着直译的原则,尽可能体现原作者的本意。我们做中英文对照的目的并不在于要为读者解决阅读障碍,而是要让读者在阅读过程中有个参照,检查自己能否体味出英语原著所表述的细微情节,也是对广大读者的英语翻译水平进行一次测验。我们在翻译这部小说的过程中,在人名、地名上及一些特定称谓上,还是沿用前辈们的既定译法;另外,由于译者水平阅历均有限,翻译时难免有所疏露,失误之处在所难免,诚恳广大读者不吝赐教,在此一并表示谢意!

译者

二〇〇一年九月

ON THE FLOOR beneath the window of a small, dusky room lay my father, remarkably long and all dressed in white; the toes of his bare feet were strangely widespread, and the fingers of his gentle hands, now quietly crossed on his breast, were likewise distorted.

The dark discs of copper coins closed his laughing eyes, his kind face had become livid, and I was terrified by the glint of his set teeth.

My mother, in a red skirt but little else, was kneeling beside him, combing back his soft hair with the black comb I had used as a saw to cut through the rind of watermelons.

She kept muttering something, in a deep, hoarse voice; her grey eyes were swollen and seemed melting into large tears.

My hand was being held by my grandmother—a roundish woman with a large head, enormous eyes, and a funny, fleshy nose. She was all soft and dark and fascinating. She too was weeping, but in a peculiar way that formed a pleasant accompaniment to my mother.

She trembled all over and kept pushing me towards my father, but I hung back, hiding behind her skirts. I was afraid and uncomfortable.

I had never before seen grownups cry and did not understand the words my grandmother kept saying to me: 'Go take your leave of your daddy. You'll never see him again. He's died, my darling, before his

在那个阴暗的小屋子里,父亲躺在窗下的地板上。他全身上下穿的都是白衣服身子显得特别长。光着脚,脚趾很奇怪地叉开着,那文雅的手指正无力地搭在胸口上。

他含笑的眼睛紧闭着,就象上面盖着两枚黑色的铜钱;他那慈祥的脸也变成了青紫色。牙向外龇着,把我吓坏了。

母亲穿着红裙子,其他几乎没穿什么,正在他身边跪着,用我经常拿去锯西瓜皮的那把黑梳子,梳理着他的头发。

她声音低沉而嘶哑地不停咕啾着什么,她那灰色的眼睛肿了,整个眼睛都好像泡在了泪水里一样。

我的手被外婆紧紧地攥着,她是一个很胖的老妇人,头很大,长着一双大眼睛和一个很好笑的大鼻子。她全身都很软和,穿着黑衣服,很迷人。她也在流泪,但哭得很特别,好像是陪着我母亲哭,配合得很合拍。

她要将我推到父亲身边去,我使劲往后缩着,藏在她裙子后边。我有点害怕,还有点不舒服。

我以前从未见大人哭过,也不理解外婆不停地给我说的话:“去,去跟你爸爸告别吧,你再也见不到他了。他还不到年纪就死了,我的孩子,还不到时候……”

time, before his hour. . .’

I had just recovered from a serious illness, during which my father—I remember that very well—had come and played with me merrily. But suddenly he disappeared and his place was taken by this strange woman who was my grand-mother.

‘Did you have to walk far to get here?’ I asked her.

‘I didn’t walk, I rode. You don’t walk on the water, you fig,’ she answered. ‘I came down from the Lower, higher up.’

This sounded very funny and mixed up: higher up in our house lived some bearded, painted Persians, while in the cellar lived an old yellow-skinned Kalmyk who sold sheepskins. You could descend by sliding down the banister, or by somersaulting if you fell off—I knew this well enough. But where did the water come in? She was all wrong and crazily mixed up.

‘Why do you call me a fig?’

‘Because you’re so big,’ was her laughing retort.

She had a kind, bright, liting manner of speech. From the very first day she and I became great friends, and now I was anxious that we both get out of this room.

My mother upset me. Her tears and wailing filled me with unwonted alarms. I had never seen her like this before; ordinarily she was a stern woman, who wasted no words.

She was clean and smooth and large as a mare; she had a firm body and exceedingly strong hands.

But now she was unpleasantly swollen and

我刚刚生过一场大病,在那期间,我记得,父亲常常很高兴地来陪我玩,可是,他突然间就不见了,外婆,这个奇怪的老妇人从此便代替了他的位置。

“你走了很远的路才到这儿吗?”我问道。

“我没有走路,我是坐船来的,你是不能在水面上走的,小鬼!”她回答道。“我是从上面,从尼日尼来的。”

这真是太好玩了,太有趣了!她说“上面”,在我们家的楼上住着几个染了大胡子的波斯人;而地下室则住着黄皮肤的卡尔麦克,他是个卖羊皮的老头;你可以顺着楼梯栏杆滑下去,如果你摔倒了,那就会一头栽下去。这些我都知道得非常清楚,但哪儿有水呀?她全都搞错了,肯定是迷糊了。

“你为什么要喊我小鬼呢?”

“因为你太大了!”她大笑着回答道。

她说起话来很慈祥,很爽朗,也很快乐。从第一天起,我就跟她成了好朋友,而现在,真想让她马上带我离开这个房间。

母亲把我弄得很烦乱,她的泪水和悲叹令我异常地痛苦。我以前从没见过她现在这个样子,平常她是一个严厉的女人,从不说多余的话。

母亲总是收拾得干净利落,高大得像一匹马,她有副强健的身躯,还有一双非常有力气的手。

但是眼前的她,浑身浮肿的难

dishevelled. Her clothes were torn, and her hair, usually piled into such a neat, bright cap on top of her head, was flowing over her bare shoulders and into her eyes, with one braid swinging into my father's sleeping face.

I had been standing in the room for some time, but not once had she so much as glanced at me, absorbed as she was in combing my father's hair and weeping.

The soldier who was on duty glanced into the room, along with some dark-faced muzhiks.

'Hurry and lay him out,' cried the soldier irritably.

The window was hung with a dark shawl which blew out like a sail.

Once when my father had taken me for a ride in a sailboat there had come an unexpected crash of thunder.

My father had laughed, pressed me between his knees, and cried: 'That's all right, don't be afraid, son!'

Suddenly my mother sprang up heavily, then fell on her back, her hair streaming over the floor, her sightless face livid, her teeth clenched like those of my father.

'Lock the door—take Alexei out,' she gasped in an awful voice.

My grandmother pushed me aside as she rushed toward the door. 'Don't be afraid, good people!' she cried. 'Don't touch her! Go away, for the love of Christ! It's not the cholera! It's the birth pains beginning! Take pity, good people!'

I hid behind a trunk in a dark corner,

看。她的衣服也扯开了,她的头发,原来总是梳得很整齐,就像一顶整洁明亮的帽子,戴在她的头上,而此时却在她裸露的肩膀上披散着,还进到她眼睛里了,甚至还有一绺头发,飘到了我父亲那睡着了脸上。

我在房间里都站了有一段时间了,但她竟没看我一眼,一心一意地一边给我父亲梳头,一边在那儿哭泣。

门外站岗的警察,和一些脸庞黝黑的农夫朝屋里看着。

“快些,把他弄出来吧!”警察大叫道。

窗户上挂着一个黑色的披肩,被风吹动着,就像个帆似的。

有一回,我的父亲带着我去划小帆船。我们正划着,突然打了一声响雷。

父亲大笑了起来,把我夹在他的膝盖中间,大声说道:“没什么大不了的,不要怕,儿子!”

母亲突然从地板上费劲地站了起来,可接着又背朝地倒下了,头发在地板上散乱成一片。她紧紧地闭上眼睛,脸都变成铅色了,她的牙就像我父亲那样紧紧地咬着。

她用一种可怕的声音气吁吁地说,“锁上门,阿列克赛!你给我出去。”

外婆把我推到了一边,然后冲到了门口,喊道:“不要害怕,好人!请你们都别动她,看在基督的份上,行行好,你们走开吧!这可不是霍乱,她要生孩子啦,同情同情我吧,我的好人!”

我躲到黑暗角落的一个箱子后

from where I could watch my mother writhing on the floor, moaning and grinding her teeth, while my grandmother crawled about, murmuring tenderly and happily:

‘In the name of the Father and the Son! Try to bear it, Varyusha! Holy Mother of God, merciful patron……’

I was terrified. They kept moving about on the floor near my father, groaning and crying and bumping into him, but he lay there motionless, seeming to laugh at them.

This kept up for a long time. Several times my mother struggled to her feet, only to fall back again; my grandmother bounced in and out of the room like a great black ball; suddenly a baby cried in the darkness.

‘Thank God,’ breathed my grandmother. ‘A boy!’

She lighted a candle.

I must have fallen asleep in the corner, for I remember nothing else.

My next vivid recollection is of a deserted spot in a cemetery on a rainy day; I was standing on a slippery mound of earth gazing down the hole into which they were lowering my father’s coffin.

The bottom of the hole was filled with water and frogs—two of them had jumped onto the yellow lid of the coffin.

The only people at the grave were the dripping guard on duty, two grumpy muzhiks with spades, my grandmother and I. All of us were bathed in a fine spray of rain.

‘Dig it in.’ said the guard, moving away.

My grandmother wept, covering her face

面,我看到母亲在地上翻腾着,呻吟着,磨着她的牙。而外婆也在她四周爬来爬去,亲切而快乐地说道:

“为了圣父和圣子,忍一下吧,瓦留莎! 圣母呀,保护神呀,保佑她吧!”

我非常害怕! 她们俩一直在我父亲身边来回地爬着,总是碰到他,她们叫呀,呻吟呀,但是他却一动不动,好像还在朝着她们笑呢!

就这样一直过了好长时间,有好几次,母亲都挣扎着站起来,可又跌倒下去;外婆几次从房间里冲出去,看起来像一个抛出去的又大又软的黑皮球。突然,一个婴儿的哭声划破了夜空!

“感谢上帝,”外婆喘着气说道。“是个男孩!”

她点亮了一支蜡烛。

我那时一定在角落里睡着了,因为其它的事我什么也不记得了。

我另一次很清晰的记忆,是在坟场的一个荒芜的角落。那是一个雨天,我站在又粘又滑的小土堆上看着下面的小墓坑,那是他们要把我父亲的棺材放进去的地方。

坑的底部全都是水和青蛙,其中的两只还跳到了黄色的棺材盖子上面。

在坟墓旁边站着的有我,外婆,负责此事的警察,还有两个脾气不好的农夫,手里拿着把铁锹。温暖的小雨点不停地洒落在大家身上。

“埋吧!”警察说着走到了一边。

外婆哭着,用头巾的一角捂住

with the ends of her shawl.

The muzhiks bent over and threw the first spadefuls of dirt into the hole.

The water splashed and the frogs began to leap against the walls of the grave, but the clumps of earth beat them back.

‘Get away, Alyosha,’ said my grandmother, taking me by the shoulder. I slipped out of her grasp, because I did not want to go away.

‘Oh Lord,’

She sighed, in a tone which left some doubt as to whether she was complaining about me or the Lord. For a long time she stood there silent, with lowered head; even when the grave was entirely filled in she kept on standing there.

The muzhiks packed the earth with the backs of their spades.

A wind rose and drove the rain away.

Grandmother took me by the hand and led me to a distant church standing among a forest of dark crosses.

‘Why don’t you cry?’ she asked me when we were outside the cemetery. ‘You ought to cry.’

‘I don’t feel like it,’ I said.

‘Well, if you don’t feel like it, you needn’t she answered quietly.

It was most surprising that she should have told me to cry. I rarely cried, and then only when my feelings were hurt—never from bodily pain.

My father had always laughed at my tears, but my mother had shouted: ‘Don’t dare cry!’

After that we rode in a droshky down a wide, muddy street between dark red hous-

她的脸。

两个农夫弯下腰，往坑里填了第一铲土。

坑里的水飞溅起来，而那两只青蛙开始从墓穴壁上往外跳，土块又将它们打落到坑底。

“离开这儿吧，阿辽沙！”外婆抓住我的肩膀说道，可是我却从她手里挣脱了，因为我不愿意离开这儿。

“噢，上帝！”

她叹了口气，也不知道她是在埋怨我，还是在报怨上帝。她静静地在那里站了好久，垂着头，一直到坟全都填平了，她还在那儿。

农夫们用铁锹背拍着土。

一阵风刮来，把雨给吹走了。

外婆牵着我的手，穿过黑压压的一片十字架，领着我走向那远远的教堂。

“你为何不哭？你本来应该哭的！”当我们到坟场外面的时候，她问我。

“我不愿意那样。”我说道。

“唉，要是你不想哭的话，那就不要哭了！”她平静地回答道。

她让我哭，真是有点奇怪。我从小都很少哭，只有觉得感情受了伤害时才哭，身体上受点伤我是不哭的。

我一掉眼泪，父亲就嘲笑我，而母亲就冲着我嚷：“别哭！”

后来我们坐在一辆小马车里面，走在一条又脏又宽的街道上，街

es.

‘Won’t the frogs get out?’ I asked.

‘No, they won’t, God bless them,’ she answered.

Neither my mother nor father had ever spoken the name of God so frequently and with such familiarity.

A few days later my mother and grandmother and I were riding in the small cabin of a boat.

My infant brother Maxim had died and was lying on the table in the corner wrapped in white tied with red tape.

I sat on top of our trunks and bundles, looking out of the bulging window that reminded me of the eye of a horse. Murky, foaming water kept running down the glass. Sometimes it would wash completely over it.

Then I would involuntarily jump down to the floor.

‘Don’t be afraid,’ said my grandmother lifting me up in her soft arms and putting me back on the bundles.

A moist grey fog hung over the water; every once in a while a dark strip of land somewhere in the distance would emerge from the fog, only to dissolve again.

Everything about us was shaking. Only my mother stood firm and motionless, leaning against the wall with her hands behind her head, her eyes tightly closed. Her face was dark and grim and sightless. She never spoke a word, and seemed somehow new and different. Even the dress she was wearing was unfamiliar to me.

Every once in a while my grandmother would say to her softly: ‘If you’d only be

道两边是一幢幢深红色的屋子。

“那两只青蛙还能出来吗?”我问道。

“不,它们出不来了,上帝保佑它们!”她回答道。

不管是父亲,还是母亲,都从未如此频繁而亲切地说过上帝的名字。

几天以后,外婆、母亲与我一块坐在了了一艘小轮船上。

我那刚生下来的小弟弟马克西姆死了,身上裹着白布,用红带子捆着,躺在墙角的一张桌子上。

我在包袱和箱子上坐着,望着窗外,那窗子向外突着,让我想起了马的眼睛。窗外那泛着泡沫的水不停地流着,有时候,河水猛冲上来,打到窗玻璃上。

我吓得身不由己地跳到地板上。

“不要害怕!”外婆说道。她用她那柔软的胳膊将我抱起来,将我放回到包袱上。

水面上雾气腾腾的,远处时不时地从雾中显出一块黑色的土地来,不过立即就又消失了。

我们四周的每一件东西都在颤动,只有母亲,双手在头后面交叉着,依着船舱站着,纹丝不动。她脸色发青,神情很严肃,眼睛紧闭着,跟瞎子一样,一句话也不说。她好像变成了另外一个人,甚至连她的穿着都变了,在我看来,她显得非常陌生。

外婆时不时地轻声对她说:“瓦留莎,你能不能吃点东西,就吃一

having a bite to eat, Varyusha— just a wee bite. . . .’

But my mother remained silent and motionless.

Grandmother spoke to me in a Whisper; she spoke a bit louder to my mother, but timidly and cautiously, and very rarely.

It seemed to me that she was afraid of my mother. I could understand this, and it drew me all the closer to my grandmother.

‘Saratov,’ said my mother in an unexpectedly loud, harsh voice. ‘Where’s the sailor?’

Even her words were strange and unfamiliar ‘Saratov,’ ‘the sailor. . . .’

Into the cabin came a broad-shouldered, grey-haired man dressed in blue and carrying a little box. Grandmother took it from him and began to place the body of my brother in it. When she had finished she carried it to the door on outstretched arms, but she was so fat she could not get through without turning sidewise, so she stood there nonplussed, looking very funny.

‘Oh, mother!’ cried my own mother impatiently, taking the coffin out of her hands. Then they both disappeared and I remained in the cabin with the man in blue.

‘So your brother’s gone and left us,’ he said, bending over me.

‘Who are you?’

‘A sailor.’

‘And who’s Saratov?’

‘A city. Look out the window. There it is.’

The land was moving past the window, dark and lumpy and wreathed in mist, re-

点,好不好?”

可母亲还是一句话也不说,还是纹丝不动。

外婆总是小声跟我说话,跟母亲说话时声音就稍微提高一点,不过很小心,也很慎重,而且说得很少。

看样子,她可能有点怕母亲,这我能理解,而且这也让我跟外婆更亲近了。

“萨拉托夫,水手到哪儿去了?”母亲猛地大喊了起来。

她的话十分奇怪,也很陌生,“萨拉托夫?水手——”。

一个宽肩膀、白头发的人走进船舱,他穿着蓝衣服,拿着个灰木盒子。姥姥接过木匣,把弟弟的尸体放了进去。她做完了这些事,便伸了伸胳膊,托着盒子走向门口,可是她太胖了,只有侧身才能过去。她站在那里,什么也没说,看上去有点可笑。

“哦,妈妈!”母亲不耐烦地叫了一声,从她手里拿过棺材,她们一起走了。我仍然和那个穿蓝衣服的人一起呆在舱里。

“啊,是你的弟弟死了吧?”他向我弯下腰,说道。

“你是谁?”

“水手。”

“萨拉托夫是谁?”

“是座城市。向窗外看,那里就是!”

窗外的雾气中,露出正在移动的黑乎乎的土地,像是刚从大面包

minding me of large hunk of bread just cut from the loaf.

‘Where did grandmother go?’

‘To bury her grandson.’

‘Will they put him in the ground?’

‘Of course they will.’

I told the sailor how they had dug in live frogs when they buried my father. He lifted me in his arms, hugged me tight and kissed me.

‘Ah, sonny, it’s not much you understand yet!’ He said.

‘It’s not the frogs are to be pitied—the devil with them—it’s your mother. Just look what grief’s done to her!’

There was suddenly a great shrieking and blowing up above, but I knew it was the steamboat and was not afraid. The sailor put me down hurriedly and rushed out, saying as he went: ‘Have to be off!’

I also wanted to be off. I went out of the cabin.

There was nobody in the dark, narrow passage. Not far from the door I could see the glitter of brass on the stairs.

I looked up and caught sight of people with baggage and bundles in their hands. It was clear that everyone was leaving the boat, which meant that I too must leave.

But when I reached the deck in the midst of all the muzhiks at the gangplank, people began shouting at me: ‘Who are you? Who do you belong to?’

‘I don’t know.’

For a long time they pushed me and shoved me and felt me. At last the grey-haired sailor appeared and said: ‘He’s from Astrakhan—came out of his cabin. . . .’

上切下来的一块似的。

“姥姥去哪里了?”

“去埋她的孙子了。”

“她们会把他埋在地下吗?”

“当然是埋在地下。”

我告诉水手,他们埋葬我父亲时是怎样埋的两只青蛙。他把我抱在怀里,紧紧地搂住我,亲着我。

“啊,小家伙,这样的事你还不明白!”他说道。

“那些青蛙是用不着去可怜的,上帝保佑它们,你的妈妈应该可怜,你瞧瞧她被折磨得多么厉害啊!”

突然,上面传来一声刺耳的响声,而我明白那是汽笛的响声,因此并不害怕。那个水手匆匆地把我放了下来,冲了出去,边跑边对我说:“一定得走了!”

我也想去,就跑出了船舱。

黑暗而狭窄的过道里空无一人。只能看到离门不远的地方,楼梯上镶的铜条在闪闪发光。

我朝上看了看,发现一些身上背着包袱、手里提着提包的人。很明显,大家都在下船,也就是说,我也得下了。

但当我跟农夫们一块走到甲板边的踏板前时,人们冲着我嚷开了:“你是谁啊?你是谁家的孩子?”

“我不知道。”

好长时间,他们把我推来挤去,又是拍又是摸的。终于,那个头发花白的水手出现了,说道:“他是从阿斯特拉罕来的,从船舱里跑出来

He picked me up and ran back to the cabin, where he put me up on the bundles and shook his finger at me.

‘I’ll give it to you!’ he threatened as he went out.

Gradually the bustle overhead quieted down, the steamer stopped trembling, the splashing of the water ceased. A wet wall blocked the window of the cabin; it became dark and stuffy, and the bundles seemed to swell up and crowd me out. What if they left me here on this empty steamer for good?

I went to the door. It was shut tight and I was unable to turn the brass knob. I took a bottle of milk and swung it at the knob with all my force.

The bottle smashed and the milk flowed over my feet and into my boots. Crushed by my failure, I lay down on the bundles and cried myself to sleep.

When I woke up the steamer was once more trembling, the water splashing, and the window of the cabin was shining like the sun. My grandmother was sitting beside me combing her hair and frowning as she muttered something to herself. She had an amazing quantity of blue-black hair which fell thickly over her shoulders, breast and knees, sweeping down to the floor. With one hand she lifted it off the floor and held it tight, while with the other she forced a coarse wooden comb through the heavy strands.

Her mouth was screwed up, her dark eyes flashed with anger, and her face looked little and amusing in that mass of hair.

She seemed in a bad mood today, but when I asked her why she had such long

的……”

他抱起我回到船舱里,把我放在行李上,冲着我晃动着一个手指:

“我就要揍你了!”当他出去时吓唬我说。

头顶上的响声慢慢地安静下来,轮船也不再溅水了,船也不晃动了。船舱的窗户外面是一堵湿墙,使舱里变得又黑又闷,行李好像涨大了,要把我挤出去似的。他们是不是要永远把我扔在这艘空船上?

我走到门口,门关得紧紧地,我根本就扭不动铜把手。我抓起牛奶瓶,用尽全力向门把手砸去。

瓶子碎了,牛奶溅到我的腿上,流到靴子里了。这办法不行,我躺在包袱上,一个人哭着哭着,便睡着了。

轮船越来越厉害的颤动把我惊醒了。船舱里的窗户亮得象有个太阳在上面似的。姥姥在我身边坐着,一边皱着眉头,一边自言自语地嘀咕着梳着头。她长着一头让人感叹不已的浓发,厚厚地盖住了她的肩膀、胸部、膝盖,一直拖到地上。她用一只手把头发从地上拿起来,用力把那把粗糙的小木梳插进她那厚实的头发中。

她的嘴歪着,黑眼睛也生气地闪着光,在那一大堆头发中,她的脸显得特别小,而且非常有趣。

今天她好像不大高兴,但是当我问她头发为什么会那样长的时

hair, her voice was as soft and friendly as it had been the day before. "Most likely a visitation from the Lord—"Here, spend your days combing this accursed mane!" In my youth I vaunted it; in my age I curse it. But get back to sleep, child. It's early yet—the sun's scarce up.'

'I don't want to sleep any more.'

'Well don't, if you're not wanting to,' she agreed, braiding her hair and glancing at the couch where my mother lay on her back straight as an arrow. 'How did you be breaking that bottle yesterday? Speak soft.'

She had a peculiar way of singing her words that made it easy for me to remember them—words as vivid and luscious as flowers.

When she smiled, the irises of her dark eyes expanded and shone with an inexpressible light; her smile revealed strong white teeth, and in spite of the numerous wrinkles on her swarthy cheeks, her whole face seemed young and bright.

It was spoiled only by her fleshy, red tipped nose with its flaring nostrils.

She took snuff from a black silver-embossed box. Everything about her was dark, but through her eyes one glimpsed the warm, cheerful, unquenchable light which illumined her from within. She was stout, and so bent as to be almost hunchbacked, but she moved about with the ease and agility of a large cat. And she was just as soft as that affectionate animal. It seemed that until her arrival I had been sleeping, hidden away in the darkness. But she came and woke me up and led me out into the light.

She spun all my surroundings into a sin-

候,她的声音还跟昨天一样轻柔,还是那样亲切:"这大概是上帝对我的惩罚,他让我整天忙着梳理这些可恶的头发!在我年轻的时候,我以它为骄傲,不过在我这个年纪,我就诅咒它了!回去睡觉吧,孩子,天还早着呢,太阳还没出来!"

"我不想睡了!"

"要是不想睡,那就别睡了。"她答应了,一边编着辫子,一边往沙发上扫了一眼,母亲在那儿直直地躺着,就跟一根木头似的。“昨天你是如何将牛奶瓶打碎的?小声点说!”

她说话有点特别,像是唱出来的,就跟美丽的鲜花一样,这让我很容易就记住了它们。

她微笑的时候,黑色的眼睛就会张开,闪着一种无法形容的光芒,她一笑,就露出那坚固而洁白的牙齿,尽管黑色的两颊上有很多皱纹,不过整张脸看上去是那么年轻、有光泽。

她的脸都被那个软塌塌的大鼻子搞糟了,那鼻头红红的。

她从一个镀银的黑色盒子里嗅了鼻烟。她穿了一身黑衣服,可她眼里却闪着温暖、快乐、永不熄灭的光,那是从内心发出来的。她很胖,又躬着腰,都快驼背了,可她跑起来却灵活轻便得跟只大猫似的,而且身上也柔软得跟可爱的小动物一样。在她没来之前,我似乎一直躲在黑暗中睡觉。但她来了之后,就把我唤醒,带到了光明之中。

她把我身旁的一切全都连成了

gle, unbroken thread, then wove it into multicoloured lace.

She immediately became my friend for life, the one who was nearest and dearest to me, and the one I most understood.

Her selfless love of life enriched me and gave me the strength to cope with my hard future. . . .

Steamboats moved slowly forty years ago. It took us a long time to reach Nizhni-Novgorod, and I well remember those first days, drenched with beauty.

The weather was fine, and from morning to night I was up on deck with my grandmother.

Floating there beneath the bright sky, between the banks of the Volga embroidered with the golden silk of autumn.

The rust-coloured boat with a barge in tow moved lazily against the current, nosing its way with a gentle slapping of paddles through the grey-blue water.

The barge was grey and resembled a water bug.

The sun stole imperceptibly above the Volga; every hour brought something new—everything about us changed. The green hills were folds in the rich raiment of the earth. Towns and villages seemed made of gingerbread as they passed in the distance; golden autumn leaves floated on the water.

‘Just see how wonderful it is!’

My grandmother kept exclaiming as she moved from one side of the deck to the other, her face radiant, her eyes dilated with joy.

Often she would stand looking at the shore quite oblivious of my presence, her hands

一根线,又把它编织进了五彩缤纷的花边。

她立即就成了我终生的朋友,成了我最亲近的人,我最了解的人!

她对生命那无私的爱充实了我,使我有勇气面对我艰苦的未来……

四十年前,轮船就那样慢慢地走着。经过好长时间,我们才到达尼日尼,我还清清楚楚地记得刚开始时那美好的几天。

天气特别好,我跟外婆一天到晚都呆在甲板上。

头上是明朗的天空,伏尔加河两岸美丽的金秋景色跟绣了花边一样。

桔红色的轮船逆着水流,拖着一只大驳船,懒洋洋地往上驶去,轮桨打着水,发出沉重的回响声划过蓝灰色的水面。

小驳船是灰色的,就跟一只水虫似的。

阳光不知不觉地在伏尔加河上空移动,我们周围的景色时时刻刻都在变化,绿色的群山,就像大地那华贵衣服上的那些皱褶,远远的城市和乡村就像雕饰一样,金黄色的树叶在水上漂浮着。

“看,那多漂亮!”

外婆显得容光焕发,快乐地睁大了眼睛,从甲板这边走到那边,不停地嚷着。

她常常往那儿一站,呆呆地望着河岸,忘了我的存在。她的手在

crossed on her breast, her lips curved in a smile, her eyes filled with tears.

Then I would tug at her dark, flowered skirt.

‘Eh?’ she would say, pulling herself together. ‘Like as if I was asleep and having a dream.’

‘What are you crying about?’

‘That’s from happiness, my lad, from feebleness, my darling,’ she would say with a smile.

‘It’s an old one I am now, with more than three-score summers behind……’

Then she would take a pinch of snuff and begin to tell me fantastic stories about saints and animals and kind robbers, and dark powers.

She told her tales in a quiet, mysterious voice, her face close to mine, gazing into my eyes with dilated pupils as though she were pouring into my heart a stream of strength to support me.

She sang, rather than spoke, and the further she went, the more rhythmic became her style. It was an inexpressible joy to listen to her, and when she had finished a tale I would cry:

‘Go on!’

‘And then it was like this: under the stove sat the hearth goblin, a splinter of noodle in his paw. Rocking he sat, and moaning: “Oh, little mice, little mice! Oh, I shall die, little mice!”’

She grabbed up her own foot and sat rocking back and forth with her face all screwed up as though she were the sufferer.

Sailors gathered round—good-natured, bearded men—and they laughed as they lis-

胸前交叉着,嘴角含着一丝微笑,眼里却含着泪水。

于是,我就扯了一下她那绣着花的黑裙子。

“嗯?”她浑身一抖,说道。“我似乎睡着了,还做了一个梦。”

“你怎么哭了?”

“我的宝贝,那是因为我太高兴了,也太脆弱了,”她微笑着说。

“我现在老了,我已经活了六十多岁了!”

接着,她又嗅了一下鼻烟,给我讲起一些稀奇古怪的故事来,有圣人和动物,有善良的强盗,还有妖怪。

她给我讲故事的时候,声音非常轻,还很神秘,她的脸紧贴着我的脸,瞅着我的眼睛,就好像她正往我的心里输入一种力量来给我以支持。

她说话就跟唱歌一样,后来就更顺口,听她说话有种难以表达的愉快,每当她讲完一个故事的时候,我就会叫道:

“继续!”

“下边是这样一个故事:在炉灶下面,坐着一位灶神爷,一根面条扎到了他的脚上,他叫唤着,坐在那儿晃来晃去:‘噢,小老鼠,我要死了,小老鼠!’”

她抓住她的脚,绷着脸,好象她受了多大罪似的,把脚来回晃动着。

留着大胡子的水手们也围在那儿,都很和善。他们边听边笑,并称