

插图·中文导读英文版



A Chameleon

变色龙

[俄] 契诃夫 著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译



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内 容 简 介

本书精选了俄国著名作家契诃夫的短篇小说10篇,其中包括《变色龙》《在别墅里》《邻居》《坏孩子》和《未婚妻》等世界短篇小说文学宝库中的经典名篇。这些短篇小说被翻译成各种文字,影响了一代又一代世界各地的读者,并且被改编成戏剧、电影、电视剧和卡通等。无论作为语言学习的课本,还是作为文学读本,这些经典名篇对当代中国的读者都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况,进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平,在每篇的开始部分增加了中文导读。同时,为了让读者更好地理解故事内容,书中加入了大量插图。

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契诃夫，全名安东·巴甫洛维奇·契诃夫（Anton Pavlovich Chekhov，1860—1904），19 世纪俄国著名小说家、戏剧家、批判现实主义作家，与莫泊桑、欧·亨利并称为世界三大短篇小说之王。

1860 年 1 月 29 日，契诃夫出生在俄罗斯罗斯托夫省塔甘罗格市的一个破落的小商人家庭。1879 年，契诃夫进入莫斯科医科大学学习；1884 年大学毕业，之后在兹威尼哥罗德等地行医，广泛接触平民并了解了他们的生活，这为他日后的文学创作积累了大量素材。契诃夫自 1880 年开始文学创作。他写了大量短篇小说，同时还创作了多部剧本。他的早期作品多是短篇小说，如《胖子和瘦子》、《小公务员之死》、《苦恼》和《凡卡》等，主要都是表现小人物的不幸和软弱、劳动人民的悲惨生活和小市民的庸俗；而《变色龙》和《普里希别叶夫中士》则揭露了维护专制暴政的奴才及其专横跋扈的丑恶嘴脸，揭示出黑暗时代的反动精神特征。契诃夫后期的创作主要转向戏剧，主要作品有《伊凡诺夫》、《海鸥》、《万尼亚舅舅》、《三姊妹》、《樱桃园》，这些作品反映了俄国 1905 年大革命前夕的社会状态，大都取材于中等阶级的小人物。其剧作含有浓郁的抒情意味和丰富的潜台词，令人回味无穷。1904 年 7 月 15 日，契诃夫因肺炎逝世。



契诃夫在俄国文学史乃至世界文学史上都占有非常重要的地位。列夫·托尔斯泰称他是一个“无与伦比的艺术大师”。他的小说短小精悍、情节生动、笔调幽默、语言明快、寓意深刻。他善于从日常生活中发现具有典型意义的人和事，通过幽默可笑的情节进行艺术概括，塑造出完整的典型形象，以此来反映当时的俄国社会。一个多世纪以来，他的作品已被翻译成世界上一百多种文字出版，至今畅销不衰。契诃夫在我国也是影响最大的外国作家之一，鲁迅、赵景深、郑振铎等许多文学大家都曾翻译过他的作品；经典名篇《凡卡》、《变色龙》、《装在套子里的人》等在我国家喻户晓，并入选学生课本；教育部最新颁布的《普通高中语文课程标准》将其短篇小说指定为学生必读作品。

本书精选了契诃夫的短篇小说 10 篇，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，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。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，为了让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。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。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. 变 色 龙

A Chameleon



警督奥丘梅耶洛夫正在广场上巡视，这时，首饰匠赫留金追赶着一条狗跑了出来。这条狗把他的手指咬伤了，赫留金气急败坏，追着说要剥它的皮。

奥丘梅耶洛夫闯进人群想要搞清情况。赫留金把事情跟他说了，并且举着自己血淋淋的手指，要求一定找到狗的主人赔偿。奥丘梅耶洛夫表现出一副主持公道的样子，扬言一定要从严拿办。于是问这狗是谁家的。人群里有人说好像是将军家的，奥丘梅耶洛夫一听，赶快变了脸色开始给狗辩护。不一会儿又有人说狗不是将军家的，奥丘梅耶洛夫又换了一副嘴脸，骂这条狗是杂毛狗。人们开始七嘴八舌，又有人说肯定就是将军家的，奥丘梅耶洛夫又变了嘴脸，赶忙说要把狗给将军送回家去，还训斥了赫留金一顿。

将军家的厨子来了，大家要他来辨认，他一口否认这狗是他家的，于是奥丘梅耶洛夫警督又变了口气，说要把这野狗弄死；但厨子又继续说这狗虽然不是他家的，但是将军的哥哥的。这一下可把奥丘梅耶洛夫高兴坏了，满脸堆笑着让厨子把小狗牵走，还狠狠地威胁赫留金说回头再收拾他。



奥丘梅耶洛夫表现出一副主持公道的样子



THE police superintendent Otchumyelov is walking across the market square wearing a new overcoat and carrying a parcel under his arm.

A red-haired policeman strides after him with a sieve full of confiscated gooseberries in his hands. There is silence all around.

Not a soul in the square...The open doors of the shops and taverns look out upon God's world disconsolately, like hungry mouths; there is not even a beggar near them.

"So you bite, you damned brute?" Otchumyelov hears suddenly. "Lads, don't let him go! Biting is prohibited nowadays! Hold him! ah... ah!"

There is the sound of a dog yelping. Otchumyelov looks in the direction of the sound and sees a dog, hopping on three legs and looking about her, run out of Pitchugin's timber-yard. A man in a starched cotton shirt, with his waistcoat unbuttoned, is chasing her. He runs after her, and throwing his body forward falls down and seizes the dog by her hind legs. Once more there is a yelping and a shout of "Don't let go!" Sleepy countenances are protruded from the shops, and soon a crowd, which seems to have sprung out of the earth, is gathered round the timber-yard.

"It looks like a row, your honour..." says the policeman.

Otchumyelov makes a half turn to the left and strides towards



the crowd.

He sees the aforementioned man in the unbuttoned waistcoat standing close by the gate of the timber-yard, holding his right hand in the air and displaying a bleeding finger to the crowd. On his half-drunken face there is plainly written: "I'll pay you out, you rogue!" and indeed the very finger has the look of a flag of victory. In this man Otchumyelov recognizes Hryukin, the goldsmith. The culprit who has caused the sensation, a white borzoy puppy with a sharp muzzle and a yellow patch on her back, is sitting on the ground with her fore-paws outstretched in the middle of the crowd, trembling all over. There is an expression of misery and terror in her tearful eyes.

"What's it all about?" Otchumyelov inquires, pushing his way through the crowd. "What are you here for? Why are you waving your finger...? Who was it shouted?"

"I was walking along here, not interfering with anyone, your honour," Hryukin begins, coughing into his fist. "I was talking about firewood to Mitry Mitritch, when this low brute for no rhyme or reason bit my finger... You must excuse me, I am a working man... Mine is fine work. I must have damages, for I shan't be able to use this finger for a week, may be... It's not even the law, your honour, that one should put up with it from a beast... If everyone is going to be bitten, life won't be worth living..."

"H'm. Very good," says Otchumyelov sternly, coughing and



raising his eyebrows. "Very good. Whose dog is it? I won't let this pass! I'll teach them to let their dogs run all over the place! It's time these gentry were looked after, if they won't obey the regulations! When he's fined, the blackguard, I'll teach him what it means to keep dogs and such stray cattle! I'll give him a lesson!... Yeldyrin," cries the superintendent, addressing the policeman, "find out whose dog this is and draw up a report! And the dog must be strangled. Without delay! It's sure to be mad... Whose dog is it, I ask?"

"I fancy it's General Zhigalov's," says someone in the crowd.

"General Zhigalov's, h'm...Help me off with my coat, Yeldyrin... it's frightfully hot! It must be a sign of rain...There's one thing I can't make out, how it came to bite you?" Otchumyelov turns to Hryukin. "Surely it couldn't reach your finger. It's a little dog, and you are a great hulking fellow! You must have scratched your finger with a nail, and then the idea struck you to get damages for it. We all know... your sort! I know you devils!"

"He put a cigarette in her face, your honour, for a joke, and she had the sence to snap at him... He is a nonsensical fellow, your honour!"

"That's a lie, Squinteye! You didn't see, so why tell lies about it? His honour is a wise gentleman, and will see who is telling lies and who is telling the truth, as in God's sight...And if I am lying let the court decide. It's written in the law...We are all equal nowadays. My own brother is in the gendarmes... let me tell you..."



"Don't argue!"

"No, that's not the General's dog," says the policeman, with profound conviction, "the General hasn't got one like that. His are mostly setters."

"Do you know that for a fact?"

"Yes, your honour."

"I know it, too. The General has valuable dogs, thoroughbred, and this is goodness knows what! No coat, no shape... A low creature. And to keep a dog like that!..., where's the sense of it. If a dog like that were to turn up in Petersburg or Moscow, do you know what would happen? They would not worry about the law, they would strangle it in a twinkling! You've been injured, Hryukin, and we can't let the matter drop... We must give them a lesson! It is high time...!"

"Yet maybe it is the General's," says the policeman, thinking aloud. "It's not written on its face... I saw one like it the other day in his yard."

"It is the General's, that's certain!" says a voice in the crowd.

"H'm, help me on with my overcoat, Yeldyrin, my lad... the wind's getting up... I am cold... You take it to the General's, and inquire there. Say I found it and sent it. And tell them not to let it out into the street... It may be a valuable dog, and if every swine goes sticking a cigar in its mouth, it will soon be ruined. A dog is a delicate animal... And you put your hand down, you blockhead. It's no use your displaying your fool of a finger. It's your own fault..."



"Here comes the General's cook, ask him... Hi, Prohor! Come here, my dear man! Look at this dog... Is it one of yours?"

"What an idea! We have never had one like that!"

"There's no need to waste time asking," says Otchumyelov. "It's a stray dog! There's no need to waste time talking about it... Since he says it's a stray dog, a stray dog it is... It must be destroyed, that's all about it."

"It is not our dog," Prohor goes on. "It belongs to the General's brother, who arrived the other day. Our master does not care for hounds. But his honour is fond of them..."

"You don't say his Excellency's brother is here? Vladimir Ivanitch?" inquires Otchumyelov, and his whole face beams with an ecstatic smile. "Well, I never! And I didn't know! Has he come on a visit?"

"Yes."

"Well, I never... He couldn't stay away from his brother... And there I didn't know! So this is his honour's dog? Delighted to hear it... Take it. It's not a bad pup... A lively creature... Snapped at this fellow's finger! Ha-ha-ha... Come, why are you shivering? Rrr... Rrrr... The rogue's angry... a nice little pup."

Prohor calls the dog, and walks away from the timber-yard with her. The crowd laughs at Hryukin.

"I'll make you smart yet!" Otchumyelov threatens him, and wrapping himself in his greatcoat, goes on his way across the square.



2. 灯 火

Lights



一天晚上，我在骑马拜访客人的途中迷了路，来到了一片铁路施工工地。暮色中，我有些害怕，便去敲工地上一处工棚的门，工棚里住着工程师阿纳尼耶夫和他的大学生助手冯·什登伯格，他们非常热情地接待了我，我们很快便熟识起来。工棚外的看门狗阿佐卡总是无缘无故地吼叫，害得他们老是跑出去看，却没有发现一个人，可能这条狗也是因为这荒郊野外的工地太寂寞了才叫的吧。

深夜，我们在工棚里边喝酒边聊天，兴致很高。由于狗叫，我们也想顺便去外面透透气，于是来到了外面。黑色的夜空中繁星点点，望着排成长长一串的简易工棚中透出来的灯火，我们浮想联翩。阿纳尼耶夫慷慨激昂，认为他们修铁路是一件伟大而又造福后人的事！但是大学生却很悲观，觉得这无穷无尽的灯火就像远古部落战争前夜的营寨，预示着一场恶战，而这些铁路，这些路基和这些修路工人，在几千年后也将灰飞烟灭，不复存在。阿纳尼耶夫很不赞同这种悲观的思想。便以一个饱经世事的长辈的语气开始教导大学生，说一个年纪轻轻的人不能有这种人生虚无、生活没有意义的思想，这种思想像一个毒瘤，会使人的思想病变，最后导致对生活失



在工棚外面

去热情。大学生无精打采地听着，看那表情似乎十分不屑。工程师微醉，情绪激动，看到大学生毫无触动的样子，便现身说法地继续对他说教。

阿纳尼耶夫开始举例，他讲了自己年轻时的一个故事。说他年轻时也曾迷恋过这种万事皆空的虚无论思想。那种思想在 19 世纪 70 年代末开始流行，19 世纪 80 年代已经渗透到了大众生活的各个领域。那时他觉得世界上没有是非曲直可言，哲学家与苍蝇是一路货色，人生是没有目的和没有意义的，因此，他那时的思想非常玩世不恭，既有人生虚无的那种忧郁情绪，同时又喜欢和女人厮混，寻欢作乐，丝毫没有对纯洁和神圣之物的崇敬。

一年夏天，他回到老家 N 城短暂逗留了几日。在 N 城辽阔的海边，他孤独一人，心情忽然变得郁结烦闷，也说不上到底为了什么。路边偶尔走过一些神态规矩的少年，他都会嗤之以鼻，他觉得那些人以为自己的存在有意义是很可笑的。后来过来的几位少女又让他禁不住产生了那种寻花问柳的下流思想，不住地想着怎么去跟她们玩一玩。不一会儿他发现林阴道上又出现了一位美丽少妇的身影，显得很有教养，身材很好。他一边欣赏，一边想象着怎么把她弄到手，作为自己一桩即兴浪漫史的女主角。但是那女人愁眉不展，对身边这个陌生男子没有一点兴趣，偶尔匆匆一瞥，也对他那一副来自首都的派头没有一丝好奇。他决定上前搭讪，但那女士定睛一看，认出了他。原来她是他中学的同学，人称基索契卡的可爱女生纳塔莉娅·斯捷潘诺夫娜。基索契卡那时温柔美丽、娇小可爱，就像一只长着柔顺软毛的猫咪，是班上男生们暗恋和着迷的对象。但眼前的基索契卡已有了很大变化，变得壮实丰满了。

他们开始聊起来。基索契卡兴奋地问起阿纳尼耶夫的情况，很羡慕他的工程师职业和丰富的生活，但是很少提自己的情况，似乎

不愿多说。她邀他到家里坐坐，喝杯茶。她的丈夫不在家，据说总是在城里，很晚才回家。阿纳尼耶夫想这是一个好机会，可以开展他的浪漫攻击。但是女主人一直与他谈着一些正经的话题，举止循规蹈矩，神情严肃略带忧郁，一点儿都没有轻浮的样子，看来她真的是只想找一个伴聊聊天。阿纳尼耶夫不愿轻易放弃，说了一些什么他听说这里最近风气很不正常，很多已婚妇女和人家私奔的话，企图挑起话题，但是这也丝毫不起作用。基索契卡叹了口气，严肃认真地讨论起了这个话题，说这些都是实情，并非传闻，还对妇女们不幸的生活表示了惋惜，说她们有这样的事情发生是容易理解的。就这样，阿纳尼耶夫彻底打消了勾引她的念头，承认进攻失败。不一会儿，基索契卡的丈夫回来了，还带着另一个男人，两人交谈着，似乎根本没有注意妻子的这位访客。基索契卡好像很不好意思让自己的丈夫和他认识似的，很快便把他打发走了。

已经很晚了，叫不到马车，他便一个人丧气地步行，不一会儿便走到了海边的亭子那里。他坐在那里胡思乱想，还打了一会儿盹。不一会儿他听到有女人的哭腔，声音就像十一二岁的小姑娘。他划了根火柴一照，原来是基索契卡！基索契卡被泪水浸湿的脸上茫然没有表情，喃喃地说自己忍受不了了，要去城里找妈妈，并请求阿纳尼耶夫带她走。深夜没有马车，他们就这样步行上路了。走到磨粉厂旁边，基索契卡突然停住，对阿纳尼耶夫诉说着自己的生活是何等的不幸。此时，阿纳尼耶夫再次涌起了想要和她玩玩的邪念。

过了一会儿，走到公墓时，基索契卡似乎突然回过神来了，觉得自己太冲动了，也闹够了，不应该离家出走，于是说要回去。阿纳尼耶夫劝了一下，她似乎又想通了，决定继续走。他们在公墓附近租到一辆马车，他便把她送到她母亲所住的大街去了。

这条大街在离他下榻的旅馆二十步远的地方，基索契卡忽然在