

钢铁是怎样炼成的

HOW THE STEEL WAS TEMPERED

中英对照全译本

[苏] 尼古拉·奥斯特洛夫斯基 著

© Nikolai Ostrovsky

[苏] 露丝·普罗科菲耶娃 英译

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 汉译



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欧洲文学卷

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前言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。

送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。

PART ONE

第一部分

CHAPTER 1

第一章

“THOSE of you who came to my house to be examined before the Easter holidays, stand up!”

The speaker, a corpulent man in the garb of a priest, with a heavy cross dangling from his neck, fixed the class with a baleful glare.

His small hard eyes seemed to bore through the six children – four boys and two girls – who rose from their seats and looked at the man in the cassock with apprehension.

“You sit down,” the priest said, motioning to the girls.

The girls hastily complied, with sighs of relief.

Father Vasili's slits of eyes focussed on the other four.

“Now then, my fine lads, come over here!”

Father Vasili rose, pushed back his chair and walked up to the group of boys who stood huddled close together.

“Which of you young ruffians smokes?”

“We don't smoke, father,” the four answered timidly.

“你们中间复活节前要去我家考试的那几个，站起来！”

说话者是一个神父打扮的胖男人，脖子上挂着一条沉甸甸的十字架，怒气冲冲地瞪着全班学生。

他那小眼睛里露出凶气，严酷的眼神像是要穿透那 6 个学生——4 个男孩和 2 个女孩——他们从板凳上站了起来，胆战心惊地看着这个穿着长袍的人。

“你们坐下。”神父向那两个女孩子挥手说道。

女孩们慌忙照办，松了一口气。

神父瓦西里从眯着的眼缝里死盯着剩下的那 4 个人。

“那么，我亲爱的小伙子们，到这儿来吧！”

神父瓦西里站起来，向后推了推椅子，走到挤作一团的 4 个孩子跟前。

“你们这些小无赖中间，谁抽烟？”

“我们不抽，神父。”4 个孩子都胆怯地回答。

The blood rushed to the priest's face.

"You don't smoke, eh, you scoundrels? Then who put the tobacco in the dough? Tell me that! We'll see whether you smoke or not. Now then, turn out your pockets! Come on, turn them out, I say!"

Three of the boys proceeded to empty the contents of their pockets onto the table.

The priest inspected the seams carefully for grains of tobacco, but found nothing, whereupon he turned to the fourth lad, a dark-eyed youngster in a grey shirt and blue trousers patched at the knees.

"What are you standing there for like a dummy?"

The lad threw a look of silent hatred at his questioner.

"I haven't any pockets," he replied sullenly, running his hands over the sides of his trousers.

"No pockets, eh? You think I don't know who could have played such a scoundrelly trick as to spoil my dough? You think I'm going to let you off again? Oh no, my boy, you shall suffer for this. Last time I allowed you to stay in this school because your mother begged me to keep you, but now I'm finished with you. Out with you!" He seized the boy painfully by the ear and threw him out into the corridor, slamming the door after him.

The class sat silent, cowed. None of the

血液瞬间涌上神父的脸。

"你们不抽烟? 嗯, 你们几个混账东西! 那是谁把烟末放到面团里的? 告诉我! 我们倒要看看你们抽还是不抽! 那么, 把你们的口袋翻过来! 快点, 翻过来, 我说!"

3 个孩子开始把他们口袋里的东西掏出来放到桌上。

神父仔细地检查口袋所有的缝隙寻找烟末, 但是没找到任何线索, 然后他转向第四个孩子, 这是一个长着黑眼睛的小孩, 穿着灰衬衣和膝盖上打着补丁的蓝裤子。

"你为什么像个哑巴似的站在那儿?"

那个孩子抛出一副充满怨恨的眼神, 看了看发问者。

"我没有口袋。" 他阴沉地回答, 并用手摸了摸裤子两边的缝。

"没有口袋, 嗯? 你以为我不知道谁最有可能干这种无赖至极的坏事, 把我的面糟蹋了吗? 你以为我还会饶了你? 哦, 不, 小子, 这次你要为此遭殃了。上回我允许你留在学校是因为你妈妈恳求我留下你, 但是, 这次我要解决你了。出去吧你!" 他使劲揪住男孩子的一只耳朵, 把他甩到走廊里, 顺势摔上了门。

学生们静静地坐着, 吓坏了。

children could understand why Pavel Korchagin had been expelled, none but Sergei Bruzzhak, who was Pavel's closest friend. He had seen him sprinkle a fistful of home-grown tobacco into the Easter cake dough in the priest's kitchen where six backward pupils had waited for the priest to come and hear them repeat their lesson.

Now the ejected Pavel sat down on the bottom step of the school-house and wondered dismally what his mother would say when he told her what had happened, his poor hard-working mother who toiled from morning till night as cook at the excise inspector's.

Tears choked him.

"What shall I do? It's all because of that damned priest. What on earth made me go and put that tobacco in his dough? It was Seryozhka's idea. 'Let's play a trick on the old beast,' he says. So we did. And now Seryozhka's got off and I'll likely be kicked out."

His feud with Father Vasili was of long standing. It dated back to the day he had a scrap with Mishka Levchenkov and in punishment was kept in after lessons. To keep the lad out of mischief in the empty classroom, the teacher took him to the second grade to sit in at a lesson.

Pavel took a seat at the back. The teacher, a wizened little man in a black

孩子们都不明白为什么保尔·柯察金被赶出学校。除了谢廖沙·勃鲁扎克，没人知道，他是保尔最要好的朋友。他看见保尔在神父家的厨房里把当地产的烟末撒在了复活节用的面团上，当时6个后进生正在厨房里等着神父过来检查他们背书。

保尔坐在教室门口最下面的一级台阶上沮丧地想，要是把这件事告诉母亲，她会说什么呢？他那可怜却又勤奋的母亲每天从早忙到晚地在税务官家里当厨娘。

泪水让他哽咽了。

“我该怎么办呢？都是因为那个该死的神父。究竟是什么让我把烟末放在面团里的呢？是谢廖沙的主意。他说：‘让我们捉弄一下那老东西。’于是我们就做了。现在谢廖沙逃脱了，我却可能被开除。”

保尔跟瓦西里神父之间的恩怨已经存在很长时间了。时间退回到他跟米什卡·列夫丘科夫打架的那一天，放学后他被留下来以作惩戒。为了不让他在空着的教室里搞恶作剧，老师就把他送到高年级的教室，让他坐在里面听课。

保尔在后排坐了下来。老师是一位骨瘦如柴的小个子，穿着一件

jacket, was telling the class about the earth and the heavenly bodies, and Pavel gaped with amazement when he learned that the earth had been in existence for millions of years and that the stars too were worlds. So startled was he by what he had heard that he barely refrained from getting up and blurting out: "But that isn't what the Bible says!" But he was afraid of getting into more hot water.

The priest had always given Pavel full marks for Scripture. He knew almost the whole prayer book practically by heart, and the Old and New Testament as well. He knew exactly what God had created on each day of the week. Now he resolved to take the matter up with Father Vasili. At the very next lesson, before the priest had time to settle himself properly in his chair, Pavel raised his hand and, having obtained permission to speak, he got up.

"Father, why does the teacher in the second grade say the earth is millions of years old, instead of what the Bible says, five thou ...?" A hoarse cry from Father Vasili cut him short.

"What did you say, you scoundrel? So that's how you learn your Scripture!"

And before Pavel knew what had happened the priest had seized him by the ears and was banging his head against the wall. A few minutes later, shaken with fright and pain, he found himself outside

黑色的夹克，正在给学生讲地球和天体。当保尔听到老师说地球已经存在几百万年，而星星也是地球这样的时候，他惊讶地张大嘴巴。他被自己听到的东西震惊坏了，差点克制不住站起来大喊：“这不是圣经上说的。”但是他怕受到更严厉的惩罚，没敢作声。

神父一直都给保尔的圣经课打满分。他几乎能滚瓜烂熟地背出整本祈祷词，还有新约和旧约。他还精确地知道上帝哪一天创造了什么。现在他下定决心，要向瓦西里神父提提这个问题。就在接下来的那次圣经课上，还没等瓦西里神父在他的椅子上坐稳，保尔就举起手来，得到允许以后，他站了起来。

“神父，为什么高年级的老师说，地球已经存在几百万年了，而不是圣经上说的 5,000……”瓦西里神父嘶哑的尖叫声打断了他的话。

“你说什么？混账东西！你就是这样学习圣经课的吗？”

保尔还没弄清楚发生了什么事，神父就揪住他的两只耳朵，把他的头往墙上撞。几分钟之后，被撞得鼻青脸肿，吓得半死的保尔，发现自己已经在外面的走廊上了。

in the corridor.

His mother too had given him a good scolding that time. And the following day she had gone to the school and begged Father Vasili to take him back. From that day Pavel hated the priest with all his soul. Hated and feared him. His childish heart rebelled against any injustice, however slight. He could not forgive the priest for the undeserved beating, and he grew sullen and bitter.

Pavel suffered many a slight at the hands of Father Vasili after that. The priest was forever sending him out of the classroom; day after day for weeks on end he made him stand in the corner for trifling misdemeanours and never called on him to answer questions, with the result that on the eve of the Easter holidays Pavel had to go with the backward boys to the priest's house to be re-examined. It was there in the kitchen that he had dropped the tobacco into the dough.

No one had seen him do it, yet the priest had guessed at once who was to blame.

The lesson ended at last and the children poured out into the yard and crowded round Pavel, who maintained a gloomy silence. Sergei Bruzzhak lingered behind in the classroom. He felt that he too was guilty, but he could do nothing to help his friend.

Yefrem Vasilievich, the headmaster,

他母亲也狠狠地责骂了他一顿。第二天，他母亲到学校去恳求瓦西里神父，让他回班学习。从那天起，保尔从心底恨透了神父。他又恨又怕。他稚嫩的心灵反抗一切不公正，然而，这种反抗还很微弱。保尔无法原谅瓦西里神父的冤屈打击，他变得既沉闷又痛苦。

从那以后，保尔因为鸡毛蒜皮的小事在瓦西里神父的手里受到很多惩罚。瓦西里神父天天把他赶出教室，一连几个星期天天罚他站墙角，仅仅是因为微不足道的小事，而且从来不让他回答问题。因此，他不得不在复活节假期的前夜，跟几个后进生一起，到神父家里去补考。就是在神父家的厨房里，他把烟末撒到了面团里。

没人看到他干这事，可是神父马上就猜出了是谁干的。

终于下课了，孩子们蜂拥到院子里，围住了保尔。保尔愁眉苦脸地一声不响。谢廖沙在教室里磨磨蹭蹭地没出来，他觉得自己也有错，但是又做不了任何事来帮助他的朋友。

校长叶夫列姆·瓦西里耶维奇

poked his head out of the open window of the common room and shouted:

“Send Korchagin to me at once!” Pavel jumped at the sound of the headmaster’s deep bass voice, and with pounding heart obeyed his summons.

The proprietor of the railway station restaurant, a pale middle-aged man with faded, colourless eyes, glanced briefly at Pavel.

“How old is he?”

“Twelve.”

“All right, he can stay. He’ll get eight rubles a month and his food on the days he works. He’ll work twenty-four hours at a stretch every other day. But mind, no pilfering.”

“Oh no, sir. He won’t steal, I’ll answer for that,” the mother hastened fearfully to assure him.

“Let him start in today,” ordered the proprietor and, turning to the woman behind the counter, said: “Zina, take the boy to the kitchen and tell Frosya to put him to work instead of Grishka.”

The barmaid laid down the knife with which she had been slicing ham, nodded to Pavel and led the way across the hall to a side door opening into the scullery. Pavel followed her. His mother hurried after him and whispered quickly into his ear: “Now Pavlushka, dear, do your best, and don’t disgrace yourself.”

的脑袋从教员室开着的窗口探出来喊道:

“叫柯察金马上到我这儿来!”保尔听到他那低沉的声音吓得一哆嗦,心怦怦直跳地遵命照办。

火车站食堂的老板是个面色苍白的中年人,长着一双无神无光的眼睛。他瞥了保尔一眼。

“他多大?”

“12岁。”

“好吧,他可以留下。每月8个卢布,当班的时候管饭。顶班干一天一宿,在家歇一天一宿。但是注意,不准偷东西。”

“哦,不会的,先生,他不会偷的。我担保。”母亲急忙惶恐地向他保证。

“让他今天就上工吧。”老板吩咐着,转身对一个站在柜台后面的女招待说:“济娜,把这个小伙子带到厨房去,叫弗罗霞给他派活,顶替格里什卡。”

女招待放下正在切火腿的刀,朝保尔点了点头,就带着他穿过餐室,朝通向洗刷间的侧门走去。保尔跟在她后面。母亲赶紧跟在他身后,急切地对着他的耳朵低声嘱咐道:“保夫鲁沙,亲爱的,好好干呐,别给自己丢脸!”

With sad eyes she watched him go, and left.

Work in the scullery was in full swing; plates, forks and knives were piled high on the table and several women were wiping them with towels flung over their shoulders.

A boy with a shaggy mop of ginger hair, slightly older than Pavel, was tending two huge samovars.

The scullery was full of steam that rose from the large vat of boiling water in which the dishes were washed, and Pavel could not see the faces of the women at first. He stood waiting uncertainly for someone to tell him what to do.

Zina, the barmaid, went over to one of the dishwashers and touched her shoulder.

"Here, Frosya, I've brought you a new boy to take Grishka's place. You tell him what he's to do."

"She's in charge here," Zina said to Pavel, nodding toward the woman she had called Frosya. "She'll tell you what you have to do." And with that she turned and went back to the buffet.

"All right," Pavel replied softly and looked questioningly at Frosya. Wiping her perspiring brow she examined him critically from head to foot, then, rolling up her sleeve which had slipped over her elbow, she said in a deep and remarkably pleasant voice:

她用忧郁的眼神目送他走进
去，然后离开。

洗碗间里的工作是连轴转的，盘子，刀叉在桌子上堆得很高，几个女工正在用搭在肩头的毛巾擦拭它们。

一个年纪比保尔稍大一点，长着乱蓬蓬黄头发的男孩，正在照看着两个巨大的茶炉。

洗餐具用的大热水盆里冒出一大片的水蒸气，充斥着整个洗碗间。刚开始，保尔连女工们的脸都看不清。他站在那里，等待着有人告诉他该干什么。

女招待济娜，走到其中一个洗碗工面前，扳着她的肩膀。

“弗罗霞，我带了个新来的小伙子来顶替格里什卡的缺。你告诉他都要干些什么吧。”

“她是这儿的领班，”济娜对保尔说，然后又朝着那个被她叫做弗罗霞的女工点了点头。“她会告诉你要做什么。”说完，她转过身回餐室了。

“嗯。”保尔轻轻地答应着，同时满脸疑问地看着弗罗霞。弗罗霞一面擦着额头上的汗水，一面从头到脚地犀利地打量着他，然后把胳膊肘上滑下来的一只袖子挽起，用非常悦耳响亮的声音说：

“It’s not much of a job, dearie, but it will keep you busy enough. That copper over there has to be heated in the morning and kept hot so there’s boiling water all the time; then there’s the wood to chop and the samovars to take care of besides. You’ll have to clean the knives and forks sometimes and carry out the slops. There’ll be plenty to do, lad,” she said, speaking with a marked Kostroma accent laying the stress on the “a’s”. Her manner of speaking and her flushed face with the small turned-up nose made Pavel feel better.

“She seems quite decent,” he concluded, and overcoming his shyness, said: “What am I to do now, Auntie?”

A burst of loud laughter from the dishwashers met his words.

“Ha! Ha! Frosya’s gone and got herself a nephew ...”

Frosya herself laughed even more heartily than the others.

Through the cloud of steam Pavel had not noticed that Frosya was a young girl; she was no more than eighteen.

Covered with confusion, he turned to the boy and asked:

“What am I supposed to do now?”

But the boy merely chuckled. “You ask Auntie, she’ll tell you all about it. I’m off.” Whereupon he darted through the door leading to the kitchen.

“不是什么了不起的工作，小可爱，但就是需要你一直忙。那边那口锅必须在早晨烧开，一整天都要有热水。当然，这些柴也要劈。还有这两个大茶炉也要照看好。有时候，你还必须得擦擦刀叉，倒脏水。有很多活儿要你来，小朋友。”她说的是典型的科斯特罗马方言，重音总是放在那些“a”上。她说话的方式和她那红扑扑的脸，还有翘起的小鼻子都让保尔感到高兴。

“她看起来很得体啊，”他总结道，然后克服了羞涩说，“那我現在干些什么呢，大婶？”

一阵爆笑伴随着他的话从洗碗工中间爆发出来。

“哈哈！弗罗霞这回竟然捡了个大侄子……”

弗罗霞本人笑得比其他人都痛快。

透过浓浓的蒸汽，保尔没有注意到弗罗霞只是个年轻的小姑娘，她还不满 18 岁。

保尔感到非常难为情，就转向那个男孩问道：

“我现在该干什么呢？”

但是那个男孩只是咯咯地笑：“你问大婶去吧，她全都会告诉你的，我走了。”然后，他窜出门朝厨房跑去。

“Come over here and help dry the forks,” one of the dishwashers, a middle-aged woman, called.

“Stop your cackling,” she admonished the others. “The lad didn’t say anything to laugh at. Here, take this.” She handed Pavel a dish towel. “Hold one end between your teeth and pull it tight by the other. Here’s a fork, run the towel back and forth between the prongs, and see you don’t leave any dirt. They’re very strict about that here. The customers always inspect the forks and if they find a speck of dirt, they make a terrible fuss, and the mistress will send you flying out in a jiffy.”

“The mistress?” Pavel echoed. “I thought the master who hired me was in charge.”

The dishwasher laughed.

“The master, my lad, is just a stick of furniture around here. The mistress is the boss. She isn’t here today. But if you work here a while you’ll see for yourself.”

The scullery door opened and three waiters entered carrying trays piled high with dirty dishes.

One of them, a broad-shouldered cross-eyed man with a heavy, square jaw, said: “You’d better look lively. The 12 o’clock is due any minute, and here you are dawdling about.”

He looked at Pavel. “Who’s this?” he

“到这边来，帮忙把这些叉子擦干。”一个刷碗工说，这是一位中年妇女。

“你们别笑了，”她劝告其他人，“这孩子说的也不是什么好笑的事。给，拿着这个，”她递给保尔一条洗碗巾，“用牙齿咬住一头，用力拉紧另一头。看这把叉子，把它在毛巾上来回蹭，要保证叉齿中间不留任何脏东西。在这儿，他们对这个要求很严格的。那些客人总是会检查叉子，如果他们发现一丁点脏东西，他们就会小题大做，老板娘就会马上把你撵出去。”

“老板娘？”保尔重复道，“我以为雇我的那个老板是管事的。”

那个洗碗工笑了。

“孩子，老板在这儿就是个摆设，老板娘才是大老板。她今天不在。但是你在这儿干上几天，你自己就会看到了。”

洗碗间的门打开了，3个服务员走了进来，捧着堆了很高一摞脏盘子的托盘。

他们中的一个，宽肩膀、斜眼、四方大脸的服务员说：“你们最好利索点，马上就到12点了，你们还在这里磨磨蹭蹭的。”

他看着保尔，“这是谁？”他

asked.

“That’s the new boy,” said Frosya.

“Ah, the new boy,” he said. “Well, listen, my lad.” He laid his heavy hands on Pavel’s shoulders and pushed him over to the samovars. “You’re supposed to keep them boiling all the time, and look, one of them’s out, and the other is barely going. We’ll let it pass today, but if it happens again tomorrow, you’ll get your face pushed in, see?”

Pavel busied himself with the samovars without a word.

Thus began his life of toil. Never had Pavka exerted himself as much as on that first day at work. He realized that this was not home where he could afford to disobey his mother. The cross-eyed waiter had made it quite plain that if he did not do as he was told, he would suffer for it.

Placing one of his top-boots over the chimney and using it as a bellows, Pavel soon had the sparks flying from the large pot-bellied samovars. He picked up the slop pail and rushed out to the garbage dump, added firewood to the water boiler, dried the wet dish towels on the hot samovars – in a word, did everything he was told to do. Late that night when he went off wearily to the kitchen, Anisia, the middle-aged dishwasher, with a glance at the door that had closed behind him, remarked: “Something queer about that

问。

“那是新来的孩子。”弗罗霞说。

“哦，新来的。”他说，“喂，听着，小鬼，”他落下双手使劲按在保尔的肩膀上，把他推到两个大茶炉跟前，“你应该让这两个大茶炉一直有开水，可是你看，一个已经灭了，另一个也快不行了。今天就算了，如果明天再发生这样的事，你就得挨揍了，明白了吗？”

保尔忙着烧起茶炉来，一句话也没有说。

就这样，保夫卡开始了他的苦工生活。他从没像第一天那样辛苦地做过活。他知道，这不是在家里，在家里可以不听母亲的话。那个斜眼的服务员说得相当明白，如果不按照指示去做，他就会因此遭罪。

保尔脱下一只靴子，把它套在炉筒上，用它当风箱，这样火星就能立即从装4桶水的大肚子茶炉中飞出来。他提起脏水桶，飞快地跑到垃圾场，把脏水倒掉；给烧水锅炉添上柴火，把湿毛巾搭在烧开水的热茶炉上烘干，总之，他干了被吩咐的每一件事。一天深夜，当他拖着疲乏的身子，走到厨房的时候，阿尼西娅，一个中年女工，看了一眼他刚刚关上的门，说：“这孩子有点怪啊，看他慌慌忙忙的像个疯子。一定是有什么原因才会让

boy, look at the way he dashes about like mad. Must have been a good reason for putting him to work.”

“He’s a good worker,” said Frolya. “Needs no speeding up.”

“He’ll soon cool off,” was Lusha’s opinion. “They all try hard in the beginning ...”

At seven o’clock the next morning, Pavel, utterly exhausted after a whole night spent on his feet, turned the boiling samovars over to the boy who was to relieve him. The latter, a puffy-faced youngster with an ugly glint in his eyes, examined the boiling samovars, and having assured himself that all was in order, thrust his hands into his pockets and spat through his teeth with an air of scornful superiority.

“Now listen, snotnose!” he said in an aggressive tone, fixing Pavel with his colourless eyes. “See you’re on the job here tomorrow at six sharp.”

“Why at six?” Pavka wanted to know. “The shift changes at seven, doesn’t it?”

“Never mind when the shift changes. You get here at six. And you’d better not blab too much or I’ll smash your silly mug for you. Some cheek, only started in today and already putting on airs.”

The dishwashers who had just finished their shift listened with interest to the exchange between the two boys. The

他来这儿工作的。”

“他是一个很好的工人，”弗罗霞说，“还不用催。”

“他很快就会冷却下来的，”卢莎反驳说，“刚开始他们都很卖力……”

第二天早晨7点钟，因为忙了整整一个晚上，保尔已经累得筋疲力尽，他把烧开的两个茶炉交给那个接班的男孩。后者是一个胖圆脸的少年，眼睛透着鄙夷的神色，他检查了一下开水炉，确认一切都已就绪，就把两手往口袋里一插，带着盛气凌人的架势从牙缝里吐出一口口水。

“现在听着，饭桶！”他用挑衅的口吻说，用那呆滞的眼睛看了看保尔，说：“明天早上6点整准时来接班。”

“为什么是6点？”保尔想知道，“换班是在7点，不是吗？”

“别管什么时候换班。你得6点来。你最好别多嘴，否则我抽烂你的蠢脸。真无礼，今天才来，臭架子就摆上了。”

那些刚交了班的洗碗工都饶有兴趣地听着两个孩子的对话。那个男孩狂傲的腔调和欺负人的行

blustering tone and bullying manner of the other enraged Pavel. He took a step toward his tormentor and was about to lash out at him with his fists when the fear of losing his newly acquired job stopped him.

“Stop your noise,” he said, his face dark with rage, “and keep off or you’ll get more than you bargained for. I’ll be here at seven tomorrow, and I can use my fists as good as you can. Maybe you’d like to try? I’m game.”

His adversary cowered back against the boiler, gaping with surprise at the bristling Pavel. He had not expected such a determined rebuff.

“All right, all right, we’ll see,” he muttered.

Pavel, his first day at work having passed without mishap, hurried home with a sense of having honestly earned his rest. Now he too was a worker and no one could accuse him of being a parasite.

The morning sun was already climbing above the sprawling buildings of the sawmill. Before long the tiny house where Pavel lived would come into view, just behind the Leszczinski garden.

“Mother must have just got up, and here I am coming home from work,” Pavel thought, and he quickened his pace, whistling as he went. “It turned out not so bad being kicked out of school. That

为激怒了保尔。他朝那个挑衅者逼近一步，正打算用拳头狠狠地揍他一顿，突然，担心丢掉刚刚才找到的工作的念头，让他停下来了。

“别吵了，”保尔说，他的脸气得铁青，“离我远点，否则我让你吃不了兜着走。明天我就7点来，而且我的拳头要得不比你差。也许你想试试？我奉陪！”

他的对手朝开水锅倒退了一步，吃惊地张着大嘴看着怒气冲冲的保尔。他没有料到会碰这么大的钉子。

“好，好，咱们走着瞧。”他含含糊糊地说。

保尔上班的第一天就这样平安无事地过去了，他带着一种诚实劳动换来了休息的感觉匆忙赶回家。现在他也是工人了，就没人能再指责他是个寄生虫了。

早晨的太阳已经爬到锯木厂散乱的厂房上面了。很快保尔住的小房子就出现在眼前，就在列辛斯基庄园的后面。

“妈妈一定起来了，我呢，下工回家了。”保尔想着，加快了脚步还一边吹着口哨，“这证明被学校赶出来，也不是那么糟糕。那个该死的神父无论如何都不会让我