读名著・学英语

## Childhood

〔苏〕高尔基 (Gorky, M.) 著 张晨光 译



# 阅读能力·词汇强化·语法巩固·短语训练

四大功能强效合一, 快速突破英语水平, 轻松阅读双语名著! 与美国人同步阅读的英语丛书

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## 出版说明 Publisher's Note

英语是当今世界上主要的国际通用语言之一,也是世界上最广泛使用的语言。世界上有二十多个国家把英语作为官方语言或第二语言使用。据不完全统计,在全球差不多每十个人中就有一个人在讲英语。目前全世界的经济贸易、商业文书、政府交往、学术论文、旅游交通、银行文件语言等等都需要用到英文;互联网上的原版资料90%为英文;70%以上的邮件是用英文书写或用英文写地址的;全世界科技出版物70%以上用英语发表;全世界的广播节目中60%是用英语进行播放交流的;绝大部分的国际会议是以英语为第一通用语言(90%以上的国际会议用英语召开),它也是联合国的正式工作语言之一。

原本的非英语国家也早已将英语口语及课程普及化。大多数国家的高等学府、大学院校都开设英语语言文学专业,青少年也从小学习英语课程。仅在中国,就有一百多所大学设有英语专业或英语相关专业。随着我国对外开放的不断扩大化,科学技术不断进步,国际地位不断提高,迫切需要造就一大批精通外语的专门人才。而学好英语这门语言,对于我们来说,大有裨益:

第一,从小培养良好的英语读说听写基础,较早阅读原版图书和国外文献资料,增加课外知识,开阔眼界。

第二,英语是中考、高考的必选重点科目,即使不选择英语类专业,如果英语口语、写作或者翻译有一技之长,也会被社会广泛需要。

第三,具有英语语言优势可以增加被重点学校录取的几率,同时,不管 将来从事哪个行业,英语交流都是必不可少的交际工具。 总之,加强英语学习已然刻不容缓,从今后的发展趋势来看,它就像我们的一日三餐一样不可或缺。

令人欣喜的是,我们的英语素质教育越来越受到重视,教师、家长和学生都逐渐意识到英语学习的重要性和必要性。其中对于基础英语教育而言,进行大量的原版英文阅读对提高英文学习水平是很有效的。国家教育部颁布的《英语课程标准》也对学生课外英语阅读提出了更高的标准和要求。

为全面提升英语爱好者的英语阅读能力,让亲爱的读者既读到原汁原味的英文原著,同时又能循序渐进,轻松愉快地学习世界文学文化,我们隆重推出了"读名著学英语"阅读书系。

衷心希望亲爱的读者在阅读"读名著 学英语"系列图书的过程中有所收获,让大家不再感到英语学习沉闷枯燥,而是有章有法,在潜移默化中得以领悟,轻松提高学习兴趣;同时帮助更多的读者爱上英文,阅读英文,享受英语文化的极美盛筵。

## 前言 Preface

高尔基(1868—1936)是世界著名的俄罗斯作家,全名为马克西姆·高尔基,原名为阿列克塞·马克西姆维奇·彼什科夫。1868年3月16日生于伏尔加河畔的下诺夫哥罗德市一个木匠家庭,1936年6月18日卒于莫斯科。

高尔基的童年生活十分坎坷,他4岁丧父,后随母亲去外祖父家度日,11岁时,母亲去世,不久外祖父家破产,他无法再过寄人篱下的生活,于是他便离开了外祖父家,开始走上社会,独立谋生。他在鞋店、圣像作坊当过学徒,还做过搬运工、面包师,干过铁路工人、看门人、园丁等,可以说人世间最下层的活计他几乎都做过,尝尽了人世间的酸甜苦辣。

1892年,为了生活,他开始写作,发表处女作《马卡尔·楚德拉》,不久 开始在地方报刊当编辑、记者,1898年出版两卷集《随笔和短篇小说》,从此 蜚声俄国和欧洲文坛。作家的生活和创作可分为三个时期:早期、中期和后 期。

在早期,作家的生活十分艰辛,父亲去世后,他一直生活在外祖父家,外祖母十分疼爱他,经常给他讲故事听,因此,年幼的高尔基积累了许多故事素材,为他以后的写作打下了良好的基础。这一时期,他创作的作品多为短篇体裁的作品,如《少女与死神》、《伊则吉尔老婆子》、《鹰之歌》等。在19世纪和20世纪之交完成了《福玛·高尔杰耶夫》、《三人》两部中篇小说的创作,1901年他在圣彼得堡发表了散文诗《海燕之歌》,此作品充满革命激情,渴望暴风雨般的革命早日到来,《海燕之歌》被认为是"革命的宣言书"。以后又陆续写出了不少作品,有剧本、政论文、小说等等。

作家的中期生活和创作主要在国外。1906年初,高尔基来到了美国,后 又从美国到意大利,定居在卡普里岛。在美期间,他完成了剧本《敌人》和 长篇小说《母亲》的写作。两部作品中,作家都渗透着对历史进步的坚定信 念,体现了在现实的革命发展中表现现实的创作原则,是公认的社会主义现 实主义的奠基之作。这期间,作家还写了揭露和抨击资本主义制度的政论 《我的访问记》和特写《在美国》。

1907年5月,高尔基和列宁一起参加了在意大利举行的俄国社会民主工党第五次代表大会。此后的几年里,他创作了《没用人的一生》、《夏天》等多部中篇小说,写了《最后一代》等多部剧本以及《意大利童话》、《俄罗斯童话》等一批优秀作品。

作家的后期生活和创作主要是在国内。1913年底,高尔基回到了俄国,住在圣彼得堡。1918至1921年期间,他积极投入到各种文化活动中,倡议并亲自主持创办多种杂志,组建新的文化队伍,成立世界文学出版社。1921年夏天,出国治病休养,直到1928年基本上就住在意大利索伦托。在此期间,俄国的少年儿童非常关心他们的大朋友高尔基的生活和健康,他们给高尔基写信,问候他,祝愿他早日康复,并希望高尔基能为他们写一些他们喜欢的童话故事,有的还希望高尔基寄给他们外国邮票,高尔基均一一满足了他们的要求,写故事,寄邮票和明信片,还给孩子们提有益的建议等。如今,在俄罗斯档案馆尚保存着几百封高尔基写给孩子们的信。除此以外,高尔基在索伦托还积极参加各种社会活动,为培养青年作者及团结不同风格的作家做了大量工作,同时,他还努力写作,发表回忆录《列夫·托尔斯泰》和特写《列宁》,完成自传体小说三部曲《童年》、《在人间》和《我的大学》,这些作品描写了作家从生活底层走向革命道路,劳动者寻找真理,追求光明的真理。1924至1925年创作了长篇小说《阿尔塔莫诺夫家的事业》,1928年回国后,写了长篇报告文学《苏联游记》,1931年定居莫斯科。

《童年》是高尔基自传体小说三部曲中的第一部。小说描述的是主人公阿廖沙3—10岁这一时期的童年生活。小说从"我"随母亲去投奔外祖父写起,

到外祖父叫"我"去"人间"混饭吃结束,生动地再现了19世纪七八十年代 俄罗斯下层人民的生活状况。

作为一部自传体小说,《童年》讲述的是作家一段沉重的童年往事。对于他所经历过并在心中留下过伤痛记忆的人和事,那些"铅一般沉重的丑事",作家在叙述的时候,心情不可能是轻松的,因此这部小说的基调在整体上显得严肃、低沉。但另一方面,小说是以一个孩子的眼光来描述的,这样就给一幕幕悲剧场景蒙上了一层天真烂漫的色彩,读起来令人悲哀但又不过于沉重,使人在黑暗中看到光明,在邪恶中看到善良,在冷酷无情中看到人性的光芒,在悲剧的氛围中感受到人们战胜悲剧命运的巨大力量。

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# 第一部分

Until grandmother came into my life I seemed to have been asleep, and hidden away in obscurity; but when she appeared she woke me and led me to the light of day.

外祖母没来之前,我仿佛在黑暗中昏睡。自从她在我面前出现之后,我那颗沉睡的心就被她唤醒了;她引导我看见了光明。

#### Chapter 1

rn a narrow, darkened room, my father, dressed in a white and unusually long In a narrow, darkened and a second se riously extended, and the fingers of the still hands, which rested peacefully upon his breast, were curved; his merry eyes were tightly closed by the black disks of two copper coins; the light had gone out of his still face, and I was frightened by the ugly way he showed his teeth.

My mother, only half clad in a red **petticoat**, knelt and combed my father's long, soft hair, from his brow to the nape of his neck, with the same black comb which I loved to use to tear the rind of watermelons; she talked unceasingly in her low, husky voice, and it seemed as if her swollen eyes must be washed away by the incessant flow of tears.

Holding me by the hand was my grandmother, who had a big, round head, large eyes, and a nose like a sponge; a dark, tender, wonderfully interesting person. She also was weeping, and her grief formed a fitting accompaniment to my mother's, as, shuddering the while, she pushed me towards my father; but I, terrified and uneasy, obstinately tried to hide myself against her.

I had never seen grown-up people cry before, and I did not understand the words which my grandmother uttered again and again: "Say good-by to daddy. You will never

#### 第一章

garment n. 衣服

petticoat n. 裙子

incessant a. 不断 的;不停的 暗狭小的房子里,父亲穿着白衣直直地躺在窗下的地板上,身子显得很长很长。他的脚裸露在外面,脚趾奇形怪状地张开着;那双时常抚摸我的手静静地放在胸前,手指也僵硬地、微微地弯曲着;他那双常带笑意的眼睛紧紧地闭住,看上去就像是两枚圆圆的黑铜币;那张慈祥的面孔已然发黑,牙齿难看地呲着,模样十分恐怖。

母亲光着上身,围着一条红裙子,跪在父亲身边,正在 用一把小梳子把父亲长而柔软的头发从前额梳到后脑勺。那 把小梳子我特别喜爱常常拿它来锯西瓜皮母亲一边细细地梳 理着父亲的头发,一边不住嘴地念叨着,嗓音不但粗重,而 且沙哑。她眼睛红肿,仿佛顷刻间就要融化似的,泪水大滴 大滴地从灰色的眼眶中滚落下来。

外祖母轻轻地握着我的手。她胖墩墩的身体,大大的脑袋,大大的眼睛,鼻子上皮肉松弛,让人觉得非常好笑;她穿着一身黑衣,整个人软软的,非常有趣;她也在哭,而且哭得很特别,似乎挺老练地陪着母亲哭。她浑身颤抖,拉着我使劲往父亲身边推。我趔着身子,硬是不过去;我既感到害怕,又觉得不好意思。

我一直没有见过大人哭,也弄不懂外祖母絮叨些什么: "快,跟爸爸告别吧,亲爱的孩子。你以后再也看不到他了。

see him any more. He is dead before his time."

I had been very ill, had only just left my bed in fact, and I remember perfectly well that at the beginning of my illness my father used to merrily take care of me. Then he suddenly disappeared and his place was taken by my grandmother, a stranger to me.

"Where did you come from?" I asked her.

"From up there, from Nijni," she answered; "but I did not walk here, I came by boat. One does not walk on water, you little **imp**."

She spoke sweetly, merrily, melodiously, and from the very first day I made friends with her; all I wanted now was for her to make haste and take me out of that room.

Presently some swarthy **gravediggers** and a soldier peeped in at the door. The latter shouted angrily: "Clear out now! Hurry up!"

Suddenly my mother threw herself heavily on the floor, but almost at once turned over on her back, dragging her hair in the dust; her impassive, white face had become livid, and showing her teeth like my father, she said in a terrible voice, "Close the door! Alexis, go away!"

**Thrusting** me on one side, grandmother rushed to the door crying: "Friends! Don't be frightened; don't interfere, but go away, for the love of Christ. This is not cholera but childbirth...I beg of you to go, good people!"

I hid myself in a dark corner behind a box, and thence I saw how my mother writhed upon the floor, panting and gnashing her teeth; and grandmother, kneeling beside her, talked lovingly and hopefully. "In the name of the Father and of the Son! Be patient, Varusha! Holy Mother of God!"

I was terrified. They crept about on the floor close to my father, touching him, groaning and shrieking, and he remained unmoved and actually smiling. This creeping about on the floor lasted a long time; several times my mother stood up, only to fall

他不该这么早离开人世啊。"

我刚刚患过一场大病,现在才能勉强着下地走路。病中的情景我还记忆犹新:父亲乐呵呵地照料着我,但到后来他突然就不见了,却由滑稽古怪的外祖母接替他来看护我。

"你打哪儿来的?"我问她。

"打上头来,"她答道, "打尼日尼来。我是搭船来的, 不是走来的,水上怎么能走呢,你这个小淘气。"

她说话时既亲切,又和善,听起来非常悦耳。从见到她的第一天起,我对她就有一种亲近的感觉。现在,我只盼着 她能尽快领我离开这间令人害怕的鬼屋子。

不久,几个黑皮肤的挖墓者和一个警察从门缝里探头张望。警察怒冲冲地叫道:"快点收拾!快点!"

这时,母亲忽然艰难地从地板上站了起来,但很快又坐下去,仰面躺下,蓬乱的头发披散在地板上。她冷漠而惨白的面孔变得青紫。像父亲一样,她也可怕地呲着牙,大声说:"把门关上!……阿列克谢……赶快出去!"

外祖母见状把我推到一边,冲到门口嘶声叫道: "亲爱的邻居们,你们不要害怕,也不要理她,看在基督的面上,你们赶快离开这儿吧!这不是得了霍乱,是女人要生孩子。求你们啦,各位好人!"

我跑到一处幽暗的角落,躲在箱子后面,从那里看见母亲在地板上滚来滚去,痛苦地呻吟着,牙齿咬得吱吱地响。外祖母趴在她身边,亲切而又快活地说:"为了圣父圣子,忍着点儿,忍着点儿,瓦留莎!圣母保佑!"

我吓得目瞪口呆。她们匍匐在父亲身旁的地板上忙乎着,不停地叫喊,不停地叹气;可我父亲仍然静静地躺在那儿,脸上似乎还挂着笑容呢。就这样,她们折腾了很久。有

imp n. 顽童; 小 淘气

gravedigger n. 挖墓者

thrust v. 推

writhe v. 翻滚; 扭动 down again, and grandmother rolled in and out of the room like a large, black, soft ball.

All of a sudden a child cried.

"Thank God!" said grandmother. "It is a boy!" And she lighted a candle.

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

A few days later my mother and grandmother took me aboard a steamboat, where we had a tiny cabin. My little brother Maxim was dead, and lay on a table in the corner, wrapped in white and wound about with red tape. Climbing on to the bundles and trunks I looked out of the **porthole**, which seemed to me exactly like the eye of a horse. Muddy, frothy water streamed unceasingly down the pane. Once it dashed against the glass with such violence that it splashed me, and I involuntarily jumped back to the floor.

"Don't be afraid," said grandmother, and lifting me lightly in her kind arms, restored me to my place on the bundles.

A gray, moist fog brooded over the water; from time to time a shadowy land was visible in the distance, only to be obscured again by the fog and the **foam**. Everything about us seemed to vibrate, except my mother who, with her hands folded behind her head, leaned against the wall fixed and still, with a face that was grim and hard as iron, and as **expressionless**. Standing thus, mute, with closed eyes, she appeared to me as an absolute stranger. Her very frock was unfamiliar to me.

More than once grandmother said to her softly "Varia, won't you have something to eat?" My mother neither broke the silence nor stirred from her position.

Grandmother spoke to me in whispers, but to my mother she spoke aloud, and at the same time cautiously and timidly, and very seldom. I thought she was afraid of her, which was quite intelligible, am seemed to draw us closer together. 几次,母亲刚一站起身就又跌倒了。外祖母像一只又黑又软的大皮球,跑进跑出的。过了一会,一个婴儿的啼哭声忽然 从黑暗中传了出来。

"啊!谢天谢地!"外祖母如释重负地说,"是个男孩!" 然后,她点燃了一支蜡烛。

至于以后是怎么一回事,我全都记不清了,我可能是在 墙角睡着了吧。

过了几天,我便随同外祖母和母亲,搭上了轮船。我们 挤在狭小的船舱里,小弟弟马克西姆刚刚出生就夭折了;他 身上包着白布,外面系着一条红色的带子,躺在角落里的一 张桌子上。我坐在包袱和箱子上,透过圆鼓鼓的、马眼睛般 的舷窗向外张望:窗外混浊的流水泛起白色的泡沫,不时地 卷着浪花向窗户玻璃扑来,我吓得赶紧跳到地上。

"别害怕!"外祖母边说边把我用那双柔软的手抱了起来,轻轻地将我重新放在包袱上面。

河面上,水汽迷蒙;远方不时地呈现出黑色的土地,但不久就又消失在湿雾和河水里了。四周的一切都在颤动,唯有母亲静静地靠着船壁,双手放在脑后,一动也不动。她脸孔铁青,神色忧郁,眼睛紧紧地闭着,像个瞎子一样。她一声不吭,似乎完全变成了另外的一个人,就连她的衣服我也觉得是那么的陌生。

"喂,瓦里娅,你为什么不吃点东西呢?"外祖母不止一次地这样劝她。可是母亲依然纹丝不动,沉默不语。

外祖母跟我说话时声音总是很低,但和母亲说话时声音 却要高一些,不过却是小心翼翼的,唯恐触怒了她,而且话 也很少。我隐隐约约地感觉到她怕母亲。一想到这儿,我就

porthole n. 舷窗

foam n. 泡沫; 水沫

expressionless a. 面无表情的; 呆 板的 Until grandmother came into my life I seemed to have been asleep, and hidden away in obscurity; but when she appeared she woke me and led me to the light of day. Connecting all my impressions by a single thread, she wove them into a pattern of many colors, thus making herself my friend for life, the being nearest my heart, the dearest and best known of all; while her disinterested love for all creation enriched me, and built up the strength needful for a hard life.

Forty years ago boats traveled slowly; we were a long time getting to Nijni, and I shall never forget those days almost overladen with beauty.

I remember the childish joy grandmother showed at the sight of Nijni. Taking my hand, she dragged me to the side, crying: "Look! Look! how beautiful it is! That's Nijni, that is! There's something heavenly about it. Look at the church too. Doesn't it seem to have wings?"

And she turned to my mother, nearly weeping. "Varusha, look, won't you?Come here! You seem to have forgotten all about it. Can't you show a little gladness?"

My mother, with a **frown**, smiled bitterly.

When the boat arrived outside the beautiful town between two rivers blocked by vessels, and bristling with hundreds of slender masts, a large boat containing many people was **drawn alongside** it. Catching the boat-hook in the gangway, one after another the passengers came on board. A short, **wizened** man, dressed in black, with a red-gold beard, a bird-like nose, and green eyes, pushed his way in front of the others.