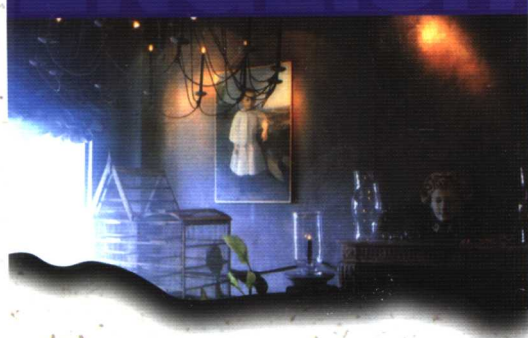


英汉对照全译



罪与罚

Crime and Punishment

英语大书虫世界文学名著文库

...a sick, frightened feeling, which made him
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不是因为他的胆小和卑鄙，恰恰相
反；而是从近段以来，他总是处在一种
过度紧张、焦躁的状态，快得忧郁病似
的。他变得是这样孤独，远离同伴，以
致他不仅怕碰见他的女房东，而且谁都
害怕碰面。他被贫穷所压迫；但近来这
种焦躁的处境已经不再使他感到是什么
负担了。他也不再去做实际上是很重要的
事情，他已经没有心思去做事了。女
房东所能碰到的任何事情都不能让他真
正感到痛苦。他感到一种被压迫、被迫



英 语 大 书 虫
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罪 与 罚

(俄)陀思妥耶夫斯基 著
英语学习大书虫研究室 译

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导 读

陀思妥耶夫斯基(1821——1881)是十九世纪俄国著名文学家,小说《罪与罚》是他在 1866 年写成的,当时,俄国正处在即将崩溃的农奴制与急速发展的资本主义社会阶段,广大农民过着饥寒交迫的生活,作者怀着一种同情的心情,塑造了俄国下层人民饱受屈辱的悲惨命运,这篇小说是一部强有力地揭露当时社会矛盾根源及资本主义社会的黑暗与罪恶的世界文学作品。

以刑事犯罪为题材的《罪与罚》,它不仅是一部社会、哲学方面的小说,而且还是一部犯罪心理学方面的小说,它酣畅淋漓地剖析了一个罪犯的内心世界。这部小说中的拉斯科里尼柯夫出身贫困,交不起学费,不得不辍学,继而又陷入走投无路、衣食无着的境地,在这种情况下,他不甘心自己做一个“平凡的人”,与其他人一样,命中注定要做那种只会繁衍同类、俯首贴耳的奴隶;他想做另一种“非凡的人”。这样,他就可以不受法律与道德的约束,可以为所欲为,有权去做一切违法乱纪的事,为了从贫困中摆脱出来,他铤而走险,用他那双发抖的手,举起了斧子,把一个放高利贷的老太婆给砍死了,抢走了她的财产,并且连她的妹妹也一块杀掉了。

从此以后,他的思想便崩溃了,虽说出于种种巧合,他逃离了现场,后来还出现一个替身,警方也没有他杀人的确凿证据,就这样,他完全从法律的制裁下逃脱了。然而,他却受到另一种惩罚——道德与良心的谴责,他为此开始陷入一种极度痛苦与精神折磨之中,他昏迷了三天三夜,一直做着噩梦,开始厌烦世上的一切,变得神经质起来,甚至有些歇斯底里,常有意无意地想暴露出自己,他的精神防线彻底崩溃了。最终,他还是忍受不了良心的折磨,在妓女索菲娅的感召下,去自首了。在小说中,陀思妥耶夫斯基细腻的心理描写,把本书的主人公——拉斯科里尼柯夫行凶前后的心理变化、精神分裂式的压抑、

苦闷、急躁的心理,以及杀人犯与妓女抱头痛哭、拉斯科里尼柯夫与他的母亲生死离别的场面描写得淋漓尽致。

本书还有另一位人物——卢任,作者把他刻划成一个资产阶级的典型,在他看来,个人利益高于一切,社会利益只是一种抽象的利益,他把能抬高自己身价的金钱看得高于一切。他希望能找到一位出身贫寒的妻子,这样,他的妻子就会对他感恩戴德,便会心甘情愿地听从他的摆布。他对未婚妻的哥哥——拉斯科里尼柯夫,也想以恩人自居,在受到拉斯科里尼柯夫的冷嘲热讽之后,便想方设法,用卑劣的手段,企图造成兄妹间不和,后来阴谋败露。陀思妥耶夫斯基在小说中,把卢任那副自私之极的灵魂,刻划得淋漓尽致,使他那副伪善、自私、吝啬与阴险的面孔跃然纸上,从而激起读者对他的憎恨。

《罪与罚》这篇小说,再现了十九世纪六十年代,俄国资本主义发展时期彼得堡的真实社会情景。作者主要写处于贫困之中的下层人民,为他们控诉社会的不公。在人物的刻划上,作者用大量的笔墨去描写小说人物的灵魂,再现故事人物的内心世界,突出他们的性格特点。并进一步指出:书中人物的性格,是由于他们所处的不同社会环境造成的,酗酒、卖淫、犯罪的根源则在于社会制度本身。

陀思妥耶夫斯基的这部优秀的社会心理学方面的小说,在浩繁的世界文学宝库中占据着一个很重要的位置。

译者

二〇〇一年三月

PART ONE

第一部分

Chapter One

ON AN exceptionally hot evening early in July a young man came out of the garret in which he lodged in S. Place and walked slowly, as though in hesitation, towards K. bridge.

He had successfully avoided meeting his landlady on the staircase. His garret was under the roof of a high, five-storied house and was more like a cupboard than a room. The landlady who provided him with garret, dinners, and attendance, lived on the floor below, and every time he went out he was obliged to pass her kitchen, the door of which invariably stood open. And each time he passed, the young man had a sick, frightened feeling, which made him scowl and feel ashamed. He was hopelessly in debt to his landlady, and was afraid of meeting her.

This was not because he was cowardly and abject, quite the contrary; but for some time past he had been in an overstrained irritable condition, verging on hypochondria. He had become so completely absorbed in himself, and isolated from his fellows that he dreaded meeting, not only his landlady, but any one at all. He was crushed by poverty, but the anxieties of his position had of late ceased to weigh upon him. He had given up attending to matters of practical importance; he had lost all desire to do so. Nothing that any landlady could do had a real terror for him. But to be stopped on the stairs, to be forced to listen to her trivial, irrelevant gossip, to pestering demands for payment, threats and complaints, and to rack his brains for excuses, to prevaricate, to lie no, rather than that, he would creep down the stairs like a cat and slip out unseen.

This evening, however, on coming out into the street, he became acutely aware of his fears.

第一章

七月初,在一个特别炎热的傍晚,有个年轻小伙从他住 S 街所寄宿的阁楼里走出来,慢悠悠地向 K 桥走去,好像还有些犹豫似的。

他顺利地避免在楼梯上碰见他的女房东。他的阁楼在一幢高耸的五楼下面,与其说是一个住房,还不如说是个大橱子。女房东租给他这个阁楼,供他膳食,有人侍候着,她住在他下一层楼里,他每次出去的时候,都一定要经过她的厨房,厨房的门总是开着的。他每次走过时,这个年轻人都会有一种恶心害怕的感觉,他便皱着眉头,感到很是惭愧。他欠着女房东没有希望能还清的债务,担心碰到她。

这并不是因为他胆小和卑鄙,恰恰相反;而是从近段以来,他总是处在一种过度紧张、焦躁的状态,快得忧郁症似的。他变得是这样孤独,远离同伴,以致他不仅怕碰见他的女房东,而且谁都害怕碰面。他被贫穷所压垮;但近来这种焦躁的处境已经不再使他感到是什么负担了。他也不再去做实际上是重要的事情,他已经没有心思去做事了。女房东所能做出的任何事情都不能让他真正感到害怕,除非被拦在楼梯上,被迫去听她的那些琐碎的、与他毫不相关的废话,纠缠着、威胁着、埋怨着想要讨债时,他就要像个小猫似的蹑手蹑脚地偷偷地溜下去,免得让人看见。

然而,这天晚上,一来到大街上,他强烈地意识到自己的那种恐惧的心理。

"I want to attempt a thing like that and am frightened by these trifles," he thought, with an odd smile. "Hm... yes, all is in a man's hands and he lets it all slip from cowardice, that's an axiom. It would be interesting to know what it is men are most afraid of. Taking a new step, uttering a new word is what they fear most.... But I am talking too much. It's because I chatter that I do nothing. Or perhaps it is that I chatter because I do nothing. I've learned to chatter this last month, lying for days together in my den thinking... of Jack the Giant-killer. Why am I going there now? Am I capable of that? Is that serious? It is not serious at all. It's simply a fantasy to amuse myself; a plaything! Yes, maybe it is a plaything."

The heat in the street was terrible: and the airlessness, the bustle and the plaster, scaffolding, bricks, and dust all about him, and that special Petersburg stench, so familiar to all who are unable to get out of town in summer— all worked painfully upon the young man's already overwrought nerves. The insufferable stench from the pot-houses, which are particularly numerous in that part of the town, and the drunken men whom he met continually, although it was a working day, completed the revolting misery of the picture. An expression of the profoundest disgust gleamed for a moment in the young man's refined face. He was, by the way, exceptionally handsome, above the average in height, slim, well-built, with beautiful dark eyes and dark brown hair. Soon he sank into deep thought, or more accurately speaking into a complete blankness of mind; he walked along not observing what was about him and not caring to

"我正要去试着做像那样的一件事情,可却被这种微不足道的小事给吓住,"他心中暗想,露出一种奇怪的笑容。"嗯……是的,什么事都在人的支配之中嘛,他却出于一种胆怯的心理而错过时机,那可是一种很显然的道理,要是能知道人们最害怕什么,那会很有趣的,迈出新的一步,说出一句他们最害怕的话来……可我说得有些太多了。因为我总是唠唠叨叨的,什么也做不成。或许,也可能是因为我什么也做不成,才这样唠唠叨叨的。我是在最近一个月里才学会唠唠叨叨的,终日躺在自己的小巢里胡思乱想……想着要提醒那个巨大的杀人魔王。我为什么要现在去那儿呢?我难道能去干那种事吗?那件事很严重吗?根本就不很严重。只不过是胡思乱想着为自己逗乐而已!对了,可能是件游戏!"

街上热得可怕,也没有风,一片忙碌,灰泥、脚手架、砖头,灰尘和夏天所特有的恶臭。这是所有那些不能到郊外避暑的彼得堡人所熟悉的那种臭气,——所有这一切都对这个神经已经过度紧张的年轻人产生了痛苦的影响。小酒馆在本市的这一地区特别多,从里面发出一种令人难以忍受的臭气,尽管是在上班时间,他还是不断遇到醉鬼,这就构成了一幅令人厌恶的悲惨图像。一种极为厌恶的表情在这个年轻人那俊秀的脸上闪过。顺便说一下,他长得极为英俊,超过中等身高,身材消瘦却很匀称,长着一双漂亮的黑眼睛,深褐色的头发。他很快就陷入了沉思,或者说得更确切些,好像他的脑海中一片迷茫,他向前走,也不去在意周围所发生的一切,并且也不想去观察。只是偶尔

observe it. From time to time, he would mutter something, from the habit of talking to himself, to which he had just confessed. At these moments he would become conscious that his ideas were sometimes in a tangle and that he was very weak; for two days he had scarcely tasted food.

He was so badly dressed that even a man accustomed to shabbiness would have been ashamed to be seen in the street in such rags. In that quarter of the town, however, scarcely any shortcoming in dress would have created surprise. Owing to the proximity of the Hay Market, the number of establishments of bad character, the preponderance of the trading and working class population crowded in these streets and alleys in the heart of Petersburg, types so various were to be seen in the streets that no figure, however queer, would have caused surprise. But there was such accumulated bitterness and contempt in the young man's heart, that, in spite of all the fastidiousness of youth, he minded his rags least of all in the street. It was a different matter when he met with acquaintances or with former fellow students, whom, indeed, he disliked meeting at any time. And yet when a drunken man who, for some unknown reason, was being taken somewhere in a huge waggon dragged by a heavy dray horse, suddenly shouted at him as he drove past: "Hey there, German hatter" bawling at the top of his voice and pointing at him— the young man stopped suddenly and clutched tremulously at his hat. It was a tall round hat from Zimmerman's, but completely worn out, rusty with age, all torn and bespattered, brimless and bent on one side in a most unseemly fashion. Not shame, however, but quite another feeling akin to terror had overtaken him.

"I knew it," he muttered in confusion, "I

咕哝一下而已,这是那种自言自语的习惯,他对此已经公开承认了。在这种时候,他也能意识到,他的思想有时也是处于一种混乱状态,并且他十分虚弱:他几乎已经有两天都没吃东西了。

他身上穿得是这样寒酸,即使是一个已经习惯于衣衫褴褛的人,也会为在大街上穿着这样破衣衫而难为情。然而,在本市的这个地方,几乎就没有能让人感到惊讶的衣着破烂。这应当归功于挨着干草市场(这是彼得堡的一个市场,本书的情节都是以此为——译者注),有一定数量的妓院,而且聚集在彼得堡市中心的这些街道里的人们,大多是那些做买卖的和工人阶层,在街上就能看到各种类型的人,然而,要不是这种形像的人出现,那倒反有点奇怪了。但是,在这个年轻人的心目中,已经聚集了这么多辛酸和耻辱,他就不顾年轻人所特有的那种衣着讲究,他有意穿着这身破烂的衣服在大街上走着。当然,在他遇到在任何时候都讨厌碰到的熟人和以前的同学时,那就是另当别论了。然而,却有个醉汉,不知出于什么原因,正坐在一辆大车上,被一匹拉重货的马拖着到某处,当他在他身旁经过的时候,突然,用手指着他,拼命地冲着他大叫道:"喂,德国做帽子的!"年轻人突然停了下来,哆嗦着用手抓住了他的帽子。这顶高筒圆帽是从齐妹尔曼帽子店里买的,只不过十分破旧罢了,也褪了色,到处都是破洞和污痕,没有帽边,歪戴到一边,折成一个不体面的形状。然而,这却不是羞愧,而完全是另外一种,甚至是一种类似恐惧的感觉包围了他。

"我早知道!"他慌乱中咕哝

thought so! That's the worst of all! Why, a stupid thing like this, the most trivial detail might spoil the whole plan. Yes, my hat is too noticeable.... It looks absurd and that makes it noticeable.... With my rags I ought to wear a cap, any sort of old pancake, but not this grotesque thing. Nobody wears such a hat, it would be noticed a mile off, it would be remembered.... What matters is that people would remember it, and that would give them a clue. For this business one should be as little conspicuous as possible.... Trifles, trifles are what matter! Why, it's just such trifles that always ruin everything...."

He had not far to go; he knew indeed how many steps it was from the gate of his lodging house: exactly seven hundred and thirty. He had counted them once when he had been lost in dreams. At the time he had put no faith in those dreams and was only tantalising himself by their hideous but daring recklessness. Now, a month later, he had begun to look upon them differently, and, in spite of the monologues in which he jeered at his own impotence and indecision, he had involuntarily come to regard this "hideous" dream as an exploit to be attempted, although he still did not realise this himself. He was positively going now for a "rehearsal" of his project, and at every step his excitement grew more and more violent.

With a sinking heart and a nervous tremor, he went up to a huge house which on one side looked on to the canal, and on the other into the street. This house was let out in tiny tenements and was inhabited by working people of all kinds- tailors, locksmiths, cooks, Germans of sorts, girls picking up a living as best they could, petty clerks, &c. There was a continual coming and going through the two

道,“我这样想过!那可是最糟不过的了!哎呀,像这样一种蠢事,一个最微不足道的细节,也会破坏整个计划!是这样,我的帽子也最容易让人注意了……它看上去很是可笑,因此也就值得人去注意……穿着这身破烂衣服,我应该再戴一顶像薄煎饼式的老式帽子,而不能戴这顶奇形怪状的东西。没有人会戴这种帽子的,一英里以外都能让人注意到,也会被记住……问题是,人们记起它以后,就会提供给他们一条线索。做这种事情就需要尽可能不去引人注意……琐事,琐事也是问题的所在!什么,恰恰是这些琐事,把一切都给毁掉了……”

他并没有走多远;他当然清楚从他所寄宿的那幢房子的大门口,迈过了多少步;总共七百三十步。一次,当他在迷迷糊糊中的时候,也曾经数过。那时,他还不相信自己的这些梦想,只是他自己被这种幻想大胆鲁莽所打动而已。现在,一个月以后,他已经用不同的眼光来看待他们了,并且,尽管他总是自言自语地嘲笑自己的无能和优柔寡断,并不不知不觉地认识到这种“梦想”可能是一种可以尝试的大事,尽管他仍然不能让他自己明白过来。现在,他确实实实在在地要为他计划进行演习了,每走一步,他都变得越发激动了。

他的心在紧张不安地颤栗着,走近一幢一面对运河,另一面冲着大街的大房子。这幢房子分隔成一间间小住房,住着从事各种职业的人,有裁缝、修锁工、厨师、各种各样的德国人、妓女、小职员等等。在这幢房子的两道大门和两个院子里不断进进出出着。这幢房子里雇佣着四个看门人。年轻

gates and in the two courtyards of the house. Three or four door-keepers were employed on the building. The young man was very glad to meet none of them, and at once slipped unnoticed through the door on the right, and up the staircase. It was a back staircase, dark and narrow, but he was familiar with it already, and knew his way, and he liked all these surroundings; in such darkness even the most inquisitive eyes were not to be dreaded. "If I am so scared now, what would it be if it somehow came to pass that I were really going to do it?" he could not help asking himself as he reached the fourth storey. There his progress was barred by some porters who were engaged in moving furniture out of a flat. He knew that the flat had been occupied by a German clerk in the civil service, and his family. This German was moving out then, and so the fourth floor on this staircase would be untenanted except by the old woman. "That's a good thing anyway," he thought to himself, as he rang the bell of the old woman's flat. The bell gave a faint tinkle as though it were made of tin and not of copper. The little flats in such houses always have bells that ring like that. He had forgotten the note of that bell, and now its peculiar tinkle seemed to remind him of something and to bring it clearly before him. . . . He started, his nerves were terribly overstrained by now. In a little while, the door was opened a tiny crack: the old woman eyed her visitor with evident distrust through the crack, and nothing could be seen but her little eyes, glittering in the darkness. But, seeing a number of people on the landing, she grew bolder, and opened the door wide. The young man stepped into the dark entry, which was partitioned off from the tiny kitchen. The old woman stood facing him in silence and looking inquiringly at him. She was a diminutive, withered up old woman of sixty, with sharp malignant eyes and a sharp

人为没有遇到任何一个人而感到高兴,并马上不被人注意地溜进了右边的大门,上了楼梯。那是一个后楼梯,阴暗狭窄,但是他对此已经熟悉了,也知道道路,并且,他还很喜欢这里的整个环境:在这种黑暗的状态中,即使有最为好奇的眼睛也不会感到恐惧。“我要是现在还这样害怕的话,要是在某个时候,真的要去干那件事时,又会怎么样呢?”当他上到四楼的时候,他情不自禁地想道。在那儿,有一些正忙着从一套住宅里向外搬家具的搬运工挡住了他的去路。他知道那套公寓已经被一个从事行政事务、带着家眷的德国人居住着。“那么,这个德国人搬出去了,因此,在这个单元的四楼中,除了一个老太太以外,就没有租赁者了。无论如何,这总是个好事情,”当他按响老太太住房的门铃时,自言自语道。门铃发出一种轻微的响声,它好像是用白铁做的,而不是用铜做成的。这样一幢楼房的小房间里,几乎全都装着这种门铃。他已经忘记这种门铃的响声,现在,它这种特别的叮当声似乎让他想起了什么事情似的,并且清清楚楚地展现在他的眼前……他颤抖了一下,他的神经到现在又开始紧张不安起来。不久,门开了一道很小的缝隙,那个老太太用一种带着明显不信任的眼神从门缝里打量着来访者,除了她的那对在黑暗中闪光的小眼睛以外,别的什么也看不到了。但是,在楼梯的平台上,却看到很多人,她变得大起胆子来了,便把房门打开了。年轻人跨进那道黑暗的房门,那是从小厨房分隔开的。老太太一声不吭地站在他的面前,用一种充满疑问地眼光看着他。她是一个矮小干瘪、六十来岁的老太太,眼光锐利、并带着一

little nose. Her colourless, somewhat grizzled hair was thickly smeared with oil, and she wore no kerchief over it. Round her thin long neck, which looked like a hen's leg, was knotted some sort of flannel rag, and, in spite of the heat, there hung flapping on her shoulders, a mangy fur cape, yellow with age. The old woman coughed and groaned at every instant. The young man must have looked at her with a rather peculiar expression, for a gleam of mistrust came into her eyes again.

"Raskolnikov, a student, I came here a month ago," the young man made haste to mutter, with a half bow, remembering that he ought to be more polite.

"I remember, my good sir, I remember quite well your coming here," the old woman said distinctly, still keeping her inquiring eyes on his face.

"And here... I am again on the same errand," Raskolnikov continued, a little disconcerted and surprised at the old woman's mistrust.

"Perhaps she is always like that though, only I did not notice it the other time," he thought with an uneasy feeling.

The old woman paused, as though hesitating; then stepped on one side, and pointing to the door of the room, she said, letting her visitor pass in front of her: "Step in, my good sir."

The little room into which the young man walked, with yellow paper on the walls, geraniums and muslin curtains in the windows, was brightly lighted up at that moment by the setting sun. "So the sun will shine like this then too!" flashed as it were by chance through Raskolnikov's mind, and with a rapid glance he scanned everything in the room, trying as far as possible to notice and remem-

种恶恨恨的眼神,尖尖的小鼻子,那已经失去色泽的、花白的头发上厚厚地涂着一层头油,也没戴方巾。她那看上去像母鸡腿似的长脖子上围着一块斑斑点点的法兰绒破围巾,并且,尽管天气炎热,她的肩上还披着一件破旧的已经老得发黄的毛皮披肩。老太太不停地咳嗽着,呻吟着。年轻人很可能用一种很奇怪的目光望了她一眼,一种不信任的神情又闪现在她的眼中。

"拉斯科里尼柯夫,一个学生,在一个月前来到过这里,"年轻人急忙咕哝道,半躬着腰,他想起,应该更有礼貌些。

"我记得,我的好先生,我清清楚楚得想起来了,您来到过这儿,"老太太毫不含糊地说道,可仍然用一种疑问的目光盯着他的脸。

"哦,来这儿……我又是为相同的事而来,"拉斯科里尼柯夫继续说道,并为老太太对自己的不信任而感到吃惊和惊慌不安。

"也许她总是这样,只不过我在那一次没有注意到这一点而已,"他怀着一种心神不安的感觉想道。

老太太停了一会儿,似乎是在犹豫不决似的,然后便退到一旁,指了指房间的门,让客人从她面前过去,说道:"请进吧,先生。"

那个让年轻人走进去的房间很小,墙上贴着发黄的墙纸,窗台上摆着天竺葵,窗户上挂着细纱窗帘,落日的余晖在这一刻把里面照得很亮。"那么,在那时,太阳也会像这样照着!……"这种想法似乎偶然在拉斯科里尼柯夫的脑海中闪过,他匆匆地扫视了一下房间里的一切事物,并想尽可能注意到并

ber its arrangement. But there was nothing special in the room. The furniture, all very old and of yellow wood, consisted of a sofa with a huge bent wooden back, an oval table in front of the sofa, a dressing-table with a looking-glass fixed on it between the windows, chairs along the walls and two or three half-penny prints in yellow frames, representing German damsels with birds in their hands—that was all. In the corner a light was burning before a small ikon. Everything was very clean; the floor and the furniture were brightly polished; everything shone. “Lizaveta’s work,” thought the young man. There was not a speck of dust to be seen in the whole flat. “It’s in the houses of spiteful old widows that one finds such cleanliness,” Raskolnikov thought again, and he stole a curious glance at the cotton curtain over the door leading into another tiny room, in which stood the old woman’s bed and chest of drawers and into which he had never looked before. These two rooms made up the whole flat.

“What do you want?” the old woman said severely, coming into the room and, as before, standing in front of him so as to look him straight in the face.

“I’ve brought something to pawn here,” and he drew out of his pocket an old-fashioned flat silver watch, on the back of which was engraved a globe; the chain was of steel.

“But the time is up for your last pledge. The month was up the day before yesterday.”

“I will bring you the interest for another month; wait a little.”

“But that’s for me to do as I please, my good sir, to wait or to sell your pledge at once.”

“How much will you give me for the watch, Alyona Ivanovna?”

“You come with such trifles, my good sir, it’s scarcely worth anything. I gave you two

记住里面的布置。但是，在房间里并没有什么特殊之处。家具也都很破旧了，全是黄木做的：摆放着一张高高的弓形木制靠背的沙发，一张椭圆形的圆桌摆放在沙发前，在窗户中间的墙上是一个装着一面镜子的梳妆台，墙边放着几把椅子，还有两幅只值半便士的图画，装在黄色的画框里，上面画的是几个手里拿着小鸟的德国少女，——就这么多。在墙角处，在一幅小圣像前点着一盏灯。这一切都很干净：家具和地板都被擦得发光；一切都是亮光光的。“丽扎韦台做的，”年轻人心中想道。整个房间里没有一点灰尘。“只有在恶狠狠的的老寡妇家里才能发现这种洁净，”拉斯科里尼柯夫心中又暗暗想道，并且用好奇地的眼光偷偷地看了看通向另一个小房间门前的那块棉门帘，里面摆放着老太太的床和一个箱子，并且，他以前从没有向那里面看过。这套公寓只有这两个房间组成。

“你想要做什么呢？”老太太走进房间，厉声问道，还像以前那样，在他面前站着，这样可以直接盯着他的脸。

“我带来一件典当物，”并且，他从口袋里掏出一块扁平的老式银表。表的背面刻着一个地球。表链是钢的。

“上次的抵押品已经到期。前天就超过一个月了。”

“我可以再给您一个月的利息；请再宽限几天。”

“先生，再宽限几天，还是立即把您的东西卖掉，那可都随我的便了。”

“这块手表，您能给我当多少钱，阿廖娜·伊凡诺芙娜？”

“先生，你带来的可都是些不值钱的东西，几乎就不值钱。你上

roubles last time for your ring and one could buy it quite new at a jeweler's for a rouble and a half."

"Give me four roubles for it, I shall redeem it, it was my father's. I shall be getting some money soon."

"A rouble and a half, and interest in advance, if you like!"

"A rouble and a half!" cried the young man.

"Please yourself" - and the old woman handed him back the watch. The young man took it, and was so angry that he was on the point of going away; but checked himself at once, remembering that there was nowhere else he could go, and that he had had another object also in coming.

"Hand it over," he said roughly.

The old woman fumbled in her pocket for her keys, and disappeared behind the curtain into the other room. The young man, left standing alone in the middle of the room, listened inquisitively, thinking. He could hear her unlocking the chest of drawers. "It must be the top drawer," he reflected. "So she carries the keys in a pocket on the right. All in one bunch on a steel ring. . . . And there's one key there, three times as big as all the others, with deep notches; that can't be the key of the chest of drawers. . . then there must be some other chest or strong-box. . . that's worth knowing. Strong-boxes always have keys like that. . . but how degrading it all is."

The old woman came back.

"Here, sir: as we say ten copecks the rouble a month, so I must take fifteen copecks from a rouble and a half for the month in advance. But for the two roubles I lent you before, you owe me now twenty copecks on the same reckoning in advance. That makes thirty-five copecks altogether. So I must give you a rouble and fifteen copecks for the watch.

次拿来的那个戒指,我给了您两卢布,可在珠宝商那里,只用一个半卢布就能买个相当新的。"

"就用它典当四个卢布吧,我会来赎的,那是我父亲的。我不久就能弄到钱了。"

"您要是乐意!就一个半卢布,还要先付利息。"

"一个半卢布!"年轻人大叫道。

"请您自便吧。"老太太把表退给了他。年轻人接了过来,感到是这样愤怒,以致想转身便走;但他马上又改变主意,他想起自己已经无处可去,并且,他这儿还有另外一个目的。

"拿钱来吧!"他粗鲁地说道。

老太太在她的口袋里掏钥匙,并走到另一个房间的门帘里便不见了。只剩下年轻人一个人站在房间中央,好奇地倾听着,暗自思忖着。可以听到她打开了衣柜。"那肯定是上面的抽屉,"他心中想道。"这么说,她的钥匙是放在右边的口袋里的。都串在一个钢圈上的……并且有一把钥匙,比其它所有的钥匙要大三倍,带着深深的锯齿,那不会是衣柜抽屉上的……那么,肯定还另有一个箱子,或者是一个保险箱……这可值得了解一下。保险箱总是配着那样的钥匙……然而,这所有的一切都是多么可耻。"

老太太走了回来。

"给您,先生:正像我们所说的那样,每个卢布一个月的利息是十个戈比,因此,一个半卢布,我就应该收十五个戈比,作为预先支付的一个月利息。可我以前借给您的那两个卢布也是按同一种方法计算,也要预先支付,您就应该欠我二十个戈比。这总共是三十五个

Here it is."

"What! only a rouble and fifteen copecks now!"

"Just so."

The young man did not dispute it and took the money. He looked at the old woman, and was in no hurry to get away, as though there was still something he wanted to say or to do, but he did not himself quite know what.

"I may be bringing you something else in a day or two, Alyona Ivanovna a valuable thing—silver—a cigarette box, as soon as I get it back from a friend..." he broke off in confusion.

"Well, we will talk about it then, sir."

"Good-bye—are you always at home alone, your sister is not here with you?" He asked her as casually as possible as he went out into the passage.

"What business is she of yours, my good sir?"

"Oh, nothing particular, I simply asked. You are too quick.... Good-day, Alyona Ivanovna."

Raskolnikov went out in complete confusion. This confusion became more and more intense. As he went down the stairs, he even stopped short, two or three times, as though suddenly struck by some thought. When he was in the street he cried out:

"Oh, God, how loathsome it all is! and can I, can I possibly.... No, it's nonsense, it's rubbish!" he added resolutely.

"And how could such an atrocious thing come into my head? What filthy things my heart is capable of. Yes, filthy above all, disgusting, loathsome, loathsome! and for a

戈比。这样说来,您的这块表,我就应该给您一卢布十五戈比。给您吧。"

"什么!现在只剩一卢布十五戈比!"

"就这么多。"

年轻人没有争论,便拿过钱。他望着老太太,并不急着出去,他似乎还想要说些什么或者是做些什么,但他自己并不十分清楚,要做什么。

"阿廖娜·伊凡诺芙娜,我可能在一两天内,再给您带来一样别的东西……一个很贵重的……银的……烟盒,我从我朋友那里取回来……"他心慌得住了口。

"好,我们到那时候再谈这些吧,先生。"

"再见……您总是单独呆在家里吗?您的妹妹不是在这里陪您吗?"在他走在过道里时,尽可能随便地问道。

"先生,她关您什么事呢?"

"哦,这没什么特别的事。我只不过问问而已。您真是太活泼了……再见,阿廖娜·伊凡诺芙娜!"

拉斯科里尼柯夫在十分心慌意乱中走了出来。这种慌乱变得越来越强烈了。在他走下楼梯时,他甚至停了二三次,像是猛然想起什么令人大吃一惊的事情似的。当他来到大街上的时候,他大叫道:

"哦,上帝,这所有的一切是多么令人讨厌啊!难道我,难道我可能……不!这简直是胡说,那是废话!"他毅然决然地补充道。

"我的头脑里怎么竟会产生这样残忍的想法?我的心竟能盛下这种肮脏的东西呢!对,最重要的是:污秽、令人厌恶、讨厌、讨厌!"