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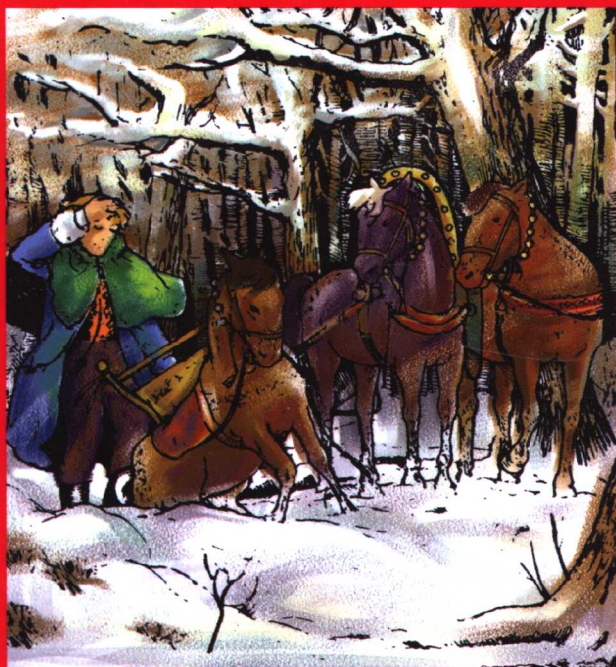
# *The Queen of Spades and other stories*

## 黑桃皇后和其他故事

ALEKSANDR PUSHKIN

原著 亚历山大·谢·普希金

俄国伟大诗人和作家普希金为我们带来了19世纪俄国的魅力和奇事。他的故事描写了军旅生活和浪漫爱情。年轻的军官们难耐枯燥的军营生活，常常打架；而年轻的恋人们总是偷偷约会。



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Translated from the Russian and retold by Stephen Colbourn

原著 亚历山大·谢·普希金

注释 刘思远



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外教社编辑部

2002年11月

## 简 介

亚历山大·普希金(1799—1837)是俄国 19 世纪最杰出的诗人。他创作了许多诗,也写了不少小说。普希金的一生大部分在沙俄旧都圣彼得堡度过(十月革命后更名为列宁格勒,后又恢复原名)。沙俄的统治者们认为普希金的创作对当时政府具有威胁性。普希金在圣彼得堡郊外的一次决斗中中弹,死时不到三十七岁。

在俄国,当人们彼此称呼时他们不是将“先生”或“太太”与姓氏放在一起,而是将这个人的名和父亲的名连在一起:例如 Pyotr Andreyevich(即 Pyotr 是 Andrey 的儿子),Lizavyeta Ivanovna(即 Lizavyeta 是 Ivan 的女儿)。但亲友间通常用名字的缩略形式称呼:例如 Marya 缩略成 Masha, Avdotya 缩写成 Dunya。

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## THE QUEEN OF SPADES

**HERMANN** was a young man who lived in Saint Petersburg<sup>1</sup> in Russia. His father had come from Germany to work in Russia before Hermann was born. When his father died, Hermann became an officer in the Russian army.

Hermann did not have much money. But many of the other officers had plenty of money. They loved to spend their evenings drinking wine and playing cards. Sometimes they stayed up all night gambling<sup>2</sup>.

Hermann did not drink and did not play cards. He was very careful with his money, but he loved to watch the rich young men playing cards every night. He wanted to be rich, but he did not have enough money to gamble.

One of the young officers who gambled every night was called Tomsy. Tomsy often saw Hermann sitting at the card table and wondered why Hermann never played cards.

There was a party one night which went on until four o'clock in the morning. Tomsy lost a lot of

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1 Saint Petersburg: 圣彼得堡    2 gamble: 赌博



money and was unhappy. He wanted someone to talk to, so he sat down beside Hermann.

‘Why do you never play cards?’ Tomsy asked Hermann.

‘I have very little money,’ Hermann replied. ‘I cannot lose it at cards.’

‘But you sit here every night and watch us win and lose,’ Tomsy said.

‘Yes,’ Hermann agreed. ‘I love cards very much.’

‘So would you play cards if you were certain to win?’ Tomsy asked with a smile.

‘Perhaps,’ Hermann answered slowly. ‘But that’s impossible.’

‘Perhaps not,’ said Tomsy. ‘My grandmother, Countess<sup>1</sup> Anna Fedotovna, knows the secret of the Three Winning Cards. But she won’t tell anyone and she never gambles.’

‘I don’t believe you,’ said Hermann.

‘Then listen to this story,’ said Tomsy. ‘My grandmother is more than eighty years old, but she was very beautiful when she was young.’

‘About sixty years ago, my grandmother went to Paris. She played cards with the Duke of Orleans and lost all my grandfather’s money. My grandfather was very, very angry and said that he couldn’t pay. He did not have enough money to pay the debt. My grandmother was terribly worried and tried to borrow the money from a friend — a famous man called the Count Saint-Germain.’

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1 countess: 女伯爵



‘The Count Saint-Germain was a mysterious person. He was extremely rich, but no one knew where the Count’s money came from. He knew many strange secrets and he told my grandmother the secret of the Three Winning Cards. Perhaps Count Saint-Germain was in love with her, who knows?’

‘The next night, my grandmother played cards with the Duke of Orleans again. She played three cards—one after the other. They all won. She paid back the money and never gambled again. And she never told anyone the secret of the Three Winning Cards!’

‘It can’t be true,’ said Hermann slowly. ‘It’s just a story, isn’t it?’

‘I don’t think so,’ said Tomsy. ‘But look at the time! It’s almost morning. It’s quarter to six and time for bed.’

All the young men finished their drinks and went home. It was nearly dawn on a cold winter morning.

Hermann could not stop thinking about Tomsy’s story as he walked through the snowy streets of Saint Petersburg. If I knew the secret of the Three Winning Cards, I would be rich, he thought to himself. And if I was rich, I wouldn’t waste my money like Tomsy.

Hermann knew where Tomsy’s grandmother lived and decided to walk past her big house. He stood on the opposite side of the street and looked up at the large windows of the house. In the early morning light, he saw a pretty young girl sitting at a window. Her face was sad, as if she had been crying. The girl looked down and saw Hermann staring at her. Hermann smiled and the girl’s face turned red.

She moved quickly away from the window. Hermann smiled thoughtfully to himself.

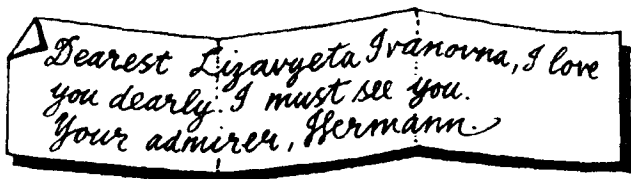
Later, he asked one of Tomsky's friends about the girl who lived in the old Countess's house.

'That's Lizavyeta Ivanovna,' the man replied. 'Her parents died when she was young and she went to live with the old Countess. But the Countess does not treat her well. Poor Lizavyeta lives in the house like an unpaid servant. She is not treated as a member of the family.'

Hermann made a plan to get into the old Countess's house. Every day he stood outside the big house and made sure that Lizavyeta saw him. After a week, he wrote her a letter.

The next morning, as Lizavyeta Ivanovna came out of the house with the old Countess, Hermann crossed the street towards them. While the servants were helping the Countess into her carriage, Hermann gave the letter to Lizavyeta and walked quickly away.

Lizavyeta hid the letter. She read it later, when she was alone in her room.



Dearest Lizavyeta Ivanovna, I love  
you dearly. I must see you.  
Your admirer, Hermann

The poor girl did not know what to do. She lived like a prisoner in the big house. She had no friends. She had no one she could ask for advice.

She decided to write a note to Hermann and return



his letter. The following day, when she saw Hermann in the street, she opened the window and threw the letter to him. Hermann picked it up and went away.

Lizavyeta's note said:

It is not right for me to receive a letter from a stranger. I must return your letter because I do not know you. But I believe you are a good man.

Hermann had expected Lizavyeta to answer in this way. For the next few days, he managed to give a letter to Lizavyeta every morning. She replied to his letters and her replies became longer and longer.

A week later, Lizavyeta threw the following letter out of the window:

*The Countess will be at a ball tonight. She will not return until two o'clock in the morning. I will leave the front door unlocked. The servants will be asleep. Come at half past eleven. Go up the stairs and turn left. You will see the Countess's room in front of you. Go into the Countess's room. There are two doors behind a large, red curtain in her room. The door on the right leads to a small study, where nobody ever goes. Behind the other door, there is a staircase which leads up to my room.*

Hermann waited impatiently all day. By ten o'clock that evening, he was outside the Countess's house. It was windy and snowing, but he felt neither the wind nor the snow.



*'... she opened the window and threw the letter to him.'*



Hermann watched the Countess get into her carriage and drive off. At exactly half past eleven, he entered the house. He ran up the stairs and went into the Countess's bedroom. The only light came from a golden lamp which burned in front of an icon<sup>1</sup>.

Hermann did not go to Lizavyeta's room. Instead, he went through the door on the right, into the small study.

He stood in the darkness and silence, listening to all the clocks in the house strike twelve, then one, then two.

At last, a carriage drove up to the house. A few minutes later, servants carrying candles came into the bedroom, followed by the Countess.

Hermann watched from behind the red curtain. The servants dressed the old and ugly woman in her night clothes. But the Countess did not want to sleep. She sat in an armchair by the window and stared at the lamp. The servants blew out the candles and left her alone.

The Countess looked round as Hermann came out from behind the curtain.

'Don't be afraid,' Hermann said. 'I won't hurt you. I've come to ask you a question.'

The old woman was silent.

'You know the secret of the Three Winning Cards,' said Hermann. 'Tell me the secret and I will leave you in peace.'

'No, no,' the Countess whispered. 'I can't tell

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1 icon: 圣像

you.'

'Why?' asked Hermann angrily. 'Don't you know the secret?'

The Countess said nothing.

'What use is the secret to you?' Hermann demanded. 'You are old. You don't need the money. You will die soon. Make me happy. Tell me the secret!'

The Countess said nothing.

'You stupid old woman,' Hermann said. 'I will make you speak!' He took a pistol from his pocket.





The Countess raised her hands in front of her face, then fell back in the chair and did not move. Her eyes continued to stare at Hermann, but the eyes were lifeless. Hermann saw that she was dead.

He opened the door to Lizavyeta's room and walked up the stairs. Lizavyeta was still waiting for him. She was wearing her best dress. Her face was pale.

'Where have you been?' she whispered.

'In the old Countess's bedroom,' Hermann answered. 'The Countess is dead.'

Lizavyeta listened as Hermann told her how the Countess had died.

'I came here to find out a secret,' Hermann explained. 'I wanted to learn the secret of the Three Winning Cards. I asked the Countess to tell me. But she refused. Then suddenly, she fell back dead in her chair. I did not kill her.'

Lizavyeta's eyes filled with tears. She understood that his letters of love had meant nothing! She began to cry bitterly. She wanted to get Hermann out of the house as quickly as possible. She never wanted to see him again.

Lizavyeta dried her eyes.

'There is a secret staircase from the Countess's study,' she said. 'It leads down to a street behind the house. Here—take the key. Now go!'

Hermann left Lizavyeta's room and walked back down the staircase. He went back into the Countess's bedroom. The Countess's face was peaceful. Hermann was not sad that the Countess was dead. But he



was sad that she had died without telling him her secret.

Then he found the secret door in the study. He pushed it open and went down a dark staircase. The key unlocked a small door that led into the street. He walked out of the house and hurried away.

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Three days later, Hermann went to the Countess's funeral. The church was full. People went up one after the other to kiss the dead Countess's face as she lay in an open coffin. Hermann followed them and went up to the coffin. He looked down at the dead Countess. Then suddenly, something strange happened. It seemed to Hermann that the dead woman opened one eye and winked<sup>1</sup> at him. Hermann stepped back in surprise, tripped over and fell to the stone floor. The people round the coffin helped Hermann to his feet and he hurried out of the church. At the same time, Lizavyeta Ivanovna fainted<sup>2</sup>.

That afternoon, Hermann drank a lot of wine. He fell asleep on his bed without undressing. It was dark when he woke up. It was quarter to three in the morning. He thought that someone was looking in at the window. He sat up on the bed. A moment later, the door opened and a woman in a long white dress came in. It was the dead Countess!

'I have come to tell you my secret,' said the Countess. 'You must play only one card each night for three nights. Then you must never play cards

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1 wink: 眨眼    2 faint: 昏厥