

【名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版】



The Selected Short Stories of Chekhov—Vanka

契诃夫短篇小说精选 ——凡卡

〔俄〕契诃夫 著
熊一凡 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15篇,其中包括《凡卡》《两个瓦洛达》《牡蛎》《牵小狗的女人》和《玩笑》等短篇小说经典名篇。它们曾被翻译成各种文字,影响了一代又一代世界各地的读者,并且被改编成戏剧、电影和卡通片等。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故事概况,进而提高英文阅读速度和阅读水平,在每篇的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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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》《文官之死》《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“无与伦比的艺术家”。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。一百多年来，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》《套中人》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15篇短篇小说，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，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。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。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是SSAT、SAT，还是TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由熊一凡编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、熊红华、熊建国、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。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。

啄木鸟教育 (www.zmnedu.com)

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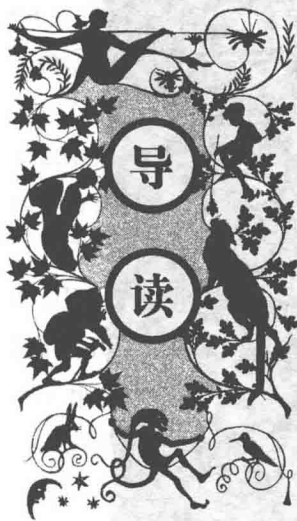


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1. 凡卡

Vanka



凡卡·茹可夫是一个九岁的男孩，三个月前被送到城里的鞋匠家当学徒。圣诞夜里，等到鞋匠夫妇和师傅们去做晨课以后，他趁机开始给爷爷写信。

他回想起爷爷康斯坦丁·马卡雷琦亲切的模样，爷爷身材短小精悍，性格活泼好动，他们一家子都在村里的老爷家里做仆人。母亲还在世的时候，是老爷家里的仆人，那时奥莉佳·伊格纳吉耶夫娜小姐对凡卡很好，常给他糖吃，但是母亲死后，凡卡便被送到仆人厨房里和爷爷一起住了，之后又被送到这儿来当学

徒。老板娘和老板总是揍他，叫他哄他们的孩子睡觉，嫌他做事做不好。师傅们取笑他，怂恿他偷老板的黄瓜，老板发现后抓起东西就打他。凡卡吃不饱，没有鞋穿，想跑回村里都不行。

于是他给爷爷写信，求爷爷把他带回村去，叫他干什么都行，擦皮鞋，做牧童，他再也不想待在这个鬼地方了，在这里他连狗都不如，所有人都打他。凡卡在信中还提到了莫斯科这个大城市的人和物，对这里的事物觉得新鲜又奇怪。他想起了爷爷带他去林子里砍圣诞树的快乐时光，最后，他还不忘叫爷爷把圣诞树上的核桃拿一个送给奥莉佳·伊格纳吉耶夫娜小姐。

但是，凡卡并不知道该如何寄信，只写了：寄给村里的爷爷康斯坦丁·马卡雷琦。凡卡把信放到了最近的一个邮筒里，回来以后便带

芬 尼 斯



凡卡给爷爷写了一封信



着甜蜜的希望睡着了。

VANKA ZHUKOV, a boy of nine, who had been for three months apprenticed to Alyahin the shoemaker, was sitting up on Christmas Eve. Waiting till his master and mistress and their workmen had gone to the midnight service, he took out of his master's cupboard a bottle of ink and a pen with a rusty nib, and, spreading out a crumpled sheet of paper in front of him, began writing. Before forming the first letter he several times looked round fearfully at the door and the windows, stole a glance at the dark ikon, on both sides of which stretched shelves full of lasts, and heaved a broken sigh. The paper lay on the bench while he knelt before it.

"Dear grandfather, Konstantin Makaritch," he wrote, "I am writing you a letter. I wish you a happy Christmas, and all blessings from God Almighty. I have neither father nor mother, you are the only one left me."

Vanka raised his eyes to the dark ikon on which the light of his candle was reflected, and vividly recalled his grandfather, Konstantin Makaritch, who was night watchman to a family called Zhivarev. He was a thin but extraordinarily nimble and lively little old man of sixty-five, with an everlastingly laughing face and drunken eyes. By day he slept in the servants' kitchen, or made jokes with the cooks; at night, wrapped in an ample sheepskin, he walked round the grounds and tapped with his little mallet. Old Kashtanka and Eel, so-called on account of his dark colour and his long body like a weasel's, followed him with hanging heads. This Eel was exceptionally polite and affectionate, and looked with equal kindness on strangers and his own masters, but had not a very good reputation. Under his politeness and meekness was hidden the most Jesuitical cunning. No one knew better how to creep up on occasion and snap at one's legs, to slip into the store-room, or steal a hen from a peasant. His hind legs had been nearly pulled off more than once, twice he had been hanged, every week he was thrashed till he was half dead, but he always revived.

At this moment grandfather was, no doubt, standing at the gate, screwing up his eyes at the red windows of the church, stamping with his high felt boots, and joking with the servants. His little mallet was hanging



on his belt. He was clasping his hands, shrugging with the cold, and, with an aged chuckle, pinching first the housemaid, then the cook.

"How about a pinch of snuff?" he was saying, offering the women his snuff-box.

The women would take a sniff and sneeze. Grandfather would be indescribably delighted, go off into a merry chuckle, and cry:

"Tear it off, it has frozen on!"

They give the dogs a sniff of snuff too. Kashtanka sneezes, wriggles her head, and walks away offended. Eel does not sneeze, from politeness, but wags his tail. And the weather is glorious. The air is still, fresh, and transparent. The night is dark, but one can see the whole village with its white roofs and coils of smoke coming from the chimneys, the trees silvered with hoar frost, the snowdrifts. The whole sky spangled with gay twinkling stars, and the Milky Way is as distinct as though it had been washed and rubbed with snow for a holiday

Vanka sighed, dipped his pen, and went on writing:

"And yesterday I had a wiggling. The master pulled me out into the yard by my hair, and whacked me with a boot-stretcher because I accidentally fell asleep while I was rocking their brat in the cradle. And a week ago the mistress told me to clean a herring, and I began from the tail end, and she took the herring and thrust its head in my face. The workmen laugh at me and send me to the tavern for vodka, and tell me to steal the master's cucumbers for them, and the master beats me with anything that comes to hand. And there is nothing to eat. In the morning they give me bread, for dinner, porridge, and in the evening, bread again; but as for tea, or soup, the master and mistress gobble it all up themselves. And I am put to sleep in the passage, and when their wretched brat cries I get no sleep at all, but have to rock the cradle. Dear grandfather, show the divine mercy, take me away from here, home to the village. It's more than I can bear. I bow down to your feet, and will pray to God for you for ever, take me away from here or I shall die."

Vanka's mouth worked, he rubbed his eyes with his black fist, and gave a sob.

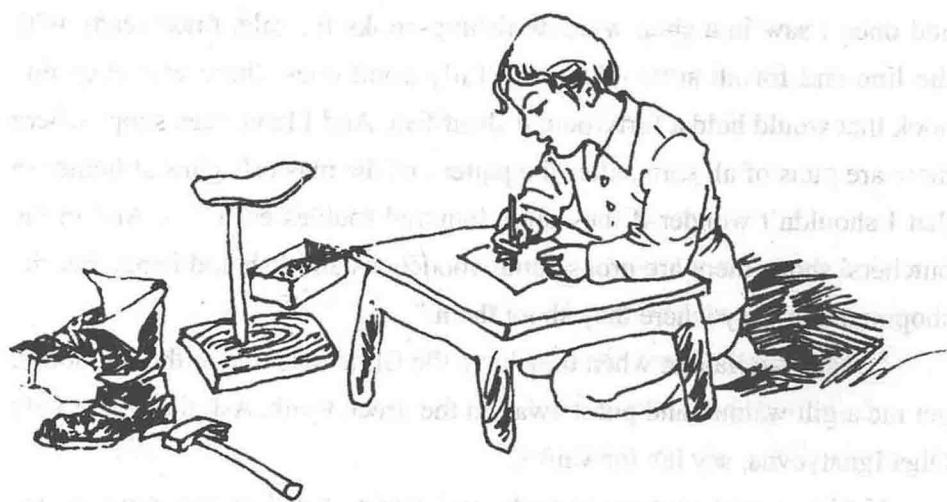
“I will powder your snuff for you,” he went on. “I will pray for you, and if I do anything you can thrash me like Sidor’s goat. And if you think I’ve no job, then I will beg the steward for Christ’s sake to let me clean his boots, or I’ll go for a shepherd-boy instead of Fedka. Dear grandfather, it is more than I can bear, it’s simply no life at all. I wanted to run away to the village, but I have no boots, and I am afraid of the frost. When I grow up big I will take care of you for this, and not let anyone annoy you, and when you die I will pray for the rest of your soul, just as for my mammy’s.”

“Moscow is a big town. It’s all gentlemen’s houses, and there are lots of horses, but there are no sheep, and the dogs are not spiteful. The lads here don’t go out with the star, and they don’t let anyone go into the choir, and once I saw in a shop window fishing-hooks for sale, fitted ready with the line and for all sorts of fish, awfully good ones, there was even one hook that would hold a forty-pound sheat-fish. And I have seen shops where there are guns of all sorts, after the pattern of the master’s guns at home, so that I shouldn’t wonder if they are a hundred roubles each. . . . And in the butchers’ shops there are grouse and woodcocks and fish and hares, but the shopmen don’t say where they shoot them.”

“Dear grandfather, when they have the Christmas tree at the big house, get me a gilt walnut, and put it away in the green trunk. Ask the young lady Olga Ignatyevna, say it’s for Vanka.”

Vanka gave a tremulous sigh, and again stared at the window. He remembered how his grandfather always went into the forest to get the Christmas tree for his master’s family, and took his grandson with him. It was a merry time! Grandfather made a noise in his throat, the forest crackled with the frost, and looking at them Vanka chortled too. Before chopping down the Christmas tree, grandfather would smoke a pipe, slowly take a pinch of snuff, and laugh at frozen Vanka. . . . The young fir trees, covered with hoar frost, stood motionless, waiting to see which of them was to die. Wherever one looked, a hare flew like an arrow over the snowdrifts Grandfather could not refrain from shouting: “Hold him, hold him . . . hold him! Ah, the bob-tailed devil!”

When he had cut down the Christmas tree, grandfather used to drag it



在鞋匠家学徒的凡卡

to the big house, and there set to work to decorate it. . . . The young lady, who was Vanka's favourite, Olga Ignatyevna, was the busiest of all. When Vanka's mother Pelageya was alive, and a servant in the big house, Olga Ignatyevna used to give him goodies, and having nothing better to do, taught him to read and write, to count up to a hundred, and even to dance a quadrille. When Pelageya died, Vanka had been transferred to the servants' kitchen to be with his grandfather, and from the kitchen to the shoemaker's in Moscow.

"Do come, dear grandfather," Vanka went on with his letter. "For Christ's sake, I beg you, take me away. Have pity on an unhappy orphan like me; here everyone knocks me about, and I am fearfully hungry; I can't tell you what misery it is, I am always crying. And the other day the master hit me on the head with a last, so that I fell down. My life is wretched, worse than any dog's. . . . I send greetings to Alyona, one-eyed Yegorka, and the coachman, and don't give my concertina to anyone. I remain, your grandson, Ivan Zhukov. Dear grandfather, do come."

Vanka folded the sheet of writing-paper twice, and put it into an envelope he had bought the day before for a kopeck. . . . After thinking a little, he dipped the pen and wrote the address:

To grandfather in the village.

Then he scratched his head, thought a little, and added: Konstantin Makaritch. Glad that he had not been prevented from writing, he put on his cap and, without putting on his little greatcoat, ran out into the street as he was in his shirt

The shopmen at the butcher's, whom he had questioned the day before, told him that letters were put in post-boxes, and from the boxes were carried about all over the earth in mailcarts with drunken drivers and ringing bells. Vanka ran to the nearest post-box, and thrust the precious letter in the slit

An hour later, lulled by sweet hopes, he was sound asleep. . . . He dreamed of the stove. On the stove was sitting his grandfather, swinging his bare legs, and reading the letter to the cooks

By the stove was Eel, wagging his tail.

2. 恐惧——我朋友的故事

Terror—My Friend's Story



德米特里·彼得洛维奇·西林从彼得堡政府机关辞职后务农了。我喜欢到他家去，喜欢这个聪明善良的人和他的哲学议论。但我不喜欢他把我们之间的关系称为友谊，我宁愿和他只是普通朋友的关系。我很喜欢他的妻子玛莉亚，但对她没什么非分之想，只是喜欢和她在一起。但这时只要想起她的丈夫是我的朋友，我就心情沮丧，然而玛莉亚每次都巧妙地避开这些话题。

有一天我和德米特里在外面时，他对我倾诉说自己总是感到恐惧，而让他感到恐惧的不是鬼魅世界，恰恰是日常生活。因此，他无论做什么工作都会害怕，而且他的家庭并不像别人以为的那样幸福，虽然他知道妻子忠于他，也生了两个孩子，但并不爱他。

德米特里和我回到了他家，这时我从玛莉亚的行为中似乎也看出她并不爱她丈夫。德米特里第二天因事要三点起床，便告别了妻子和我去睡觉了。当只剩下我和玛莉亚时，我请她为我弹琴，并暗示自己喜欢她，也看出玛莉亚对我有着爱意。我上前吻她，玛莉亚也告诉我她已爱我很久了。但我觉得她对我的爱也像德米特里对我的友谊一样，里面似乎有不适宜的东西。三点整时玛莉亚走出我的房间，走廊尽头却出现了德米特里。他表情古怪，走进我的房间，说是把帽子落在这里了。他找到帽子并戴上后，出门驾车走了，我看得出他很害怕。我也为刚才发生的一连串事情感到困惑。就在那天，我去了彼得



回家务农

堡，再也没见过德米特里夫妇，据说他们还生活在一起。

*D*MITRI PETROVITCH SILIN had taken his degree and entered the government service in Petersburg, but at thirty he gave up his post and went in for agriculture. His farming was fairly successful, and yet it always seemed to me that he was not in his proper place, and that he would do well to go back to Petersburg. When sunburnt, grey with dust, exhausted with toil, he met me near the gates or at the entrance, and then at supper struggled with sleepiness and his wife took him off to bed as though he were a baby; or when, overcoming his sleepiness, he began in his soft, cordial, almost imploring voice, to talk about his really excellent ideas, I saw him not as a farmer nor an agriculturist, but only as a worried and exhausted man, and it was clear to me that he did not really care for farming, but that all he wanted was for the day to be over and “Thank God for it.”

I liked to be with him, and I used to stay on his farm for two or three days at a time. I liked his house, and his park, and his big fruit garden, and the river—and his philosophy, which was clear, though rather spiritless and rhetorical. I suppose I was fond of him on his own account, though I can't say that for certain, as I have not up to now succeeded in analysing my feelings at that time. He was an intelligent, kind-hearted, genuine man, and not a bore, but I remember that when he confided to me his most treasured secrets and spoke of our relation to each other as friendship, it disturbed me unpleasantly, and I was conscious of awkwardness. In his affection for me there was something inappropriate, tiresome, and I should have greatly preferred commonplace friendly relations.

The fact is that I was extremely attracted by his wife, Marya Sergeyevna. I was not in love with her, but I was attracted by her face, her eyes, her voice, her walk. I missed her when I did not see her for a long time, and my imagination pictured no one at that time so eagerly as that young, beautiful, elegant woman. I had no definite designs in regard to her, and did not dream of anything of the sort, yet for some reason, whenever we were left alone, I remembered that her husband looked upon me as his friend, and I felt awkward. When she played my favourite pieces on the

piano or told me something interesting, I listened with pleasure, and yet at the same time for some reason the reflection that she loved her husband, that he was my friend, and that she herself looked upon me as his friend, obtruded themselves upon me, my spirits flagged, and I became listless, awkward, and dull. She noticed this change and would usually say:

“You are dull without your friend. We must send out to the fields for him.”

And when Dmitri Petrovitch came in, she would say:

“Well, here is your friend now. Rejoice.”

So passed a year and a half.

It somehow happened one July Sunday that Dmitri Petrovitch and I, having nothing to do, drove to the big village of Klushino to buy things for supper. While we were going from one shop to another the sun set and the evening came on—the evening which I shall probably never forget in my life. After buying cheese that smelt like soap, and petrified sausages that smelt of tar, we went to the tavern to ask whether they had any beer. Our coachman went off to the blacksmith to get our horses shod, and we told him we would wait for him near the church. We walked, talked, laughed over our purchases, while a man who was known in the district by a very strange nickname, “Forty Martyrs,” followed us all the while in silence with a mysterious air like a detective. This Forty Martyrs was no other than Gavril Syeverov, or more simply Gavryushka, who had been for a short time in my service as a footman and had been dismissed by me for drunkenness. He had been in Dmitri Petrovitch’s service, too, and by him had been dismissed for the same vice. He was an inveterate drunkard, and indeed his whole life was as drunk and disorderly as himself. His father had been a priest and his mother of noble rank, so by birth he belonged to the privileged class; but however carefully I scrutinized his exhausted, respectful, and always perspiring face, his red beard now turning grey, his pitifully torn reefér jacket and his red shirt, I could not discover in him the faintest trace of anything we associate with privilege. He spoke of himself as a man of education, and used to say that he had been in a clerical school, but had not finished his studies there, as he had been expelled for smoking; then