

变色龙

契诃夫短篇小说选

CHAMELEON
SELECTED SHORT STORIES OF ANTON CHEKHOV

中英对照全译本

[俄] 契诃夫 著

Chekhov

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译

世界图书出版公司

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欧洲文学卷

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盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会

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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。



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1. The Bishop

一. 主教

I

(一)

THE evening service was being celebrated on the eve of Palm Sunday in the Old Petrovsky Convent. When they began distributing the palm it was close upon ten o'clock, the candles were burning dimly, the wicks wanted snuffing; it was all in a sort of mist. In the twilight of the church the crowd seemed heaving like the sea, and to Bishop Pyotr, who had been unwell for the last three days, it seemed that all the faces – old and young, men's and women's – were alike, that everyone who came up for the palm had the same expression in his eyes. In the mist he could not see the doors; the crowd kept moving and looked as though there were no end to it. The female choir was singing, a nun was reading the prayers for tge day.

How stifling, how hot it was! How long the service went on! Bishop Pyotr was tired. His breathing was laboured and rapid, his throat was parched, his shoulders ached with weariness, his legs were trembling. And it disturbed him unpleasantly when a religious maniac

彼得罗甫斯基修道院里正在进行圣枝主日前夜的晚祷。他们开始分发柳枝时已近 10 点，烛光渐渐黯淡，烛芯渐渐熄灭，薄雾似乎将一切笼罩其中。在教堂朦胧的光景中，人群如海浪般此起彼伏。在抱恙 3 天的彼得主教看来，男女老少皆长着一模一样的脸，就连他们过来取棕榈枝时眼中虔诚的神情也毫无二致。大门隐没在迷雾之中，人群一直在不停地走动，好似永远也走不到尽头。妇女唱诗班在咏唱圣歌，一个修女在朗诵赞美诗。

空气是多么闷热而令人窒息啊！晚祷是多么冗长无趣啊！彼得主教已经精疲力竭。他的呼吸变得沉重急促，喉咙干渴，肩膀酸疼，两股颤颤。而且不时从大厅里传来的狂热教徒发出的尖叫更搅得他烦躁不堪。突然，主教仿若在如梦

uttered occasional shrieks in the gallery. And then all of a sudden, as though in a dream or delirium, it seemed to the bishop as though his own mother Marya Timofyevna, whom he had not seen for nine years, or some old woman just like his mother, came up to him out of the crowd, and, after taking a palm branch from him, walked away looking at him all the while good-humouredly with a kind, joyful smile until she was lost in the crowd. And for some reason tears flowed down his face. There was peace in his heart, everything was well, yet he kept gazing fixedly towards the left choir, where the prayers were being read, where in the dusk of evening you could not recognize anyone, and – wept. Tears glistened on his face and on his beard. Here someone close at hand was weeping, then someone else farther away, then others and still others, and little by little the church was filled with soft weeping. And a little later, within five minutes, the nuns' choir was singing; no one was weeping and everything was as before.

Soon the service was over. When the bishop got into his carriage to drive home, the gay, melodious chime of the heavy, costly bells was filling the whole garden in the moonlight. The white walls, the white crosses on the tombs, the white birch-trees

似幻之间看见他9年未见的母亲玛丽雅·季莫费耶芙娜，抑或是一个与他母亲面容相似的老妇人穿过人群朝他走来，从他手中接过棕榈枝后，就走开了。但她却满脸带着善意和快活的神情，双眼含笑地注视着，随后不久就隐没在人群中。不知为何，竟会有眼泪从他脸颊滑落。他竭力保持内心平静，装作若无其事的样子，眼睛却一直紧盯着左面正在念祷告的唱诗班，那里的每个人在薄雾中都面容模糊、辨认不清，突然他就泪眼婆娑。脸上、胡须上沾上的泪珠闪闪发亮。他身旁有个人哭了起来，接着离的稍远的人也哭了起来，随后其他人也跟着哭了起来，教堂里渐渐被轻轻的啜泣声充盈。不过，大概短短5分钟后，大家都止住哭声，恢复原状。

不一会儿，晚祷就结束了。当主教乘上四轮马车回家时，月色装点下的花园里回荡着那些笨重昂贵的钟发出的欢快动听的声响。灰白的砖墙，立在坟墓上的白色十字架，发白的桦树和漆黑的树影，以

and black shadows, and the far-away moon in the sky exactly over the convent, seemed now living their own life, apart and incomprehensible, yet very near to man. It was the beginning of April, and after the warm spring day it turned cool; there was a faint touch of frost, and the breath of spring could be felt in the soft, chilly air. The road from the convent to the town was sandy, the horses had to go at a walking pace, and on both sides of the carriage in the brilliant, peaceful moonlight there were people trudging along home from church through the sand. And all was silent, sunk in thought; everything around seemed kindly, youthful, akin, everything – trees and sky and even the moon, and one longed to think that so it would be always.

At last the carriage drove into the town and rumbled along the principal street. The shops were already shut, but at Erakin's, the millionaire shopkeeper's, they were trying the new electric lights, which flickered brightly, and a crowd of people were gathered round. Then came wide, dark, deserted streets, one after another; then the highroad, the open country, the fragrance of pines. And suddenly there rose up before the bishop's eyes a white turreted wall, and behind it a tall belfry in the full moonlight, and beside it five shining, golden cupolas: this was the Pankratievsky

及恰好悬挂在教堂上空的莹白月亮，此时他似乎过着同人类截然不同、不为人类所理解、却又与人类相距不远的的生活。这正是4月初的时节，在春天温暖的白日午后，气候会逐渐转凉，并带着点点寒意。与此同时，你还能从温和寒冷的空气中嗅出春的气息。从教堂通向城镇的是条泥沙小道，马车只得慢行。在马车两旁的道路上，从教堂回家的人们在明亮平静的月光照耀下缓缓走在沙地上，大家都沉思不语。四周的一切，如树木、夜空，甚至明月，都显得和蔼可亲、朝气蓬勃，让人不禁期望此刻成为永恒。

当马车最终驶进城镇，轰隆隆地奔驰在主干道上时，商店都已关门，只有富商叶拉金的店里正在试用电灯，闪烁的灯光引来大群人围观。随后马车又驶上城外由地方自治局修建的公路，驶入了旷野，迎面扑来松树的香气。突然，主教眼前有一道筑有角楼的白墙拔地而起，在白墙后有一座被月光笼罩的钟楼，在钟楼旁立着5座金黄璀璨的圆顶楼，这就是彼得主教的住所——潘克拉契耶夫斯基修道院。当然，那轮沉静朦胧的明月依然高高地悬挂在这座修道院上

Monastery, in which Bishop Pyotr lived. And here, too, high above the monastery, was the silent, dreamy moon. The carriage drove in at the gate, crunching over the sand; here and there in the moonlight there were glimpses of dark monastic figures, and there was the sound of footsteps on the flag-stones...

"You know, your holiness, your mamma arrived while you were away," the lay brother informed the bishop as he went into his cell.

"My mother? When did she come?"

"Before the evening service. She asked first where you were and then she went to the convent."

"Then it was her I saw in the church, just now! Oh, Lord!"

And the bishop laughed with joy.

"She bade me tell your holiness," the lay brother went on, "that she would come tomorrow. She had a little girl with her - her grandchild, I suppose. They are staying at Ovsyannikov's inn."

"What time is it now?"

"A little after eleven."

"Oh, how vexing!"

The bishop sat for a little while in the parlour, hesitating, and as it were refusing to believe it was so late. His arms and legs were stiff, his head ached. He was hot and uncomfortable. After resting a little he

空。马车驶进大门，车轮在沙石路上嘎吱作响，月色下几个修士的黑色身影四处闪现，石板路上响起了他们的脚步声。

"主教大人，在您外出时，您的母亲来过了。"当主教走进自己的房间，侍者报告道。

"我的母亲？她何时来的？"

"晚祷前。她询问过您的去向，就去女修道院了。"

"这么说来，我刚才在教堂里看见的真是我的母亲！哦，天啊！"

主教高兴地笑了出来。

"主教大人，她吩咐我告诉您，"侍者继续道，"她明天会再来。今天有个小姑娘一直跟在她身边，我想大概是她的孙女。她们就住在奥甫相尼科夫客栈。"

"现在几点？"

"11点刚过一会儿。"

"哦，太糟了！"

主教踌躇不定地在起居室里又稍坐了会儿，好似不愿相信天色已这样晚了。他两条胳膊和两条腿都僵直酸疼，脑仁也疼得厉害。他觉得燥热难忍。歇了一会儿，他便

went into his bedroom, and there, too, he sat a little, still thinking of his mother; he could hear the lay brother going away, and Father Sisoy coughing the other side of the wall. The monastery clock struck a quarter.

The bishop changed his clothes and began reading the prayers before sleep. He read attentively those old, long familiar prayers, and at the same time thought about his mother. She had nine children and about forty grandchildren. At one time, she had lived with her husband, the deacon, in a poor village; she had lived there a very long time from the age of seventeen to sixty. The bishop remembered her from early childhood, almost from the age of three, and – how he had loved her! Sweet, precious childhood, always fondly remembered! Why did it, that long-past time that could never return, why did it seem brighter, fuller, and more festive than it had really been? When in his childhood or youth he had been ill, how tender and sympathetic his mother had been! And now his prayers mingled with the memories, which gleamed more and more brightly like a flame, and the prayers did not hinder his thinking of his mother.

When he had finished his prayers he undressed and lay down, and at once, as soon as it was dark, there rose before his mind his dead father, his mother, his native

回卧室去。但当他坐在房里时，心里却无时无刻不思念着母亲。他能听见侍者离开以及隔壁西索依神甫咳嗽的声音。这时修道院响起了11点一刻的钟声。

主教换好衣服，开始做睡前祷告。他一边专心致志地念着古老而铭刻在心的祈祷文，一边默默想念着母亲。他母亲生育了9个孩子，有四十几个孙子。她和她当助祭的丈夫曾住在一个贫困山村，她17岁到60岁这么长的岁月都在那里度过。主教很小的时候，差不多3岁的样子，就能记住她——他是多么爱她呀！多么惬意、珍贵、难以忘却的童年时光啊！为何过去的时光再也不能回来，为何记忆中的情形总是比现实更加鲜活、充实、愉悦呢？他还记得当他年少时，每次生病，母亲总是那么温柔、体贴。此刻，他的回忆跟祷告交错在一起，回忆像把火焰越燃越烈，而祷告已经阻止不了他对母亲的思念了。

他做完祷告，脱下衣服，躺在床上；灯光一暗下来，他脑海中立刻浮现出父母的音容笑貌，故乡列索波里耶村的景象风光——车轮咯

village Lesopolye... the creak of wheels, the bleat of sheep, the church bells on bright summer mornings, the gypsies under the window – oh, how sweet to think of it! He remembered the priest of Lesopolye, Father Simeon – mild, gentle, kindly; he was a lean little man, while his son, a divinity student, was a huge fellow and talked in a roaring bass voice. The priest's son had flown into a rage with the cook and abused her: "Ah, you Jehud's ass!" and Father Simeon overhearing it, said not a word, and was only ashamed because he could not remember where such an ass was mentioned in the Bible. After him the priest at Lesopolye had been Father Demyan, who used to drink heavily, and at times drank till he saw green snakes, and was even nicknamed Demyan Snake-seer. The schoolmaster at Lesopolye was Matvey Nikolaitch, who had been a divinity student, a kind and intelligent man, but he, too, was a drunkard; he never beat the schoolchildren, but for some reason he always had hanging on his wall a bunch of birch-twigs, and below it an utterly meaningless inscription in Latin: "Betula kinderbalsamica secuta." He had a shaggy black dog whom he called Syntax.

And his holiness laughed. Six miles from Lesopolye was the village Obnino with a wonder-working ikon. In the

吱作响，羊群齐声咩叫，晴朗夏日的早晨钟声长鸣，还有站在窗外的茨冈人……光是回想起故乡，心里就如蜜般甜蜜！他还想起了列索波里耶村和蔼、温柔、亲切的西美昂神甫，他个子矮小，不过他念神学的儿子却人高马大，总是用低沉咆哮的声音说话。神甫的儿子曾对家里的厨娘怒火重重破口大骂道：“哼，你这头耶户的蠢驴”，西美昂神甫不小心听见这话，却一言不发，只是暗自羞愧他记不得《圣经》上提过这头蠢驴的事。在他之后来列索波里耶村继任的是杰米扬神甫，他嗜酒如命，时常喝得酩酊大醉，甚至因此得了个“醉汉杰米扬”的外号。列索波里耶村学校的校长叫玛特威·尼古拉伊奇，他原是个神学院的学生，心地善良、聪明伶俐，但却是个酒鬼。他从不体罚学生，不过不知是何缘故，他总在墙上挂一捆桦树树枝，下面有行毫无意义的拉丁题词。他还有一条名叫辛达克西司的毛茸茸的黑狗。

想到这儿，主教笑了起来。距列索波里耶村6英里远的地方，有个奥勃尼诺村，那里有座显灵的圣

summer they used to carry the ikon in procession about the neighbouring villages and ring the bells the whole day long; first in one village and then in another, and it used to seem to the bishop then that joy was quivering in the air, and he (in those days his name was Pavlusha) used to follow the ikon, bareheaded and barefoot, with naïve faith, with a naïve smile, infinitely happy. In Obnino, he remembered now, there were always a lot of people, and the priest there, Father Alexey, to save time during mass, used to make his deaf nephew Ilarion read the names of those for whose health or whose souls' peace prayers were asked. Ilarion used to read them, now and then getting a five or ten kopeck piece for the service, and only when he was grey and bald, when life was nearly over, he suddenly saw written on one of the pieces of paper: "What a fool you are, Ilarion." Up to fifteen at least Pavlusha was undeveloped and idle at his lessons, so much so that they thought of taking him away from the clerical school and putting him into a shop; one day, going to the post at Obnino for letters, he had stared a long time at the post-office clerks and asked: "Allow me to ask, how do you get your salary, every month or every day?"

His holiness crossed himself and turned

像。一到夏天，人们就习惯抬着圣像到附近的村庄游行，钟声整日回荡。人们先去一个村庄，随后又去另一个村庄。每到这时主教就觉得欢乐似乎令空气都颤抖起来，他（这时还被唤作巴甫鲁沙）脱下帽子，光着脚，怀着天真的虔诚，带着稚嫩的微笑，无比幸福地跟随圣像左右。此刻他回想起来，奥勃尼诺村总是人满为患，村里的阿历克塞牧师为了能有更多时间专注地做弥撒，就让他耳聋的侄子伊拉利昂念出那些祈求健康、祈求灵魂安息的人的名字，他不时会因此得到5或10戈比的酬劳，只有当他年华渐逝、发丝稀疏花白时，才突然看见一张纸上写着：“伊拉利昂，你真是个傻瓜！”在15岁前，巴甫鲁沙都头脑简单，成绩平平，因此家里人曾打算让他从神学院退学，去一家店铺做学徒。有天，他去奥勃尼诺村邮局取信，他久久地盯着邮局的职员，问道：“允许我冒昧地问一下，你们是拿月薪还是日薪？”

主教在胸前划了个十字，翻过

over on the other side, trying to stop thinking and go to sleep.

"My mother has come," he remembered and laughed.

The moon peeped in at the window, the floor was lighted up, and there were shadows on it. A cricket was chirping. Through the wall Father Sisoy was snoring in the next room, and his aged snore had a sound that suggested loneliness, forlornness, even vagrancy. Sisoy had once been housekeeper to the bishop of the diocese, and was called now "the former Father Housekeeper"; he was seventy years old, he lived in a monastery twelve miles from the town and stayed sometimes in the town, too. He had come to the Pankratievsky Monastery three days before, and the bishop had kept him that he might talk to him at his leisure about matters of business, about the arrangements here...

At half-past one they began ringing for matins. Father Sisoy could be heard coughing, muttering something in a discontented voice, then he got up and walked barefoot about the rooms.

"Father Sisoy," the bishop called.

Sisoy went back to his room and a little later made his appearance in his boots, with a candle; he had on his cassock over his underclothes and on his head was an old

身去, 竭力不再回忆往事, 努力入睡。

"母亲来过了。"他一想起这个消息就止不住笑意。

月光透进窗口, 地板洒上了光亮, 映上了暗影。一只蟋蟀在声声鸣叫。隔壁房里西索依神甫正鼾声如雷, 他苍老的鼾声中透出一股孤独、绝望甚至漂泊无依的意味。西索依曾做过教区主教的管家, 所以大家现在都称呼他为“前管家神甫”。他已经 70 岁了, 就住在城外 12 英里远的修道院, 有时他也会在城里留宿。他在 3 天前来到潘克拉契耶夫斯基修道院, 主教将他留下来, 以便能在空闲时同他洽谈公事, 聊聊当地的事务安排。

刚过一点半, 修道院就敲响了他做晨祷的钟声。这时可以听见西索依神甫咳嗽和嘟囔着发牢骚的声音, 过会儿就听见他起床的动静, 以及光脚在地板上四处走动的声响。

"西索依神甫!" 主教唤道。

西索依回到自己房间, 不一会儿就穿好靴子, 举着蜡烛走进来。他的内衣外面罩了一件黑色长袍,

faded skull-cap.

“I can't sleep,” said the bishop, sitting up. “I must be unwell. And what it is I don't know. Fever!”

“You must have caught cold, your holiness. You must be rubbed with tallow.” Sisoy stood a little and yawned. “O Lord, forgive me, a sinner.”

“They had the electric lights on at Erakin's today,” he said; “I don't like it!”

Father Sisoy was old, lean, bent, always dissatisfied with something, and his eyes were angry-looking and prominent as a crab's.

“I don't like it,” he said, going away. “I don't like it. Bother it!”

II

Next day, Palm Sunday, the bishop took the service in the cathedral in the town, then he visited the bishop of the diocese, then visited a very sick old lady, the widow of a general, and at last drove home. Between one and two o'clock he had welcome visitors dining with him — his mother and his niece Katya, a child of eight years old. All dinner-time the spring sunshine was streaming in at the windows, throwing bright light on the white tablecloth and on

头上戴了一顶褪色的无沿便帽。

“我无法入睡，”主教直起身子，抱怨道，“我一定是病了。但我不清楚得了什么病。多半是发烧！”

“主教大人，您一定是受凉了。您应当用兽脂擦拭一下身体。”西索依站了一会儿，就打了个呵欠，他急忙道歉：“天啊，主，请宽恕我这个罪人！”

“今天叶拉金的铺子亮灯了，”他说道，“我很不高兴！”

西索依神甫年迈、羸弱、佝偻，总是满腹牢骚，他像螃蟹一般突出的眼球总是射出愤怒的神色。

“我不喜欢！我很不喜欢！真是太讨厌了！”他忿忿道，随后就离开了。

(二)

隔天就是圣枝主日，主教在镇中的大教堂里做过弥撒后，就去拜访教区主教，随后去探望了一位孤老无依、体弱多病的将军夫人，最后再乘车回家。一两点钟的时候，他热情地迎来了两位贵客与他共进午餐——分别是他的母亲与8岁的外甥女卡嘉。午餐期间透出窗口照进来的春日阳光一直照耀着雪白的桌布和卡嘉红色的秀发。白嘴鸦和欧椋鸟在双层玻璃外的花园

Katya's red hair. Through the double windows they could hear the noise of the rooks and the notes of the starlings in the garden.

"It is nine years since we have met," said the old lady. "And when I looked at you in the monastery yesterday, good Lord! you've not changed a bit, except maybe you are thinner and your beard is a little longer. Holy Mother, Queen of Heaven! Yesterday at the evening service no one could help crying. I, too, as I looked at you, suddenly began crying, though I couldn't say why. His Holy Will!"

And in spite of the affectionate tone in which she said this, he could see she was constrained as though she were uncertain whether to address him formally or familiarly, to laugh or not, and that she felt herself more a deacon's widow than his mother. And Katya gazed without blinking at her uncle, his holiness, as though trying to discover what sort of a person he was. Her hair sprang up from under the comb and the velvet ribbon and stood out like a halo; she had a turned-up nose and sly eyes. The child had broken a glass before sitting down to dinner, and now her grandmother, as she talked, moved away from Katya first a wineglass and then a tumbler. The bishop listened to his mother and remembered how many, many years ago she used to take

里肆意地喧闹高歌。

"我们已有9年未曾见面了,"老母亲感叹道,"当我昨天在修道院瞧见你时,天啊!你除了变得更加消瘦,胡须长得更长外,竟然毫无变化!圣母啊,天后啊!昨晚大家在晚祷时都情不自禁地哭了起来,而当我看见你时,突然也不禁泪流满面,虽然我也说不清楚为什么会流泪。这一定是上帝的旨意!"

尽管她在说话时带着温柔可亲的语气,但主教还是能瞧出母亲的局促不安,好似她拿不定主意是称呼他“你”还是“您”,是笑还是不笑,她感到与其说自己是他的母亲,不如说自己只是个助祭的寡妻。卡嘉目不转睛地注视着她的主教舅舅,似乎想瞧出他是个怎样的人。她在高高挽成圈的发髻上插了一把梳子,绑了一根丝绒缎带,像是一个光圈。她长着一个朝天鼻,生着一双调皮灵动的眼睛。卡嘉在坐下来就餐前打碎了一只玻璃杯,因此这时她的外婆一边说话,一边从她眼前先移开了一只高脚玻璃杯,又移走了一只平底酒杯。主教听着母亲的话语,不禁回想起了许久许久以前她也曾经常带着他和

him and his brothers and sisters to relations whom she considered rich; in those days she was taken up with the care of her children, now with her grandchildren, and she had brought Katya...

“Your sister, Varenka, has four children,” she told him; “Katya, here, is the eldest. And your brother-in-law Father Ivan fell sick, God knows of what, and died three days before the Assumption; and my poor Varenka is left a beggar.”

“And how is Nikanor getting on?” the bishop asked about his eldest brother.

“He is all right, thank God. Though he has nothing much, yet he can live. Only there is one thing: his son, my grandson Nikolasha, did not want to go into the Church; he has gone to the university to be a doctor. He thinks it is better; but who knows! His Holy Will!”

“Nikolasha cuts up dead people,” said Katya, spilling water over her knees.

“Sit still, child,” her grandmother observed calmly, and took the glass out of her hand. “Say a prayer, and go on eating.”

“How long it is since we have seen each other!” said the bishop, and he tenderly stroked his mother’s hand and shoulder; “and I missed you abroad, mother, I missed you dreadfully.”

“Thank you.”

“I used to sit in the evenings at the open

他的兄弟姐妹去她认为富裕的亲戚家做客，那时她忙于照顾自己的儿女，如今她又开始为孙子孙女操心，这不，她带来了卡嘉。

老母亲告诉主教：“您的姐姐瓦连卡有4个孩子，卡嘉是老大。只有上帝才清楚您姐夫伊凡神甫生病的缘由，他竟在圣母升天节的前3天不幸离世了。我可怜的瓦连卡恐怕得去乞讨了。”

“尼卡诺尔过得怎么样？”主教问起大哥的近况。

“谢天谢地，他很好。尽管不太富裕，不过好歹可以度日。只有一件不如意的事，就是他的儿子，我的孙子尼古拉沙，不愿意加入教会，他去大学学做一名医生了。他认为这样再好不过了，可是谁知道呢！这都是上帝的旨意啊！”

“尼古拉沙解剖尸体。”卡嘉说，她不慎将水打翻，泼到了膝盖上。

“乖孩子，规规矩矩地坐好，”她的外婆不动声色地告诫道，随即接过卡嘉手里握着的玻璃杯，“祷告后就吃饭吧。”

“我们太久没见面了！”主感动情地感叹道，一面轻轻地抚摸着母亲的双手和肩膀。“母亲，我在国外时就很思念您，十分想念。”

“谢谢。”

