

英汉对照



世界名著

(俄) 奥斯特洛夫斯基 著

钢铁是怎样炼成的



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CHAPTER ONE

"ALL who came to my house before the holiday to be examined, stand up!"

The flabby man in a cassock, with a heavy cross hanging from his neck, shot a threatening glance at the class.

Then his evil little eyes bored into all six—four boys and two girls—who rose from their seats and looked uneasily and timorously at him. The priest flipped his hand towards the girls and said: "You sit down." They gave a sigh of relief, sat down with alacrity, and Father Basil's beady eyes concentrated on the remaining four little bodies.

"Now you come here, my little beauties!"

Father Basil rose from his seat, moved the chair aside and went right up to the boys, who were huddled close together.

"Which of you good-for-nothing little wretches smoke?"

All four answered quietly:

"We don't smoke at all, sir."

Then the priest's face turned purple and he shouted:

"You wasters don't smoke, then who put the tobacco siftings in the dough? You don't smoke, eh? Ah, now we'll just see. Turn out your pockets! Come on, look lively! Hear what I say? Turn your pockets out!"

Three of them began to unload the contents of their pockets on to the table.

Then the priest carefully examined the seams of their pockets for traces of tobacco, but found nothing, and turned to the fourth, a dark-eyed boy in a miserable grey shirt and blue trousers with patched knees.

"And what are you standing there like a block of wood for?"

The dark-eyed boy stared at the priest with lurking hatred, and in a flat voice said:

"I haven't got any peckets," and ran his hands over the sewn-up openings.

"Oh, on pockets, eh? So you think I don't know who was capable of doing such a dirty little trick as to spoil the Easter loaf? You think that after that you'll still be a pupil here? No, my little beauty, you won't get off so lightly, last time it was only for the sake of your mother you were not expelled, but this is the last straw. Get out of here!" He seized the boy's ear brutally and flung him out into the corridor and shut the door on him.

The class was deathly silent, all sitting huddled together. None of them could understand why Paul Korchagin should be expelled like that. Only Sergy Brouzshak, who was Patti's bosom friend and companion, had seen Paul put a handful of tobacco siftings into the mixture ready in the priest's kitchen for the Paschal Cake while the six of them, who had failed in the exams were waiting for the priest to re-examine them.

第一章

“节前去我家补考的，全都站起来！”

一个肌肉松弛的神甫，身穿法衣，脖子上挂着沉甸甸的十字架，神态令人肚寒。

他那双凶恶的小眼睛瞪着六个从座位上应声而起的学生——四个男生，两个女生——像要把他们刺穿似的，孩子们都惶恐不安地望着他。神甫对两个女孩挥了挥手说：“你们坐下吧。”她们赶快坐下，松了一口气，瓦西里神甫那对小眼睛盯在四个男孩身上。

“过来吧，我的宝贝们！”

瓦西里神甫站起来，推开椅子，走到紧紧挤在一起的男孩跟前。

“你们几个小无赖，谁抽烟？”

四个孩子都悄声回答：

“我们都不抽烟，神甫。”

神甫的脸气得发紫，他叫嚷道：

“混帐东西，你们都不抽烟，那么面团里的烟末儿是谁撒的？你们全都不抽烟，呃？好，我们这就来瞧瞧。把口袋翻过来！快点！听到了没有？把口袋翻过来！”

有三个孩子开始把口袋里的东西掏出来，放在桌子上。

神甫仔细地检查他们口袋里的每一条缝，想找出一点烟末儿，但是什么也没有找到，便把目光转到第四个孩子身上。这孩子长着一对黑眼睛，穿着粗劣的灰衬衣和蓝裤子、膝盖上打着补丁。

“你怎么像个木头人，站着不动弹？”

黑眼睛的孩子压住心头的仇恨，看着神甫，闷声闷气地回答：

“我没有一个口袋。”他用手摸了摸缝合的袋口。

“哦，一个口袋也没有，呃？你以为我就不知道谁会干出那么可恶的小把戏——把复活节的面团糟蹋了吗，是不是？你以为以后你还是一个学生吗？不，我的小宝贝儿，这回可不能轻易饶了你。上次是亏了你母亲恳求才没有开除你，但是这回可不行了。你给我滚出去！”他使劲地揪住那男孩的一只耳朵，把他推到走廊里，随手就把门关上了。

整个教室里死一般的沉寂，同学们都吓得缩成一团。谁也不清楚保尔·柯察金为什么被开除。只有保尔的好朋友和好伙伴谢廖沙·勃鲁扎克明白是怎么回事——他们六个功课不及格的学生在神甫家里等着补考的时候，他亲眼看见保尔把一撮烟末儿撒在神甫厨房里预备做复活节糕的面团上。

Paul made his way outside and sat down on the bottom of the steps leading to the entrance to the school to think things over. How was he to go home and what was he to say to his mother, who worked from early morning till late at night as cook at the excise inspector's, and took everything so seriously?

Tears choked him.

What was he to do now? And all through that damned old priest. Why on earth had he put those siftings in the cake? It was Sergy who had prompted him. "I say," he had said, "let's give the rotten old beast a dose." And so they had given him a dose, and now Sergy was getting off and he would almost certainly be expelled.

The bad blood between Paul and Father Basil dated a long way back. One day Paul had had a fight with Mishka Levcoukov and he had had to "go without his dinner." And so as to make sure he wouldn't get into mischief, alone in the empty classroom, the teacher put him with the older ones in the senior class. Paul sat on the back bench and listened. The teacher was a bony little man in a black jacket, talking about the earth and the planets, and Patti drank it in and gaped from amazement to hear that the earth had been in existence many million years and that the stars were things rather like the earth. In fact, he was so astonished by what he heard that he nearly got up and said: "Please, sir, in Holy Writ it says different," but he was afraid of making a fool of himself.

The priest had always given Paul full marks for scripture. He knew all the prayer book by heart and the old and new testaments, too, and he knew precisely on which day God made each single thing. So Paul made up his mind to ask Father Basil about it. And at the next scripture lesson, as soon as even the priest had sat down, Paul held up his hand and, when he had got permission to speak, got up and said:

"Father, why does the teacher in the seniors' class say that the earth is millions of years old and not what scripture said, five thous . . . " and then broke off short because of a hoarse yell from Father Basil:

"What's that nonsense, you good-for-nothing boy? Is that how you learn your scripture?"

And Paul had not had time to open his mouth to reply when the priest seized him by the ears and began banging his head against the wall. A minute later, beaten and cowed, he had been flung out into the corridor.

The next day his mother had gone to the school and begged Father Basil to take her son back. From that day Patti had hated the priest with his whole being: hated him and feared him. He never forgave anyone the petty injuries he suffered, he certainly did not forget the undeserved thrashing the priest had given him, and he became sullen and morose. He had yet to suffer numerous smarter insults from Father Basil. The priest made him stand in the corner every day for weeks on end for the merest trifles and never

保尔向外面走去，在通往校门口最下面的一级台阶上坐下来。他想自己该如何回家去，妈妈在税务检查官家里做厨娘，每天从清晨忙到深夜，对他又爱护备至，这下怎么回家向妈妈交代？

泪水哽住了他的喉咙。

现在他怎么办呢？全都怨这该死的老神甫。他为什么要往蛋糕上撒上一把烟末儿呢？都是谢廖沙怂恿他做的。“来，”他说，“咱们给这害人的老家伙撒上一把。”于是他们就把烟末儿撒了上去。现在谢廖沙倒安然无恙，可他呢，说不定要被赶出校门的。

保尔跟瓦西里神甫早就结下了怨仇。有一天，他跟米什卡·列夫丘科夫打架，老师罚他留校，不准吃午饭，又怕他独自在空教室里胡闹，就把他送到高年级教室和比他年长的孩子一起。保尔坐在后面的椅子上听课。这位骨瘦如柴的矮小老师，穿着黑上衣，讲解着地球和天体。他说地球已经存在了好几百万年，星星也和地球差不多。保尔听着，惊奇得张大了嘴。他觉得这些内容好奇怪，简直想起立说：“报告，先生，圣经里不是这样写的。”但有些胆怯，只怕挨一顿骂。

保尔的圣经课，神甫平时总是给他满分。祈祷文和新旧约他都背得烂熟，上帝哪一天创造了哪一种东西他也知道得非常确切。关于这件事保尔决定问问瓦西里神甫。在下次上圣经课的时候，神甫刚一坐下，保尔就举起手来，一得到允许，他就站起来说：

“神甫，为什么高年级的老师说地球已经存在了好几百万年了，不像圣经上说的五千……”瓦西里神甫那尖厉的喊声突然打断了他：

“混蛋东西，胡说八道！你就是这样学习圣经的吗？”

保尔还没有来得及开口回答，神甫就揪住他的两只耳朵，把他的头往墙上撞。一分钟之后，保尔已经鼻青脸肿，吓得半死，被推到走廊上去了。

第二天，他的母亲不得不到学校去恳求瓦西里神甫开恩，让他儿子回班上课。从那时起，保尔恨透了神甫，对他又恨又怕。他不容许任何人对他稍加侮辱，当然也不会忘掉神甫那顿无端的毒打，他变得阴郁而孤僻。他一再受到瓦西里神甫的侮辱：每每抓住鸡毛蒜皮的小事，神甫就让他接连几周站墙角，而且从此不再向他提问。于是到了复活节前，他只得和几个不及格的同学一起到神甫家去补考——正是在厨房里等待的同时，他把烟末儿撒进了做复活节蛋糕用的面团里。谁也没看见是他，但是神甫立时就猜出来了是谁干的。

once called on him to answer questions, and it was on this account that he had to go with the other dunces to the priest to be specially examined just before Easter—and then, while waiting in the kitchen, he put the stuff in the mixture ready for baking the Paschal Cake. Though nobody saw him the priest guessed immediately who was responsible.

The lesson ended at last and the children streamed out into the yard and surrounded Paul, but Paul remained stubbornly silent. Sergey Brouzzhak stayed inside; he felt he was guilty, but could do nothing to help his friend.

Then the head of the school, Ephrem Vassilievitch, appeared in the window of the staff room and his deep voice made Paul start. He shouted:

“Send Korchagin to me at once!”

And with thumping heart Patti made his way to the staff room.

The proprietor of the Railway Station Buffet, a pasty-faced middle-aged man with colourless, washed-out eyes, shot a glance at Patti, who was standing to one side.

“How old is he?”

Paul’s mother said: “Twelve.”

“Well, leave him here, he can have a try. Now I’ll give him eight roubles a month and board working days, and he’ll be on alternate days from seven in the morning till seven the next morning, and no pilfering.”

Paul’s mother cried anxiously: “Oh no, sir, oh no, sir, Paul won’t touch a thing, I’ll guarantee that.”

And the proprietor ordered: “Well, let him start right away,” and he turned round to a sales-girl standing beside him behind the counter and said: “Zina, take this boy through into the scullery and tell Frossia to put him on the job in place of Grishka.”

The girl put down the knife with which she was cutting ham and gave Paul a nod and went through the restaurant towards a side door which led into the scullery, and Paul followed her, while his mother hastened by his side whispering to him:

“Now, Paul dear, do try your best, don’t disgrace yourself, my dear.”

Then with sad eyes she followed him till he vanished and made for the exit.

The scullery was at work at full pressure. There was a monstrous pile of plates and forks and knives on a table and a number of women wiping them with towels flung over their shoulders.

A ginger-haired snippet of a boy slightly older than Paul, with an unkempt mat of bristly hair, was busy with two huge urns.

The scullery was full of steam from a vast cauldron of boiling water in which the dishes were washed, and at first Paul could not make out the faces of the workwomen, so he simply stood in the centre of the scullery without any idea of what he was to do or where he was to fit in.

下课了，孩子们蜂拥而出，来到院子里，围住了保尔。但是保尔忧心忡忡地坐在那儿，一句话也不说。谢廖沙·勃鲁扎克躲在教室里没有出来，他感到非常惭愧和悔恨，但实在是没办法帮助自己的朋友。

校长叶弗列姆·瓦西里耶维奇的头从教员室的窗口探出来了，他那低沉的声音，使保尔吃了一惊。他喊道：

“叫柯察金马上到我这儿来！”

保尔朝教员室走去，心怦怦直跳。

车站食堂的老板是个上了年纪的人，面色苍白，两眼无神。他朝站在一旁的保尔瞥了一眼。

“他几岁了？”

“十二岁。”保尔的母亲回答。

“好吧，让他留下，他可以试一试。是这样，我每月给他八个卢布，当班的日子管饭，干一天歇一天，从早上七点到第二天早上七点，可不准偷东西啊。”

“哦，不会的，先生，不会的，先生，保尔不会偷东西的，我保证。”保尔的母亲慌忙说。

“好啦，让他今天就上班，”老板命令说，又转身向旁边那个站在柜台后面的女招待说：“齐娜，带这个男孩到洗刷间去，叫佛罗夏安顿他，顶替格里什卡。”

女招待放下了正在切火腿的刀子，向保尔点了点头，就穿过食堂，朝通向洗刷间的一个侧门走去。保尔跟在她后面，他的母亲赶忙跟在他身边，小声对他说：

“保尔，亲爱的，你干活要卖力气，别给自己丢脸呵，我亲爱的。”

她用忧郁的目光把儿子送进去之后，才朝门口走去。

洗刷间里的活很是紧张，一张桌子上堆着一大堆盘碟和刀叉，有几个女人正用搭在肩膀上的毛巾在那里擦洗着家什。

一个年纪比保尔稍大一点的、长着一头火红色蓬乱头发的男孩子，正忙于对付两个大茶炉。

洗家什的大锅里的开水正冒着蒸气，把整个洗刷间弄得雾气腾腾的，保尔刚进去的时候，看不清女工们的脸。他站在洗刷间的中心，显得手足无足，也不晓得该到哪儿去才好。

Mean-while Zina went up to one of the women who were washing the dishes, took her by the shoulder and said:

"Look, Fressia, here's a new boy for you in place of Grishka. You can tell him what he's to do."

Then she turned to Paul and pointing to the woman she had just called Frossia said:

"She's the boss here. You do whatever she tells you," then turned round and went back to her buffet.

Paul said: "All right," and looked enquiringly at Fressia, who was standing in front of him. Frossia wiped the sweat off her forehead and looked him up and down as if appraising his points, then she tucked up one sleeve, which had slipped over her elbow, and in a surprisingly pleasant, deep voice, said:

"Your job, kid, is only a little one: see that copper? Well, every morning you hear that in good time and see that it's full of boiling water, and of course you'll split the wood yourself, and those two samovars are your job, too. And then, whenever necessary, it's your job to clean the knives and forks and carry out the slops"

Paul said: "But what am I to do now, Auntie?"

He heard one of the women—not so young—say:

"Come over here, you, can help me wipe these forks."

Then she gave him a towel and said: "Here, take hold of this, one end in the teeth and pull the edge tight with one hand. There's fork; now rub it to and fro to get the prongs clean, and don't let there be a grain of dirt left. They're very strict about that here. The gentlemen always look at their forks and if they find the least dirt, there's trouble, and before you know where you are you'll have the missus giving you the sack."

"The missus?" Patti could not understand. "Why, the man who took me on is the boss."

The woman gave a hearty laugh.

"Oh, no, laddie, the boss here is only a bit of furniture, only a figure-head. The real boss here's the missus. Only she's out to-day—you do a bit of work and you'll soon see."

The door into the scullery opened and three waiters came in with piles of dirty dishes.

One of them, a broad-shouldered squint-eyed fellow with a massive three-cornered face said:

"Here, come along, get a move on. The twelve o'clock'll be in any minute and there you are fiddling about."

Then he saw Paul and asked:

"And who's this kid?"

这时，齐娜走到一个正在洗盘子的女人旁边，拍了拍她的肩膀，说道：

“弗罗夏，瞧，给你们派来了新的小伙计，顶替格里什卡的。他该干什么活，由你来安排。”

然后，她转向保尔，指着那个她称作弗罗夏的女工，说：

“她是这里的领班。她要你干什么，你就干什么吧。”说完转身回食堂去了。

“好的。”保尔答应了一声，同时用询问的目光看了看站在面前的弗罗夏。弗罗夏一面擦着额上的汗水，一面从上到下打量着他，好像要估量一下他能干什么活似的，然后挽起从胳膊肘上滑下来的一只袖子，用非常悦耳的、低沉的声音说：

“小家伙，你的活挺简单，看到那口大锅了吗？记着：每天早晨要准时把这个大锅烧热，要一直有开水，当然，木柴得你自己劈，还有那两个大茶炉也是你的活儿。另外呢，需要人手时，你就帮着擦刀叉，把脏水提出去倒掉……”

“现在我该干什么呢，大婶？”保尔问。

这时他听见一个上了年纪的女工说：

“到这边来，你可以帮着我擦叉子吧。”

她递给他一条毛巾说：“给，拿着，一头用牙咬住，一头用手拉紧。再把叉齿在上头来回蹭，要蹭得干干净净，一点脏东西也不许留下。咱们这里对这件事挺严格。老爷们都仔细看叉子，要是找到一点点的脏东西，那就糟了。老板娘一下子就把你赶出去。”

“什么老板娘？”保尔不明白。“刚才雇我的那个男人不是老板吗？”

那个女工笑了起来。

“哦，不，孩子，咱们的老板是摆设而已。他是个窝囊废，这里真正的老板是老板娘。只是她今天不在，你干些时候就会看到她的。”

洗刷间的门敞开了，三个堂倌，每人捧着一大堆肮脏的盘碟走了进来。

其中有个宽肩膀、四方大脸、眼有些斜的堂倌说：

“要快点干呵。十二点的班车马上就到了，可你们还是这么磨磨蹭蹭的。”

他看见了保尔，便问道：

“这个孩子是谁？”

Frossia said: "That's our new boy."

"Oh," he declared, "that's your new boy, is it. Well——" and his heavy hand came down on Paul's shoulder and pushed him over towards the samovars, "those two samovars have to be ready any minute, and look, boy, one of them's out and the other's only aglimmer. We'll let you off a bit today, but if it happens tomorrow you'll get a good box on the ears. See?"

Without a word Paul turned to the samovars.

And so his working life began. Never before had Paul tried so hard as he did that first working day of his. He understood that this was quite different from home, where he could be disobedient to his mother. The squint-eyed waiter had made it quite clear that if you didn't obey you got your ears boxed.

So the sparks began to fly out of the bellied tengallon samovars, with Paul taking off his shoes and putting them over the chimney and flaming the charcoal to a glow. Then he snatched up a bucket of slops and flew off to the midden, banked up wood on to the fire under the copper, spread out wet cloths on the boiling samovars to dry, and did everything he was told. Late that evening he was worn out when he went down to the kitchen. The elderly dish-washer, whose name was Anissia, looked at the door which had closed behind him and said:

"There's something wrong in that kid's upper story, why, he works like a loony. There's something fishy about him, I'm sure, putting him out to work."

Frossia said: "Well, he is certainly a worker, there's no need to be always on at him."

But Dounia said: "It soon wears off, they all start like that"

At seven the next morning, absolutely worn out by his night without sleep and the endless toil, Paul handed over the two samovars well boiling to the boy who came to take his place. This was a boy with a pudding face and aggressive eyes.

As soon as he had made sure that everything was in order and that the samovars were boiling, this boy stuck his hands in his pockets and then, forcing the spittle through tightly clenched teeth and shooting Paul a glance with his whitish eyes, said in a tone which forbade any objection:

"Now, you, kid, look out you're here sharp at six to-morrow morning to take over."

Paul said: "Why at six? Shift changes at seven."

"Let those who want to change at seven do so, but you look out and be here at six. And if you don't keep your jaw shut better I'll soon put a blot on your phiz for you. Upon my word, you mug you, only started work to-day and already putting on airs."

The dish-washers who had handed over their work to the incoming Shift followed the

“新雇来的伙计。”弗罗夏回答说。

“呵”，他说，“新雇来的，那么，你可得当心——”说着他就把一只大手重重地按到保尔的肩膀上，把他推到那两个大茶炉跟前，“这两个大茶炉你得时刻准备好，可是，你瞧，伙计，现在一个火已经灭了，另一个也只剩一点儿火光。今天饶了你，明天要再是这样，你就得挨耳光。明白吗？”

保尔一句话也没有说，就烧茶炉去了。

保尔的劳动生活就这样开始了。他是第一天上班，干活从来还没有这样卖过力气。他知道，这个地方跟家里完全不一样，在家里可以不听母亲的话，可是在这里可不行。斜眼的堂倌已说得很明白，要是不听话，就得挨耳光。

保尔用脱下来的一只靴子套着炉筒，朝那两个大茶炉的炭火使劲鼓风，于是，那两个能盛十加仑水的大肚子茶炉就冒出了火星。接着，他又提走一桶脏水，倒在污水池里，把木柴堆到大锅下的火上，又把湿抹布摊在烧开了水的茶炉上烘干，叫他干什么，他就干什么。直到深夜，保尔才走到下面厨房里去，这时候他已经累得浑身无力了。上了年纪的洗刷工阿妮西娅望着他刚掩上的门，说：

“这孩子脑子有毛病，唉，干活像一个疯子。一定是逼不得已才来干活的。”

“对，是个很懂事的孩子，”弗罗夏说，“干活用不着别人催。”

“很快跑累了，就不这么干了，”卢莎反驳说。“一开头都是这样……”

直到第二天早上七点钟，通宵不停，彻夜无眠的劳动已弄得保尔精疲力尽了，他把两个烧开了的茶炉交给了接班的，这是个眼神放肆的圆脸蛋的男孩。

这个男孩一看，什么都已经弄妥了，茶炉也烧开了，便把两手往口袋里一插，从咬紧的牙缝里挤出一口唾沫，斜着白眼看了看保尔，然后用一种不容争辩的腔调说：

“喂，你，笨蛋，明天早上准六点半来接班。”

“怎么是六点半？”保尔问，“七点换班。”

“人家七点是人家的事，你得六点半来，再不闭嘴，我立刻叫你脑瓜上长个大包作为纪念。我向你保证，你这个笨蛋，今天刚来就摆臭架子。”

刚交了班的洗刷工都兴致勃勃地听两个孩子拌嘴。那男孩的无赖腔调和挑衅

conversation of the two boys with interest. The aggressive voice and challenging manner of the other boy riled Paul, and he moved a step nearer to him and got ready to hit him, only fear of being dismissed on his very first day held him back. He flushed a deep red and said:

"You calm yourself a bit and take care how you step or you'll get burnt. I'm coming tomorrow at seven, and I can fight quite as well as you can. And if you want to have a try, I'm ready."

The other took a step back towards the copper and stared with amazement at Paul standing there angrily. He had not in the least expected such a definite refusal and he was rather at a loss, and he now muttered: "Oh, all right, we'll see."

Paul made his way out of the station together with the women, and hurried home. The first day had passed off satisfactorily, and as he strode along he felt himself a man who has earned his rest. Now he too was a worker and nobody could say he was not an earner.

The morning sun was already climbing above the roof of the timber works. The little cottage which was his home would soon appear, just another moment; he had only to pass the Leshchinskis' country house.

His mother was out in the yard preparing the sanovar. As soon as she caught sight of her son she asked anxiously:

"Everything all right?"

"Not so bad," Paul said.

His mother had something to tell him, he could guess; through the open window of the mom he could see the broad shoulders of his brother Artem.

This disturbed him and he said: "What, has Artem come home?"

"Yes, he arrived last night, and he is going to stay here. He's going to work down at the railway yards."

Paul opened the door rather hesitatingly and went into the living-room. The massive figure seated at the table with back turned towards him looked round and his brother's severe eyes looked out from under his thick black eyebrows.

"Ah, so here's the tobacco boy, eh? Well, well, how are you, kid?"

Paul had nothing pleasant to expect from the forthcoming conversation with this brother who had just turned up. So he already knows all about it, he said to himself—and he knew Artem was capable of telling him off, if not of giving him a little more than a mere telling-off; Paul was a little afraid of Artem.

But evidently Artem had no intention of fighting; he simply went on sitting on the stool with his elbows on the table, and watched Paul with a fixed glance which might have been either mocking or contemptuous. Then he said: "So I understand you've al-

姿态激怒了保尔。他朝男孩逼近一步，恨不得揍他一顿，可又怕头一天上工就被开除，才强忍住了。他气得满脸发紫，说：

“你冷静一点，小心行事，要不，你决不会有好下场。明早我七点来。要打架，我奉陪；你想试一试，那就请吧。”

对手朝着开水锅倒退了一步，吃惊地瞧着怒气冲冲的保尔，他没有料到会碰这么大的钉子，有点儿不知所措了，他含糊糊地说：“好，咱们走着瞧吧。”

头一天总算平安无事地过去了。保尔和女工们一起走出车站，大步走在回家的路上，感到自己已经是一个挣得了休息的人。现在他也是个劳动者，谁也不能再说他吃闲饭了。

早晨的太阳已经从锯木厂的房顶上升起来。他家的小屋很快就可以看见了，马上就到了；他只需穿过列辛斯基的庄园就到了。

母亲正在院子里忙着烧茶炉，一看见儿子回来，就慌忙问：

“一切还好吧？”

“不错。”保尔回答。

母亲好像有什么事要告诉他，可是他已经猜出来了；他从房间敞开的窗户外，看到了哥哥阿尔焦姆宽大的肩膀。

“怎么，阿尔焦姆回来了？”他心神不安地问。

“是的，昨晚刚到，他打算住在家里了。他要调到机车库干活。”

保尔犹豫地推开了房门，走进屋里。那个身材高大、背朝着他坐在桌子旁边的人，回过头来，哥哥从浓黑的眉毛下面直射出两股严厉的目光。

“呵，撒烟末儿的孩子回来了，呃？好，好，你好啊，年轻人！”

保尔预感到，哥哥回家后的这场谈话，对他准没个好。他已经都知道了，保尔心里想——他知道阿尔焦姆会骂他，也许还不止挨一顿骂；保尔有点怕阿尔焦姆。

但是阿尔焦姆显然并没有打他的意思；他坐在凳子上，两只胳膊肘抵着桌子，凝望着保尔，说不清是嘲弄还是鄙视。然后他说：“我知道，你已经是大学毕业了，各门学科统统学过了，所以现在干起洗家什的活儿啦？”

ready finished your school studies, you've learned all there is to learn, and that's why you've turned to dish-washing?"

Paul fixed his eyes on where the floor had cracked and painstakingly studied the head of a protruding nail. Then Artem unexpectedly got up from the table and went into the kitchen.

Paul heaved a sigh of relief, and said to himself: "looks like I'm getting off without a licking."

When tea was ready Artem quite gently made Paul tell him all that happened in the school, and Paul told him everything. Paul's mother said sadly:

"Whatever's going to happen to you, since you've turned into such a little hooligan?" She said: "I can't make out who he takes after. Upon my word, all the trouble this little rascal has caused me."

Artem moved his empty cup away and turned to Paul:

"Well, so that's that, little brother. No use crying over spilt milk. But from now on you take care, don't you try any monkey tricks at work, you do all you have to. You've given mother enough trouble already. When you've done a year at that job I'll try to get you taken on as apprentice in the yards, because it's no use your stopping all your life dish-washing. You want to be a man and learn a trade. You're too little now, but in a year I'll try, I may get you taken on. I'm being transferred here and I shall work here. Mother isn't going to work any more. She's done enough, bowing and scraping to all manner of scum, but you look out, Paul, my boy, and be a man."

He stood up to his full height, immense, put on the jacket which was hanging over the chair, and said shortly to their mother: "I'm going out a momom, there is a job I must do." He stooped under the door-hntel and went out. As he went through the yard, past the window, he called out:

"I've brought you some boots and a knife, mum'll give you them."

The station restaurant was never closed. Five lines met at Shepetovka junction. The main station was always crowded, and it was only for two or three hours during the night, when there was a gap between trains, that it grew a little quieter. At their station hundreds of battalions assembled or dispersed, on their way from one front to another. From the front came the wounded, broken men, and thither flowed a constant stream of new men in monotonous grey army overcoats.

Patti worked two years in that place and all he saw in those two years was scullery and kitchen. In the huge basement the kitchen work was fevered twenty-odd persons cooking and ten waiters ascurry all the time.

Paul rose from eight roubles to ten roubles in those two years, and grew taller and stronger. He went through a great deal in that time. He spent six greasy months in the