

英汉对照全译本

ENGLISH

BY МАКСИМ ГОРЬКИЙ

# 童年·我的大学 Childhood & My Universities

[苏] 马克西姆·高尔基 著 王杰炳 译

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# 童年·我的大学

## Childhood & My Universities

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## 出版前言

我们在编译“世界文学名著精品”丛书时,在形式上做了相应的调整,采用外文原著及权威英译本,然后全部精译成中、英文,并分段对照全译,以方便广大读者阅读。每部著作又均是世界文学宝库中的精华之作。使读者多方位的了解欧美文学著作的艺术魅力,能够领略西方文化充满诗意、语言流畅之特点。

“世界文学名著精品”所选作品:《双城记》、《三个火枪手》、《巴黎圣母院》、《傲慢与偏见》、《红与黑》、《飘》、《基督山伯爵》、《福尔摩斯探案集》、《莎士比亚八大名剧》、《简·爱》、《呼啸山庄》、《茶花女》、《忏悔录》、《安娜·卡列尼娜》、《童年·我的大学》、《包法利夫人》、《嘉莉妹妹》、《钢铁是怎样炼成的》等。我们相信这套“世界文学名著精品”出版之后定会受到您的欢迎,并会对您学习英语方面大有裨益。

现借此付梓出版之际,特向业已作古的著作者和传承世界文学文化精神的译著者暨为本丛书校译的相关人士,谨致以最深挚的谢意!

译者

2003年1月

# 童 年

*Childhood*



在一间昏暗、狭小的屋子里，就在窗户下面的地板上，躺着我的父亲。他穿着白衣裳，身子特别长，光脚丫子的脚指头奇怪地耷开着，那双可亲的手静静地平放在胸前，手指是弯曲的；

快活的眼睛上紧紧压着两枚乌黑的铜币，慈祥的脸孔发黑了，牙齿难看地龋着，让我害怕。

母亲光着半身，穿条红裙子跪在那里，用我平时锯西瓜皮玩的那只黑梳子，把父亲又长又软的头发从前额梳到后脑上。

母亲不停地说着什么话，嗓音低沉又嘶哑，她的灰色眼睛肿了起来，就像在融化似的滴下大滴大滴的泪水。

外婆拉着我的手，她长得胖乎乎的，脑袋大，眼睛也很大，皮肉松弛的鼻子挺可笑。她穿一身黑衣裳，整个人软绵绵的，有趣极了。她也在哭，但哭得有些特别，就像在给母亲很好地帮腔。

她浑身颤抖，拉着我，把我推向父亲那边去。我撑着不肯过去，躲在她背后，我心里害怕，怪不自在的。

我从来没见过大人哭，也听不懂外婆一遍又一遍说的那些话：“跟爹告个别吧，你再也见不到他了，他死了，亲爱的，不到年纪就早早地死了……”

ON THE FLOOR beneath the window of a small, dusky room lay my father, remarkably long and all dressed in white; the toes of his bare feet were strangely widespread, and the fingers of his gentle hands, now quietly crossed on his breast, were likewise distorted.

The dark discs of copper coins closed his laughing eyes, his kind face had become livid, and I was terrified by the glint of his set teeth.

My mother, in a red skirt but little else, was kneeling beside him, combing back his soft hair with the black comb I had used as a saw to cut through the rind of watermelons.

She kept muttering something, in a deep, hoarse voice; her grey eyes were swollen and seemed melting into large tears.

My hand was being held by my grandmother—a roundish woman with a large head, enormous eyes, and a funny, fleshy nose. She was all soft and dark and fascinating. She too was weeping, but in a peculiar way that formed a pleasant accompaniment to my mother.

She trembled all over and kept pushing me towards my father, but I hung back, hiding behind her skirts. I was afraid and uncomfortable.

I had never before seen grownups cry and did not understand the words my grandmother kept saying to me: ‘Go take your leave of your daddy. You’ll never see him again. He’s died, my darling, before his time, before his

我闹过一场大病，刚刚才好。我清楚地记得，生病的时候是父亲高高兴兴地忙着照料我，后来父亲突然不见了，接替他的是外婆这么个怪人。

“你从哪儿来？”我问她。

她回答说：“从上头，从尼日尼，不是走来的，是坐船来的！水上可不能走，小鬼！”

这真是好笑，让人不明白：这座屋子楼上住着几个染大胡子的波斯人，下头地下室里住着那个黄脸老汉，卖羊皮的卡尔梅克人。从楼梯上可以骑着栏杆溜下来，要是摔倒了，就翻跟头滚下来，这个我很清楚。这跟水有什么关系？全都不对头了，乱七八糟的真好笑。

“为什么我是小鬼？”

“因为你吵人，”她也笑着说。

她说起话来亲切快活又流畅。我从第一天起就跟她成了好朋友，现在真希望她赶快带我离开这间屋子。

母亲的样子让我憋闷。她的眼泪和哀号在我心里引起了一种从未体验过的不安。我头一回看见她这副模样。她一向态度严厉，寡言少语：

她干净整齐，身材高大，就像一匹大马；她的身板很硬朗，手劲大极了。

可是现在，她浑身都肿胀起来，蓬头垢面的，很不好看，衣服

hour...’

I had just recovered from a serious illness, during which my father—I remember that very well—had come and played with me merrily. But suddenly he disappeared and his place was taken by this strange woman who was my grand-mother.

‘Did you have to walk far to get here?’ I asked her.

‘I didn’t walk, I rode. You don’t walk on the water, you fig,’ she answered. ‘I came down from the Lower, higher up.’

This sounded very funny and mixed up: higher up in our house lived some bearded, painted Persians, while in the cellar lived an old yellow-skinned Kalmyk who sold sheepskins. You could descend by sliding down the banister, or by somersaulting if you fell off—I knew this well enough. But where did the water come in? She was all wrong and crazily mixed up.

‘Why do you call me a fig?’

‘Because you’re so big,’ was her laughing retort.

She had a kind, bright, liting manner of speech. From the very first day she and I became great friends, and now I was anxious that we both get out of this room.

My mother upset me. Her tears and wailing filled me with unwonted alarms. I had never seen her like this before; ordinarily she was a stern woman, who wasted no words.

She was clean and smooth and large as a mare; she had a firm body and exceedingly strong hands.

But now she was unpleasantly swollen and dishevelled. Her clothes were torn, and her



也全撕破了；原先整整齐齐的头发，就像一顶发亮的大帽子，现在却披散在光光的肩膀上，有些搭到了脸上，而另一半编成辫子的头发，晃晃荡荡，不时触到睡着了父亲的脸。

我在屋里已经站了很久，她也没有瞧我一眼，只顾替父亲梳头，老是呜呜地哭，哽咽得喘不过气来。

这时候几个穿黑衣服的庄稼汉，还有岗亭里的警察，一起朝屋里张望。

“快点收拾！”那个岗警生气地喊道：

窗户上用一块深色的披巾做幔子，风把披巾吹得鼓鼓的，就像船帆一样。

记得有一次父亲带我坐小帆船玩，忽然打雷了。

父亲笑起来，用膝盖紧紧夹住我，对我喊道：“没事儿，别害怕，洋葱头儿！”

这时母亲忽然费劲地站了起来，但马上又无力地坐下，仰面栽倒了，头发散乱一地。她两眼紧闭，苍白的脸变成铁青。她像父亲那样龇出牙齿，用可怕的声音说：

“关上门……阿列克谢出去！”

外婆推了我一把，奔到门口叫起来：“乡亲们，不要怕，请别碰她，为了基督，请你们走开吧！这不是霍乱，是要生孩子啦，上帝保佑！”

hair, usually piled into such a neat, bright cap on top of her head, was flowing over her bare shoulders and into her eyes, with one braid swinging into my father's sleeping face.

I had been standing in the room for some time, but not once had she so much as glanced at me, absorbed as she was in combing my father's hair and weeping.

The soldier who was on duty glanced into the room, along with some dark-faced muzhiks.

“Hurry and lay him out,” cried the soldier irritably.

The window was hung with a dark shawl which blew out like a sail.

Once when my father had taken me for a ride in a sailboat there had come an unexpected crash of thunder.

My father had laughed, pressed me between his knees, and cried: “That's all right, don't be afraid, son!”

Suddenly my mother sprang up heavily, then fell on her back, her hair streaming over the floor, her sightless face livid, her teeth clenched like those of my father.

“Lock the door—take Alexei out,” she gasped in an awful voice.

My grandmother pushed me aside as she rushed toward the door. “Don't be afraid, good people!” she cried. “Don't touch her! Go away, for the love of Christ! It's not the cholera! It's the birth pains beginning! Take pity, good people!”

我躲到暗角的一只大箱子后面，从那儿看见母亲在地板上扭动和哼哼，她把牙齿咬得格格响，而外婆在她身边爬来爬去，又亲切又欢喜地说：

“为了圣父和圣子！忍一忍，瓦留莎！……圣母啊，保佑……”

我吓坏了。她们在父亲身旁的地上忙乱，不时碰到他，她们又是哼又是叫，而他一动也不动，仿佛还在笑。

地板上的忙乱持续了很久。母亲不止一次站起来又倒下去，外婆就像个又大又软的黑皮球一次次从屋子里滚出去。后来黑暗中突然响起了婴儿的哭声。

“谢天谢地！”外婆说，“是个小子！”

她点亮了蜡烛。

我大概在角落里睡着了，后来的事情一点也不记得了。

留在我记忆里的第二个印象，是一个阴雨天，在坟场上荒僻的角落。我站在打滑的黏土堆上，望着父亲的棺材放进墓坑里。

坑底积着好多水，还有蛤蟆，有两只已经爬到黄色的棺盖上。

站在墓边的有我、外婆、浑身淋湿的岗警和两个气呼呼拿着铁锹的庄稼汉。温暖的细雨就像小小的玻璃珠儿，不停地洒在大伙身上。

“盖土吧，”岗警说了一句就走开了。

外婆用头巾捂着脸哭了。

I hid behind a trunk in a dark corner, from where I could watch my mother writhing on the floor, moaning and grinding her teeth, while my grandmother crawled about, murmuring tenderly and happily:

‘In the name of the Father and the Son! Try to bear it, Varyusha! Holy Mother of God, merciful patron……’

I was terrified. They kept moving about on the floor near my father, groaning and crying and bumping into him, but he lay there motionless, seeming to laugh at them.

This kept up for a long time. Several times my mother struggled to her feet, only to fall back again; my grandmother bounced in and out of the room like a great black ball; suddenly a baby cried in the darkness.

‘Thank God,’ breathed my grandmother. ‘A boy!’

She lighted a candle.

I must have fallen asleep in the corner, for I remember nothing else.

My next vivid recollection is of a deserted spot in a cemetery on a rainy day; I was standing on a slippery mound of earth gazing down the hole into which they were lowering my father's coffin.

The bottom of the hole was filled with water and frogs—two of them had jumped onto the yellow lid of the coffin.

The only people at the grave were the dripping guard on duty, two grumpy muzhiks with spades, my grandmother and I. All of us were bathed in a fine spray of rain.

‘Dig it in,’ said the guard, moving away.

My grandmother wept, covering her face

庄稼汉们弯下腰，急忙向墓坑里铲土。

把坑底的水打得噗噗响。两只蛤蟆跳下棺盖，又往坑壁上跳，结果被泥块砸到坑底去了。

“你走开，廖尼亚，”外婆抓住我的肩膀说。我一扭身挣脱了她的手，我不想离开。

“你真是的，上帝啊，”

外婆抱怨道，不知是对我，还是对上帝。她垂着头，默默地站了很久。墓坑已经填平了，她还一直站着。

庄稼汉用铁锹嘭嘭地拍紧坟土。

这时吹来一阵风，把雨带走了。

外婆拉起我的手，领我从许多发黑的十字架中间向远处的教堂走去。

“你怎么不哭呀？”从墓地出来后，她问我。“你应该哭一下的！”

“我不想哭，”我说。

“不想哭，那就算了吧，”她小声说。

也真奇怪：我很少哭，而且只是受了委屈才哭，弄疼了不哭。

父亲见我流泪总取笑我，母亲则大声斥责我：“不许哭！”

后来我跟外婆坐马车经过一条很宽很脏的街道，两旁边都是

with the ends of her shawl.

The muzhiks bent over and threw the first spadefuls of dirt into the hole.

The water splashed and the frogs began to leap against the walls of the grave, but the clumps of earth beat them back.

‘Get away, Alyosha,’ said my grandmother, taking me by the shoulder. I slipped out of her grasp, because I did not want to go away.

‘Oh Lord,’

She sighed, in a tone which left some doubt as to whether she was complaining about me or the Lord. For a long time she stood there silent, with lowered head; even when the grave was entirely filled in she kept on standing there.

The muzhiks packed the earth with the backs of their spades.

A wind rose and drove the rain away.

Grandmother took me by the hand and led me to a distant church standing among a forest of dark crosses.

‘Why don’t you cry?’ she asked me when we were outside the cemetery. ‘You ought to cry.’

‘I don’t feel like it,’ I said.

‘Well, if you don’t feel like it, you needn’t she answered quietly.

It was most surprising that she should have told me to cry. I rarely cried, and then only when my feelings were hurt—never from bodily pain.

My father had always laughed at my tears, but my mother had shouted: ‘Don’t dare cry!’

After that we rode in a droshky down a wide, muddy street between dark red houses.

些深红色的房子。

我问外婆：“那些蛤蟆能爬出来吗？”

“不，爬不出来了，”她回答。“上帝保佑它们！”

无论父亲还是母亲，都没有像外婆这样经常、这样亲热地说到上帝的名字。

几天后，我、外婆和母亲搭上了轮船，坐在一间小舱里。

我那刚出世的弟弟马克西姆死了，用白布裹着，扎了根红带子，就放在角落里的桌子上。

我坐在包袱和箱子堆上，从马眼睛似的圆鼓鼓的窗户朝外面看。泛着泡沫的浑浊河水，在湿漉漉的船窗外流呀流呀总流不完。

有时候波浪溅起来，打到窗户玻璃上，我便身不由己跳下地来。

“别害怕，”外婆说，用她柔软的双手将我轻轻抱起，放回到包袱上。

河水上上面笼罩着灰蒙蒙的湿雾。远方露出了一片黑色土地，不久它又消失在雾和水里了。

周围的一切都在晃动。只有母亲双手抱在脑后，紧紧靠住舱壁，站着一动也不动。她脸色阴沉、铁青，茫无表情，两眼紧闭，始终不说话，好像整个儿变成了另一个人，一个陌生人，连她身上的衣服我都认不出来了。

外婆好几次小声对她说：“瓦

‘Won’t the frogs get out?’ I asked.

‘No, they won’t, God bless them,’ she answered.

Neither my mother nor father had ever spoken the name of God so frequently and with such familiarity.

A few days later my mother and grandmother and I were riding in the small cabin of a boat.

My infant brother Maxim had died and was lying on the table in the corner wrapped in white tied with red tape.

I sat on top of our trunks and bundles, looking out of the bulging window that reminded me of the eye of a horse. Murky, foaming water kept running down the glass. Sometimes it would wash completely over it.

Then I would involuntarily jump down to the floor.

‘Don’t be afraid,’ said my grandmother lifting me up in her soft arms and putting me back on the bundles.

A moist grey fog hung over the water; every once in a while a dark strip of land somewhere in the distance would emerge from the fog, only to dissolve again.

Everything about us was shaking. Only my mother stood firm and motionless, leaning against the wall with her hands behind her head, her eyes tightly closed. Her face was dark and grim and sightless. She never spoke a word, and seemed somehow new and different. Even the dress she was wearing was unfamiliar to me.

Every once in a while my grandmother

里娅，你吃点东西吧，少吃点儿，好吗？”

她不说话，也不动。

外婆跟我说悄悄话，跟母亲说话声音要大些，但好像赔着小心，有点胆怯，话也很少。

我觉得她有点怕母亲。我明白这一点，这使我和外婆更加亲近了。

“萨拉托夫，”母亲突然生气地大声说。“水手在哪儿？”

她说的话也让人奇怪，听不懂：萨拉托夫，水手。

一个宽肩膀、白头发的人走了进来，他穿着蓝衣服，拿来一个小木匣子。外婆接过匣子，把弟弟的尸体往里放，装好后，伸子端着匣子向门口走去。外婆很胖，要侧过身子才能走出狭窄的舱门，她站在门口为难的样子真好笑。

“唉，娘！”母亲喊道，一把夺过小棺材，和外婆一起走了。我独个儿留在舱里，仔细打量那个穿蓝衣服的乡下人。

“小弟弟死了，是吧？”他弯下腰来对我说。

“你是谁？”

“水手。”

“萨拉托夫是谁呀？”

“是一座城市。你朝窗外看，那就是它！”

陆地 在船窗外移动，黑糊糊的陡岸上雾气腾腾，像是刚切下来的一片大圆面包。

would say to her softly: ‘If you’d only be having a bite to eat, Varyusha—just a wee bite....’

But my mother remained silent and motionless.

Grandmother spoke to me in a Whisper; she spoke a bit louder to my mother, but timidly and cautiously, and very rarely.

It seemed to me that she was afraid of my mother. I could understand this, and it drew me all the closer to my grandmother.

‘Saratov,’ said my mother in an unexpectedly loud, harsh voice. ‘Where’s the sailor?’

Even her words were strange and unfamiliar ‘Saratov,’ ‘the sailor...’

Into the cabin came a broad-shouldered, grey-haired man dressed in blue and carrying a little box. Grandmother took it from him and began to place the body of my brother in it. When she had finished she carried it to the door on outstretched arms, but she was so fat she could not get through without turning sidewise, so she stood there nonplussed, looking very funny.

‘Oh, mother!’ cried my own mother impatiently, taking the coffin out of her hands. Then they both disappeared and I remained in the cabin with the man in blue.

‘So your brother’s gone and left us,’ he said, bending over me.

‘Who are you?’

‘A sailor.’

‘And who’s Saratov?’

‘A city. Look out the window. There it is.’

The land was moving past the window, dark and lumpy and wreathed in mist, reminding me of large hunk of bread just cut from

“外婆到哪儿去了?”

“埋小外孙去了。”

“把他埋在土里吗?”

“当然是埋在土里。”

我告诉水手，在埋父亲的时候活埋了几只蛤蟆。他把我抱起来，搂紧了，亲了亲。

“唉，小弟弟，你还什么都不懂呢！”他说。

“你用不着可怜蛤蟆，随它们去吧！可怜可怜你母亲吧，瞧她多伤心啊！”

头顶上忽然呜呜地响起来，现在我知道这是轮船在拉汽笛，所以不害怕了。水手连忙放下我，向舱外跑去，一边还说：“要快跑！”

我也想跑走，于是就出了舱门。

昏暗狭窄的走道里没有一个人。离出口不远就是楼梯，踏步上的铜块亮闪闪的。

我朝头顶上一看，只见许多人都带着大包小包，显然是要下船的样子，那么我也该下轮船了。

我跟着一群乡下人来到船边，站在上岸的跳板前面。这时候大伙对我嚷了起来：“这是谁家的孩子？你是谁家的？”

“我不知道。”

好一阵子我被人家推来搡去，又扯又摸，终于那个白头发水手来了，他抓住我，对大伙解释说：“他是阿斯特拉罕上来的，从舱里跑出来的……”

the loaf.

“Where did grandmother go?”

“To bury her grandson.”

“Will they put him in the ground?”

“Of course they will.”

I told the sailor how they had dug in live frogs when they buried my father. He lifted me in his arms, hugged me tight and kissed me.

“Ah, sonny, it's not much you understand yet!” He said.

“It's not the frogs are to be pitied—the devil with them—it's your mother. Just look what grief's done to her!”

There was suddenly a great shrieking and blowing up above, but I knew it was the steamboat and was not afraid. The sailor put me down hurriedly and rushed out, saying as he went: “Have to be off!”

I also wanted to be off. I went out of the cabin.

There was nobody in the dark, narrow passage. Not far from the door I could see the glitter of brass on the stairs.

I looked up and caught sight of people with baggage and bundles in their hands. It was clear that everyone was leaving the boat, which meant that I too must leave.

But when I reached the deck in the midst of all the muzhiks at the gangplank, people began shouting at me: “Who are you? Who do you belong to?”

“I don't know.”

For a long time they pushed me and shoved me and felt me. At last the greyhaired sailor appeared and said: “He's from Astrakhan—came out of his cabin. . . .”

他把我抱起来，跑回船舱，朝包袱上一翻就走了，临走时伸出指头吓唬我说：

“看我收拾你！”

头顶上的喧闹声渐渐静下来，轮船已经不再颤动，不在水上轰轰地响了。船舱的窗子像被一堵湿淋淋的墙壁挡住，舱里变得又黑又闷，包袱都像胀大了似的，挤压着我，总之，一切都不好。也许要把我一个人永远丢在空轮船上了？

我走到舱门边。门打不开，铜把手转也转不动。我拿起奶瓶子对准把手狠劲一砸。

瓶子打碎了，牛奶溅得我满腿都是，还流进了靴子里。砸不开门，我很伤心，就躺到包袱上小声哭起来，后来噙着眼泪睡着了。

我醒来时，轮船又在颤动和轰轰响了。船舱的圆窗子亮晃晃的，好像一个太阳。外婆坐在我身边梳头，皱着眉头轻声唠叨着。她的头发多得出奇，厚厚地遮住了肩膀、胸口和膝盖，一直拖到地板上，黑油油的，泛着蓝光。她把地下的头发提在手里，用一把缺齿的木梳子吃力地梳着那一绺绺的厚发。

她撇起嘴巴，黑眼睛愤愤地闪着光，她的脸在一大堆头发里变得很小而可笑。

她今天的样子蛮凶的，可是当我问起她的头发怎么会这样长

He picked me up and ran back to the cabin, Where he put me up on the bundles and shook his finger at me.

‘I’ll give it to you!’ he threatened as he went out.

Gradually the bustle overhead quieted down, the steamer stopped trembling, the splashing of the water ceased. A wet wall blocked the window of the cabin; it became dark and stuffy, and the bundles seemed to swell up and crowd me out. What if they left me here on this empty steamer for good?

I went to the door. It was shut tight and I was unable to turn the brass knob. I took a bottle of milk and swung it at the knob with all my force.

The bottle smashed and the milk flowed over my feet and into my boots. Crushed by my failure, I lay down on the bundles and cried myself to sleep.

When I woke up the steamer was once more trembling, the water splashing, and the window of the cabin was shining like the sun. My grandmother was sitting beside me combing her hair and frowning as she muttered something to herself. She had an amazing quantity of blue-black hair which fell thickly over her shoulders, breast and knees, sweeping down to the floor. With one hand she lifted it off the floor and held it tight, while with the other she forced a coarse wooden comb through the heavy strands.

Her mouth was screwed up, her dark eyes flashed with anger, and her face looked little and amusing in that mass of hair.

She seemed in a bad mood today, but when I asked her why she had such long hair, her

的时候，她又用昨天那样温和的声音对我说：“看来是上帝惩罚我，叫我来梳这些该死的头发！年轻时我夸耀这一头鬃毛，现在老了，我诅咒它！你睡吧！还早呢，太阳才刚刚出来……”

“我就不想睡！”

“好吧，不睡就不睡，”她马上同意了，一面编辫子，一面瞧瞧沙发那边，母亲就躺在沙发里，脸朝上，身子直挺挺像根绷紧的弦。“昨天你怎么把奶瓶打碎了？你小声点说！”

外婆说话有些特别，就跟唱歌似的，她的话像鲜花一样温馨、鲜明、滋润，很容易印入我的记忆。

她微笑时，黑樱桃似的眼珠儿显得更大，闪耀出难以言状的愉快光彩，微笑使她快活地露出了雪白坚固的牙齿，尽管黝黑的面颊上有许多皱纹，她的整个脸庞依然显得年轻而有容光。

只是那个皮肉松软的鼻子，鼻孔张大，鼻尖发红，使这张脸大煞风景。

她从一个镶银的黑色鼻烟壶里嗅鼻烟。她全身都是黑色的，然而从她的内心透过她的眼睛，照射出一种永不熄灭的温暖快乐的光芒。她身体佝偻，几乎是个驼子，人很肥胖，但行动敏捷，就像一只大猫，她那软绵绵的样子也像这种可爱的动物。见到外婆之前，我像是躲在黑暗中睡眠，她来了，把我唤醒，引向光明。

voice was as soft and friendly as it had been the day before. ‘Most likely a visitation from the Lord—“Here, spend your days combing this accursed mane!” In my youth I vaunted it; in my age I curse it. But get back to sleep, child. It’s early yet—the sun’s scarce up.

‘I don’t want to sleep any more.’

‘Well don’t, if you’re not wanting to,’ she agreed, braiding her hair and glancing at the couch where my mother lay on her back straight as an arrow. ‘How did you be breaking that bottle yesterday? Speak soft.’

She had a peculiar way of singing her words that made it easy for me to remember them—words as vivid and luscious as flowers.

When she smiled, the irises of her dark eyes expanded and shone with an inexpressible light; her smile revealed strong white teeth, and in spite of the numerous wrinkles on her swarthy cheeks, her whole face seemed young and bright.

It was spoiled only by her fleshy, red tipped nose with its flaring nostrils.

She took snuff from a black silver-embossed box. Everything about her was dark, but through her eyes one glimpsed the warm, cheerful, unquenchable light which illumined her from within. She was stout, and so bent as to be almost hunchbacked, but she moved about with the ease and agility of a large cat. And she was just as soft as that affectionate animal. It seemed that until her arrival I had been sleeping, hidden away in the darkness. But she came and woke me up and led me out into the light.



一根连绵不断的线将我周围的一切联结起来，编织成五彩缤纷的图案。

她立刻成了我终生的朋友，我最贴心、最理解、最珍爱的人！

是她对世界无私的爱丰富了我的内心，使我面对困苦人生充满了坚强的力量。

四十年前的轮船行驶得很慢。我们坐了好久好久才到达尼日尼，我记得很清楚，开头的那几天简直美不胜收。

天气一直很好。我跟外婆从早到晚都待在甲板上。

头上是晴朗的天空，周围一派金秋景色，伏尔加河两岸铺上了丝绸锦绣。

浅棕色的轮船缓缓溯流而上，轮片懒洋洋地击打着灰蓝色的河水，发出隆隆声响，长长的拖缆上系着一条驳船。

那灰色驳船的样子像一只甲壳虫。

太阳在伏尔加河上空悄悄移动。周围的景物时刻变换，时刻都是新奇的。青翠的群山仿佛是大地锦袍上的华丽衣褶。两岸的城镇村落，就像是远远端过来的一盘盘甜点心。河水里漂流着金黄色的秋叶。

“你瞧呀，多么好啊！”外婆不住地说，一会儿跑到船这边，一会儿跑到船那边，她容光焕发，高兴得把眼睛瞪得老大。

她常常看着对岸出神，把我也忘记了：她站在船边，两手抱在胸前，面带微笑，不言不语，眼睛

She spun all my surroundings into a single, unbroken thread, then wove it into multicoloured lace.

She immediately became my friend for life, the one who was nearest and dearest to me, and the one I most understood.

He selfless love of life enriched me and gave me the strength to cope with my hard future. ....

Steamboats moved slowly forty years ago. It took us a long time to reach Nizhni-Novgorod, and I well remember those first days, drenched with beauty.

The weather was fine, and from morning to night I was up on deck with my grandmother.

Floating there beneath the bright sky, between the banks of the Volga embroidered with the golden silk of autumn.

The rust-coloured boat with a barge in tow moved lazily against the current, nosing its way with a gentle slapping of paddles through the grey-blue water.

The barge was grey and resembled a water bug.

The sun stole imperceptibly above the Volga; every hour brought something new—everything about us changed. The green hills were folds in the rich raiment of the earth. Towns and villages seemed made of gingerbread as they passed in the distance; golden autumn leaves floated on the water.

‘Just see how wonderful it is!’ My grandmother kept exclaiming as she moved from one side of the deck to the other, her face radiant, her eyes dilated with joy.

Often she would stand looking at the shore quite oblivious of my presence, her hands crossed on her breast, her lips curved in a