

名家经典珍藏版

# 契诃夫中短篇小说选

(英汉双语)

[俄]契诃夫◎著 青 闰◎译

❖❖❖❖ SELECTED STORIES OF ANTON CHEKHOV ❖❖❖❖



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# C 目录 Contents

A Chameleon / 变色龙 .....	1
Vanka / 万卡 .....	6
Misery / 苦恼 .....	12
Fat and Thin / 胖子和瘦子 .....	21
The Trousseau / 嫁妆 .....	24
The Death of a Clerk / 小职员之死 .....	32
The Lottery Ticket / 彩票 .....	36
A Wicked Boy / 小坏蛋 .....	43
The Orator / 演说家 .....	47
Oysters / 牡蛎 .....	52
The Beggar / 乞丐 .....	58
A Joke / 玩笑 .....	66
A Malefactor / 预谋犯 .....	72
Small Fry / 小人物 .....	78
The Chorus Girl / 歌女 .....	83
The Man in a Case / 套中人 .....	91
The Darling / 宝贝儿 .....	110

Anna on the Neck / 脖子上的安娜 .....	127
The Bet / 打赌 .....	145
The Beauties / 美女 .....	155
The Lady with the Dog / 带小狗的女人 .....	167
Lights / 灯火 .....	191
A Happy Ending / 美妙的结局 .....	243
Gooseberries / 醋栗 .....	250
The Swedish Match / 瑞典火柴.....	265
At a Summer Villa / 在夏日别墅里 .....	295
Betrothed / 未婚妻.....	303

## A Chameleon

The police superintendent Otchumyelov is walking across the market square wearing a new overcoat and carrying a parcel under his arm. A red-haired policeman strides after him with a sieve full of confiscated gooseberries in his hands. There is silence all around. Not a soul in the square...The open doors of the shops and taverns look out upon God's world disconsolately, like hungry mouths; there is not even a beggar near them.

"So you bite, you damned brute?" Otchumyelov hears suddenly. "Lads, don't let her go! Biting is prohibited nowadays! Hold her! Ah...ah!"

There is the sound of a dog yelping. Otchumyelov looks in the direction of the sound and sees a dog, hopping on three legs and looking about her, run out of Pitchugin's timber-yard. A man in a starched cotton shirt, with his waistcoat unbuttoned, is chasing her. He runs after her, and throwing his body forward falls down and seizes the dog by her hind legs. Once more there is a yelping and a shout of "Don't let go!" Sleepy countenances are protruded from the shops, and soon a crowd, which seems to have sprung out of the earth, is gathered round the timber-yard.

"It looks like a row, your honour..." says the policeman.

Otchumyelov makes a half turn to the left and strides towards the crowd. He sees the

## 变色龙

警官奥楚梅洛夫穿着新大衣，腋下夹着一只小包，正穿过集市广场。一名红发警察大步走在他的身后，两手端着一只筛子，里面放满了没收的醋栗。周围一片寂静，广场上没有一个人。商店和酒馆敞开的门，神情愁闷地面对着上帝创造的这个世界，就像一张张饥饿的嘴，附近连一个乞丐都没有。

“原来你敢咬人，你这该死的畜生！”奥楚梅洛夫突然听到，“小伙子们，别放它走！现在严禁咬人！抓住它！啊……啊！”

这时传来一只狗的叫声。奥楚梅洛夫循声望去，只见一只狗一边三条腿跳着从皮楚京的木料场跑出来，一边四下张望着。一个身穿浆硬棉布衬衣、没扣马甲的人正在追它。他紧追其后，纵身向前扑倒，抓住了那只狗的两条后腿。狗叫声和“别放开！”的喊声再次传来。一张张睡眼惺忪的面孔纷纷从店铺里伸出来，木料场四周很快就围了一群人，这群人像是从地下冒出来似的。

“看样子出了乱子，长官。”警察说。

奥楚梅洛夫向左半转过身，朝人群大步走去。他看到上面提到的那个没扣马甲

aforementioned man in the unbuttoned waistcoat standing close by the gate of the timberyard, holding his right hand in the air and displaying a bleeding finger to the crowd. On his half-drunken face there is plainly written: "I'll pay you out, you rogue!" and indeed the very finger has the look of a flag of victory. In this man Otchumyelov recognises Hryukin, the goldsmith. The culprit who has caused the sensation, a white borzoi puppy with a sharp muzzle and a yellow patch on her back, is sitting on the ground with her forepaws outstretched in the middle of the crowd, trembling all over. There is an expression of misery and terror in her tearful eyes.

"What's it all about?" Otchumyelov inquires, pushing his way through the crowd. "What are you here for? Why are you waving your finger...? Who was it shouted?"

"I was walking along here, not interfering with anyone, your honour," Hryukin begins, coughing into his fist. "I was talking about firewood to Mitry Mitritch, when this low brute for no rhyme or reason bit my finger...You must excuse me, I am a working man...Mine is fine work. I must have damages, for I shan't be able to use this finger for a week, may be...It's not even the law, your honour, that one should put up with it from a beast...If everyone is going to be bitten, life won't be worth living..."

"H'm. Very good," says Otchumyelov sternly, coughing and raising his eyebrows. "Very good. Whose dog is it? I won't let this pass! I'll teach them to let their dogs run all over the place! It's time these gentry were looked after, if they won't obey the regulations! When he's fined, the blackguard, I'll teach him what it means to keep dogs and such stray cattle!

的人站在木料场门口，右手举在空中，给人群看他的一根血淋淋的手指。他那张半醉的脸上明显露出：“我要报复你，你这杂种！”那根手指头看起来的确就像一面胜利的旗帜。奥楚梅洛夫认出这个人金匠赫留金。引起这场轰动的罪魁祸首是一只白色小狼犬，只见它尖嘴巴，背上有一块黄色斑点，卧在人群中央的地上，前爪伸展，浑身发抖，泪汪汪的眼睛里露出痛苦和恐惧的神情。

“到底是怎么回事？”奥楚梅洛夫挤过人群问道。“你在这里干什么？你为什么晃手指？刚才是谁嚷嚷的？”

“长官，我刚才正在这里走，没有妨碍任何人。”赫留金一边嘴抵拳头咳嗽，一边开口说道。“我跟米特里·米里利奇正谈木柴的事，这时这该死的畜生无缘无故咬了我的手指，你一定要原谅我，我是个干活的人，我的活儿精细。我必须赔偿金，因为我一个礼拜都不能动用这根手指，也许……长官，就连法律也没有规定，人应该对畜生忍气吞声，要是人人都被狗咬，生活就不值得过了。”

“嗯。很好，很好。”奥楚梅洛夫一边咳嗽扬眉，一边严肃地说。“这是谁家的狗？我不会就这么放过他们！我要教训他们，放狗到处乱跑！该管管这些贵族了，只要他们不遵守法规！等这个混蛋一被罚款，我就教训他：放养狗等流浪家畜意味着什么！我一定要教训他！”警官对警察喊道，“叶尔特林，去查查这是谁家的狗，拟个报告！这条狗必须勒死，赶快！这肯定是一条疯狗。我问，这是谁家

I'll give him a lesson! ...Yeldyrin,” cries the superintendent, addressing the policeman, “find out whose dog this is and draw up a report! And the dog must be strangled. Without delay! It's sure to be mad... Whose dog is it, I ask?”

“I fancy it's General Zhigalov's,” says someone in the crowd.

“General Zhigalov's, h'm...Help me off with my coat, Yeldyrin...it's frightfully hot! It must be a sign of rain...There's one thing I can't make out, how it came to bite you?” Otchumyelov turns to Hryukin. “Surely it couldn't reach your finger. It's a little dog, and you are a great hulking fellow! You must have scratched your finger with a nail, and then the idea struck you to get damages for it. We all know...your sort! I know you devils!”

“He put a cigarette in her face, your honour, for a joke, and she had the sense to snap at him... He is a nonsensical fellow, your honour!”

“That's a lie, Squinteye! You didn't see, so why tell lies about it? His honour is a wise gentleman, and will see who is telling lies and who is telling the truth, as in God's sight...And if I am lying let the court decide. It's written in the law...We are all equal nowadays. My own brother is in the gendarmes...let me tell you...”

“Don't argue!”

“No, that's not the General's dog,” says the policeman, with profound conviction, “the General hasn't got one like that. His are mostly setters.”

“Do you know that for a fact?”

“Yes, your honour.”

的狗？”

“我看这是日加洛夫将军家的！”人群里有个人说道。

“日加洛夫将军家的，嗯……帮我外套脱下来，叶尔特林。天真热！一定是快要下雨了。有一件事我搞不明白，它怎么会咬你呢？”奥楚梅洛夫转向赫留金。

“它肯定够不到你的手指，它是一只小狗，你却人高马大！一定是你让钉子划破了手指，你就突然想起了这个主意，想因此获得一笔赔偿金。我们全都了解你这种人！我了解你们这些恶棍！”

“长官，是他把烟按到它的脸上寻开心；它有辨别力，就咬了他一口。他是个无聊的人，长官！”

“这是撒谎，斜眼！你看不见，为什么撒谎？长官是聪明人，一定会看出谁在撒谎，谁在说实话，就像当着上帝的面，要是我撒谎，就让法院判决好了。法律上写有我们现在人人平等。我的亲弟弟在宪兵队，我告诉你。”

“别吵了！”

“不，这不是将军家的狗，”那名警察深信不疑地说，“将军没有这种狗。他家的狗大多是塞特种猎狗。”

“你对此确定？”

“是的，长官。”

“I know it, too. The General has valuable dogs, thoroughbred, and this is goodness knows what! No coat, no shape...A low creature. And to keep a dog like that! ...where's the sense of it? If a dog like that were to turn up in Petersburg or Moscow, do you know what would happen? They would not worry about the law, they would strangle it in a twinkling! You've been injured, Hryukin, and we can't let the matter drop...We must give them a lesson! It is high time...!”

“Yet maybe it is the General's,” says the policeman, thinking aloud. “It's not written on its face... I saw one like it the other day in his yard.”

“It is the General's, that's certain!” says a voice in the crowd.

“H'm, help me on with my overcoat, Yeldyrin, my lad...the wind's getting up...I am cold...You take it to the General's, and inquire there. Say I found it and sent it. And tell them not to let it out into the street...It may be a valuable dog, and if every swine goes sticking a cigar in its mouth, it will soon be ruined. A dog is a delicate animal...And you put your hand down, you blockhead. It's no use your displaying your fool of a finger. It's your own fault...”

“Here comes the General's cook, ask him...Hi, Prohor! Come here, my dear man! Look at this dog...Is it one of yours?”

“What an idea! We have never had one like that!”

“There's no need to waste time asking,” says Otchumyelov. “It's a stray dog! There's no need to waste time talking about it...Since he says it's a stray dog, a stray dog it is...It

“这我也知道。将军养的都是名贵狗、纯种狗，谁知道这是什么东西！要毛没毛，要样没样，一个下等货。谁会养这种狗！养的人的辨别力到哪里去了？这种狗要是出现在彼得堡或莫斯科，你们知道会发生什么？他们才不会考虑什么法律，转眼就会勒死它！赫留金，你受了伤，我们不能就这样完事，我们一定要教训他们！是时候了！”

“不过，说不定它就是将军家的，”那名警察一边想一边说道，“它的脸上又没写，前几天我在他的院子里就见过这样一条狗。”

“毫无疑问，它就是将军家的！”人群中一个声音说道。

“嗯，帮我穿上外套，叶尔特林，我的小伙子。起风了，我很冷，你带它到将军家去，到那里问一下。就说是我发现后送去的，告诉他们别再把它放到街上来。它说不定是一条名贵狗，要是每个下流胚子都拿雪茄烟戳到它的嘴里，它马上就毁掉了，狗是娇气的动物。你把手放下来，你这笨蛋！不用显摆，让你那根蠢手指出洋相了，这是你自己的错。”

“将军家的厨师来了，问问他。喂，普罗霍尔！过来，亲爱的！看看这条狗是你们家的吗？”

“什么话！我们从来没有这样的狗！”

“不必浪费时间问了，”奥楚梅洛夫说，“这是一条流浪狗！不必浪费时间讨

must be destroyed, that's all about it.”

“It is not our dog,” Prohor goes on. “It belongs to the General's brother, who arrived the other day. Our master does not care for hounds. But his honour is fond of them...”

“You don't say his Excellency's brother is here? Vladimir Ivanitch?” inquires Otchumyelov, and his whole face beams with an ecstatic smile. “Well, I never! And I didn't know! Has he come on a visit?”

“Yes.”

“Well, I never...He couldn't stay away from his brother...And there I didn't know! So this is his honour's dog? Delighted to hear it...Take it. It's not a bad pup...A lively creature...Snapped at this fellow's finger! Ha-ha-ha...Come, why are you shivering? Rrr...Rrrr...The rogue's angry...a nice little pup.”

Prohor calls the dog, and walks away from the timber-yard with her. The crowd laughs at Hryukin.

“I'll make you smart yet!” Otchumyelov threatens him, and wrapping himself in his greatcoat, goes on his way across the square.

论它了。既然他说这是流浪狗，那就是流浪狗，务必灭了它，就这样。”

“这不是我们的狗，”普罗霍尔继续说道，“这是将军哥哥的狗，将军的哥哥是前几天到的。我们的主人不喜欢猎犬。不过，他的哥哥喜欢。”

“莫非将军老爷的哥哥来了？弗拉基米尔·伊凡内奇？”奥楚梅洛夫问，满脸洋溢出异常欣喜的微笑。“噢，我从不知道！我竟不知道！他是来做客的吧？”

“是的。”

“噢，我从不知道，他不可能不上他兄弟这里来，我竟然还不知道！这么说，这是他的狗？很高兴听到这件事，把它带去吧。这是一条不错的小狗，一只活泼的家伙，咬了这家伙的手指一口，哈哈！嗨，你干吗发抖？呜呜……呜呜……小淘气生气了，一条漂亮的小狗。”

普罗霍尔把狗叫过来，带着离开了木料场，那群人都嘲笑赫留金。

“回头再收拾你！”奥楚梅洛夫威胁他说。说完裹紧大衣，穿过广场，走了。

## Vanka

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,

## 万卡

九岁男孩万卡·茹科夫被送到鞋匠阿利亚欣那里当学徒已经三个月了，圣诞节前夜，他端坐在那里。等老板夫妇和工人们都去做午夜祷告后，他从老板的小柜里取出一瓶墨水和一支带有锈笔尖的钢笔，然后在面前铺开一张皱巴巴的纸，开始写了起来。写第一个字母之前，他胆战心惊地回了好几次头去看门口和窗户，还偷瞟了一眼黑色圣像。圣像两边摆满了鞋楦的架子，他时不时还唉声叹气。纸铺在长凳上，他就跪在凳前。

“亲爱的爷爷康斯坦丁·马卡雷奇！”他写道，“我在给您写信。祝您圣诞节快乐，愿上帝保佑您万事如意。我没爸没妈，就剩下您一个是我的亲人了。”

万卡抬眼看着黑色圣像，只见烛光映照在圣像上面，他清晰地想起了祖父康斯坦丁·马卡雷奇——日瓦列夫家的守夜人，他是一位身材瘦小却又异常机敏活泼的六十五岁老人，始终笑容满面，醉眼迷离。白天，他在仆人的厨房里睡觉，或者跟厨娘们开玩笑；夜里，他裹上宽敞的羊皮袄，绕着庄园四周走来走去，敲着梆子。

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 submissive and affectionate, and looked with equal kindness on strangers and his own masters, but had not a very good reputation. Behind his submissiveness 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 submissiveness, 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

他身后跟着两条耷拉着脑袋的狗——老卡什坦卡和泥鳅。泥鳅之所以被这么叫，是因为它浑身黑色，身子像黄鼠狼那样长。泥鳅异常恭顺亲热，无论是对生人还是主人，都用同样善意的目光瞧着，但名声并不很好。它的恭顺温和后面隐藏着极其阴险狡猾的用意。哪条狗都不如它善于一有机会就悄悄逼近，有时在人的腿上猛咬一口，有时溜进储藏室，或者偷吃农民的母鸡。它的两条后腿已经不止一次地险些被人打断，曾有两次它还被吊起来，每星期都被打得半死，但总是起死回生。

此刻，爷爷肯定正站在大门口，眯紧眼睛瞧教堂的红窗，踩着高统毡靴，跟仆人们开玩笑。他的小梆子挂在腰带上。他冻得握手、耸肩，拧一下女仆，捏一下厨娘，发出苍老的哧哧笑声。

“来嗅点鼻烟怎么样？”说着，他献上鼻烟盒让女人们嗅。

女人们总是一嗅，就打喷嚏。爷爷常常乐不可支，爆发出开心的笑声，喊道：“快擦掉，不然就冻上了！”

他们也给狗嗅鼻烟。卡什坦卡直打喷嚏，扭扭头，不快地走开。泥鳅出于恭顺，不打喷嚏，只是摇尾巴。天气宜人，空气静止不动，新鲜透明。尽管夜色黑暗，但整个村子和村里的白屋顶，烟囱里冒出的袅袅青烟，披着银霜的树木，一处的雪堆，都能看见。

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 wrong 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

整个天空布满了欢快闪烁的星星，银河清晰可见，仿佛有人为过节用雪擦洗过一样……

万卡叹了口气，蘸了蘸钢笔，继续写道：“昨天我挨了一顿痛打，主人揪着我的头发把我拽到院子里，用靴撑狠狠地打我，因为我在摇他们摇篮里的孩子时不小心睡着了。一周前，女主人吩咐我洗一条青鱼，我从鱼尾开始洗。于是，她夺过那条青鱼，把鱼头戳到了我的脸上。工人们嘲笑我，打发我去酒馆打伏特加酒，唆使我去偷主人的黄瓜给他们。主人抓到什么就拿什么打我，什么吃的也没有。早上他们给我面包，午饭给我稀粥，晚上又是面包，至于茶或汤，主人和女主人自己都喝得一干二净。他们让我睡在过道里，他们那个讨厌的娃娃一哭，我就根本睡不着了，我不得不摇那个摇篮。亲爱的爷爷，发发上帝的慈悲，把我从这里带回家，到村子里去吧，我再也受不了了。我给你磕头了，我会永远为您向上帝祈祷，带我离开这里吧，不然我会死的。”

万卡的嘴唇抽动了一下，他用黑乎乎的拳头揉了揉眼睛，抽噎起来。

“我愿意为您搓鼻烟，”他接着写道，“我愿意为您祈祷。要是我做了什么错事，您可以像抽西多尔的山羊那样抽打我。要是您认为我没活干，那我就恳求管家看在基督的分上让我给他擦皮靴，或者替费季卡去放牧。亲爱的爷爷，我再也受不了

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!”

了了，简直活不了了。我本想跑回村子，但我没有靴子，我怕严寒。等我长大了，我愿意这样照顾您，不让任何人惹您生气。等您死了，我就为您的灵魂祷告，就像为我妈妈的灵魂祷告那样。

“莫斯科是一座大城，全都是老爷们的房子，有好多马，却没有羊，狗也不凶。这里的男孩子不跟着星星出门，他们不让任何人加入唱诗班。有一次，我看到一个橱窗里出售钓鱼钩，都安有钓线，各种各样的鱼都能钓，好得不得了。有一个钓鱼钩甚至能钓得起一条四十磅重的大鲶鱼。我还看到一些商店有各种各样的枪，跟主人家的枪的样式一样，所以每支枪恐怕要卖一百卢布……肉铺里有松鸡、山鹑、鱼、兔子，但肉铺里的人不说是从哪里打来的。

“亲爱的爷爷，等他们在大房子摆圣诞树时，给我弄一个镀金的核桃，存放在那只小绿箱里。向奥尔佳·伊格纳季耶芙娜小姐要，就说是送给万卡的。”

万卡的声音颤抖地叹了口气，又凝视着窗户。他想起爷爷总是走进森林去给主人家砍圣诞树，而且是带着孙子一起去的。那真是一段快乐时光啊！爷爷的喉咙里发着声响，林木冻得噼啪直响，看着这些，万卡也发出了咯咯的笑声。在砍倒圣诞树前，爷爷常常抽一袋烟，慢慢地嗅一捏鼻烟，冲冻僵的万卡发笑，那些披着白霜的小杉树站在那里一动不动，等着看它们当中谁先死去。不知从哪里飞身跑来一只

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

野兔，像箭一样越过雪堆，爷爷禁不住喊道：“抓住它，抓住它，抓住它！啊，短尾巴鬼！”

砍倒圣诞树后，爷爷常常拖到大房子里，开始着手装点它。其中最忙活的是奥尔佳·伊格纳季耶芙娜小姐，她是万卡最喜爱的人。万卡的母亲佩拉格娅健在时，在大房子里做女仆，奥尔佳·伊格纳季耶芙娜常常给他糖果吃，没事可做时还教他念书写字，从一数到一百，甚至教他跳四对方舞。佩拉格娅死后，万卡被送到仆人的厨房跟爷爷在一起，后来又被从厨房送到了莫斯科的鞋匠这里。

“请一定来，亲爱的爷爷。”万卡接着写信。“看在基督的分上，我求您，带我走吧，可怜可怜我这个不幸的孤儿吧；这里人人都打我，我饿得要死，我无法告诉您是多么痛苦，我总是哭。前几天，主人用鞋楦打我，我倒在地上。我的生活悲惨，连狗都不如。我向阿辽娜、独眼叶果尔卡和马车夫表示问候，不要把我的六角手风琴送给任何人。您的孙子伊凡·茹科夫。亲爱的爷爷，请一定来啊。”

万卡把信纸叠了两下，放进前一天他花一戈比买来的信封里，想了一小会儿后，他把钢笔蘸一下墨水，写下地址：寄给村里的爷爷。然后，他挠挠头，想了一下，补充道：康斯坦丁·马卡雷奇。

他很高兴没有人妨碍他写信。他戴上帽子，没有穿小大衣，穿着衬衣就跑出了门，奔到了街上……

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.

前一天，他问过肉铺的伙计，伙计告诉他，信件要放在邮筒里，然后这些信就会被从邮筒里取走，装进醉醺醺的车夫驾驶的响着铃铛的邮车，送向世界各地。万卡跑到距离最近的一个邮筒，把那封宝贵的信塞进了邮筒里……

一小时后，他怀着美好的希望平静下来，酣睡起来。他梦见了一个壁炉，爷爷正坐在炉台上，晃动着两条光腿，在给厨娘们念那封信，泥鳅在炉边，摇着尾巴。

## Misery

To whom shall I tell my grief?

The twilight of evening. Big flakes of wet snow are whirling lazily about the street lamps, which have just been lighted, and lying in a thin soft layer on roofs, horses' backs, shoulders, caps. Iona Potapov, the sledge-driver, is all white like a ghost. He sits on the box without stirring, bent as double as the living body can be bent. If a regular snowdrift fell on him it seems as though even then he would not think it necessary to shake it off... His little mare is white and motionless too. Her stillness, the angularity of her lines, and the stick-like straightness of her legs make her look like a halfpenny gingerbread horse. She is probably lost in thought. Anyone who has been torn away from the plough, from the familiar gray landscapes, and cast into this slough, full of monstrous lights, of unceasing uproar and hurrying people, is bound to think.

It is a long time since Iona and his nag have budged. They came out of the yard before dinnertime and not a single fare yet. But now the shades of evening are falling on the town. The pale light of the street lamps changes to a vivid color, and the bustle of the street grows noisier.

## 苦恼

我该向谁诉说我的忧伤？

暮色苍茫，大片大片的湿雪在刚刚点亮的街灯四周缓慢地盘旋，在屋顶上、马背上、人肩上、帽子上落下了又薄又软的一层。车夫姚纳·波塔波夫浑身雪白，像幽灵一样。他坐在驾驶座上一动不动，向前弯着身子，弯到了活人的身体所能弯的最大程度。就是有整整一堆雪落在他的身上，他好像也觉得当时没必要把它抖落掉。他的小母马也浑身雪白，一动不动。它静立着，瘦骨嶙峋，四条腿像棍子一样挺直，这一切使它看上去像半便士就可买到的一块马形姜饼。它也许在沉思。无论是谁，勉强被人从犁上拽开，从熟悉的灰色景象中被拽走，抛到这个充满怪异灯光、不断喧嚣、来去匆匆的人流的泥沼里，都肯定会去想。

姚纳和他的小马很长时间都没有移动了。他们午饭前就出了院子，还没有拉上一位乘客。但现在，黄昏的夜色渐渐笼罩了城市。街灯朦胧的光线变成了清晰的色彩，街上的喧闹变得更加嘈杂。