

【契科夫小说集卷4】中英双语 对照



安东·帕夫洛维奇·契科夫 (Anton Pavlovich Chekhov) 是一位俄罗斯剧作家和短篇小说家，生于1860年，卒于1904年。他被广泛认为是短篇小说艺术的大师之一。契科夫的作品以其简洁的叙事风格、深刻的人性探索和对日常生活细节的精细描绘而著称。他的文学作品深刻地揭示了俄罗斯社会的复杂性和矛盾，以及人类存在的普遍问题。契科夫的剧作同样重要，他的四大剧作《瓦尼亚舅舅》、《三姐妹》、《海鸥》和《樱桃园》至今仍然是世界各

契科夫 著

唐库学习 译

目 录

THE STUDENT (学生)

A LIVING CHATTEL (一个生物资产)

MARI D'ELLE (马里·德尔)

A STORY WITHOUT AN END (没有结局的故事)

LIGHTS (灯)

LOVE (爱)

BAD WEATHER (恶劣天气)

ZINOTCHKA (锡诺特奇卡)

MY LIFE THE STORY OF A PROVINCIAL (我的生活：一个乡下人的故事)

THE CHORUS GIRL (舞蹈少女)

PEASANTS (农民)

A MALEFACTOR (罪犯)

HAPPINESS (幸福)

THE HUNTSMAN (猎人)

IN THE RAVINE (在峡谷中)

A DREARY STORY FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF AN OLD MAN (一个老人的笔记本中的沉闷故事)

GUSEV (古斯廷)

AT CHRISTMAS TIME (在圣诞节时候)

AGAFYA (阿加夫婷)

THE PIPE (管道)

DREAMS (梦想)

THE NEW VILLA (新别墅)

THE POST (这篇文章)

PEASANT WIVES (农民妻子们)

THE WITCH (女巫)

THE LOTTERY TICKET (彩票票)

ABOUT LOVE (关于爱)

GOOSEBERRIES (醋栗果)

THE MAN IN A CASE (箱中人)

THE PRIVY COUNCILLOR (密探议员)

At first the weather was fine and still. The thrushes were calling, and in the swamps close by something alive droned pitifully with a sound like blowing into an empty bottle. —

开始天气晴朗而平静。画眉鸟在叫唤，在附近的沼泽里，有什么东西无奈地发出像往空瓶里吹气的声音。 —

A snipe flew by, and the shot aimed at it rang out with a gay, resounding note in the spring air.

一只戴胜飞过，朝它射出的子弹在春天的空气中发出欢快、响亮的声音。 —

But when it began to get dark in the forest a cold, penetrating wind blew inappropriately from the east, and everything sank into silence. —

但是当森林开始变暗时，一股寒冷、刺骨的东风突然吹来，一切陷入寂静。 —

Needles of ice stretched across the pools, and it felt cheerless, remote, and lonely in the forest.

冰针延伸到池塘上，森林里感到冷清、偏僻和孤寂。 —

There was a whiff of winter.

有一丝冬天的气息。

Ivan Velikopolsky, the son of a sacristan, and a student of the clerical academy, returning home from shooting, walked all the time by the path in the water-side meadow. —

伊万·韦利科波尔斯基，一个圣堂辅祭的儿子，也是一个神职学院的学生，从打猎归来，一直在水边的草地小径上走着。 —

His fingers were numb and his face was burning with the wind. —

他的手指冻麻，脸庞被风吹得发烫。 —

It seemed to him that the cold that had suddenly come on had destroyed the order and harmony of things, that nature itself felt ill at ease, and that was why the evening darkness was falling more rapidly than usual. —

他觉得这突然来临的寒冷摧毁了事物的秩序和和谐，自然本身感到不适，所以夜幕比往常更快地降临了。 —

All around it was deserted and peculiarly gloomy. —

到处都荒凉而异常阴郁。 —

The only light was one gleaming in the widows' gardens near the river; —

唯一的光亮是在靠近河边的寡妇们的花园里闪烁着； —

the village, over three miles away, and everything in the distance all round was plunged in the cold evening mist. —

距离三英里外的村庄以及四面八方所有的一切都笼罩在寒冷的夜雾中。 —

The student remembered that, as he went out from the house, his mother was sitting barefoot on the floor in the entry, cleaning the samovar, while his father lay on the stove coughing; —
学生记得当他走出房子时，他的母亲赤足坐在门口地板上，正在清洗热水瓶，他的父亲躺在炉上咳嗽； —

as it was Good Friday nothing had been cooked, and the student was terribly hungry. —
因为是耶稣受难日，所以什么都没有煮，学生非常饥饿。 —

And now, shrinking from the cold, he thought that just such a wind had blown in the days of Rurik and in the time of Ivan the Terrible and Peter, and in their time there had been just the same desperate poverty and hunger, the same thatched roofs with holes in them, ignorance, misery, the same desolation around, the same darkness, the same feeling of oppression—all these had existed, did exist, and would exist, and the lapse of a thousand years would make life no better. —

现在，他因寒冷而退缩，他觉得像这样的一阵风曾在古代的鲁里克王朝，以及伊凡雷帝和彼得大帝的时代吹过，并且那个时候也存在着同样绝望的贫困和饥饿，那些顶着有洞的茅草屋，无知、悲惨，四周荒凉，黑暗笼罩，沉重的压抑感一直存在，存在，而且会一直存在，千年后的生活也不会更好。 —

And he did not want to go home.

他不想回家。

The gardens were called the widows' because they were kept by two widows, mother and daughter. —

花园被称为寡妇花园，因为它们是由两个寡妇，母亲和女儿来打理。 —

A camp fire was burning brightly with a crackling sound, throwing out light far around on the ploughed earth. —

一个篝火正旺烈地燃烧着，发出啪啪的声音，将光亮投射到翻耕过的土地上。 —

The widow Vasilisa, a tall, fat old woman in a man's coat, was standing by and looking thoughtfully into the fire; —

寡妇瓦西莉莎，一个高大肥胖的老妇人穿着男士外套，站在旁边，若有所思地望着火； —

her daughter Lukerya, a little pock-marked woman with a stupid-looking face, was sitting on the ground, washing a caldron and spoons. —

她的女儿鲁克艾娅，一个脸上布满麻子、看起来有点呆的女人，正坐在地上，洗着一个大锅和勺子。 —

Apparently they had just had supper. There was a sound of men's voices; —
显然他们刚刚吃过晚饭。有男人的声音传了过来； —

it was the labourers watering their horses at the river.
那是劳动者们在河边喂水给他们的马。

"Here you have winter back again," said the student, going up to the camp fire. —
“又是冬天回来了，”学生走向篝火说。 —

"Good evening."
“晚上好。”

Vasilisa started, but at once recognized him and smiled cordially.
瓦西莉莎吓了一跳，但立刻认出了他，热情地笑了。

"I did not know you; God bless you," she said.
“我没认出你来；上帝保佑你，”她说。

"You'll be rich."
“你会变得富有。”

They talked. Vasilisa, a woman of experience, who had been in service with the gentry, first as a wet-nurse, afterwards as a children's nurse, expressed herself with refinement, and a soft, sedate smile never left her face; —
他们聊了起来。瓦西莉莎是一个富有经验的妇人，曾在上层社会做过护士，之后又当过孩子的保姆，说话举止文雅，脸上总带着柔和、沉静的微笑； —

her daughter Lukerya, a village peasant woman, who had been beaten by her husband, simply screwed up her eyes at the student and said nothing, and she had a strange expression like that of a deaf mute.
她的女儿鲁克艾娅是一个村妇，曾被丈夫打过，对着学生眯起眼睛，一言不发，带着一种像聋哑人的奇怪表情。

"At just such a fire the Apostle Peter warmed himself," said the student, stretching out his hands to the fire, "so it must have been cold then, too. —
“使徒彼得就是在这样的篝火旁烤暖自己的，”学生伸出手放到火边说，“那时候肯定也很冷。 —

Ah, what a terrible night it must have been, granny! —
啊，奶奶，那一夜肯定是多么可怕啊！ —

An utterly dismal long night!"
一个极其阴郁漫长的夜晚！

He looked round at the darkness, shook his head abruptly and asked:

他环顾四周黑暗，突然摇了摇头，问道：

“No doubt you have been at the reading of the Twelve Gospels?”

“毫无疑问，你参加过读十二福音吧？”

“Yes, I have,” answered Vasilisa.

“是的，我参加过，”瓦西莉莎回答道。

“If you remember at the Last Supper Peter said to Jesus, ‘I am ready to go with Thee into darkness and unto death. —

“如果你还记得在最后的晚餐上，彼得对耶稣说：‘主啊，我愿意跟随你到黑暗和死亡之中。 —

’ And our Lord answered him thus: ‘I say unto thee, Peter, before the cock croweth thou wilt have denied Me thrice. —

’而我们的主则这样回答他：‘我告诉你，彼得，鸡叫以前，你要三次不认我。 —

’ After the supper Jesus went through the agony of death in the garden and prayed, and poor Peter was weary in spirit and faint, his eyelids were heavy and he could not struggle against sleep. —

’在晚餐后，耶稣在园中经历了死亡的苦痛，祈祷着，而可怜的彼得精神疲惫，昏昏欲睡，他无法抵抗睡意。 —

He fell asleep. Then you heard how Judas the same night kissed Jesus and betrayed Him to His tormentors. —

他睡着了。然后你听到犹大在同一夜亲吻了耶稣并将他出卖给折磨他的人。 —

They took Him bound to the high priest and beat Him, while Peter, exhausted, worn out with misery and alarm, hardly awake, you know, feeling that something awful was just going to happen on earth, followed behind. —

他们把他带到大祭司那里并鞭打他，而彼得，疲倦、痛苦和惊恐的他几乎没有清醒，感觉到地上即将发生一些可怕的事情，跟在后面。 —

... He loved Jesus passionately, intensely, and now he saw from far off how He was beaten...”

“他热烈、激烈地爱着耶稣，现在他从远处看到他被打.....”

Lukerya left the spoons and fixed an immovable stare upon the student.

露客丽娅把勺子放下，望着这位学生，目光坚定。

“They came to the high priest’s,” he went on; —

“他们到了大祭司那里，”他继续说道； —

“they began to question Jesus, and meantime the labourers made a fire in the yard as it was cold, and warmed themselves. —

“他们开始盘问耶稣，与此同时，工人们在院子里生了火，因为天冷，大家取暖。 —

Peter, too, stood with them near the fire and warmed himself as I am doing. —

彼得也和他们站在火旁烤火，就像我现在这样。 —

A woman, seeing him, said: ‘He was with Jesus, too’—that is as much as to say that he, too, should be taken to be questioned. —

一个女人看见他，说：‘他也和耶稣在一起’，这基本上是在说他也应该被带去被审问。 —

And all the labourers that were standing near the fire must have looked sourly and suspiciously at him, because he was confused and said: —

所有站在火旁的工人一定都怀疑他，他感到困惑，说： —

‘I don’t know Him.’ A little while after again someone recognized him as one of Jesus’ disciples and said: —

‘我不认识他。’不一会儿，又有人认出他是耶稣的门徒之一，并说： —

‘Thou, too, art one of them,’ but again he denied it. —

‘你也是他们中的一个’，但他又否认了。 —

And for the third time someone turned to him: —

第三次有人对他说： —

‘Why, did I not see thee with Him in the garden to-day?’ For the third time he denied it. —

‘我不是看见你今天在园子里跟他在一起吗？’第三次他还是否认了。 —

And immediately after that time the cock crowed, and Peter, looking from afar off at Jesus, remembered the words He had said to him in the evening. —

那时公鸡叫了，彼得从远处看着耶稣，记起他晚上对他说的话。 —

... He remembered, he came to himself, went out of the yard and wept bitterly—bitterly. —

他记起来，恍然大悟，走出院子，痛哭流涕—痛哭流涕。 —

In the Gospel it is written: ‘He went out and wept bitterly.’ I imagine it: —

在福音书中写道：“他走出去，伤心痛哭。” —

the still, still, dark, dark garden, and in the stillness, faintly audible, smothered sobbing...”

在寂静、黑暗的花园里，隐约可听见抑制不住的啜泣声.....

The student sighed and sank into thought. —

学生叹了口气，陷入了沉思之中。 —

Still smiling, Vasilisa suddenly gave a gulp, big tears flowed freely down her cheeks, and she screened her face from the fire with her sleeve as though ashamed of her tears, and Lukerya, staring immovably at the student, flushed crimson, and her expression became strained and heavy like that of someone enduring intense pain.

瓦西莉莎依然微笑着，突然吸了口气，大泪如泉涌下，她用衣袖掩住脸，仿佛为自己的眼泪感到羞愧，而鲁凯利娅则固定地凝视着学生，脸涨得通红，表情变得苦涩沉重，犹如忍受着剧痛。

The labourers came back from the river, and one of them riding a horse was quite near, and the light from the fire quivered upon him. —

劳动者们从河边回来了，其中一人骑着马，离得很近，篝火上的光线在他身上摇曳。 —

The student said good-night to the widows and went on. —

学生向寡妇们道了晚安，然后继续前行。 —

And again the darkness was about him and his fingers began to be numb. —

黑暗再次笼罩着他，手指开始发麻。 —

A cruel wind was blowing, winter really had come back and it did not feel as though Easter would be the day after to-morrow.

一阵残酷的风刮来，冬天真正回来了，仿佛明天就不会是复活节。

Now the student was thinking about Vasilisa: —

现在学生想起了瓦西莉莎： —

since she had shed tears all that had happened to Peter the night before the Crucifixion must have some relation to her....

因为她流泪，所以发生在彼得在受难前一晚的事情一定与她有关....

He looked round. The solitary light was still gleaming in the darkness and no figures could be seen near it now. —

他环顾四周。在黑暗中，孤灯依然闪烁着，现在附近再也看不到任何人影。 —

The student thought again that if Vasilisa had shed tears, and her daughter had been troubled, it was evident that what he had just been telling them about, which had happened nineteen centuries ago, had a relation to the present—to both women, to the desolate village, to himself, to all people. —

学生再次想到，如果瓦西莉莎流泪了，她的女儿又被困扰，那么刚才告诉她们的关于十九个世纪

前发生的事情显然与现在有关——与两位妇女、这个荒凉的村庄、他自己、以及所有人都有关。

—

The old woman had wept, not because he could tell the story touchingly, but because Peter was near to her, because her whole being was interested in what was passing in Peter's soul. 老妇人流泪，不是因为他能动情地讲故事，而是因为彼得就在她身边，因为她的整个存在都对彼得内心发生的事情感兴趣。

And joy suddenly stirred in his soul, and he even stopped for a minute to take breath. — 忽然有喜悦激荡在他的灵魂深处，甚至停下来喘口气。 —

"The past," he thought, "is linked with the present by an unbroken chain of events flowing one out of another. —

“过去”，他想，“与现在通过一系列相互影响的事件紧密相连。 —

” And it seemed to him that he had just seen both ends of that chain; —

“他觉得自己刚刚看到了那条链的两端； —

that when he touched one end the other quivered.

当他触摸一端时，另一端就会颤抖。

When he crossed the river by the ferry boat and afterwards, mounting the hill, looked at his village and towards the west where the cold crimson sunset lay a narrow streak of light, he thought that truth and beauty which had guided human life there in the garden and in the yard of the high priest had continued without interruption to this day, and had evidently always been the chief thing in human life and in all earthly life, indeed; —

当他乘坐渡船过河后，登上山坡，看着自己的村庄，朝着西边那冷冷的深红色夕阳照耀的窄光带，他认为真理和美丽一直在引导人类的生活，无论是在花园里还是在高级祭司的院子里，都持续至今，显然一直是人类生活和所有地球生活中最重要的事物； —

and the feeling of youth, health, vigour—he was only twenty-two—and the inexpressible sweet expectation of happiness, of unknown mysterious happiness, took possession of him little by little, and life seemed to him enchanting, marvellous, and full of lofty meaning.

青春、健康、活力的感觉——他只有22岁——以及莫名的幸福预期、未知神秘的幸福开始逐渐占据他的内心，生活对他而言变得迷人、神奇而丰富深邃的意义。”

GROHOLSKY embraced Liza, kept kissing one after another all her little fingers with their bitten pink nails, and laid her on the couch covered with cheap velvet. —

GROHOLSKY拥抱着丽莎，不断地亲吻着她所有指甲被咬过的粉红色小手指，并将她放在盖着廉价天鹅绒的长沙发上。 —

Liza crossed one foot over the other, clasped her hands behind her head, and lay down.

丽莎交叉着一只脚，双手抱在头后，躺下来。

Groholsky sat down in a chair beside her and bent over. —

Groholsky坐在她旁边的椅子上，弯着腰。 —

He was entirely absorbed in contemplation of her.

他完全沉浸在对她的欣赏之中。

How pretty she seemed to him, lighted up by the rays of the setting sun!

她在夕阳的光芒下看起来多么漂亮啊！

There was a complete view from the window of the setting sun, golden, lightly flecked with purple.

从窗户可以看到完整的落日景色，金色，轻轻点缀着紫色。

The whole drawing-room, including Liza, was bathed by it with brilliant light that did not hurt the eyes, and for a little while covered with gold.

整个客厅，包括丽莎在内，被夕阳洗漱着闪着明亮的光，不刺眼，有一小会儿被染成金色。

Groholsky was lost in admiration. Liza was so incredibly beautiful. —

Groholsky赞叹不已。丽莎实在太美了。 —

It is true her little kittenish face with its brown eyes, and turn up nose was fresh, and even piquant, his scanty hair was black as soot and curly, her little figure was graceful, well proportioned and mobile as the body of an electric eel, but on the whole. —

她那小小的、猫一般的脸，咖啡色的眼睛，翘起的鼻子清新而迷人，她稀疏的头发像黑烟一样卷曲，她纤细、匀称、灵活的身材如同一条电鳗的身体，但总的来说。 —

... However my taste has nothing to do with it. —

然而，我的品味与此无关。 —

Groholsky who was spoilt by women, and who had been in love and out of love hundreds of times in his life, saw her as a beauty. —

被女人宠坏的Groholsky，他的生活中爱过千百次，也恩怨过千百次，他看到她是一位美人。 —

He loved her, and blind love finds ideal beauty everywhere.

他爱她，盲目的爱使得他在每个角落寻找理想的美。

"I say," he said, looking straight into her eyes, "I have come to talk to you, my precious. —

“我说”，他直视着她的眼睛说，“我来找你聊聊，我心爱的人。 —

Love cannot bear anything vague or indefinite... . —

爱情不能忍受任何模糊或不明朗的东西。。。 —

Indefinite relations, you know, I told you yesterday, Liza ... —

模糊的关系，你知道，我昨天告诉过你，丽莎。。。 —

we will try to-day to settle the question we raised yesterday. —

今天我们将尝试解决昨天提出的问题。 —

Come, let us decide together... .”

来吧，让我们一起决定.....”

“What are we to do?”

“我们该怎么办呢？”

Liza gave a yawn and scowling, drew her right arm from under her head.

莉莎打了个哈欠，皱着眉头，将右手从头下抽了出来。

“What are we to do?” she repeated hardly audibly after Groholsky.

“我们该怎么办呢？”她在Groholsky之后轻声地重复道。

“Well, yes, what are we to do? Come, decide, wise little head ... —

“嗯，是的，我们该怎么办呢？来吧，决定一下，聪明的头脑... —

I love you, and a man in love is not fond of sharing. He is more than an egoist. —

我爱你，一个恋爱中的男人是不喜欢分享的。他远不是自私自利者。 —

It is too much for me to go shares with your husband. —

和你的丈夫分享对我来说太多了。 —

I mentally tear him to pieces, when I remember that he loves you too. —

当我想起他也爱着你时，我心里几乎要把他撕成碎片。 —

In the second place you love me... . Perfect freedom is an essential condition for love... . —

第二点，你爱我。完全的自由是爱的必要条件。 —

And are you free? Are you not tortured by the thought that that man towers for ever over your soul? —

你自由吗？你不是被那个男人永远高高在上地支配着你的灵魂吗？ —

A man whom you do not love, whom very likely and quite naturally, you hate... . —

一个你不爱的男人，很可能也很自然地你讨厌的男人... —

That's the second thing... . And thirdly... . What is the third thing? Oh yes... . —

这是第二件事。第三件事是什么？哦对... —

We are deceiving him and that ... is dishonourable. —

我们在欺骗他，那是不光彩的行为。 —

Truth before everything, Liza. Let us have done with lying!"

真理高于一切，莉扎。让我们告别谎言吧！

"Well, then, what are we to do?"

那么，我们该怎么办呢？

"You can guess... . I think it necessary, obligatory, to inform him of our relations and to leave him, to begin to live in freedom. —

你可以猜到...我认为我们有必要、有义务告诉他我们的关系，并离开他，开始自由地生活。 —

Both must be done as quickly as possible... . This very evening, for instance... . —

这两件事都必须尽快完成...比如，今晚就可以... —

It's time to make an end of it. Surely you must be sick of loving like a thief?"

该结束了。你肯定讨厌偷偷摸摸地爱着吧？

"Tell! tell Vanya?"

告诉！告诉凡亚？

"Why, yes!"

为什么不呢！

"That's impossible! I told you yesterday, Michel, that it is impossible."

这是不可能的！我昨天就告诉过你，这是不可能的。

"Why?"

“为什么？”

"He will be upset. He'll make a row, do all sorts of unpleasant things... . —

“他会很难过的。他会大发雷霆，做出种种令人不快的事情.....” —

Don't you know what he is like? God forbid! —

“你难道不知道他是什么样子的吗？天哪！” —

There's no need to tell him. What an idea!”

“没必要告诉他。多荒谬的想法！”

Groholsky passed his hand over his brow, and heaved a sigh.

Groholsky 捺了一把他的额头，叹了口气。

“Yes,” he said, “he will be more than upset. —

“是的，”他说，“他会比难过的更过分。 —

I am robbing him of his happiness. Does he love you?”

我在剥夺他的幸福。他爱你吗？”

“He does love me. Very much.”

“他是爱我的。非常爱。”

“There's another complication! One does not know where to begin. —

“又多了一个复杂！真不知从何开始。 —

To conceal it from him is base, telling him would kill him... . —

把这事瞒着他是卑鄙的，告诉他会杀了他……” —

Goodness knows what's one to do. Well, how is it to be?”

“唉，不知该怎么办。那么，该怎么办呢？”

Groholsky pondered. His pale face wore a frown.

Groholsky 沉思着。他苍白的脸上带着皱纹。

“Let us go on always as we are now,” said Liza. “Let him find out for himself, if he wants to.”

“我们就一直照现在这样下去吧，”丽莎说。“让他自己去发现，如果他愿意的话。”

“But you know that ... is sinful, and besides the fact is you are mine, and no one has the right to think that you do not belong to me but to someone else! —

“但你知道……这是罪恶的，而且事实上你是我的，没人有权利认为你不是属于我的而是属于别人的！ —

You are mine! I will not give way to anyone! ... —

你是我的！我绝不让步给任何人！……” —

I am sorry for him—God knows how sorry I am for him, Liza! It hurts me to see him! But ... —

对他我感到很抱歉——天知道我有多难过，丽莎！看到他受伤，我很心疼！但是... —

it can't be helped after all. You don't love him, do you? —

毕竟没什么办法。你不爱他，对吧？ —

What's the good of your going on being miserable with him? We must have it out! —

一直和他在一起不快乐有什么好处呢？我们必须解决！ —

We will have it out with him, and you will come to me. You are my wife, and not his. —

我们会和他解决，你会跟我来。你是我的妻子，不是他的。 —

Let him do what he likes. He'll get over his troubles somehow... . —

随他去做吧。他会想办法摆脱麻烦的。... —

He is not the first, and he won't be the last... . Will you run away? —

他不是第一个，也不会是最后一个... 你会跑掉吗？ —

Eh? Make haste and tell me! Will you run away?"

嗯？快告诉我！你会逃走吗？

Liza got up and looked inquiringly at Groholsky.

莉萨站起来，疑惑地看着格罗霍尔斯基。

"Run away?"

“逃跑？”

"Yes... . To my estate... . Then to the Crimea... . We will tell him by letter... . —

“是的.....去我的庄园.....然后去克里米亚.....我们会写信告诉他.....” —

We can go at night. There is a train at half past one. —

我们可以在夜里走。有一班列车在一点半。 —

Well? Is that all right?"

那样可以吗？”

Liza scratched the bridge of her nose, and hesitated.

莉萨挠了挠鼻梁，犹豫了一下。

"Very well," she said, and burst into tears.

“好的，”她说，然后泪如雨下。

Patches of red came out of her cheeks, her eyes swelled, and tears flowed down her kittenish face... .

脸颊上泛起红晕，眼睛肿了起来，眼泪顺着她俏皮的脸颊流下来.....

“What is it?” cried Groholsky in a flutter. “Liza! what’s the matter? Come! —

“怎么了？”格罗霍尔斯基慌张地喊道。“莉萨！怎么了？来吧！ —

what are you crying for? What a girl! Come, what is it? —

你为什么哭？真是女孩！来，怎么了？ —

Darling! Little woman!”

亲爱的！小女士！”

Liza held out her hands to Groholsky, and hung on his neck. There was a sound of sobbing.

莉萨伸出手，抱住了格罗霍尔斯基的脖子。传来啜泣声。

“I am sorry for him ...” muttered Liza. “Oh, I am so sorry for him!”

“我为他……”莉萨喃喃自语。“哦，我为他感到很抱歉！”

“Sorry for whom?”

“为谁抱歉？”

“Va—Vanya... .”

“瓦……瓦尼亚……”

“And do you suppose I’m not? But what’s to be done? We are causing him suffering... . —

“你难道不是吗？但现在该怎么办呢？我们让他受苦了... —

He will be unhappy, will curse us ... but is it our fault that we love one another?”

他会不开心，会诅咒我们... 但我们爱对方难道是我们的错吗？”

As he uttered the last word, Groholsky darted away from Liza as though he had been stung and sat down in an easy chair. —

当格罗霍尔斯基说出最后一个词时，像被蛰似地，离开丽莎，坐在一把扶手椅上。 —

Liza sprang away from his neck and rapidly—in one instant—dropped on the lounge.

丽莎突然从他的颈部跳开，迅速地—瞬间间—跌倒在长椅上。

They both turned fearfully red, dropped their eyes, and coughed.

他们俩都惊恐地变红了脸，低下了头，咳嗽了起来。

A tall, broad-shouldered man of thirty, in the uniform of a government clerk, had walked into the drawing-room. —

一个身材高大，宽肩膀的三十岁男子，穿着政府职员制服，走进客厅。 —

He had walked in unnoticed. Only the bang of a chair which he knocked in the doorway had warned the lovers of his presence, and made them look round. —

他悄无声息地走进来。只有他在门口撞倒椅子时所发出的巨响提醒了情侣们他的存在，促使他们回过头来。 —

It was the husband.

这是丈夫。

They had looked round too late.

他们回头已是为时已晚。

He had seen Groholsky's arm round Liza's waist, and had seen Liza hanging on Groholsky's white and aristocratic neck.

他看到了格罗霍夫斯基的手搂着丽莎的腰，看到了丽莎搂着格罗霍夫斯基那白皙的贵族脖子。

"He saw us!" Liza and Groholsky thought at the same moment, while they did not know what to do with their heavy hands and embarrassed eyes... .

“他看到了！”丽莎和格罗霍夫斯基同时想，他们不知道该怎么处理他们沉重的手和尴尬的眼神...

The petrified husband, rosy-faced, turned white.

愕然的丈夫，脸色从红变白。

An agonising, strange, soul-revolting silence lasted for three minutes. —

一种煎熬的、奇怪的、让灵魂恶心的沉默持续了三分钟。 —

Oh, those three minutes! Groholsky remembers them to this day.

哦，那三分钟！格罗霍夫斯基至今都还记得。

The first to move and break the silence was the husband. —

率先打破沉默的是丈夫。 —

He stepped up to Groholsky and, screwing his face into a senseless grimace like a smile, gave him his hand. —

他走到格罗霍斯基面前，把脸扭成一个毫无意义的笑容，似乎在微笑，然后伸出手。 —

Groholsky shook the soft perspiring hand and shuddered all over as though he had crushed a cold frog in his fist.

格罗霍斯基握住那只软软的、满是汗水的手，感到全身一阵颤栗，好像在他的拳头里压扁了一只冷青蛙。

"Good evening," he muttered.

“晚上好，”他喃喃地说。

“How are you?” the husband brought out in a faint husky, almost inaudible voice, and he sat down opposite Groholsky, straightening his collar at the back of his neck.

“你好吗？”丈夫用一种微弱而沙哑，几乎听不清的声音问道，然后坐在格罗霍斯基对面，整理自己领口后面的衬衫。

Again, an agonising silence followed ... but that silence was no longer so stupid. —

再次陷入了煎熬的沉默……但这个沉默不再那么愚蠢。 —

... The first step, most difficult and colourless, was over.

...最困难、最无聊的第一步已经走过了。

All that was left now was for one of the two to depart in search of matches or on some such trifling errand. —

现在剩下的只是他们中的一个要离开去找火柴或类似的小事。 —

Both longed intensely to get away. They sat still, not looking at one another, and pulled at their beards while they ransacked their troubled brains for some means of escape from their horribly awkward position. —

两人都极度渴望逃离。他们静静地坐着，不看着对方，一边拽着胡子，一边绞尽脑汁想办法摆脱这种令人难堪的局面。 —

Both were perspiring. Both were unbearably miserable and both were devoured by hatred. —

两人都在出汗。两人都难以忍受地痛苦，两人都被仇恨所吞噬。 —

They longed to begin the tussle but how were they to begin and which was to begin first? —

他们渴望着开始争斗，但他们该如何开始，哪一个该先开始呢？ —

If only she would have gone out!

如果她早点走就好了！

“I saw you yesterday at the Assembly Hall,” muttered Bugrov (that was the husband’s name).

“昨天我在集会大厅见到你了，”布格罗夫（就是丈夫的名字）喃喃地说。

“Yes, I was there ... the ball ... did you dance?”

“是的，我在那里……舞会……你跳舞了吗？”

“M’m ... yes ... with that ... with the younger Lyukovtsky She dances heavily... —

“嗯……是的……跟那个……年轻的柳科夫斯基……她跳舞很笨拙……” —

. She dances impossibly. She is a great chatterbox. —

她跳舞得不可思议。她是个话匣子。 —

”(Pause.) “She is never tired of talking.”

“(停顿)她从不会厌烦地说个不停。”

“Yes... . It was slow. I saw you too...”

“是的……那段时间很慢。我也看到了你……”

Groholsky accidentally glanced at Bugrov... . —

“格罗霍夫斯基无意中看了一眼布格罗夫……” —

He caught the shifting eyes of the deceived husband and could not bear it. —

“他捕捉到了被欺骗丈夫的眼神，无法忍受。” —

He got up quickly, quickly seized Bugrov’s hand, shook it, picked up his hat, and walked towards the door, conscious of his own back. —

“他迅速站起来，快速地抓住布格罗夫的手，摇了摇，拿起帽子，走向门口，意识到自己的背影。” —

He felt as though thousands of eyes were looking at his back. —

“他感觉就像有成千上万的眼睛在注视着他的背影。” —

It is a feeling known to the actor who has been hissed and is making his exit from the stage, and to the young dandy who has received a blow on the back of the head and is being led away in charge of a policeman.

“这是一个演员和被嘘倒的人熟悉的感觉，就像他们正在舞台上退出，还有一个被打在后脑勺的年轻花花公子正被警察带走。”

As soon as the sound of Groholsky’s steps had died away and the door in the hall creaked, Bugrov leapt up, and after making two or three rounds of the drawing-room, strolled up to his wife. —

“当格罗霍夫斯基的脚步声消失，大厅的门发出吱吱声后，布格罗夫跃起来，走了两三圈客厅后，慢慢走到妻子跟前。” —

The kittenish face puckered up and began blinking its eyes as though expecting a slap. —

“顽皮的脸皱了起来，眼睛眨巴着，仿佛在等待一记耳光。” —

Her husband went up to her, and with a pale, distorted face, with arms, head, and shoulders shaking, stepped on her dress and knocked her knees with his.

“她的丈夫走向她，脸色苍白扭曲，手臂、头和肩膀颤抖着，踩在她的裙子上，用力碰撞她的膝盖。”

“If, you wretched creature,” he began in a hollow, wailing voice, “you let him come here once again, I’ll. —

“你这个卑鄙的人，如果再让他来这里，我就会……” —

... Don't let him dare to set his foot... . I'll kill you. Do you understand? —

“不要让他再敢踏进……我会杀了你。你明白吗？” —

A-a-ah ... worthless creature, you shudder! Fil-thy woman!”

“啊……卑鄙的家伙，你在发抖！下流的女人！”

Bugrov seized her by the elbow, shook her, and flung her like an indiarubber ball towards the window... .

“布格罗夫抓住她的手肘，摇了摇，像橡皮球一样朝窗户扔去……”

“Wretched, vulgar woman! you have no shame!”

“可怜的、俗气的女人！你一点羞耻心都没有！”

She flew towards the window, hardly touching the floor with her feet, and caught at the curtains with her hands.

她朝着窗子飞去，脚几乎没碰到地面，用手抓住了窗帘。

“Hold your tongue,” shouted her husband, going up to her with flashing eyes and stamping his foot.

“闭嘴！”她的丈夫大声喊道，眼睛闪烁着，踩着脚步走向她。

She did hold her tongue, she looked at the ceiling, and whimpered while her face wore the expression of a little girl in disgrace expecting to be punished.

她的确闭嘴了，抬头看着天花板，一边抽泣，一边脸上带着一种小女孩犯错后等待受罚的表情。

“So that's what you are like! Eh? Carrying on with a fop! Good! —

“原来你就是这样的！呵？跟一个花花公子混在一起！好吧！ —

And your promise before the altar? What are you? —

在祭坛前的诺言呢？你算什么？ —

A nice wife and mother. Hold your tongue!”

一个好妻子好母亲。闭嘴！”

And he struck her on her pretty supple shoulder. “Hold your tongue, you wretched creature. —
他朝着她纤细漂亮的肩膀猛击了一下。“闭嘴，你这个可怜虫。 —

I'll give you worse than that! If that scoundrel dares to show himself here ever again, if I see you—listen! —

我会给你更糟的！如果那个无赖敢再出现在这里，我看到你——听着！ —

—with that blackguard ever again, don't ask for mercy! —

——再跟那个流氓混在一起，别求我饶恕！ —

I'll kill you, if I go to Siberia for it! And him too. —

我会杀了你，就算我为此去西伯利亚！还有他。 —

I shouldn't think twice about it! You can go, I don't want to see you!"

我不会犹豫的！你可以走，我不想再见到你！”

Bugrov wiped his eyes and his brow with his sleeve and strode about the drawing-room, Liza sobbing more and more loudly, twitching her shoulders and her little turned up nose, became absorbed in examining the lace on the curtain.

布格罗夫用袖子擦了擦眼睛和额头，走在客厅里，莉萨越来越大声地啜泣，抽动着肩膀和翘起的小鼻子，专心地检查窗帘上的花边。

"You are crazy," her husband shouted. "Your silly head is full of nonsense! Nothing but whims!

—

“你疯了”，她的丈夫喊道。“你脑袋里充满了胡思乱想！全是怪念头！ —

I won't allow it, Elizaveta, my girl! You had better be careful with me! I don't like it! —

我不能容忍这种行为，伊丽莎维塔，我的姑娘！你最好小心点！我不喜欢这样！ —

If you want to behave like a pig, then ... —

如果你想像猪一样行事，那么。。。 ” —

then out you go, there is no place in my house for you! Out you pack if... . —

那么你就滚出去吧，我的房子没有你的位置！如果... . —

You are a wife, so you must forget these dandies, put them out of your silly head! —

你是一个妻子，所以你必须忘记这些花花公子，把它们从你蠢蠢的脑袋里抛出去！ —

It's all foolishness! Don't let it happen again! You try defending yourself! Love your husband! —

这全是愚蠢！不要再让这种事发生！试着为自己辩护！爱你的丈夫！ —

You have been given to your husband, so you must love him. Yes, indeed! —

你已经被嫁给你的丈夫了，所以你必须爱他。是的，确实如此！ —

Is one not enough? Go away till Torturers!"

一个还不够吗？消失！直到... . 折磨者！”

Bugrov paused; then shouted:

布格罗夫停顿了一下，然后喊道：