

【契科夫小说集卷5】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

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TOO EARLY! (太早!)

It is one o'clock in the afternoon. Shopping is at its height at the "NouveautÃ©s de Paris," a drapery establishment in one of the Arcades. —

下午一点，商店里的“巴黎新品”，一家布料店在一条拱廊里，正是购物的高峰时刻。 —

There is a monotonous hum of shopmen's voices, the hum one hears at school when the teacher sets the boys to learn something by heart. —

商店伙计们的声音单调地嗡嗡作响，就像在学校里老师让男孩们背诵东西时一样的声音。 —

This regular sound is not interrupted by the laughter of lady customers nor the slam of the glass door, nor the scurrying of the boys.

这个规律的声音没有被女顾客的笑声、玻璃门的砰然关上声或男孩们的匆忙声所打断。

Polinka, a thin fair little person whose mother is the head of a dressmaking establishment, is standing in the middle of the shop looking about for some one. —

波琳卡，一个瘦瘦的金发小姑娘，她的母亲是一家裁缝店的老板，站在店里四处张望着寻找某个人。 —

A dark-browed boy runs up to her and asks, looking at her very gravely:

一个眉毛浓密的男孩跑过来，认真地问道：

"What is your pleasure, madam?"

“请问，夫人，您有什么事？”

"Nikolay Timofeitch always takes my order," answers Polinka.

“尼古拉·提莫菲奇总是为我提供服务，”波琳卡回答道。

Nikolay Timofeitch, a graceful dark young man, fashionably dressed, with frizzled hair and a big pin in his cravat, has already cleared a place on the counter and is craning forward, looking at Polinka with a smile.

尼古拉·提莫菲奇，一个穿着时髦、头发蓬松、胸前别着一枚大领带别针的优雅深色年轻人，已经在柜台上腾出了一个地方，微笑着朝波琳卡伸过头来。

"Morning, Pelagea Sergeevna!" he cries in a pleasant, hearty baritone voice. —

“早上好，裴拉吉扬娜！”他用轻快、热情的男中音声音说道。 —

"What can I do for you?"

“我能为您效劳吗？”

"Good-morning!" says Polinka, going up to him. —

“早上好！”波琳卡走上前去。 —

“You see, I’m back again... . Show me some gimp, please.”

“你看，我又来了……请给我看一些绳子。”

“Gimp—for what purpose?”

“绳子—用来做什么？”

“For a bodice trimming—to trim a whole dress, in fact.”

“用来做上衣装饰—实际上是用来装饰一整件裙子的。”

“Certainly.”

“当然可以。”

Nickolay Timofeitch lays several kinds of gimp before Polinka; —

尼古拉·提莫菲奇在波琳卡面前摆了几种金带； —

she looks at the trimmings languidly and begins bargaining over them.

她慵懒地看着装饰品，开始讨价还价。

“Oh, come, a rouble’s not dear,” says the shopman persuasively, with a condescending smile.

—

“噢，来吧，一卢布不贵，”店员说得很有说服力，带着一丝不屑的微笑。 —

“It’s a French trimming, pure silk... . We have a commoner sort, if you like, heavier. —

“这是法式装饰，纯丝绸……如果您喜欢，我们还有一种更普通的，更重一些。 —

That’s forty-five kopecks a yard; of course, it’s nothing like the same quality.”

那是每码四十五戈比；当然，质量不如这个好。”

“I want a bead corselet, too, with gimp buttons,” says Polinka, bending over the gimp and sighing for some reason. —

“我还想要一个有金带扣子的珠绣护胸，”波琳卡说着，弯下腰看着金带，并不知为何叹了口气。

—

“And have you any bead motifs to match?”

“您有配套的珠饰图案吗？”

“Yes.”

“有的。”

Polinka bends still lower over the counter and asks softly:

波琳卡向柜台低声细语：

“And why did you leave us so early on Thursday, Nikolay Timofeitch?”

“尼古拉·提莫菲奇，为什么上周四离开得这么早？”

“Hm! It's queer you noticed it,” says the shopman, with a smirk. —

“哼！你居然注意到了，有点奇怪，”店员带着得意的笑容说道。 —

“You were so taken up with that fine student that . . . —

“你那时太投入那位不错的学生了，所以你注意到了！” —

. it's queer you noticed it!”

波琳卡涨红了脸，保持沉默。

Polinka flushes crimson and remains mute. —

店员手指颤抖地将盒子合上，毫无意义地将它们堆在一起。 —

With a nervous quiver in his fingers the shopman closes the boxes, and for no sort of object piles them one on the top of another. —

对于任何没有意义的物体，店员也用一种紧张的颤抖的手指堆积起来。 —

A moment of silence follows.

一阵沉默随之而来。

“I want some bead lace, too,” says Polinka, lifting her eyes guiltily to the shopman.

“我也想要一些珠花边，”波琳卡有些内疚地抬起眼睛对店员说。

“What sort? Black or coloured? Bead lace on tulle is the most fashionable trimming.”

“什么样的？黑色还是彩色？用珠花边作为蕾丝的装饰是最时尚的。

“And how much is it?”

“多少钱？”

“The black's from eighty kopecks and the coloured from two and a half roubles. —

“黑色的从八十戈比起，彩色的从两个半卢布起。 —

I shall never come and see you again,” Nikolay Timofeitch adds in an undertone.

尼古拉·提莫菲奇低声补充道：“我再也不会来看你了。

“Why?”

“为什么？”

“Why? It's very simple. You must understand that yourself. Why should I distress myself? —

“为什么？这很简单。你自己应该明白。为什么要让我如此痛苦呢？ —

It's a queer business! Do you suppose it's a pleasure to me to see that student carrying on with you? —

这种事情太奇怪了！难道你认为我很高兴看到那个学生和你打得火热吗？ —

I see it all and I understand. Ever since autumn he's been hanging about you and you go for a walk with him almost every day; —

我看到了一切，我明白了。从秋天开始，他就一直缠着你，你几乎每天都和他散步； —

and when he is with you, you gaze at him as though he were an angel. You are in love with him; —

当他和你在一起时，你盯着他看，仿佛他是天使一样。你爱上了他； —

there's no one to beat him in your eyes. —

在你眼中没人能比得上他。 —

Well, all right, then, it's no good talking.”

好吧，行了，没什么好说的。

Polinka remains dumb and moves her finger on the counter in embarrassment.

波琳卡保持沉默，尴尬地在柜台上移动手指。

“I see it all,” the shopman goes on. “What inducement have I to come and see you? —

“我看透了这一切，”店员继续说道。“我有什么动力来看你呢？ —

I've got some pride. It's not every one likes to play gooseberry. —

我有点骄傲。并不是每个人都喜欢当“花瓶”。 —

What was it you asked for?”

你要什么来着？”

“Mamma told me to get a lot of things, but I've forgotten. I want some feather trimming too.”

“妈妈让我买很多东西，但我忘了。我也想要一些羽毛装饰。

“What kind would you like?”

“你想要什么样的？”

“The best, something fashionable.”

“最好的，时尚的东西。

“The most fashionable now are real bird feathers. —

“现在最时尚的就是真鸟羽毛。 —

If you want the most fashionable colour, it's heliotrope or *kanak*—that is, claret with a yellow shade in it. —

如果你想要最时尚的颜色，那就是紫红色或kanak - 也就是黑葡萄酒色带有黄色调。 —

We have an immense choice. And what all this affair is going to lead to, I really don't understand. —

我们有很多选择。这一切到底会导致什么，我真的不明白。 —

Here you are in love, and how is it to end?"

你们相爱了，这将如何结束呢？”

Patches of red come into Nikolay Timofeitch's face round his eyes. —

尼古拉伊·蒂莫费耶维奇的眼睛周围泛起红晕。 —

He crushes the soft feather trimming in his hand and goes on muttering:

他把柔软的羽毛装饰揉在手中，继续喃喃自语：

“Do you imagine he'll marry you—is that it? You'd better drop any such fancies. —

“你以为他会跟你结婚吗？是这样吗？你最好放弃这样的幻想。 —

Students are forbidden to marry. And do you suppose he comes to see you with honourable intentions? —

学生是被禁止结婚的。难道你以为他来看你是出于光荣的意图吗？ —

A likely idea! Why, these fine students don't look on us as human beings ... —

真是个可笑的想法！这些优秀的学生把我们当成人吗…… —

they only go to see shopkeepers and dressmakers to laugh at their ignorance and to drink. —

他们只是去看商贩和服装店主取乐他们的无知，还有喝酒。 —

They're ashamed to drink at home and in good houses, but with simple uneducated people like us they don't care what any one thinks; —

他们害羞地喝东西时，不愿在家或好房子里喝，但在像我们这样的简单无知的人面前，他们不在意别人的看法； —

they'd be ready to stand on their heads. Yes! Well, which feather trimming will you take? —

他们甚至愿意翻跟头。好了！你要哪种羽毛装饰？ —

And if he hangs about and carries on with you, we know what he is after... —

如果他在你旁边徘徊，跟你打情骂俏，我们知道他的目的是什么…… —

When he's a doctor or a lawyer he'll remember you: —

当他成为医生或律师时，他会想起你： —

'Ah,' he'll say, 'I used to have a pretty fair little thing! I wonder where she is now?' —

'啊，'他会说，'我曾经有一个相当不错的小东西！不知道她现在在哪里？' —

Even now I bet you he boasts among his friends that he's got his eye on a little dressmaker."

即使现在，我打赌他在朋友们面前夸耀说他对一个小裁缝有意。

Polinka sits down and gazes pensively at the pile of white boxes.

波琳卡坐下来，凝视着一摞白盒子。

"No, I won't take the feather trimming," she sighs. "Mamma had better choose it for herself; —

'不，我不要那个羽毛装饰，'她叹了口气说。'妈妈最好自己选择；' —

I may get the wrong one. I want six yards of fringe for an overcoat, at forty kopecks the yard. —

'我可能会选错。我要六码外套流苏，每码四十戈比。 —

For the same coat I want cocoa-nut buttons, perforated, so they can be sown on firmly... ."

同样的大衣，我要椰子壳纽扣，要有小孔，这样可以牢固缝上.....'

Nikolay Timofeitch wraps up the fringe and the buttons. —

尼古拉·季莫费伊奇包好流苏和纽扣。 —

She looks at him guiltily and evidently expects him to go on talking, but he remains sullenly silent while he tidies up the feather trimming.

她有一种有罪的看向他，显然希望他继续说下去，但他沉默不语，一边整理羽毛装饰。

"I mustn't forget some buttons for a dressing-gown ..."

'我不能忘记一些睡衣的纽扣.....'

she says after an interval of silence, wiping her pale lips with a handkerchief.

她说完后，用手绢擦拭着苍白的嘴唇。

"What kind?"

'什么样的？'

"It's for a shopkeeper's wife, so give me something rather striking."

"这是给一个店主的妻子，所以给我来点相当引人注目的东西。"

"Yes, if it's for a shopkeeper's wife, you'd better have something bright. Here are some buttons.

—

"是的，如果是给一个店主的妻子，最好选一些明亮的。这里有一些纽扣。" —

A combination of colours—red, blue, and the fashionable gold shade. Very glaring. —
一种色彩的组合—红色、蓝色和时尚的金色调。非常耀眼。 —

The more refined prefer dull black with a bright border. But I don't understand. —
更加精致的人喜欢暗黑色搭配明亮的边。但我不明白。 —

Can't you see for yourself? What can these ... walks lead to?"
你难道看不出来吗？这些...走廊会导致什么？

"I don't know," whispers Polinka, and she bends over the buttons; —
“我不知道，”波琳卡低声说着，弯下腰看着纽扣； —

"I don't know myself what's come to me, Nikolay Timofeitch."
“我自己也不知道怎么了，尼古拉·蒂莫菲奇。”

A solid shopman with whiskers forces his way behind Nikolay Timofeitch's back, squeezing him to the counter, and beaming with the choicest gallantry, shouts:
一个留有胡须的结实的店员从尼古拉·蒂莫菲奇的背后挤了过来，将他挤到柜台前，满面笑容地深情地说道：

"Be so kind, madam, as to step into this department. We have three kinds of jerseys: —
“请您走到这个区域。我们有三种款式的毛衣：朴素的、带边饰的和镶有珠饰的！很高兴为您展示。” —

plain, braided, and trimmed with beads! Which may I have the pleasure of showing you?"
与此同时，一个身材魁梧的女士从波琳卡身边走过，用浓郁而深沉的声音，几乎是男低音：

At the same time a stout lady passes by Polinka, pronouncing in a rich, deep voice, almost a bass:

“它们必须是无缝、带有商标印在上面，请。”

"They must be seamless, with the trade mark stamped in them, please."
尼古拉·蒂莫菲奇弯下腰对着波琳卡勉强笑着低声说道。

"Pretend to be looking at the things," Nikolay Timofeitch whispers, bending down to Polinka with a forced smile. —

“亲爱的，你看起来苍白而虚弱；你完全变了。他会把你甩掉的，佩拉格亚·谢尔盖耶芙娜！ —

"Dear me, you do look pale and ill; you are quite changed. He'll throw you over, Pelagea Sergeevna! —

或者如果他真的娶了你，那不会是出于爱而是出于饥饿；他将会受到你的金钱的诱惑。 —

Or if he does marry you, it won't be for love but from hunger; he'll be tempted by your money.

—

“Pretend to be looking at the things,” Nikolay Timofeitch whispers, bending down to Polinka with a forced smile. —

He'll furnish himself a nice home with your dowry, and then be ashamed of you. —

他会用你的嫁妆为自己打造一个漂亮的家，然后对你感到羞耻。 —

He'll keep you out of sight of his friends and visitors, because you're uneducated. —

他会让你远离他的朋友和客人，因为你没有受过教育。 —

He'll call you 'my dummy of a wife.' You wouldn't know how to behave in a doctor's or lawyer's circle. —

他会称呼你为“我那个愚蠢的妻子”。你不知道如何在医生或律师的圈子里表现。 —

To them you're a dressmaker, an ignorant creature.”

在他们眼中，你是个裁缝，一个无知的生物。”

“Nikolay Timofeitch!” somebody shouts from the other end of the shop. —

“尼古拉伊·提莫费伊奇！”有人从店铺另一端喊道。 —

“The young lady here wants three yards of ribbon with a metal stripe. Have we any?”

“这位小姐要三码带有金属条纹的缎带。我们有吗？”

Nikolay Timofeitch turns in that direction, smirks and shouts:

尼古拉伊·提莫费伊奇转向那个方向，傻笑着喊道：

“Yes, we have! Ribbon with a metal stripe, ottoman with a satin stripe, and satin with a moiré stripe!”

“是的，我们有！带金属条纹的缎带，带缎条纹的奥斯曼以及带水纹条纹的缎子！”

“Oh, by the way, I mustn't forget, Olga asked me to get her a pair of stays!” says Polinka.

“哦，对了，我差点忘了，奥尔加让我给她买一副束身衣！”波琳卡说。

“There are tears in your eyes,” says Nikolay Timofeitch in dismay. “What's that for? —

“你的眼睛里有泪水，”尼古拉·提莫费耶维奇惊慌地说。“怎么了？” —

Come to the corset department, I'll screen you —it looks awkward.”

“来束身衣部吧，我会帮你挡住——这样看起来很尴尬。”

With a forced smile and exaggeratedly free and easy manner, the shopman rapidly conducts Polinka to the corset department and conceals her from the public eye behind a high pyramid

of boxes.

店员强颜欢笑，夸张地轻松地迅速把波琳卡带到束身衣部，并在一个箱子高高堆起的背后把她隐藏了起来，避免被别人看见。

“What sort of corset may I show you?” he asks aloud, whispering immediately: “Wipe your eyes!”

“需要看看什么样的束身衣吗？”他大声问道，立刻悄声说：“擦擦眼睛！”

“I want ... I want ... size forty-eight centimetres. Only she wanted one, lined ... —

“我想要……我想要……四十八厘米的尺寸。只是她想要一件，里面要衬着的……” —

with real whalebone ... I must talk to you, Nikolay Timofeitch. Come to-day!”

“带着真鲸骨的……今天一定要和你谈话，尼古拉·提莫费耶维奇。今天就来！”

“Talk? What about? There’s nothing to talk about.”

“谈话？关于什么？没什么好谈的。”

“You are the only person who ... cares about me, and I’ve no one to talk to but you.”

“你是唯一……在乎我的人，我没有其他人可以倾诉。”

“These are not reed or steel, but real whalebone... . What is there for us to talk about? —

“这些不是芦苇或钢，而是真正的鲸骨……我们有什么好谈的？” —

It’s no use talking... . You are going for a walk with him to-day, I suppose?”

“谈也没用……你今天应该要和他一起散步吧？”

“Yes; I ... I am.”

“是的；我……是的。”

“Then what’s the use of talking? Talk won’t help... . You are in love, aren’t you?”

“那谈话有什么用呢？谈话无济于事……你是恋爱了，是吗？”

“Yes ...” Polinka whispers hesitatingly, and big tears gush from her eyes.

“是的……”波琳卡犹豫地低声说道，大眼泪涌出来。

“What is there to say?” mutters Nikolay Timofeitch, shrugging his shoulders nervously and turning pale. —

“尼古拉·提莫菲奇无言以对，神色紧张地耸耸肩膀，脸色苍白。” —

“There’s no need of talk... . Wipe your eyes, that’s all. —

“无需多言……擦擦眼泪就好。” —

I ... I ask for nothing.”

“我……我不求什么。”

At that moment a tall, lanky shopman comes up to the pyramid of boxes, and says to his customer:

就在那时，一个高大瘦削的店员走到箱子堆前，对他的顾客说道：

“Let me show you some good elastic garters that do not impede the circulation, certified by medical authority ...”

“让我给您展示一些好的弹性袜带，不会阻碍血液循环，经医学认证……”

Nikolay Timofeitch screens Polinka, and, trying to conceal her emotion and his own, wrinkles his face into a smile and says aloud:

“尼古拉·提莫菲奇挡住了波琳卡，摆出一个微笑的表情试图掩饰她和自己的情感，大声说道：”

“There are two kinds of lace, madam: cotton and silk! —

“蕾丝有两种，女士们：棉和丝！” —

Oriental, English, Valenciennes, crochet, torchon, are cotton. —

“东方风格，英格兰风格，瓦伦西亚风格，钩边风格都是棉的。” —

And rococo, soutache, Cambray, are silk... . —

“而罗可可风格，绣带风格，康布雷风格都是丝的……” —

For God's sake, wipe your eyes! They're coming this way!”

“求您了，擦擦眼泪吧！他们过来了！”

And seeing that her tears are still gushing he goes on louder than ever:

“看到她的泪水仍然涌出，他以比以往更大声的声音继续说道：”

“Spanish, Rococo, soutache, Cambray ... stockings, thread, cotton, silk ...”

“西班牙风格，罗可可风格，绣带风格，康布雷风格……长筒袜，丝线，棉花，丝绸……”

"I LOVE YOU. You are my life, my happiness—everything to me! —

“我爱你，你是我的生活，我的幸福——对我而言一切！ —

Forgive the avowal, but I have not the strength to suffer and be silent. —

请原谅我的坦白，但我没有力量去忍受和沉默。 —

I ask not for love in return, but for sympathy. —

我不要求回报的爱，只求同情。 —

Be at the old arbour at eight o'clock this evening. . . . —

今晚八点在老亭子见面吧. . . —

To sign my name is unnecessary I think, but do not be uneasy at my being anonymous. —

签下我的名字是不必要的，我想，但是不要因为我匿名而担心。 —

I am young, nice-looking . . . what more do you want?"

我年轻，相貌端正. . . 你还想要什么？

When Pavel Ivanitch Vyhodtsev, a practical married man who was spending his holidays at a summer villa, read this letter, he shrugged his shoulders and scratched his forehead in perplexity.

当度假中的实际结婚男人帕维尔·伊万尼奇维赫奥德采夫读到这封信时，他耸耸肩膀，迷惑地挠着额头。

"What devilry is this?" he thought. "I'm a married man, and to send me such a queer . —

“这是什么鬼把戏？”他想。“我是个已婚男人，却给我寄这样一个古怪的信。 —

. . . silly letter! Who wrote it?"

无聊了. . . 愚蠢的信!是谁写的?"

Pavel Ivanitch turned the letter over and over before his eyes, read it through again, and spat with disgust.

帕维尔·伊万尼奇转了转眼睛，再次读了一遍信，厌恶地吐了口唾沫。

"I love you" . . . he said jeeringly. "A nice boy she has pitched on! —

“我爱你” . . . 他讥笑道。“她选的这小伙不错! —

So I'm to run off to meet you in the arbour! . . . —

所以我得跑去亭子见你啊! . . . —

I got over all such romances and fleurs d'amour years ago, my girl. . . . Hm! —

我多年前就克服了这些浪漫和爱情花朵，我的女孩. . . 嗯! —

She must be some reckless, immoral creature. . . . Well, these women are a set! —
她一定是个鲁莽、不道德的人. . . . 嗯，这些女人真是一群! —

What a whirligig—God forgive us!—she must be to write a letter like that to a stranger, and a married man, too! —
她一定是个天马行空的人—神原谅我们! —才会给一个陌生人写这样一封信，而且还是个已婚男人! —

It's real demoralisation!"
“这真是让人泄气!”

In the course of his eight years of married life Pavel Ivanitch had completely got over all sentimental feeling, and he had received no letters from ladies except letters of congratulation, and so, although he tried to carry it off with disdain, the letter quoted above greatly intrigued and agitated him.

在他结婚八年的生活中，帕维尔·伊万尼奇彻底摆脱了所有的多愁善感，并且除了祝贺信之外，他没有收到过任何女士的来信，所以，尽管他试图用不屑的态度来掩饰，上面引述的那封信还是让他极度感到好奇和不安。

An hour after receiving it, he was lying on his sofa, thinking:
收到信的一个小时后，他躺在沙发上思索着：

“Of course I am not a silly boy, and I am not going to rush off to this idiotic rendezvous; —
“当然，我不是一个傻孩子，我不会莽撞地冲去这个愚蠢的约会地点； —

but yet it would be interesting to know who wrote it! Hm. . . . —
但还是很有趣想知道是谁写的! 嗯.... —

It is certainly a woman's writing. . . . —
这绝对是女人的笔迹.... —

The letter is written with genuine feeling, and so it can hardly be a joke. . . . —
信写得真挚，所以不太可能是玩笑.... —

Most likely it's some neurotic girl, or perhaps a widow . . . —
很可能是某个神经症女孩，或者一个寡妇.... —

widows are frivolous and eccentric as a rule. —
寡妇通常轻浮而古怪。 —

Hm. . . . Who could it be?"
嗯.... 是谁呢?"

What made it the more difficult to decide the question was that Pavel Ivanitch had not one feminine acquaintance among all the summer visitors, except his wife.

让这个问题更加难以决定的是，帕维尔·伊万尼奇在所有的夏日旅客中，并没有一个女性熟识，除了他的妻子。

"It is queer . . ." he mused. "I love you! . . . When did she manage to fall in love? —

“这真奇怪....”他沉思道。“我爱你！’.... 她是什么时候设法爱上的？ —

Amazing woman! To fall in love like this, apropos of nothing, without making any acquaintance and finding out what sort of man I am. —

不可思议的女人！这样毫无缘由地爱上一个人，根本还没有做过任何了解，搞清楚我是什么样的人。 —

. . . She must be extremely young and romantic if she is capable of falling in love after two or three looks at me. —

.... 她一定非常年轻和浪漫，如果在看了我两三眼之后就能爱上。 —

. . . But . . . who is she?"

.... 但.... 她是谁？”

Pavel Ivanitch suddenly recalled that when he had been walking among the summer villas the day before, and the day before that, he had several times been met by a fair young lady with a light blue hat and a turn-up nose. —

巴维尔·伊万尼奇突然想起，前一天和前天他在夏季别墅间散步时，几次遇见了一个戴着浅蓝色帽子、长着翘鼻子的美丽年轻女士。 —

The fair charmer had kept looking at him, and when he sat down on a seat she had sat down beside him. . . .

这位美丽的诱惑者一直盯着他看，当他坐在长椅上时，她也坐在他旁边.....

"Can it be she?" Vyhodtsev wondered. "It can't be! —

“会不会是她？”维霍德采夫想。“不可能是她！ —

Could a delicate ephemeral creature like that fall in love with a worn-out old eel like me? —

这样一个纤弱的虚幻生物会爱上一个破旧老鳗鱼像我吗？ —

No, it's impossible!"

不，这是不可能的！”

At dinner Pavel Ivanitch looked blankly at his wife while he meditated:

晚饭时，巴维尔·伊万尼奇白白地看着妻子，心里想着：

“She writes that she is young and nice-looking. . . . So she’s not old. . . . Hm. . . . —

“她写道自己年轻漂亮……那她不老……嗯…… —

To tell the truth, honestly I am not so old and plain that no one could fall in love with me. —

老实说，坦率地说，我并不是那么老和平凡，没有人会爱上我的。 —

My wife loves me! Besides, love is blind, we all know. . . .”

我的妻子爱我！而且，众所周知，爱情是盲目的……”

“What are you thinking about?” his wife asked him.

“你在想什么呢？”妻子问他。

“Oh. . . my head aches a little. . . .” Pavel Ivanitch said, quite untruly.

“哦……我有点头疼……”巴维尔·伊万尼奇撒谎地说。

He made up his mind that it was stupid to pay attention to such a nonsensical thing as a love-letter, and laughed at it and at its authoress, but—alas! —

他决定认为关注这种爱情信件是愚蠢的事，并嘲笑它和它的作者，但——唉！ —

—powerful is the “dacha” enemy of mankind! —

——乡间别墅可是人类的强大敌人！ —

After dinner, Pavel Ivanitch lay down on his bed, and instead of going to sleep, reflected:

晚饭后，巴维尔·伊万尼奇躺在床上，没有入睡，反思：

“But there, I daresay she is expecting me to come! What a silly! —

“但是，我敢说她可能在期待我来！多蠢啊！ —

I can just imagine what a nervous fidget she’ll be in and how her tournure will quiver when she does not find me in the arbour! —

我可以想象到她在焦躁不安时会是多么的烦躁，当她在凉亭里找不到我时，她的背心会颤抖！

—

I shan’t go, though. . . . Bother her!”

但是，我不会去……让她烦心吧！

But, I repeat, powerful is the enemy of mankind.

但我要重申，强大是人类的敌人。

“Though I might, perhaps, just out of curiosity. . . .” he was musing, half an hour later. —

“也许，我只是出于好奇……”他在半个小时后想着。 —

"I might go and look from a distance what sort of a creature she is. . . . —

"也许我可以去远处看看她是什么样子……" —

It would be interesting to have a look at her! It would be fun, and that's all! —

看她一眼会很有趣！这会很有趣，就这样了！ —

After all, why shouldn't I have a little fun since such a chance has turned up?"

毕竟，既然有这样的机会出现，为什么我不能稍微取乐一下呢？

Pavel Ivanitch got up from his bed and began dressing. —

保尔·伊万尼奇起床，开始穿衣。 —

"What are you getting yourself up so smartly for? —

"你这么漂亮地打扮自己干什么？ —

" his wife asked, noticing that he was putting on a clean shirt and a fashionable tie.

"他的妻子问道，注意到他换上了一件干净的衬衫和时尚的领带。

"Oh, nothing. . . . I must have a walk. . . . My head aches. . . . Hm."

"哦，没什么…… 我需要出去走走…… 我头疼。嗯。"

Pavel Ivanitch dressed in his best, and waiting till eight o'clock, went out of the house. —

保尔·伊万尼奇穿着他最好的衣服，等到八点，走出了家门。 —

When the figures of gaily dressed summer visitors of both sexes began passing before his eyes against the bright green background, his heart throbbed.

当那些盛夏时装的男女和来访者的身影在明亮的绿色背景前眼前走过时，他的心不停地跳动。

"Which of them is it? . . ." he wondered, advancing irresolutely. "Come, what am I afraid of? —

"她是他们中的哪一个呢？……"他犹豫地前进着。"来吧，我在害怕什么？ —

Why, I am not going to the rendezvous! What . . . a fool! Go forward boldly! —

为什么，我又不是去约会！真...傻瓜！大胆前行！ —

And what if I go into the arbour? Well, well . . . —

那么如果我走进凉亭呢？唔，唔... —

there is no reason I should."

我没有理由这样做。"

Pavel Ivanitch's heart beat still more violently. . . . —

帕维尔·伊万尼奇的心跳更加剧烈地跳动着... —

Involuntarily, with no desire to do so, he suddenly pictured to himself the half- darkness of the arbour. —

他无意识地，没有任何愿望，突然幻想起凉亭半阴暗的景象。 —

. . . A graceful fair girl with a little blue hat and a turn-up nose rose before his imagination. —

...一个拥有优雅外貌，带着一顶蓝色小帽和翘起鼻子的金发女孩出现在他的想象中。 —

He saw her, abashed by her love and trembling all over, timidly approach him, breathing excitedly, and . —

他看到她，被爱情羞怯和颤抖着，胆怯地走向他，激动地呼吸着，并... —

. . suddenly clasping him in her arms.

...突然紧紧地拥抱着他。

“If I weren’t married it would be all right . . . —

“如果我没有结婚的话就会没事... —

” he mused, driving sinful ideas out of his head. “Though . . . —

” 他沉思着，把邪念驱逐出脑海。“虽然... —

for once in my life, it would do no harm to have the experience, or else one will die without knowing what. —

人生中有一次这样的经历也无妨，否则一个人将会毫无体验的死去。 —

. . . And my wife, what will it matter to her? —

...对我妻子来说会有什么影响呢？ —

Thank God, for eight years I’ve never moved one step away from her. . . . —

感谢上帝，八年来我从未离开过她一步... —

Eight years of irreproachable duty! Enough of her. . . . —

八年无可指摘的责任！够了。... —

It’s positively vexatious. . . . I’m ready to go to spite her!”

真让人恼火...我准备去就为了刁难她！

Trembling all over and holding his breath, Pavel Ivanitch went up to the arbour, wreathed with ivy and wild vine, and peeped into it . —

帕维尔·伊万尼奇浑身颤抖着，屏住呼吸，走向缠绕着常绿藤和野葡萄的凉亭，往里面探视。 —

. . . A smell of dampness and mildew reached him. . . .

...一股潮湿发霉的气味飘进了他的鼻孔....

"I believe there's nobody . . ." he thought, going into the arbour, and at once saw a human silhouette in the corner.

“我相信没有人. . .”他心想着，走进凉亭，立刻看到一个人影躲在角落里。

The silhouette was that of a man. . . . Looking more closely, Pavel Ivanitch recognised his wife's brother, Mitya, a student, who was staying with them at the villa.

那个人影是一个男人. . . . 仔细看去，帕维尔·伊万尼奇认出那是他妻子的弟弟，正在他们别墅里住宿的学生弟弟米夏。

"Oh, it's you . . ." he growled discontentedly, as he took off his hat and sat down.

“哦，是你. . .”他不满地嘟囔着，摘下帽子坐了下来。

"Yes, it's I" . . . answered Mitya.

“是我” . . . 米夏回答道。

Two minutes passed in silence.

两分钟的沉默过去了。

"Excuse me, Pavel Ivanitch," began Mitya: "but might I ask you to leave me alone?? . . . —

“对不起，帕维尔·伊万尼奇，”米夏开始说：“你能不能让我独处？. . . —

I am thinking over the dissertation for my degree and . . . —

我正在思考我的学位论文. . . —

and the presence of anybody else prevents my thinking.”

别人的存在会妨碍我的思维。

"You had better go somewhere in a dark avenue. . ." Pavel Ivanitch observed mildly. —

“你最好去幽暗的林荫道. . .”帕维尔·伊万尼奇温和地观察道。 —

"It's easier to think in the open air, and, besides, . . . er . . . —

“在室外更容易思考，而且，. . . 嗯. . . —

I should like to have a little sleep here on this seat. . . —

我想在这个长椅上睡一会儿。 —

. It's not so hot here. . . .”

在这里不会那么炎热. . . .”

"You want to sleep, but it's a question of my dissertation . . . —

“你想睡觉，但这是关于我的论文的问题. . . —

” Mitya grumbled. “The dissertation is more important.”

” 米夏抱怨着。“论文更重要。”

Again there was a silence. Pavel Ivanitch, who had given the rein to his imagination and was continually hearing footsteps, suddenly leaped up and said in a plaintive voice:

再次陷入沉默。巴维尔·伊万尼奇发挥了他的想象力，不断听见脚步声，突然跳起来，用哀求的声音说：

“Come, I beg you, Mitya! You are younger and ought to consider me —

“米太，请走吧！你年轻，应该考虑一下我. —

I am unwell and . . . I need sleep. . . . Go away!”

我身体不舒服. . . 我需要休息. . . 走开！

“That’s egoism. . . . Why must you be here and not I? I won’t go as a matter of principle.”

“这就是自私. . . 为什么你要在这里而不是我？我不会为原则而走。”

“Come, I ask you to! Suppose I am an egoist, a despot and a fool . . . —

“来吧，我请求你！就算我是自私、专横和愚蠢. . . —

but I ask you to go! For once in my life I ask you a favour! —

但我请求你走开！我一生中第一次请求你一个快事！ —

Show some consideration!”

给一点体谅！”

Mitya shook his head.

米太摇了摇头。

“What a beast! . . .” thought Pavel Ivanitch. —

“多么残忍！”巴维尔·伊万尼奇想。 —

“That can’t be a rendezvous with him here! —

“在他在这里，不可能和他有约会！ —

It’s impossible with him here!”

他在这里不可能！”

“I say, Mitya,” he said, “I ask you for the last time. . . . —

“我说，米太，”他说，“我最后一次请求你. . . —

Show that you are a sensible, humane, and cultivated man!”

证明你是个明智、人道和有教养的人！”