

【钢铁是怎样炼成的】



《钢铁是怎样炼成的》中的经典场景之一是保尔·柯察金在重病中仍坚持写作的情节。这一场景深刻展示了保尔坚强不屈的精神和对共产主义理想的忠诚。在小说的结尾部分，保...

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The balcony door stood open, and the curtain stirred in the wind, filling out, rising reluctantly, and shrinking like a dipped sail. —

阳台门敞开着，帘子在风中摇曳，充盈、迟疑地上升，像被浸泡的帆一样缩小。 —

A crumpled towel left by someone on the radio made a white blur in the dusk. —

收音机上一个未捋平的毛巾在黄昏中产生了一片白色模糊。 —

It looked like a white rabbit who had laid down its long ears preparing to jump. — 它看起来像一只白兔放下了长长的耳朵，准备着跳跃。

—

I remembered that bright September morning in Sochi two years ago, the small house in Orekhovaya Street, the ripe, orange persimmons in the sunlit garden, the pleasant whitewashed room, and the

dear face on the piled-up pillows. —

我记得两年前在索契那个明亮的九月早晨，奥雷霍瓦亚大街上的小房子，阳光照耀下成熟的橘子，那个愉快的白粉刷的房间，还有垒放着枕头的亲切脸庞。 —

The white rabbit nestled happily in the folds of the blanket as Nikolai's nervous fingers caressed its long, silky ears. —

当尼古莱紧张的手指抚摸着

它那长长柔软的耳朵时，白兔高兴地舒适地躺在毯子的褶皱中。 —

Nikolai was laughing softly, and his gleaming teeth were as white as sugar. —

尼古莱轻声笑着，他闪亮的牙齿如糖一样洁白。 —

On the bedside table lay several big red apples, and their lovely smell filled the whole house. —

床头柜上摆放着几个大红苹

果，它们的芳香充满了整个房子。 —

The white rabbit, comically twitching its soft ears, licked the gentle human hand with its small pink tongue. —

白兔滑稽地扭动着柔软的耳朵，用小小的粉红舌头舔着柔和的人类手。 —

I wanted to shut my eyes tight and see that hot September morning again, and the house filled with sunlight and apple

fragrance. —

我想紧闭双眼，再次看到那个炎热的九月早晨，阳光照满整个房子，果香弥漫。 —

My thoughts refused to take a melancholy course, and my mind was still unable to grasp what had happened and tell itself that this was the irrevocable. —

我的思绪拒绝了沉沦，我的心灵仍无法理解发生的事情，并告诉自己这是无法挽回的。 —

... But reality asserted itself,
and my eyes saw with
ruthless clarity the face that
had forever grown still. —
但现实却昭然若揭，我的眼
睛以无情的明晰看着永远停
止的脸庞。 —

The last struggle for survival
had sapped all his life
juices, and dried him as a
leaf is dried in a hot wind. —
最后一次求生的挣扎耗尽了
他所有的生命精华，像一片

叶子在炎热的风中被晒干。

—
It only spared his tall,
handsome forehead, and
his soft dark chestnut hair.

—
只有他高大英俊的额头和柔软深栗色的头发幸存。 —

This clear, dome-like brow
rose above a small,
wizened face. —

这个清晰的圆顶额头高于一个
小而枯瘦的面孔。 —

And one fancied that his creative imagination, infused with revolutionary ardour and an irrepressible interest in and love of life, was still working busily. —

人们想象他那富有革命热情、对生活充满不可抑制的兴趣和热爱的创造性想象仍在忙碌地工作。 —

... I placed my hand on his forehead. It was still warm and even moist, as though Nikolai was simply resting

after his exciting exertion.

—
我把手放在他的额头上。它还是温暖的，甚至有些湿润，就好像尼古拉只是在他激动的劳累后休息一样。 —

The Order of Lenin twinkled uncannily on his sunken chest as if life were stirring in it, and one would see it rise in a soft sigh. —

列宁勋章在他凹陷的胸膛上闪烁着，仿佛生命在其中涌

动，人们会看到它在一个轻轻的叹息中升起。 —

For three days, from morning till night, an endless stream of people of all ages filed past the bier which was literally submerged in flowers and wreaths. —

三天来，从早到晚，各个年龄段的人们络绎不绝地经过灵柩，它几乎被淹没在鲜花和花环中。 —

Nikolai Ostrovsky continues to live not only in his books:

—

尼古拉·奥斯特洛夫斯基不仅在他的作品中继续生存： —

he himself is a heroic image, and one of the strongest and most striking personalities of his epoch.

Fate treated him cruelly, depriving him of the power of sight and the use of his legs and arms. —

他本人就是一个英雄形象，

是他那个时代最坚强、最引人注目的人物之一。命运对待他残酷，剥夺了他的视力和双腿双臂的运动能力。 —

But he overpowered his physical infirmities, his incurable disease, weakness, grief and torpor, and victoriously asserted life, creative endeavour, and struggle. —

但他战胜了自己身体的残疾、无法治愈的疾病、虚弱、悲伤和麻木，胜利地肯

定了生命、创造努力和斗争。 —

As an ardent singer of the Bolshevik youth, he sang his militant, joyous song of struggle and victory of socialism, and his voice, ringing with a beautiful, lyrical strength, resounded throughout the Soviet land and the whole world. —

作为一个热诚歌颂布尔什维克青年的人，他唱响了关于社会主义斗争与胜利的激昂

欢快之歌，他的声音，充满着美丽而抒情的力量，响彻整个苏联和整个世界。 —

Away with melancholy recollections! Let us part with them, for death is the tax we must pay for the frailty of our physical being, and let us turn to the inexhaustible, powerful fount of life. —

忘却那些忧郁的回忆吧！让我们和它们告别吧，因为死亡是我们必须为我们脆弱的

身体付出的代价，让我们转向生命那不竭而强大的泉源。 —

... I went to see him on a cold, windy day in 1932, a typical day for early Moscow spring. —

我在1932年的一个寒冷、多风的日子去看他，这是一个典型的早春莫斯科的日子。

—
He lived in Mertvy Pereulok (since renamed Nikolai Ostrovsky Pereulok— Ed.).

The large flat was packed with tenants. —

他住在死巷（后来更名为尼古拉·奥斯特洛夫斯基巷——编者注）。这套大房间里住满了房客。 —

It was noisy and crowded. People jostled you in the corridor, babies were howling, and someone was typing inexpertly in a far room, pecking at the keys with a woodpecker's persistence. —