

# 【童年】中英双语对照



《童年》是俄国伟大的现实主义作家列夫·托尔斯泰的自传体小说，首次发表于1852年。这部作品是托尔斯泰“自传三部曲”的第一部，后续作品分别为《少年》和《青年》。《童年》以其细腻的情感描写和深刻的思想内容...展示了主人公童年时期的生活经历和心灵历程，是世界文学宝库中的珍品。

列夫·尼古拉耶维奇·托尔斯泰（1828-1910），是19世纪俄国最著名的作家之一，他的作品对世界文学产生了深远的影响。托尔斯泰出生于俄国的一个贵

列夫·托尔斯泰 著

唐库学习 译

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IN a narrow, darkened room, my father, dressed in a white and unusually long garment, lay on the floor under the window. —

在狭窄、昏暗的房间里，我父亲穿着一件白色、异常长的衣服，躺在窗户下面的地板上。 —

The toes of his bare feet were curiously extended, and the fingers of the still hands, which rested peacefully upon his breast, were curved; —

他赤脚的脚趾奇怪地伸展着，静静地放在胸前的手指弯曲着； —

his merry eyes were tightly closed by the black disks of two copper coins; —

他快乐的眼睛被两枚铜币的黑色圆盘紧紧地闭着； —

the light had gone out of his still face, and I was frightened by the ugly way he showed his teeth.

他那庄严的脸上失去了光彩，他露出牙齿的方式让我感到害怕。

My mother, only half clad in a red petticoat, knelt and combed my father's long, soft hair, from his brow to the nape of his neck, with the same black comb which I loved to use to tear the rind of watermelons; —

我母亲只穿了一件红色的裙子，跪在父亲身边，用同一根黑色的梳子梳理着父亲长而柔软的头发，从额头到脖颈；我曾经喜欢用这根梳子撕开西瓜的皮； —

she talked unceasingly in her low, husky voice, and it seemed as if her swollen eyes must be washed away by the incessant flow of tears.

她用低沉、沙哑的声音不停地说着话，她的肿胀的眼睛仿佛随着不断流淌的泪水就要被冲刷掉。

Holding me by the hand was my grandmother, who had a big, round head, large eyes, and a nose like a sponge, a dark, tender, wonderfully interesting person. —

我的祖母拉着我的手，她的头圆圆的，眼睛大大的，鼻子像海绵一样，是一个又黑暗、又温柔、非常有趣的人。 —

She also was weeping, and her grief formed a fitting accompaniment to my mother's, as, shuddering the while, she pushed me towards my father; —

她也在哭泣，她的悲伤与我母亲的悲伤形成了一种恰如其分的伴奏，当她颤抖着把我推向我父亲的时候； —

but I, terrified and uneasy, obstinately tried to hide myself against her. —

但是，我又害怕又不安，顽固地试图把自己藏在她身后。 —

I had never seen grown-up people cry before, and I did not understand the words which my grandmother uttered again and again:

我之前从未见过成年人哭泣，我不理解我祖母一遍又一遍地说的话：

“Say good-by to daddy. You will never see him any more. He is dead before his time.”

“对爸爸说再见。你再也见不到他了。他未老先衰。”

I had been very ill, had only just left my bed in fact, and I remember perfectly well that at the beginning of my illness my father used to merrily bustle about me. —

我曾经病得很重，刚刚离开床，我清楚地记得，病初时父亲总是快乐地在我身边忙碌。 —

Then he suddenly disappeared and his place was taken by my grandmother, a stranger to me. 然后他突然消失了，取而代之的是对我陌生的祖母。

“Where did you come from?” I asked her.

“你从哪里来？”我问她。

“From up there, from Nijni,” she answered; —

“我从那边来，从下里，从尼姆尼来的，”她回答道； —

“but I did not walk here, I came by boat. —

但我并没有走路来，我是坐船来的。 —

One does not walk on water, you little imp.”

一个人不能在水上行走，你这个小调皮。

This was ludicrous, incomprehensible, and untrue; —

这太荒谬、令人费解，不真实； —

upstairs there lived a bearded, gaudy Persian, and in the cellar an old, yellow Kalmuck who sold sheepskins. —

楼上住着一个留着大胡子、华丽的波斯人，地下室里住着一个卖羊皮的古老的、黄皮肤的喀尔木克人。 —

One could get upstairs by riding on the banisters, or if one fell that way, one could roll. —

人可以通过栏杆滑到楼上，或者如果摔倒了，也可以滚下去。 —

I knew this by experience. But where was there room for water? —

我有过这样的经历。但这里哪里有水的地方呢？ —

It was all untrue and delightfully muddled.

这全是不真实的、令人愉快的混乱。

“And why am I a little imp?”

“那我为什么是个小调皮呢？”

“Why? Because you are so noisy,” she said, laughing.

“为什么？因为你太吵了”，她笑着说。

She spoke sweetly, merrily, melodiously, and from the very first day I made friends with her; —  
她说话甜美、欢快、优美地，从第一天起我就和她成了朋友； —

all I wanted now was for her to make haste and take me out of that room.

现在我唯一想要的就是她快点把我带出这个房间。

My mother pressed me to her; her tears and groans created in me a strange feeling of  
disquietude. —

我妈妈把我搂在怀里；她的眼泪和呻吟在我心中引起了一种奇怪的不安。 —

It was the first time I had seen her like this. She had always appeared a stern woman of few  
words; —

这是我第一次见到她这样。她一直是一个少言寡语的坚强的女人； —

neat, glossy, and strongly built like a horse, with a body of almost savage strength, and terribly  
strong arms. —

衣着整洁，光滑，像一匹马一样强壮，拥有几乎野蛮的力量，以及非常强壮的手臂。 —

But now she was swollen and palpitating, and utterly desolate. —

但现在她浮肿、悸动，完全绝望。 —

Her hair, which was always coiled so neatly about her head, with her large, gaily trimmed cap,  
was tumbled about her bare shoulders, fell over her face, and part of it which remained  
plaited, trailed across my father's sleeping face. —

她的头发总是盘成一个整洁的发髻，头上戴着大大的、装饰得很华丽的帽子，现在却松散地散落在她的裸露双肩上，甚至掉到了她脸上，而留在发辫上的部分则落在我父亲熟睡的脸上。 —

Although I had been in the room a long time she had not once looked at me; —

虽然我已经在房间里待了很长时间，但她从来没有看过我一眼； —

she could do nothing but dress my father's hair, sobbing and choking with tears the while.

她除了给我父亲梳头外，什么也做不了，一边抽泣、一边忍不住哽咽。

Presently some swarthy gravediggers and a soldier peeped in at the door.

很快，一些棕色皮肤的掘墓者和一个士兵从门口探头进来。

The latter shouted angrily:

士兵愤怒地喊道：

“Clear out now ! Hurry up !”

“现在赶紧滚！”

The window was curtained by a dark shawl, which the wind inflated like a sail. —

窗户被一块暗色的披肩遮住，风吹得它鼓胀起来，就像一只帆。 —

I knew this because one day my father had taken me out in a sailing-boat, and without warning there had come a peal of thunder. —

我知道这是因为有一天，父亲带我出去乘船，在雷声中突然响起。 —

He laughed, and holding me against his knees, cried, “It is nothing. —

他笑了，把我抱在膝盖上，喊道：“没什么。 —

Don't be frightened, Luke!”

别害怕，卢克！”

Suddenly my mother threw herself heavily on the floor, but almost at once turned over on her back, dragging her hair in the dust; —

突然，母亲重重地扑到地板上，但几乎马上就翻身过来，把头发拖在尘土中； —

her impassive, white face had become livid, and showing her teeth like my father, she said in a terrible voice, “Close the door! —

她那冷漠的白脸变得苍白，像父亲一样露出牙齿，用可怕的声音说道：“关上门！ —

... Alexis ... go away!”

... 亚里士多德...离开！

Thrusting me on one side, grandmother rushed to the door crying:

别把我推到一边，祖母冲向门口大喊道：

“Friends ! Don't be frightened; don't interfere, but go away, for the love of Christ. —

“朋友们！不要害怕；不要干涉，但是离开，求你们了，为了基督的爱。 —

This is not cholera but child birth. ... I beg of you to go, good people!”

这不是霍乱，而是分娩。请你们走开，善良的人们！”

I hid myself in a dark corner behind a box, and thence I saw how my mother writhed upon the floor, panting and gnashing her teeth; —

我躲在一个角落的黑暗处，站在一个箱子后面，从那里我看到母亲在地板上翻滚，喘着气，咬着牙； —

and grandmother, kneeling beside her, talked lovingly and hopefully.

而祖母跪在她身边，充满爱意和希望地说话。

“In the name of the Father and of the Son ... ! —

“奉父、子……的名义！ —

Be patient, Varusha! Holy Mother of God! . . —

要耐心，瓦鲁莎！圣母玛利亚！... —

. Our Defense ... !”

我们的捍卫...！”

I was terrified. They crept about on the floor close to my father, touching him, groaning and shrieking, and he remained unmoved and actually smiling. —

我感到恐惧。他们在地板上动来动去，靠近我父亲，触摸着他，呻吟和尖叫，而他却保持不动，甚至微笑着。 —

This creeping about on the floor lasted a long time; —

这种在地板上蠕行的情况持续了很长时间； —

several times my mother stood up, only to fall down again, and grandmother rolled in and out of the room like a large, black, softball. —

几次，我妈妈站起来，却又摔倒了，奶奶像一个大黑色软式球一样在房间里滚来滚去。 —

All of a sudden a child cried.

突然一个孩子哭了起来。

“Thank God!” said grandmother. “It is a boy!” And she lighted a candle.

“谢天谢地！”奶奶说道。“是个男孩！”她点燃了一支蜡烛。

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

我一定是在角落里睡着了，因为我对之后的事一无所知。

The next impression which my memory retains is a deserted corner in a cemetery on a rainy day. —

我记忆里留下的下一个印象是一个墓地里的一个荒凉角落，一个雨天。 —

I am standing by a slippery mound of sticky earth and looking into the pit wherein they have thrown the coffin of my father. —

我站在一个滑腻的黏土丘旁边，看着他们把我父亲的棺材扔到的坑中。 —

At the bottom there is a quantity of water, and there are also frogs, two of which have even jumped on to the yellow lid of the coffin.

坑底有很多水，还有两只蛙甚至跳到了棺材的黄色盖子上。

At the graveside were myself, grandmother, a drenched sexton, and two cross gravediggers with shovels.

在坟旁边的除了我还有奶奶、淋湿了的墓穴管理员和两个手持铁锹的狡猾墓穴挖掘工。

We were all soaked with the warm rain which fell in fine drops like glass beads. 我们全被细小如玻璃珠的暖雨打湿了。

“Fill in the grave,” commanded the sexton, moving away.  
“填坟！”墓穴管理员命令着，然后走开了。

Grandmother began to cry, covering her face with a corner of the shawl which she wore for a head-covering. —

奶奶开始哭泣，用她披在头上的披肩遮住脸。 —

The gravediggers, bending nearly double, began to fling the lumps of earth on the coffin rapidly, striking the frogs, which were leaping against the sides of the pit, down to the bottom.

墓穴挖掘工弯着身子，开始迅速地把泥块扔到棺材上，将那些跃动到坑边的蛙击落到底部。

“Come along, Lenia,” said grandmother, taking hold of my shoulder; —  
“来，莱妮亚，”奶奶说着，抓住了我的肩膀； —

but having no desire to depart, I wriggled out of her hands.  
但是我毫不想离开，挣脱出奶奶的手。

“What next, O Lord?” grumbled grandmother, partly to me, and partly to God, and she remained for some time silent, with her head drooping dejectedly.

“接下来，主啊？”奶奶抱怨道，一部分对我说，一部分对上帝说，然后她抬着沮丧的头保持沉默了一段时间。

The grave was filled in, yet still she stood there, till the gravediggers threw their shovels to the ground with a resounding clangor, and a breeze suddenly arose and died away, scattering the raindrops; —

墓穴被填满了，但她仍然站在那里，直到掘墓工抛下铁铲，发出响亮的撞击声，突然一阵微风吹起又消散，雨滴四散飞扬； —

then she took me by the hand and led me to a church some distance away, by a path which lay between a number of dark crosses.

然后她牵着我的手，带我走到远处的一座教堂，路径间散布着许多黑色的十字架。



“Why don't you cry?” she asked, as we came away from the burial-ground. —

“你为什么不要哭？”我们从埋葬场离开时，她问道。 —

“You ought to cry.”

“你应该哭。”

“I don't want to,” was my reply.

“我不想哭。”这是我的回答。

“Well, if you don't want to, you need not,” she said gently.

“好吧，如果你不想哭，你就不用哭。”她温和地说。

This greatly surprised me, because I seldom cried, and when I did it was more from anger than sorrow; —

这让我大为吃惊，因为我很少哭泣，而当我哭泣时，更多的是因为愤怒而非悲伤； —

moreover, my father used to laugh at my tears, while my mother would exclaim, “Don't you dare to cry!”

而且，我的父亲常常嘲笑我的眼泪，而我的母亲会大声喊道，“你敢哭我就让你好看！”

After this we rode in a droshky through a broad but squalid street, between rows of houses which were painted dark red.

“过后我们坐上一辆四轮马车，在一条宽阔但破旧的街道中穿行，两旁房屋漆成深红色。

As we went along, I asked grandmother, “Will those frogs ever be able to get out?”

路上，我问奶奶：“那些青蛙会不会出去？”

“Never!” she answered. “God bless them! —

“永远不会！”她回答。“愿上帝保佑它们！ —

” I reflected that my father and my mother never spoke so often or so familiarly of God.

”我想到，我父亲和母亲很少这样频繁与轻松地谈论上帝。

A few days later my mother and grandmother took me aboard a steamboat, where we had a tiny cabin.

“几天后，我母亲和奶奶带我登上一艘蒸汽船，我们有一间微小的舱。

My little brother Maxim was dead, and lay on a table in the corner, wrapped in white and wound about with red tape. —

我的弟弟麦克西姆已经去世，躺在角落的一张桌子上，用白色布包裹着并缠着红色绳带。” —

Climbing on to the bundles and trunks I looked out of the porthole, which seemed to me exactly like the eye of a horse. —

我爬到捆扎在一起的行李箱上，向舷窗外望去，那舷窗在我眼中就像一只马的眼睛。 —

Muddy, frothy water streamed unceasingly down the pane. —

泥泞的浑浊水源不断地从窗格上流下。 —

Once it dashed against the glass with such violence that it splashed me, and I involuntarily jumped back to the floor.

有一次，水流猛烈地冲击着玻璃，溅湿了我，我不由自主地跳回到地板上。

“Don't be afraid,” said grandmother, and lifting me lightly in her kind arms, restored me to my place on the bundles.

“别害怕，”祖母说着，轻轻把我在她慈祥的臂弯里抱起，放回到捆扎的行李上。

A gray, moist fog brooded over the water; —

一层灰蒙蒙的潮雾笼罩着水面。 —

from time to time a shadowy land was visible in the distance, only to be obscured again by the fog and the foam. —

不时地，远处能看见一片隐约的陆地，但很快又被雾气和海浪遮蔽了。 —

Everything about us seemed to vibrate, except my mother who, with her hands folded behind her head, leaned against the wall fixed and still, with a face that was grim and hard as iron, and as expressionless. —

我们周围所有的事物都似乎在振动，唯独我的母亲站在那里，双手交叉放在脑后，靠在墙壁上，一动不动，脸上铁青坚硬，没有表情。 —

Standing thus, mute, with closed eyes, she appeared to me as an absolute stranger.

她这样站着，无言，闭着眼睛，对我却仿佛是一个完全陌生的人。

Her very frock was unfamiliar to me.

连她的裙子对我都感到陌生。

More than once grandmother said to her softly “Varia, won't you have something to eat?”

祖母好几次轻声对她说，“瓦利娅，你不吃点东西吗？”

My mother neither broke the silence nor stirred from her position.

我母亲既不打破沉默，也不离开她的位置。

Grandmother spoke to me in whispers, but to my mother she spoke aloud, and at the same time cautiously and timidly, and very seldom. —

祖母对我低声细语，对母亲则大声地、谨慎地、而且很少地说话。 —

I thought she was afraid of her, which was quite intelligible, and seemed to draw us closer together.

我觉得她害怕她，这很容易理解，似乎使我们之间更亲密了。

“Saratov!” loudly and fiercely exclaimed my mother with startling suddenness. —

“萨拉托夫！”我母亲突然大声而激烈地喊道。 —

“Where is the sailor?”

“水手在哪里？”

Strange, new words to me! Saratov? Sailor?

对我来说，这些陌生的、新的词语！萨拉托夫？海员？

A broad-shouldered, gray-headed individual dressed in blue now entered, carrying a small box which grandmother took from him, and in which she proceeded to place the body of my brother.

—  
一个穿着蓝色衣服的宽肩膀、灰发的个体走进来，拿着一个小盒子，祖母接过盒子，把我哥哥的尸体放进去。 —

Having done this she bore the box and its burden to the door on her outstretched hands; but, alas! —

她把盒子和里面的东西拿到门口，但是，唉！ —

being so stout she could only get through the narrow doorway of the cabin sideways, and now halted before it in ludicrous uncertainty.

她很肥胖，只能侧身通过小屋门的窄门口，现在在门口尴尬地停下来。

“Really, Mama!” exclaimed my mother impatiently, taking the tiny coffin from her. —

“真的，妈妈！”我母亲不耐烦地接过那个小小的棺材。 —

Then they both disappeared, while I stayed behind in the cabin regarding the man in blue.

于是她们俩都消失了，而我留在小屋里看着那个穿蓝色衣服的人。

“Well, mate, so the little brother has gone?” he said, bending down to me.

“好吧，伙计，小弟弟走了？”他弯下腰对我说。

“Who are you?”

“你是谁？”

“I am a sailor.”

“我是海员。”

“And who is Saratov?”

“萨拉托夫是谁？”

“Saratov is a town. Look out of the window. There it is!”

萨拉托夫是一个城镇。看窗外。就是那里！”

Observed from the window, the land seemed to oscillate; —  
从窗户看去，陆地似乎在摇晃； —

and revealing itself obscurely and in a fragmentary fashion, as it lay steaming in the fog, it reminded me of a large piece of bread just cut off a hot loaf.

在雾气中，以模糊和片段的方式呈现出来，看起来像一块割下来的热面包。

“Where has grandmother gone to?”

“奶奶去哪了？”

“To bury her little grandson.”

“去埋她的小孙子。”

“Are they going to bury him in the ground?”

“他们要把他埋在地里吗？”

“Yes, of course they are.”

“是的，当然他们会。”

I then told the sailor about the live frogs that had been buried with my father.

“然后我告诉了船员我父亲被埋葬时和他一起埋下去的活青蛙。”

He lifted me up, and hugging and kissing me, cried, “Oh, my poor little fellow, you don’t understand. —

他把我抱起来，紧紧抱着我，亲吻我，哭着说，“哦，可怜的小家伙，你不明白。 —

It is not the frogs who are to be pitied, but your mother. —

可怜的不是那些青蛙，而是你的母亲。 —

Think how she is bowed down by her sorrow.”

想想她因悲伤而弯曲的身躯。”

Then came a resounding howl overhead. —

接着传来一声巨大的嚎叫声。 —

Having already learned that it was the steamer which made this noise, I was not afraid; —  
我已经知道这声音是轮船发出的，所以并不害怕； —

but the sailor hastily set me down on the floor and darted away, exclaiming, "I must run!"  
但船员匆忙把我放在地板上，然后匆忙离开，大喊，“我必须走了！”

The desire to escape seized me. I ventured out of the door. —  
我被逃跑的欲望抓住了。我冒险走出门外。 —

The dark, narrow space outside was empty, and not far away shone the brass on the steps of the staircase. —  
黑暗狭窄的空间外面空无一人，不远处闪着楼梯上的黄铜。 —

Glancing upwards, I saw people with wallets and bundles in their hands, evidently going off the boat. —  
抬头一望，我看到手里拿着钱包和包裹的人们，显然要离开船。 —

This meant that I must go off too.  
这意味着我也必须下船。

But when I appeared in front of the gangway, amidst the crowd of peasants, they all began to yell at me.  
但当我出现在舷梯前，站在一群农民中间时，他们都开始对我大喊。

"Who does he belong to? Who do you belong to?"  
“他是谁的？你属于谁？”。

No one knew.  
没有人知道。

For a long time they jostled and shook and poked me about, until the gray-haired sailor appeared and seized me, with the explanation:  
他们推搡着我，摇晃着我，戳我很久，直到那位头发花白的水手出现，抓住我，解释道：

"It is the Astrakhan boy from the cabin."  
“这是舱房里的阿斯特拉罕男孩。”

And he ran off with me to the cabin, deposited me on the bundles and went away, shaking his finger at me, as he threatened, "I'll give you something!"  
“然后他把我拿到舱房，把我放在捆绑物上，然后走开，摇着手指警告我说，‘我会给你点教训！’”

The noise overhead became less and less. —

船上头顶的噪音渐渐变小了。 —

The boat had ceased to vibrate, or to be agitated by the motion of the water. —

船停止了振动，水也不再泛起涟漪。 —

The window of the cabin was shut in by damp walls; within it was dark, and the air was stifling.

—

舱房的窗户被潮湿的墙壁挡住；里面漆黑一片，空气令人窒息。 —

It seemed to me that the very bundles grew larger and began to press upon me; —

我感觉到捆绑物变得更大，开始挤压我； —

it was all horrible, and I began to wonder if I was going to be left alone forever in that empty boat.

一切都很可怕，我开始想着我是否会永远被留在那艘空荡荡的船上。

I went to the door, but it would not open; —

我走到门口，但它不肯开； —

the brass handle refused to turn, so I took a bottle of milk and with all my force struck at it. —

黄铜把手拒绝转动，于是我拿起一瓶牛奶，全力打了过去。 —

The only result was that the bottle broke and the milk spilled over my legs, and trickled into my boots. —

唯一的結果就是瓶子碎裂了，牛奶倾泻在我的腿上，并流进了我的靴子里。 —

Crushed by this failure, I threw myself on the bundles crying softly, and so fell asleep.

受挫后，我软声哭泣着，扑倒在捆绑物上，继而入睡。

When I awoke the boat was again in motion, and the window of the cabin shone like the sun.

当我醒来时，船又开始移动了，舱房的窗户照亮得像太阳一样。

Grandmother, sitting near me, was combing her hair and muttering something with knitted brow. —

坐在我旁边的祖母正在梳理头发，皱着眉头喃喃自语着。 —

She had an extraordinary amount of hair which fell over her shoulders and breast to her knees, and even touched the floor. —

她有着非凡的一大把头发，长及肩膀、胸前，直至膝盖，甚至触及地面。 —

It was blue-black. Lifting it up from the floor with one hand and holding it with difficulty, she introduced an almost toothless wooden comb into its thick strands. —

它是蓝黑色的。她一手将它从地板上抬起，费力地用木梳插进浓密的发丝中。 —

Her lips were twisted, her dark eyes sparkled fiercely, while her face, encircled in that mass of hair, looked comically small. —

她的嘴唇扭曲，深邃的黑眼睛闪着凶猛的光芒，而她那被头发围绕着的脸，看起来滑稽地小。 —

Her expression was almost malignant, but when I asked her why she had such long hair she answered in her usual mellow, tender voice:

她的表情几乎是邪恶的，但当我问她为什么长了这么长的头发时，她用她那典型的温柔嗓音回答：

“Surely God gave it to me as a punishment... . Even when it is combed, just look at it! . —

“这应该是上帝给我的惩罚。... 即使梳了发，你看看！。 —

. . . When I was young I was proud of my mane, but now I am old I curse it. —

. . . 年轻时我为我的头发骄傲，但现在老了，我诅咒它。 —

But you go to sleep. It is quite early. The sun has only just risen.”

你去睡觉吧。现在还很早。太阳刚刚升起。”

“But I don't want to go to sleep again.”

“但我不想再睡觉。”

“Very well, then don't go to sleep,” she agreed at once, plaiting her hair and glancing at the berth on which my mother lay rigid, with upturned face. —

“好吧，那就别睡觉了”，她马上同意了，把头发编成辫子，看着我妈妈僵硬地躺在铺位上，脸朝上。 —

“How did you smash that bottle last evening? —

“昨晚你怎么弄破了那瓶子？ —

Tell me about it quietly.”

轻声告诉我。”

So she always talked, using such peculiarly harmonious words that they took root in my memory like fragrant, bright, everlasting flowers. —

她总是用奇异地和谐的措辞交谈，这些词汇像芬芳明亮的永恒之花一样，在我的记忆中生根发芽。 —

When she smiled the pupils of her dark, luscious eyes dilated and beamed with an inexpressible charm, and her strong white teeth gleamed cheerfully. —

她笑起来时，那双深邃、丰盈的眼睛的瞳孔扩大，散发着难以言喻的魅力，她的洁白牙齿欢快地闪烁着。 —

Apart from her multitudinous wrinkles and her swarthy complexion, she had a youthful and brilliant appearance. —

除了她众多的皱纹和黑黝黝的肤色，她看起来年轻而明亮。 —

What spoiled her was her bulbous nose, with its distended nostrils, and red lips, caused by her habit of taking pinches of snuff from her black snuff-box mounted with silver, and by her fondness for drink. —

毁坏她形象的是她那肿胀的鼻子，鼻孔张大，和因为嗅黑鼻烟盒上镶嵌着银的习惯，以及酗酒导致的红唇。 —

Everything about her was dark, but within she was luminous with an inextinguishable, joyful and ardent flame, which revealed itself in her eyes. —

她的一切都是黑暗的，但她内心却闪耀着一团无法熄灭的、快乐而热烈的火焰，这火焰在她的眼睛中展示出来。 —

Although she was bent, almost humpbacked, in fact, she moved lightly and softly, for all the world like a huge cat, and was just as gentle as that caressing animal.

虽然她驮着驼背，几乎就像驼背一样，但她轻盈而柔软地移动着，就像一只巨大的猫，就像那温柔动物一样。

Until she came into my life I seemed to have been asleep, and hidden away in obscurity; —  
直到她进入我的生活前，我似乎一直在沉睡中，隐藏在末路。 —

but when she appeared she woke me and led me to the light of day.

但当她出现时，她唤醒了，并领我走向光明的白天。

Connecting all my impressions by a single thread, she wove them into a pattern of many colors, thus making herself my friend for life, the being nearest my heart, the dearest and best known of all; —

她用一根线将我所有的印象连接在一起，把它们编织成了许多色彩，从而使自己成为我终生的朋友，我心中最亲近、最熟悉的人； —

while her disinterested love for all creation enriched me, and built up the strength needful for a hard life.

她对所有创造物的无私爱，使我得到了丰富，积聚了艰难生活所需的力量。



Forty years ago boats traveled slowly; —

四十年前，船只行驶得很慢； —

we were a long time getting to Nijni, and I shall never forget those days almost overlaid with beauty.

我们花了很长时间才到达尼日尼，那些几乎被美丽压倒的日子我将永远难以忘怀。

Good weather had set in. From morning till night I was on the deck with grandmother, under a clear sky, gliding between the autumn-gilded shores of the Volga, without hurry, lazily; —

天气晴朗了。从早到晚，我都和奶奶一起在甲板上，在湛蓝的天空下，在伏尔加河秋色铺满的两岸之间缓缓滑行，毫不匆忙，悠然自得； —

and, with many resounding groans, as she rose and fell on the gray-blue water, a barge attached by a long rope was being drawn along by the bright red steamer. —

在灿烂的红色轮船的拖曳下，一只用长绳系在一起的驳船在灰蓝色的水面上拉动，发出许多响亮的嘶声。 —

The barge was gray, and reminded me of a wood-louse.

驳船是灰色的，让我想起了一只蚜虫。

Unperceived, the sun floated over the Volga. Every hour we were in the midst of fresh scenes; —

太阳在伏尔加河上悄然浮动。每小时我们置身于新的景色之中； —

the green hills rose up like rich folds on earth's sumptuous vesture; —

翠绿的山丘像地球奢侈服装上的丰富褶皱般屹立； —

on the shore stood towns and villages; the golden autumn leaves floated on the water.

岸边耸立着城镇和村庄；金黄的秋叶漂浮在水面上。

"Look how beautiful it all is!" grandmother exclaimed every minute, going from one side of the boat to the other, with a radiant face, and eyes wide with joy. —

“看，这一切多美啊！”奶奶每时每刻都在欣喜地从船的这一边到另一边走动，脸上洋溢着光芒，眼睛中充满了喜悦。 —

Very often, gazing at the shore, she would forget me; —

她经常凝视着岸边，会忘记了我； —

she would stand on the deck, her hands folded on her breast, smiling and in silence, with her eyes full of tears. —

她会站在甲板上，双手交叠在胸前，微笑着默默地，眼里充满了泪水。 —

I would tug at her skirt of dark, sprigged linen.

我会拉她那件深色绣花亚麻裙的边缘。

“Ah!” she would exclaim, starting. “I must have fallen asleep, and begun to dream.”

“啊！”她会惊叹一声。“我一定是睡着了，开始做梦了。”

“But why are you crying?”

“但是你为什么哭呢？”

“For joy and for old age, my dear,” she would reply, smiling. —

“为了欢乐，为了年迈，亲爱的，”她笑着回答道。 —

“I am getting old, you know sixty years have passed over my head.”

“我变老了，你知道吗？六十年已经在我头顶上飞逝。”

And taking a pinch of snuff, she would begin to tell me some wonderful stories about kind-hearted brigands, holy people, and all sorts of wild animals and evil spirits.

拿起一大捏鼻烟，她就开始给我讲一些关于好心的强盗、圣洁的人和各种野兽以及邪恶的灵魂的精彩故事。

She would tell me these stories softly, mysteriously, with her face close to mine, fixing me with her dilated eyes, thus actually infusing into me the strength which was growing within me. —

她会轻声、神秘地给我讲述这些故事，她的脸凑近我的脸，用她敞开的眼睛凝视着我，从而实际上向我注入了正在我内心蓬勃生长的力量。 —

The longer she spoke, or rather sang, the more melodiously flowed her words. —

她说得越长，或者更确切地说唱得越顺畅，她的话语就越悦耳动听。 —

It was inexpressibly pleasant to listen to her.

聆听她的讲述无比惬意。

I would listen and beg for another, and this is what I got: —

“我一直在倾听并乞求她再讲一个故事，而这就是我得到的： —

“In the stove there lives an old goblin; —

“炉子里住着一只老小精灵； —

once he got a splinter into his paw, and rocked to and fro whimpering, ‘Oh, little mice, it hurts very much; —

有一次他被一根刺扎到了爪子上，便来回摇晃着发出呜咽声，‘哦，小老鼠，真的很疼； —

oh, little mice, I can't bear it!' ”

哦，小老鼠，我受不了！”

Raising her foot, she took it in her hands and wagged it from side to side, wrinkling up her face so funnily, just as if she herself had been hurt.

她抬起脚，用手接住它，来回晃动，皱起脸来，看起来非常滑稽，就好像她自己受伤了一样。

The sailors who stood round bearded, good-natured men listening and laughing, and praising the stories, would say:

站在旁边的水手们都是络腮胡子、心地善良的人，他们边听边笑，赞美着这些故事，说道：

“Now, Grandmother, give us another.”

“现在，奶奶，再给我们讲一个。”

Afterwards they would say:

之后他们会说：

“Come and have supper with us.”

“一起来和我们吃晚餐吧。”

At supper they regaled her with vodka, and me with water-melon; —

晚餐上，他们用伏特加款待她，用西瓜款待我； —

this they did secretly, for there went to and from the boat a man who forbade the eating of fruit, and used to take it away and throw it in the river. —

这是他们偷偷做的，因为船上有一个男人禁止吃水果，经常拿走水果扔进河里。 —

He was dressed like an official, and was always drunk; —

他穿着官服，总是醉醺醺的； —

people kept out of his sight.

人们都躲着不让他看见。

On rare occasions my mother came on deck, and stood on the side farthest from us. —

偶尔，我妈妈也会出现在甲板上，站在离我们最远的一侧。 —

She was always silent. Her large, well-formed body, her grim face, her heavy crown of plaited, shining hair all about her was compact and solid, and she appeared to me as if she were enveloped in a fog or a transparent cloud, out of which she looked unamiably with her gray eyes, which were as large as grandmother's.

她总是沉默的。她那庞大、端庄的身躯，那张严肃的脸，那一头扎成辫子、闪闪发亮的头发让她看起来像一团坚实的雾气或透明的云雾之中，灰色的眼睛像外婆一样大。

Once she exclaimed sternly:

有一次，她严厉地说道：

“People are laughing at you, Mama!”

“人们正在嘲笑你，妈妈！”

“God bless them!” answered grandmother, quite unconcerned. —

“愿上帝保佑他们！”外婆毫不在意地回答道。 —

“Let them laugh, and good luck to 'em.”

“让他们笑吧，祝他们好运”。

I remember the childish joy grandmother showed at the sight of Nijni. Taking my hand, she dragged me to the side, crying:

我记得外婆在看到尼日时展现的孩子般的喜悦。拉着我的手，她拖着我走到船边，喊着：

“Look! Look how beautiful it is! That's Nijni, that is! —

“看！看那是多美啊！那就是尼日，就是那个！ —

There 's something heavenly about it. Look at the church too. Doesn't it seem to have wings'?

—

这里有一种天上的感觉。再看看那座教堂。它似乎有翅膀一样”。 —

” And she turned to my mother, nearly weeping. —

”她转向我妈妈，几乎要哭了。 —

“Varusha, look, won't you?

“娃儿，你看看，行不行？”

Come here! You seem to have forgotten all about it. Can't you show a little gladness?”

快过来！你好像已经忘了吧。你能表现出一点喜悦吗？”

My mother, with a frown, smiled bitterly.

我妈妈带着愁苦的微笑皱着眉头。

When the boat arrived outside the beautiful town between two rivers blocked by vessels, and bristling with hundreds of slender masts, a large boat containing many people was drawn alongside it. —

当船靠近两条河流之间的美丽小镇，周围停满了数百只修长的桅杆，被一些船只挡住时，一艘容纳着许多人的大船靠了过来。 —