

【契科夫小说集卷3】

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...

契科夫 著

目 录

PANIC FEARS (恐慌恐惧)

SORROW (悲伤)

ON OFFICIAL DUTY (值勤中)

THE FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER
(头等舱乘客)

A TRAGIC ACTOR (一个悲惨的
演员)

A TRANSGRESSION (一次过
错)

SMALL FRY (小鱼)

THE REQUIEM (安魂曲)

IN THE COACH-HOUSE (车马房
中)

THE CATTLE-DEALERS (牲畜交
易商)

THE BET (赌注)

THE HEAD-GARDENER'S
STORY (园艺主管的故事)

THE BEAUTIES (美丽的事物)
THE SHOEMAKER AND THE
DEVIL (鞋匠和恶魔)
THE WIFE (妻子)
DIFFICULT PEOPLE (难缠的人)
THE GRASSHOPPER (蚱蜢)
THE CHEMIST'S WIFE (药剂师
的妻子)
THE DUEL (决斗)
PUSHKIN. (普希金)
EXCELLENT PEOPLE (优秀的人
们)
MIRE (看着)
NEIGHBOURS (邻居们)
AT HOME (在家)
EXPENSIVE LESSONS (昂贵的
教训)
THE PRINCESS (公主)
THE STEPPE The Story of a
Journey (草原之旅)

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS (校
长)

A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN (紧
张崩溃)

MISERY “To whom shall I tell my
grief?” (痛苦“我该向谁倾诉我的
悲伤”)

CHAMPAGNE A WAYFARER’S
STORY (香槟一位流浪者的故
事)

AFTER THE THEATRE (剧院
后)

A LADY’S STORY (一个女士的
故事)

IN EXILE (在流亡)

DURING all the years I have been living in this world I have only three times been terrified.

在我生活在这个世界上的所有年份里，我只有三次感到恐惧过。

The first real terror, which made my hair stand on end and made shivers run all over me, was caused by a trivial but strange phenomenon. —

第一次真正让我毛骨悚然，

使我浑身颤栗的恐惧，是由一个微不足道但古怪的现象引起的。 —

It happened that, having nothing to do one July evening, I drove to the station for the newspapers. —

有一天七月的晚上，我无事可做，便开车去车站拿报纸。 —

It was a still, warm, almost sultry evening, like all those monotonous evenings in

July which, when once they have set in, go on for a week, a fortnight, or sometimes longer, in regular unbroken succession, and are suddenly cut short by a violent thunderstorm and a lavish downpour of rain that refreshes everything for a long time.

那是一个无风无浪、温暖几乎闷热的夜晚，就像七月里所有那些单调的夜晚一样，一旦开始，就会连续一个星

期、两个星期，有时候更长，然后被一场猛烈的雷雨和倾盆大雨突然打断，为一段时间让一切清新起来。

The sun had set some time before, and an unbroken gray dusk lay all over the land. —

太阳在一段时间之前已经落山了，整个大地笼罩着一片灰蒙蒙的黄昏。 —

The mawkishly sweet scents of the grass and flowers were heavy in the

motionless, stagnant air.

草地和花朵那种令人作呕的甜腻气味，在静止、停滞的空气中扑鼻而来。

I was driving in a rough trolley. Behind my back the gardener's son Pashka, a boy of eight years old, whom I had taken with me to look after the horse in case of necessity, was gently snoring, with his head on a sack of oats. —
我坐在一辆粗糙的手推车

上。站在我背后的园丁的儿子Pashka，一个八岁的男孩，我带他一起来，让他照看马，以防万一，他静静地打着呼噜，脑袋枕在一袋燕麦上。 —

Our way lay along a narrow by-road, straight as a ruler, which lay hid like a great snake in the tall thick rye. —
我们的道路沿着一条窄窄的小路，笔直如一把尺，藏身在高高的浓密麦田中，就像一条大蛇一样。 —

There was a pale light from the afterglow of sunset; —
夕阳的余晖中有一抹淡淡的光芒； —

a streak of light cut its way through a narrow, uncouth-looking cloud, which seemed sometimes like a boat and sometimes like a man wrapped in a quilt....

一道光线划破了一块窄窄的、形状粗糙的云，有时看起来像一只船，有时又像一个裹在被子里的人.....

I had driven a mile and a half, or two miles, when against the pale background of the evening glow there came into sight one after another some graceful tall poplars; — 我驾驶了一英里半，或两英里，对着黄昏余晖的浅色背景，一个接着一个，优雅的高大杨树出现在眼前； — a river glimmered beyond them, and a gorgeous picture suddenly, as though

by magic, lay stretched
before me. —

一条河在它们的后面闪烁，
一个华丽的画面就像魔术般
出现在我面前展开。 —

I had to stop the horse, for
our straight road broke off
abruptly and ran down a
steep incline overgrown with
bushes. —

我不得不停下马，因为我们
笔直的道路突然中断，沿着
一条丛生着灌木的陡坡而
下。 —

We were standing on the hillside and beneath us at the bottom lay a huge hole full of twilight, of fantastic shapes, and of space. —

我们停在了山坡上，在我们脚下是一个巨大的洞，充满了黄昏、奇异的形态和空间。 —

At the bottom of this hole, in a wide plain guarded by the poplars and caressed by the gleaming river, nestled a village. —

在这个洞的底部，在由杨树
守护着、被闪光河水抚摸着
的广阔平原上，躺着一个村
庄。 —

It was now sleeping.... Its
huts, its church with the
belfry, its trees, stood out
against the gray twilight and
were reflected darkly in the
smooth surface of the river.

它们睡着了.....它的小屋，
它的教堂和钟楼，它的树，
在灰色的黄昏中显得格外鲜

明，并在河面的平静表面上映出黑暗的倒影。

I waked Pashka for fear he should fall out and began cautiously going down.

我把帕什卡叫醒，担心他会掉下去，开始小心翼翼地下去。

“Have we got to Lukovo?” asked Pashka, lifting his head lazily.

“我们到卢科沃了吗？”帕什卡懒洋洋地抬起头问道。

“Yes. Hold the reins!...”

“是的。抓紧缰绳！...”

I led the horse down the hill
and looked at the village. —
我牵着马走下山，看着村子。 —

At the first glance one
strange circumstance
caught my attention: —
一开始，一个奇怪的细节引
起了我的注意： —

at the very top of the belfry,
in the tiny window between

the cupola and the bells, a light was twinkling. —

在钟楼的极顶，在圆顶和铃铛之间的小窗户里，有一点微弱的光在闪烁。 —

This light was like that of a smoldering lamp, at one moment dying down, at another flickering up. —

这光就像燃烧的灯，时而熄灭，时而闪烁。 —

What could it come from?
它是从哪里来的呢？

Its source was beyond my comprehension. It could not be burning at the window, for there were neither ikons nor lamps in the top turret of the belfry; —

它的来源让我无法理解。它不可能是在窗户上燃烧，因为钟楼的塔顶上既没有圣像也没有灯； —

there was nothing there, as I knew, but beams, dust, and spiders' webs. —

在我所知道的情况下，那里

什么都没有，只有梁、灰尘和蛛网。 —

It was hard to climb up into that turret, for the passage to it from the belfry was closely blocked up.

爬上那个塔顶是很困难的，因为从钟楼通往塔顶的通道是被严密封闭的。

It was more likely than anything else to be the reflection of some outside light, but though I strained my eyes to the utmost, I