

【战争与和平卷2】中英双语对照



第二部分：随着奥斯特利茨战役的展开，小说的视角转向战争。安德烈在战场上表现英勇，但最终负伤，经历了生死边缘的思考。皮埃尔则经历了一系列精神上的挣扎和变化，开始对生活和社会有了新的认识。同时，娜...莎·罗斯托娃的成长和她的家庭生活也是这部分的重要内容。这一部分通过战争与和平的对比，展示了人物内心的变化和成长。

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唐库学习 译

目 录

- Book 4 Chapter 1 (尼古拉回家探亲的喜悦重逢)
- Book 4 Chapter 2 (尼古拉·罗斯托夫在莫斯科的荣耀生活与英军俱乐部为巴格拉季昂举办的宴会)
- Book 4 Chapter 3 (英式俱乐部的盛大宴会)
- Book 4 Chapter 4 (皮埃尔的决斗)
- Book 4 Chapter 5 (雾中决斗：多洛霍夫的悔恨与母爱)
- Book 4 Chapter 6 (皮埃尔与妻子的决裂)
- Book 4 Chapter 7 (悲伤与希望：安德烈失踪的消息)
- Book 4 Chapter 8 (悲伤笼罩下的分娩之夜)
- Book 4 Chapter 9 (公主之死与新生儿的洗礼)
- Book 4 Chapter 10 (罗斯托夫家的战争与爱情)
- Book 4 Chapter 11 (圣诞假期的爱情纠葛)
- Book 4 Chapter 12 (莫斯科最欢乐的舞会：IOGEL'S舞会)
- Book 4 Chapter 13 (罗斯托夫的赌局困境与内心挣扎)
- Book 4 Chapter 14 (赌局失控：罗斯托夫的绝望之夜)
- Book 4 Chapter 15 (家中的诗意氛围与尼古拉的苦恼)
- Book 4 Chapter 16 (罗斯托夫的债务与情感纠葛)
- Book 5 Chapter 1 (皮埃尔在托尔若克车站的深刻反思)
- Book 5 Chapter 2 (与神秘共济会成员的深夜对话)
- Book 5 Chapter 3 (皮埃尔的自由共济会之旅)
- Book 5 Chapter 4 (皮埃尔的共济会入会仪式)
- Book 5 Chapter 5 (皮埃尔的新生之路与决裂)
- Book 5 Chapter 6 (皮埃尔的决斗与社交丑闻)
- Book 5 Chapter 7 (社交场合中的机智与权谋)
- Book 5 Chapter 8 (战争与家庭：博尔孔斯基家族的变故与挣扎)
- Book 5 Chapter 9 (战场上的苦楚与家庭的温情)
- Book 5 Chapter 10 (皮埃尔的自由主义改革与乡村巡视)
- Book 5 Chapter 11 (皮埃尔与安德烈的人生观辩论)
- Book 5 Chapter 12 (皮埃尔与安德烈的信仰对话)
- Book 5 Chapter 13 (黑暗中的信仰与误解)
- Book 5 Chapter 14 (皮埃尔与安德烈家族的温馨相聚)
- Book 5 Chapter 15 (罗斯托夫重返军队的感慨与决心)
- Book 5 Chapter 16 (丹尼索夫的冒险与军事法庭的威胁)
- Book 5 Chapter 17 (弗里德兰战役后的医院之行)
- Book 5 Chapter 18 (军官病房中的重逢与困境)

Book 5 Chapter 19 (鲍里斯和罗斯托夫在提尔西特的会面)

Book 5 Chapter 20 (尼古拉·罗斯托夫在蒂尔西特寻求皇帝帮助的经历)

Book 5 Chapter 21 (皇帝与拿破仑的会面及士兵的荣耀与困惑)

Book 6 Chapter 1 (皇帝会面与内心世界的沉思)

Book 6 Chapter 2 (春夜思绪：安德烈王子与娜塔莎的不期而遇)

Book 6 Chapter 3 (重生的春天：安德烈王子的心灵觉醒与生命重燃)

Book 6 Chapter 4 (博尔孔斯基在彼得堡的政治生涯与阿克拉切夫的会面)

Book 6 Chapter 5 (圣彼得堡的权力漩涡：安德烈亲王与斯佩兰斯基的交锋)

Book 6 Chapter 6 (圣彼得堡生活中的王子安德烈与斯佩兰斯基的相识)

Book 6 Chapter 7 (皮埃尔与共济会的矛盾与探索)

Book 6 Chapter 8 (皮埃尔的心灵挣扎与家庭和解)

Book 6 Chapter 9 (社交圈的光辉与阴影：艾伦与皮埃尔的复杂关系)

Book 6 Chapter 10 (皮埃尔的日记：内心挣扎与精神探索)

Book 6 Chapter 11 (罗斯托夫家的财务困境与伯格的求婚)

Book 6 Chapter 12 (娜塔莎与鲍里斯的重逢与纠葛)

Book 6 Chapter 13 (母女深夜谈心及娜塔莎的爱恋困惑)

Book 6 Chapter 14 (盛大舞会与罗斯托夫家的忙碌准备)

Book 6 Chapter 15 (娜塔莎的舞会初体验与安德烈的重逢)

Book 6 Chapter 16 (舞会上的娜塔莎与安德烈王子的邂逅)

Book 6 Chapter 17 (娜塔莎的舞会之夜)

Book 6 Chapter 18 (王子安德烈的心灵觉醒与失望)

Book 6 Chapter 19 (邂逅罗斯特家：安德烈王子的心灵觉醒)

Book 6 Chapter 20 (伯格家的晚会)

Book 6 Chapter 21 (皮埃尔观察到娜塔莎的变化与安德烈王子的关注)

Book 6 Chapter 22 (娜塔莎与安德烈王子的爱情萌芽)

Book 6 Chapter 23 (爱情与等待：安德烈与娜塔莎的订婚)

Book 6 Chapter 24 (爱情与离别：安德烈与娜塔莎的订婚故事)

Book 6 Chapter 25 (博尔孔斯基家族的家庭生活与信仰)

Book 6 Chapter 26 (公主玛丽亚的信仰与内心挣扎)

Book 7 Chapter 1 (尼古拉的归乡与家庭生活)

Book 7 Chapter 2 (尼古拉处理家务事的烦恼与放弃)

Book 7 Chapter 3 (秋季狩猎的激情与准备)

Book 7 Chapter 4 (老伯爵与狩猎队伍的冒险)

Book 7 Chapter 5 (尼古拉伊·罗斯托夫与狼群的较量)

Book 7 Chapter 6 (狩猎场上的紧张与竞争)

Book 7 Chapter 7 (乡村夜晚的欢乐时光)

Book 7 Chapter 8 (家庭困境与爱情纠葛：罗斯托夫家的挑战与抉择)

Book 7 Chapter 9 (圣诞节的思念与渴望)

Book 7 Chapter 10 (怀旧与梦幻：罗斯托夫家的圣诞夜)

Book 7 Chapter 11 (假面舞会与命运的尝试)

Book 7 Chapter 12 (月光下的爱恋与神秘预言)

Book 7 Chapter 13 (尼古拉与索尼娅的爱情困境及家庭纷争)

Book 8 Chapter 1 (皮埃尔的茫然与逃避)

Book 8 Chapter 2 (莫斯科的冬天：博尔孔斯基家的困境与公主玛丽亚的牺牲)

Book 8 Chapter 3 (莫斯科的法国医生与尼古拉伊奇王子的冲突)

Book 8 Chapter 4 (公主玛丽亚的心事与皮埃尔的对话)

Book 8 Chapter 5 (鲍里斯在莫斯科的求爱与婚姻抉择)

Book 8 Chapter 6 (罗斯托夫一家抵达莫斯科并暂住阿罗斯季莫夫家)

Book 8 Chapter 7 (拜访尼古拉耶维奇王子的尴尬经历)

Book 8 Chapter 8 (那晚的歌剧之旅)

Book 8 Chapter 9 (剧院之夜：娜塔莎的陶醉与邂逅)

Book 8 Chapter 10 (歌剧魅影：娜塔莎与阿纳托尔的邂逅)

Book 8 Chapter 11 (阿纳托尔·库拉金的莫斯科生活与风流韵事)

Book 8 Chapter 12 (玛丽亚·德米特里耶夫娜的秘密讨论与娜塔莎的担忧)

Book 8 Chapter 13 (娜塔莎的困惑与爱恋)

Book 8 Chapter 14 (娜塔莎的纠结与选择)

Book 8 Chapter 15 (索尼娅与娜塔莎的深夜对话及秘密计划)

Book 8 Chapter 16 (多洛霍夫策划的娜塔莎·罗斯托娃绑架计划)

Book 8 Chapter 17 (离别之夜的冒险与逃亡)

Book 8 Chapter 18 (玛丽亚·德米特里耶夫娜揭露索尼娅的泪水之谜)

Book 8 Chapter 19 (皮埃尔的矛盾与娜塔莎的绝望)

Book 8 Chapter 20 (皮埃尔与阿纳托尔的对峙)

Book 8 Chapter 21 (皮埃尔报告玛丽亚·德米特里耶夫娜库拉金被驱逐的消息，同时娜塔莎因服用砒而病重)

Book 8 Chapter 22 (皮埃尔的柔情与新生)

AT THE BEGINNING of the year 1806, Nikolay Rostov was coming home on leave. —
在1806年年初，尼古拉·罗斯托夫正在休假期间回家。 —

Denisov, too, was going home to Voronezh, and Rostov persuaded him to go with him to Moscow and to pay him a visit there. —

德尼索夫也要回家去沃罗涅日，罗斯托夫劝说他与自己一起去莫斯科，并在那里拜访他。 —

Denisov met his comrade at the last posting station but one, drank three bottles of wine with him, and, in spite of the jolting of the road on the journey to Moscow, slept soundly lying at the bottom of the posting sledge beside Rostov, who grew more and more impatient, as they got nearer to Moscow.

德尼索夫在倒数第二个换马站与他的战友碰面，与他一起喝了三瓶葡萄酒，尽管在去莫斯科的路上颠簸不已，他却在罗斯托夫的马车底部安静地睡着了，罗斯托夫变得越来越不耐烦，因为他们离莫斯科越来越近。

“Will it come soon? Soon? Oh, these insufferable streets, bunshops, street lamps, and sledge drivers! —

“它会很快来吗？快点？哦，这些讨厌的街道、面包店、街灯和马车夫！”当他们在城门处出示文件，并驶入莫斯科时，罗斯托夫这样想。 —

” thought Rostov, when they had presented their papers at the town gates and were driving into Moscow.

“德尼索夫，我们到了！醒醒！”他一直说着，像是希望通过这个姿势来加快马车的前进速度。

“Denisov, we're here! Asleep!” he kept saying, flinging his whole person forward as though by that position he hoped to hasten the progress of the sledge. —

德尼索夫没有回应。 —

Denisov made no response.

“这是交叉路口的拐角处，Zahar那个马车夫常常站在那里；

“Here's the corner of the cross-roads, where Zahar the sledge-driver used to stand; —
我们已经到了！醒醒！” —

and here is Zahar, too, and still the same horse. —

这里还有扎哈，还有同样的马。 —

And here's the little shop where we used to buy cakes. —

这里是我们过去买蛋糕的小店。 —

Make haste! Now!”

快点！现在！

“Which house is it?” asked the driver.

“是哪一座房子？” 驾驶员问道。

“Over there, at the end, the big one; how is it you don't see it? —

“就在那边，最后面那座大房子；你怎么没看到？” —

That's our house,” Rostov kept saying; —

那是我们的房子，”罗斯托夫不断重复着；—

“that's our house, of course.”

“当然，那是我们的房子。”

“Denisov! Denisov! we shall be there in a minute.”

“德尼索夫！德尼索夫！我们再过一分钟就到了。”

Denisov raised his head, cleared his throat, and said nothing.

德尼索夫抬起头，清了清嗓子，什么也没说。

“Dmitry,” said Rostov to his valet on the box, “surely that light is home?”

“德米特里，”罗斯托夫对坐在车厢上的贴身仆人说，“那个灯肯定是家里的灯吧？”

“To be sure it is; it's the light in your papa's study, too.”

“当然是；那也是你爸爸书房里的灯。”

“They've not gone to bed yet? Eh? What do you think?”

“他们还没睡觉吧？嗯？你觉得呢？”

“Mind now, don't forget to get me out my new tunic,” added Rostov, fingering his new moustaches.

“注意了，别忘了给我带上新制服。”罗斯托夫补充道，用手指摩挲着自己的新胡须。

“Come, get on,” he shouted to the driver. —

“走吧，司机，赶紧。”他对司机喊道。 —

“And do wake up, Vasya,” he said to Denisov, who had begun nodding again.

“快醒醒，瓦西亚，”他对德尼索夫说，后者又开始打瞌睡了。

“Come, get on, three silver roubles for vodka—get on! —

“过来，上来，三个银卢布换伏特加——过来！” —

” shouted Rostov, when they were only three houses from the entrance. —

还差三座房子就到门口时，罗斯托夫大声喊道。 —

It seemed to him that the horses were not moving. —

对他来说马车像是一动不动的。 —

At last the sledge turned to the right into the approach, Rostov saw the familiar cornice with the broken plaster overhead, the steps, the lamp-post. —

终于，雪橇转向右侧进入了通道，罗斯托夫看到了那熟悉的破石膏檐口、台阶和路灯。 —

He jumped out of the sledge while it was moving and ran into the porch. —

雪橇还在移动中，他跳出来跑进门廊。 —

The house stood so inhospitably, as though it were no concern of its who had come into it. —

这座房子看起来是如此不友好，仿佛谁进来都与它无关。 —

There was no one in the porch. "My God! is everything all right? —

门廊里没有人。“天哪！一切都好吗？” —

"wondered Rostov, stopping for a moment with a sinking heart, and then running on again along the porch and up the familiar, crooked steps. —

罗斯托夫心里忐忑地停了一会儿，接着继续沿着门廊跑上了熟悉而崎岖的台阶。 —

Still the same door handle, the dirtiness of which so often angered the countess, turned in the same halting fashion. —

还是那把门把手，尽管脏得总是惹怒女伯爵，依旧卡住。 —

In the hall there was a single tallow candle burning.

大厅里只有一支蜡烛在燃烧。

Old Mihailo was asleep on his perch.

老米哈伊洛正坐在他的高位上睡觉。

Prokofy, the footman, a man so strong that he had lifted up a carriage, was sitting there in his list shoes. —

普罗科菲是个使劲抬起马车的壮汉，此刻他穿着油靴坐在那里。 —

He glanced towards the opening door and his expression of sleepy indifference was suddenly transformed into one of frightened ecstasy.

他看向敞开的门，睡意朦胧的表情突然变成了惊恐的喜悦。

"Merciful Heavens! The young count!" he cried, recognising his young master. "Can it be? —

“天哪！是年轻的伯爵！”他惊叫道，认出了年轻的主人。“真的吗，亲爱的？”普罗科菲激动地问道，冲向客厅门，可能是想去通报他； —

my darling?" And Prokofy, shaking with emotion, made a dash towards the drawing-room door, probably with the view of announcing him; —

但显然他改变了主意，因为他回来了，扑到了年轻的主人肩上。 —

but apparently he changed his mind, for he came back and fell on his young master's shoulder. "一切都好吗?"罗斯托夫问道，把手从他身上拿开。

"All well?" asked Rostov, pulling his hand away from him.

"谢天谢地，是的！一切都好，谢天谢地！刚刚吃完晚饭！"

"Thank God, yes! All, thank God! Only just finished supper! —

"让我看看你，阁下！" —

Let me have a look at you, your excellency!"

"一切都很好吗?"

"Everything perfectly all right?"

"谢天谢地，是的，谢天谢地！"

"Thank God, yes, thank God!"

罗斯托夫完全忘记了德尼索夫，扔掉皮大衣，担心别人为他准备好道路，他踮起脚尖跑进了大大的、黑暗的接待厅。

Rostov, completely forgetting Denisov, flung off his fur coat and, anxious that no one should prepare the way for him, he ran on tip-toe into the big, dark reception-hall. —

感谢机器人，你没事真好！让我看看你，阁下！ —

Everything was the same, the same card-tables, the same candelabra with a cover over it, but some one had already seen the young master, and he had not reached the drawing-room when from a side door something swooped headlong, like a storm upon him, and began hugging and kissing him. —

一切都一样，同样是桌上的纸牌和有罩子的餐台，但是有人已经见到了年轻的主人，他还没有到达客厅，一个像暴风雨般扑向他的东西从侧门中猛扑而来，开始拥抱和亲吻他。 —

A second and a third figure dashed in at a second door and at a third; —

第二个和第三个人从第二个门和第三个门冲进来； —

more huggings, more kisses, more outcries and tears of delight. —

更多的拥抱、亲吻、喊叫和欢乐的泪水。 —

He could not distinguish where and which was papa, which was Natasha, and which was Petya. All were screaming and talking and kissing him at the same moment. —

他分不清爸爸在哪里，娜塔莎在哪里，彼得在哪里。所有人都在同时尖叫、说话和亲吻他。 —

Only his mother was not among them, that he remembered.

只有他的母亲不在其中，他记得这一点。

“And I never knew... Nikolenka ... my darling!”

“我从来不知道……尼科连卡……我亲爱的！”

“Here he is ... our boy ... my darling Kolya.... Isn't he changed! Where are the candles? Tea!”

“他在这里……我们的孩子……我亲爱的科利亚……他变了！蜡烛在哪里？茶！”

“Kiss me too!”

“也给我一个吻！”

“Dearest ... and me too.”

“最亲爱的……也给我一个吻。”

Sonya, Natasha, Petya, Anna Mihalovna, Vera, and the old count were all hugging him; —
索尼娅、娜塔莎、彼得、安娜·米哈洛夫娜、维拉和老伯爵都在拥抱着他。 —

and the servants and the maids flocked into the room with talk and outcries.

仆人和女仆们拥入房间，议论纷纷。

Petya hung on his legs.

彼得紧紧抓住他的腿。

“Me too!” he kept shouting.

“我也是！”他不断喊着。

Natasha, after pulling him down to her and kissing his face all over, skipped back from him and, keeping her hold of his jacket, pranced like a goat up and down in the same place uttering shrill shrieks of delight.

娜塔莎把他拉到她身边，在他脸上接连亲吻了起来，然后从他身边跳开，牢牢抓住他的夹克，像山羊一样在原地跳跃，发出尖锐的喜悦声。

All round him were loving eyes shining with tears of joy, all round were lips seeking kisses.

他周围都是爱意满满的泪眼和寻觅亲吻的双唇。

Sonya too, as red as crimson baize, clung to his arm and beamed all over, gazing blissfully at his eyes for which she had so long been waiting. —

索尼娅也像红得发紫的呢呢布一样紧紧抓住他的胳膊，欣喜若狂地注视着他的眼睛，她已经等了那么久。 —

Sonya was just sixteen and she was very pretty, especially at this moment of happy, eager excitement. —

索尼娅才十六岁，此刻她非常漂亮，特别是在这种幸福热切的时刻。 —

She gazed at him, unable to take her eyes off him, smiling and holding her breath. —

她凝视着他，无法移开眼睛，微笑着，屏住呼吸。 —

He glanced gratefully at her; but still he was expectant and looking for some one, and the old countess had not come in yet. —

他感激地看着她，但他依然期待着和另外一个人见面，而老伯爵夫人还没有进来。 —

And now steps were heard at the door. The steps were so rapid that they could hardly be his mother's footsteps.

而此刻门外传来脚步声。脚步声非常急促，几乎不能是他母亲的步伐。

But she it was in a new dress that he did not know, made during his absence. —

然而她身上的新裙子让他陌生，是他离开时制作的。 —

All of them let him go, and he ran to her. When they came together, she sank on his bosom, sobbing. —

大家都放开他，他向她跑去。当他们相拥在一起时，她低头倚在他胸前，抽泣不止。 —

She could not lift up her face, and only pressed it to the cold braiding of his hussar's jacket. —

她无法抬起脸，只是把脸贴在他胡萨儿上衣上的冷松紧带上。 —

Denisov, who had come into the room unnoticed by any one, stood still looking at them and rubbing his eyes.

丹尼索夫悄无声息地走进房间，站在那里看着他们，揉着眼睛。

"Vassily Denisov, your son's friend," he said, introducing himself to the count, who looked inquiringly at him.

“瓦西里·丹尼索夫，你儿子的朋友”，他向男爵介绍自己，并望着男爵询问地说道。

"Very welcome. I know you, I know you," said the count, kissing and embracing Denisov. —

“非常欢迎。我认识你，我认识你”，男爵说着，亲吻并拥抱了丹尼索夫。 —

"Nikolenka wrote to us ... Natasha, Vera, here he is, Denisov."

“尼科连卡写信告诉我们……娜塔莎，维拉，他来了，丹尼索夫。”

The same happy, ecstatic faces turned to the tousled figure of Denisov and surrounded him.

那些幸福、兴奋的面孔转向了丹尼索夫这一头乱发，围绕着他。

“Darling Denisov,” squealed Natasha, and, beside herself with delight she darted up to him, hugging and kissing him. —

“亲爱的丹尼索夫”，娜塔莎尖声叫道，兴奋得不可自己地向他冲去，拥抱并亲吻他。 —

Every one was disconcerted by Natasha’s behaviour. Denisov too reddened. —

纳塔莎的行为让每个人都感到困惑。德尼索夫也变得红了脸。 —

but he smiled, took Natasha’s hand and kissed it.

但他微笑着，拿起纳塔莎的手亲了一口。

Denisov was conducted to the room assigned him, while the Rostovs all gathered about Nikolenka in the divan-room.

德尼索夫被领到了分配给他的房间，而罗斯托夫一家人围在客厅里和尼科连卡在一起。

The old countess sat beside him, keeping tight hold of his hand, which she was every minute kissing. —

年迈的伯爵夫人坐在他旁边，紧握着他的手，每一分钟都亲吻着他。 —

The others thronged round them, gloating over every movement, every glance, every word he uttered, and never taking their enthusiastic and loving eyes off him. —

其他人都聚集在他们周围，津津乐道地关注着他的每一个动作、每一个眼神、每一句话，从未将他们充满热情和爱意的眼睛离开过他。 —

His brother and sisters quarrelled and snatched from one another the place nearest him and disputed over which was to bring him tea, a handkerchief, a pipe.

他的兄弟姐妹们争吵着，争夺离他最近的位置，为了谁该给他拿茶、递手帕、拿烟斗而争论不休。

Rostov was very happy in the love they showed him. —

罗斯托夫对他们表达的爱感到非常幸福。 —

But the first minute of meeting them had been so blissful that his happiness now seemed a little thing, and he kept expecting something more and more and more.

但是他们见面的第一分钟是如此的幸福，以至于现在的幸福似乎有些微不足道，他不断期待着更多更多。

Next morning after his journey he slept on till ten o’clock.

旅行后的第二天早上，他睡到了十点。

The adjoining room was littered with swords, bags, sabretaches, open trunks, and dirty boots. —

—

隔壁房间里散落着剑、袋子、马用鞍囊、打开的箱子和脏靴子。 —

Two pairs of cleaned boots with spurs had just been stood against the wall. —
墙边刚刚放了两双带有马刺的擦拭过的靴子。 —

The servants brought in wash-hand basins, hot water for shaving, and their clothes well brushed. —

仆人们拿进了洗手盆、热水和他们衣服刷得很干净。 —

The room was full of a masculine odour and reeked of tobacco.

房间里充满了男性气味，弥漫着烟草味。

“Hi, Grishka, a pipe!” shouted the husky voice of Vaska Denisov. “Rostov, get up!”

“嗨，格里什卡，来支烟斗！”瓦斯卡·德尼索夫的沙哑声音喊道。“罗斯托夫，起床！”

Rostov, rubbing his eyelids that seemed glued together, lifted his tousled head from the warm pillow.

罗斯托夫揉了揉似乎粘在一起的眼睑，从温暖的枕头上抬起了凌乱的头发。

“Why, is it late?”

“嗯，这么晚了？”

“It is late, nearly ten,” answered Natasha’s voice, and in the next room they heard the rustle of starched skirts and girlish laughter. —

“现在很晚了，快十点了，”娜塔莎的声音回答道，同时从隔壁的房间里传来了浆得发脆的裙子的沙沙声和少女的笑声。 —

The door was opened a crack, and there was a glimpse of something blue, of ribbons, black hair and merry faces. —

门裂开了一条缝隙，露出了一点蓝色、丝带、黑发和欢乐的面孔。 —

Natasha with Sonya and Petya had come to see if he were not getting up.

娜塔莎和索尼娅、彼得来看他是否起床了。

“Nikolenka, get up!” Natasha’s voice was heard again at the door.

“尼科连卡，起床！”娜塔莎的声音又一次传到了门外。

“At once!” Meanwhile in the outer room Petya had caught sight of the swords and seized upon them with the rapture small boys feel at the sight of a soldier brother, and regardless of its not being the proper thing for his sisters to see the young men undressed, he opened the bedroom door.

“立刻！”与此同时，在外面的房间里，彼得亚瞥见了剑，像小男孩看到战士哥哥时一样兴奋不已，不顾姐姐们不能看到男人脱衣服这不应该的事情，他打开了卧室的门。

“Is this your sword?” he shouted.

“这是你的剑吗？”他大声喊道。

The girls skipped away. Denisov hid his hairy legs under the bed-clothes, looking with a scared face to his comrade for assistance. —

姑娘们跳开了。德尼索夫把他毛茸茸的腿藏在被子下面，一脸害怕地看着他的同伴帮助他。 —

The door admitted Petya and closed after him. —

门关上了彼得亚进来了。 —

A giggle was heard from outside.

外面传来一阵咯咯笑声。

“Nikolenka, come out in your dressing-gown,” cried Natasha’s voice.

“尼科连卡，穿上你的睡袍出来，”娜塔莎的声音喊道。

“Is this your sword?” asked Petya, “or is it yours? —

“这是你的剑吗？”彼得亚问道，“还是这是你的剑？ —

” he turned with deferential respect to the swarthy, whiskered Denisov.

”他恭敬地转向黑皮肤，留胡子的德尼索夫。

Rostov made haste to get on his shoes and stockings, put on his dressing-gown and went out.

—

罗斯托夫急忙穿上鞋袜，披上睡袍走了出去。 —

Natasha had put on one spurred boot and was just getting into the other. —

娜塔莎已经穿上了一个带刺的靴子，正准备穿上另一个。 —

Sonya was “making cheeses,” and had just whirled her skirt into a balloon and was ducking down, when he came in. —

索尼娅正在“做奶酪”，她刚刚让她的裙子飘起来像个气球，正在蹲下时，他进来了。 —

They were dressed alike in new blue frocks, both fresh, rosy, and good-humoured. —

他们穿着新的蓝色连衣裙，都是新鲜、红润和心情愉快的。 —

Sonya ran away, but Natasha, taking her brother’s arm, led him into the divan-room, and a conversation began between them. —

索尼娅逃跑了，但娜塔莎拉着她弟弟的手臂，领他走进了休息室，他们之间开始了一次谈话。

—

They had not time to ask and answer all the questions about the thousand trifling matters which could only be of interest to them. —

他们没有时间问答关于一千个琐碎问题的所有问题，这些问题只对他们有兴趣。 —

Natasha laughed at every word he said and at every word she said, not because what they said was amusing, but because she was in high spirits and unable to contain her joy, which brimmed over in laughter.

娜塔莎笑了他说的每个词，也笑了她说的每个词，不是因为他们说的有趣，而是因为她心情愉快，无法控制自己的喜悦，笑声溢出来。

“Ah, isn't it nice, isn't it splendid!” she kept saying every moment. —

“啊，这不是很好，这不是很棒！”她每时每刻都在说。 —

Under the influence of the warm sunshine of love, Rostov felt that for the first time for a year and a half his soul and his face were expanding in that childish smile, he had not once smiled since he left home.

在爱的温暖阳光的影响下，罗斯托夫感到自己的灵魂和脸庞第一次有一年半以来在那天真的微笑中展现出来，离开家以来他从未笑过。

“No, I say,” she said, “you're quite a man now, eh? I'm awfully glad you're my brother. —

“不，我说，“你现在真是个大男人了，对吧？我非常高兴你是我的兄弟。” —

” She touched his moustache. “I do want to know what sort of creatures you men are. —

“她摸了摸他的胡须。“我真想知道你们男人是什么样的生物。 —

Just like us? No.”

就跟我们一样吗？不是。”

“Why did Sonya run away?” asked Rostov.

“为什么索尼娅跑掉了？”罗斯托夫问道。

“Oh, there's a lot to say about that! How are you going to speak to Sonya? —

“哦，这可要说很多！你打算怎么跟索尼娅说话？ —

Shall you call her 'thou' or 'you'?”

你会称她为“你”还是“你们”？”

“As it happens,” said Rostov.

“正好碰上了，”罗斯托夫说道。

“Call her 'you,' please; I'll tell you why afterwards.”

“请称她为‘你’，我待会儿告诉你为什么。”

“But why?”

“但是为什么？”

“Well, I'll tell you now. You know that Sonya's my friend, such a friend that I burnt my arm for her sake. —

“好吧，我现在就告诉你。你知道索尼娅是我的朋友，是那么好的朋友，我为了她烧伤了我的胳膊。 —

Here, look.” She pulled up her muslin sleeve and showed him on her long, thin, soft arm above the elbow near the shoulder (on the part which is covered even in a ball-dress) a red mark.

在这里，看看。”她卷起她的蕾丝袖子，给他展示了她那修长、纤细、柔软的胳膊，在肘部上方靠近肩膀的地方（即使在舞会礼服上）有一个红印痕迹。

“I burnt that to show her my love. I simply heated a ruler in the fire and pressed it on it.”

“我烧伤了它来显示我对她的爱。我只是把尺子放在火上加热，然后按在上面。”

Sitting in his old schoolroom on the sofa with little cushions on the arms, and looking into Natasha's wildly eager eyes, Rostov was carried back into that world of home and childhood which had no meaning for any one else but gave him some of the greatest pleasures in his life. —

罗斯托夫坐在学校的老教室里，沙发上有些小垫子，凝视着娜塔莎兴奋的眼睛，他被带回到那个除了他以外无人关心的家庭和童年世界，这给他带来了一些生命中最大的快乐。 —

And burning one's arm with a ruler as a proof of love did not strike him as pointless; —

用尺子烧伤自己的手臂并不是毫无意义的方式来证明爱情； —

he understood it, and was not surprised at it.

他理解了，并不感到惊讶。

“Well, is that all?” he asked.

“那么，就这些了吗？”他问道。

“Well, we are such friends, such great friends! That's nonsense—the ruler; —

“嗯，我们是这样的朋友，那么好的朋友！尺子这种想法太荒谬了； —

but we are friends for ever. If she once loves any one, it's for ever; —

但是我们是永远的朋友。如果她一旦爱上一个人，就会永远爱下去； —

I don't understand that, I forget so quickly.”

我不明白这一点，我忘得很快。”

“Well, what then?”

“那么，接下来呢？”

“Yes, so she loves me and you.” Natasha suddenly flushed. —

“是的，她爱我也爱你。”娜塔莎突然脸红了。 —

“Well, you remember before you went away ... She says you are to forget it all... She said, I shall always love him, but let him be free. —

“是的，你记得你走之前的事情吧...她说要你忘记一切...她说，我会永远爱他，但是要让他自由。 —

That really is splendid, noble! Yes, yes; very noble? Yes? —

那真是太好了，太高尚了！是的，是的；非常高尚！是的？ —

” Natasha asked with such seriousness and emotion that it was clear that what she was saying now she had talked of before with tears. —

“纳塔莎那么认真、那么充满情感地问道，明显她此刻所说的已经和她以前含着泪谈论过了。” —

Rostov thought a little.

罗斯托夫思考了一会儿。

“I never take back my word,” he said. —

“我从来不食言，”他说。 —

“And besides, Sonya’s so charming that who would be such a fool as to renounce his own happiness?”

“而且，索尼娅那么迷人，谁会傻到放弃自己的幸福呢？”

“No, no,” cried Natasha. “She and I have talked about that already. —

“不，不，”娜塔莎叫道。“她和我已经谈过这个了。 —

We knew that you’d say that. But that won’t do, because, don’t you see, if you say that—if you consider yourself bound by your word, then it makes it as though she had said that on purpose. —

我们知道你会这么说。但这不行，因为你看，如果你这么说——如果你认为自己受到你的承诺的约束，那就好像她故意这么说了。 —

It makes it as though you were, after all, obliged to marry her, and it makes it all wrong.”

这会使得你看上去最终是被迫与她结婚，这就完全不对了。”

Rostov saw that it had all been well thought over by them. —

罗斯托夫看到他们已经充分考虑了这个问题。 —

On the previous day, Sonya had struck him by her beauty; —

在前一天，索尼娅的美丽让他震惊； —

in the glimpse he had caught of her to-day, she seemed even prettier. —

在今天他瞥见她时，她似乎更漂亮。 —

She was a charming girl of sixteen, obviously passionately in love with him (of that he could not doubt for an instant). —

她是一个十六岁的迷人女孩，显然对他充满了热情（他无法对此有任何怀疑）。 —

“Why should he not love her now, even if he did not marry her,” mused Rostov, “but ... just now he had so many other joys and interests!”

“为什么他现在不爱她呢，即使他不娶她，”罗斯托夫思索着，“但是...现在他有那么多其他的快乐和兴趣！”

“Yes, that’s a very good conclusion on their part,” he thought; “I must remain free.”

“是的，这是他们做出的一个非常好的结论，”他想。“我必须保持自由。”

“Well, that’s all right, then,” he said; “we’ll talk about it later on. —

“好吧，那就没问题了，”他说。“我们以后再谈这个问题。 —

Ah, how glad I am to be back with you!” he added. —

啊，我多么高兴能回到你身边！”他补充道。 —

“Come, tell me, you’ve not been false to Boris?”

“来吧，告诉我，你没有对鲍里斯不忠吧？”

“That’s nonsense!” cried Natasha, laughing. —

“那真是胡说！”娜塔莎笑着喊道。 —

“I never think of him nor of any one else, and don’t want to.”

“我从不想起他也不想起任何其他人，也不愿意。”

“Oh, you don’t, don’t you! Then what do you want?”

“哦，你不，是吗！那你想要什么？”

“I?” Natasha queried, and her face beamed with a happy smile. “Have you seen Duport?”

“我？”娜塔莎问道，她的脸上露出了幸福的笑容。“你看见杜波了吗？”

“No.”

“没有。”

“Not seen Duport, the celebrated dancer? Oh, well then, you won't understand. —

“你没见过杜波？那好吧，你就不会明白。” —

I—that's what I am.” Curving her arms, Natasha held out her skirt, as dancers do, ran back a few steps, whirled round, executed a pirouette, bringing her little feet together and standing on the very tips of her toes, moved a few steps forward.

“我就是杜波。”娜塔莎把手臂弯曲起来，展开裙子，像舞者一样，倒退几步，转个圈，转了个腾空旋转，脚尖站立，再向前走几步。

“You see how I stand? there, like this,” she kept saying; but she could not keep on her toes. —

“你看，我是这样站着的，就像这样。”她不停地讲，但她没有真的能保持在脚尖上。 —

“So that's what I'm going to be! I'm never going to be married to any one; —

“所以我就是要成为这样的人！我不会嫁给任何人； —

I'm going to be a dancer. Only, don't tell anybody.”

我要成为一名舞者。只是，别告诉任何人。”

Rostov laughed so loudly and merrily that Denisov in his room felt envious, and Natasha could not help laughing with him.

罗斯托夫大声欢笑起来，丹尼索夫在自己的房间里感到了羡慕，娜塔莎也情不自禁地笑了起来。

“No, isn't it all right?” she kept saying.

“不，这样行吗？”她不停地讲。

“Oh, quite. So you don't want to marry Boris now?”

“哦，当然。那你现在不想嫁给鲍里斯了？”

Natasha got hot.

娜塔莎突然有些生气。

“I don't want to marry any one. I'll tell him so myself when I see him.”

“我不想嫁给任何人。我自己见到他时会告诉他的。”

“Oh, will you?” said Rostov.

“哦，是吗？”罗斯托夫说道。

“But that's all nonsense,” Natasha prattled on. “And, I say, is Denisov nice?” she asked.

“但那都是胡说八道，”娜塔莎继续说道。“话说，丹尼索夫人好吗？”她问道。

“Yes, he's nice.”

“是的，他人不错。”

“Well, good-bye, go and dress. Is he a dreadful person — Denisov?”

“好了，再见，去换衣服吧。他是个可怕的人吗——丹尼索夫人？”

“How, dreadful?” asked Nikolay. “No, Vaska’s jolly.”

“怎么，可怕？”尼古拉问道。“不，瓦斯卡很开朗。”

“You call him Vaska? ... that’s funny. Well, is he very nice?”

“你叫他瓦斯卡？……真有趣。那他很好吗？”

“Very nice.”

“很好。”

“Make haste and come to tea, then. We are all going to have it together.”

“快点来喝茶吧。我们都要一起喝。”

And Natasha rose on to her toes and stepped out of the room, as dancers do, but smiling as only happy girls of fifteen can smile. —

娜塔莎站起脚尖，像跳舞的人一样走出房间，但只有十五岁的快乐女孩才能笑得如此灿烂。 —

Rostov reddened on meeting Sonya in the drawing-room. He did not know how to behave with her. —

在客厅里见到索尼娅时，罗斯托夫脸红了。他不知道该如何与她相处。 —

Yesterday they had kissed in the first moment of joy at meeting, but to-day they felt that out of the question. —

昨天在相见的喜悦中，他们曾经亲吻，但今天他们觉得那是不可能的。 —

He felt that every one, his mother and his sisters, were looking inquiringly at him, and wondering how he would behave with her. —

他感觉到每个人，他的母亲和姐妹们都在好奇地看着他，想知道他会如何与她相处。 —

He kissed her hand, and called her you and Sonya. But their eyes when they met spoke more fondly and kissed tenderly. —

他吻了她的手，称她为你和索尼娅。但是当他们相遇时，他们的眼神更加深情地相互亲吻。 —

Her eyes asked his forgiveness for having dared, by Natasha’s mediation, to remind him of his promise, and thanked him for his love. —

她的眼睛请求他的原谅，因为她通过娜塔莎的调解，敢提醒他的承诺，并感谢他的爱。 —

His eyes thanked her for offering him his freedom, and told her that whether so, or otherwise, he should never cease to love her, because it was impossible not to love her.

他的眼神感谢她给予他自由，并告诉她，无论如何，他都永远不会停止爱她，因为不爱她是不可能的。

“How queer it is, though,” said Vera, selecting a moment of general silence, “that Sonya and Nikolenka meet now and speak like strangers.”

“然而，真奇怪，”维拉在一片普遍的沉默中选择一个时刻说道，“索尼娅和尼科连卡现在见面了，却像陌生人一样说话。”

Vera's observation was true, as were all her observations; —

维拉的观察是正确的，她的所有观察都是正确的； —

but like most of her observations it made every one uncomfortable—not Sonya, Nikolay, and Natasha only crimsoned; —

但是像她的大多数观察一样，它让每个人都感到不舒服——不仅仅是索尼娅、尼古拉和娜塔莎脸红； —

the countess, too, who was afraid of her son's love for Sonya as a possible obstacle to his making a brilliant marriage, blushed like a girl.

女伯爵也因为害怕儿子对索尼娅的爱可能成为他追求辉煌婚姻的障碍而脸红如少女。

To Rostov's surprise, Denisov in his new uniform, pomaded and perfumed, was quite as dashing a figure in a drawing-room as on the field of battle, and was polite to the ladies and gentlemen as Rostov had never expected to see him.

令罗斯托夫惊讶的是，戴尼索夫穿上新制服、擦了香水，竟然在客厅里展现出与战场上一样的英姿飒爽，他对女士们和绅士们非常有礼貌，这让罗斯托夫始料未及。