

<<罪与罚>>

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内容概要

由陀思妥耶夫斯基编著的《罪与罚》内容介绍：世界文学名著表现了作者描述的特定时代的文化。阅读这些名著可以领略著者流畅的文笔、逼真的描述、详细的刻画，让读者如同置身当时的历史文化之中。

为此，我们将这套精心编辑的“名著典藏”奉献给广大读者。

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作者简介

作者:(俄)陀思妥耶夫斯基(Fyodor Dostoevsky)

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EPILOGUE

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章节摘录

HE was not completely unconscious, however, all the time he was ill; he was in a feverish state, sometimes delirious, sometimes half-conscious. He remembered a great deal afterwards. Sometimes it seemed as though there were a number of people round him; they wanted to take him away somewhere, there was a great deal of squabbling and discussing about him. Then he would be alone in the room; they had all gone away afraid of him, and only now and then opened the door a crack to look at him; they threatened him, plotted something together, laughed, and mocked at him. He remembered Nastasya often at his bedside; he distinguished another person, too, whom he seemed to know very well, though he could not remember who he was, and this fretted him, even made him cry. Sometimes he fancied he had been lying there a month; at other times it all seemed part of the same day. But of that - of that he had no recollection, and yet every minute he felt that he had forgotten something he ought to remember. He worried and tormented himself trying to remember, moaned, flew into a rage, or sank into awful, intolerable terror. Then he struggled to get up, would have run away, but some one always prevented him by force, and he sank back into impotence and forgetfulness. At last he returned to complete consciousness. It happened at ten o'clock in the morning. On fine days the sun shone into the room at that hour, throwing a streak of light on the right wall and the corner near the door. Nastasya was standing beside him with another person, a complete stranger, who was looking at him very inquisitively. He was a young man with a beard, wearing a full, short-waisted coat, and looked like a messenger. The landlady was peeping in at the half-opened door. Raskolnikov sat up. "Who is this, Nastasya?" he asked, pointing to the young man. "I say, he's himself again!" she said. "He is himself," echoed the man. Concluding that he had returned to his senses, the landlady closed the door and disappeared. She was always shy and dreaded conversations or discussions. She was a woman of forty, not at all badly looking, fat and buxom, with black eyes and eyebrows, good-natured from fatness and laziness, and absurdly bashful. "Who... are you?" he went on, addressing the man. But at that moment the door was flung open, and, stooping a little, as he was so tall, Razumihin came in. "What a cabin it is!" he cried. "I am always knocking my head. You call this a lodging! So you are conscious, brother? I've just heard the news from Pashenka." "He has just come to," said Nastasya. "Just come to," echoed the man again, with a snuffle. "And who are you?" Razumihin asked, suddenly addressing him. "My name is Vrazumihin, at your service, not Razumihin, as I am always called, but Vrazumihin, a student and gentleman; and he is my friend. And who are you?" "I am the messenger from our office, from the merchant Shelapaev, and I've come on business." "Please sit down," Razumihin seated himself on the other side of the table. "It's a good thing you've come to, brother," he went on to Raskolnikov. "For the last four days you have scarcely eaten or drunk anything. We had to give you tea in spoonfuls. I brought Zossimov to see you twice. You remember Zossimov? He examined you carefully and said at once it was nothing serious - something seemed to have gone to your head. Some nervous nonsense, the result of bad feeding, he says you have not had enough beer and radish, but it's nothing much, it will pass and you will be all right. Zossimov is a first-rate fellow. He is making quite a name. Come, I won't keep you," he said, addressing the man again. "Will you explain what you want? You must know, Rodya, this is the second time they have sent from the office; but it was another man last time, and I talked to him. Who was it came before?" "That was the day before yesterday, I venture to say, if you please, sir. That was Alexey Semyonovitch; he is in our office, too." "He was more intelligent than you, don't you think so?" "Yes, indeed, sir, he is of more weight than I am." "Quite so; go on." "At your mamma's request, through Afanasy Ivanovitch Vahrushin, of whom I presume you have heard more than once, a remittance is sent to you from our office," the man began, addressing Raskolnikov. "If you are in an intelligible condition, I've thirty-five roubles to remit to you, as Semyon Semyonovitch has received from Afanasy Ivanovitch at your mamma's request instructions to that effect, as on previous occasions. Do you know him, sir?" "Yes, I remember. Vahrushin,"

Raskolnikov said dreamily. "You hear, he knows Vahrushin," cried Razumihin. "He is in 'an intelligible condition'! And I see you are an intelligent man too. Well, it's always pleasant to hear words of wisdom." "That's the gentleman, Vahrushin, Afanasy Ivanovitch. And at the request of your mamma, who has sent you a remittance once before in the same manner through him, he did not refuse this time also, and sent instructions to Semyon Semyonovitch some days since to hand you thirty-five roubles in the hope of better to come." "That 'hoping for better to come' is the best thing you've said, though 'your mamma' is not bad either. Come then, what do you say? Is he fully conscious, eh?" "That's all right. If only he can sign this little paper." "He can scrawl his name. Have you got the book?" "Yes, here's the book." "Give it to me. Here, Rodya, sit up. I'll hold you. ……

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