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Fyodor Dostoevsky

CRIME & PUNISHMENT

A NOVEL IN SIX PARTS AND AN EPILOGUE
BY
FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY

FROM THE RUSSIAN BY
CONSTANCE GARNETT



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"Ah!" she cried out in a frenzy, "he has come back! The criminal! the man-ster! . . . And where is the money? What's in your pocket, show me! And your clothes are all different! Where are your clothes? Where is the money? Speak!" And she fell to searching him. Marmeladov submissively and obediently held up both arms to facilitate the search. Not a farthing was there.

"Where is the money?" she cried—"Money on us, can he have drunk it all? There were twelve silver roubles left in the chest!" and in a fury she seized him by the hair and dragged him into the room. Marmeladov succumbed her efforts by mockingly cowering along on his knees.

"And this is a consolation to me! This does not hurt me, but is a positive consolation, however it is," he called out, shaken to and fro by his hair and even once striking the ground with his forehead. The child awoke on the floor woke up, and began to cry. The boy in the corner lying all control began trembling and screaming and rushed to his sister in violent terror, almost in a fit. The eldest girl was clucking like a hen.

"He's drunk if he's drunk it all," the poor woman screamed in despair—"and his clothes are gone! And they are hungry, hungry!"—and wringing her hands she pointed to the children. "Oh, accursed life! And you, are you not ashamed?"—she pointed all at once upon Raskolnikov—"from the tavern! Have you been drinking with him? You have been drinking with him, too! Go away!"

The young man was hastening away without uttering a word. The inner door was thrown wide open and inquisitive faces were peering in at it. Coarse laughing faces with pipes and cigarettes and heads wearing caps thrust themselves in at the doorway. Further in could be seen figures in dressing gowns flung open, in circumstances of unseemly scantiness, some of them with cards in their hands. They were particularly diverted, when Marmeladov, dragged about by his hair, shouted that it was a consolation to him. They even began to come into the room; at last a sinister dull snore was heard: this came from Annika Epimovitch herself pushing her way amongst them and trying to restore order after her own fashion and for the hundredth time to frighten the poor woman by ordering her with coarse abuse to clear out of the room next day. As he went out, Raskolnikov had time to put his hand into his pocket, to snatch up the coppers he had received in exchange

for his walk in the tavern and to lay them unnoted on the window. Afterwards on the stairs, he changed his mind and would have gone back.

"What a stupid thing I've done," he thought to himself, "they have Sonia and I want it myself!" But reflecting that it would be impossible to take it back now and that in any case he would not have taken it, he dismissed it with a wave of his hand and went back to his lodging. "Sonia wants gentlemen too," he said as he walked along the street, and he laughed malignantly—"such smartness costs money But And maybe Sonia herself will be bankrupt to-day, for there is always a risk, hunting big game . . . digging for gold . . . then they would all be without a crust to-morrow except for my money. Hark! for Sonia! What a mine they're dug there! And they're making the most of it! Yes, they are making the most of it! They've swept over it and grown used to it. Man grows used to everything, the scoundrel!"

He sank into thought.

"And what if I am wrong," he cried suddenly after a moment's thought.

"What if man is not really a scoundrel, man in general. I mean, the whole race of mankind—then all the rest is prejudice, simply artificial terms and there are no barriers and it's all as it should be."

He waked up late next day after a broken sleep. But his sleep had not refreshed him; he waked up listless, irritable, ill-tempered, and looked with hatred at his room. It was a tiny cupboard of a room about six paces in length. It had a poverty-stricken appearance with its dusty yellow paper peeling off the walls, and it was so low-pitched that a man of more than average height was ill at ease in it and felt every moment that he would knock his head against the ceiling. The furniture was in keeping with the room: there were three old chairs, rather rickety; a painted table in the corner on which lay a few manuscripts and books; the dust that lay thick upon them showed that they had been long untouched. A big chimney sofa occupied almost the whole of one wall and half the floor space of the room; it was once covered with cloth, but was now in rags and served

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