

IN EXILE BY ANTON CHEKHOV

In Exile is an short story by Anton Chekhov. Contents. 1 Publication; 2 Background; 3 Synopsis; 4 Critical reception; 5 References; 6 External links.

There were as many stars as at home, and the darkness was the same, but something was missing. What terrible dreams there are, though! I laughed, and reminded him 'people can live even in Siberia! He was not more than twenty-five, and now, by the light of the wood-fire, with his pale, sorrowful, sickly face, he looked a mere boy. And you. You cast away the past, and forget it as though it had never been at all, as though it had been a dream, and begin to live anew. Date of entry: May Summary In Siberia, "Old Semyon, nicknamed Canny, and a young Tatar, whom no one knew by name, were sitting on the riverbank by the campfire; the other three ferrymen were in the hut. You wouldn't find one like her in a thousand miles' journey. If,' I said, 'fate has been hard on you and me, it is no good asking her for charity and falling at her feet. He is hastening to town to see a new doctor, whom he desperately hopes might help his daughter. The day Vasily found out his wife was coming he was jubilant. And beyond the little snakes there was darkness again. The lady did not stay with him long. His daughter, you see, had grown up. None of which are compassionate. Khudozhestvennaya Literatura. He speaks of his wife with great admiration. He was sent to the island for stealing horses, although he denies being responsible. Plenty of time! And thank God for it, I want nothing; God give everyone such a life. I'm going, my man. And he was poor, cold, hungry, and fearful. In a week's time the floods will be gone, and we will fix the ferry here, and all of you will go away into Siberia and I shall stay here, going to and fro. The shout on the other side still continued, and two shots were fired from a revolver, probably with the idea that the ferrymen were asleep or had gone to the pot-house in the village. The clay, the water, the cold, no vegetables for you, no fruit. Even in Siberia there is happiness. And of course he had to give food and drink to all that crew, and there had to be a piano and a shaggy lapdog on the sofa -- plague take it! What a life! They want petting and ha-ha-ha! Canny lay near the fire, chuckled at something, and began humming a song in an undertone. The Tartar and the three ferrymen took the long, broad-bladed oars, which in the dim light looked like a crab's claw, and Simeon flung himself with his belly against the tiller. She is good and kind. You might say he was sent into exile for chasing money. Toward the morning Vassili Andreich came racing up in a coach and pair. Far away and away, flashing out, flaring up, were fires crawling like snakesâ€”last year's grass being burned. Of course she got bored. Where could she live here? But nothingâ€”is evil! The wind blew the door open. His hair went grey, he grew round-shouldered, and his face got yellow and consumptive-looking. Nobody could bring himself to get up and shut the door; it was cold, but they put up with it. She shares my bitter lot with me,' said he, 'and I must give her all the pleasure I can afford. Thy got clear of the willows and swung out into mid-stream. Don't listen to the devil,' I said, 'he won't do you any good, and he will only tighten the noose.