

WAR AND PEACE

Leo Tolstoy

1869

~

AutoSummarized using *Microsoft Word 2008*

Jesse Hulcher

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The princess smiled. Pierre was beginning.

Just then another visitor entered the drawing room: Prince Andrew Bolkonski, the little princess' husband. Prince Andrew screwed up his eyes and turned away. Pierre, who from the moment Prince Andrew entered the room had watched him with glad, affectionate eyes, now came up and took his arm.

'Very lovely,' said Prince Andrew.

'Very,' said Pierre.

In passing Prince Vasili seized Pierre's hand and said to Anna Pavlovna, 'Educate this bear for me!'

Anna Pavlovna smiled and promised to take Pierre in hand. Prince Vasili smiled.

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Prince Andrew looked Anna Pavlovna straight in the face with a sarcastic smile.

The princess listened, smiling.

'That is doubtful,' said Prince Andrew.

'What, Monsieur Pierre...'

Pierre was ungainly. Prince Andrew's eyes were closed, so weary and sleepy did he seem.

It was about this choice that Prince Andrew was speaking. Pierre rubbed his forehead.

Prince Andrew again interrupted him, 'let us talk business.'

Prince Andrew only shrugged his shoulders at Pierre's childish words. Prince Andrew smiled ironically. Prince Andrew shook himself as if waking up, and his face assumed the look it had had in Anna Pavlovna's drawing room. Prince Andrew rose and politely placed a chair for her.

Evidently Pierre's words touched her to the quick.

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'With my father and sister, remember,' said Prince Andrew gently.

Prince Andrew rose, shrugged his shoulders, and walked about the room.

'Lise!' was all Prince Andrew said.

'Calm yourself, Princess!'

Prince Andrew caught him by the hand.

‘No, wait, Pierre!’

Pierre continually glanced at Prince Andrew; Prince Andrew rubbed his forehead with his small hand.

‘How can he talk like that?’ thought Pierre.

‘My part is played out,’ said Prince Andrew. That smile was immediately reflected on Pierre’s face.

‘I don’t understand it,’ replied Prince Andrew.

‘Good man!’ cried he, addressing Pierre.

Pierre smiled, looking about him merrily.

‘Listen!’

Pierre stood smiling but silent. Pierre took his hands from his eyes. ‘Why is it so long?’ thought Pierre. Pierre again covered his eyes and thought he would never open them again. Pierre jumped upon the window sill.

‘Listen!’

‘Come on then,’ cried Pierre. To Moscow. ‘I have never seen a handsomer man.’

‘Prince Vasili arrived in Moscow yesterday. Julie Karagina turned to young Rostov. ‘Sonya!’ Natasha considered. ‘To Prince Vasili.’ The princess rose. Seeing Anna Mikhaylovna and her son, Prince Vasili.

‘Ah, Prince!’ Prince Vasili became thoughtful and frowned. Prince Vasili turned to her.

Pierre again asked.

Pierre paused. ‘People are always disturbing him,’ answered Pierre, trying to remember who this young man was.

‘Ah, Count Rostov!’ exclaimed Pierre joyfully. Pierre shook his head and arms as if attacked by mosquitoes or bees.

‘I understand, quite understand.’ Prince Vasili saw the princess off.

‘Adieu, Prince!’

‘Well, little countess?’

‘My word!’ Pierre spoke little but examined the new faces, and ate a great deal.

‘I will,’ replied Natasha.

‘Natasha.’

‘Sonya!’

‘Dear, dear!’ Natasha blushed and laughed.

Prince Vasili understood it as an expression of weariness.

‘Pierre is illegitimate.’

‘There are your sisters...’ replied Prince Vasili.

‘Trust yourself to me, Pierre.’

‘Be a man, my friend.’

‘Dear doctor,’ said she, ‘this young man is the count’s son.’

Pierre heard her say.

Anna Mikhaylovna touched Pierre’s hand and said, ‘Come.’ Pierre obediently sat down, his eyes asking if he were doing right. The eyes and face of the sick man showed impatience. Pierre rose to help him.

Pierre went out.

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Pierre went with Anna Mikhaylovna into the small drawing room.

Pierre well remembered this small circular drawing room with its mirrors and little tables.

‘Pierre, my dear, come here.’

Prince Vasili rose. Prince Vasili bent his head and spread out his hands.

Prince Vasili came next.

‘Pierre!’ she said.

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Pierre was silent.

‘I pity Prince Vasili but am still more sorry for Pierre.’

MARY

Prince Andrew stopped and made a grimace, as if expecting something unpleasant. The little princess entered the room. The face of the little princess changed. Prince Andrew smiled.

The prince, who generally kept very strictly to social distinctions and rarely admitted even important government officials to his table, had unexpectedly selected Michael Ivanovich.

‘Who?’ cried the prince. ‘Consider, Prince Andrew.’

Prince Andrew was to leave next evening. Prince Andrew’s face looked very thoughtful and tender. ‘Oh, Andrew!’ Prince Andrew asked suddenly.

Prince Andrew felt sorry for his sister.

‘Well, may be!’ said Prince Andrew.

‘Mary!’

Prince Andrew came up, stroked her hair, and asked if she felt rested after their journey. The old prince stopped writing and, as if not understanding, fixed his stern eyes on his son.

‘The wife!’ said the old prince, briefly and significantly.

‘I don’t understand!’ said Prince Andrew.

The old man was silent.

The old man’s sharp eyes were fixed straight on his son’s. Something twitched in the lower part of the old prince’s face.

Prince Andrew sighed and made no reply.

‘Andrew, already!’ said the little princess, turning pale

‘Well?’

Kutuzov turned round. Prince Andrew stepped forward from among the suite and said in French.

Kutuzov turned away. Dolokhov smiled. Prince Andrew Bolkonski came into the room with the required papers. ‘Give me that letter,’ said Kutuzov turning to Prince Andrew.

‘Excuse me, General,’ interrupted Kutuzov, also turning to Prince Andrew. From Vienna Kutuzov wrote to his old comrade, Prince Andrew’s father.

‘Well, Prince?’ asked Kozlovski.

Prince Andrew shrugged his shoulders. Prince Andrew stopped short.

‘Why are you so glum?’ asked Nesvitski noticing Prince Andrew’s pale face and glittering eyes.

Denisov's face puckered still more. Rostov did not speak.

'Count!...'

The faces of officers and men brightened up at the sound. Rostov felt perfectly happy. The men were crossing themselves. 'Send two men? A man has fallen!' Rostov whispered.

'Ah, my dear prince!'

\*Fine eyes.

'Impossible!' cried Prince Andrew.

\*'Woman is man's companion.'

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'Au revoir, Prince!' Prince Andrew replied.

The Emperor thanked Prince Andrew and bowed.

'What?' asked Prince Andrew.

Prince Andrew could not understand.

'What is it all about?' inquired Andrew impatiently. 'Listen! 'Stop jesting,' said Prince Andrew sadly and seriously. Prince Andrew looked inquiringly at him and gave no reply.

'Not at all,' said Prince Andrew.

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Seeing Prince Andrew she leaned out.

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'It's nothing,' replied Prince Andrew.

'Immediately, Prince,' said Kozlovski. Prince Andrew moved toward the door from whence voices were heard.

NAPOLEON

'There now, Prince!' (The staff officer smiled.) with his large, intelligent, kindly eyes from Prince Andrew to the staff officer.

Prince Andrew glanced again at the artillery officer's small figure. The staff officer and Prince Andrew mounted their horses and rode on.

Prince Andrew stopped and began examining the position.

The staff officer remained behind and Prince Andrew rode on alone.

The man shrieked unnaturally. Prince Andrew, having reached the front line, rode along it. Prince Andrew halted to have a look at the French.

‘Look!’

Prince Andrew turned his horse and galloped back to Grunth to find Prince Bagration. Prince Andrew stopped, waiting for him to come up; Prince Bagration reined in his horse and recognizing Prince Andrew nodded to him. Prince Andrew gazed with anxious curiosity at that impassive face and wished he could tell what, if anything, this man was thinking and feeling at that moment. Prince Andrew asked himself as he looked. Prince Andrew, out of breath with his rapid ride, spoke quickly. Prince Andrew followed with the suite. It seemed to Prince Andrew that the officer’s remark was just.

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‘What is this?’ thought Prince Andrew approaching the crowd of soldiers. Prince Andrew was struck by the changed expression on Prince Bagration’s face at this moment.

‘Well done, lads!’ said Prince Bagration.

‘Who are these men?’ thought Rostov, scarcely believing his eyes. Rostov paused. It was Prince Andrew. Prince Andrew said nothing to Tushin. Prince Bagration turned to the old colonel.

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Prince Andrew went out with him.

Prince Vasili was not a man who deliberately thought out his plans. Prince Vasili sighed. Pierre felt flattered by this.

‘Happy the man who wins her!’

‘Prince Vasili is her father...’

‘I traveled from Moscow with Prince Vasili.’

Prince Vasili smiled, and Pierre noticed that everyone was smiling at him and Helene. ‘Well, what of it, if you all know it?’ thought Pierre.

Prince Vasili came up to Pierre with languid footsteps. It seemed to Pierre that even the prince was disconcerted.

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When Prince Vasili returned to the drawing room, the princess, his wife, was

talking in low tones to the elderly lady about Pierre.

His partner followed the others into the drawing room.

‘Thank God!’ said Prince Vasili. Pierre was kissed, and he kissed the beautiful Helene’s hand several times. Prince Nicholas frowned, but said nothing.

‘You thought!... Thought... Blackguards...’ shouted the prince rapidly.

The prince looked at his daughter’s frightened face and snorted.

Perhaps Princess Elizabeth and Princess Mary know. Prince Vasili arrived that evening.

‘I can’t bear those old men!’ the little princess asked Anatole.

Petya thought. ‘Well!’

Prince Bolkonski surveyed Anatole.

Suddenly Prince Bolkonski frowned.

‘Vasili, haven’t you?’ said the old prince to Prince Vasili. The old prince snorted.

‘She Can’t help it’ thought the princess. The old prince did not sleep either. The old prince interrupted her.

The prince stopped.

‘Fr...’ snorted Prince Bolkonski. Prince Vasili rose.

‘Go!’ said the old prince. Natasha, reading confirmation in Anna Mikhaylovna’s face.

Natasha smiled through her tears. Sonya smiled. Sonya smiled. Prince Andrew came up to him and took his hand.

Boris smiled, as if he understood what Prince Andrew was alluding to as something generally known.

‘We’ll talk it over,’ replied Prince Andrew.

‘The Emperor!’

As soon as Prince Andrew began to demonstrate the defects of the latter and the merits of his own plan, Prince Dolgorukov ceased.

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Prince Andrew went out.

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‘Well?’ returned the old man. ‘Natasha... sister, black eyes... Old Guryev....’ Rostov



turned his horse and galloped back. 'Count Rostov.'

'Message to the Emperor,' thought Rostov. 'Soldiers! Soldiers!'

It was there Prince Andrew thought the fight would concentrate.

'My dear fellow,' Nesvitski whispered to Prince Andrew, 'the old man is as surly as a dog.'

Hardly had Prince Andrew started than he stopped him.

Prince Andrew galloped off to execute the order.

'My turn has come,' thought Prince Andrew, and striking his horse he rode up to Kutuzov.

Prince Andrew forced his way to him.

'Immediately!' thought Rostov and galloped on.

'Rostov!'

Rostov stopped.

'Count! Count! If the Emperor is wounded, am I to try?'

'What?' answered the old man absent-mindedly. 'Turn!'

Prince Reprin named Lieutenant Sukhtelen. 'Young man, you will!'

Prince Andrew, who had also been brought forward before the Emperor's eyes to complete the show of prisoners, could not fail.

The soldiers who had carried Prince Andrew had noticed and taken the little gold icon Princess Mary had.

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'Denisov! Denisov, Denisov! Nicholas...'

\*Nicholas.

Sonya, Natasha, Petya, Anna Mikhaylovna, Vera, and old count were all hugging.

'Natasha, Vera, look!' Denisov blushed too, but smiled and, taking Natasha's hand, kissed it.

'Nicholas! Nicholas!' Natasha suddenly flushed. Natasha flared up. 'Dear, dear!'

Facing them sat Pierre, beside Prince Nesvitski. Pierre sat opposite Dolokhov and Nicholas Rostov. Rostov asked. Denisov, Rostov, and Nesvitski closed their eyes.

'Well?'

'Father! Andrew!'

‘Blackguards!’ shrieked the old man, turning his face away from her. ‘Destroying the army, destroying the men! Go, Princess Mary.’

Princess Mary hoped. Princess Mary ran out of the room to fetch Mary Bogdanovna.

The men servants were carrying the large leather sofa from Prince Andrew’s study into the bedroom. The old prince, stepping on his heels.

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‘Thank God!’ said Princess Mary. ‘It’s Andrew!’ thought Princess Mary. Prince Andrew went out and, meeting Princess Mary, again joined her. ‘Go, dear,’ said Princess Mary.

Two hours later Prince Andrew, stepping softly, went into his father’s room. The old man already knew everything. Nicholas brought many young men to his parents’ house. Natasha’s prediction proved true.

\*Denisov.

‘If I have time,’ answered Nicholas. ‘Countess Natasha,’ answered Denisov. Rostov smiled. Natasha

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Dolokhov now asked as if guessing Rostov’s thought.

Rostov submitted. Rostov pondered.

‘Excellent!’ exclaimed Natasha.

‘Don’t, Natasha!’ Pierre was obliged to wait. Pierre asked himself. Pierre looked at him. Pierre looked at him and had not time to turn away when the old man, opening his eyes, fixed his steady and severe gaze straight on Pierre’s face.

‘Yes, yes,’ assented Pierre.

Pierre could not go on. Pierre considered. To Pierre’s.

(Pierre nodded affirmatively.) ‘Yes, yes,’ assented Pierre.

Pierre paused, seeking a reply.

Pierre was about to reply, but Prince Vasili interrupted him.

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Prince Vasili gave Pierre a significant look.

Prince Vasili expressed his opinion more openly. The life of old Prince Bolkonski,

Prince Andrew, and Princess Mary had greatly changed since 1805.

Prince Andrew remained at Bald Hills as usual during his father's absence. The coachman who had driven the old prince to town returned bringing papers and letters for Prince Andrew.

Prince Andrew went out.

Prince Andrew went up to the child and felt him.

'Andrew, don't!' said Princess Mary.

'Unpleasant,' thought Prince Andrew, recalling his father's letter. Prince Andrew looked at his sister. Prince Andrew was the first to move.

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Pierre went with rapid steps to the door and suddenly came face to face with Prince Andrew, who came out frowning and looking old. Andrew's presence. 'Plans!' repeated Prince Andrew ironically. Pierre looked silently and searchingly into Prince Andrew's face, which had grown much older.

Pierre began, but Prince Andrew interrupted him.

At dinner, conversation turned on Pierre's marriage.

'Forever?' said Prince Andrew. 'Why so?' asked Prince Andrew. 'Why is it wrong?' urged Prince Andrew.

'Bad!' exclaimed Pierre. Prince Andrew looked silently at Pierre with an ironic smile.

'After Austerlitz!' said Prince Andrew gloomily. 'My father is one of the most remarkable men of his time.' Prince Andrew grew more and more animated. Prince Andrew spoke so earnestly that Pierre could not help thinking that these thoughts had been suggested to Prince Andrew by his father's case.

'What about?' asked Prince Andrew with surprise.

'About life, about man's destiny.'

Prince Andrew, looking straight in front of him, listened in silence to Pierre's words. Pierre asked. Men. Pierre interrupted him. Prince Andrew repeated, but Pierre, Prince Andrew did not reply. Pierre became silent. Prince Andrew felt as if the sound of the waves kept up a refrain to Pierre's words, whispering:

'Yes, if it only were so!' said Prince Andrew. Prince Andrew had no time to

answer.

‘Andrew!’ said Princess Mary, imploringly.

\*[2] Princess Mary repeated.

It was evident that Prince Andrew’s ironical tone toward the pilgrims and Princess Mary’s helpless attempts to protect them.

Prince Andrew asked the old woman.

‘Some new relics?’ asked Prince Andrew.

Pierre asked.

Pierre listened to her attentively and seriously. Prince Andrew went out of the room, and then, leaving ‘God’s folk’ to finish their tea, Princess Mary took Pierre into the drawing room.

Prince Andrew and Pierre also went out into the porch.

The old prince was in a good temper and very gracious to Pierre.

‘Make friends with my little fool, Princess Mary,’ he shouted after Pierre, through the door.

The old prince came in to supper; this was evidently on Pierre’s account. Rostov described Denisov’s appearance. ‘I am speaking, Prince, of the Emperor Napoleon,’ he replied. Boris smiled. ‘The Emperor!...’ This man was speaking to someone in the adjoining room.

‘Lieutenant Count Rostov.’ Napoleon’s face wore an unpleasant and artificial smile. ‘Rostov! ‘What is he talking about?’ thought Prince Andrew.

‘Yes, the oak is right, a thousand times right,’ thought Prince Andrew. Prince Andrew asked himself with instinctive curiosity.

Prince Andrew recognized at once.

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‘Sonya!’ Prince Andrew suddenly decided finally and decisively. Prince Andrew arrived in Petersburg in August, 1809. On the appointed day Prince Andrew entered Count Arakcheev’s waiting room at nine in the morning.

Count Arakcheev. Arakcheev’s eyes turned toward him. ‘Prince Bolkonski?’

‘Here!’ and he handed it to Prince Andrew.

Prince Andrew smiled. Prince Andrew followed Speranski’s every word and

movement with particular attention. Prince Andrew was struck by the extraordinarily disdainful composure.

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This flattered Prince Andrew. Probably Prince Andrew's thought interested him.

\*[2] The distinguished Prince de Ligne.

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The old count felt this most. This expression on his face pleased Natasha.

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'Why not?' said Natasha, without changing her position. 'Crazy?' repeated Natasha.

'Don't laugh, stop!' cried Natasha. 'Nicholas would understand....'

'The Emperor?... No, a minister.... prince... ambassador.'

'If you please, Miss!' The despairing, dejected expression of Natasha's face caught his eye. Pierre's gloomy, unhappy look struck her. When Prince Andrew entered the room Magnitski's words were again crowned by laughter. Still laughing, Speranski held out his soft white hand to Prince Andrew.

Prince Andrew looked closely into those mirrorlike, impenetrable eyes.

'The little princess?' Prince Andrew left the Rostovs' late in the evening. 'Pierre was right when he said one must believe.

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\*To be a man.

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Prince Andrew went up to Pierre, and the latter noticed a new and youthful expression in his friend's face.

'Yes, that is true, Prince.' Prince Andrew frowned and remained silent. 'Natasha?' Asked Prince Andrew, blushing unexpectedly. To love. Pierre saw how Prince Andrew asked her something and how she flushed as she replied.

Prince Andrew surprised her by his timidity. 'Don't, Natasha!' It was Prince Andrew.

'Don't talk rubbish...' said Prince Andrew, smiling and looking into Pierre's eyes. Prince Andrew seemed, and really was, quite a different, quite a new man. Pale and agitated, Natasha ran into the drawing room.

Before the countess could answer, Prince Andrew entered the room with an agitated and serious face. 'Go, Natasha!' Natasha glanced with frightened imploring eyes at Prince Andrew and at her mother and went out.

Natasha never remembered how she entered the drawing room. Prince Andrew came up to her with downcast eyes.

Natasha murmured as if in vexation. Natasha interrupted him. Prince Andrew was afraid.

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Pierre seemed disconcerted and embarrassed.

MARY.

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Petya and Natasha surprised Nicholas most. Natasha asked. Don't tell Natasha. 'Good morning, Uncle!' said Nicholas, when the old man drew near.

Natasha understood it.

'Old fellow!...' wailed Nicholas.

Natasha and Nicholas were silent. Right.

'Go, go quickly,' the old man urged him. Frown at Natasha. Natasha interrupted him.

'Natasha!' Natasha stopped abruptly.

Natasha.

'Yes, like a man. Sonya.'

'Sonya!...'

'Andrew lying?'

'Sonya!'

Moreover, Prince Andrew was expected in Moscow, where old Prince Bolkonski was spending the winter, and Natasha felt sure he had already arrived.

Princess Mary flushed and ran out of the room. 'Understand that, understand it!' Prince Nicholas came in serious and taciturn. Prince Bolkonski glanced at the young man as if about to say something in reply, but changed his mind, evidently considering him too young.

Pierre now understood the count's dissatisfaction with the wording of the Note.

‘Impudent fellows!’ said the prince. The guests rose to congratulate the old prince.

‘How can we fight the French, Prince?’ said Count Rostopchin. ‘French dresses, French ideas, French feelings! Have you known that young man long, Princess?’ he asked.

‘Yes, he is an agreeable young man....’

‘No,’ replied Princess Mary.

‘Really?’ asked Princess Mary, looking into Pierre’s kindly face and still thinking of her own sorrow. Pierre’s gaiety vanished completely. Princess Mary shook her head. Pierre considered. Princess Mary again shook her head disapprovingly.

At the end of January old Count Rostov went to Moscow with Natasha and Sonya. Natasha blushed happily. You know that old Prince Nicholas much dislikes his son’s marrying. Next day, by Marya Dmitrievna’s advice, Count Rostov took Natasha to call on Prince Nicholas Bolkonski. Princess Mary looked frightened.

‘Frenchwoman,’ thought Natasha. ‘Don’t talk about it, Natasha.’

Cry.

‘Natasha, your hair!...’ whispered Sonya.

Count Pierre never used to forget us. Count Rostov resumed his seat.

‘Wonderful!’ answered Natasha. Natasha no longer thought this strange. A smile of pleasure never left Natasha’s face. Helene returned with Natasha to the drawing room. Natasha awoke and saw Sonya. Natasha smiled rapturously.

‘Well, then, are you refusing Prince Andrew?’ said Sonya.

Natasha did not answer her questions.

Natasha repeated with a smile of pity. ‘If you only knew!’ exclaimed Natasha.

‘Natasha, I don’t understand you.’

Natasha became thoughtful.

Anger again showed in Natasha’s face.

‘Natasha!’ moaned Sonya, aghast.

‘Write to Pierre, as Prince Andrew asked me to in case of some misfortune?...’

‘It’s time!’

‘Don’t make jokes!’ cried Anatole, suddenly rolling his eyes. ‘If you hadn’t interfered... room.’

‘Pierre!’

Pierre raised his head. Pierre- only now realizing the danger to the old count, Nicholas, and Prince Andrew- promised to do as she wished. Pierre met the old count, who seemed nervous and upset. Sonya entered the room with an agitated face.

Pierre gave his word of honor. Pierre drove to the Club. Pierre’s face, already pale, became distorted by fury. Pierre interrupted him. Pierre paced the room several times in silence.

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Pierre involuntarily glanced at the loose button. Anatole smiled. Prince Andrew had arrived in the evening and Pierre came to see him next morning. Princess Mary came out to meet Pierre. Pierre went into the study. When Prince Meshcherski had left, Prince Andrew took Pierre’s arm and asked him into the room that had been assigned him. Pierre saw that Prince Andrew was going to speak of Natasha, and his broad face expressed pity and sympathy.

‘Both true and untrue,’ Pierre began; but Prince Andrew interrupted him.

Prince Andrew laughed disagreeably, again reminding one of his father.

‘Well, it doesn’t matter,’ said Prince Andrew.

Pierre took the packet.

‘Yes,’ returned Prince Andrew hastily.

Pierre left the room and went to the old prince and Princess Mary.

The old man seemed livelier than usual. Pierre hastened to her. Natasha’s eyes asked.

Pierre grew confused.

Pierre asked himself.

Millions of men, renouncing their

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human feelings and reason, had to go from west to east.

\*Old style.

Bagration alone is a military man. Pierre had warned his brother-in-law that Prince Andrew was on his track. Prince Andrew arrived, the latter returned to Russia. Next day, before leaving, Prince Andrew went to his son’s rooms.



‘Thank God that I can,’ replied Prince Andrew.

Prince Andrew turned away and began pacing the room.

‘Andrew! Men are His tools.’

‘Good-by, Andrew!’

Prince Andrew listened and observed in silence.

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Voices.

‘Andrew Sevastyanych!’ said Rostov. Rostov

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Natasha stopped him.

Pierre was about to begin reading.

Pierre was agitated and undecided.

‘Father!’

‘Killing people!’

Count Rostov’s mouth watered with pleasure and he nudged Pierre, but Pierre wanted to speak himself. Pierre stepped forward and interrupted him. Pierre became the latter.

‘The Emperor!’

‘Well?’

‘Prince Andrew is in a position to know..’

‘Yes...’ replied the prince peevishly.

In the evening Michael Ivanovich, sent by the prince, came to Princess Mary for Prince Andrew’s letter, which had been forgotten in the drawing room. (One of the prince’s.)

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Princess Mary talked some nonsense.

‘About Prince Michael..’

The prince slapped his hand on the table.

‘Yes, I know, Prince Andrew’s letter! Princess Mary read it.’

‘Women, women!’

Right.

‘Alpatych!’ a familiar voice suddenly hailed the old man.

Prince Andrew repeated.

‘Well then,’ continued Prince Andrew to Alpatych,

Prince Andrew rode up to the house. A little serf boy, seeing Prince Andrew, ran into the house. Without waiting to hear him out, Prince Andrew asked.

‘Yes, let them have it,’ replied Prince Andrew.

‘Will you stay here if the enemy occupies the place?’ asked Prince Andrew.

Alpatych clung to Prince Andrew’s leg and burst into sobs.

‘It’s dirty,’ replied Prince Andrew, making a grimace.

‘What prince? Prince Kutuzov is field marshal!’

‘Oh, a very wise man is Prince Kutuzov!’

Princess Mary was not in Moscow and out of danger as Prince Andrew supposed.

Suddenly several men came running up the avenue with frightened faces.

Princess Mary sometimes thought. Princess Mary went up and kissed his hand.

Head.

‘Please come, Princess...’

Head.

Princess Mary did not answer.

‘If Prince Andrew heard that I was in the power of the French!’

Mary anything.

The princess stopped. Princess Mary had thought and thought again now.

‘Room?’ she thought.

‘Father!’

There were tears in Rostov’s eyes.

‘Well, supposing I do love him?’ thought Princess Mary.

Half an hour later Prince Andrew was again called to Kutuzov. He held in his hand a French book, which he

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closed as Prince Andrew entered, marking the place with a knife. Taking his hand and drawing him downwards, Kutuzov offered his cheek to be kissed, and again Prince Andrew noticed tears in the old man’s eyes.

‘A kindly old man but not up to much.’

Julie asked Pierre with a knowing smile.

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‘They are waiting for their younger son,’ Pierre replied.

Julie smiled.

Pierre asked

‘Nicholas Rostov!’

‘A little bit in love with the young man.’

Pierre pondered over these broadsheets.

Side.

‘Count! If you would..’

‘Strange!’ thought Pierre, continuing his way to Tatarinova.

Pierre drove on toward Gorki.

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‘Are those our men there?’ Pierre inquired.

‘Where?’ asked Pierre.

Pierre looked round. Pierre stopped some thirty paces from Kutuzov, talking to Boris.

‘Prince Andrew’s?’

Though, Kutuzov had dismissed all unnecessary men.

An adjutant told Pierre of his Serene Highness’ wish, and Pierre went toward Kutuzov’s bench. With tears in his eyes Dolokhov embraced Pierre and kissed him.

‘Yes, very much,’ replied Pierre.

Prince Andrew interrupted him.

‘Oh!’ said Pierre, looking over his spectacles in perplexity at Prince Andrew.

‘Ask them,’ replied Prince Andrew, indicating the officers.

‘Why so?’ asked Pierre.

Pierre put the same question to Prince Andrew.

‘A skillful commander?’ replied Pierre.

Prince Andrew repeated. The officers rose. They rode close by

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continuing to converse, and Prince Andrew involuntarily heard these words.

‘Yes, yes,’ answered Prince Andrew absently.

‘Yes, yes,’ muttered Pierre, looking with shining eyes at Prince Andrew.

Pierre replied, looking at Prince Andrew with frightened, compassionate eyes.

Pierre concluded.

‘Soldiers!’

Napoleon frowned.

General.

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The man answered the question.

Pierre asked, waking up.

‘It’s time, Count; it’s time!’ cried the adjutant.

Pierre rode up to them.

‘Yes, yes,’ assented Pierre.

‘Really?’ said Pierre.

The senior artillery officer, a tall, long-legged, pockmarked man, moved over to Pierre as if puzzled.

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Several of the men, with bright kindly faces, stopped beside Pierre.

‘To your places!’ cried the young officer to the men gathered round Pierre.

No one any longer took notice of Pierre. Pierre standing beside the commanding officer. Everything became strange, confused, and misty in Pierre’s eyes.

‘What are they doing?’ shouted the officer, turning to Pierre.

‘I’ll go,’ said Pierre.

Pierre ran down the slope. Pierre too bent his head and let his hands fall. The adjutant, having obeyed this instruction, approached Prince Andrew. The horse’s terror infected the men.

Prince Andrew hesitated. Man was sobbing and choking convulsively. Hearing those moans Prince Andrew wanted Andrew wanted to weep. Rain began to fall on the dead and wounded, on the frightened, exhausted, and hesitating

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men, as if to say: 'Enough, men! Enough!'

All the generals, officers.

The moral force of the attacking

1930 *of* 2882

French army was exhausted.

By what laws was it governed? asks the mind of man.

The men, women, and children of the

1950 *of* 2882

large peasant family crowded into the back room.

Is it better to give up Moscow without a battle, or by accepting battle to risk losing the army

1953 *of* 2882

as well as Moscow? The abbe, a well-fed man

1967 *of* 2882

Pierre sat up and sighed.

'Oh, yes!' said Pierre.

Pierre heard the other voices repeat.

'It is dawn,' thought Pierre.

The sun shone straight into Pierre's face. On the thirteenth of August Pierre reached Moscow.

'I understand!' said Pierre.

A short man was saying something, but when Pierre entered he stopped speaking and went out.

Pierre remained silent.

'What officers?'

'Don't, Natasha!'

This wounded man was Prince Andrew Bolkonski.

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Petya asked Natasha.

'Petya?' cried Natasha.

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Natasha was not in the room.

‘Mamma,’ said Sonya.

‘Prince Andrew is here, mortally wounded.’

Cry.

Sonya embraced Natasha and kissed her.

The count, Petya, Madame Schoss, Mavra Kuzminichna, and Vasilich came into the drawing room.

That old man noticed a face thrust out of the carriage window gazing at them, and respectfully touching Pierre’s elbow

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said something to him.

2044 of 2882

Pierre, evidently engrossed in thought, could not at first understand him. Pierre hesitated.

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‘Ah, if only I were a man?’

‘Yes, I was,’ Pierre answered.

‘At home?’ asked Pierre.

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Pierre nodded.

‘We heard so,’ replied the man.

‘Half the men have dispersed.’

‘They’ve killed a man, lads!’

People...

‘Count!’

Shots rang out from under the gate as soon as an

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officer and men began to run toward it. The French had already entered Moscow. Pierre moved away from the door.

He did not understand him either, and moved, limping, to the door at

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which Pierre was standing.

‘Who is that man?’ said he, looking sternly at Pierre.

Pierre bent his head.

‘Monsieur Pierre, you say....’

‘Oh, it was beautiful, Monsieur Pierre!’

The captain looked at Pierre. Pierre involuntarily enjoyed talking with this cheerful and good-natured man.

‘The Emperor? I won’t say another word to him,’ thought Pierre.

Pierre repeated.

‘Unterkunft,’ Pierre repeated.

‘Thank you,’ said Pierre.

‘Natasha, do look!’

Natasha knew it was not Prince Andrew who was moaning. Then the countess called to Natasha. Natasha did not answer.

Natasha sat up.

They were accompanied by a doctor, Prince Andrew’s valet, his coach, a man and two orderlies.

They gave Prince Andrew some tea. Prince Andrew again pondered as if trying to remember something.

Prince Andrew painfully entreated someone. Prince Andrew sighed with relief, smiled, and held out his hand.

‘I love you,’ said Prince Andrew.

Pierre shook his head and went on. Pierre felt as if he had come back to life after a heavy swoon.

‘On ne passe pas!’ cried a voice.

‘Where?’ said Pierre.

‘There!’

Pierre took no notice of them. The old man was already sitting barefoot. Pierre suddenly replied in French.

Pierre was as if intoxicated.

‘Charming, charming!’ observed Prince Vasili.

Prince Vasili pronounced these last words in a tearful voice.

Prince Vasili continued.

‘Prince Michael Ilarionovich!’

Nicholas remained silent. From the time Rostov entered, her face became suddenly transformed. But he never thought about her as he had thought of all the young ladies without exception whom he had met in society, nor as he had for a long time, and at

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one time rapturously, thought about Sonya. Princess Mary interrupted him.

‘Why don’t I pray for what I want?’ he

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suddenly thought.

Andrew.

‘If only he lives! ‘If only he lives!’ she thought.

Prince Andrew was lying raised high on three pillows.

‘O, Natasha!’

Pierre.

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Pierre had been taken.

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Pierre was the sixth to enter. (Pierre shuddered and shook himself free.) Pierre was no longer able to turn away and close his eyes. Pierre ran up to the post. In the darkness some twenty different men surrounded Pierre. Pierre thought he had never eaten anything that tasted better.

‘Tss, tt...!’ said the little man.

‘I stayed accidentally,’ replied Pierre.

Pierre inquired.

‘Never mind!’

Prince Andrew’s relations with Natasha might, if he recovered, be renewed, but Princess Mary saw by his face that he knew and thought of this.

Princess Mary ran up the steps.

‘One moment, Princess, one moment, my dear!’



Princess Mary raised her head, dried her eyes, and turned to Natasha. Princess Mary understood.

Princess Mary inquired.

Princess Mary pressed his hand. Natasha stopped. Prince Andrew suddenly said, evidently wishing to speak pleasantly to them. Princess Mary nodded her head, weeping. Prince Andrew's little son was seven. When Princess Mary had left Prince Andrew she fully understood what Natasha's face had told her. Natasha drew closer to him.

'Love?'

'Love is life.'

It entered, and it was death, and Prince Andrew died.

If Napoleon had not remained inactive?

'Prince Michael Ilarionovich!'

All his men felt the same excitement.

The men took their places and crossed themselves....

'Napoleon, the man of genius, did this!'

'Monsieur Kiril is a man of education, who speaks French.'

'Thanks, thanks, old fellow.... understood Prince Andrew's thoughts somewhat differently.'

Pierre began.

Pierre knew this now. Pierre told him about the sick man.

There were about thirty officers, with Pierre among them, and about three hundred men.

'Ha-ha-ha!' laughed Pierre.

The officer was Petya Rostov.

Petya thought.

'You send a hundred

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men away, and thirty get there.'

'If grown-up, distinguished men think so, it must be necessary and right,' thought he.

Word.

Pierre had long been familiar with that story.

‘The Emperor! The Emperor!’ Pierre heard them ask.

‘Why is it howling?’ thought Pierre.

The men crowded together round the campfires. Life is God. To love life is to love God.

‘Karataev!’ came to Pierre’s mind.

‘Wait a bit,’ said the old man, and showed Pierre a globe.

‘Ah, he’s come?’ said Pierre.

French soldiers were running past him.

‘Dear fellows!’

If news was

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received one day that the enemy had been in a certain position the day before, by the third day when something could have been done, that army was already two days’ march farther on.’

Half the men fell out of the army without a battle.

After Prince Andrew’s death Natasha and Princess Mary alike felt this.

‘Natasha! Natasha!...’ cried the countess.

Princess Mary.

Natasha lay on the bed and in the semidarkness of the room scanned Princess Mary’s face.

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‘Falling?’

The men became silent. The men drew nearer and lit their pipes. The older men, who

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thought it undignified to amuse themselves with such nonsense, continued to lie.

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Pierre drove up to the house of the old prince in a most serious mood. The old footman, who met Pierre with a stern face as if

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wishing to make the visitor feel that the absence of the old prince had not disturbed the order of things in the house, informed him that the princess had gone.

‘Yes, sir,’ said the man.

Pierre spoke rapidly and with animation. Natasha asked, looking attentively into Pierre’s eyes.

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Natasha without waiting for Princess Mary to finish again looked inquiringly at Pierre.

Natasha’s face twitched. Natasha’s voice broke. Pierre laughed.

Natasha asked with a slight smile. Princess Mary with a gentle smile looked now at Pierre and now at Natasha. Pierre continued. Pierre finished his story. Princess Mary was silent. Pierre looked intently at her. Suddenly Natasha bent her head, covered her face with her hands, and began to cry.

‘What is it, Natasha?’ said Princess Mary.

Pierre rose and took his leave. Princess Mary did not express her opinion of Pierre nor did Natasha speak of him.

‘To tell Pierre? What a splendid man he is!’ said Princess Mary.

‘Yes,’ replied Princess Mary.

Pierre asked him.

‘How easy he thinks it,’ thought Pierre.

Pierre reflected.

‘Natasha Rostova!’

The princess too had prepared provisions for Pierre’s journey.

‘How kind they all are,’ thought Pierre. Pierre went to Princess Mary’s to dinner.

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‘Princess, help me! Princess, my dear friend, listen!’

Princess Mary stopped. Pierre was looking into Princess Mary’s eyes.

‘Well?...’ Pierre kept saying as he kissed Princess Mary’s hands.

‘Isn’t Princess Mary mistaken?’

When Princess Mary returned to her room after her nocturnal talk with Pierre, Natasha met her on the threshold.

‘Yes,’ whispered Natasha. ‘You don’t meet such men nowadays....’

‘Princess!’

Nicholas turned with a tender smile on his face.

‘Natasha, Natasha!’ came Countess Mary’s frightened whisper from the door.

Natasha smiled bashfully.

‘Mary, don’t talk nonsense.’

Countess Mary remained in the sitting room. Natasha needed a husband.

‘Come along, Pierre!’

‘Now, Pierre nurses them splendidly,’ said Natasha.

Pierre, however, he adored. With a merry, smiling face Pierre was sorting his purchases.

Pierre told her the price.

Natasha remarked. Pierre, Natasha, and Countess Mary was the common understanding of her condition expressed.

Pierre exclaimed. Pierre exchanged glances with Countess Mary and Nicholas (Natasha he never lost sight of) and smiled happily.

Countess Mary glanced at him and turned to Pierre.

‘What can decent men do?’

‘Prince Theodore and all those.’

‘I’m your man.’

‘Uncle Pierre, you... no...’ Countess Mary blushed.

Nicholas inquired.

Natasha is absurd. Natasha suddenly said. Natasha began.

Natasha with a quiet, happy smile.

Pierre finished what he had begun. Little Nicholas turned to look at Pierre but Pierre was no longer there.

‘Wonderful man he is!’

What made those people burn houses and slay their fellow men? What force made men act so? Moreover, certain men wrote some books at that time.

Men are hauling a log.