

Leo Tolstoy



*The Cutting
of the Forest*

Leo Tolstoy

The Cutting of the Forest

The Story of a Yunker



Published by Good Press, 2022

goodpress@okpublishing.info

EAN 4064066467470

TABLE OF CONTENTS

[Cover](#)

[Titlepage](#)

[Text](#)

The Cutting of the Forest: The Story of a Yunker

[Table of Contents](#)

I

[Table of Contents](#)

In midwinter of 185 - the division of our battery- was doing frontier service in the Great Chechnya. Having learned, on the evening of the 14th of February, that the platoon, which I was to command in the absence of the officer, was detailed for the following day to cut timber, and having received and given the proper orders on that very evening, I repaired earlier than usual to my tent; as I did not have the bad habit of warming it up with burning coal, I lay down in my clothes on my bed, which was constructed of paling, drew my lambskin cap down to my eyes, wrapped myself in a fur coat, and fell into that peculiar, profound, and heavy sleep which one sleeps in moments of alarm and agitation before an imminent peril. The expectancy of the engagement of the following day had induced that condition in me.

At three o'clock in the morning, while it was still very dark, somebody pulled the warm fur coat from me, and the purple light of a candle disagreeably startled my sleepy eyes.

" Please get up! " said somebody's voice. I closed my eyes, unconsciously pulled the fur coat over me, and again fell asleep. " Please get up! " repeated Dmitri, pitilessly shaking me by the shoulder. " The infantry is starting." I

suddenly recalled the actuality, shuddered, and sprang to my feet. Having swallowed in a hurry a glass of tea and washed myself with ice-crusted water, I went out of the tent and walked over to the park (the place where the ordnance is stationed).

It was dark, misty, and cold. The night fires, which glimmered here and there in the camp, lighting up the figures of the drowsy soldiers who were lying about them, only intensified the darkness by their purple glamour. Near by one could hear the even, calm snoring of men; in the distance there was the motion, talking, and clanking of the infantry's weapons, getting ready for the march; there was an odour of smoke, dung, slow-matches, and mist; a morning chill ran down one's back, and one's teeth involuntarily clattered against each other.

By the snorting and occasional stamping alone could one make out, in this impenetrable darkness, where the hitched-up limbers and caissons were standing, and only by the burning dots of the linstocks could one tell where the ordnance was. With the words, " God be with you! " the first gun began to clatter, then the caisson rattled, and the platoon was on the move. We took off our hats and made the sign of the cross. Having taken up its position among the infantry, the platoon stopped, and for about fifteen minutes awaited the drawing up of the whole column and the arrival of the commander.

" We lack one soldier, Nikolay Petrovich! " said, approaching me, a black figure, which I recognized by the voice only as being that of the platoon gun-sergeant, Maksim o v.