@RodionTweets, Part 1

A creative Twitter project celebrating the 150th anniversary of Dostoevsky's "Crime & Punishment" live-tweeting the novel from Raskolnikov's point of view. Tweets adapted from Oliver Ready's translation (2014) with permission of Penguin Classics. Link for more info: http://blogs.ubc.ca/cp150/

Prelude to the story

Publishing takes so long these days. I wonder if I'll ever hear from the journal I submitted "On Crime" to... 4 months... #academicproblems

I've written to Mother about the rudeness Dunya is suffering chez Svidrigailov. I need a precise explanation!
If only my article would come out, maybe I’d make some money. How am I supposed to survive? Maybe time to visit Alyona Ivanovna...

I shouldn’t worry so much about money. Think of those less fortunate! At least I have a safe place to live and no one disturbs me.

But what of my article? Still no word... so annoying. These publishers think they are so superior, that they can control a man.

Maybe it’s time to pay that old pawnbroker a visit... could use a little #cash

Disgusting! Two nice little notes for Dunya’s ring. And now some strange idea tapping away in my head like a chick in an egg.

Well, what can you do? Some people are parasites who grow fat off of others. What can be done with such a louse?
That’s strange. They’re talking about Alyona Ivanovna and I’ve just come from there.

They're joking about her sister, Lizaveta, and all the abuse she suffers.

And she’s going to give all her money to a monastery from the eternal remembrance of her own soul – not a kopeck for Lizaveta!

Now the student is claiming that he could murder and rob the hag, and without the faintest pang of conscience!

He has a good utilitarian argument.

First, she is a stupid, pointless, worthless, nasty, sick old hag who nobody needs and who is positively vicious to all.
Even she doesn’t know why she’s alive... and in any case will drop dead tomorrow or the day after.

Second, fresh-faced youths going to waste for lack of support – thousands of them, everywhere!

And so it’s obvious: A hundred, a thousand good deeds & initiatives could be arranged and assisted with the money doomed for the monastery!

So what is to be done? Kill her and take her money, so as to devote yourself afterwards to the service of all humanity and the common cause.

No need to worry about your conscience: won’t thousands of good deeds iron out one tiny little crime?

One death and a hundred lives in return – it’s basic arithmetic!
It takes a great man to correct and direct nature!

But wait: now the officer is pointing out that the student dare not do it!

How is this possible? These are the very same thoughts I’ve been thinking!

Why has it fallen to me, precisely now, to hear precisely this conversation when precisely the same thoughts are in my mind?

Really not feeling well lately… probably I just need to get out more.

Or stay in more… could it be the weather? This summer light is good for no one.

The white nights are just beginning. How will I get any rest now?
Ugh, white nights.

A week since I last spoke to anyone but I don't miss people. Not like they answer anyway. No reply to my letter, no answer from the journal.

I wish this headache would go away, though. Makes thinking difficult! #intellectualproblems

Petersburg is so filthy. I expect my headache is caused by the miasma coming up from the Ditch.

It's inhumane to live in these cramped boxes of rooms, stifled and squashed like corpses in coffins.

No wonder I have a headache.

Have just been reading about that gang of counterfeiters they recently caught. Everyone's condemning them, but they're really just kids.
Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Have they committed a crime? No, they just got too nervous. They’re weak.

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Why are almost all #crimes so easy to trace and so poorly concealed, and why do almost all criminals leave such an obvious trail?

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Criminals almost without exception succumb at the moment of the #crime to a weakening of the faculties of reason and will. #OnCrime

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

I wish the journal would get back to me! #OnCrime

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

This city is so oppressive in the summer. No peace, no darkness, everyone so loud in the streets. I can’t breathe.

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

I hate this wallpaper.

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

No food today! Does she mean for me to starve?!
Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

No food today either. I can’t believe she’s stopped sending me food. I have my rights as a tenant. I have my rights as a human being.

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Has she forgotten so soon that I was set to marry her daughter? Become her son?!

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Family ties mean little in today’s brutal world. City life corrupts values.

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

I have not forgotten.

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

As soon as I have some money, I will certainly move. Disgraceful service!

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

I want nothing to do with anyone anymore.

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

My reason and will won’t desert me, because #that is not a crime.

2 YEARS AGO
Fierce headache today. It must be the weather. These white nights, so oppressive. This city, so hot and dusty.

This wallpaper! #theworst

These nerves!

730 steps to there. I imagine I’ll be very afraid. No, it’s a wild #dream. I’m weak...

So many drunks in the streets. It’s disgusting, appalling. Do they have no dignity?

I hate this wallpaper so much.

PART ONE

July 7
Here I am planning to do a thing like #that and I'm scared of the merest trifle.

What do people fear most? A new step, a #newword of their own – that's what they fear most.

I knew it! Who wears hats like this? It's the petty details that matter most!

God! How revolting it all is! Am I really? No, it's absurd. What filth my heart can sink to!

What a stupid thing to do! They've got Sonya and I need that money myself. Too late. Well, good riddance.

Ah Sonya! What a well they've managed to dig! And they draw from it. They've got used to it. There's nothing human #scum can't get used to!
But if that’s not true, if the whole human race isn’t actually #scum, then all else is just fears foisted on us, and there are no barriers!

Strange. That man interested me at first glance. It must have been a premonition of some kind.

“Every man must have at least #somewheretogo.” That’s what he said - Marmeladov. I felt sick, but I couldn’t help listening intently.

"He will judge and forgive all, the good and the wicked, the wise and the meek..." Why do I keep thinking about it?

A letter from Mother! Her dear handwriting... but I can’t decide whether to open it or not.

They'll get married over my #deadbody and to hell with Mr Luzhin!
No, they won’t fool me! They even apologize for not seeking my opinion and arranging it all without me!

Nothing escapes me. I know why Dunya wants to talk to me ‘so very much’. He ‘seems kind’ – that ‘seems’ tops everything. Marvellous!

Mama, isn’t your conscience secretly gnawing away at you for agreeing to #sacrifice your daughter for your son?

Paying for the luggage and the truck, while the bride and her mother go on a peasant cart. HA!

I shouldn’t laugh... he seems kind... #misanthropy

Do they really not see this? What does Mama expect to live on in Petersburg? Don’t hold your breath for Luzhin to offer help!
I know Dunya can put up with a lot, she’d sooner live on black bread and water than sell her #soul.

But she’ll sell herself for someone else! Does she understand it’s even more vile and despicable than Sonya’s #fate?

I don’t want their #sacrifice! Over my #deadbody! I don’t accept it! I won’t accept it!

Over my #deadbody? And what will I do to stop it happening? Forbid it? What right do I have? What can I promise them in return?

Fleecing them of Mama’s pension and the Svidrigailovs’ advance, future millionaire that I am. In 10 years’ time Mama will be blind, & Dunya?

Sweet torture! The same old source of pain. I have to decide on something at all costs, or else...
Or else renounce life completely! Meekly accept #fate as it is, stifle everything inside, renouncing any right to act, to live, to love!

#That thought! Yes, I knew it! It's no longer a #dream but something new, somehow threatening and unfamiliar.

I've just seen something very strange. What a nuisance! Now I want to find out what's going on.

What on earth was I doing, offering to help? Do I even have the right? That policeman took my 20 copecks, they weren't even really mine.

I long for total oblivion, to forget everything, then wake up and begin afresh...

Poor girl, likely plied with drink somewhere and tricked into her first time! Bet her mother beats her and throws her out.
Even if she doesn’t, they’ll sniff her out and she’ll start doing the rounds, end up in the hospital or the pothouse, life over at 19!

So be it! They say a certain #percentage must go to the devil every year. Percentage! Such a soothing word.

But what if Dunya ended up in that #percentage? Or if not that one, then another?

Why on earth did the thought of visiting Razumikhin enter my head now of all times? I’ve not seen him for a good 4 months.

What can he do for me now? Giving lessons, copecks – what use is small change to me? Was he really my answer to everything?

I’ll go see Razumikhin for sure, but not now. I’ll go the day after #that, when #that’s over and done with and everything will begin afresh.
But will #that really happen? Surely it can't, can it?

I can't go back to that wretched yellow garret, where #that's been brewing in my #soul for over a month. I need #somewheretogo.

20 to the police officer, 3 to Nastasya for the letter, so yesterday I must have given the Marmeladovs about 47 copecks or even 50.

Daddy! The poor little horse! giphy.com/gifs/horse-11T...

What a hideous #dream! Hope it's not a fever coming on.

God! Will I really actually take an #axe, start bashing her on the head, smash her skull to pieces? Will I really slip in sticky warm blood?

Will I really force the lock, steal, tremble, hide, all soaked in blood, #axe in hand?
Why have I been tormenting myself all this time? I knew that would be too much for me.

Yesterday, when I went to do the test even then I understood full well that I’d crack. So how can I still be in any doubt?

Didn't I just say this yesterday?! twitter.com/rodiontweets/s...

Even supposing all these calculations are sound & all the decisions taken this past month are clear & sound as arithmetic, I’ll not dare!

I’ll crack, I’ll crack! So what on earth am I still...?

Lord, show me my path, while I renounce this damned dream of mine!
My #fate is predetermined! Why did I go home via Haymarket Square? I no longer have freedom of reason or will.

Everything’s been decided! The old woman will be at home on her own at precisely 7pm tomorrow.

Was that six striking? I’ve done nothing but #dream all day, something about an oasis with clear blue water. My head aches.

Loop for the #axe done. Pledge done. Good God! Well past six!

Why was I so certain Nastasya would be out? Where can I get an #axe at this time of day!!! Wait! The caretaker’s lodge!
The Yusupov Gardens would look great with fountains. How marvellously they’d freshen the air on every square.

Why do people make their homes in precisely those parts of town where there are no fountains or gardens but filth stench & unpleasantness?

What drivel! That’s how it must be for men on their way to the scaffold, clinging to every object they pass.

What, half past seven already? Impossible – the clock must be fast!

Disgusting disgusting disgusting! Lizaveta, Kokh, Mitka, the latch, the blood, the blood! My mind’s swarming, I must try to focus!

I was so frightened when I came out by The Ditch. There were so few people, I was so conspicuous!
Kokh and that other one. Somehow from the very first sound I suspected their destination was there, to the old woman. It was like a #dream.

Almost on purpose that 2nd floor apartment the workmen had been painting was empty right then. My #salvation!

So much blood! But no, I was very meticulous and cautious, trying not to get myself dirty.

God! Am I losing my mind? The light was so dim, I couldn’t see well, I might have missed something obvious.

I can’t understand where I found such guile to make that noise behind her door, to make it clear to her I wasn’t hiding.
Two crosses, and a little icon, around her neck.

PART TWO

July 10

early morning

It's bright as day already and the drunks are pouring out of the dens... What! Gone 2:00 already? Oh God, what did I...

I'm going mad. Frozen. Everyone's asleep. How on earth could I have done #that yesterday – just walked in, left the door off the latch.

I didn't even take off my hat, never mind my clothes. If someone had walked in, what would they have thought? That I was drunk, but...

Everything seems alright, just my trouser ends. Cut off those frayed bits et voilà!
What about the purse? And the stuff from her box? It's still in my pocket! How could I forget! Where can I hide it?

Done it! Out of sight, out of mind, and the purse too! Yes

I didn't expect to find *things* – I'd thought it would just be money

Call that hiding? My wits are really deserting me! And I'm so cold. #delirium

How could I fall asleep again when nothing's been done? I haven't even taken the loop off the armpit! How could I forget a clue like that!

Torn bits of old cloth can't arouse anyone's suspicion; surely they can't, surely they can't!

What else have I forgotten? I can't even remember. Is this it already, my punishment? What on earth is the matter with me!
What if there's blood all over my clothes—and I just can't see it?

And there was blood on the purse! There must be blood in the pocket too – the purse was still wet when I put it there!

So! My wits haven't deserted me completely yet. I can still put 2 & 2 together. This weakness is brought on by fever - a moment's #delirium

Agh! My sock! The toe's all covered in blood. I must have stepped in that puddle.

What to do w/ the sock, trouser ends, & pocket? Burn them? The stove is the first place they'll look! And I haven't even got matches!

Get rid of it somewhere. Get rid of it! Now, this very minute, without delay! Just go - don't put it off. #thesoonerthebetter

later that morning
I can hear Nastasya and the caretaker outside the door. The story's out! Resist or open? Ah, to hell with it!

The police want to see me!? But they weren't acting as though I was going to be taken away, so that's good.

Unheard of! What business have I ever had with the police? Today of all days. If I'm done for, I'm done for – so be it! #thesoonerthebetter

The sock! I'll put it on. It'll get even dustier and dirtier and the traces will vanish. Besides, it's the only one I have.

No, I'm not up to it. I'm shaking. It's a trick! Bound to be! They want to lure me in, then trip me up.

Oh! The hole in the wall... Now, when I'm out, would be just the time for a search. But who cares? #thesoonerthebetter! Let's go!
It's so hot out here. And the stench is disgusting. And the sun... I feel dizzy.

There's yesterday's street and the house where I did #that

If they ask, I might just tell them.

New bureau building! [pic.twitter.com/ulj8ZbzHSa](https://twitter.com/ulj8ZbzHSa)
I'll go in, fall to my knees & tell them everything.

Ugh, this staircase is revolting. Stuffy. And the wet paint smell makes me feel...

Say something stupid or even just a tiny bit careless and I'll give myself away completely!

Need to keep control. Must focus on something.

Interesting: There's a clerk who looks a cut above the rest & he speaks French too!

And that lieutenant – what a moustache! He may be scruffy, but you can tell he's insolent
pic.twitter.com/rHm9zGyKkI
Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

2 YEARS AGO

So, it wasn’t about #that at all! Just some money, some IOU. But what do I care about that now?

Wait- they are talking the #hag, Kokh, #axe... they’re talking about #that! I’d better go

How could I faint at a crucial moment like that! They suspect me! I saw the way they looked at me.

Who wouldn’t suspect me?
What if they're searching my room? What if it's already happened? What if I find them in my room right now!

No, nobody's been here, not even Nastasya. But how could I have left those thing in that hole like that?

Throw everything into the Ditch, in the water. End of story! Like I thought earlier.
pic.twitter.com/kbNJeZXjZM

No way... Too many people... It'll look suspicious. And what if they float instead of sinking? Everyone would see.
Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Why are people looking at me so strangely? Or am I just imagining it?

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Maybe the Neva would be better – less chance of being noticed. I’ve been wandering around here for 30 min – why didn’t I think of it sooner?

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Hm. Why water? Wouldn’t it be better to go somewhere far away, maybe even back to the islands & bury all this under a bush?

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Hello, what about this yard? Just the place to dump everything and walk away! And no-one would suspect me for loitering round here

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Done! Who would ever think of looking under there? I expect that stone's been lying there since the house was built.

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Back where I saw the girl and that “Svidrigailov” – to hell with him!

2 YEARS AGO
So it's started. To hell with it all! How stupid this is! How I tricked & lied today.

How sickeningly I fawned and flirted with that appalling Ilya Petrovich. But that's all rubbish too! It's neither here nor there.

If I'd really had a fixed aim, why didn't I take one look in the purse? I mean, that's the whole reason I accepted all this agony.

I consciously set out on something despicable & vile... So how come I wanted to throw the purse & things away when I haven't seen them yet?

It's because I'm so sick. I've tormented myself & don't even know what I'm doing. I'll get better and then I won't torment myself.

Hang on, how did I end up here? Don't tell me I've come to Razumikhin's again! Just like then...
Did I mean to come here or was I just walking by? I said a couple of days ago that I’d drop in the day after #that

I should have realized that talking to him, coming face to face with anyone, is the last thing I need now. And he talks too much.

Still, his translation idea isn’t such a bad one... But no. I don’t want any favours.

I’m walking in the middle of the bridge and everyone thinks I’m drunk, a beggar.

I must have stopped here a hundred times on my way home from the university – such a magnificent panorama, it always affects me.

Can I think the same thoughts as b4, can the same subjects & scenes still interest me? No, it’s like those old things are vanishing b4 me.
This is it. This is where I cut myself off from everything & everyone. Right here & now.

Why is Ilya Petrovich beating my landlady? What's going on? Will they be coming for me next? It must all be to do with #that. #delirium

Oh God, another #dream. Nastasya said it was the blood inside me but it wasn't, it was #that blood.

I think I've been out for a while... There were people in here, all sorts. Who were they all?

How did Razumikhin find me? Something about money? I don't think I'm raving. This seems real enough.

I feel better – but I'll keep quiet about that for now
Thank God they've gone & left me alone at last!

Do they know everything already? What if they do and they're just pretending, just teasing me while I'm lying here?

What is it I have to do? I've forgotten, as if on purpose; suddenly forgotten, remembered and forgotten - and now of all times!

Ha, Zametov! The police bureau! Why am I being summoned?

Ha! I'm mixing everything up: that was then! I have been ill. But why did Razumikhin bring Zametov here?

Am I still raving or is this for real?
Where are my clothes? My boots have gone! Hidden! My coat's still here – they missed that! The money's still on the table.

I'll take the money & go, rent another room. They won't track me down!

I should run away to America!

To hell with them! They think I'm sick! They don't even know I can walk.
I could tell by their eyes they know everything. But they've left some tea and beer...

I wonder if they've put men on guard. Police?

later that evening

I can't stand this awful banter. Why can't Razumikhin give it up and leave me alone? And now Zosimov, too!
They’re talking about #that again! I’m pretending not to listen, just looking at the flowery wallpaper instead pic.twitter.com/vU0WFVlf2w

Rodion Raskolnikov @RodionTweets 2 YEARS AGO

So they’ve got a suspect! Evidence too!

Rodion Raskolnikov @RodionTweets 2 YEARS AGO

The fiancé has arrived.

Rodion Raskolnikov @RodionTweets 2 YEARS AGO

Ugh! What a vile, pompous fool! All primped & pomaded! Parroting those 'useful' ideas that can be used to justify #murder

Rodion Raskolnikov @RodionTweets 2 YEARS AGO
No, Luzhin will marry my sister over my #deadbody!

I'm still weak, I hope I don't collapse in the street, but none of them will think I might go out.

Air! Even if it's dusty, stinking, poisoned.

All this has to end. Right now. I don't want to live like this.

But what does that mean, 'end'? I don't even know, I don't even want to think about that.

But everything has to change. Any way will do.
Street singers! I love listening to street singers! pic.twitter.com/C7LWi6pmXD

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets - 2 YEARS AGO

Ha! that flâneur thought I was completely mad!

@RodionTweets - 2 YEARS AGO
I always end up coming to the Haymarket. This is exactly where I saw Lizaveta that evening. pic.twitter.com/kXiKOWAQ3N

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
2 YEARS AGO

Why do I have this urge to talk to everyone I meet?

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
2 YEARS AGO

Those women – they’re all repulsive.

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
2 YEARS AGO

And more music in the tavern. Listen to them laugh! Must be the drink. Why don't I get drunk too?

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
2 YEARS AGO
Why did I give her that money? It's not as if I don't need it myself. Must. Stop. Doing. That.

Where was it I read how a man sentenced to death, an hour before he was due to die, thought that if he had to live somewhere very high up 1/3

on a cliff, on a ledge with room for a pair of feet & nothing more, & he had to stay like that for the rest of his life, for a thousand yrs 2/3

he’d rather live like that than die there and then? To live! No matter how — just live! There’s some truth in that! 3/3

What truth? Man is a scoundrel — that's the truth!

And a scoundrel is he who calls him a scoundrel!
The #CrystalPalace! pic.twitter.com/3YXt8tu6oX

Razumikhin was talking about the #CrystalPalace just earlier. Zosimov was saying that he’d read something in the papers.

Is that Zametov?
What rubbish in papers these days! It's all about entertainments, like those 'Liliputians' from Peru I heard about. pic.twitter.com/3w59v4wH7H

Rodion Raskolnikov @RodionTweets - 2 YEARS AGO

Ah, the tidbits: woman falls from a landing - tradesman drinks himself to death (well that’s hardly news!) – fire!-another fire!- & another!

Rodion Raskolnikov @RodionTweets - 2 YEARS AGO

I knew Zametov would come over. Wonder what he thinks of me now. And to think I almost had a real urge to tell him about #that

Rodion Raskolnikov @RodionTweets - 2 YEARS AGO

Like when I was standing behind the door w/ the #axe. I had an urge to stick out my tongue, tease, shout & laugh @ people trying to get in.

Rodion Raskolnikov @RodionTweets - 2 YEARS AGO
Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Ran into Razumikhin again. Why won’t he just leave me alone! I won’t go to his stupid party. I’d rather die.

2 YEARS AGO

I am so weak and everything feels so unreal

2 YEARS AGO

A woman just tried to drown herself. Why did they rescue her? If she wanted to end it all, what right did they have?

2 YEARS AGO

Could I end it that way? No. pic.twitter.com/QdABMaTOzw

RODION RASKOLNIKOV @RODIONTWEETS · 2 YEARS AGO
Well, it's a way out! I really will end it. But is it actually a way out? Never mind! I'll have my square yard. pic.twitter.com/XxJpDhZKSY

Still, a funny sort of end! And is it the end? Will I tell them or won't I? Oh, damn this! I'm so tired!

It's all so stupid, that's the most shameful thing. But so what? Let's put it off for a moment longer
I'm right outside the house. I've not been here since I did #that. I'm going in. pic.twitter.com/ZmFzIkUF1e

The door where I hid is locked and has freshly painted, so now it's been let.

#That apartment is already being decorated. All the blood and furniture is gone, and they're changing that wallpaper.

But the bell's the same – the tinny sound. I remember when I was stood behind door and it kept ringing.
I wonder what they thought of me? Did they really think I was mad, or that I had something to do with it? One of them thought that at least

But who would ever return to the scene like that – you’d have to be mad just to do that!

To the bureau!

An accident? I’ll have a look and THEN I’ll go to the bureau.

It's Marmeladov! He's... done for. At least we can get him home, we're right by his house

The rubbish his wife spouts and at a time like this! They'll be carting her off to the asylum any day now. Or the graveyard.

The doctor? A priest might be a better idea
That's Sonya! She looks absurd in crinoline & feather - she's barely more than a child. A skinny thing but her eyes are marvellous pure blue

What a sweet little girl! Tho why did I ask her to pray for me? And why did I give them all my money? I could have kept a bit for myself.

Back to the bridge again where that woman tried to drown herself

Enough! No more mirages! No more false fears! No more phantoms!

There is life! Wasn't I alive just now? So my life hasn't died altogether with the old #hag!
Haven’t I already agreed to live on one square yard? pic.twitter.com/vyYgzJ6vL8

I’m very feeble now, but my sickness seems to have passed completely. I knew it would.

Hang on: the party is a stone's throw away. Yes, I must go to Razumikhin. Let him win his bet! Let him have his fun.

You can only win strength with strength – that’s what they're missing.
It’s like I thought: Even for me there is life. It goes on! My life hasn't died yet. Still, I requested her prayers... But just in case! Ha!

I shouldn’t have come. Razumikhin’s drunk – and all these other people - he might let something slip in this state.

I was right! He talked to Zametov. So they think I’m mad, eh? Ha! Seems my performance at the #CrystalPalace has put them off the scent!

There's a light in my room and someone there. It looks like Porfiry Petrovich? Razumikhin was just talking about him.

A search? At this hour?

PART THREE

that night, continued

Why won’t Razumikhin ever stop talking? He’s confusing Mother and Dunya.
My gaze frightens them. Mother is crying. Dunya is pale. Why won’t they just leave?

2 YEARS AGO

Why are they all tormenting me so? #familyproblems

2 YEARS AGO

They must leave; I cannot bear it. They keep interrupting me. I can’t think straight.

2 YEARS AGO

What if I tell them about Luzhin? How I sent him packing?

2 YEARS AGO

Tomorrow she must reject him. Let that be the end of it.

2 YEARS AGO

What right? The right of a brother whose sister is selling herself for his sake. But I don’t accept your sacrifice.

2 YEARS AGO

Razumikhin is shouting. He’s still drunk.
I may be a scoundrel but this is the truth. She must never sell herself to Luzhin for my sake.

At last they’re gone. I’ve got no strength left. #stareatthewall giphy.com/gifs/john-hugh...

Back again! Zosimov’s trying to reassure them that I’m better.

How will I endure another hour of torture? I must show them the loving son, the faithful brother, give the impression I’m better #pokerface

Zosimov is selling them the tale of my miracle recovery. Will they buy it? How can I smile through Zosimov’s drivel? #pearlsofwisdom

I’m just an aimless student. I just need a goal in life. Yes... the solution to it all is me resuming my studies.
Wait, what? Zosimov even visited them last night to give them the full run-down of my progress?

What does he want? Claiming he did it for love of his patients? Enough with the sentimentalizing.

And Razumikhin! Me... sentimental? Nothing could be further from the truth.

And here goes mother, droning on again. Such trivialities! Does she have to bring up Luzhin Just when they've all calmed down?

Should have washed off that blood! Marmeladov's blood. If only they knew...

Zosimov's at it again. An explanation for anything, but it's probably no bad thing that he thinks me half-mad.

Now he's saying we're all crazy. Not a single sane man amongst us.
Crazy. Is that what I am? It wasn’t supposed to be like this. #delirium

I’ll tell them about the money for the funeral. They’ll love that Good Samaritan stuff.

I seemed to love them so much from a distance #familyproblems

Marfa Petrovna, Dunya’s “protector” has died. ... Oh, a fine topic for conversation

They are so scared of me.

“Plenty of time to talk!” Why did I say that?? Now it’s impossible for me to talk about anything. With anyone. Ever again. #alone

What an unbearable thought. I have to get away.
How did it all come to this. Hah hah! I have to laugh.

At least Zosimov is gone, but now we all have to sing his praises. A splendid man, blah blah blah...

How about Dunya and Razumikhin, eh? Quite a few soulful glances there.

Let’s change the subject. How about... my sickly fiancé?

I could have helped her, them, everyone. I still can #steppingover

I must get hold of myself. I’m not one of them. Everything has changed

But we must get back to Luzhin. At least I can still save her. And myself. Don’t test me, Dunya. I’ve already tested myself. #steppingover
Oh, vile souls! Even their love is like hatred... #familyproblems

Lies, lies, all lies. She cannot respect a man like that, much less marry him!!!!!

Did I just faint? So weak! Just a bit of dizziness! How could I be so stupid? #epicfail

How strange. Why all this fuss. She can marry who she likes. None of this matters at all.

Wow. The man is barely literate. Just threats and bluster. His imputations against Sonya reveal the #louse he is!

Of course I'll be at the meeting. That should put an end to it.

And now Sonya's here!
So unexpected...and yet, right on time.

Ah, better not seat her on the couch. My bed and all... Razumikhin’s chair!

Oh, what a mess. Yet they should be honored to meet her! This will be their test. Will they pass it?

The funeral, ah. She’s thanking me. The money! What shame... or what honor!

You couldn’t call her pretty, but what clear, light-blue eyes! She looks like a child.

Ugh, she is noticing how I live. I’m not quite the benefactor she imagined

But Dunya sees this diamond in the rough. She is a sensitive creature. Don’t waste yourself on him!
Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Marmeladov was right. His daughter is an angel. She gives herself for us all.

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Onwards, to Porfiry Petrovich. Why is Razumikhin so cheerful? Naïve idiot!

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Better explain away my earlier delirium: I need those pledges back

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

I mean, this man would go to the cross for my sake... But look how glad he is that the reason I kept mentioning the rings has been cleared up

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

He’s singing the praises of this Porfiry Petrovich. Sounds quite a queer fish.

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Ugh, Porfiry! I’ll have to play Lazarus for him as well, and make it look natural

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

It would be more natural not to pretend anything... Go out of my way not to pretend!
#catandmouse

2 YEARS AGO
Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

No, going out of my way wouldn’t be natural either... #catandmouse

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

A moth making straight for the flame. My heart’s thumping. #getagrip #catandmouse

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Above all, does Porfiry know that I went to that witch’s apartment yesterday, and that I asked
about the blood? Or doesn’t he?

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Razumikhin is so restless. It must be Dunya. What a Romeo! What a riot! Bwahaha!

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Maybe it’ll keep our host’s attention off me

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Zametov. What’s he doing here?

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Porfiry means business. His expression is serious. I’ll feed him the lines. #catandmouse

2 YEARS AGO
Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
Why’s he looking at me like that? In blatant mockery? Did he just wink at me? Or did I imagine it? #catandmouse
2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
He’s been expecting me for some time? What does he mean by that?
2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
Why did I say that about the pawners? How stupid! How pathetic! Why did I go and say that?
2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
Is he mocking me? I’ll end up saying something I regret! #catandmouse
2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
Enough with the questions, friend! Whose side are you on, anyway? I was sick to death of you all then, and I still am now.
2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
Zametov knows more than he lets on
2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
Intrigue him? Why do I intrigue him so?
2 YEARS AGO
So they can’t even be bothered to conceal the fact that they’re hounding me like a pack of dogs!

Spitting in my face, that’s what they’re doing.

But what if I’m imagining this? What if this is just a mirage and I’ve got everything wrong?

Their words are all ordinary enough, but there’s something about them... something about these everyday phrases...

And here’s the fever again!...

Why did Zametov add that I was speaking *cunningly*? 

Did Porfiry wink at me before or didn’t he?
Working on my nerves, are they? Or just teasing me? Either this is all a mirage or else they know!

They’re in cahoots! And all because of me, I’m sure of it! I’m sure they were speaking about me before we got here!

Do they know about the apartment, then? When I said I’d run off to rent a place yesterday he let it go, he didn’t react...

Very clever of me to slip that in: it’ll come in handy later on!

Delirious, they say!... Ha-ha-ha! giphy.com/gifs/laughing-...

The apartment’s not a fact either, it’s #delirium

These aren’t facts yet – just a mirage!
Do they know about the apartment? I won’t leave till they tell me!

Why have I come here?

Ugh, how irritable I am! But maybe that’s good; the sick man’s act

Does crime exist or not? That came from nowhere.

Crime is a protest against the abnormality of the social order, blathering on about the environment, human nature, blah, blah, blah...

Living soul, that’s a new one. Where did he get that from?

My article got published! I never knew #OnCrime
Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

2 YEARS AGO

How does he know about it? How did he know it was mine? Very fishy!

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Ugh, that’s not it at all, not “entitled to commit crimes.” Ordinary people don’t have the right to overstep the law.

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Extraordinary people have the right. Not an official right, that is, but a personal one to step over certain obstacles

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

But if, and only if, the fulfillment of his idea (one that may even bring salvation to all humanity) demands it

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

The discoveries of Kepler and Newton would have been impossible without the sacrifice of those standing in the way

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

It’s an obligation to remove those who stand in the way of humanity’s progress

2 YEARS AGO
The benefactors of humanity have always been bloodthirsty

Of course, according to a law of nature, people are divided in general into two categories

The lower, the ordinary, the material that serves solely to generate its own likeness

And actual people, those with the gift or the talent to utter a #newword

If those people need to step right over a corpse, then so be it

Does he get it? This Porfiry is intelligent. He has to recognize what I’m saying.

Do I believe in God? And the raising of Lazarus? Yes on both counts, but why is he asking?
What are the distinguishing marks of the ordinary and extraordinary? Is this another trap?

What would happen if an ordinary man mistook himself for being extraordinary? ... Highly possible

But their existence must be governed by a law of nature

The great mass of humanity only exists so it can bring into the world the one in a million

The genius, the great man, who can save that mass of humanity

He’s making fun of me with all these questions about the practicalities

Why all the moralizing? Why all the false modesty? Is it a trap?
And if I stepped over myself, I’d hardly be likely to tell you, sir!

Ugh, the brazen cheek of it all!

Uh-oh, now we’ve got to the point.

Maybe I should have denied it? Where is the trap? What am I missing? #Catandmouse

Razumikhin is so angry, so worked up. It suits him, this rage. The penny’s finally dropped!

But what if he’s guessed? All those questions weren’t for nothing. I’m too exposed. It wasn’t supposed to be like this

I was careless. God knows what I forgot in that delirium.
Must get to the hole. Must check if there’s anything still there

No, nothing there. Calm down #deepbreaths

Hello, what’s all this? A man asking about me? Who could that be?

Killer? What? Aaagh! Who was that?

Killer? What? Aaagh! Who was that?
I'm cold

Too hot

Razumikhin! Tricked him by pretending to be asleep
Who is he? He saw everything, there’s no doubt about that. Why has he only come out now?

Sensing in advance how I’d be – take an axe and steep myself in blood? I simply must have known beforehand.

A true master sacks Toulon, unleashes slaughter in Paris, forgets an army in Egypt, expends 500k lives marching on Moscow #napoleoncomplex

Such people are made not of flesh but of bronze #napoleoncomplex

Napoleon, the pyramids, Waterloo – and a scraggy, horrid pen-pusher’s widow #epicfail

Would a Napoleon really go crawling under the bed of some “old hag”! Please! Maybe she’s the mistake here

Maybe it’s not about her at all! #delirium
I was in such a hurry to #steprightover, I didn’t murder a person; I murdered a principle!

I murdered the principle all right, but I didn’t step over; I remained on this side

I don’t want to sit around waiting for “universal happiness” I want to live myself or else I’d rather not live at all

Of all the lice in the world I chose to kill the most utterly useless

Because, because I’m a #louse, pure and simple. I myself may be still fouler and more horrid than the louse I killed

And because I sensed in advance that this is what I would tell myself after the murder #lousenotnapoleon

Oh, never, never will I forgive the old hag! #lousenotnapoleon
Poor Lizaveta! Why did she have to turn up? Strange, though – why do I almost never think of her, as if I’d never murdered her?

It’s the tradesman from before! Does he know I’m following him?

Strange: this staircase is somehow familiar. I hear footsteps from two flights up.

How did I not recognize the place right away? Here’s the third floor. Should I carry on?

God, how dark! The tradesman is surely hiding in some corner or other

Ah, the apartment is wide open
The entire space is flooded in bright moonlight. That huge, round, copper-red moon.

Rodion Raskolnikov

Strike her!

Rodion Raskolnikov

How strange: she didn’t even twitch from the blows. It’s as if she were made of wood.

Rodion Raskolnikov

She’s laughing! I can’t hear it, but she is, she’s laughing!
Stop laughing!

2 YEARS AGO

Aggh! Awake! Just a dream. #delirium

2 YEARS AGO

Wait, Am I still dreaming? A stranger on the threshold.

2 YEARS AGO

Arkady Ivanovich Svidrigailov!

2 YEARS AGO
The story continues with *Crime and Punishment* parts four, five, six, and epilogue at [Rodion Tweets, Part 2](http://Rodion Tweets, Part 2).