@RodionTweets, Part 2

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/

This is a continuation of @RodionTweets, Part 1, which features prelude tweets and Crime and Punishment parts one, two, and three.

PART FOUR

A healthy man has no reason to see ghosts because no one is more earthbound than he—here, living a full and well-ordered life.

Is this really Svidrigailov before me? Impossible! Am I still dreaming?
He wants my help with something that bears directly on the interests of Dunya!

He says he has no need to explain himself if we leave aside all prejudices & take a sensible view of things.

The monster or the victim? #victim

Reason is the servant of passion... As if this explains how he treated that defenseless girl in his home!

Repugnant. Get out! #flummoxed

He’s trying to trick me. He even says that tricks are entirely permissible in love and war.

Now he’s telling me about Marfa Petrovna. His conscience is clear: The medical investigation revealed the cause of death to be a stroke...
from a bottle of wine and bathing straight after a heavy meal!

He struck her twice with the whip – but she liked all the drama it caused?

Humankind is terribly fond of being insulted but it’s particularly true of women... one might even say it’s their sole amusement.

He looks like he can behave decently enough in our city of pen-pushers & seminarians, but he’s not much interested in anyone’s opinion.

He was a card sharp in prison for debts. Marfa Petrovna got him out, married him, then carried him away to her place in the country.

Did he just say that he wants to go up in one of Berg’s hot-air balloons? And ask if I believe in ghosts?
He’s seen her ghost!? Three times, including just a couple hours ago!

He’d only once before seen a ghost: six years ago, Filka, a house-serf, just after his funeral.

He thinks ghosts exist, but you must be sick to see them. Ghosts are shreds and scraps of the other worlds from which they come.

A healthy man has no reason to see ghosts because no one is more earthbound than he—here, living a full and well-ordered life.

Disturb the normal order & the possibility of another world opens & the sicker he becomes, the greater his contact with this other world.

So when a man dies completely, he crosses over to it right away. He said if you believe in the afterlife then you can believe this, too.
But I don’t believe in the life to come

We’re forever imagining eternity as an idea beyond our understanding, but why must it be so vast?

I need to get out of here! Explain yourself!

What if, instead, there will just be some little room, sooty bath-hut, & spiders in every corner & that’s eternity?

Ah, he thinks Luzhin is a bad match for Dunya. #iknow

He expects me to believe that he doesn’t love her anymore!

He wants a meeting with her so that he can talk her out of it and give her ten thousand rubles! He’s mad!
He claims his conscience is quite untroubled.

It will never happen.

He is so confusing: is he getting married or going on a voyage?

Get this: Dunya is getting three thousand rubles from Marfa Petrovna's will!

He’s finally gone but Razumikhin’s back. Explained the story to him. We agree, Dunya must be protected.

Perhaps I really am insane and Svidrigailov was only a phantom. Perhaps everything these past few days was just my imagination.

What will Razumikhin think when he finds out? What will he say tomorrow?
Everyone is here. And silent. Luzhin is blowing his nose; his cambric handkerchief reeks of perfume!

Mother says that she doesn't know what they would have done if God hadn't sent Razumikhin to help them

"According to the very reliable information at my disposal..." Listen to him! Fancy way to say he heard Svidrigailov is in town.

Luzhin making claims #criminal #bestial #fantastical #villainy

Luzhin knows a murky legal case involving a Mrs Resslich & a young suicide – perhaps abused by Svidrigailov – & implies that he killed Filka

Dunya to his defense! Challenging Luzhin's #gossip
... still arguing ... I must tell them he just came to see me

Luzhin admits the three thousand for Dunya is true.

Dunya wants Luzhin and I to make peace. Otherwise, she will choose between us.

Luzhin basically just called Dunya cheap. And he's blaming my mother for what I said about him wanting a poor wife to rule over.

Mother called out Luzhin for lying about me giving the money to Sonya when I actually gave it to the widow.

He is not worth the little finger of the unfortunate girl at whom he is casting stones! Mama & Dunya know; they met her today.
They see it now, how he wants them completely under his thumb – to consider his every wish an order.

It’s over: Dunya told him to get out.

Dunya blames herself: she was indeed tempted by his money but never thought him so unworthy. #relief

I told them the whole conversation with Svidrigailov – except the part about the ghosts. That’s weird.

Mother is relieved at the three thousand rubles. Dunya seems stunned. And Razumikhin has announced that he will protect Dunya??

Razumikhin is trying to convince them to stay here. He’s pitching his dream: a career in publishing. He knows what needs translating.
Time for me to go

They're acting like they're burying me or saying bye for good! But maybe this is the last time... it's best for us to be apart for awhile.

Just leave me alone! I want to be alone! Forget about me.

Perhaps everything will rise again!

Dunya called me a callous, spiteful egoist. Razumikhin just thinks I'm mad. Insane.

Never ask me about anything! I've no answers to give you. Don't come to see me.

Something strange seemed to pass between Razumikhin & me in corridor before I left. Like I breached his soul & mind.
Made it to Sonya’s house. It wasn’t easy—it’s so dark here.

What a place. Grotesque, irregular, oblong, with one horribly sharp corner and another that’s monstrously obtuse.

She’s shaking like she’s standing before a judge! So skinny; I can see through her hand. A dead woman’s fingers. giphy.com/gifs/motion-ha...

I’ve come for the last time; I may not see her tomorrow. I came to tell her that her father told me everything.

More ghosts! She saw her father today while she was out walking.

The family is counting on her now. And they don’t even have enough money to buy new shoes. Now it makes sense why she ... lives like this.
But she hasn’t been able to save any money. And she doesn’t... earn... every day.

What happens if she gets sick? They’ll end upon the street – all of them. I can tell the thought terrifies her.

But she thinks God won’t allow it!

Polechka will go the same way. Again she thinks God would never allow it! But He often does.

But what if there is no God?

What an awful change! Her face is twitching with reproach. She tries to speak but can’t.

I just kissed her foot! I was bowing not to her but to all human suffering.
I told her about telling off Luzhin. It was not her dishonor or sin that made me say it but her great suffering.

Sonya is a great sinner – above all for having destroyed and betrayed herself for nothing. If that’s not a horror, what is?

To live in this filth, which she loathes so much - how do her saintly feelings abide the contrast of something so shameful and abject?

It would be a thousand times more just and more reasonable to throw herself off a bridge and end it all!

This thought has occurred to her; I can see it. She’s maybe even considered it many times. She wasn’t even surprised by my suggestion.

I understand the monstrous pain that her dishonorable & shameful plight causes her.
What keeps her from ending it all? Oh! What these poor little orphans and this half-crazed Katerina Ivanovna mean to her!

If she’s not strong enough to throw herself off a bridge, how has she remained in this plight for so long without going mad?

Granted *her* plight is a random social phenomenon. It is neither isolated nor exceptional.

She has three paths now: throw herself into the Ditch, end up in the madhouse, or plunge into depravity.

Depravity is the most disgusting – and the most likely.

Can this creature, who still retains her purity of spirit, be sucked into this stinking pit? Can this process really have already begun?
And is she really in her right mind? To talk the way she talks? To reason the way she reasons?

What is she expecting: a miracle? Yes, that must be it.

So, do you pray to God?! And what does God do for you?

She tells me to be quiet – to not ask – that I’m not worthy! “What would I be without God? God does everything.”

So that’s the solution. And that’s how to explain it. Strange! Impossible! #holyfool

The New Testament. Russian translation. And she got it from Lizaveta of all people!

I want her to read me the bit about the raising of Lazarus. I haven’t read it since school. bit.ly/1Fri9NH
She went to a memorial service for Lizaveta last week. Apparently Lizaveta would visit her. They would read and talk. #holyfool

She doesn’t want to read to me but she also has an excruciating desire to do so! And so she reads.

I’ll end up a #holyfool, too! It’s catching.

“Now a certain man was ill, Lazarus of Bethany, the village of Mary and her sister Martha…”

When Jesus heard it, he said, “This illness does not lead to death; rather it is for God’s glory, so the Son may be glorified through it.”

Sonya’s having such trouble reading. Her voice twangs. She can’t breathe.
Jesus told them plainly, “Lazarus is dead. For your sake I am glad I was not there, so that you may believe. But let us go to him.”

When Jesus arrived, he found that Lazarus had already been in the tomb four days.

Martha said, “Lord, if you had been here, my brother would not have died. But I know that God will give you whatever you ask of him.”

She stops. Her voices quivers. It might snap again.

Jesus said to her, “Your brother will rise again.”

Jesus said, “I am the resurrection and the life. Those who believe in me, even though they die, will live...

and everyone who lives and believes in me will never die. Do you believe this?”
She catches her breath, as if in pain. She reads on, clear and forceful. “Yes, Lord.”

She’s shaking all over with a real fever as we near the miracle. A great rapture has seized her. Her voice is clear, strong, exultant.

Then Jesus, again greatly disturbed, came to the tomb. It was a cave, and a stone was lying against it.

Jesus said, “Take away the stone.” Martha said to him, “Lord, already there is a stench because he has been dead four days.”

Jesus said to her, “Did I not tell you that if you believed, you would see the glory of God?”

They took away the stone. Jesus cried with a loud voice, “Lazarus, come out!”
The dead man came out, his hands & feet bound with strips of cloth & his face wrapped in a cloth. Jesus said, “Unbind him, and let him go.”

“’It’s all about the raising of Lazarus,” she whispered. She’s still shaking feverishly. The candle-end is guttering.

I haven’t come just to talk. I’ve left my family – a clean break.

I have only you. We’ll go together. Together we’re damned; together we’ll go!

Where? I know only that there’s one road – one aim – before us!

They will not understand, but I understood: I need you

Haven’t you done the same thing? You managed to take that step. You’ve ruined a life – your own. #steppingover
If you’re left alone, you’ll go mad. Just like me. So we’ve one road ahead of us.

Let’s go! Why? Because something has to change – that’s why!

It’s time to think about things seriously, head-on.

You haven’t seen the children around here, on street corners, sent out by their mothers to beg? I’ve seen the conditions they live in.

Children can’t remain children there.

What’s to be done? Break what must be broken, once and for all, and take suffering upon yourself!

Freedom and power, especially power! Remember that! My parting words!
If I don’t come tomorrow, recall these words of mine. And years later, as life goes by, perhaps you’ll understand what they meant.

Maybe tomorrow I’ll tell you who killed Lizaveta

At the station. They should be pouncing on me right now. Why is nothing happening? Everyone is ignoring me. They have no idea who I am.

Shouldn’t someone be keeping tabs on me? If that phantom yesterday did know everything, would I really be left standing here?

Either he hasn’t reported anything yet or he doesn’t know anything. It was just a phantom. #delirium

Why are they keeping me waiting so long? Astonishing! I’m shaking – shaking with fear.
Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

I loathe Porfiry beyond measure. Infinitely I loathe him. But I must not let this loathing betray me.

2 YEARS AGO

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I will overcome myself this once. #cool #quiet

2 YEARS AGO

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Finally: I’ve been called

2 YEARS AGO

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He’s very cheerful – and almost embarrassed, as if I walked in on some secret business.

2 YEARS AGO

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So characteristic of him: the phrases, apologizes, bits of French, and everything else.

2 YEARS AGO

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I told him I came b/c I believe he said yesterday that he would like to ask me formally about my acquaintance with that murdered woman.

2 YEARS AGO

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Why did I say “believe”?

2 YEARS AGO
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2 YEARS AGO</td>
<td>Why am I worried about having said “believe”?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 YEARS AGO</td>
<td>This is dangerous: my mistrust has swelled to monstrous dimensions from our first contact! Watch out! I’ll give myself away again!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 YEARS AGO</td>
<td>He keeps walking back and forth to no apparent purpose. He avoids my gaze one moment &amp; stares straight at me the next.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 YEARS AGO</td>
<td>He’s like a little ball rolling off in various directions, bouncing off every wall. We’ll, I’ll show him some insolence! I see his game!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 YEARS AGO</td>
<td>A certain principle exists in legal practice, a technique to be used by every investigator whereby one begins from a long way off...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 YEARS AGO</td>
<td>something completely irrelevant to reassure, or rather distract, the man being questioned. To lull his vigilance.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Then – in quite the most unexpected way – clubbing him smack on the crown with the most fateful and dangerous question.

Let’s see what Porfiry thinks of that! It feels good to be so insolent!

Did he just wink? And now he’s laughing! His whole body is swaying; his face is turning purple; he won’t stop.

I tried to join in but my disgust got the better of me. Now I’m staring at him with loathing. He seems to be openly laughing at me!

I think this may be a trap

I’m getting up, getting my cap, and getting to the point.

I’m staying. But I’m keeping hold of my cap.
He says that in Russia, when two intelligent men who respect each other meet, they are quite incapable of finding a topic of conversation.

He asked me to put down my cap. I put down my cap.

Apparently his walking about is for exercise.

Interrogations sometimes confuse the man asking the questions more than the man answering them.

Just try finding a suspect, even the most rustic peasant, who doesn't know that first he'll be lulled with irrelevant questions!

But why such a fuss about form? Form is often just a lot of hot air. Sometimes a friendly chat gets you a great deal further.
There's no running away from form, but an investigation can't be inhibited by form every step of the way.

An investigation needs the freedom of art or something like that

Now his chubby little legs are virtually running, eyes to the floor, right arm behind his back, waving his left in a variety of gestures.

And it's all astonishingly ill-matched to his words!

But why does he keep pausing at the door???

He says he's not one to teach me anything about psychological techniques & form, what with my articles #OnCrime. But I only published one!
Hypothetical situation: Say he suspected someone of a crime. Why trouble the suspect too early? There's danger in locking him up too soon.

He just said that he sees that I'm laughing. But I'm not laughing.

And even if you have evidence, well, evidence is a double-edged thing. He wants more than evidence. #fact

Lock up the suspect too soon and he may deprive himself of the chance to get proof by defining the situation and reassuring the criminal.

Now he's talking about Sebastopol after the Battle of Alma. And now he's back to his example: it's just a one-off, he says.

The point is typical cases, to which the forms are tailored in books, simply do not exist. Every deed – and every crime – is atypical.
So, he doesn’t arrest this suspect. He watches him and lets him feel the constant weight of suspicion and fear.

Then the suspect comes to him all on his own.

The main thing is to understand the particular slant that a man’s development has taken. Don’t forget about nerves and bile!

And what’s the real reason he won’t run away? The laws of nature won’t let him... Like a moth near a candle.

The suspect will then hop straight into his mouth, and he’ll swallow him up.

He’s wasting his breath! He has no proof! The man from yesterday doesn’t exist! He just wants to confuse & irritate me & gobble me up!
This won’t work. Whatever he has hiding behind that partition won’t work. I must say nothing.

And now he’s giggling and setting off again around the room.

He’s says that I value the human intellect above all else – that the play of wit and the abstract arguments of reason seduce me.

I’m like Hofkriegsrat?

Apparently he likes military history. Says he might not have been a Napoleon himself, but he’d still have risen the ranks.

He’s back to the one-offs: reality and human nature cannot be dismissed.

Wit is a marvelous thing - what chance does a poor little investigator like him have against its clever tricks?
Human nature is what saves investigators! That’s what never occurs to young people carried away by their own wit. #steppingover

His victory is assured, and the fruits of his wit stand ready to be plucked, but lo and behold, he faints!

Granted, he’s sick, and it can get terribly stuffy indoors.

His lies may have been quite superlative, but he failed to make allowances for human nature! There it is: the traitor!

He’ll try to make a fool of the man who suspects him, but he will be all too natural, all too true.

He’ll poke his head in where he’s not wanted, talk when he’d be better off silent, turn up unannounced & ask why nobody’s come for him.
And this can happen to the very wittiest men, to psychologists & literary types. Nature is a mirror of the most transparent kind!

Why am I so pale now? He wants to know if he should open a window! Haha!

He’s stopped right in front of me and is laughing, too. So I cut short my laughter.

He suspects me!

I’m fed up with all this! If he has the right to prosecute me, then do it! But I will not allow anyone to laugh in my face & torment me.

He looks alarmed! He’s whispering in horror. Telling me to hush right to my face. Opening the window, giving me some water

I’ll drive myself mad if I carry on like this! He’s laughing again
He knows. He knows I went back to the apartment. Inquired about renting it. Rang the bell. Asked about the blood.

Once, someone tried to slander himself as a murderer. A complete hallucination - #facts and all. Confused everyone. #acquitted

He’s says I’ll end up wanting to throw myself from a window – a tempting sensation.

It’s all illness. I feel like the room is spinning. Is he lying even now? But I wasn’t delirious! I was fully awake! #delirium

If I were a criminal, would I really then emphasize that I wasn’t delirious? He says it should be exactly the other way around.

Why is he saying all that?!
I feel a chill down my spine. He's still lying. He's still trying to prove to me that he knows my game inside out.

Lies! Everyone knows the best dodge in the book is not to conceal what doesn’t have to be concealed.

He’s saying I’m monomaniacal. And that I *do* believe him... because he is deeply fond of me and truly wants what’s best for me.

For all my wit, my suspicious nature has even deprived me of my common sense, of my ability to see things clearly. #SoSaysYou

The bells: what a #fact for him, an investigator, to present, just like that! Why would he have said that if he suspected me?

He says he ought to have begun by lulling my suspicions & concealing this #fact, then caught me later & taken a formal statement!
So, he doesn’t nurture any suspicions towards me since he acted otherwise?

I’m not seeing things clearly; I’m not seeing anything at all.

Ah! You’re still lying! You were saying something different before! You're lying!

He says he gave me all these means to defend myself: sickness, delirium, mortal offense, depression, the local police...

That’s it: I want to know if you declare me beyond suspicion – or not! Tell me that!

I can no longer endure it! Don’t taunt me! I won’t have it! I can’t and I won’t!

He ordered me to quiet down. I fell into a complete frenzy – although I obeyed and whispered.
I do not want to be tortured: he should observe the correct form and arrest me, but he dare not play with me.

He keeps grinning. He seems delighted. He insists he invited me here as a friend.

I took my cap and made for the door.

Wait, a little surprise? On the other side of the door?

I understand everything: he was taunting me until I gave myself away.

He said that I already had. He knew I was sick and wanted to irritate and enrage me until I gave myself away. But where are his #facts

I think he has a priest and deputies hiding behind the door. #BringEmOut
There’s no running away from form

Some noise from the other side of the door! It’s witnesses, deputies, the whole lot. I’m ready!

Mikolai confessed.

So that happened. I’m shaking. But Porfiry’s shaking, too. He hadn’t expected it. I guess he’s not going to show me his little surprise.

People are staring at me

I saw the two caretakers from #that house – the very ones I urged to go to the police.

Porfiry just said that, formally speaking, he will have to ask me one or two questions – so we’ll meet again.
He must have given Mikolai a terrible going over psychologically. Convincing him he's the killer & then torturing him, saying he couldn't be

What’s that if not comical?

He says that I’m a wit: nothing escapes my attention, and I have a gift for winkling out comedy – just like Gogol.

That’s right: Gogol.

I didn’t even try to make sense of Mikolai

Home. I’m still so muddled and confused.

I just want to sit on my couch for a while
His confession is a #fact

But they will discover that it is a lie and be after me again. Until then, I am free. #fact

I must do something to help myself; the danger is imminent.

This whole thing with Porfiry... I still don't know all of his aims and I can't grasp all of his calculations.

But a part of the game has been revealed – and I understand the terrifying significance of his move.

A bit more and I might have given myself away completely! #fact

He saw the infirmity of my character at first glance and took drastic but almost unerring steps. And I compromised myself far too much.
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What am I missing? What was he hoping to achieve today? Had he really prepared anything for me? How would things have ended w/o Mikolai?

2 YEARS AGO

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He’s shown almost his entire hand. He took a risk in doing so.

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

So what was this surprise? Was it just a joke? Could it have contained anything even faintly resembling a #fact? The man from yesterday?

2 YEARS AGO

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I’m headed out. I’m certainly safe – for today at least. I feel something almost like joy. I need to get to Katerina Ivanovna’s.

2 YEARS AGO

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No! The door opened and then *he* appeared! Yesterday’s man from out of the ground!

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

He looks exactly the same but he appears somehow doleful – and almost womanish

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

He made a very low bow, almost to the ground. He’s sorry for his malicious thoughts.

2 YEARS AGO
He felt aggrieved that the caretakers dismissed him as drunk; aggrieved that they didn’t go down to the station; so aggrieved he lost sleep.

He said he’s done me wrong. He was there, under the arch, standing with them. They’ve had their own business there for years.

I thought back: I can vividly see the whole scene from under the arch two days earlier. There were others there, but I can’t recall *him*.

So that’s the solution of the riddle!

And to think that I almost came to self-inflicted ruin on account of such a paltry circumstance!

He has nothing to tell, so Porfiry has nothing. Nothing except #delirium No #facts; just #psychology
And if no more #facts emerge, then what could they do with me?

Now I get it – this guy was behind the partition the whole time. He was the surprise! But then Mikolai was brought in.

He’s still here, and he just told me God will forgive me...

And so the fight goes on...

PART FIVE

evening

Dammit, I’ve missed the burial. But Katerina Ivanovna won’t be cross with me as I’m in line for a chair at the university. #socialclimber

She's making a spectacle of herself, throwing herself at me like this, offering the seat next to hers. Has she forgotten she’s in mourning?
How I wish she'd stop fussing about the food like this. It's this vanity that drove her husband to drink.

No, it was his fault. His alone.

Her cough is worse than ever. She seems to be choking on her own blood. And yet she insists on making polite conversation! #pathetic #vanity

Such righteous indignation about this failed misery she calls a "banquet" & now she's berating the guests! #EatMorePancakes #DrinkMoreBeer

More blood. The more she laughs, the more her kerchief is covered with it. She can't catch her breath. She's exhausted by her own vitriol.

She's digging at Sonya. But where HAS Sonya been? Why does she have a message from Luzhin? What business does he have w/ Katerina Ivanovna?
Sonya’s eyes are avoiding me. Why? Is she ashamed? Of what?

Katerina Ivanovna is still in raptures over Luzhin. He’s too "esteemed and respectable" for present company #socialclimber #materialism

She thanks me for not shunning her. Why should a murderer shun these people, whose only crime is poverty and hunger?

The ex-quartermaster just downed his 12th shot of vodka. The guests are nudging him on. Katerina Ivanovna’s face just grows redder.

I sit and listen in disgusted silence.

Sonya blames herself. Yet she is the most noble here imo.
Ah, the certificate of distinction! So she really did dance with other noble girls in front of the governor in T---.

“Almost” a colonel’s daughter. #almostdoesntcount

Amalia Ivanovna is going off about young girls reading "noffels under cover." Perhaps it was #reading that did me in as well. #nietzsche

It's descended into madness, useless fighting over whose father was noble and whose was a milk-selling Balt. I can't hear myself think.

Great, Luzhin showed up. It got real quiet. Even the drunks are in silent shock. He’s accusing Sonya of taking a 100-ruble banknote?

Katerina Ivanovna is in hysterics. She has to be restrained, and yet I cannot move. She's shouting. “Whoever wants can search her!”
She turned out her pocket and there it is! pic.twitter.com/dbErZ1PGHG

A mix of silence & shrieks and talks of exile and Siberia. I’m trying to incinerate Luzhin with my stare. #scoundrel giphy.com/gifs/dNKdHoT6y...

"Despicable!" "How despicable!" Who's that talking?

Lebezyatnikov! He’s the key to the whole thing. He saw Luzhin slipping the money to her on the sly. #thetruth

Luzhin has turned completely white. Is this what #thetruth does? Am I next to blanche?
I suspected foul play right from the start! #easytosaynow

He had scores to settle w/ me personally. He's angry b/c he failed to set my mother & sister against me. That's all there is to it! #micdrop

Katerina Ivanovna is weeping out into the street. She must have some vague intention of finding #justice somewhere.

Coming to Sonya's defense has filled me with such energy and animation, despite the dread and suffering in my soul.

I must confess my sins to Sonya. I must tell her what is in my soul!

Must I say who killed Lizaveta? To do so seems impossible.
Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

2 YEARS AGO

The excruciating awareness of my impotence in the face of necessity all but crushes me. Is this my punishment?

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

2 YEARS AGO

There she is, with her face in her hands. "What would have become of me, but for you?"
#Rodionthehero

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

2 YEARS AGO

Everything hinges on social status. Does she hear the trembling in my voice?

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

2 YEARS AGO

They have been kicked out of the apartment by that Amalia Ivanovna. She’s leaving.

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

2 YEARS AGO

Ugh! It's always the same – she only thinks about them! Just stay w/ me! An almost caustic hatred towards her has suddenly crossed my heart.

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

2 YEARS AGO

Should a man like Luzhin live and commit his abominations?
Her eyes are filled w/ tortured concern. One look at her & my hatred vanishes. My emotions are confused. The moment has come #confession

Why is it Sonya that I've chosen to torment with this #confession?

I killed her... without meaning to... It was the old #hag I wanted to kill. I look into Sonya’s eyes and I see Lizaveta’s. #confession

Is she not afraid to touch me? She looks into my eyes as if searching for hope for herself.

Enough, Sonya, enough! Don't torment me!

Follow me? Come with me? To Siberia? I’m not ready to turn myself in though. #SiberiaCanWait

Why did I kill her? To rob her? No! No! That's not true. If I'd killed them just because I was hungry, I'd be happy now.
I wanted to become a Napoleon, that's why. I only killed a louse. A useless, foul, noxious #louse

My head's aching terribly! #delirium

Power is given only to the man who dares to take it. Why has a single person never dared to grab it by the tail & shake it to hell?

I killed for a dare and that's the whole reason!

I must have known that if I'd already started asking myself if I have a right to power then it already meant I didn't.

It was myself that I killed, not her! I murdered myself in one fell blow, for all time! #confession

Redeem myself through suffering, she tells me. Kiss the earth I've polluted, she tells me. I feel her love. It is painful.
Lebezyatnikov says Katerina Ivanovna's gone mad. The tubercles have spread to her brain. #brainfever

Never in all my life have I felt so dreadfully alone!

Dunya is here! She too loves me despite everything I've done.

And Razumikhin is a very good man capable of great love. #putaringonit

They've called for doctors and priests! How was her certification of distinction materialized here, at her deathbed? #zing

Svidrigailov is prepared to find orphanages & set aside money for her kids, & save Sonya from ruin. #charity #DontGetAnyIdeasAboutSonya
Svidrigailov repeated my own thoughts: Should Luzhin live or die? Was he eavesdropping when I confessed? Why does he wink at me? #FML

He lives on the other side of the wall. He finds me fascinating, astonishing he says. What chapter in my sad saga does this open?

‘Polechka, they say, will go the same way...’ Does he know?! How can he know?!?

Everything is in a fog... what does it all mean?!

Nothing makes sense. Have I been mistaken?!

I feel like I’ve been trapped, dying... and just woken up... but to what?
Can he know!? What does he mean??

A fog! I don’t know what’s happening. I feel dread and anxiety.


Svidrigailov was at Sonya’s again!
July 18

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Death creates such a lot of work. #deathproblems

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Why is Svidrigailov butting in everywhere? Taking care of the orphans, taking care of the family... What business is it of his?

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

And ordering a memorial service to be done twice a day! He’s surely not a religious man, so that must be for Sonya.

2 YEARS AGO
And now he has some “business” to discuss with me - something to do with Sonya.

The gall, though! “You should cheer up a bit.” Seriously?

“Every human being needs air – Yes, air, air ... More than anything!” #thatsplagiarism

#Death always feels so oppressive. Mystically so! I haven’t been to a service in such a long time.

Awkward to see the corpse in the coffin, just lying there. An object, no longer a person. Feeling a bit weird.

And the children kneeling around their dead mother. Is there anything more pathetic?

But it’s not that... It’s something even worse...
Sonya hasn’t glanced at me or spoken to me in days! But just now she took my hands and bowed. I don’t get her. #confused

Not the slightest disgust towards me. Not the slightest tremble in her hand. What is this? Some infinity of self-abasement?

If only I was able to go off #somewhere right now and be entirely #alone, even for the rest of my life, I’d be lucky. I feel dreadful.

I hate that she makes me feel this way

I keep feeling like someone is watching me, like someone is following me. But no one is there.

All the same, I think I’ll go somewhere more public. Like a bar.
Is someone there? Watching me? #creepy

Porfiry? Svidrigailov?

I'm heading back to the #Haymarket. This is too weird.

This feeling of being watched is really getting old. Am I losing it? #delirium

No one is there. No Porfiry, no Svidrigailov. It's all in my head

All the same, better get to a more public place. Maybe a snack.

There's singing in this eating house all afternoon - so nice! There should be more joyful moments like this. I've been so stressed lately.
Look at me, sitting here, listening to songs... as if there's nothing else I should be doing! #slacker

A fight would be better than this! I need a challenge, someone to attack me... Yes! Yes!

But what of Dunya and mother? How will they survive?

Where am I? Where is this place? bit.ly/295INyQ

Where is he?? Did I imagine our meeting??

So cold. How did I get here? bit.ly/29anz5j
What a night! Can't believe I fell asleep in those bushes. What was I thinking? Going to bed immediately. Feel like I have a fever #delirium

Ugh, I feel terrible. But at least the fever seems to have left.

Mmm, maybe I should eat something

But how can I be hungry at a time like this?

Actually, I feel better... my mind fresher, calmer. Can't believe I panicked so much. Also: this soup tastes amazing.

Clearly there was nothing to panic about. How silly.

Razumikhin's here!
The murderer confessed! A workman! !!! He admitted it all!!

But what does it mean?

Porfiriy explained it all to Razumikhin #psychologically? What does that mean?

I feel some dread... is the fever back?? #delirium

Another chance to fight! So there is a way out!

That was the strangest conversation. Razumikhin was acting so weird. Like some special, all-consuming purpose had taken hold of him!

He called me a monster, a scoundrel, & mad! The nerve! I've done all this to protect Dunya and Mama.
But I feel better about them since we talked. He's a smashing lad. He understands that he should leave these mysteries & secrets alone.

He must really like Dunya to be spending so much time fussing about them. I hope she esteems him as much as he does her.

He's a better man than that #scoundrel Luzhin. He may be poor, but Razumikhin's #responsible #honest and has #ideals

I wonder what was in that letter of Dunya's?? Could it be Svidrigailov bothering her again? Or more insults from Luzhin?

So many questions now!

But the confession! That is the biggest question of all. Why did he do it? What does it mean???
Everything has become far too shut-in, sealed-up, & stifling. Stupefyingly so! #claustrophobia

There’s no air. I’ve been suffocating in some cramped, closed-in space ever since I was at Porfiry’s

There is a way out!

But didn’t I agree with Sonya that I can’t go on like this? Carrying #that on my soul?

But what about Svidrigailov? Perhaps he is also a way out, all on his own...

So Porfiry explained it all to Razumikhin #psychologically. His damned #psychology!

Porfiry, really? Porfiry believing, even for a minute, that Mikolai is guilty? After what happened between us?
After he accused me of #that? Eye to eye, before Mikolai ever came along! There is no correct interpretation but #that

Even Razumikhin has begun to suspect me. But why on earth is Porfiry trying to trick me like this??

He must have something in mind; there is definitely some purpose here. But what? I haven’t seen him in days.

I have to put an end to this business with Svidrigailov. And quickly, whatever it takes. I hate him so much.

I hate them both. I hate that they weigh on my mind, that they follow me. I could really kill them both.

PORFIRY! What is he doing here?!
The denouement, perhaps!

How did he manage to come up so quietly, like a cat & I didn't hear a thing?

Surely he wasn't listening in

Well, the leftovers and dregs are being scraped!

I'm going to see Svidrigailov. I don't know what I want, but the time has come.

Has he been to see Porfiry? No, he hasn't, of course he hasn't.

What's Porfiry up to anyway? Those old tricks of the trade again! Who does he take me for?
“Whatever else we are, we are gentlemen first and foremost. That must be understood.” What is he on about?

Of course we are gentlemen. That's the whole point. We are thinking, judging creatures, not lice like the old #hag

What was he going on about? Surely he can't think I'm innocent?

But if he thinks I'm innocent... there's a terror in that. *Does* he think I'm innocent?

He's using my article against me. He suspects me. He's reading too much into it... or is he? #OnCrime

All these riddles, this smoke and mist. And he spouts such nonsense.
“A hundred rabbits never make a horse, and a hundred suspicions never make a proof.” What does that MEAN?

He says that one must accept one's suffering, and if it comes from the authorities, so much the better

He says Mikolai is accepting his suffering through confession... but did he do it? What does Porfiry know?

“A fantastical, dark #deed, a modern #deed, a #deed of our time, when the heart of man has clouded over...

Bookish dreams, a heart stirred up by theories, a visible determination to take the first step...

But determination of a particular kind—as if he were throwing himself off a cliff or a bell tower.” Eloquent bastard. That was nearly poetic
Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

He just said Mikolai’s not our man. HE KNOWS !!!

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

“What, #YOU, did... the murderer is #YOU.” !!!!!

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

He can’t know. It wasn’t me.

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

If he considers me guilty, why not put me inside? It's mere #psychology. Pure mathematics. All supposition.

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
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He can’t know. He hasn’t got anything on me. He said it himself. Or has Svidrigailov been to see him? No, surely not.

2 YEARS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
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All this #psychology is double-edged, the second edge cuts deeper than the first, but what’s the point of any of it?

2 YEARS AGO
This is more than just comical, it's shameful. If I really was guilty, why on earth would I turn myself in?

He says it's all just a theory. That I don't understand life, that I haven't seen it. That I feel ashamed in my idea's collapse.

"A change of air's what you need." Suffering *does* have a lot to be said for it.

Yield to life without thinking about it? Appealing as well.

He says I'll be brought safely to shore... but what shore? Imprisonment? Pain? Fear? It's pointless.

From what heights of supreme tranquility does he dispense such oracular wisdom???

He's so condescending.
At least I didn't admit anything. He can't know. He has no proof.

Unless Svidrigailov has been to see him. Has he? Surely not.

But if he hasn't yet been to see Porfiry, he might still go...

He won’t, not now. I don’t know why, but he won’t.

I feel tormented, but weary. All these questions don’t really matter. I’m boundlessly weary at heart.

Is there now any point, after all that has happened, in trying to overcome all these new, paltry obstacles?

Scheming to stop some Svidrigailov or other from visiting Porfiry, researching, making enquiries... is there any point?
How sick and tired I am of it all!

2 YEARS AGO

And yet, I'm on the way to see Svidrigailov. Surely I'm not expecting anything #new from him, any pointers, a way out.

2 YEARS AGO

How people clutch at straws!

2 YEARS AGO

Or is it #fate? Some instinct or other that is bringing us together?

2 YEARS AGO

Maybe it's just weariness and despair. Maybe it's not Svidrigailov I need, but someone else. Svidrigailov's just there.

2 YEARS AGO

Sonya? But why go to her now? To beg her tears again? Sonya terrifies me. She's an implacable sentence, an irrevocable #decision

2 YEARS AGO

Her road or mine. I can't see her. #DecisionTime

2 YEARS AGO
I'm better off probing Svidrigailov. I really do seem to need him for something.

But what can we ever have in common? Even our #villainy can't be the same.

And he's awful: unpleasant, depraved, sly, deceitful, downright nasty. All those rumors! He's always plotting.

He's always hovering around me. He's still doing it. He knows my secret.

Will he use it to coerce Dunya? He still has designs on her. I know it. Will he use his power as a weapon on her?

Can that letter she got be from him? Surely it wasn't from Luzhin?

I'll have to tell Dunya. What a mess! Razumikhin doesn't know enough to protect her.
And then I'll kill him.

I have to see Svidrigailov as soon as possible. I need the #essence of the thing. The details don't matter.

Where am I? bit.ly/29dZTyU

It's him! Sitting right there in plain view. And watching me! How strange!!!

Is he trying to leave? Seriously?

What's he grinning about? I know he's watching me. I can see him!

This tavern is filthy. Just the kind of place where filth would be.
He may be the most dangerous person there is, but I refuse to put myself through anymore of this. It's time. #gameface

Svidrigailov's so strange. And his face! Like a mask! I can't get way from it. It's terribly unpleasant.

It's so youthful, but he's so old. And his eyes are so intensely blue... a little too blue, his gaze a little too heavy and static.

Another odd conversation. He says he told me he'd be at this tavern. Twice! I don't remember a thing.

He didn't even care when I threatened to kill him and told him to lay off of Dunya and leave me alone

He says I'm curious, my situation “fantastical.” What does he know?
Petersburg's full of people who are halfway mad and walk around talking to themselves.

Something constant about depravity. It’s founded on nature, not subject to fantasy. It’s a sickness, and a dangerous one.

He acts like he knows me. He sees me as a Schiller, an idealist.

I might end up having to shooting myself, eh? What does he know about it?

He's the shallowest most contemptible villain in the world. All the terrible things he did to his wife, to that girl... to my sister! #monster

No doubt she is the reason he's come here. No doubt he still has designs! #scoundrel

But he says he's getting married. To a child. Just sixteen! The difference in age & education excites him! #monster
I can't believe he went there. Well, I can believe it, but gross. It's so far beyond anything. It's indecent.

Enough of this. Vile anecdotes! Depraved man! I can't stand to listen to it. That poor girl. #monster

He's just getting ruder and ruder. I'll follow him. Have to make sure he's not going to Dunya.

He caught me!

I don't buy his story about the Islands

I'll still go see if Sonya's gone and taken the children. After I make sure he leaves.

He's taunting me with more Schiller. #ShakeItOff
He’s gone.

To think I could ever have expected, even for a second, something from this crude, evil man! #scoundrel

The bridge! Is that the #decision? Maybe that is the way out bit.ly/29c86C4

July 21

evening

Decided to go see Mama and Dunya. No turning back now.

Besides, they still don’t know anything. And they're used to thinking me a bit odd.

I don’t even know where I was last night. My clothes are filthy from rain and mud. Was that only 24 hours ago?
But I have made up my mind. I have made the #decision

She read my article! Mama read it!

On the one hand, wonderful to see my piece in print. #OnCrime, in print, at last! And people are reading it!

But on the other, I feel just a bit uneasy, just a bit sad. She couldn't understand it. Poor Mama! What's it all for?

I asked her if she would always love me, no matter what. This is going to be a blow. Poor Mama

She still gets so emotional since father died. She's such a dear person. I don't want to hurt her.

She says she won’t believe anything bad about me. I hope that’s true.
I’m glad that I was alone with her. Mama! I’m sorry I went, but I’m glad I went too.

Now to head home... I want to get it all done by sunset.

Someone’s in my room!

Ah, it was Dunya. She and Sonya had been waiting for me all day.

I said goodbye, watched her go. Why must they love me so much if I don’t deserve it? #familyproblems

If only I’d been on my own & no one had loved me & I’d never loved anyone! None of #this would have happened!

I told her about the bridge yesterday. I kept coming back to the river, again and again, but I didn’t take that path.
If I've always considered myself strong, even disgrace should hold no fear for me now.

And so I decided - I'm going to give myself up. But I don't know why.

She called it a crime. But what crime was there? I murdered a vile, noxious louse, some hag of a moneylender.

No use to anyone, whose murder makes up for forty sins. Who sucked the juice from the poor, and that is a crime?!

I don't even think about it. I don't even think about washing it away. I don't care that everyone's prodding me with crime.

Only now do I see the full absurdity of my petty cowardice. Now, when I've already decided to accept this pointless disgrace!
I’m despicable and talentless. That’s why I’ve decided. And maybe it’s in my own interests too, like Porfiry said.

Everyone sheds blood! It pours like a waterfall, people pour it like champagne. For this they’re crowned in the Capital!

I wanted to do good. I’d have done hundreds, thousands of good deeds in exchange for this single stupidity.

It was more cack-handedness than it was stupidity, because this whole idea was nowhere near as stupid as it now seems.

Everything seems stupid in the light of failure.

All I wanted was to insure my independence, take the first step. To get what I needed and...
Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

let immeasurable benefits, relatively speaking, smooth everything over.

2 YEARS AGO

But even that first step was too much for me to cope with! Because I’m scum! And that’s all there is to it.

2 YEARS AGO

If I’d pulled it off, I’d have been crowned. Instead I’m trapped!

2 YEARS AGO

Fear of #aesthetics is the first sign of weakness! Never, never have I understood this as clearly as now.

2 YEARS AGO

Never have I understood my #crime less! Never, never have I been stronger and more convinced than now!

2 YEARS AGO

I was spiteful, I could see it myself.

2 YEARS AGO
I ranted all this to her, but all the while, I couldn’t help but see that I was making those two dear creatures miserable.

I’ll try to be a man, for their sake, and honest, for the rest of my life, even though I’m a murderer.

Now everything will start afresh, everything will snap in two. But am I ready? Is that what I want?

They say it’s a test I have to endure! What is the point of all these pointless tests?

Will I really understand any of this better after 20 years’ hard labor, when I’m old & feeble, crushed by suffering?

And what would I be living for then? And why am I agreeing to live like this now?
I knew I was #scum today at dawn, standing there over the river!

They’re banishing me. They want me to bow & scrape, to call myself a criminal. To humble myself before them.

Just look at them all, scurrying around! Every one of them a scoundrel & criminal by his very nature—worse, an idiot! How I hate them

What kind of process will be needed for me to end up humbling myself before them, without a single objection?

With total #conviction?

But then, why not? That’s exactly how it should be! As if 20 years beneath the yoke won’t finish you off.
Water wears out stone. So why live? Why?

Why am I going there now, when I know myself that this is exactly how it will be, as it is writ?

It’s almost sunset. It’s almost time. And here I am at Sonya’s....

It makes me so angry to think of them crowding round, gawking at me, asking idiotic questions. Will I really do it?

What am I to her? Why was she crying?

She’s like mother or Dunya. My nanny.

Sonya gave me her cross. Cypress wood. A peasant’s cross. She’s wearing Lizaveta’s copper one.
I crossed myself. Me. She asked me to. Why did I do it? #holyfool

I can’t believe she’d go with me. That she’d abase herself so. I told her to stay put. I never asked for a retinue.

Why did I come to see her?

Time to do the #deed, I told her

What #deed? There was no #deed!

All this just to tell her I’m going? Or because I love her? But I don’t, do I? I shooed her away like a dog just now.

Was it her cross I needed? No, it was her tears. The fear on her face. The sight of her heart in fear, pain & torment.
I needed to grab hold of something, anything! To buy myself #time. To see a human being before me.

And I dared put so much faith in myself, so many dreams... I'm nobody, just #scum

All of these things! Time is slowing down. Will I really go? Am I really going?

A week from now, a month from now, when I'm being taken God knows where in one of those convict wagons...

How will I look at the Ditch then? Should I try to remember all this? How will I see it all then?

What will I be thinking and feeling?

But why am I so ashamed?
How pathetic all this must seem, all these... worries of mine! What the hell am I thinking about?

All of these people shoving in the Haymarket. Commoners everywhere. A fat German. A beggar with a child.

It’s so unpleasant. I’d give anything to be alone.

Go to the crossroads, bow to the people, kiss the earth (bc you sinned before the earth too) & say out loud to the world: I am a murderer!

Will it give me a sensation of wholeness? Newness? Fullness?

Sonya’s here. She saw me bow down, kiss the earth. Those other people don’t matter.

She followed me on my walk of sorrows! And she’ll follow me to the very ends of the earth, wherever #fate sends me.
But here I am. The place of #destiny

So many stairs. So many thoughts. Stop thinking, #Raskolnikov

Catch your breath, tidy yourself up, #enter like a human being

What are they all doing here?

Svidrigailov’s shot himself!? How can that be??? Is that the path?

I feel like I’m being crushed. Like something’s fallen on me.

I had to get out. No air in there.
All this shoving! And Sonya with her wild eyes! I see what I must do. I can’t turn back now.

I’m going in again.

It was me who murdered that civil servant’s old widow and her sister Lizaveta with an axe, and robbed them.

EPILOGUE

in prison

So... what happens now?

A week since my #confession... and now the anticlimax. I thought everything would be torn in two! Decided!

Instead I sit here in this #prison. Before I was tormented by conscience... now I’m tormented by #boredom
And the trial isn’t for months yet!

I have a lot of visitors: Sonya, Dunya, Razumikhin. Why do they take an interest? I might as well be #buriedalive

Mama is ill, I hear. Probably for the best that she’s going away from Petersburg. Dunya and Razumikhin will take care of her.

I regret that I’ve caused her collapse. She never should have found out.

Dunya and Razumikhin have made up a story about how I’ve gone away to make my fortune, if she asks.

But probably she won’t ask. She was delirious... and I know what #delirium is like

Endless waiting! The trial is finally set for December
I told them everything without muddling the circumstances, distorting the facts, or forgetting the slightest detail.

If I am for #truth, and #redemption through suffering, I am #allin

But they are surprised that I cannot recall the items I stole. They’re just #things. They are not #whatsimportant

Why do they care so much about the purse and the pledges? They think I’m lying about not opening the purse.

Why would I lie about that now? I’ve already confessed!

Everyone says I’ve been ill, #delirious, possibly temporarily insane! #delirium
Razumikhin told them all about how I took care of that consumptive student, and his old man. What’s the point?

My landlady didn’t care if I starved, but she came and told them how I saved those kids from a fire that time.

But that student, his dad, the kids... they are not #whatsimportant

I don’t understand why they are plaguing me with all these questions and theories. I did it. I confessed. That should be that.

Why did I do it? The squalor of my circumstances, my beggary & helplessness, and to pull myself up in the world... #firststeps #steppingover

Why did I turn myself in? “Heartfelt remorse” of course. #stupidquestions
Eight years hard labour, second category. That’s what a full confession gives you. That’s my lessened burden.

Mama’s illness, her hysteria – all my fault

They say she keeps talking about me, her hopes for me, the future. What future can there be? It’s all #morbid

I regret that I drove her to it. She’s a dear woman, my mother! None like her. She cares. I love her. I didn’t mean to do #this to her

Time for the long journey to Siberia

Dunya and Razumikhin say it won’t be forever. They plan to move #there to be with me...

They say we will set up home #there, in the very same town, and begin a new life all together...
Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

They wept as we parted.

A YEAR AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

This is all nonsense. And Mama’s illness won’t end well. There will be no #happyending for our family. Not even #there

A YEAR AGO

Siberia! The #prison! pic.twitter.com/uEcl3wVeSf

RODION RASKOLNIKOV @RODIONTWEETS - A YEAR AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

#Prison life is as expected. Hard work. Bad food. #suffering

A YEAR AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

I understand my situation perfectly well: expect no sudden improvements, entertain no frivolous hopes. Nothing is surprising.

A YEAR AGO
I bet Sonya can’t *wait* to begin torturing me with religion. She’ll keep on about the Gospels, plying me with books. #holyfool

Sonya’s always here, but she hasn’t mentioned religion or offered any books. She’s probably biding her time, wearing me down.

Sonya apparently arranged for regular letters from Dunya and Razumikhin! I just got one.

They married months ago! Even Porfiry attended?!

I’m glad. Razumikhin will really take care of Dunya and Mama now. He knows #whatsimportant

This food is so bad. Maybe it would be ok to take some money from Sonya for tea

As a wise man said, “Let the world go to hell, I will always have my tea.”
Taking money from Sonya is galling, embarrassing. She has little enough, still wearing that old green shawl.

And she *still* hasn’t mentioned the Bible! What’s she waiting for?

Was it really just a year ago I was tracing out my route on the hot Petersburg streets?

That was #anotherlife, a world away from here

Mama died of her illness in April. Sonya didn’t tell me until now

Her death also weighs on my conscience. Another unintended victim of my #steppingover

Sonya again. She’s constantly here. The convicts all smile at her! They can never praise her enough; they even praise her for being little.
And she plays to them, smiling and returning their bows – they sure love that

It’s disgusting

Sonya is actually making friends here. I don’t see the point.

They call her ‘dear mother, gentle, merciful mother’ and doff their caps and bow when she sees them going out to work.

I hear people even go to her to be treated when they are sick!

It’s all so disgusting

Where’s Sonya? She’s always here, but the last two days she’s been gone!
Rodion Raskolnikov  
@RodionTweets  
Maybe she finally got fed up with her #suffering and left me  
7 MONTHS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov  
@RodionTweets  
Not surprised  
7 MONTHS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov  
@RodionTweets  
They say she’s been taken ill...  
7 MONTHS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov  
@RodionTweets  
Could it be serious? It’s not like her to miss so many days  
7 MONTHS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov  
@RodionTweets  
I don’t know what’s come over me, but I actually miss her. Her constant presence, her tediousness – I got used to it.  
6 MONTHS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov  
@RodionTweets  
Do I love her?  
6 MONTHS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov  
@RodionTweets  
She’s back, but looking pale and thinner than usual. But she’s back! She’s tough, she will be ok.  
6 MONTHS AGO
Sonya again. It’s all so tedious. I can’t even bother to speak to her. There’s nothing to say.

6 MONTHS AGO

It’s all the same, day in, day out. #allthesame

6 MONTHS AGO

A year ago I stood there and heard the sentence read.

5 MONTHS AGO

Sonya has brought the #prison pies and little white buns for Christmas!

4 MONTHS AGO

They all love her, but no one tolerates me. I don’t understand why she cares. I don’t understand why they care.

4 MONTHS AGO

Can’t they see that I acted for them?

4 MONTHS AGO

I’m so tired, but it’s better this way. Better to exhaust the body and #notthink about the rest of it

4 MONTHS AGO
There are no distractions…. at least work is ever present

The first day of Lent… funny to think of fasting given what we’re eating anyway #irony

I’m so #bored that I asked Sonya for a copy of the Gospels #holyfool

What are all these torments and hardships to me? I’m glad to have work to do; when I’m exhausted I can sleep soundly

What does this food matter to me? Cabbage soup without meat, only cockroaches?

When I was a student, many times I didn’t have even that!

My clothing’s warm. I can’t even feel my shackles. Is this #suffering?
Am I ashamed of my shaven head and my half-and-half jacket? Before whom? Before Sonya?!

She always offers her hand so timidly, as if I might reject. As if she is scared.

Sonya is afraid of me. Am I to feel ashamed before her??

And why not? I DO feel ashamed even before her. #notguilty

If only I could blame myself, how happy I would be. But I’m #notguilty. There is no especially dreadful guilt in my past.

#That was a simple #blunder that could have happened to anyone.

I came to grief so blindly, so hopelessly, so stupidly... by some decree of blind faith... and now I must submit
Resign myself to the #absurdity of the decree. If I want any peace at all.

In the present: pointless, purposeless #anxiety. In the future: an endless #sacrifice by which nothing is to be gained

This is what the world has in store for me. #bored

What does it matter that in eight years’ time life can begin again? Why live? What do I have to live for? To aim for?

I’ll be 32 then! #old

Wasn’t I prepared even before to give up my existence for an #idea, for a #hope, even a #fantasy?

Existence alone is never enough. I always want #more
More is permitted me than to others because of my #desires... there's a power in #wanting

I feel no #remorse ... #that was not a #crime

That July it was #delirium, I wasn’t thinking right! But now I see that #that was not a #crime

Then I thought the #deed was hideous... Here in #prison, at #liberty, and thinking back... it is not nearly so stupid or hideous

How was my #idea more stupid than all the other ideas that have swarmed around colliding with one another since the beginning of time?

You need only take an independent, broad view of things, free from the usual influences, and my #idea won’t seem remotely... strange

Get ready, Twitter! Here are some things I’ve been thinking #twitteressay
Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Why do the men of wisdom - who deny everything except money - stop halfway?!? (1/8)

2 MONTHS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Really, what is it about my #steppingover they find so hideous? That it was evil? What does that even mean - ‘an evil deed’? (2/8)

2 MONTHS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

MY #conscience is untroubled. (3/8)

2 MONTHS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Yes, of course, a criminal #act has been committed; yes, of course, the letter of the law has been violated and blood’s been shed! (4/8)

2 MONTHS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

So take my head for the letter of the law... and that’s your lot! (5/8)

2 MONTHS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Plenty of humanity’s benefactors never inherited power but grabbed it for themselves (6/8)

2 MONTHS AGO

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets

Should they have been executed after taking their very #firststep? (7/8)

2 MONTHS AGO
But those people coped with the #step that they took, which is why they are #right! (8/8)

I couldn’t cope with mine, so I had no right to take it. #weak

Why didn’t I kill myself then? Last July? Why did I stand over the river and prefer to turn myself in?

Didn’t Svidrigailov overcome it, despite his fear of death? I was #weak then

And now look at me! #buriedalive in this house of the dead

This is all just #biology. The dull yoke of instinct, which I was not able to break when #steppingover

Why does everyone here love life so much? They cherish it. Unbelievable. Buried here in Siberia, forgotten at the end of the world!
I can’t escape my biological instinct, it seems, but I also can’t feel this #love they feel

In #prison life is loved, valued and cherished even more than when men are at liberty! #irony

And what dreadful hardships and torments some of them have endured... the tramps, for example

Can one single ray of sunshine mean so much to them? Or a thick forest?

Or a cold spring in the back of beyond that a tramp spotted 2 years before and, like a lover, yearns to see again & dreams about?

This is all loathsome, unbearable.

What I cannot fathom is how very different I am from #them. There's an unbridgeable gulf between me and these commoners.
We are countrymen, yet we seem to belong to different nations

And they all despise me

I can’t believe that these differences, these causes are so deep, so potent.

There are Poles too, political criminals who keep their distance from the commoners, treat them with contempt like ignoramuses and slaves

And Russians! A former officer and 2 seminarians whose contempt for the peasants knows no bounds

But am I like them? No, I am more like the common man! That’s why I did the deed, that’s why I stepped over
These ‘ignoramuses’ are in so many ways far more intelligent than the political criminals, officers, and seminarians

Today is my day to prepare the Sacraments for the Lenten service. Everyone goes to church together to pray

I barely escaped with my life yesterday! If that guard hadn’t been there...

They all attacked me!

I don’t understand why they are so frenzied & angry! They called me an atheist and said I should be killed because I don’t believe in God!

I’ve never spoken with them about God or faith, but they want to kill me for my atheism. #holyfools
Thank goodness that guard was there or blood would have been shed!

They all dislike and shun me. I don’t get it

The ones who look down on me, who mock me and my 'crime', are far more criminal than I am

They taunt me, call me "gentry" and say things like "What’s a gentry boy like you doing with an axe?"

But they are all so fond of Sonya, although she never seeks their approval! They see her rarely, only sometimes when they’re out working

Yet they all already know her, know how and where she lives, know that she followed ME here...
Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
2 MONTHS AGO

I guess she did bring Christmas treats for all the #prison. And she writes letters for #them. Even their wives & lovers know her & like her!

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
2 MONTHS AGO

I feel the fever coming on... It doesn't feel like it did that other time... will it be #delirium again?

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
2 MONTHS AGO

They've put me into the hospital ward

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
2 MONTHS AGO

What a lot of bother and fuss!

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
2 MONTHS AGO

I've begun seeing things. Visions. #delirium

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
2 MONTHS AGO

The entire world is condemned to some terrible, unheard-of pestilence. I see it advancing.

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
2 MONTHS AGO

Everyone will die apart from the few, very few who have been chosen.
I've seen that new trichinae have appeared, microscopic beings that enter human bodies
#science

But! They are spirits! Endowed with intelligence and will

People who have them in their bodies immediately become possessed and go mad

But never, ever have people thought themselves as intelligent and certain of the #truth as those who are infected

Never have they considered their verdicts, their scientific conclusions, their moral convictions and beliefs more unshakeable

Entire villages, entire towns and peoples are being infected and driven to madness
Everyone is panicking! And no one can understand anyone else; each one thinks that he and he alone possesses the #truth

The sight of others is a torment to them all

I see them beating their breasts, weeping, wringing their hands

No one knows whom to bring to justice and how

No one can agree what is bad and what is good, whom to charge and whom to acquit

People kill one another out of meaningless spite!

They mobilize entire armies, but no sooner do these armies set out than they begin to tear themselves to pieces!
Breaking rank, the soldiers attack, hack, stab, bite and eat each other

In towns, the tocsin sounds from dawn till dusk: everyone is summoned, but who summons them? And why?

There are #noanswers No one knows

Panic is widespread!

Ordinary trades are abandoned because every man has his own ideas, solutions, and agreement is impossible

Agriculture has ceased

People gather in groups sometimes, agree on something, swear not to split up, then embark on something completely different
Blaming, fighting, killing

Fires, famine

Everyone and everything is perishing

The pestilence grows and spreads, further and further

Only a few survivors in the whole world; pure and chosen, those destined to being a new race of people and a new life

They will renew and purify the earth… but no one has seen them, heard their words or voices

But what will that future world be?
They say I’ve been out of my head! It’s hard to think of what I’ve been dreaming these past weeks #delirium

The visions are unclear, indistinct. And yet they feel so lucid

So much time past, and so many terrible visions! Will these events come to pass? #apocalypse

Holy week. Sonya has been to see me; she said it was hard to come visit. They nearly didn’t let her in.

She said last time she came, I was unconscious and very ill. I don’t remember...

Caught sight of Sonya in the yard. She can’t come visit, but she comes and stands outside and waits for me to look
Easter! The day of resurrection, but in the dead house there can be no resurrection for us. Even if we are rehabilitated, will we live?

We may as well be dead, #buriedalive out here in Siberia

I just saw Sonya again, standing by the hospital gates. As if she were waiting for something.

Something seemed to pierce my heart at the sight of her!

Sonya didn’t come today

Sonya didn’t come today, either

Where is she???
I’m well enough to leave the hospital and move back to the prison today.

Good, because the hospital was horrible – nothing to do but think all day.

Still haven’t seen Sonya. Is she avoiding me? It’s strange...

The others say that Sonya has been ill and staying at home. She must be very ill to have missed her regular visits.

I hope it’s not dangerous! Poor little girl.

I sent a boy to see how she is...

He says that she is not in danger, and even sends a note!
She writes that she feels a great deal better, that it is just a bit of cold, that she will come see me at work very, very soon

Why is my heart aching so much?

Beautiful day today, so clear and warm! I’m going out to work on the riverbank

They’ve left me alone; finally some #space, some #airtobreathe
The broad river before me—so peaceful, so deserted... so much #space! Vast, empty #space!
pic.twitter.com/3aIO0qQcPg

I just hear some singing in the distance

Over there, on the sun-drenched, boundless steppe, I just see the black dots of nomads’ yurts

Over there! #Freedom! Over there! People quite unlike the ones living here!
Time itself seems to have stopped there, as if Abraham and his flocks have not yet passed

Finally, some space to think

I’m not really thinking about anything, but what is troubling and tormenting me?

What is it?

Something...

Chilly, though.

Sonya! She's here!
She’s wearing her wretched, old burnous and that old green shawl. How well I remember it!

Her face is so thin, pale, pinched. She looks so ill. But she gave me the most warm and joyful smile just now! And offered her hand!

I don’t know how it happened, but suddenly something swept me up and hurled me at her feet, weeping and hugging her knees

She didn’t know what to make of it, she leaped up, shaking all over! But then she understood!

Her eyes lit up She knew that I love her, that I love her endlessly

And now! The new world, the new future... full resurrection into new life! #Love has resurrected me

But now we must wait. Seven years to go. How much unbearable torment still lies ahead?
Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
13 DAYS AGO
How much endless happiness?

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
13 DAYS AGO
I have been raised to life! I feel it fully, with my whole renewed being

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
12 DAYS AGO
#Her, my Sonya. She is #hope. She is #life

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
12 DAYS AGO
I think people have already begun looking at me differently. Maybe through my #love for her, these men have come to understand me

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
12 DAYS AGO
My enemies no more! Now they are looking at me as if I am a human, one of #them

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
12 DAYS AGO
I talked to them yesterday, and they responded. With affection!

Rodion Raskolnikov
@RodionTweets
12 DAYS AGO
But isn’t all as it should be? Shouldn’t everything be different now?
How did this all happen?

How did this all happen?

#She is the answer. I remember how I tormented her, tearing and rending her heart. Her pale, thin face.

But with my endless love now, I will redeem all her sufferings

And what are they anyway, all these torments of the past?

Yes, *all* of them! Even #that

Everything, even the #crime, the sentence, the exile, Siberia ... they are all alien and strange. As if that wasn’t me

The Gospels under my pillow, the very same book #she read to me about Lazarus. She gave it to me, but I still haven’t opened it.
How can her beliefs not be my beliefs too now? Or at least her feelings, her strivings...

I'm ready to see these 7 years as 7 days. Only 7 years!

What happiness! The new life begins!