

双语爱读 动物星球

张煜◎丛书主编

RED FOX

偷乘马车的 红狐

[加]查尔斯·乔治·道格拉斯·罗伯茨◎著 张煜◎译

世界上最经典的动物文学作品精选

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.....

以动物的视角给人类以感动和反思



国防工业出版社
National Defense Industry Press



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PREFACE 前言

朋友，你是否思考过这样的问题：人类是否一定要凌驾于其他动物之上？人类是否必须站在猎捕者的位置上？动物身上的机智彪悍、敢爱敢恨、舐犊情深等品行是否有时已经超越了某些卑小的人类？是否可以说世间生命等价？这些正是查尔斯·乔治·道格拉斯·罗伯茨，这位现实主义动物小说的开山鼻祖在一个个动物故事中向我们提出的问题的。

谈到查尔斯·乔治·道格拉斯·罗伯茨，西方读者并不陌生。他于1860年1月10日出生于加拿大的新不伦瑞克省。他是著名诗人，被誉为加拿大“诗歌之父”，他以自己的诗歌才华，被英国国王授以“爵士”称号；他又是浪漫小说作家和动物小说作家，一生中写下了多部浪漫小说和二百多篇长短不一的动物小说，畅销许多国家，成为世界级的经典作品。

我们选译的这套故事集有四个主题：《复仇的母海象》展现了动物父母对孩子的殷殷舐犊之情，《偷乘马车的红狐》刻画了机智勇敢的红狐的形象，《无家可归的“雪鞋”兔》表现了野生动物勇敢向上的品格，《驼鹿敲门》则体现了人兽之间感人的温馨情感。

罗伯茨笔下的动物世界是一个英雄的世界，这里面不乏动物英雄。红狐显示出有别于其他同类动物的智谋和胆量，善于与人周旋，与天敌较量，巧妙地从人类所设置的陷阱中受惠，被人类捕获后，利用自己擅长长跑的技能，成功逃脱，摆脱了被人类任意驱使的悲惨命运，其智勇双全的形象令人不禁相形见绌。红狐的身上体现了生命不止，战斗不息的野生动物精神。

罗伯茨笔下的动物世界充溢着伟大的母爱。生活在北极世界的白熊妈妈为了让刚出生不久的孩子吸吮到充足的奶汁，不惜冒着生命危险，偷袭身材庞大的海象来补充自身营养；而失去了孩子的海象妈妈则悲愤交集，穷追不

舍，充分体现出野生动物母亲的母爱情怀。美洲豹夫妇为了追回被猎人偷去的两只幼豹，历尽重重危险，美洲豹爸爸甚至失去了自己的生命。美洲豹妈妈面对不断射来的子弹，还是毅然决然地跟踪猎人，趁猎人外出之际，将自己的两个孩子一一救出来。罗伯茨笔下的动物故事也洋溢着动人的人与动物的友谊之情。灵沃克森林里的雄鹿高大威猛，是很多猎人心仪已久的猎物。雄鹿经常光顾瑞森老汉的菜地，偷吃各种农作物。老汉刚开始时一心要报仇，拿着枪，漫山遍野地追踪雄鹿，但总是无功而返。日子久了，老汉反而被对手非凡的逃跑技能所折服。有一次，雄鹿为了躲避两个猎人的追捕，逃到了老汉的房子里，老汉看着雄鹿那孤独无助的眼神，不禁暗生同情之心。他劝退了前来寻找雄鹿的猎人，随后又用农车载上雄鹿，将雄鹿放回了原野。这样充满大爱的故事令人唏嘘不已，感动非常！

罗伯茨笔下的动物世界是一个勇士的世界，动物的生存斗争和生命习性得到了充分的揭示与渲染。为了在残酷的自然环境中生存下来，动物往往竭尽全力，战斗到生命的最后一刻。不同的动物英雄在罗伯茨的动物故事中都表现出各自的生活特性，表现出各自生命的可贵，这也是他的故事让我们深深感动的重要原因。

罗伯茨笔下的动物世界是一个体现动物情感、价值和生命意义的世界。他凝结在笔下的是对动物的尊重、对美好品质的赞美，对这些并无二致的生命的歌颂！朋友，你还记得我在篇首提出的那些问题吗？这些问题也许早已盘踞在你的脑海，也许刚刚在你的心中扎根，但毫无疑问，这些问题将横贯我们的整个生命。随着我们对自然、对人与自然的关系、对文明与自然的关系逐渐加深理解，我们会渐渐得出自己的答案。而这些答案正是我们将来的自然观。它可能变成你一生的兴趣，可能变成你奋斗终生的信念，可能决定你能否在神秘的大自然中找到生命的最终归属。

罗伯茨动物小说之所以赢得广大读者的青睐，还有另外一层原因，这就是他的笔触充满了诗人的灵秀，语言贴切传神，写作技巧娴熟，描写生动形象，惟妙惟肖，善于营造气氛，为故事的高潮奠定基础。

这一切，细心的你定会在故事中一一体会到。



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PART 1

BLACK MARKS AND
BIRCHINGS

污点和教训





Black Marks and Birchings 污点和教训

Now came the critical time when the young foxes showed a disposition to wander off and hunt by themselves; and at this stage of his education Red Fox, whose quickness had hitherto saved him from any sharp discipline in the school of Nature, came under the **ferule**¹ more than once. Instinct could not teach him everything. His mother was somewhat over busy with the other members of the family, who had shown themselves so much more in need of her care. And so it came about that he had to take some lessons from that rude teacher, experience.

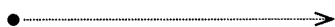
The first of these lessons was about **bumblebees**². One afternoon, while he was hunting field-mice in a little meadow pocket half-way up the hillside, his eager nose caught sent of something much more delicious and enticing in its savour than mice. It was a smell of warmth and sweetness, with a pungent **tang**³; and instinct assured him confidently that anything with a smell like that must be very good to eat. What instinct forgot to suggest, however, was that anything so delectable was likely to be expensive or hard to get. It is possible (though some say otherwise!) to expect too much of instinct.

Field-mice utterly forgotten, his mouth watering with expectation, the young fox went sniffing hungrily over the turf, following the vague allurements hither and thither,

till suddenly it steamed up hot and rich directly under his nose. A big black and yellow bumblebee boomed heavily past his ears, but he was too busy to notice it. His slim pink tongue **lolling**⁴ out with eagerness, he fell to digging with all his might, headless of the angry, squeaking buzz which straight away began under his paws.

The turf over the little cluster of comb was very thin. In a moment those busy paws had penetrated it. Greedily Red Fox thrust his nose into the mass of bees and honey. One taste of the honey, enchantingly sweet, he got. Then it seemed as if hit thorns were being hammered into his nose. He jumped backwards with a yelp of pain and astonishment; and as he did so the bees came swarming about his eyes and ears, stinging furiously. He ran for his life, blindly, and plunged into the nearest clumps of juniper. It was the best thing he would do, for the stiff twigs brushed off those bees which were clinging to him, and the rest, like all of their kind, hated to take their delicate wings into the tangle of the branches. They hummed and buzzed angrily for a while outside the enemy's retreat, then boomed away to repair the damage to their dwelling. Within his shelter, meanwhile, the young fox had been **grovelling**⁵ with his face in it. In a few minutes, finding this remedy insufficient, he crept forth and slunk miserably down to the brook, where he could rub his nose and eyes, his whole tormented head, indeed, in a chilly and healing mess of mud. There was no better remedy in existence for such a hurt as his, and soon the fever of the stings was so far **allayed**⁶ that he remembered to go home. But he carried with him so strangely **disfigured**⁷ a countenance that the rest of the family regarded him with disapproval, and he felt himself an outcast.

For nearly two days Red Fox stayed at home, moping in the dark of the burrow, and fasting. Then his clean young blood **purged**⁸ itself of the acrid position, and he came forth



1. **ferule** ['feru:l] *n.* (责打学生或小孩用的)戒尺, 教鞭; [喻]责罚; 纪律
2. **bumblebee** ['bʌmbl.bi:] *n.* [动]大黄蜂, 土蜂, 野蜂
3. **tang** [tʌŋ] *n.* 强烈的味道或气味
4. **loll** [lɒl] *vi.* 懒洋洋地躺着[坐着、站着]; (头、舌等)耷拉, 下垂
5. **grovel** ['grɒvl] *vi.* 趴在地上, 匍匐; 卑躬屈节
6. **allay** [ə'leɪ] *vt.* 和缓, 使镇静, 减轻, 止(渴), 消(痛), 解(忧)
7. **disfigure** [dis'figə] *vt.* 损毁...的外形, 使变丑
8. **purge** [pə:dʒ] *vt.* 使洁净, 使净化, 清洗, 清除, 使(机构)变得廉洁起来; (用药)泻, 使(人)通便

very hungry and bad-tempered. It was this bad temper, and the recklessness of his unwonted hunger, that procured him the second taste of Nature's discipline.

It was late in the afternoon, and the rest of the family were not yet ready to go a-hunting, so he prowled off by himself to look for a rabbit. His appetite was quite too large to think of being satisfied with mice. About a hundred yards above the den, as he crept stealthily through the underbrush, he saw a black and white striped animal moving **sluggishly**⁹ down a cattle path. It did not look at all formidable, yet it had an air of fearlessness which at any other time or in any other mood would have made so shrewd a youngster as Red Fox stop and think. Just now, however, he was in no sort of humour to stop and think. He crouched, tense with anticipation; waited till he could wait not another second; then bounced forth from his hiding-place, and flung himself upon the deliberate stranger.

Red Fox, as we have seen, was extraordinarily quick. In this case his rush was so quick that he almost caught the stranger unawares. His jaws were almost about to snap upon the back of that striped neck. But just before they could achieve this an astonishing thing happened. The stranger whirled as if for flight. His tail went up in the air with a curious jerk. And straight in his eyes and nose and mouth Red Fox received a volley of something that seemed to slap and blind and choke him, all three at once. His eyes felt as if they were burnt out of his head. At the same time an overpowering, strangling smell clutched his windpipe and seemed almost to close up his throat in a paroxysm of repulsion. Gasping desperately, sputtering and staggering, the unhappy youngster rushed away, only to throw himself down and grovel wildly in the moss and leaves, coughing, tearing at mouth and eyes with frantic paws, struggling to rid himself of the hideous, throttling, slimy thing. And the skunk, not turning to bestow even one scornful glance upon his demoralized assailant, went strolling on indifferently down the cow-path, unafraid of the world. As for Red Fox, it was many minutes before he could breathe without spasms. For a long time he rolled in the leaves and moss, scrubbing his face fiercely, getting up every minute and changing his place, till all the ground for yards about was impregnated with skunk. Then he betook himself to a mound of dusty soil, and there repeated his dry ablutions till his face was so far cleansed that he could breathe without choking, and his scalded eyes were once more

9. **sluggishly** ['slʌɡɪʃli] *adv.* 缓慢地, 迟钝地, 呆滞地

of some use to see with. This accomplished, he went sheepishly home to the burrow, —to be received this time with disgust and utter reprobation. His mother stood obstinately in the doorway and snarled him an unequivocal denial. Humiliated and heartsore, he was forced to betake himself to the hollow under the juniper-bush above the den, where his valiant father had slept before him. Not for three unhappy days was he allowed to enter the home den, or even come very close to the rest of the family. Even then an unprejudiced judge would have felt constrained to declare that he was anything but sweet. But it really takes a very bad smell to incommode a fox.

During the days when the curse of the skunk still lay heavy upon him, he found that his adversity, like most others, had its use. His hunting became distinctly easier, for the small wild creatures were deceived by his scent. They knew that a skunk was always slow in movement, and therefore they were very ready to let this unseen hunter, whose smell was the smell of skunk, come within easy springing distance. In this way, indeed, Red Fox had his revenge for the grievous discomfiture which he had suffered. For presently, it seemed, word went abroad through the woods that some skunks were swift of foot and terrible of spring as a wildcat; and thenceforth all skunks of the Ringwaak country found the chase made difficult for them.

In the meantime, the mother fox was beginning to get very nervous because two of her litter were inclined to go foraging in the neighbourhood of the farmhouse in the valleys. In some way, partly by example and partly no doubt by a simple language whose subtleties evade human observation, she had striven to impress upon them the suicidal folly of interference with the man-people's possessions. Easy hunting, she conveyed to them, was not always good hunting. These instructions had their effect upon the sagacious brain of Red Fox. But to his brother and sister they seemed stupid. What were ducks and chickens for if not to feed foxes; and what were farmers for if not to serve the needs of foxes by providing chickens and ducks? Seeing the trend of her offspring's inclinations, the wise old mother made up her mind to forsake the dangerous neighbourhood of the den and lead her little family farther back into the woods, out of temptation. Before she had quite convinced herself, however, of the necessity of this move, the point was very roughly decided for her—and Red Fox received another salutary lesson.

It came about in this way. One afternoon, a little before sundown, Red Fox was sitting on a knoll overlooking the nearest farmyard, taking note of the ways of men and of the

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creatures dependent upon men. He sat up on his haunches like a dog, his head to one side, his tongue showing between his half-open jaws, the picture of interested attention. He saw two men working in the field just behind the little gray house. He saw the big black and white mongrel romping in the sunny, chip-strewn yard with the yellow half-breed, who had come over from a neighbouring farm to visit him. He saw a flock of fat and lazy ducks paddling in the horse-pond behind the barn. He saw, also, a flock of half-grown chickens foraging carelessly for grasshoppers along the edge of the hay-field, and thought wistfully what easy game they would be for even the most blundering of foxes. In a vague he made up his mind to study the man-people very carefully, in order that he might learn to make use of them without too great risk.

As he watched, he caught sight of a small red shape creeping stealthily through the underbrush near the hay-field. It was his heedless brother; and plainly he was stalking those chickens. Red Fox shifted uneasily, frightened at the audacity of the thing, but sympathetically interested all the same. Suddenly there was a rush and a pounce, and the small red shape landed in the midst of the flock. The next moment it darted back into the underbrush, with a flapping chicken swung over its shoulder; while the rest of the flock, squawking wildly with terror, fled headlong toward the farmyard.

At the sudden outcry, the dogs in the yard stopped playing and the men in the field looked up from their work.

“That’s one o’them blame foxes, or I’ll be jiggered!” exclaimed one of the men, the farmer-woodsman named Jabe Smith, whose knowledge of wildness lore had taught him the particular note of alarm which fowls give on the approach of a fox. “We’ll make him pay dear for that chicken, if he’s got one!” And the two hurried up toward the house, whistling for the dogs. The dogs came bounding toward them eagerly, well knowing what fun was afoot. The men got their guns from the kitchen and led the dogs across the hay-field to the spot where the chickens had been feeding. In five minutes the robber’s trail was picked up, and the dogs were in full cry upon it. Red Fox, watching from his knoll behind the house, cocked his ears as the musical but ominous chorus arose on the sultry air; but he knew it was not he the dogs were hunting, so he could listen more or less philosophically.

The reckless¹⁰ youngster who had stolen the chicken was terrified by the outcry which

10. reckless ['rekli:s] *adj.* 轻率的; 鲁莽的; 不顾危险的

had excited at his heels; but he was plucky and kept hold of his prize, and headed straight for the den, never stopping to think of that this was one of the deadliest sins on the whole of the fox's kins' calendar. Running for the speed only, and making no attempt at disguising his trail, he was nevertheless lucky enough to traverse a piece of stony ground where the trail refused to lie, and then to cross the brook at a point where it was wide and shallow. Here the pursuers found themselves completely at fault. For a time they circled hither and thither, their glad chorus hushed to an angry whimpering. Then they broke into cry again, and started off madly down along the brook instead of crossing it. They had a fresh fox trail; and how were they to know it was not the trail of the fox which had taken the chicken?

Red Fox, sitting solitary on his knoll, heard the noise of the chase swerve suddenly and come clamouring in his direction. At first this did not disturb him. Then all at once that subtle telepathic sense which certain individuals among the wild kindreds seem to possess signaled to him that the dogs were on a new trail. It was his trail they were on. He was the hunted one, after all. And doom was scarcely a hundred yards away. He fairly bounced into the air at the shock of this realization. Then he ran, lengthened straight out and belly to the ground, a vivid ruddy streak darting smoothly through the bushes.

It was not in the direction of home that Red Fox ran, but straight away from it. For a while the terror of the experience made his heart thump so furiously that he kept losing his breath, and was compelled to slow up from time to time. In spite of his bursts of great speed, therefore, he was unable to shake off these loud-mouthed pursuers. The suddenness and unexpectedness of it all were like a hideous dream; and added to his panic fear was a sense of injury, for he had done nothing to invite this calamity. When he reached the brook—which was shallow at this season and split up into pools and devious channels—his sheer fright led him to forget his keen aversion to a wetting, and he darted straight into it. In midstream, however, as he paused on a gravelly shoal, inherited lore and his own craft came to his aid just in time. Instead of seeking the other shore, he turned and kept on straight up mid-channel, leaping from wet rock to rock, and carefully avoiding every spot which might hold his scent. The stream was full of windings, and when the dogs reached its banks the fugitive was out of sight. His trail, too, had vanished completely from the face of the earth. Round and round in ever widening circles ran the dogs, taking in both sides of the stream, questing for the lost scent; till at last they gave up, baffled and disgusted.

Red Fox continued up the stream bed for fully a mile, long after ha had satisfied

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himself that pursuit was at an end. Then he made a long detour to the rocky crest of the ridge, rested awhile under a bush, and descended through the early moonlight to the home den in the bank. Here he found his scatter-brained brother highly elated, having escaped the dogs without difficulty and brought home his toothsome prize in triumph. But his mother he found so anxious and apprehensive that she would not enter the burrow at all, choosing rather to take her nap in the open, under a juniper-bush, before setting out of the night's hunting. Here Red Fox curled up beside her, while the other two youngsters, ignorantly reckless, stuck to the old home nest.

That night Red Fox contented himself with catching mice in the little wild meadow up the slope. When he returned home, on the gray-pink edge of the dawn, his mother and sister were already back, and sleeping just outside the door of the den, under the sheltering bush. But the triumphant young chicken-hunter was still absent. Presently there floated up on the still, fragrant air that baleful music of the dog's voices, faint and far off but unmistakable in its significance. The yellow half-breed and the black and white mongrel were again upon the trail. But what trail? That was the question that agitated the little family as they all sat upon their brushes, and cocked their ears, and listened.

With astonishing rapidity the noise grew louder and louder, coming straight toward the den. To the wise old mother there was no room to mistake the situation. Her rash and headstrong whelp had once more got the dogs upon his trail and was leading them to his home refuge. Angry and alarmed, she jumped to her feet, darted into the burrow and out again, and raced several times round and round the entrance; and first Red Fox, and then his less quick-witted sister followed her in these tactics, which they dimly began to comprehend. Then all three darted away up the hillside, and came out upon a well-known bushy ledge from which they could look back upon their home.

They had been watching but a minute or two when they saw the foolish fugitive run panting up the bank and dive into the burrow. At this very heels were the baying and barking dogs, who now set up a very different sort of chorus, a clamour of mingled impatience and delight at having run their quarry at last to earth. The black and white mongrel at once began digging furiously at the entrance, hoping to force his way in end the whole matter without delay. But the half-breed hound preferred to wait for the men who would, he knew, soon follow and smoke the prisoner out. He contented himself with sitting back on his haunches before the door, watching his comrade's futile toil, and every now and

then lifting his voice to signal the hunters to the spot. Meanwhile, the wise old mother fox on the ledge above knew as well as he what would presently happen. Having no mind to wait for the inevitable conclusion of the tragedy, she slunk away dejectedly and led the two surviving members of her litter over the ridge, across the next broad valley, and far up the slope of lonely and rugged Ringwaak, where they might have time to mature in strength and cunning before pitting their power against men.

译文欣赏

年轻的小狐狸开始准备自己出去捕猎，这个时候对他们来说是一个关键时期。在大自然这所学校里，红狐因为自己机敏伶俐而躲开了很多严酷的处罚，但是，处在这个阶段的他，必须遵守更多法则。本能并不能教会他们一切，而且狐狸妈妈还要忙着照顾家里的其他成员，他们比红狐更需要照顾，所以，红狐必须向经验这个残忍的老师学习。

红狐上的第一节课是学习关于大黄蜂的常识。一天下午，他在位于半山腰的一小块洼草地里捕田鼠。突然，他灵敏的鼻子闻到了一股气味，这种气味非常好闻，比小鼠散发出来的味道还要迷人，暖暖的、甜甜的，还夹着一股强烈的辛辣味。本能告诉他，发出这种气味的东西一定很好吃。但是，本能忘记了提醒他：越是好东西，越不容易得到。动物对本能可能会产生过多的期待，尽管有人不这么认为。

红狐完全将田鼠抛到了脑后，满怀期待地咽着口水。他饥肠辘辘，受猎物香味的诱惑，在草地上嗅来嗅去，四处寻找。突然，那股刺激性很大的气味变得非常浓厚。这时，一只身上有黑黄色花纹的大黄蜂“嗡嗡”地从他耳边飞过，他也没空理会。他热切地伸着粉色的长舌头，用尽全力开始挖地，完全不理睬那些气鼓鼓、嗡嗡叫的大黄蜂，那些大黄蜂马上就开始聚拢在他的几个脚爪下。

这些蜂巢上面的草皮非常薄，红狐挖了一会儿，就把草皮挖开了。他贪婪地把鼻子伸到一团蜜蜂和蜂蜜中间，一尝到蜂蜜，他就感受到了那种迷人的甜香。但是，过了一会儿，他感觉自己的鼻子像是被钉进利刺一般疼。他痛苦而吃惊地发出一声尖叫，倒退了几步，就在这时，蜜蜂成群地聚拢在他的眼睛和耳朵周围，拼命地叮咬。他盲目地逃命，跳进了离他最近的刺柏丛。这是他做的最明智的一件事啦，因为坚硬的树枝可以挡掉那些紧跟着他的蜜蜂。其他蜜蜂，也跟他们的同类一样，讨厌把娇弱的翅膀碰到树枝上。所以，他们生气地在刺柏丛外“嗡嗡”地飞了一会儿，

偷乘马车的红狐 Red Fox

就飞走去修补自己的巢穴。这时，年轻的红狐躲在刺柏丛中，痛苦地趴在地上，拼命地扒开凉爽的新土，马上把脸埋进去。这样待了几分钟之后，他觉得没什么效果，就马上往前爬，痛苦地跳进小溪，擦眼睛和鼻子。实际上，他那备受叮咬的头完全浸入了寒冷的乱泥中，不过，这还是有效果的，也没有什么方法能比这样做更加有效。不久，叮咬的灼热感稍微减轻了一些，这时，他想起来要回家。但是，他带着这样一副奇怪的“尊容”回到家时，家里其他成员都笑话他。红狐感到自己被抛弃了。

红狐在家里待了接近两天，一直在黑乎乎的洞里闲逛，不吃不喝，显得忧心忡忡。不久，他年轻的血液自我净化，去除了那种刺激性的物质，他也就慢慢忘记了之前的不痛快。他觉得饥肠辘辘，脾气也变得更暴躁。正是这种暴躁的脾气和前所未有的饥饿感让他又一次领略到了大自然的法则。

一天下午，近傍晚时分，家里其他成员还没有准备好去捕猎，红狐独自出去追一只兔子。他的胃口很大，只吃老鼠根本不可能吃饱。在距离他的巢穴大约一百码时，他偷偷地爬过灌木丛，这时，他看见一个身上有黑白相间的条纹的动物，正慢腾腾地走在牛群踩出的小路上。那个动物看上去一点也不吓人，但是却有一种大无畏的气质。不管这种动物在什么时间什么地点出现，像红狐这样一类年轻而狡猾的动物都会停下脚来，三思而后行。然而，他现在没有心思停下来思考。他蹲伏在地上，充满期待，心里紧张，等到不能再等的时候，他一下子从藏身地跳出来，猛地扑向这个小心翼翼的陌生者。

就像我们之前看到的那样，红狐速度非常快。这一次，他可以说是出其不意。他的爪子几乎能扯断那个家伙的脖子。但是，这时，发生了一件意想不到的事情。那个陌生者迅速转身，似乎要逃跑，但实际上他并没有跑开，而是把尾巴突然翘起来，猛地一拉。红狐的眼睛、鼻子、嘴巴同时受到了袭击。他的鼻子生疼，眼睛看不见东西，嗓子像被堵住了一样，真是三管齐下啊。他感觉眼睛火烧火燎，快要从脑袋上迸出来一样。同时，一股无法抗拒的气息像一种突发性的疾病塞住了他的气管，扼住了他的咽喉。红狐绝望了，他喘着粗气，唾沫飞溅，踉踉跄跄地逃走了。他压低身体，肆意地在苔藓和树叶间爬行，嘴巴张开，咳嗽着，眼睛瞪得圆圆的，爪子发疯似地乱抓，奋力摆脱那个可怕的、令人窒息又讨厌的东西。那只臭鼬对这个手下败将连看都不看一眼，直接大摇大摆地沿着牛群踩出的小路走了，一副目空一切的表情。红狐过了好久才不发抖，能够正常呼吸。这段时间里，他一直在附近的苔藓和落叶间来回，他一边猛烈地抓自己的脸，一边隔一分钟就换一个地方，直到几码范围内都留下他的足迹。然后，他来到一个尘土堆，用干土一遍又一遍地擦洗身体，把脸彻底洗干净之后，终于能自由地呼吸了，他灼热的双眼也能看清东西了。