

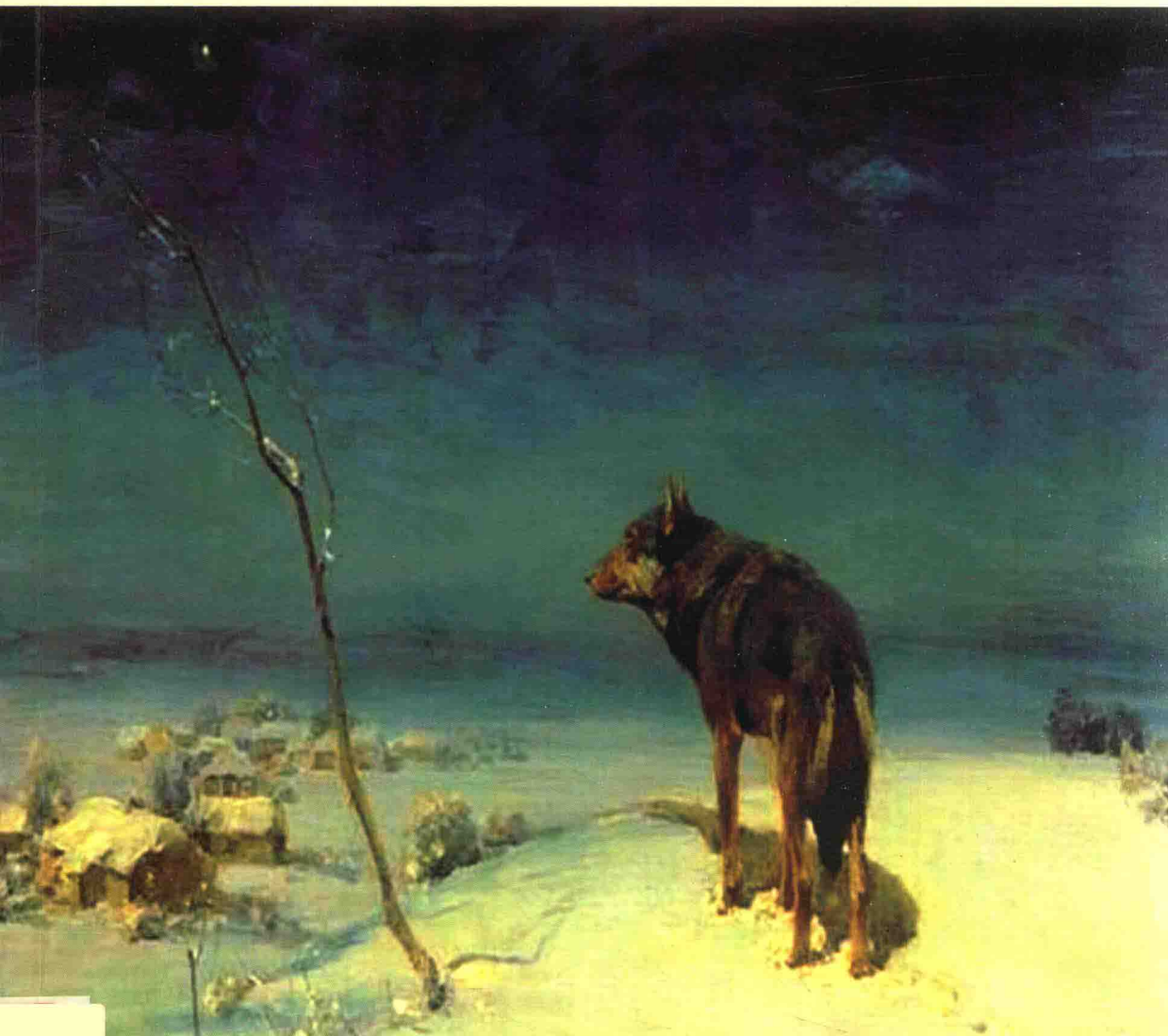
名家经典珍藏版

杰克·伦敦小说选

(英汉双语)

[美] 杰克·伦敦◎著 青 闰◎译

❖❖❖ STORIES OF JACK LONDON ❖❖❖



北京工业大学出版社

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人类历史的发展过程也是思想文化不断积累和沉淀的过程。在几千年的人类历史发展长河中，先贤们或在人文社科领域，或在科学技术领域创作出了无数经典名著。这些著作所蕴藏的思想财富和学术价值，早已为世人所熟知，它们无不体现了作者所处的特定时代的思想和文化。通过这些经典名著，读者不仅可以欣赏到流畅的文笔、生动的描述和详细的刻画、深邃的思想，更可以领悟它们各自独特的历史与文化内涵。可以说，这些作品深深地影响了世世代代的读者，也引导着当今的学人以此来充实和丰富自己的头脑。有鉴于此，我们邀请了专门研究世界历史文化的专家学者，精心挑选代表世界历史文化不同领域的经典作品，采取英汉双语对照的形式出版，一方面为读者提供原汁原味的世界经典名著，让读者自由地阅读，在此过程中逐渐提升自己的英语水平；另一方面通过这种阅读，以达到对世界历史文化的整体了解，开阔自己的视野，打开通往世界的心灵之窗，同时又获得思想文化、个人修养、伦理道德等多方面的提升。

我们衷心期待这套书成为大家学习道路上不可或缺的好伙伴！如果您在阅读中发现有疑问或错误之处，请不吝指正，以便我们更加完善这套书。

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LOVE OF LIFE

热爱生命



*This out of all will remain—
They have lived and have tossed:
So much of the game will be gain,
Though the gold of the dice has been lost.*

They limped painfully down the bank, and once the foremost of the two men staggered among the rough-strewn rocks. They were tired and weak, and their faces had the drawn expression of patience which comes of hardship long endured. They were heavily burdened with blanket packs which were strapped to their shoulders. Head-straps, passing across the forehead, helped support these packs. Each man carried a rifle. They walked in a stooped posture, the shoulders well forward, the head still farther forward, the eyes bent upon the ground.

“I wish we had just about two of them cartridges that’s layin’ in that cache of ours,” said the second man.

His voice was utterly and drearily expressionless. He spoke without enthusiasm; and the first man, limping into the milky stream that foamed over the rocks, vouchsafed no reply.

The other man followed at his heels. They did not remove their foot-gear, though the water was icy cold—so cold that their ankles ached and their feet went numb. In places the water dashed against their knees, and both men staggered for footing.

The man who followed slipped on a smooth boulder, nearly fell, but recovered himself with a violent effort, at the same time uttering a sharp exclamation of pain. He seemed faint and dizzy and put out his free hand while he reeled, as though seeking support against

万物唯此留，
生活颠簸走；
骰子失金色，
胜局多会有。

他们俩脚步蹒跚，吃力地走下河岸，有一次，那个走在前面的人还在乱石间失足摇晃了一下。他们疲惫无力，因为长期忍受苦难，脸上带着愁苦憔悴的表情。他们肩上捆着毛毯包裹的沉重行囊。那条勒在额头上的皮带帮着吊住了这些行囊。每人有一支步枪。他们都以弯腰的姿势走路，肩膀前倾，头更向前伸，眼睛俯视着地面。

“那些藏在地窖里的子弹，我们要是带两发就好了。”走在后面的那个人说。

他的声音枯燥乏味，沉闷呆板。他说话时没有激情；前面那人一瘸一拐地走进了流过岩石、激起一片泡沫的白茫茫的小溪，没有回答。

后面那个人紧随其后。尽管河水冰冷，但他们都没有脱掉鞋袜——冷得他们脚蹀生疼，两脚发木。到了河水能冲击到他们膝盖的一些地方，两人都摇晃了一下，才站稳脚跟。

那个跟在后面的人在一块光滑的大鹅卵石上滑了一下，差点儿摔倒，但他猛一用力，才又站稳了脚跟，同时发出了一声痛苦的尖叫。他好像头昏眼花，身体摇晃时伸出一只空闲的手，似乎在空中寻找支撑物。站稳之后，他又向前走去，但又摇晃了一下，差点儿摔倒。于是，他便站住不动，望着另一个从不回头的人。

the air. When he had steadied himself he stepped forward, but reeled again and nearly fell. Then he stood still and looked at the other man, who had never turned his head.

The man stood still for fully a minute, as though debating with himself. Then he called out:

“I say, Bill, I’ve sprained my ankle.”

Bill staggered on through the milky water. He did not look around. The man watched him go, and though his face was expressionless as ever, his eyes were like the eyes of a wounded deer.

The other man limped up the farther bank and continued straight on without looking back. The man in the stream watched him. His lips trembled a little, so that the rough thatch of brown hair which covered them was visibly agitated. His tongue even strayed out to moisten them.

“Bill!” he cried out. It was the pleading cry of a strong man in distress, but Bill’s head did not turn. The man watched him go, limping grotesquely and lurching forward with stammering gait up the slow slope toward the soft sky-line of the low-lying hill. He watched him go till he passed over the crest and disappeared. Then he turned his gaze and slowly took in the circle of the world that remained to him now that Bill was gone.

Near the horizon the sun was smouldering dimly, almost obscured by formless mists and vapors, which gave an impression of mass and density without outline or tangibility. The man pulled out his watch, the while resting his weight on one leg. It was four o’clock, and as the season was near the last of July or first of August, —he did not know the precise date within a week or two, —he knew that the sun roughly marked the northwest. He looked to the south and knew that somewhere beyond those bleak hills lay the Great Bear

他一动不动，站了足有一分钟，仿佛是在独自思考。接着，他大声叫道：

“喂，比尔，我扭伤了脚踝。”

比尔摇摇晃晃，继续趟着白茫茫的河水，没有回头。后面那个人望着他走，尽管脸上依旧没有表情，但他的眼神里却流露出一头受伤的鹿一样的神情。

前面一个人一瘸一拐地爬上远处的河岸，径直前行，没有回头。小溪里的那个人目不转睛地望着他，嘴唇微微颤抖，所以他嘴唇上下蓬乱的棕色胡子明显在抖动，他甚至不知不觉地伸出舌头来润了润嘴唇。

“比尔！”他大声喊道。这是一个坚强的人在危难中的大声恳求，但比尔没有回头。那个人望着他，只见他动作古怪，蹒跚而行，东倒西歪，吭吭哧哧，向前爬上缓坡，朝矮山上柔和的空中轮廓线走去。他望着比尔一直翻过山头，不见了踪影。于是，他掉转目光，慢慢地观察着比尔走后现在留给他的周围世界。

靠近地平线处，太阳微暗，正在闷烧，几乎被那些飘忽不定的薄雾和蒸气遮掩，给人一种密密麻麻、没有轮廓、没有外形的印象。这个人单腿站立休息，掏出手表。已经四点钟了，因为这是接近七月底或八月初的季节——他不清楚一两周内的确切日期——他知道太阳大致在西北方。他望着南面，知道那些荒凉小山后面的某个地方就是大熊湖^[1]；同时，他也知道，在那个方向，北极圈^[2]的禁区界线穿越了

[1] 大熊湖，位于加拿大西北地区，是该地区第一大湖，也是北美第四大湖和世界第八大湖。湖水从大熊河流入马更些河。

[2] 北极圈，是指北寒带与北温带的界线。其范围包括格陵兰、北欧和俄罗斯北部，以及加拿大北部。

Lake; also, he knew that in that direction the Arctic Circle cut its forbidding way across the Canadian Barrens. This stream in which he stood was a feeder to the Coppermine River, which in turn flowed north and emptied into Coronation Gulf and the Arctic Ocean. He had never been there, but he had seen it, once, on a Hudson Bay Company chart.

Again his gaze completed the circle of the world about him. It was not a heartening spectacle. Everywhere was soft sky-line. The hills were all low-lying. There were no trees, no shrubs, no grasses—naught but a tremendous and terrible desolation that sent fear swiftly dawning into his eyes.

“Bill!” he whispered, once and twice; “Bill!”

He cowered in the midst of the milky water, as though the vastness were pressing in upon him with overwhelming force, brutally crushing him with its complacent awfulness. He began to shake as with an ague-fit, till the gun fell from his hand with a splash. This served to rouse him. He fought with his fear and pulled himself together, groping in the water and recovering the weapon. He hitched his pack farther over on his left shoulder, so as to take a portion of its weight from off the injured ankle. Then he proceeded, slowly and carefully, wincing with pain, to the bank.

He did not stop. With a desperation that was madness, unmindful of the pain, he hurried up the slope to the crest of the hill over which his comrade had disappeared—more grotesque and comical by far than that limping, jerking comrade. But at the crest he saw a shallow valley, empty of life. He fought with his fear again, overcame it, hitched the pack still farther over on his left shoulder, and lurched on down the slope.

The bottom of the valley was soggy with water, which the thick moss held, spongelike, close to the surface. This water squirted out from under his feet at every step, and each

加拿大荒野。他站立的这条小溪是科珀曼河^[1]的一条支流，科珀曼河向北流去，汇入加冕湾和北冰洋。他从来没有到过那里，但他曾在哈得孙湾公司的地图上见过一次。

他的目光又环顾了一下周围的世界。这是一片叫人看了发愁的景象。到处都是模糊的地平线。那些小山都非常低矮。没有树木，没有灌木，没有青草——只有一片辽阔可怕的荒野，他的眼里即刻露出了恐惧的神色。

“比尔！”他低声连喊了两次，“比尔！”

他畏缩在白茫茫的河水中央，仿佛这茫茫荒野正在用排山倒海之势向他压来，摆出残忍、得意的威风来压垮他。他开始像发疟疾一样颤抖，手里的枪扑通落进了水里，这才惊醒了他。他跟恐惧斗争，打起精神，在水里摸索，又找到了枪。他把行囊向左肩移了一下，以便减轻扭伤的脚踝的一部分重量。随后，他就慢慢地、小心地向河岸继续走去，疼得他闪闪缩缩。

他没有停步，不顾疼痛，匆匆忙忙，发疯一般拼命爬上斜坡，爬上伙伴消失的那个山头——比起那个一瘸一拐、颠簸前进的伙伴，他的样子更滑稽可笑。但是，到了山头，他看到一个了无生机的浅谷。他又和恐惧斗争，战胜它，又把行囊向左肩移了移，步履蹒跚，走下山坡。

谷底浸透了水，厚厚的苔藓像海绵一样，紧贴在水面上。他每走一步，水就从他的脚下喷溅出来，他每一次提脚，湿苔藓都会吸住他的脚不肯放松，最终发出呼

[1] 科珀曼河，流经加拿大纽纳武特地区的基蒂克美奥特区和西北地区的史密斯堡区北部。在爱斯基摩居民点科珀曼附近注入北冰洋的加冕湾。以钓捕北极红点鲑著称。

time he lifted a foot the action culminated in a sucking sound as the wet moss reluctantly released its grip. He picked his way from muskeg to muskeg, and followed the other man's footsteps along and across the rocky ledges which thrust like islets through the sea of moss.

Though alone, he was not lost. Farther on he knew he would come to where dead spruce and fir, very small and weazened, bordered the shore of a little lake, the titchin-nichilie, in the tongue of the country, the "land of little sticks." And into that lake flowed a small stream, the water of which was not milky. There was rush-grass on that stream—this he remembered well—but no timber, and he would follow it till its first trickle ceased at a divide. He would cross this divide to the first trickle of another stream, flowing to the west, which he would follow until it emptied into the river Dease, and here he would find a cache under an upturned canoe and piled over with many rocks. And in this cache would be ammunition for his empty gun, fish-hooks and lines, a small net—all the utilities for the killing and snaring of food. Also, he would find flour, —not much, —a piece of bacon, and some beans.

Bill would be waiting for him there, and they would paddle away south down the Dease to the Great Bear Lake. And south across the lake they would go, ever south, till they gained the Mackenzie. And south, still south, they would go, while the winter raced vainly after them, and the ice formed in the eddies, and the days grew chill and crisp, south to some warm Hudson Bay Company post, where timber grew tall and generous and there was grub without end.

These were the thoughts of the man as he strove onward. But hard as he strove with his body, he strove equally hard with his mind, trying to think that Bill had not deserted him,

哧呼哧的声音。他小心翼翼，从一块沼地走到另一块沼地，然后顺着比尔的脚印，穿过一堆一堆的，像突出在这片苔藓海里的小岛一样的岩礁。

尽管孤身一人，但他没有迷路。他知道再向前，他就会走到一个小湖旁边，那里有枯死的、小小的、极细的云杉。小湖名叫提青尼其利，意为“小棍地”，处在一片岬地。而且，还有一条小溪流入那个湖里，溪水不是白茫茫的。那条小溪上有灯芯草——这一点他记得一清二楚——但没有树木，他可以顺着这条小溪，一直走到溪流尽头的分水岭。他会翻过这道分水岭，走到另一条向西流去的小溪的源头。他可以顺着水流，走到它注入狄斯河的地方。到了那里，他会在一条翻了的独木舟下面找到一个密藏处，上面堆有许多石头。这个密藏处里有他那支空枪需要的弹药，还有钓钩、钓线和一张小渔网——都是打猎捕食的有用工具。他也会找到面粉——不多——还有一块熏肉和一些蚕豆。

比尔会在那里等他，然后他们会顺着狄斯河向南，划着小船到达大熊湖。接着，他们会向南穿过这条湖，一直向南，直至到达麦肯齐河^[1]。到了那里，他们还要向南，继续南行。此时，冬天就怎么也追不上他们了，而且那些湍流结冰，天气变得干冷。他们一路向南走到哈得孙湾公司一个暖和的贸易站，那里的树木长得高大茂盛，吃的东西也很多。

这个人挣扎向前时，就是这样想的。不过，像他努力拼着体力一样，他的头

[1] 麦肯齐河，是北美洲仅次于密西西比河的第二长河，是加拿大最大的河流，源于加拿大落基山脉东麓，最后入北冰洋波弗特海。

that Bill would surely wait for him at the cache. He was compelled to think this thought, or else there would not be any use to strive, and he would have lain down and died. And as the dim ball of the sun sank slowly into the northwest he covered every inch—and many times—of his and Bill's flight south before the downcoming winter. And he conned the grub of the cache and the grub of the Hudson Bay Company post over and over again. He had not eaten for two days; for a far longer time he had not had all he wanted to eat. Often he stooped and picked pale muskeg berries, put them into his mouth, and chewed and swallowed them. A muskeg berry is a bit of seed enclosed in a bit of water. In the mouth the water melts away and the seed chews sharp and bitter. The man knew there was no nourishment in the berries, but he chewed them patiently with a hope greater than knowledge and defying experience.

At nine o'clock he stubbed his toe on a rocky ledge, and from sheer weariness and weakness staggered and fell. He lay for some time, without movement, on his side. Then he slipped out of the pack-straps and clumsily dragged himself into a sitting posture. It was not yet dark, and in the lingering twilight he groped about among the rocks for shreds of dry moss. When he had gathered a heap he built a fire, —a smouldering, smudgy fire, —and put a tin pot of water on to boil.

He unwrapped his pack and the first thing he did was to count his matches. There were sixty-seven. He counted them three times to make sure. He divided them into several portions, wrapping them in oil paper, disposing of one bunch in his empty tobacco pouch, of another bunch in the inside band of his battered hat, of a third bunch under his shirt on the chest. This accomplished, a panic came upon him, and he unwrapped them all and counted them again. There were still sixty-seven.

He dried his wet foot-gear by the fire. The moccasins were in soggy shreds. The blanket

脑也在同样苦苦思索，尽力想着比尔没有抛弃他，想着比尔肯定会在密藏处等他。他不得不这样想，否则他就用不着这样努力，早就会躺下死了。当像暗淡的圆球一样的太阳慢慢沉入西北方时，他多次考虑着在冬天降临之前他和比尔南逃的每一寸路。他一遍又一遍地念想着密藏处和哈得孙湾公司贸易站的食物。他已经两天没吃东西了；他没有吃到他想吃的东西的时间更长。他常常弯下腰，摘一些浅色的沼地浆果，把它们放进嘴里嚼嚼，咽下去。沼地浆果是包裹在一点浆水里的小粒种子。放进嘴里，就化了，种子嚼起来酸辣苦涩。这个人知道这种浆果没有营养，但他仍怀着希望耐心地嚼着，不顾及理智和常识。

走到九点钟，他在一块岩礁上绊了一下，因为极度疲惫和虚弱，他踉跄了一下摔倒在地。他侧躺了一会儿，没有动弹。随后，他脱下绑行囊的皮带，笨拙地挣扎着坐起来。天还没有黑，借着盘桓的暮色，他在乱石中四处摸索，想找到几片干苔藓。他收集一堆后，就生起了火——一堆闷烧冒烟的火——而且在上面放了一白铁罐子水去烧。

打开行囊之后，他做的第一件事就是清点火柴。有六十七根。为了确定，他数了三遍，把它们分成几束，用油纸包起来，一束放进他的空烟草袋，另一束放进他的破帽的内圈，第三束放进贴胸的衬衫。做完后，一阵恐慌向他袭来。于是，他把它们统统拿出来打开，又数了一遍。还是六十七根。

他在火边烘着潮湿的鞋袜。鹿皮鞋浸水，成了碎片。毡袜多处磨破，两只脚磨破了皮，都在流血。一只脚踝血管胀得直跳，他仔细检查了一下。只见它已经肿

socks were worn through in places, and his feet were raw and bleeding. His ankle was throbbing, and he gave it an examination. It had swollen to the size of his knee. He tore a long strip from one of his two blankets and bound the ankle tightly. He tore other strips and bound them about his feet to serve for both moccasins and socks. Then he drank the pot of water, steaming hot, wound his watch, and crawled between his blankets.

He slept like a dead man. The brief darkness around midnight came and went. The sun arose in the northeast—at least the day dawned in that quarter, for the sun was hidden by gray clouds.

At six o'clock he awoke, quietly lying on his back. He gazed straight up into the gray sky and knew that he was hungry. As he rolled over on his elbow he was startled by a loud snort, and saw a bull caribou regarding him with alert curiosity. The animal was not more than fifty feet away, and instantly into the man's mind leaped the vision and the savor of a caribou steak sizzling and frying over a fire. Mechanically he reached for the empty gun, drew a bead, and pulled the trigger. The bull snorted and leaped away, his hoofs rattling and clattering as he fled across the ledges.

The man cursed and flung the empty gun from him. He groaned aloud as he started to drag himself to his feet. It was a slow and arduous task. His joints were like rusty hinges. They worked harshly in their sockets, with much friction, and each bending or unbending was accomplished only through a sheer exertion of will. When he finally gained his feet, another minute or so was consumed in straightening up, so that he could stand erect as a man should stand.

He crawled up a small knoll and surveyed the prospect. There were no trees, no bushes, nothing but a gray sea of moss scarcely diversified by gray rocks, gray lakelets, and gray streamlets. The sky was gray. There was no sun nor hint of sun. He had no idea of north,

得跟膝盖一样粗了。他带有两条毯子，他从其中一条撕下一长绺，紧紧捆住那只脚踝，又撕下几绺，裹在脚上，代替鹿皮鞋和袜子，随后喝下那罐热气腾腾的开水，给手表上好发条，爬进了两条毯子当中。

他睡得像死人一样。午夜前后的短暂黑暗来而又去。太阳从东北方升起——至少那个方向出现了曙光，因为太阳被乌云遮住了。

六点钟，他醒来，静静地仰躺在那里，仰望灰蒙蒙的天空，知道自己饿了。当他支起胳膊肘翻过身时，一阵响亮的呼哧声把他吓了一跳，只见一头公鹿正在用机警好奇的神情凝视着他。这只动物离他不过有五十英尺。这个人的脑海里马上出现了鹿肉排放在一堆火上烤得滋滋响的情景。他下意识地伸手抓起那支空枪，瞄准，扣动扳机。公鹿哼了一声，飞跃而去，逃过岩礁时，蹄子嗒嗒作响。

这个人骂了一句，扔掉空枪，一边开始拖着身体站起来，一边大声呻吟。这是一项缓慢费劲的工作。他的关节像生锈的铰链似的，在关节窝里因摩擦力大而发出刺耳的声音，每次屈伸都要费尽九牛二虎之力才能做到。他终于站稳了脚跟，又花了一分钟左右才挺起腰，这样他才能像一个人那样挺直站立。

他爬上一个圆丘，看了看眼前的风景。没有树木，没有灌木丛，只有一望无际灰蒙蒙的苔藓，偶尔有些灰色岩石、灰色小湖和灰色小溪，算是一点点缀。天空灰蒙蒙的，没有太阳，也没有太阳的影子。他根本不知道哪里是北方，也忘了前一天晚上他是怎么走到这里的。但是，他没有迷路。这他明白。不久，他就会走到那个“小棍地”，他感到它就在左边的某个地方，距离不远——说不定翻过下一个低

and he had forgotten the way he had come to this spot the night before. But he was not lost. He knew that. Soon he would come to the land of the little sticks. He felt that it lay off to the left somewhere, not far—possibly just over the next low hill.

He went back to put his pack into shape for travelling. He assured himself of the existence of his three separate parcels of matches, though he did not stop to count them. But he did linger, debating, over a squat moose-hide sack. It was not large. He could hide it under his two hands. He knew that it weighed fifteen pounds, —as much as all the rest of the pack, —and it worried him. He finally set it to one side and proceeded to roll the pack. He paused to gaze at the squat moose-hide sack. He picked it up hastily with a defiant glance about him, as though the desolation were trying to rob him of it; and when he rose to his feet to stagger on into the day, it was included in the pack on his back.

He bore away to the left, stopping now and again to eat muskeg berries. His ankle had stiffened, his limp was more pronounced, but the pain of it was as nothing compared with the pain of his stomach. The hunger pangs were sharp. They gnawed and gnawed until he could not keep his mind steady on the course he must pursue to gain the land of little sticks. The muskeg berries did not allay this gnawing, while they made his tongue and the roof of his mouth sore with their irritating bite.

He came upon a valley where rock ptarmigan rose on whirring wings from the ledges and muskegs. Ker—ker—ker was the cry they made. He threw stones at them, but could not hit them. He placed his pack on the ground and stalked them as a cat stalks a sparrow. The sharp rocks cut through his pants' legs till his knees left a trail of blood; but the hurt was lost in the hurt of his hunger. He squirmed over the wet moss, saturating his clothes and chilling his body; but he was not aware of it, so great was his fever for food. And

矮的小山就到了。

他返回去，打好行囊，准备动身。他确信那三束分别存放的火柴还在，但他没有停下来再数它们。不过，他的确迟疑了一下，在考虑一只短粗的鹿皮袋。袋子不大。他两只手就可以把它盖住。他知道它重十五磅——差不多像行囊里的其他东西一样重——这使他发了愁。最后，他把它放在一边，开始卷行囊。之后，他又停下来，盯着那只短粗的鹿皮袋。他赶忙提起鹿皮袋，用警觉的目光看了看四周，仿佛这片荒野要设法从他手里把它夺走似的；等到他站起来，摇摇晃晃开始一天的行程时，这只袋子仍旧装在他背后的行囊里。

他向左边走去，不时地停下来吃沼地浆果。那只扭伤的脚踝已经僵直，他跛得更加明显，但和胃痛相比，脚疼算不了什么。饥饿的阵痛非常剧烈，好像有什么西在不断咬噬着他的胃，疼得他无法把思想集中在他抵达“小棍地”必须走的路线上。沼地浆果并没有减轻这种阵痛，它们令人不快的味道使他的舌头和上腭疼痛难忍。

他走到一个山谷，那里的岩雷鸟^[1]从岩石和沼地呼呼振翅飞起。它们发出的是“咯——咯——咯”的叫声。他朝它们投石子，但没有打中。他把行囊放在地上，像猫逮麻雀一样悄悄走过去。锋利的岩石划破了他的裤腿，直到膝盖流出的血在地上留下一道血迹；而这种痛苦消失在了饥饿的痛苦之中。他爬过潮湿的苔藓，衣服

[1] 岩雷鸟，鸟纲，松鸡科。俗名，雪鸡，为苔原—亚寒带针叶林鸟类。矮胖、不惧生。极耐寒，多栖于林线以上。

always the ptarmigan rose, whirring, before him, till their ker—ker—ker became a mock to him, and he cursed them and cried aloud at them with their own cry.

Once he crawled upon one that must have been asleep. He did not see it till it shot up in his face from its rocky nook. He made a clutch as startled as was the rise of the ptarmigan, and there remained in his hand three tail-feathers. As he watched its flight he hated it, as though it had done him some terrible wrong. Then he returned and shouldered his pack.

As the day wore along he came into valleys or swales where game was more plentiful. A band of caribou passed by, twenty and odd animals, tantalizingly within rifle range. He felt a wild desire to run after them, a certitude that he could run them down. A black fox came toward him, carrying a ptarmigan in his mouth. The man shouted. It was a fearful cry, but the fox, leaping away in fright, did not drop the ptarmigan.

Late in the afternoon he followed a stream, milky with lime, which ran through sparse patches of rush-grass. Grasping these rushes firmly near the root, he pulled up what resembled a young onion-sprout no larger than a shingle-nail. It was tender, and his teeth sank into it with a crunch that promised deliciously of food. But its fibers were tough. It was composed of stringy filaments saturated with water, like the berries, and devoid of nourishment. He threw off his pack and went into the rush-grass on hands and knees, crunching and munching, like some bovine creature.

He was very weary and often wished to rest—to lie down and sleep; but he was continually driven on—not so much by his desire to gain the land of little sticks as by his hunger. He searched little ponds for frogs and dug up the earth with his nails for worms, though he knew in spite that neither frogs nor worms existed so far north.

He looked into every pool of water vainly, until, as the long twilight came on, he

湿透了，浑身发冷；但是，他没有意识到这一点，他想吃东西的念头那么强烈。岩雷鸟总是在他的面前呼呼飞起，到后来，它们“咯——咯——咯”的叫声简直变成了对他的嘲笑。于是，他咒骂它们，伴随着它们的叫声对它们大声叫喊。

有一次，他爬到了一只一定是睡着了了的岩雷鸟旁边。直到它从岩石角落迎面飞起，他才看到。他像那只飞起的岩雷鸟一样吃惊，猛然抓了一把，手里留下了三根尾羽。他望着它飞走，心里恨恨的，好像它做了什么对不起他的错事。随后，他返回原地，背起了行囊。

随着一天慢慢过去，他走进了山谷或说是沼地，那里的猎物比较多。一群驯鹿走了过去，有二十多头，都在步枪的射程内，让他抓狂。他有一种想追赶它们的疯狂欲望，他确信自己能追捕到它们。一只黑狐狸朝他走来，嘴里叼着一只岩雷鸟。这个人喊了一声。这是一种可怕的喊声，那只狐狸吓得飞奔而去，却没有丢下岩雷鸟。

傍晚时分，他顺着一条因含石灰而呈乳白色的小溪走去。这条小溪穿过一块块稀疏的灯芯草地。他紧紧地抓住这些灯芯草的根部，拔起一种类似洋葱苗似的的东西，这东西还没有木瓦钉大。它很嫩，他嚼起来会发出嘎吱嘎吱的声音，仿佛很美味。但是，它的纤维却嚼不动。它是由浸透了水的丝状纤维组成，像浆果一样，完全没有营养。他扔下行囊，手脚并用爬进灯芯草丛，像牛一般嘎吱嘎吱地嚼了起来。

他十分疲倦，常常想休息——躺下睡个睡觉；但是，他又不得不继续前进——并不是因为他渴望赶到“小棍地”，多半是因为饥饿驱使。他在小水坑里找青蛙，

discovered a solitary fish, the size of a minnow, in such a pool. He plunged his arm in up to the shoulder, but it eluded him. He reached for it with both hands and stirred up the milky mud at the bottom. In his excitement he fell in, wetting himself to the waist. Then the water was too muddy to admit of his seeing the fish, and he was compelled to wait until the sediment had settled.

The pursuit was renewed, till the water was again muddied. But he could not wait. He unstrapped the tin bucket and began to bale the pool. He baled wildly at first, splashing himself and flinging the water so short a distance that it ran back into the pool. He worked more carefully, striving to be cool, though his heart was pounding against his chest and his hands were trembling. At the end of half an hour the pool was nearly dry. Not a cupful of water remained. And there was no fish. He found a hidden crevice among the stones through which it had escaped to the adjoining and larger pool—a pool which he could not empty in a night and a day. Had he known of the crevice, he could have closed it with a rock at the beginning and the fish would have been his.

Thus he thought, and crumpled up and sank down upon the wet earth. At first he cried softly to himself, then he cried loudly to the pitiless desolation that ringed him around; and for a long time after he was shaken by great dry sobs.

He built a fire and warmed himself by drinking quarts of hot water, and made camp on a rocky ledge in the same fashion he had the night before. The last thing he did was to see that his matches were dry and to wind his watch. The blankets were wet and clammy. His ankle pulsed with pain. But he knew only that he was hungry, and through his restless sleep he dreamed of feasts and banquets and of food served and spread in all imaginable ways.

He awoke chilled and sick. There was no sun. The gray of earth and sky had become

用指甲挖土找蚯蚓，尽管他知道，在这遥远的北方，既没有青蛙，也没有蚯蚓。

他徒劳地看了每个水坑；直到漫长的黄昏来临时，他才在一个水坑里发现了一条孤零零、像鲦鱼一样大小的鱼。他一只胳膊伸进水里，一直没到肩膀，但它又躲开了他。他伸出双手去捉，搅起了坑底的乳白色泥浆。他激动之中掉到了坑里，湿到了腰部。此刻，水太浑浊了，不可能看到鱼，他只好等待泥浆沉淀下去。

他又逮了起来，直到水再次搅浑。但是，他等不及了。他解下身上的白铁桶，开始舀坑里的水；起初，他拼命向外舀，溅得满身都是水，舀出去的水距离太近，水又流回了坑里。他更加小心地舀着，尽力冷静，尽管他的心咚咚直跳，两手颤抖。半小时后，坑里的水差不多干了。剩下的水还不到一杯。但是，根本没有鱼；他发现石头间有一条隐藏的裂缝。那条鱼已经从那里钻进了旁边一个相连的更大的坑里——坑里的水他一天一夜都舀不干。要是他早知道这个裂缝，他一开始就会堵上它，那条鱼便归他所有了。

这样想着，他崩溃地倒在湿地上。起初，他轻声哭泣，随后便冲着团团围住自己的无情荒野号啕大哭；后来，他又大声号了好长时间。

他生了一堆火，喝了几罐热水暖暖和身体，并像前一天夜里那样在一块岩礁上露宿。他最后做的一件事儿，就是看了看火柴是不是干燥；然后给手表上好了发条。毛毯又湿又冷。脚踝簌簌作痛。但是，他只知道自己肚子饿；在不安的睡眠里，他梦见了一桌桌酒席和一次次宴会，还有各种可能端放到桌上的食物。

醒来时，他既寒冷又恶心。没有太阳。灰蒙蒙的大地和天空变得越来越浓重深

deeper, more profound. A raw wind was blowing, and the first flurries of snow were whitening the hilltops. The air about him thickened and grew white while he made a fire and boiled more water. It was wet snow, half rain, and the flakes were large and soggy. At first they melted as soon as they came in contact with the earth, but ever more fell, covering the ground, putting out the fire, spoiling his supply of moss-fuel.

This was a signal for him to strap on his pack and stumble onward, he knew not where. He was not concerned with the land of little sticks, nor with Bill and the cache under the upturned canoe by the river Dease. He was mastered by the verb "to eat." He was hunger-mad. He took no heed of the course he pursued, so long as that course led him through the swale bottoms. He felt his way through the wet snow to the watery muskeg berries, and went by feel as he pulled up the rush-grass by the roots. But it was tasteless stuff and did not satisfy. He found a weed that tasted sour and he ate all he could find of it, which was not much, for it was a creeping growth, easily hidden under the several inches of snow.

He had no fire that night, nor hot water, and crawled under his blanket to sleep the broken hunger-sleep. The snow turned into a cold rain. He awakened many times to feel it falling on his upturned face. Day came—a gray day and no sun. It had ceased raining. The keenness of his hunger had departed. Sensibility, as far as concerned the yearning for food, had been exhausted. There was a dull, heavy ache in his stomach, but it did not bother him so much. He was more rational, and once more he was chiefly interested in the land of little sticks and the cache by the river Dease.

He ripped the remnant of one of his blankets into strips and bound his bleeding feet. Also, he recinched the injured ankle and prepared himself for a day of travel. When he came to his pack, he paused long over the squat moose-hide sack, but in the end it went with him.

沉。一阵阴风刮来，刚开始下的雪铺白了一座座小山顶。他周围的空气越来越浓，变成了白茫茫一片。此时，他生起了一堆火，又烧了开水。这是雨夹雪，雪花又大又湿。起初，一落到地上，它们就融化了，但后来越下越多，铺满了地面，压灭了那堆火，把他那些当作燃料的苔藓也给糟蹋了。

这对他是一个信号，他背起行囊，蹒跚前行，不知道去哪里。他既不关心“小棍地”，也不关心比尔和狄斯河边那个翻了的独木舟下面的密藏处。他被“吃”这个词控制住了。他饿疯了。只要这条路能带他走出这个谷底，他根本不注意自己走的是什么路。他在湿雪里摸索前进，走到湿漉漉的沼地浆果那里，随后一边连根拔起灯芯草，一边摸索前进。然而，灯芯草既没有味道，也填不饱肚子。他又发现了一种酸味野草，就把能找到的都吃了下去，但找到的并不多，因为它是一种蔓生植物，容易埋藏在几英寸厚的雪下面。

那天夜里，他既没有生火，也没有热水，就钻到毯子下面睡觉，夜里常常饿醒。雪已经变成了冷雨。他感到雨落在他仰起的脸上，醒来了多次。天亮了——又是灰蒙蒙的一天，没有太阳。雨已经停了。强烈的饥饿感也消失了。就对食物的渴望而言，那种敏感性已经耗尽了。他的胃里隐隐作痛，但这并没有使他过分烦恼。他更加理性，又一次主要对“小棍地”和狄斯河边的密藏处感兴趣了。

他把撕裂的那条毯子扯成一绺一绺的，裹住那双流血脚，同时重新扎紧受伤的脚踝，为一天的行程做好准备。收拾行囊时，他对那个短粗的鹿皮袋踌躇了很久，但最后还是随身带上了它。