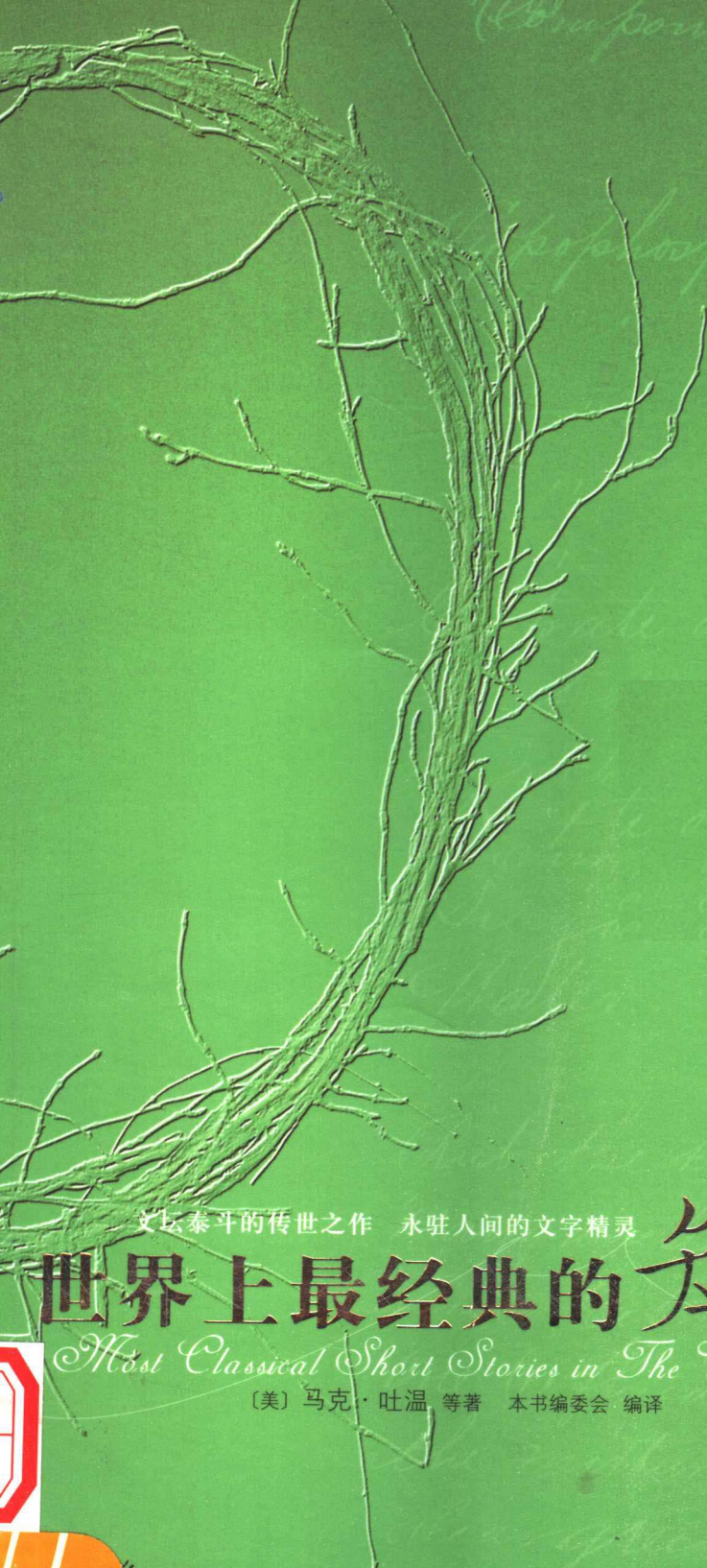


【汉英珍藏本】
世界名家精品英汉对照系列 第一辑



文坛泰斗的传世之作 永驻人间的文字精灵

世界上最经典的短篇小说

Most Classical Short Stories in The World

〔美〕马克·吐温 等著 本书编委会 编译

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生火

[美国] 杰克·伦敦 2

To Build a Fire

一个倔强的男人不相信人们所说的严寒,没有邀请同伴,只带一只狗在零下75度的雪地里行走,想调研来年开采木头的可能性。他自信地认为他会安全返回营地。可不幸的事发生了;当他午饭后小心翼翼前进的时候,一只脚却踩进了冰冷的河水中。虽然他成功地生起一堆火,可离树太近,树梢上的雪因抖动塌下,扑灭了火。就在他想第二次生火的时候,极度的严寒使他的双手不听使唤。惊恐中他狂奔,但只可稍微暖和一下冻僵的身体,一停下来,四肢又僵硬了。他想杀掉与他同行的狗暖暖手再去生火,但却做不到。最后……

厄谢尔府的倒塌

[美国] 爱伦·坡 26

The Fall of the House of Usher

故事描述的是“我”应朋友厄谢尔之邀,到他家小住一段日子,希望能够尽自己所能驱散他的阴郁心情。但是,厄谢尔一直受困于某种莫名的恐惧之中。一天,他突然告诉“我”,他的双胞胎妹妹玛德琳已告别了人世,还说想在葬礼举行之前,在地下室里把她的尸体存放两个星期。一个暴风雨的夜晚,玛德琳小姐从棺木中出来,走进房间,倒在她哥哥身上。厄谢尔就此送了性命,如同他所料到的那样成了恐惧心理的牺牲品。

项链

[法国] 莫泊桑 44

The Necklace

文中的女主人公为了在即将到来的晚宴上满足自己被追逐的美好欲望,向自己的朋友借了一条“钻石项链”,也正因为这条项链,令她在晚会上的风采盖过所有人,然而回到家后,她却发现项链不见了!为了偿还朋友的项链,她付出了一生最宝贵的时光,命运彻底改变了。然而在故事结局时,作者笔锋一转,再次将情节推向高潮。它讽刺了在法国三四十年代那些虚荣的小资产阶级的生活及微妙的心理。

警察与赞美诗
The Cop and the Anthem

[美国]欧·亨利 60

寒冬即将来临,威胁着纽约街头的无家可归者。有一个名叫索比的流浪汉,为了能有个温暖的地方过冬,总是想尽办法被关进监狱,而且每年都得逞。今年他又重操旧业,可接连失败。警察对他似乎根本不感兴趣,这使他很苦恼。夜幕降临了,一连串的失败使他绝望至极。他碰巧来到了一座教堂附近,宁静的夜空飘荡着教堂里传出的悦耳乐声,这乐声使他的灵魂苏醒。他决定悔改,重新做人。从明天开始,他要找工作,而不是可耻地流浪。可就在这时,他被警察抓住带走,并送到了他曾梦寐以求的地方:孤岛上的一所监狱。

麦琪的礼物
Magi's gift

[美国]欧·亨利 70

两个年轻人为了能送给自己的爱人一份圣诞礼物,付出了自己最宝贵的东西,惋惜之余让我们深思,感叹爱的伟大,感谢麦琪让我们有表达爱的机会。

最后一片藤叶
The Last Leaf

[美国]欧·亨利 80

一群穷画家住在华盛顿广场西边拥挤不堪的胡同里。有两位女画家为了省钱,合租了一个套间。她们楼下住着一位上了年纪的老画家。他虽然性格怪僻,但对楼上的两位邻居却很友好。冬天,可怕的肺炎袭击了居民区,很多人不幸死去。楼上的一位女画家也得了这种病。医生说只有靠精神支撑才有活下来的希望。在高烧中,这位可怜的姑娘把全部希望寄托在了窗外每天都在减少的常春藤树叶上。她相信,当最后一片叶子落下时,她的生命也将结束。可奇怪的是,尽管风吹雪打,那最后一片叶子却永不飘落,而这位女画家也真的挣脱了死神的折磨。之后她才得知,为了能让活下去,楼下的老画家冒着寒风连夜在墙上画下了那片永不凋谢的叶子,自己却因寒冷而患肺炎离开了人间。

加利维拉县有名的跳蛙

[美国]马克·吐温

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The Notorious Jumping Frog of Calaveras County

故事的主人公是个铁杆的赌徒,但作者将他描述得不仅不让人讨厌,反而让人感到亲切愉悦。他用跳蛙打赌输掉时,人们会替他感到遗憾,为他叫屈,而对那个以不正当手段赌赢的家伙,人们则会对他的自私冷酷嗤之以鼻。他养的那些小动物们也个个形象鲜活:那匹后发制人的老爷马、专咬对手后腿关节的小斗狗、那只身怀绝技、谦逊坦率却遭人暗算的跳蛙,甚至连那头尚未来得及出场的母牛都给人留下了深刻印象。

人生的五种恩赐

[美国]马克·吐温

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The Five Boons of Life

用童话一般的故事演绎出人生的历程,故事浅显而寓意深刻。

三生客

[英国]托马斯·哈代

108

The Three Strangers

本篇是哈代最著名的短篇小说,全面展现了作者高超的写作技巧。故事一开始便描写独立于风雨中的牧羊人的茅屋,渲染出一种充满诗意的气氛。不久,头两个生客相继闯入,渐渐把故事推向高潮。第三个生客的出现使众人惊恐之余又添惶惑,戏剧性的故事由此展开。最后,作者让读者面对故事中那些生气勃勃的主人公的坟墓,使人深切地感到在流逝的时光面前人类的无奈。或许正是这种感受使哈代对人类充满了爱心、同情和道德的宽容。

敞开的落地窗
The Open Window

[英国]萨基 144

少女薇拉为了打发掉讨厌的客人,灵机一动,编了一个极其巧妙、令人毛骨悚然的故事,把那位患神经衰弱的来客吓得魂飞魄散,不顾体统地仓惶而逃。接着她又三言两语编了另一个故事为自己的恶作剧开脱。故事构思精巧、讽刺微妙,堪称作者的名篇。

末代佳人
The Last of the Belles

[美国]菲茨杰拉德 150

部队驻扎在南方军营时,“我”结识了艾莉·卢卡这位美丽的南方姑娘。她同军队中许多军官约会,不仅周旋于这些北方男人之间,她还和其中几位关系不同寻常。“这是一个年轻人与战争的时代,一个爱情泛滥的时代”。“我”作为旁观者,注视着这一切,却不知不觉地也深爱上了艾莉。当“我”意识到这一点时,“我”已退伍若干年了。于是“我”又回到南方想再找回艾莉,找回逝去的青春,然而一切都一去不复返了。“再过一个月艾莉也要走了,南方对于我来说再没什么可留恋的了”。

手
Hands

[美国]舍伍德·安德森 178

这是一篇关于一个人的手和他的命运的故事。这是一双灵巧、神经质、怕露面的手,也是一双由于充满爱心而又不能被世俗所容的手。作者对手的刻画寄托了对简朴事物的爱和留恋。

伊芙琳

Eveline

[爱尔兰]詹姆斯·乔伊斯

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小说直接、生动地表现了都市青年人瘫痪的精神状态。女主人公的生活单调、沉闷,父亲脾气暴躁,她认识了一个名叫弗兰克的阿根廷年轻水手,弗兰克要她与自己私奔,到阿根廷去。伊芙琳经过激烈的思想斗争,决定跟他出去。但在轮船启航的时刻,她动摇了,害怕了,失去了奔向梦寐以求的自由的勇气。心灵的瘫痪使她的理想和追求自由的愿望破灭。

教长的黑色面纱

The Minister's Black Veil

[英国]纳撒尼尔·霍桑

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胡珀教长一出场便在脸上遮着一层黑色面纱。这位一向德高望重、备受教民尊敬的牧师为什么会有如此惊人之举呢?这件事引起书中人物的纷纷猜测,也成为贯穿整个故事的悬念,使读者难以释卷。随着故事的层层深入,我们终于领悟了这一切同黑纱中隐蔽的罪孽有关,而那桩罪孽隐隐地是男女私情,女方就是当天下葬的少女。作品通过种种影射和暗示,表达了清教教义中的“原罪”观,而黑纱正是其象征。诚如胡珀教长临终时那一声高呼:“在每一张脸上都有一幅黑色面纱!”——这绕梁的余音有着何等的震撼力啊!

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生 火

【美国】杰克·伦敦

天气又灰又冷,当那个人离开育空河主道,爬上高高的土岸时天已破晓。那里有一条阴暗的、人迹罕至的小路,穿过肥沃的松林,向东延伸。那是一堵陡峭的河岸,爬到上面时他借着看表的机会,停下来喘口气。9点了,虽然天空没有一片云,但也没有太阳,甚至连太阳的影子也没有。那是一个晴天,但是看起来仿佛有一种无法形容的黑色笼罩着世间万物,一层阴沉的灰暗使天色黑暗,这都是由于没有太阳的缘故。那个人对此并不担心,他已经习惯没有太阳了。他上次看见太阳已经是很多天以前的事了,他知道几天之后太阳就会在地平线上窥视一下,然后立刻从视线中消失。

那个人回头朝他来时走过的地方看了一眼,育空河有一英里宽,被三英尺厚的冰层所覆盖,冰的上面是同样厚的积雪。积雪纯净洁白。从南到北,目光可及之处完全是一片白色,只有一条极细的黑线,从松树遍布的丛林区蜿蜒向南,又迂回向北,消失在另一片松树林中。这极细的黑线是一条通道——主要通道——向南 500 英里可到戴雅的奇尔库特隘口,那里有盐水;向北 70 英里可到道森,再北上 1000 英里可到努拉托,最后再走 1500 多英里就是白令海的圣·迈克尔。

但这所有的一切——神秘的、伸展极远的毛细通道,没有太阳的天空,极度的严寒,和一切奇怪的事——对那个人都没有任何影响。并不是因为他早已习惯了这些。他刚到这个地方,是个新来者,而这又是他的第一个冬天。问题是他毫无想象力。对于生活中的事物,他敏捷而机警,但也仅限于对事物而已,与它们的意义无关。零下 50 度意味着冰点以下 80 多度。这些事实使他感到天气寒冷、不舒服,仅此而已。这并未使他意识到自己是有一定体温和动物,因而也脆弱,也并未使他想到人类普遍的弱点,那就是只能生活在冷热之间温差变化不大的范围内;他从这里联想不到想象中的不朽境界和



To Build a Fire

*Jack London

Day had broken cold and gray, when the man turned aside from the main Yukon trail and climbed the high earth-bank, where a dim and little-traveled trail led eastward through the fat pine forest. It was a steep bank, and he paused for breath at the top, excusing the act to himself by looking at his watch. It was nine o'clock. There was no sun nor hint of sun, though there was not a cloud in the sky. It was a clear day, and yet there seemed an indescribable darkness over the face of things, a subtle gloom that made the day dark, and that was due to the absence of sun. This fact did not worry the man. He was used to the lack of sun. It had been days since he had seen the sun, and he knew that a few more days must pass before it would just peep above the skyline and dip immediately from view.

The man looked back along the way he had come. The Yukon lay a mile wide and was hidden under three feet of ice. On top of this ice were as many feet of snow. It was all pure white. North and south, as far as his eyes could see, it was unbroken white, except for a dark hairline that curved from around the pine-covered island to the south, and that curved away into the north, where it disappeared behind another pine-covered island. This dark hairline was the trail—the main trail—that led south five hundred miles to the Chilcoot Pass, Dyea, and salt water, and that led north seventy miles to Dawson, and still on to the north a thousand miles to Nulato, and finally to St. Michael on Bering Sea, a thousand miles and half a thousand more.

But all this—the mysterious, far-reaching hairline trail, the absence of sun from the sky, the great cold, and the strangeness of it all—had no effect on the man. It was not because he was long used to it. He was a newcomer in the land, and this was his first winter. The trouble with him was that he was without imagination. He was quick and alert in the things of life, but only in the things, and not in their meanings. Fifty degrees below zero meant eighty degrees of frost. Such fact made him know that it was cold and uncomfortable, and that was all. It did not lead him to consider his weaknesses as a creature of temperature, and upon man's general weakness, able only to live within certain narrow limits of heat and cold; and from there on it did not lead him to



人类在宇宙中所处的位置。零下 50 度对他来说只是使人冻伤的严寒,要用手套、耳套、暖和的靴子和厚袜子去抵御。零下 50 度对他来说就是零下 50 度。他从未想过除此之外还会有别的什么事情。

他回过头来啐了一口唾沫继续前进。一个尖锐的爆炸声把他吓了一跳。他再啐一口唾沫,还没落到雪地上就再次在空中炸开了。他知道零下 50 度时唾沫会在雪地上炸开,但唾沫却在空中炸开了。毫无疑问,现在比零下 50 度还要冷——究竟冷多少,他不知道。但气温高低并不能影响他。他要去亨得森河的老营地,他的孩子们早就已经在那里等他了。他们从印第安河地区越过大山到达那里,而他自己却兜了一个圈子,想看看能否在春季来临之际,从育空河的岛屿上弄些木材出去。他应该能在 6 点钟的时候到达营地。那时天已经黑下来了,但孩子们会在那里燃起篝火,准备好热乎乎的晚餐。至于午餐,他摸了摸皮夹克下那个突出的包裹。它也在衬衣底下,用手帕包着,紧紧贴着身体。那是唯一使面包不会冻硬的办法。一想起那些面包被切成片,蘸上咸肉脂,每片都夹上一块厚厚的煎咸肉,他满意地笑了。

他穿行在荒无边际的松林中。小路的踪迹已不大明显。最后一副雪橇从他身边经过后,又下了一英尺厚的雪。他庆幸自己没有带雪橇,行走得轻快。实际上,除了包在手帕里的午餐,他什么也没有带。但是寒冷的天气使他惊讶不已。他用带着手套的手擦鼻子和脸时,得出了结论:确实很冷!他生着厚密的须毛,但脸上那些须毛并不能保护他那高高的颧骨和挺立在寒风中的鼻子。

那个人的后面跟着一只狗,一只当地身材高大的狗。它是一只灰色狼狗,与它的同类野狼毫无区别。狗被冻得极为可怜,它清楚现在不是旅行的时节。它的直觉比人类的判断力更准确。实际上,天气不仅比零下 50 度冷,甚至比零下 60 度、70 度都冷。是零下 75 度。既然 32 度是冰点,那就意味着现在就是冰点以下的 107 度。狗不懂什么是温度计。或许在它的脑海里,无法理解像人那样明确的寒冷概念。但动物有它的直觉。这种直觉使它害怕,也使它热切地想知道那个人的每一个动作,希望他能够搭一个帐篷,或找一个有遮掩的地方,生一堆火。那狗早就知道火是什么东西了,它需要一堆火。否则,它就会在雪下刨个洞,钻进去抵御凛冽的寒气。



thoughts of immortality and man's place in the universe. Fifty degrees below zero stood for a bite of frost that hurt and that must be guarded against by the use of gloves, ear-coverings, warm boots, and thick socks. Fifty degrees below zero was to him just precisely fifty degrees below zero. That there should be anything more to it than that was a thought that never entered his head.

He spat as he turned to go on. There was a sharp, explosive sounds that startled him. He spat again. And again, in the air, before they could fall to the snow, the drops of water from his mouth exploded. He knew that at fifty below zero, water from the mouth exploded on the snow, but they had exploded in the air. Undoubtedly it was colder than fifty below—how cold he did not know. But the temperature did not matter. He was headed for the old camp on Henderson Creek, where the boys were already. They had come there across the mountain from the Indian Creek country, while he had come the roundabout way to take a look at the possibilities of getting out logs in the spring from the islands in the Yukon. He would be in camp by six o'clock. It will be a little after dark, but the boys would be there, a fire would be burning, and a hot supper would be ready. As for lunch, he pressed his hand against the package under his jacket. It was also under his shirt, wrapped up in a handkerchief and lying against the naked skin. It was the only way to keep the bread from freezing. He smiled contentedly to himself as he thought of those pieces of bread, each cut open and sopped in bacon grease, and each enclosing a generous slice of fried bacon.

He plunged in among the big pine trees. The trail was not clean. A foot of snow had fallen since the last sled had passed by, and he was glad without a sled, traveling light. In fact, he carried nothing but the lunch wrapped in the handkerchief. He was surprised, however, at the cold. It certainly was cold, he concluded, as he rubbed his nose and face with his gloved hand. He was a warm-whiskered man, but the hair on his face did not protect the high cheekbones and the high nose from the frosty air.

At the man's heels followed a dog, a big native dog. It was a wolf-dog, gray-coated and without any difference from its brother, the wild wolf. The animal was depressed by the great cold. It knew that it was no time for traveling. Its instinct told it a truer tale than was told to the man by the man's judgment. In reality, it was not merely colder than fifty below zero. It was colder than sixty below, than seventy below. It was seventy-five below zero. Since the freezing point is thirty-two above zero, it meant that there were one hundred and seven degrees of frost. The dog did not know anything about thermometers. Possibly in its brain there was no understanding of a condition of such cold, such as was in the man's brain. But the animal had its instinct. Its fear made it question eagerly every movement of the man as if expecting him to go into a camp or to seek a shelter somewhere and build a fire. The dog had learned fire, and it wanted



它呼出的气停在毛上,形成了细微的霜末。那个人的红胡须同样也让霜凝住了,但冻得更结实一些,结成了冰,而且随着每次从口中呼出来的温暖潮湿的气体,冰的体积在不断地增加。那个人嘴里还嚼着烟草,脸上的冰使他的嘴变得僵硬,所以每当他吐出烟汁时,下巴就不能保持干净了。结果,他的颚下挂起了一串长长的黄色冰柱。假如他跌倒,冰柱就会粉碎,像玻璃一样成为碎片。但他并不在意这结晶状的胡子。他也曾在寒冷的天气出过两次门,但那两次不像这次这么寒冷。

他在平坦的森林里继续前行了几英里,然后走下河岸,向一条冻结了的小溪走去。这就是亨得森河,他知道他离岔口只有10英里了。他看看表,现在是10点钟。他的时速是4英里,他算了算,十二点半时他可以到达岔口,他决定在那里吃午餐庆祝一下。

当他沿着结冰的溪流开始前行时,那只狗还是跟在他后面,耷拉着尾巴。老雪橇道还依稀可见,但几十英寸厚的雪盖住了最后经过的雪橇的印记。在近一个月里,没有人曾走过这条静静的溪流。他迈着坚定的脚步向前走。他不是一个善于想象的人。此时此刻,除了想着要在岔口处吃午饭,晚上6点在营地与孩子们会合外,他什么也没想。这里没有人能与之交谈,而且即使有,他也不可能开口说话,因为他的嘴边结满了冰。所以他只好继续嚼烟草,继续增加他黄色胡子的长度。

他的脑子里时不时重复着一个想法,那就是天气太寒冷了,他从未经历过如此寒冷的天气。他边走边用手套的背部揉搓脸和鼻子。他不由自主地这么做,而且不断变换着手。但尽管他不停地揉,只要手一停,脸就会立刻变得麻木,接下来鼻尖也麻木了。他确信他的脸一定会冻僵,他知道这一点,并且非常后悔没有戴那种天冷时戴的鼻套。那种鼻套能盖住鼻子和整个脸部,护住它们。但毕竟这也没什么大不了的。冻伤了脸有什么关系?只不过有点儿痛罢了,仅此而已,没那么严重。

虽然他的脑子什么都不想,但他的观察却十分细致、敏锐。他注意着溪流拐弯和迂回的变化。总是特别留意哪里有可以落脚的地方。有一次,在一个转弯的地方他突然闪向一侧,就像一匹受惊的马一样,绕过他刚才踏脚的地方,沿着来时的路向后退了几英尺。他知道溪流已经冻到底了——在那样



fire, or else it would dig itself into the snow and find its shelter from the cold air.

The frozen moisture of its breathing had settled on its fur in a fine powder of frost. The man's red beard and moustache was likewise frosted, but more solid. It took the form of ice and the volume increased with every warm, moist breath from his mouth. Also, the man was chewing tobacco, and the ice held his lips so tightly that he was unable to clear his chin when he spat the juice. The result was a long piece of yellow ice hanging from his chin. If he fell down it would break, like glass, into pieces. But he did not mind the crystal beard. He had been out twice before in cold days. But they had not been so cold as this.

He held on through the level woods for several miles, and went down a bank to the frozen bed of a small stream. This was Henderson Creek, and he knew he was ten miles from the fork. He looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock. He was walking at a speed of four miles an hour, and he calculated that he would arrive at the fork at half past twelve. He decided to celebrate that event by eating his lunch there.

The dog still followed again at his heels, with its tail hanging low, as the man started to walk along the frozen stream. The old sled trail was visible, but a dozen inches of snow covered the marks of the last sled. In a month no man had come up or down that silent creek. The man went steadily on. He was not much of a thinker, and just then particularly he had nothing to think about except that he would eat lunch at the fork and that at six o'clock he would be in the camp with the boys. There was nobody to talk to and, had there been, speech would have been impossible because of the ice around his mouth. So he continued to chew tobacco and to increase the length of his yellow beard.

Once in a while the thought repeated itself that it was very cold and that he had never experienced such cold. As he walked along he rubbed his face and nose with the back of his gloved hand. He did this automatically, now and again changing hands. But rub as he would, the instant he stopped his face went numb, and the following instant the end of his nose went numb. He was sure to frost his cheeks; he knew that, and experienced a pang of regrets that he had not worn the sort of nose guard. Bud wore when it was cold. Such a guard passed across the cheeks as well, and saved them. But it didn't matter much, after all. What were frosted cheeks? A bit painful, that was all; they were never serious.

Empty as the man's mind was of thoughts, he was most observant, and he noticed the changes in the creek, the curves and bends, and always he sharply noted where he placed his feet. Once, coming around a bend, he moved suddenly to the side, like a frightened horse, curved away from the place where he had been walking, and retreated his steps several feet back along the trail. He knew the creek was frozen to the bot-



寒冷的冬天，没有河流仍然会有水——但他也知道从山侧冒出的水会流到雪下面、在结了冰的溪流上流淌。他知道即使在最寒冷的天气里这些水流也从不结冰，他也知道它们的危险性。它们是陷阱。在雪层底下会藏有大约3英寸或3英尺深的水坑。有时，那上面会有一层约半英寸厚的冰，冰上面被雪覆盖着。有时，既有薄冰也有水，而当人跌进去时，就会一直陷下去，下半身就会全部湿透。

这就是他刚才突然跳到一边的原因。他感到脚下的冰在动，还听到被雪覆盖着的薄冰层破裂的声音。而在这样的温度里弄湿脚意味着麻烦和危险。至少会耽搁他的行程，因为他不得不停下来生堆火。只有在火的保护下，他才能光着脚，烤干袜子和靴子。他站在那里仔细观察着河床和堤岸，认为水流是从右边来的。他想了一会儿，用手揉了揉鼻子和脸，然后向左走去。每走一步，他都要试探一下脚下的冰。等脱离了危险，他重新嚼了一口烟草，继续以每小时4英里的速度行进。

在接下来的两个小时里，他几次遇到了同样的陷阱。通常，水坑上面的雪都会有些塌陷，这表明危险的存在。不过，有一次他又差点掉进冰里去。还有一次在感觉到危险后，他让狗向前面走。但是狗并不愿意。它在那里犹豫着徘徊，不肯前行，直到他把它推到前边，然后，它快步走过连绵不断的白色地面。突然，它掉进了冰里，但很快它就从另一头结实的冰上爬了上来。它的脚和腿都湿了，而且上面的水几乎立刻结成了冰。狗马上开始用嘴舔掉腿上的冰，然后，躺在雪地上，开始用嘴咬掉脚趾间的冰。这完全是它的本能。让冰留在脚上会冻伤脚，这其中的道理它并不知道。它只是在服从体内的命令。但是，那个人知道这些事情，因为他经历过。他摘下右手的手套，帮助狗把冰块去掉。他惊讶地发现他的手指暴露在外面还不到一分钟，它们就已经麻木了。天气确实很冷。他迅速戴上手套，在胸前用力地拍打着双手。

12点的时候天色最亮，但太阳在它的冬季旅途中，仍然远在南部并未在天空出现。12点半时，他一分不差地准时到达了溪流分岔处。他对自己的行进速度很满意。如果他继续这么走下去，到晚上6点钟他肯定已经和孩子们在一起了。他解开夹克和衬衣，拿出了午饭。这个动作用不了15秒钟，但这短暂的时间已经使他裸露的手指开始麻木了。他没有立即戴上手套，而是用



tom——no creek could contain water in that winter——but he also knew that there were streams of water that came out from the hillsides and ran along under the snow and on the top ice of the creek. He knew that even in the coldest weather these streams never froze, and he also knew their danger. They were traps. They hid pools of water under the snow that might be three inches deep, or three feet. Sometimes a skin of ice half an inch thick covered them, and in turn was covered by the snow. Sometimes there were both water and thin ice, so that when one broke through he kept on breaking through for a while, sometimes wetting himself to the waist.

That was why he had jumped away so suddenly. He had felt the ice move under his feet and heard the crack of the snow-covered thin ice. And to get his feet wet in such a temperature meant trouble and danger. At the very least it meant delay, for he would be forced to stop and to build a fire, and under its protection to bare his feet while he dried his socks and boots. He stood and studied the creek bottom and its banks, and decided that the flow of water came from the right side. He thought a while, rubbing his nose and face, then walked to the left, stepped carefully and tested the ice for each step. Once away from the danger, he took a fresh chew of tobacco and continued at his four-mile an hour pace.

During the next two hours he came upon several similar traps. Usually the snow above the hidden pools had a sunken appearance that showed the danger. Once however, he came near to falling through the ice; and once, suspecting danger, he made the dog go ahead. The dog did not want to go. It hesitated until the man pushed it forward, and then it went quickly across the white, unbroken surface. Suddenly it fell through the ice, but climbed out on the other side, which was firm. It had wet its feet and legs, and almost immediately the water on them turned to ice. The dog made quick efforts to lick the ice off its legs, then lay down in the snow and began to bite out the ice that had formed between the toes. This was a matter of instinct. To permit the ice to remain would mean sore feet. It did not know this. It merely obeyed the command that arose from the deepest part of its being. But the man knew these things, having learned them from experience, and he removed the glove from his right hand and helped the dog tear out the pieces of ice. He did not expose his fingers more than a minute, and was astonished to find that they are numb. It certainly was cold. He pulled on the glove quickly, and beat the hand hard across his chest.

At twelve o'clock the day was at its brightest. Yet the sun was in the too far south on its winter journey to appear in the sky. At half past twelve, on the minute, he arrived at the fork of the creek. He was pleased at the speed he had made. If he kept it up, he would certainly be with the boys by six. He unbuttoned his jacket and shirt and pulled forth his lunch. The action took no more than a quarter of a minute, yet in that brief

