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热爱生命 (全译本)

Love of Life

(美) 杰克·伦敦 (Jack London) 著

李卫红 译

英语大书虫世界文学名著文库

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导 读

《热爱生命》的作者杰克·伦敦(1876—1916)是一位富有美国民族特色的优秀小说家,生于加利福尼亚旧金山一个破产农民家庭。他从幼年起就不得不出卖体力养活自己,他当过牧童、报童、童工、工人、水手。他还参加过1893年大恐慌中失业大军组成的抗议队伍,以流浪罪被捕入狱,罚做苦工几个月。出狱后,他一边拼命干活,一边刻苦学习,广泛涉猎达尔文、斯宾塞、尼采和马克思等人的著作。他曾考进加利福尼亚大学,一年后辍学。后来受了阿拉斯加淘金热的影响,加入了淘金者的行列,却因病空手而归。但带回了北方故事的丰富素材,在饱尝人间辛酸,深深认识到社会现实的冷酷无情后,他埋头写作,成为一名职业作家,1898年他从阿拉斯加淘金归来后,发表了一系列以“淘金”为题材的短篇小说,这些作品使他一举成名之后,又连续发表了许多短篇小说,通称为“北方故事”。杰克·伦敦在不长的十几年创作生涯中共写了10部长篇小说,150多篇中短篇小说和大量文学报告集、散文集和论文。但是到了晚期,他逐渐脱离社会斗争,为了迎合出版商的需要和满足个人的物质享受也写了不少粗制滥造的作品。1916年杰克·伦敦和他的代表作中的主人公马丁·伊登一样,在精神极度空虚和悲观失望中自杀身亡。

在《热爱生命》这篇小说中,杰克·伦敦通过描写一个人如何在病饿交加,筋疲力尽的情况下仍然将紧跟在其身后的一只饿狼徒手制服,挣扎着通过冰天雪地的荒野来到海边,终于被一艘捕鲸船救起的故事,表现了一个人对生命的酷爱。

《基斯的故事》描写的是少年基斯如何成长为部落头人的故事,歌颂了主人公基斯的勇敢、机智。

《旷野的呼唤》是一部以具有狼的特征的狗为主人公的长篇小说。

其中对寒冷、严酷、荒凉的北极世界的描写不仅引人入胜,动物世界中弱肉强食,适者生存关系的细腻刻画更是惊心动魄。

杰克·伦敦的这些作品表现了强烈的个人风格,在人与自然的残酷斗争中,赞美了勇敢、智慧、坚毅和爱这些人类高贵的品质。

译 者

目 录

LOVE OF LIFE 热爱生命	(1)
THE STORY OF KEESH 基斯的故事.....	(41)
THE CALL OF THE WILD 旷野的呼唤.....	(59)

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,

保留下来的就这么一点，他们经历了生活和苦难；如此的收获还算是胜利，虽然他们输掉了赌一下的本钱。

两个人一瘸一拐，痛苦地走下河岸，走在前面的那一个在乱石间被绊得摇摆了一下。他们又累又乏，脸上露着强忍的痛苦表情，这是由于他们长期忍受折磨所致。他们都身负重荷，毯子裹成的背包用皮带扎在肩上。幸好勒在额头上的皮带助了一臂之力，承住了沉重的背包。每人都拿着一把来复枪。他们都弓着腰走，肩膀冲着前方，头伸着，两眼总看着地面。

“我们藏在地窖里的那些子弹中，哪怕只有两三发带在身上就好了，”走在后面的那个人说。

他声调低沉，毫无情感。他说得没有一点热情，而前面那个人只顾着踉踉跄跄地向小河走去，没有答腔。河水流过岩石，激起许多白色的泡沫。

后面那个人跟着他走下小河。他们谁也没有脱下鞋

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 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

袜,河水冰冷刺骨,冻得脚腕疼痛,双脚麻木。每到水深没及膝盖的地方,他们便摇摇晃晃,站立不稳。

跟在后面的人踩到一块光滑的石头,脚下一滑,几乎跌倒,他用力猛地一挣,又站稳了,同时也痛苦地尖叫了一声,他似乎有些头昏眼花,边摇晃着,边伸出那只空着的手,企图抓住什么东西支撑一下。等站稳以后,他又朝前迈去,可惜又摇晃得要摔倒。于是,他站住不动,望着前面那个头也不回朝前走的人。

他站在那里足足有一分钟,一动也不动,好像跟自己过不去,接着,他喊了起来。

“喂,比尔!我的脚腕扭伤了!”

比尔依然摇晃着在白茫茫的河水中走着,没有回头。后面的那个望着他走去,脸上虽然没有丝毫的表情,眼睛里却流露出有如一只受伤的驯鹿的神色。

比尔深一脚,浅一脚地爬上了对岸,继续毫不回头地朝前走去,河中的人眼巴巴地望着他,嘴唇哆嗦着,嘴上那乱草似的棕色胡须也随之明显

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 Lake; also, he knew that in that direction the Arctic Circle cut its forbidding way across the Canadian Barrens. This

地抖动,他甚至伸出舌头舔了舔嘴唇。

“比尔!”他大声喊着。

这是一个意志坚强,身处危难的人发出的绝望的哀求。而比尔(始终)没有回头。那人盯着比尔,只见他滑稽地颠簸着,蹒跚地登上一片平缓的斜坡,向小山头上柔和的天际走去。他一直目随着比尔跨过山头,消失踪影。随后他收回了目光,慢慢打量着比尔走后留给他的这片世界。

靠近地平线的落日像一团快要燃尽的火球,几乎被苍茫无边的暮霭淹没了。给人一种混沌迷蒙,不可捉摸的感觉。这人将身体的重心移到一条腿上,掏出了表,是四点钟。在这种季节,七月底或八月初——已经有一两个礼拜他弄不清确切的日期了——他知道太阳应当位于西北方。他向南望去,知道在那些荒凉的小山后面是大熊湖;他也知道再往那边,北极圈的禁区线横穿加拿大平原区。他驻足的这条河是铜矿河的一条支流。铜矿河则向北流,注入加冕湾和北冰洋。他从未到过那里,但他曾经在哈得逊湾公

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, winc-

司的地图上见过这些地方。

他又重新将周围的一切扫视了一遍。这是一片令人发愁泄气的景象,周围是迷茫的天际线。山冈都低低矮矮地卧着,没有树木,没有灌木,没有草,什么都没有,只有一片可怕的荒野。这一切一下使他的眼睛流露出恐惧的神色。

“比尔!”他喃喃自语,一遍又一遍地喊着,“比尔!”

他在白茫茫的河水中害怕地畏缩着,似乎旷野正以压倒一切的力量逼迫着他。摆出一副得意的架势,残忍地摧残着他。他开始像发疟疾似的颤抖起来,手中的枪哗啦一声掉进水里。这使他惊醒过来。他与恐惧斗争着,打起精神,在水中摸索着,找回了枪。他把背包向左肩挪了挪,以减轻扭伤的脚腕子的负担。随后他向河岸走去,走得缓慢而谨慎,强忍着疼痛。

ing 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 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

他没有停。发疯似地拼着命,不顾伤痛,匆匆登上斜坡,走向他的同伴消失的那个山头。比起那个一瘸一拐的同伴来他的样子显得更加狼狈可笑。然而到了山顶,他看到的是一片死气沉沉寸草不生的山谷,他又和袭上心头的恐惧斗争,并克服了它,再次将背包向左肩移了移,蹒跚地走下山坡。

谷底潮湿,厚厚的苔藓,像海绵一样吸饱了水,覆盖着地面。他每走一步,水就从脚下溅出来。每次提起脚,便会发出吧唧吧唧的声音,潮湿的苔藓总是不肯松开,吸着他的脚。他择路而行,从一块沼地走到另一块沼地,并沿着比尔的足迹。跨过像苔藓海洋中的小岛般突起的岩石。

虽然是孤零零一个人,他并没有迷路。他清楚再往前走他就会到达一个当地人称之为“提奇因尼其利”意思是“小棍子地”的地方,那儿有一个小湖,周围有许多枯死的极细小的枞树。有一条小溪流

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

入此湖,溪水不是白茫茫的。溪里长着灯心草——这个他还清楚地记得——但是没有树木,他可沿着小溪一直走到其源头的分水岭。翻过分水岭,是另一条小溪的源头,那小溪向西流去,他可以沿着小溪一直到达其流入狄斯河的地方,在那里他将找到一只翻着的独木舟下的小坑儿,那儿堆满了许多石块儿。坑里有他那只空枪所需的子弹,以及鱼钩、钓丝和一张小渔网等猎食所需的工具。他还能找到面粉——不多的一点,——一块腌肉和一些豆子。

比尔肯定会在那儿等他,然后他们将划船向南沿着狄斯河到大熊湖,再朝南渡过大熊湖后继续南行,就会到达马肯吉河。然后他们还得向南走,那么冬天就怎么也追不上他们了。河面将结冰,天气将变得更加寒冷,而他们将南下到哈得逊湾公司的一个温暖的商站,那里树木高大茂盛,食品充足。

当他一路艰难地行进时,就这样想着。他不仅苦撑着

strove with his body, he strove equally hard with his mind, trying to think that Bill had not deserted him, 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 coned 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

身子,也同样苦苦地绞脑汁,尽力去想比尔没有抛下他,而且一定会在藏东西的地方等他。他不得不这样想,否则他的艰难搏斗将毫无意义,还不如躺下死掉。当昏暗的落日缓缓向西北方沉下时,他再三盘算着他们逃离冬天的追赶,向南行进的每一步行程。他一遍又一遍地想着地窖里的食品和哈得逊湾公司商站那儿吃的东西。他已经两天没吃东西了;至于没有好好地吃到想吃的东西时间就更长了。他常常弯下腰,摘几枚沼地灰白色的浆果,塞进嘴里,嚼一阵,然后吐出来。这种浆果只是一小粒外面包着一层浆水的籽儿。浆水一到嘴里就化了,而籽儿嚼起来又硬又苦。这个人知道浆果没有营养,但在饥饿的驱使下他全然不顾常识和教训,耐心地嚼着。

九点钟的时候,他的脚趾在岩石边上撞了一下,极度疲劳和虚弱使他没能站稳,摔倒在地。他就侧躺了一阵子,动都没动。然后他挣脱背包,吃

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 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

力而笨拙地坐起来,天还没黑,就着昏暗的暮色,他在石块中摸索着把一些干枯的苔藓,收集了一堆后,他点起了一堆火——一堆不旺且还冒着浓烟的火——将一个盛着水的铁罐儿放在上面烧。

打开背包,先数了数他的火柴。共有六十七根。为了确信,他数了三遍。随后将这些火柴分成几份,用油纸分别包好,一份放进空烟草袋里,一份放进他破帽帮子里,第三份他贴胸放在衬衣里。做完这些以后,他突然感到一阵恐慌,他又全部打开,重新数了一遍,确实是六十七根。

他在火堆旁烤他潮湿的鞋袜。软皮鞋已烂成湿碎片了。毡袜也多处磨穿了,双脚都磨出了血。他的一只脚腕胀得血管直跳。他仔细查看了一下,都肿得有膝盖粗了。他从他两块毯子中的一块上撕下一长条,将脚腕绑紧,他又撕下几条,缠在脚上,代替鞋和袜子。尔后他喝下那罐冒着热气的水,给表上好发