

世界经典名著节录·中英文对照读物

# LOVE OF LIFE

## 热爱 生命

外文出版社



世界经典名著节录丛书

# 热爱生命

*LOVE OF LIFE*

*Jack London*

杰克·伦敦 著

董重恂 译

外 文 出 版 社

## 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

热爱生命:汉英对照/(美)伦敦(London, J.)著;董重恂译. - 北京:外文出版社,2000.1  
(世界经典名著节录)  
ISBN 7-119-02572-4

I. 热… II. ①伦… ②董… III. 英语-对照读物,小说  
- 英、汉 IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(1999)第 74675 号

外文出版社网址:

<http://www.flp.com.cn>

外文出版社电子信箱:

[info@flp.com.cn](mailto:info@flp.com.cn)

[sales@flp.com.cn](mailto:sales@flp.com.cn)

世界经典名著节录丛书

热爱生命

作 者 伦 敦

译 者 董重恂

责任编辑 曾惠杰 张 勇

封面设计 庞敏聪

出版发行 外文出版社

社 址 北京市百万庄大街 24 号

邮政编码 100037

电 话 (010)68320579(总编室)

(010)68329514/68327211(推广发行部)

印 刷 保定市兴良印刷厂

经 销 新华书店/外文书店

开 本 大 32 开(203×130 毫米)

字 数 116 千字

印 数 00001-10000 册

印 张 7.125

版 次 2000 年 1 月第 1 版第 1 次印刷

装 别 平

书 号 ISBN 7-119-02572-4/I·637(外)

定 价 7.60 元

---

版权所有 侵权必究

## To Readers

With honor, pleasure and sincerity, we present this bouquet of flowers from the English garden to you, our dear readers.

The highest stage of learning, according to the famous scholar, Mr. Wan Guowei (Guantang), is like the situation as below:

*In the crowd once and again*

*I look for her in vain*

*When all at once turn my head*

*I find her there where lantern light is dimly shed.*

We are delighted to find that we can offer English learners a shortcut to this stage by supplying them with the best of the best materials to study. Yes, the gem of the classical works is what you need and want and have to study. That is the excellent excerpts of the classics. The English text is original, and the Chinese is exactly matching the English paragraph by paragraph, sentence by sentence, if not strictly word by word, for your benefit. Reading real, original version will no longer be a heavy burden; it could be a pleasure and leisure. You don't have to go through all the contents, however, you will not only get the

plot of the story all the same, but also can learn the best parts of it with a focused attention. That's why we call it a shortcut to find *her*.

To arrange such a bouquet of flowers in front of you consumed much energy and time of many people. Our sincere thanks firstly go to the staff in the English Department of the Beijing Youth Politics Institute, especially Mr. Yu Xibin. We also feel obliged to the editors of Foreign Languages Press, Zeng Huijie and Zhang Yong. Without their selfless assistance, you won't see such wonderful flowers in your hands. The last but not the least, we will be very grateful and relieved to see you enjoying this series of books and reaching the highest stage on the English learning road.

With the best of the best of the English works, you will be the best of the best among Chinese peers.

Try it and enjoy yourself.

## 《热爱生命》简介

杰克·伦敦(Jack London),生于1876年,卒于1916年。在作者短短40年的生命里,创作了大量作品,是位多产的作家,在美国文学史上占有重要地位。

杰克·伦敦出生于破产农民家庭,没有接受过正规、系统的教育,全靠个人奋斗。

杰克·伦敦的小说文笔简炼,故事情节集中,细节生动,所刻画的人物多出身于社会中下层,具有坚韧不拔的精神和毅力,是能忍受磨难和战胜困难的“硬汉”形象。

《热爱生命》的主人公就是一位“硬汉”。叙述的是一个淘金者受伤后,被同伴抛弃。他忍受着饥饿和寒冷,在孤立无援的情况下,始终不放弃生存的希望与饿狼争斗,最终战胜了死亡的故事。

《野性的呼唤》描写的是一条名叫巴克的狗,被园丁曼纽尔拐卖后,受尽折磨。在它获救并结识了新主人后,始终在对于主人的忠诚和野性的噪动中徘徊。在主人被杀害后,巴克终在狼群的呼唤下,重现它原始的野性,最终成了一条狼。

## LOVE OF LIFE

*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 footgear, though the water was icy cold—so cold that their

## 热爱生命

唯一余下只有这一样——  
他们生活过奋斗过  
虽然骰子已经丢失  
但终将赢得胜利

他俩步履蹒跚，费了好大劲才走下河岸，前面的那个人被地上的乱石绊了一下。他们已是疲惫不堪，从脸上的表情可以看出两人曾经历了很长时间的艰苦磨难。他们每人的肩上都背着一个用毯子打成的、沉重的大包裹。背包绕过额头，以此来帮助分担肩上的负担。每个人都提着一把枪。他们以一种弓腰的姿式向前走，肩膀向前倾着，脑袋前倾得更厉害，眼睛紧盯着地面。

“我们藏的那些子弹，要是现在有两颗在身上该多好。”后面的人说。

他的声音毫无感染力。说的话也没有热情；前边的人没有回答，摇摇晃晃走进河里，河水很浑浊，拍打着岩石泛起了泡沫。

后面的人紧随其后也下了河。他们没有脱鞋袜，虽然河水冰凉——冰得他们脚脖子直



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 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

疼，两脚麻木。有几个地方，河水没过膝盖，冲得他们左右摇晃，无法立足。

后面的人被一块光滑的圆石滑了一下，几乎跌倒，但他一使劲，没摔倒，同时发出一声痛苦的尖叫。他似乎有些晕头转向，在摇晃时，伸出那只没拿东西的手在空中舞动，好象找什么东西帮他一把。他站稳脚步，又向前走，但又摇晃了几下，几乎摔倒。然后，他站在那儿看着前面的人，那个人却头都没回。

他站在那儿足有一分钟之久，似乎在和自己较劲。然后他大喊：

“我说比尔，我的脚扭了。”

比尔一路歪斜地穿过浑浊的河水。他没有回头。这人望着他远去，尽管脸上仍和原先一样没有表情，但眼神就象一头受伤的鹿。

另一个人步履蹒跚地爬上了河对岸，头也不回地继续径直向前走。站在河里的人望着他。他的嘴唇有些颤抖，长在嘴唇上的棕色胡子也随着颤抖，明显地显出生气的样子。他伸出舌头润了润唇。

“比尔！”他大叫。

这是身陷绝境的强者的呼声，但比尔没有回头。他目送着比尔远去，看着比尔吃力

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.

.....

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.

.....

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

地，跌跌撞撞地爬上缓坡，显得步履蹒跚，朝着地平线上天幕笼罩下的小山丘走去。他一直看着比尔走出视野，在小山丘后消失了。然后他收回目光，缓缓地环顾一下比尔走后留给他的世界。

.....

这人掏出他的怀表，同时用一条腿支撑着身体。现在是四点钟，这个季节大概是七月底和八月初的光景——他不知道一两星期以来的确切日期——他知道太阳大致在西北方向。他向南看看，知道大熊湖就位于荒凉的山岗后面的某个地方；他也知道，沿那个方向北极圈一直延伸到加拿大的荒凉地带，划定了自己的禁区。

.....

他再次彻底打量一下四周的环境。这地方真是让人泄气。每一个地方都笼罩在天幕之下。到处是一座座低矮的小山丘。没有树，没有灌木，没有草——只有广阔可怕的荒凉，在他看来是如此恐怖。

“比尔”他轻声叫着，一遍又一遍。

他站在泡沫翻滚的河里浑身发抖，任凭这荒凉的一切以不可抗拒的力量侵袭他，还洋洋自得的以令人畏惧的力量击垮他。他打了一个寒颤开始摇晃起来，直到枪啪的一声

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 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 wizened, bordered the shore of a little lake, the titchin-nichilie, in the tongue of the country, the "land of little sticks." And into

从手上掉到水里。这惊醒了他。他尽量克服恐惧把自己从思绪中拉回来，在水中摸索了一会儿找到了枪。他把背上的背包向左肩那边拉拉，这样就可以缓解一下伤脚的负担。然后慢慢地，小心翼翼地，忍着疼痛向河对岸走去。

他没有停下来。在近乎疯狂的绝望驱使下，他顾不上疼痛，飞快地爬上山坡。在那里，比尔曾舍他而去。与比尔一瘸一拐，蹒跚而行相比，他的动作更为滑稽可笑。在山顶，他看到的是一道浅谷。他再次与恐惧作斗争，最终克服了它，把背包又往左肩上拉了拉，踉踉跄跄地走下山坡。

山谷的底部由于有水湿乎乎的，上面是厚厚的，海绵一般的苔藓。每踩一脚下去，就溅出水来，一离地，又是咕唧咕唧的水声，每次他都要费劲把脚拨出来就好像那湿苔藓不愿意放他走似的。他沿着比尔的足迹，穿过一片片苔藓地，踩着一块块突出的石头，那些石头就像大海一样的苔藓地中露出的一个个小岛。

他虽然孑然独行，却没有迷路。再往前走，他知道，他就能走到一个小湖，湖畔周围是些低矮的杉树，当地人把它称作“提钦尼其里”，意思是“有小树枝的地方”。有一条清澈

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, fishhooks 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's 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, 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

的小溪注入湖中。他清楚的记得，小溪边长着蒲苇，但没有树木。然后他就一直沿着小溪走，一直走到小溪源头的分水岭。然后顺着分水岭处一条向西流的小溪走，走到小溪与弟斯河的汇合处为止。在那里，他能找到船底压着许多石头的小船，小船底朝天扣着，船下有给养。那的东西能基本上满足他的需要，有填他那空枪膛的弹药，鱼钩和鱼线，小网——捕食用具一概齐全。另外，他还会发现一些面粉——不会太多，一片咸肉和一点豆子。

比尔一定会在那个地方等他，然后他们划船顺弟斯河南下去大熊湖，穿过大熊湖后继续向南走，一直到麦肯齐河。往南，再往南，直到最后把冬天远远的甩到后面，等到河水封冻，天气转冷的时候，他们已到了南部哈得逊湾公司的地点了。那里气候温和，树木高大，他们就再也不用整天为填饱肚子发愁。

这个人一边吃力地向前走，一边想着这些好事。不仅身体受着折磨，脑子也同时受着折磨，尽力去想比尔没有扔下他不管，比尔肯定会在藏给养的地方等着他。他硬是灌输给自己这种想法，否则他就不用这样挣扎，倒下去死了算了。随着昏黄的夕阳慢慢



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's 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.

.....

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, with out 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 — asmoldering, 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 footgear by the fire. The moccasins were in soggy shreds. The blanket socks were worn through in places,