



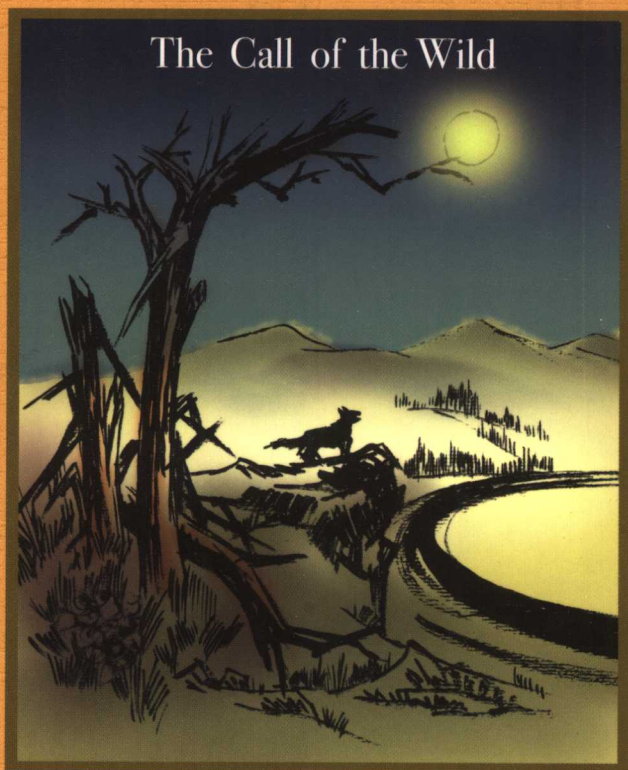
名著名篇双语对照丛书

美国经典文学名著

野性的呼唤

中英对照

杰克·伦敦 著 张勇 编译



中国书籍出版社

美国经典文学名著

野性的呼唤

中英对照

杰克·伦敦 著 张勇 编译



中国书籍出版社

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

野性的呼唤/(美)杰克·伦敦(London, J.)著;张勇编译. —北京:
中国书籍出版社, 2005. 9

(名著名篇双语对照丛书)

ISBN 7-5068-1188-X

I. 野... II. ①杰... ②张... III. 英语—对照读物, 小说—汉、英
IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2005)第 112470 号

责任编辑 / 张文武

责任印制 / 熊 力 武雅彬

封面设计 / 智道设计工作室/黄俊杰

出版发行 / 中国书籍出版社

地 址: 北京市丰台区三路居路 97 号(邮编: 100073)

电 话: (010) 51259192(总编室) (010) 51259186 (发行部)

电子邮箱: chinabp@vip. sina. com

经 销 / 全国新华书店

印 刷 / 北京高岭印刷有限公司

开 本 / 787 毫米×960 毫米 1/16

印 张 / 8.75

字 数 / 170 千字

版 次 / 2005 年 10 月第 1 版 2005 年 10 月第 1 次印刷

印 数 / 0001—8000

定 价 / 18.00 元

版权所有 翻印必究

目 录

1. Into the Primitive 投身荒野	1
2. The Law of Club and Fang 棍子和牙齿的法则	18
3. The Dominant Primordial Beast 有统治欲的原始野兽	32
4. Who Has Won to Mastership 统治权的取得者	54
5. The Toil of Trace and Trail 轡轭和雪道的苦役	68
6. For the Love of a Man 为了一个人的宠爱	92
7. The Sounding of the Call 呼唤的声音	113

1. Into the Primitive

Old longings nomadic leap,
Chafing at custom's chain;
Again from its brumal sleep
wakens the ferine strain.

Buck did not read the newspapers, or he would have known that trouble was brewing, not alone for himself, but for every tidewater dog, strong of muscle and with warm, long hair, from Puget Sound to San Diego. Because men, groping in the Arctic darkness, had found a yellow metal, and because steamship and transportation companies were booming the find, thousands of men were rushing into the Northland. These men wanted dogs, and the dogs they wanted were heavy dogs, with strong muscles by which to toil, and furry coats to protect them from the frost.

Buck lived at a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley. Judge Miller's place, it was called. It stood back from the road, half hidden among the trees,



061

1. 投身荒野

古老的渴望在涌动、跳跃，
它恼怒于世俗的锁链，
再一次从冬眠之中，
唤醒了野性的气质。

巴克没读报纸，因此他不知道一场骚乱正在酝酿之中，那骚乱不止关系到他自己，也关系到从普格海峡到圣地亚哥的每一条强壮、长毛的海狗。由于在北极圈探险的人发现了一种黄色金属，而航运公司又将这件事说得天花乱坠，所以成千上万的人都开始涌向北方。这些人都需要狗，而且是大狗，这些狗要有强壮的筋骨以便承重，也要有厚厚的毛皮以便御寒。

巴克住在阳光普照的圣克莱拉谷的一座大房子里。据说那曾是米勒法官的宅邸。它位于大马路的后面，被树阴遮住一半，但从树缝间还可以看到四周有着宽大、阴凉

through which glimpses could be caught of the wide, cool veranda that ran around its four sides. The house was approached by graveled driveways which wound about through wide-spreading lawns and under the interlacing boughs of tall poplars. At the rear things were on even a more spacious scale than at the front. There were great stables, where a dozen grooms and boys held forth, rows of vine-clad servants' cottages, an endless and orderly array of outhouses, long grape arbors, green pasture, orchards, and berry patches. Then there was the pumping plant for the artesian well, and the big cement tank where Judge Miller's boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the hot afternoon.

And over this great demesne Buck ruled. Here he was born, and here he had lived the four years of his life. It was true, there were other dogs. There could not but be other dogs on so vast a place, but they did not count. They came and went, resided in the populous kennels, or lived obscurely in the recesses of the house after



的游廊。几条石子铺成的车道蜿蜒穿过几块宽阔的草地，一直通到这座大房子，路两旁，高大的白杨枝干交错。大房子后面比前面更为宽阔：那儿有几个大马厩，十几个马夫和小孩子在摆龙门阵；几排佣人住的小屋，上面缠满了葡萄藤；一排整齐的平房，一望无际；还有长长的葡萄架、青青的牧场、果树园和浆果地。接着，你还能看见一台抽水机架在自流井上，旁边还有一个水泥浴池，米勒法官的孩子们经常在早上来这里洗浴，或者在大热天的下午过来乘凉。

巴克统治了这个庄院。他出生在这里，并且已经在这里生活四年了。没错，这里也有别的狗，可是在这个地盘里，他们都是些无名小卒，根本算不了什么。他们或来回回地走动，或住在拥挤不堪的狗窝里，或躲在屋子的某个昏暗的角落里，跟日本

the fashion of Toots, the Japanese pug, or Ysabel, the Mexican hairless-strange creatures that rarely put nose out of doors or set foot to ground. On the other hand, there were the fox terriers, a score of them at least, who yelped fearful promises at Toots and Ysabel looking out of the windows at them and protected by a legion of housemaids armed with brooms and mops.

But Buck was neither house dog nor kennel dog. The whole realm was his. He plunged into the swimming tank or went hunting with the Judge's sons; he escorted Mollie and Alice, the Judge's daughters, on long twilight or early morning rambles; on wintry nights he lay at the Judge's feet before the roaring library fire; he carried the Judge's grandsons on his back, or rolled them in the grass, and guarded their footsteps through wild adventures down to the fountain in the stable yard, and even beyond, where the paddocks were, and the berry patches. Among the terriers he stalked imperiously, and Toots and Ysabel he utterly ignored, for he was king—king over all creeping, crawling, flying things of Judge Miller's place, humans included.

His father, Elmo, a huge St. Bernard, had been the Judge's inseparable companion, and Buck bid fair to follow in the way of his father. He was not so large—he weighed only one hundred and forty pounds—for his mother, Shep, had been a Scotch shepherd dog. Nevertheless, one hundred and forty pounds, to which



种的狗托兹和墨西哥种的无毛狗耶塞必尔一样，难得把鼻子伸出门外，更别提出去走动了。还有些狐种狗，少说也有一二十只，每逢托兹和耶塞必尔从窗口探出头来，他们便发出可怕的尖叫声，这时便有一大群女仆拿着扫帚和拖把过来保护他们。

巴克既非家狗又非野狗。但这里的全部领土都是他的。他和法官的儿子们一齐跳进游泳池，或者去打猎；在黄昏或清晨的时候，他陪着法官的女儿茉莉和爱丽丝散步；冬天的夜里，在书房熊熊的炉火前面，他躺在法官的脚边；他把法官的孙子们驮在背上，或者和他们在草地上打滚，或者保护他们到野外探险——比如说走到马厩那边的院子里的喷水池边，甚至跑到外面有蟾蜍的地方或者浆果园。他在那些狐种狗面前昂首阔步，也根本不把托兹、耶塞必尔放在眼里，因为他是这里的王，统治着米勒法官宅邸所有爬的、走的、飞的东西，甚至包括这里的人。

他的父亲叫艾尔墨，是一条高大的圣伯纳种狗，曾是法官形影不离的伴侣，巴克可能会继承父亲的地位。可让人遗憾的是，他父亲那么魁梧，但他的体重却仅有一百四十磅，因为他的母亲西布是一条苏格兰种的牧犬。可尽管如此，一百四十磅的体重

was added the dignity that comes of good living and universal respect, enabled him to carry himself in right royal fashion. During the four years since his puppyhood he had lived the life of a sated aristocrat; he had a fine pride in himself, was even a trifle egotistical, as country gentlemen sometimes become because of their insular situation.

But he had saved himself by not becoming a mere pampered house dog. Hunting and kindred outdoor delights had kept down the fat and hardened his muscles; and to him, as to the coldtubbing races, the love of water had been a tonic and a health preserver.

And this was the manner of dog Buck in the fall of 1897, when the Klondike strike dragged men from all the world into the frozen North. But Buck did not read the newspapers, and he did not know that Manuel, one of the gardener's helpers, was an undesirable acquaintance. Manuel had one besetting sin. He loved to play Chinese lottery. Also in his gambling, he had one besetting weakness—faith in a system; and this made his damnation certain. For to play a system requires money, while the wages of a gardener's helper do not lap over the needs of a wife and numerous progeny.

The Judge was at a meeting of the Raisin Growers' Association, and the boys

再加上养尊处优而生成的威严，也足以使他气度不凡了。从幼时至今的四年间，他过着饱食终日的奢侈生活，志得意满，甚至有一点自命不凡，好像那些因为孤陋寡闻而妄自尊大的乡下绅士们一样。

但他没有让自己变成一个被宠坏的家狗。他通过打猎和其他户外嬉戏来控制脂肪、锻炼肌肉；而且他喜欢水，喜欢冲冷水澡，那的确是养生的一剂良方。

这便是巴克在一八九七年秋季的生活状况，那时候克朗代克金矿的发现正在把世界各地的人们吸引到冰天雪地的北方去。可巴克没读报纸，也不知道那个叫曼纽的园丁助手是一个靠不住的家伙。曼纽有一个改不掉的老毛病，他喜欢中国式的赌博。而且他有一个无法摆脱的弱点——他相信自己掌握了一种必胜的方法，所以他注定要倒霉——因为这种赌博的方法需要钱，而一个园丁助手的工资还不够养活他的妻儿。

法官到葡萄干制造业协会开会去了，孩子们忙着组织一个健身俱乐部。在这个难

were busy organizing an athletic club, on the memorable night of Manuel's treachery. No one saw him and Buck go off through the orchard on what Buck imagined was merely a stroll. And with the exception of a solitary man, no one saw them arrive at the little flag station known as College Park. This man talked with Manuel, and money chinked between them.

"You might wrap up the goods before you deliver them," the stranger said gruffly, and Manuel doubled a piece of stout rope around Buck's neck under the collar.

"Twist it, and you'll choke him plenty," said Manuel, and the stranger grunted a ready affirmative.

Buck had accepted the rope with quiet dignity. To be sure, it was an unwonted performance: but he had learned to trust in men he knew, and to give them credit for a wisdom that outreached his own. But when the ends of the rope were placed in the stranger's hands, he growled menacingly. He had merely intimated his displeasure, in his pride believing that to intimate was to command. But to his surprise the rope tightened around his neck, shutting off his breath. In quick rage he sprang at the man, who met him halfway, grappled him close by the throat, and with a deft twist threw him over on his back. Then the rope tightened mercilessly, while Buck struggled in a fury, his tongue lolling out of his mouth and his great chest panting



忘的夜里，曼纽做出了一件背信弃义的事情。没有一个人看到他和巴克穿过果树园；在巴克看来，这不过是一次普通的散步而已。除了一个孤独的男子之外，没有一个人看见他们走到大学公园那个小旗站。那个男子和曼纽谈话的时候，口袋里的钱叮叮当当地响。

“你应该先把货物捆好再交给我！”那陌生人声音低沉地说。于是曼纽就用一根结实的绳子绕着巴克的脖子，在颈箍下面绑了两道。

曼纽说：“你只要拉紧绳子，就可以让他喘不过气来。”陌生人咕噜了一声以表示响应。

巴克欣然地让曼纽扣住绳子。说实在的，这让他觉得不太习惯，但是他已经学会了信任他所认识的人，并且相信他们比自己聪明得多。但当他看到绳子的另一头被交到一个陌生人手里的的时候，他就开始低声怒吼起来。他仅仅在暗示他的不愉快，他自信这暗示就等于命令。但让他感到惊讶的是，那个陌生人居然开始勒紧绳子，以至于他无法呼吸了。他勃然大怒地跳起来扑向那人，那人却在他跳到半空时，紧紧地扼住他的喉咙，然后用力一扭，就把他摔得四脚朝天。接着，绳子被毫不留情地越勒越紧，巴克疯狂地挣扎着，舌头伸出嘴巴外面，巨大的胸部不停地起伏。他有生以来从未遭

futilely. Never in all his life had he been so vilely treated, and never in all his life had he been so angry. But his strength ebbed, his eyes glazed, and he knew nothing when the train was flagged and the two men threw him into the baggage car.

The next he knew, he was dimly aware that his tongue was hurting and that he was being jolted along in some kind of a conveyance. The hoarse shriek of a locomotive whistling a crossing told him where he was. He had traveled too often with the Judge not to know the sensation of riding in a baggage car. He opened his eyes, and into them came the unbridled anger of a kidnaped king. The man sprang for his throat, but Buck was too quick for him. His jaws closed on the hand, nor did they relax till his senses were choked out of him once more.

"Yep, has fits," the man said, hiding his mangled hand from the baggagemen, who had been attracted by the sounds of struggle.

"I'm taking him up for the boss to 'Frisco. A crack dog doctor there thinks that he can cure him."

Concerning that night's ride, the man spoke most eloquently for himself, in a little shed back of a saloon on the San Francisco waterfront.

"All I get is fifty for it," he grumbled, "and I wouldn't do it over for a thousand, cold cash."

006

受过这样卑鄙的待遇，也从没有如此悲愤过。但是很快他的力气就衰竭了，眼睛也模糊不清了，当火车停下来，那两个人把他丢进行李车的时候，他已经不省人事了。

再次清醒的时候，他只茫然地感到舌头受了伤，感到自己在某种运输工具中颠簸着。火车头经过平交道时汽笛嘶哑地叫起来，由此他才知道自己身在何处。他曾经多次跟法官出门旅行，所以不会不知道坐在行李车里的滋味。他睁开眼睛，这双眼里浸透了这个被绑架的王者难以扼制的愤怒。那人马上跳过来扼紧他的喉咙，但是巴克比他更快，他一口咬住那人的手，死也不肯放松，一直到他自己再一次因窒息而失去知觉。

"唔，一定是疯了，"那人一边说，一边把被咬伤的手藏起来，怕让那些被吵嚷声吸引过来的行李搬运工看见。

"我替老板把他带到旧金山。据说那边有一个高明的兽医，可以把他治好的。"

在旧金山海边一个小酒店的后房里，那人对那天晚上的经历大肆炫耀了一番。

"一共才赚到五十块钱，"他抱怨道，"下次就算给一千块现金，我也不干了。"

His hand was wrapped in a bloody handkerchief, and the right trouser leg was ripped from knee to ankle.

“How much did the other mug get?” the saloonkeeper demanded.

“A hundred,” was the reply. “Wouldn’t take a sou less, so help me.”

“That makes a hundred and fifty,” the saloonkeeper calculated, “and he’s worth it, or I’m a squarehead.”

The kidnaper undid the bloody wrappings and looked at his lacerated hand. “If I don’t get the hydrophoby—”

“It’ll be because you was born to hang,” laughed the saloonkeeper.

“Here, lend me a hand before you pull your freight,” he added.

Dazed, suffering intolerable pain from throat and tongue, with the life half throttled out of him, Buck attempted to face his tormentors. But he was thrown down and choked repeatedly, till they succeeded in filing the heavy brass collar from off his neck. Then the rope was removed, and he was flung into a cagelike crate.

There he lay for the remainder of the weary night, nursing his wrath and wounded pride. He could not understand what it all meant. What did they want with him, these strange men? Why were they keeping him pent up in this narrow crate?



他的手包着血迹斑斑的手帕，右边的裤管自膝盖以下全被撕开。

“另外那个家伙赚到多少？”酒店老板问。

“一百块钱，”他答道，“我对上帝发誓，一块也不少，真要命。”

“那就是一百五十块，”酒店老板算了一下说，“值得，否则我就是傻瓜。”

那绑匪解开血手帕，看着他被咬伤的手说道：“我真怕万一得了狂犬病。”

“那是你命中注定的！”酒店老板大声笑道，“走之前，来帮我做点事吧！”他加了一句。

巴克虽然神志不清，喉咙和舌头痛得难受，被勒得半死不活的，却仍然想反抗。但是他一次又一次地被打倒，几经窒息，直到最后他们锉开了他脖子上那条粗大的铜箍。他们解开绳子，把他扔进一只鸟笼般的木笼里。

他躺在那里度过了疲乏的夜晚，满怀愤怒，抚慰着受伤的自尊。他无法了解这是怎么回事。这些陌生人要把他怎么样呢？他们为什么要把他关在这个小木笼里呢？

He did not know why, but he felt oppressed by the vague sense of impending calamity. Several times during the night he sprang to his feet when the shed door rattled open, expecting to see the Judge, or the boys at least. But each time it was the bulging face of the saloonkeeper that peered in at him by the sickly light of a tallow candle. And each time the joyful bark that trembled in Buck's throat was twisted into a savage growl.

But the saloonkeeper let him alone, and in the morning four men entered and picked up the crate. More tormentors, Buck decided, for they were evil-looking creatures, ragged and unkempt; and he stormed and raged at them through the bars. They only laughed and poked sticks at him, which he promptly assailed with his teeth till he realized that that was what they wanted. Whereupon he lay down sullenly and allowed the crate to be lifted into a wagon. Then he, and the crate in which he was imprisoned, began a passage through many hands. Clerks in the express office took charge of him; he was carted about in another wagon; a truck carried him, with an assortment of boxes and parcels, upon a ferry steamer; he was trucked off the steamer into a great railway depot, and finally he was deposited in an express car.

For two days and nights this express car was dragged along at the tail of

008

虽然不明白为什么，但他有一种大祸临头的预感。那天夜里有好几次，每当破屋的门吱吱地打开的时候，他就跳起来，希望能看到法官的到来，哪怕是孩子们也好。但是每次都是那个肥脸的酒店老板，拿着一枝昏暗的蜡烛伸进头来窥探他。每一次，巴克喉咙间颤抖着发出的欢乐的吠声，都被扭曲成一种野性的咆哮。

然而酒店老板根本就不管他，第二天早晨，进来四个人把木笼抬走了。又是一些折磨人的家伙，巴克想。他们衣衫褴褛，头发蓬乱，面目可憎。于是巴克就在笼子里对他们大声怒吼。他们只是大笑，用棍子戳他，巴克就用牙齿咬棍子，后来他才知道，那是他们故意逗他取乐的。于是他忿忿地躺下来，由他们把木笼抬到一部货车上去。以后，他被装在那个木笼子里，像个包裹一样，被一次又一次地转手。刚开始是落在运输公司的工作人员手里；再被又一辆货车运走；然后来了一辆拖车，把他和一些箱子、包裹运到一艘渡轮上；后来又有一辆拖车把他从轮船公司运到一个大火车站，最后他被放进一辆快车里运走。

那快车被呼啸的火车头拖着走了两天两夜，这两天两夜里，巴克始终不吃不喝。

shrieking locomotives; and for two days and nights Buck neither ate nor drank. In his anger he had met the first advances of the express messengers with growls, and they had retaliated by teasing him. When he flung himself against the bars, quivering and frothing, they laughed at him and taunted him. They growled and barked like detestable dogs, mewed, and flapped their arms and crowed. It was all very silly, he knew; but therefore the more outrage to his dignity, and his anger waxed and waxed. He did not mind the hunger so much, but the lack of water caused him severe suffering and fanned his wrath to fever pitch. For that matter, high-strung and finely sensitive, the ill treatment had flung him into a fever, which was fed by the inflammation of his parched and swollen throat and tongue.

He was glad for one thing: the rope was off his neck. That had given them an unfair advantage; but now that it was off, he would show them. They would never get another rope around his neck. Upon that he was resolved. For two days and nights he neither ate nor drank, and during those two days and nights of torment, he accumulated a fund of wrath that boded ill for whoever first fell foul of him. His eyes turned bloodshot, and he was metamorphosed into a raging fiend. So changed was he that the Judge himself would not have recognized him; and the express messengers breathed with relief when they bundled him off the train at Seattle.



车上的邮差好意劝他吃喝，他却用吼叫来表示愤怒，于是他们开始通过戏弄他来报复他。当他口吐白沫，抖着身体扑在木笼的格子上时，他们就发出无情的嘲笑和讥讽。他们在笼子外面学讨厌的狗叫、猫叫，还不停地挥动着手臂学鸡叫。他了解这些人的无聊，但当尊严不断地受到触犯，他还是越来越生气。他不太在乎饥饿，可是缺水却让他感到非常难受，甚至将他的愤怒烧到了顶点。而极度的敏感和脆弱，加上病态的折磨使他高烧不止，他的喉咙和舌头干裂而肿胀。

但有一点还是让他感到高兴：脖子上没有绳扣了。现在既然没有绳子，他就要给那些坏家伙们点颜色瞧瞧。他再也不许他们用绳子套住他的脖子了，他暗暗下定决心。整整两天两夜，他不吃不喝。就在这两天两夜里，他堆积了一肚子愤怒，第一个碰他的人，不论是谁，都会倒霉。他眼睛气得血红，好像狂怒的魔鬼，估计连法官都认不出他了。直到在西雅图把他抬下火车，那些装卸工人们才舒畅地松了一口气。

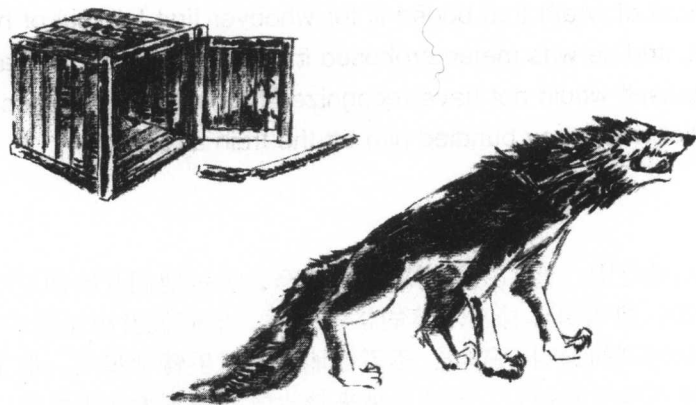
Four men gingerly carried the crate from the wagon into a small, high-walled back yard. A stout man, with a red sweater that sagged generously at the neck, came out and signed the book for the driver. That was the man, Buck divined, the next tormentor, and he hurled himself savagely against the bars. The man smiled grimly, and brought a hatchet and a club.

“You ain’t going to take him out now?” the driver asked.

“Sure,” the man replied, driving the hatchet into the crate for a pry.

There was an instantaneous scattering of the four men who had carried it in, and from safe perches on top of the wall they prepared to watch the performance.

Buck rushed at the splintering wood, sinking his teeth into it, surging and wrestling with it. Wherever the hatchet fell on the outside, he was there on the inside, snarling and growling, as furiously anxious to get out as the man in the red sweater was calmly intent on getting him out.



四个男人小心谨慎地从货车上把木笼抬到围着高墙的小院里。里面走出来一个强壮的男人，身穿一件宽大的红色毛衣，他在司机的簿子上签了字。巴克料想到这人也不是什么好东西，于是用身体凶暴地撞击栅栏。那个男子狰狞地一笑，拿出一把小斧头和一根棍子。

“现在就把他弄出来吗？”司机问。

“当然啦！”那人答道，于是就开始用斧头撬那笼子。

刚才抬笼子进来的四个男人迅速地散开，他们爬上墙头，准备看一场驯狗表演。

巴克把头冲向裂开的木栅栏，用牙齿死命咬它，不停地猛撞。斧头在外面劈到哪里，他在里面就冲到哪里，不断地狂吠和怒吼着，急于要冲出去。那穿红毛衣的人，也在镇定地放他出来。

“Now, you red-eyed devil,” he said, when he had made an opening sufficient for the passage of Buck’s body. At the same time he dropped the hatched and shifted the club to his right hand.

And Buck was truly a red-eyed devil, as he drew himself together for the spring, hair bristling, mouth foaming, a mad glitter in his bloodshot eyes. Straight at the man he launched his one hundred and forty pounds of fury, surcharged with the pent passion of two days and nights. In midair, just as his jaws were about to close on the man, he received a shock that checked his body and brought his teeth together with an agonizing clip. He whirled over, fetching the ground on his back and side. He had never been struck by a club in his life, and did not understand. With a snarl that was part bark and more scream he was again on his feet and launched into the air. And again the shock came and he was brought crushingly to the ground. This time he was aware that it was the club, but his madness knew no caution. A dozen times he charged, and as often the club broke the charge and smashed him down.

After a particularly fierce blow, he crawled to his feet, too dazed to rush. He staggered limply about, the blood flowing from nose and mouth and ears, his beautiful coat sprayed and flecked with bloody slaver. Then the man advanced and deliberately dealt him a frightful blow on the nose. All the pain he had endured was



“好，你这红眼的魔鬼，出来吧！”他开了一个足够巴克通过的洞。与此同时，他丢下斧头，把棍子换到右手。

巴克缩紧身体，准备跳起攻击，只见他毛发倒竖，嘴里喷着白沫，充血的红眼睛里透着疯狂，真像一个红眼的恶鬼。两天两夜的囚禁已经让他全身充满了极度的愤怒，于是他用一百四十磅的体重径直向那男人扑去。就在他跳到半空中，准备用两排牙齿咬住那人的时候，他突然遭到了猛烈的一击，只觉得全身震颤，身子一软，翻身滚跌在地上。他有生以来从没有挨过棍子，所以他不明白这是怎么回事。他发出一种半是吠声半是尖叫的声音，又站起来，然后跳到半空中。又是突然的猛烈一击落到他身上，他再次被打倒在地。这次他明白了，原来是那根棍子的魔力，不过，他的那股疯狂已经让他失去了任何警惕。他攻击了十来次，那棍子也向他进行了十来次的回击，终于打得他再也爬不起来。

在一记尤为猛烈的棒击之后，他爬起身来，觉得头昏目眩，不能再进攻了，于是他踉跄地走着，血从鼻子、嘴巴和耳朵里流了出来，他那美丽的毛也沾上了带血的涎

as nothing compared with the exquisite agony of this. With a roar that was almost lionlike in its ferocity, he again hurled himself at the man. But the man, shifting the club from right to left, coolly caught him by the under jaw, at the same time wrenching downward and backward. Buck described a complete circle in the air, and half of another, then crashed to the ground on his head and chest.

For the last time he rushed. The man struck the shrewd blow he had purposely withheld for so long, and Buck crumpled up and went down, knocked utterly senseless.

"He's no slouch at dog-breaking that's what I say," one of the men on the wall cried enthusiastically.

"Druther break cayuses any day, and twice on Sundays," was the reply of the driver, as he climbed on the wagon and started the horses.

Buck's senses came back to him, but not his strength. He lay where he had fallen, and from there he watched the man in the red sweater.

"Answers to the name of Buck," the man soliloquized, quoting from the saloonkeeper's letter, which had announced the consignment of the crate and contents. "Well Buck, my boy," he went on in a genial voice, "we've had our little ruction, and the best thing we can do is to let it go at that. You've learned your

012

沫，斑斑点点的。于是那人走过来，对准他的鼻子猛地一击。他所遭受的所有痛苦都没有这一击带来的痛苦这么猛烈。他大吼一声，像个凶猛的狮子一样，又向那人扑去。那人把棍子换到左手，右手冷不防地抓住他的下颚，向下又向后一扳，巴克在半空中划了一圈半，头、胸着地，跌落下来。

他又作了最后一次攻击。那人又给了他用力一击，打得巴克缩成一团，瘫倒在地上，完全失去了知觉。

"我说呀，他真是一个驯狗的老手!"一位站在墙头上的"观众"热烈地叫喊着。

"每天都有驯兽表演，每逢礼拜天还有两次。"那车夫一边爬上货车策马前行，一边回答道。

巴克的神志清醒了，但力气没有恢复。他还在跌倒的地方躺着，看着那个穿红毛衣的人。

"他叫巴克，"那人看着酒店老板的信，喃喃地说。老板在信里委托他连木笼带货一起卖出去。"喂，巴克，我的孩子!"他温柔地继续说道，"我们闹了一点小别扭，

place, and I know mine. Be a good dog and all'll go well and the goose hang high. Be a bad dog, and I'll whale the stuffing outa you. Understand?"

As he spoke he fearlessly patted the head he had so mercilessly pounded, and though Buck's hair involuntarily bristled at touch of the hand, he endured it without protest. When the man brought him water he drank eagerly, and later bolted a generous meal of raw meat, chunk by chunk, from the man's hand.

He was beaten (he knew that); but he was not broken. He saw, once for all, that he stood no chance against a man with a club. He had learned the lesson, and in all his afterlife he never forgot it. That club was a revelation. It was his introduction to the reign of primitive law, and he met the introduction halfway. The facts of life took on a fiercer aspect; and while he faced that aspect uncowed, he faced it with all the latent cunning of his nature aroused. As the days went by, other dogs came, in crates and at the ends of ropes, some docilely, and some raging and roaring as he had come; and, one and all, he watched them pass under the dominion of the man in the red sweater. Again and again, as he looked at each brutal performance, the lesson was driven home to Buck: a man with a club was a lawgiver, a master to be obeyed, though not necessarily conciliated. Of this last Buck was never guilty, though he did see beaten dogs that fawned upon the man, and wagged their tails,



现在最好和好吧。你已经明白你的处境，也知道我的厉害了。如果你要做一条好狗，那么一切都会很好。如果你要做一条坏狗，我就会敲碎你的骨头，明白吗？”

说着，他毫无惧怕地拍拍巴克那曾经被他毒打的头。巴克被他的手一碰，全身毛发不禁倒竖起来，但却毫不反抗地忍受了。那人拿水来的时候，他急切地喝了，后来又从那人手里吞咽了几块生肉。

他明白自己被打败了，但是他并没有被驯服。他看出自己根本不可能战胜一个拿棍子的人。这一次的教训让他终生难忘。那根棍子是一个启示。这是他投身荒野以来第一次接受原始法则的支配，他妥协了。现实生活呈现出它险恶的一面，他一方面要毫无畏惧地迎接这险恶，一方面要用他被唤醒的狡猾本性来对付现实。日子一天天过去，陆续来了一些其他的狗，都用笼子关着，绳子扣着，有的服服帖帖，有的跟巴克刚来的时候一样疯狂地发怒和咆哮。他眼看着他们一个一个全屈服在那红毛衣男子的棍棒之下。每当看到那残酷的场面时，巴克就会在心里告诉自己：一个拿棍子的人就是立法者，虽然不一定得对他奉承讨好，但却一定要服从他。在这个问题上，巴克觉得自己处理得很好。他见过许多被打败的狗，他们摇着尾巴，舔着那人的手，谄媚讨