



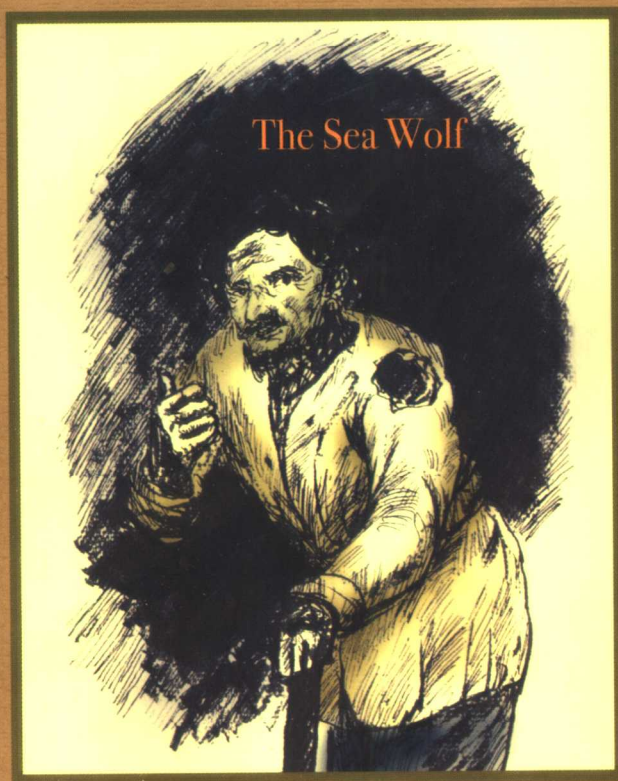
名著名篇双语对照丛书

美国经典文学名著

海 狼

中英对照

杰克·伦敦 著 冯 刚 编译



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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

海狼/(美)杰克·伦敦(London, J.)著;冯刚译. —北京:中国
书籍出版社, 2005.4
(名著名篇双语对照系列丛书)
ISBN 7-5068-1190-1

I. 海... II. ①杰... ②冯... 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(2004)第 020618 号

责任编辑 / 周芷旭

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)

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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 / 13.25

字 数 / 235 千字

版 次 / 2005 年 5 月第 1 版 2005 年 5 月第 1 次印刷

印 数 / 0001—8000 册

定 价 / 19.50 元(册)

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作者简介

杰克·伦敦（Jack London）（1876-1916）美国著名作家，生于一个破产农民家庭，早年当过报童、水手、工人，1896年受到世界淘金热的影响曾去阿拉斯加淘金，得了坏血症，从此埋头读书写作，成为职业作家。杰克·伦敦一生创作了19部中篇小说，150多部短篇小说，3部戏剧，一部纪实文学，被喻为美国文坛的彗星。其代表作有《野性的呼唤》、《马丁·伊登》、《热爱生命》和《海狼》。

《海狼》是杰克·伦敦的长篇名著之一。小说描写了在一艘名为“魔鬼号”的以捕猎海豹为生的帆船上发生的一场动人心弦的生死搏斗和刻骨铭心的爱情故事。小说中的“狼”不仅是船长莱森的名字，对作者而言，还是超人的代名词，作者通过作品带领读者进入豪放粗犷的荒野，体验蛮荒生活的冷酷无情，感受人性凶残的黑暗面和原始生命的光辉；同时也揭露了资本主义社会的弊端，表现了对劳动人民顽强意志的歌颂和苦难生活的同情。此外，作者所受尼采和斯宾塞的影响在作品中也有充分的表现。

I hardly know where to begin. It all began because I wanted to visit a friend who lived across the bay. For that reason, I was on a ferryboat on San Francisco Bay one January morning. I was in a safe boat, the Martinez. She was making her fourth or fifth trip between Sausalito and San Francisco on the coast of California. But there was danger in the thick fog that was over the bay. I knew so little about the sea that I did not worry about the fog. In fact, I remember that I felt quietly happy as I stood on the upper deck. A wind was blowing and I was almost alone in the fog. I knew that the pilot and captain were near, although I could not see them.

I remember thinking how nice it was that I did not have to study fogs, winds, or tides to visit my friend across the bay. The special knowledge of the captain and the pilot was sufficient for thousands of people who knew no more of the sea than I knew. I, too, had special knowledge. Instead of learning many things, I had learned a few particular things, such as the value of Edgar Allen Poe in American literature. I had written about that in the Aatlantic magazine, which I had seen a man reading as



第一章

真不知该从何说起。我想去拜访一位朋友，他住在加利福尼亚海湾的那端。于是，一月的一个早上，我乘船从旧金山港出发了。故事就这样开始了。我乘坐的“玛第内姿”号很安全。这已经是她沿加利福尼亚海岸从萨莎利托到旧金山做的第四次或第五次航行了。但那天浓雾弥漫海湾，航行很危险。我对海上航行不是很了解，所以对浓雾也没有什么顾虑。相反，我记得当时浓雾中，甲板上几乎只有我一个人，海风吹过，那种感觉真叫人心旷神怡。虽然浓雾中看不到驾驶员和船长，但我知道，他们就在不远处。

我记得当时我还在想渡船去海湾那边看朋友不用研究雾啊、风啊、潮啊的多好啊。驾驶员和船长掌握的航海知识足够让我们这些不懂航海的人放心地乘船了。我也有自己爱好的专业，虽所学不多，但对诸如艾德格·爱伦·坡在美国文学上的价值之类的知识颇为了解。我曾在《大西洋》杂志上发表过这类文章。我上船时恰巧看见一个人在

I came on the boat.

A red-faced man came out of the cabin door and interrupted my thoughts. He looked at the fog, walked across the deck, and stood near me. He was enjoying himself. I was correct in guessing he had spent his life on the sea.

“Bad weather like this makes a captain older than his years,” he said.

“I had not thought there was any problem,” I answered. “It seems as simple as ABC. By using instruments, they know the direction, the distance, and the speed. Sailing a ship must be as certain as mathematics.” “No problem!” he said loudly. “Simple as ABC! Certain as mathematics! Can you see this tide that is rushing out of the Golden Gate? How fast is the tide? And listen to that bell, warning that we are too near the rocks. do you feel how they are changing direction?”

From out of the fog came the sad sound of a bell, and I saw the wheel being turned rapidly. The bell had seemed straight ahead, but it was now sounding at our side. Our own whistle was blowing loudly. The sound of other whistles could be heard coming out of the fog.

“That is a ferryboat,” the red-faced man said, pointing to the right. “They should be careful now! Now they will be trying not to hit another boat!”



002

读那期杂志。

一个红脸汉从船舱里走出来，他看了看浓雾，穿过甲板，站在我旁边。他怡然自得，很陶醉的样子。我猜他这辈子都是在海上度过的，而事实证明我猜对了。

“这种鬼天气把船长磨老了。”他说。

“不会吧，没那么严重。”我说，“就像ABC一样，很简单。他们可以用各种机器测知方向、距离和速度。航船就跟数学公式一样，有定式，很程序化的。”

“没问题？”他大叫道：“像ABC那么简单？像数学定式一样？你能看见从金门冲过来的海浪吗？你知道它有多快吗？你听，听到钟声了吗？这是在警告我们不远处有岩石。船长他们正在改变航向，你感觉到了吗？”

浓雾外面传来一阵低沉的铃声。我看见机轮迅速转动。那铃声刚才好像还在头顶上盘旋，现在又在我们身旁萦绕。我们的汽笛低声长鸣着，还有其他船上的汽笛声穿过浓雾从远处传来。

“那是一艘渡轮。”那个红脸汉指着右边说，“他们可得小心了！他们现在要尽量避免撞到别的船！”

The sound of the whistle came from directly ahead of us and from very near. Other bells sounded on the Martinez. We moved more slowly, then faster again. The other boat's whistle came through the fog from more to the side. It became less loud. I looked at my companion to see if he would explain.

"Just one of those small pleasure-boats," he said. "I almost wish we had sunk him! They are the cause of more trouble. And what good are they? They can't sail properly. They just blow their whistles so others will avoid them! "

I laughed quietly at his anger. While he walked angrily around the deck, I thought about the fog, that gray mysterious shadow. The voice of my companion brought me back from my thoughts. "Do you hear that? Something is coming toward us," he was saying. "And it is coming fast. I guess they don't hear us yet. The wind is in the wrong direction."

I could hear a whistle. It was to one side and ahead.

"Ferryboat?" I asked. He nodded and I looked up. The captain's head and shoulders were leaning out of the pilothouse. He was staring into the fog. His face



一阵汽笛声从我们正前方传来，而且就在我们附近。“玛第内姿”号上的其他铃声响起来了。我们行进得更慢了，然后又加速了。另一艘船的汽笛声穿过浓雾，由远及近，传到我们身边，然后声音越来越小。我看了看身边的红脸汉，想听听他怎么解释。

“就是一艘小游艇。”他说：“我巴不得我们的船把它撞沉了！那些小游艇就会惹麻烦。它们简直一无是处，根本不知道怎么航行，就会不停地鸣笛让别的船躲开它们。”

看到他那么气愤，我不禁觉得好笑。他在甲板上愤怒地走来走去，我却在想那浓雾，就像一个灰白的神秘阴影。“听见了吗？”我的那个红脸伙伴的声音把我从沉思中拉回来。他说：“有个东西朝我们这边过来了。速度还挺快！我猜，他们还没听到我们的汽笛声。风向不对。”

我听见了一声汽笛响，那声音就在旁边的正前方。

“是渡轮吗？”我问。他点了点头。于是，我抬起头，朝上看去。船长的头和肩膀都伸到了操舵室外。他凝视着，朝浓雾中看去，面色焦急。那个红脸汉也是如此，焦

was anxious; the face of my companion was anxious also.

Then everything happened very fast. The fog seemed to break. The bow of a large ship could now be seen. I could see the pilothouse and a white-haired man leaning out of it. He wore a blue uniform and was very quiet. But his quietness was terrible. He seemed to want to determine exactly when the two ships would crash. He did not notice when our pilot shouted, "Now you have done it! "

"Hold on to something now," the red-faced man said to me. He also seemed calm. "And listen to the women scream."

The ships crashed together before I could follow his advice. The Martinez leaned over and there was a crashing and tearing of wood. I was thrown to the wet deck and I heard the screams of the women. What happened in the next few minutes I do not remember. But the sounds the women made reminded me of the sounds pigs make when they are killed.

These women, so tender and so capable of sympathy, were openmouthed and screaming. They wanted to live; they could not help themselves, and they screamed.

急万分。

一切都来得太快了。雾这时好像散了。我看到了一艘大船的船头，还能看到操舵室，一个白头发的人从里面探出身来。他身穿蓝色制服，异常安静。可他安静得令人害怕。他好像是在测算这两艘船到底什么时候相撞。“这下可完蛋了！”我们的驾驶员大声喊叫着，可他并没有注意。

“赶快抓紧点什么东西，把住！”那红脸汉对我说道。他看上去也很镇静。“听吧，女人们要尖叫了。”

我还没来得及抓住什么东西时，两艘船已经撞在一起了。“玛第内姿”号船身倾斜，木板也被撞碎了。我被甩到了甲板上，甲板上满是海水。我还听到女人们的尖叫声。几分钟后发生了什么事情，我就不记得了。但女人们发出的声音让我想到了猪被宰杀时的嘶叫声。

这些弱小的、可怜的女人，惊恐地呼叫着。她们想活下去，可她们却无力互助，只能无奈地惊叫。



I sat on the deck and felt sick. I saw and heard men running and shouting as they tried to lower the small boats. Nothing operated properly. One boat with women and children was lowered, and it turned over in the water. Another boat had been lowered at one end, but the other end hung by its ropes. Nothing was seen of the ship that had caused the crash.

I went down to the lower deck. The Martinez was sinking fast; the water was very near. Many passengers were jumping into the water. Others, in the water, wanted to climb back onto the ship. No one listened to them. Someone shouted that we were sinking. I jumped into the water with many other bodies. The water was cold—so cold that it was painful. The pain was as quick and sharp as that of fire. It was like the grasp of death. The taste of salt water was strong in my mouth. I could hardly breathe because of the bitter substance that filled my throat.

But the cold was the worst thing of all. I felt that I could live only a few minutes. people were struggling in the water near me. I could hear them shouting. I also heard the sound of oars. Perhaps the other ship had lowered its boats.



我坐在甲板上，觉得很不舒服。男人们奔走呼喊，试图把救生小艇放下去。一切都那么混乱。一只挤满了妇女跟小孩的救生艇刚放下去就翻了。另一只小艇一端放了下去，另一端却还在绳子上挂着。而那只肇事船却不知哪里去了。

我走到了底层甲板上。“玛第内姿”号正在迅速下沉。海水正在逼近，马上就要淹没甲板了。许多乘客都跳到了海里，还有一些在海里挣扎的人拼命地想往回爬到船上。没有人听他们喊叫。有人在大叫：“我们在往下沉！”我跟许多人一起跳到了海里。海水真冷，冷得刺骨，令人痛苦不堪。这种痛苦如同烈火烧身一般来得迅速、猛烈，让人感觉到死神的到来。我嘴里满是海水，咸得发苦。海水在喉咙里灌着，让我几乎喘不过气来。

可相比之下，冷是最难忍受的。我觉得自己只能活几分钟了。旁边，人们在海水里挣扎着。我能听到他们在呼喊、惊叫着，也听见划桨的声音。也许是那只肇事船在往下放救生艇。

After some time passed, I was surprised that I was alive. I could feel nothing in my legs, not even pain. My whole body was slowly losing the power of feeling.

The noises became faint, though a final scream in the distance told me the Martinez had sunk. Later I woke, full of fear. I was alone. I could hear only the sound of the waves. Waves. Where was I floating? The red-faced man had said the tide was flowing through the Golden Gate, the narrow opening beyond the bay. Was I being carried out to sea? And the life preserver in which I floated—would it not break into pieces? I could not swim. And I was alone. I admit that I screamed as the women had screamed and I beat the water with my hands.

I seemed to sleep again. When I woke, I saw, almost above me and coming out of the fog, the bow of a ship. It had three sails, filled with wind. It was coming fast. I seemed to be directly in its path. The bow missed me, and the long, black side of the ship began moving past. I tried to shout, but made no sound.

Then the stern of the ship went past. I saw a man standing at the wheel and another man who seemed to do nothing but smoke a cigarette. He slowly turned his head and looked in my direction. Life and death were in the look. I could now see that this ship was beginning to enter the fog. The man's head slowly turned, and

过了一段时间，我惊奇地发现自己还活着。但我发现我下肢没有任何感觉了，甚至连疼痛都感觉不到。慢慢地，浑身都失去了知觉。

一切嘈杂声都听不到了，远方传来的最后一声尖叫告诉我：“玛第内姿”号沉了。再后来，我醒了，却看不到任何人，心里害怕极了。我孤零零的一个人，只能听到海浪的声音。海浪！我漂到哪了呢？那个红脸汉说过，潮水从金门涌过，那是加利福尼亚湾上游的一个狭窄豁口。难道，我要被带出这海吗？载我的救生艇没碎吗？我不会游泳。周围只有我一个人，我承认我也像那些妇女们一样地尖叫，并用手拍打着海水。

我好像又睡过去了。我再次醒过来的时候，看见我的正上方有一只船桅杆，正从雾中移过来。桅杆上有三面帆，被风满满地撑起。桅杆正快速地朝我这边来，我好像正在它的航道上。不过，它从我身边过去了。这只又长又黑的船舷开始向前划动。我想大声喊叫，可发不出一点儿声来。

接着，船尾也划过去了。我看见舵轮旁站着一个人，还有一个人站在那里无所事事地抽着烟。他慢慢地转过头，朝我这边看过来。生与死就在他这一瞥。我看见这艘船马上就要驶进雾里了。那个人的头慢慢转过来，他看见我了。他快速冲向舵轮，推



then he saw me. He rushed quickly to the wheel, pushing the other man away. He turned the wheel with all his strength, at the same time shouting commands. The ship disappeared instantly into the fog.

I tried with all my power not to sink into the darkness around me. I could not speak, but I heard the sound of oars coming nearer and nearer. I also heard the calls of man. When he was very near I heard him say angrily, "Why in hell don't you shout?" This meant me, I thought, and then the darkness rose over me.



开旁边的那个人，用尽全力转动舵轮，同时，大声喊叫、命令着什么。这艘船立刻消失在了雾中。

我使尽全身力气，挣扎着不让自己昏过去沉入周遭的黑暗中。我说不出话来，但却听到划桨的声音越来越近，还听到有人在呼唤。就在他来到我身边的时候，我听见他怒气冲冲地说：“你他妈的怎么不喊呐！”他这是在跟我说话，我想。接着，眼前一片黑暗，什么都不知道了。

I seemed to be swinging through the vast space. Lights flashed and shot past me; they were stars, I knew. I enjoyed my flight. But the dream changed and my swinging became faster. Then it seemed that I was being dragged over rough sand, white and hot in the sun. My skin was burning. A loud bell sounded again and again.

I struggled for air. I opened my eyes and saw two men beside me. My swinging was the movement of a ship on the sea. The bell was the sound of a pan hanging on a wall. The rough sand was a man's hard hands rubbing my chest, which was raw and bleeding.

"That's enough, Yonson," one of the men said. "Can't you see you have almost rubbed all his skin off?"

The man called Yonson, a man of the heavy Scandinavian kind, stopped rubbing me. The man who had spoken was an Englishman. The cap on his head and the dirty bag tied around his middle showed him to be the cook of the dirty ship's galley, where I was lying.

第二章

我好像是挂在一个硕大的空间里摇摆不停。灯光闪烁，一齐朝我射过来。我知道，那是星星。我喜欢这种飞一般的感觉。但梦境破灭了，我晃动得更快了。接着，我好像被人从粗糙的沙子上拖过。那沙子被太阳烤得白白的，滚烫滚烫的。我的皮肤就快烧着了。震耳欲聋的船钟一遍遍地响。

我拼命地呼吸着空气。我睁开眼睛，看见身旁有两个人。刚才那摇晃的感觉实际上是因为船在海上航行。那钟声是一口平底锅撞到墙上发出的声音。而那沙子则是一个人用他那粗糙的手掌在我胸口不停地摩擦。我的胸擦破了，露出了肉，正流着血。

"行了，亚逊。"一个人说："你没看见你快把他的皮搓掉了？"

那个叫亚逊的人停了下来。他是个典型的斯堪的那维亚人。刚才说话的那个是英国人。他头上戴了顶帽子，腰间系了个脏兮兮的布袋子，让人一看就知道他是这船上的厨子。而我，现在正躺在厨房里。



“And how are you feeling, sir?” he asked. “Here, this will be good for you.” He gave me a cup of coffee. It was bad coffee, but hot.

“Thank you, Mr. Yonson,” I said. “But did you have to rub my chest that roughly?” He showed me his hand, which was rough from work.

“My name is Johnson, not Yonson,” he said in good, though slow, English.

“Thank you, Mr. Johnson,” I corrected myself. I liked his quiet, manly quality.

“Have you any dry clothes?” I asked the cook. “Yes, sir,” he answered cheerfully. He slipped out of the galley with a walk as smooth as oil. I learned later that his personality was oily also.

“And where am I?” I asked Johnson, who seemed to be one of the sailors. “What ship is this, and where is she going?”

“Near the Farallons, going southwest,” he answered slowly. “The name of the ship is the Ghost, and we will be hunting seals near Japan.”

“And who is the captain? I must talk with him.”

Johnson looked puzzled as he tried to find the right words. “The captain is Wolf



“现在感觉怎么样，先生？”他问，“喝吧，喝了就会好一些。”他递给我一杯咖啡。这咖啡味道虽然很糟，但却是热乎乎的。

“谢谢你，亚逊先生。”我说：“可你刚才非得那么使劲地搓我的胸吗？”他伸出手给我看，那双手显然是由于过度工作而很粗糙。

“我叫约翰逊，不叫亚逊。”他说话慢吞吞地，但却讲一口纯正的英语。

“谢谢你，约翰逊先生。”我更正过来。我很欣赏他那种安静又颇具男子气概的性格。

“你有干衣服吗？”我问那厨子。“有啊，先生。”他回答道，看那样子很开心。他蹭地一下窜出厨房，像油从地板上划过一样。后来，我才知道，他做人也很油滑的。

“我这是在哪儿啊？”我问约翰逊。他看上去像是一个水手。“这是什么船？要去哪儿啊？”

“我们现在在法拉隆斯附近，要往西南走。”他慢条斯理地说：“这艘船是‘幽灵号’，我们要在日本附近猎捕海豹。”

“船长是谁啊？我得跟他谈谈。”

约翰逊看样子好像不知道该用什么合适的语言来回答。“船长是沃尔夫·莱森，人

Larson, or that is what men call him. I never heard his other name. But he is very angry this morning, so you must speak carefully to him.”

The cook had come in with some sour-smelling clothes. “These were stored while they were wet, sir,” he explained, “and they did not dry properly. I will dry yours by the fire, I was sure you were a gentleman as soon as I saw you.”

Johnson went out, and the cook helped me dress. I had disliked him at once, and now my dislike increased. I wanted to leave the galley so I could breathe fresh air. Also, I needed to see the captain.

“Whom should I thank for these clothes?” I asked. I was now dressed in a very short coat of dirty cotton cloth, and a tiny boy’s cap.

“Mugridge, sir,” he said, with an oily smile. “Thomas Mugridge, sir, and I am at your service.” He seemed to be waiting to be rewarded with money.

“All right, Thomas,” I said. “I shall not forget you when my clothes are dry.”

“Thank you, sir,” he said in a very humble and grateful way.

When I went to the deck, I discovered that the fog was gone. In its place the



们都这么叫他。我从没听说过他有别的名字。今天早上他可是很生气，所以，你跟他说话可得小心着点儿。”

那个厨子回来了，拿了几件发着霉味的衣服。“衣服还没干就收起来了，先生。”他解释道，“还没太干好。我把你的衣服拿到火上烤一烤吧，我一见你就知道你准是个绅士。”

约翰逊出去了。那个厨子帮我穿衣服。我刚看见他时就不喜欢他，现在更不喜欢他了。我想到厨房外面去呼吸点儿新鲜空气，况且，我还要见见船长。

“这些衣服是谁的？我得谢谢他。”我问道。我现在身上穿着一件脏兮兮的棉布短上衣，头上还戴了一顶船上侍者的帽子。

“是穆格莱吉的，先生。”他满脸堆笑，油腔滑调地说，“托马斯·穆格莱吉，先生。我随时愿意为您效劳。”他拍着马屁，好像是想让我给他点儿赏钱。

“好吧，托马斯，”我说，“等我衣服干了，我是不会亏待你的。”

“谢谢您，先生。”他一副奴颜婢膝、感激不尽的样子。

我走到甲板上。雾已经散了。太阳明晃晃地照在水面上。我向东朝加利福尼亚方

sun shone brightly on the water. I turned to the east, toward California, but could see nothing except low fog. To the north, not far away, I saw a group of rocks. On one of them, there was a light to guide ships. In the southwest, I saw the sails of a ship.

Here on the ship, no one seemed to notice me. Everybody seemed interested in a man lying on his back on the deck. This man was clothed, though his shirt was torn. He was a large man, and his chest was covered with black hair. His face and neck were hidden under a very wet black beard with some white hairs in it. His eyes were closed, and he seemed to have fainted; but his mouth was open as he tried noisily to breathe. A sailor threw water on him every few minutes.

Standing near was the man who had seen me sinking in the sea. He was average in height, but he looked very strong. His strength seemed to be that of a wild animal, the kind of strength that seems to be alive by itself. Although he was not very large or heavy, every movement of his muscles was sure and seemed to come from his great strength.

The cook leaned out of the galley door, smiled at me, and pointed in the direction of this man. So I understood that he was the captain, or the "Old Man," as the cook called him.



向看去，可什么都看不见，只能看到淡淡的一层薄雾。转过身朝北方看去，看到不远处有一堆岩石。岩石上面有一盏灯，在为过往船只引航。西南方向有艘船，船上有几面帆。

这艘船上好像根本没人注意我。他们似乎都对甲板上的那个人很感兴趣。那个人仰面躺在甲板上，虽然穿着衣服，可衬衫都破了。他是个身材高大的壮汉，胸前满是黑毛。脸跟脖子藏在湿乎乎的黑胡子下面，黑胡子里夹杂着几根白胡子。他闭着眼睛，好像昏过去了一样；可他的嘴却张着，大声地喘着粗气。一个水手每隔几分钟就往他身上泼点水。

旁边站着一个人，正是他发现了沉到海里。他中等个头儿，但看上去很结实。他就像一只迅猛的野兽，精力充沛，而且急待发泄。他虽然块儿头不大，可他每动一下，身上的肌肉便显示出他浑身是劲儿。

那个厨子倚在厨房门外面，朝我笑了笑，手向这个人的方向指了指。于是，我知道了，原来这个人就是船长，或者——按照那个厨子的叫法儿——“老头儿”。

I would have talked with the captain then, but the man on the deck began to roll wildly from side to side. Then he stiffened. He seemed to be dying.

The captain, Wolf Larson, looked down at the dying man, whose muscles became loose and whose mouth opened wide in a terrible smile. Then a most surprising thing happened. The captain shouted at the dead man like thunder. A stream of curses poured from his mouth. I had never heard anything like it in my life, and I did not think it was possible. The cause of it all seemed to be that the dead man, who was the mate, had too much liquor in San Francisco and now Wolf Larsen was without a mate.

I was shocked. Curses had always shocked me and death had always had dignity for me. But such a terrible and ugly death was new to me. Wolf Larsen's curses had such heat, they could have burned the dead man's face. But the dead man continued to smile. He was master of the situation.



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那时，我本应该能跟船长说上话的，可躺在甲板上的那个人开始不停地打滚，翻来覆去。接着，他直挺挺地躺在那里，像死了一样。

船长沃尔夫·莱森低头看着这个垂死的人。他的肌肉松弛下来，嘴巴大张着，似笑非笑，可怕极了。接着，出人意料的事情发生了。船长冲着死人大吼，不停地诅咒他，声音震耳欲聋。他骂得极为难听，我生平从来都没有听过，简直不敢相信自己的耳朵。事情的起因好像是这样的：刚刚咽气的这个人在这船上的大副，在圣弗朗希斯科喝了好多酒。而现在，沃尔夫·莱森船长没有了助手。

我震惊了。咒骂总会令我震颤，而死亡总会让我感到很庄严。可这么一种恐怖、丑陋的死我还是第一次看见。沃尔夫·莱森的咒骂有如烈火一般炙热，简直可以烧化死者的脸。可那个死去的家伙一直在笑，他是这整个场面的主宰者。

Wolf Larsen stopped cursing as suddenly as he had begun. He looked at the cook. "Well?" he said. "Yes, sir," the cook said quietly.

"Don't you think you have looked long enough, Cook?" Wolf Larsen asked coldly. "I've lost my mate, and I don't want to lose you, too. You should be very, very careful for your health."

"Yes, sir," the cook said again and went into the galley.

The rest of the sailors now lost interest and began to work. A number of men who did not seem to be sailors continued talking with one another in quiet voices. These, I learned, were the hunters, the men who shot the seals. They were superior to common sailors.

"Johansen!" Wolf Larsen called. "Put that body in a bag."

"Yes, sir," said the sailor called Johansen.

"Cook! Fill a bag with coal to tie to his feet," the captain said. He next



第三章

沃尔夫·莱森突然停下来，不骂了。他看了看那个厨子。“怎么样？”他说。“很好，先生。”厨子静静地说。

“你不觉得你已经在这儿看了好长时间了吗，厨子？”沃尔夫·莱森冷冷地说：“我已经少了个大副，我可不想再失去你。你可得小心着点儿你的身体。”

“是，先生。”厨子说完就进了厨房。

其他水手现在也都没了兴致，纷纷散开干活儿去了。有一些人看样子不像是水手，他们还在一起小声嘀咕着。我后来才知道，这些人是捕猎的，专门捕海豹。他们比普通水手地位要高一些。

“乔纳森！”沃尔夫·莱森叫道：“把他的尸体装到袋子里。”

“是！先生！”那个叫乔纳森的水手回应道。

“厨子！找个袋子装上煤然后绑到他脚上。”船长说。接着，他又问那些猎手们：