

杰克·伦敦作为现实主义作家，他在创作中带有明显的自然主义色彩，作品歌颂对生命的热爱和对大自然的斗争，同时反映了弱肉强食、生存竞争的哲学观点。



青少年成才宝典

Qing Shao Nian Cheng Cai Bao Dian

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杰克·伦敦 作品选

聪明在于勤奋 作文在于积累



一品读他的作品，随之而来的是惊心动魄的思索！享受他那粗放的笔锋，感受热爱生命的真谛！

吉林文史出版社
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THE LUN

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1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

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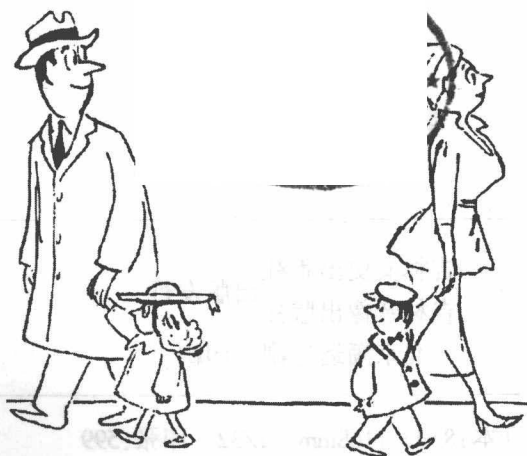
qing shao nian cheng cai bao dian

青少年成才宝典

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杰克·伦敦作品选

主 编 丁华民 志敏



吉林文史出版社

吉林音像出版社

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

青少年成才宝典/丁华民主编。—长春:吉林文史出版社,2006.2

ISBN 7-80702-342-2

I.青... II.丁... III.青少年成才—宝典 IV.G.221

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2006)第 080157 号

青少年成才宝典

丁华民 志敏 主编

吉林文史出版社 出版发行
吉林音像出版社
北京潮运印刷厂印刷

开本:850×1168mm 1/32 印张:599
字数:4500千字 2006年3月第1次印刷
ISBN 7-80702-342-2/G·221
全套(100册)定价:2380.00元

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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 pos-

热爱生命

惟一剩下只有这一样——
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碎石绊了一下。他们已经疲惫不堪，从脸上的表情可以看出两人曾经受了很长时间的艰险磨难。他们每人的肩上都背着一个用毯子打成的、沉重的大包裹。背包缠过额头，以此来帮助减轻肩上的重量。每个人都提着一把枪。他们以一种弓腰的姿势向前走，肩膀向前倾着，脑袋前趋得更厉害，眼睛紧盯着路面。

ture, 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 ourn," 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, 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 ef-

“我们藏的那些子弹，要是此时有两颗在身上该多好。”后面的人说。

他的话语毫无感染力。说的话也没有热度；前边的人没有回答，摇摇晃晃走进河里，河水很污浊，拍打着岩石浮起了泡沫。

后面的人紧跟其后也下了河。他们没有脱鞋袜，虽然河水冰冷——冰得他们脚脖直痛，双脚麻木。有几个地方，河水淹没膝盖，冲得他们左右摇摆，无法立足。

后面的人被一块光滑的圆石滑了一下，差点摔倒，但他一使劲，没跌倒，同时发出一声痛

fort, 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

苦的叫声。他似乎有些晕头转向,左右摇晃时,伸出那只没拿东西的手在空中挥舞,好像找什么东西拉他一把。他站稳脚步,又向前走,但又摇晃了几下,几乎摔倒。于是,他站在那儿看着前面的人,那个人却头也没回。

他站在那儿足有一分钟之久,仿佛在和自己较劲。然后他大喊:

"我说比尔,我的脚扭了。"

比尔一路歪斜地穿过冰冷的河水。他没有回头。这人望着他离去,虽然脸上仍和原先一样没有表情,但眼神就像一头受伤的鹿。

另一个人步履蹒跚地爬上了河对岸,头也不回地继续径直

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 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

往前走。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，明显地露出生气的样子。他伸出舌头润了润唇。

“比尔！”他大叫。

这是身临绝境的强者的呼喊，但比尔没有回头。他目送着比尔远去，看着比尔费劲地，跌跌撞撞地爬上缓坡，显得步履蹒跚，向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线，在小山丘后消失了。然后他收回目光，静静地环视一下比尔走后留给他的世界。

.....

这人摸出他的怀表，同时用一条腿支持着身体。现在是四点钟，这个季节大约是七月底和

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-ling. 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!"

八月初的光景——他不知道一两星期以来的确切日期——他知道太阳大概在西北方向。他朝南看看,知道大熊湖就位于荒芜的山岗后面的某个地方;他也知道,顺那个方向北极圈一直延伸到加拿大的荒僻地带,划定了自己的禁区。

.....

他再次彻底打量一下周围的环境。这地方真是让人丧气。每一个地方都笼罩在天幕之下。到处是一座座低矮的小丘陵。没有树,没有灌木,没有草——只有辽阔可怕的荒野,在他看来是如此恐怖。

"比尔,"他轻声叫着,一遍又一遍。

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, 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 th-

他站在泡沫翻腾的河里浑身发抖,任凭这荒凉的一切以不可抵抗的力量侵袭他,以得意洋洋地令人畏惧的力量打垮他。他打了一个寒颤开始摇晃起来,直到枪啪的一声从手上掉进水里,这才惊动了。他尽量克服惧怕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,这样就可以减轻一下伤脚的负担。然后慢慢地,小心翼翼地,忍着伤痛向河对岸走去。

他没有停下来。在几乎疯狂的绝望驱使下,他顾不上疼痛,迅速地爬上山坡。在那里,比尔曾弃他而去。与比尔一瘸一拐,蹒跚的步态相比,他的动作更为滑稽可笑。在山顶,他看到

at 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 ledger 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

的是一道浅谷,了无生机。他再次与恐惧作斗争,最终战胜了它,把背包又往左肩上拉了拉,跌跌撞撞地走下山坡。

山谷的底部由于有水湿润润的,上面是厚厚的,海绵似的苔藓。每踩一脚下去,就溅出水来,一抬脚,又是咕唧咕唧的水声,每回他都要费力把脚拔出来就似乎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,踩着一块块裸露的石头,那些石头就像大海一样的苔藓地中露出的一个个小岛。

他虽然孑孓独行,却没有迷路。再往前走,他知道,他就能走到一个小湖,湖畔四周是些低矮的枯枞木,当地人把它称作

shore of a little lake, the TITCHIN-NICHILE, in the tongue of the country, the "land of little sticks." And into 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, fish-hooks and lines, a small net-all the utilities for she 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

“提钦尼其里”意思是“有小树枝的地方”。有一条清澈的小溪流入湖中。他清晰的记得,小溪边长着蒲苇,但没有树木。于是他就一直顺着小溪走,一直走到小溪源头的分水岭。而后穿过分水岭处一条向西流的小溪,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,船下有供给。那儿的東西能基本上维持他的需要,有填他那空枪膛的弹药,鱼钩和鱼线,小网——捕食用具样样俱全。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

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 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

他,然后他们划船沿弟斯河南下去大熊湖,穿过大熊湖后继续往南走,一直到麦肯齐河。往南,再往南,直到最后把冬天远远的抛到后面,等到河水结冰,天气转冷的时候,他们已到了南部哈得逊湾公司的地点了。那里树木丰茂葱郁,他们就再也不用成天为填饱肚子发愁。

这个人一边吃力地向前走,一边想着这些美事。不但身体受着折磨,脑子也同时受着折磨,尽力去想比尔没有丢下他不管,比尔一定会在藏给养的地方等着他。他硬是灌输给自己这种想法,否则他就不用这样撑着,倒下去死了算了。随着昏黄的夕阳慢慢向西北落下,他反复计划着他和比尔在冬季来临之

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 conned 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.

...

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 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 smoulder-

前南行的每一步。他心里重复想像着给养地点的吃喝和哈得逊湾公司所在地的食品。他已经有两天时间没吃东西了,至于他没吃任何想吃的美味东西的时间就更长了。

.....

九点钟时,他的脚拇指被突起的石头绊了一下,由于极度的疲劳和虚弱他摔倒在地。他翻身躺了一会儿,没有动弹,然后从背包带里挣脱出来,笨手笨脚地坐起来。天还没有完全黑,他借着昏暗的光线,在乱石中间摸索着找寻干苔藓。他把干苔藓堆成一堆点着火——一堆没法烧旺的闷火——然后放上一个罐头盒烧水。

ing, 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 examin-

他打开背包,所做的第一件事是数他剩下的火柴。一共是六十七根。他连数三遍以确保自己不会搞错,他把火柴分成好几份,把它们包在油纸包里。把一包放进他的空烟盒,一包放在破帽子里,第三包放进贴胸的衬衣里。放完之后,他心里感到一阵惶恐,然后他又逐一把那些小包打开又数了一遍。还是六十七根。

他把湿鞋袜拿到火上烤。鹿皮鞋已经成了湿布条。用地毯布做的毡袜磨损了好几个洞,两只脚都破皮了,血淋淋的。脚脖子感到一阵一阵地痛,他做了一下检查,脚脖子肿得跟膝盖一

ation. 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 moccasins and socks. Then he drank the pot of water, steaming hot, wound his watch, and crawled between his blankets.

He slept like a dead man. The brief darkness around midnight came and went. The sun arose in the northeast—at least the day dawned in that quarter, for the sun was hidden by gray clouds.

At six o'clock he awoke, quietly lying on his back. He gazed straight up into the gray sky and knew that he was hungry. As he rolled over on his elbow he was startled by a loud snort, and saw a bull caribou regarding him with alert curiosity. The animal was not mere than fifty feet away, and instantly into the

样粗。他又从两条毡子中的一条上撕下一条,把脚脖子紧紧地裹上;然后又撕下好几条包在脚上当鞋袜。然后,他喝了那罐仍在冒着热气的开水,调好他的表,最后蜷缩着钻进毯子。

他睡得像个死人。午夜前后的短暂黑夜很快就过去了。太阳从东北升起——至少天在那个方向亮了,因为太阳被乌黑灰蒙蒙的云挡住了。

他六点钟醒了,之后静静地仰着身子躺着。他目光呆滞地凝望着灰暗的天空,心里明白自己已是饥肠辘辘。他正用胳膊肘支地翻身时,被一声响鼻吓了一跳。发现一头雄鹿正警惕地好奇地盯着他。只不过相距五十英尺远,他脑海里立刻浮现这样一幅诱人的画面,鹿肉在火堆