

绿空间系列  
GREEN SPACE SERIES

# Adventure

► 英汉对照

## 历险篇

青闰 张玲 编译

上海科技教育出版社

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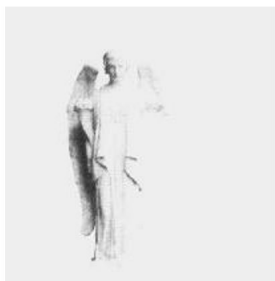
# 序 言

“绿空间系列”由《历险篇》、《动物篇》、《自然篇》和《花草虫鱼篇》四本书组成，以英汉对照的方式编排，难易适度，图文并茂。

“绿空间系列”以热爱自然为宗旨，真情演绎了人与飞禽走兽、花草虫鱼、山川湖泊之间一幕幕感人的故事。

当你走进“绿空间”，它展现给你的有清新质朴、优美隽永的《女孩与小鹿》、《月随人走》、《春天的乐章》、《花鸟二月天》、《天鹅情缘》、《神奇的满月》；有惊心动魄、激情浩荡的《独挽狂澜》、《高空迫降》、《气球失控》；有险象环生、恣意奔放的《激战灰熊》、《坠入矿井》、《穿越终点线》；还有自然和谐、人兽相亲的《小飞马》、《邂逅北极狼》、《与海豚对话的男孩》。可以说，它的细腻随处可触摸到；它的豪迈也随处可感受到。漫步其间，你将会有一种真正回





归自然的感受。同时，你也会在这种自然的氛围中真正感悟到英汉两种语言各自独特的魅力。

在选材上，我们尽可能全面、准确、多方位、多角度地体现自然的风姿与色彩；在翻译上，我们反复斟酌、推敲，力求准确无误，再现原作神韵，使读者能够英汉兼顾、融会贯通。

当然，由于译者水平有限和各方面条件的制约，必定存在一些不足和疏漏之处，诚请读者朋友批评指正。

编译者

2002 年 2 月

那惊心动魄、险象环生的一幕幕，留给  
人们的将是刻骨铭心的回忆……











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# ***1*** **On the Path to Qomolangma** **珠 峰 之 路**





**W**e were so close. The top of the world was only 3, 000 feet away. But on that cold night in 1987, we weren't climbing. We were stranded in a snow cave, listening to the *jet stream* <sup>①</sup> tear across Qomolangma at well above 100 m. p. h. .

We were pinned down just two days from the summit and running out of time. At 25, 500 feet, the earth's atmosphere is too thin to support human life for very long. No matter how much you eat, your body can't digest enough nourishment to keep you alive, and all your muscles begin to *atrophy* <sup>②</sup> . Most climbers fade after a week, and this was already our seventh night at high altitude. Unless the jet stream lifted by morning, we would have to go back down.

At dawn, we dressed for the summit and crawled out of the cave. Scott Fischer, our expedition leader and my longtime friend, shook his head. "Well, that's the ball game," he shouted above the roaring wind.

The *plume* <sup>③</sup> of snow flying off Qomolangma made it look like a volcano in full





**我**们离得已经近了，离世界之巅只有三千英尺了。但是在1987年那个寒冷的夜晚，我们没有爬山，被困在了一个雪洞里，听着空气急流以一百多英里的时速掠过珠峰。

我们的登顶时限只剩两天，而时间却在不断流逝。在二万五千五百英尺的高空，空气稀薄，难以长久支持人的生命。无论你吃多少，都无法将其充分消化以维持生命，而且你全身的肌肉会开始萎缩。一周后，大多数登峰者的身体都会日趋衰弱，而这已经是我们在高纬度的第七夜了。

如果空气急流到次日早晨还不消散，我们就只得下山。

黎明时分，我们穿戴整齐，爬出山洞，准备登峰。我们的探险队长——也是我的老朋友——斯科特·菲希尔却摇了摇头。“嗨，情况糟透了，”他的喊声压过了呼啸的山风。

从珠峰上飞落的雪尘看上去就像





eruption. Two years of work, I thought. A decade of training. A lifetime of hope. All blown away.

We packed our gear and just stood there for a moment. Tears slid down Scott's cheeks. My dream of becoming the first American woman to climb Qomolangma was shattered. I cleared my head for the descent.

Back in the United States, I hadn't even unpacked my boots when Scott told me he had sent in our résumés for another Qomolangma expedition. When I was accepted and he wasn't, I didn't know if I wanted to trust my life to a group of strangers.

But the pull of Qomolangma was still strong. My life had turned sour with a stalled career and a broken marriage, and I had decided that leaving my footprint on the crown of the earth would heal my wounds. So I joined the ten other climbers and was soon back on the path to Qomolangma.

On August 19, 1988, we set up base camp on a large glacier at the foot of the mountain. At night we could hear the glacier creak and moan beneath us, and the sound of *avalanches* ④ roaring in the distance.

Beyond the edge of our glacier loomed the Knumbu Ice Fall, 2,000 vertical feet of jagged, shifting ice. It was the most hazardous section of our route. Within days, hidden *crevasses* ⑤ can widen or close by several feet, and ice towers the size of small buildings can topple without warning.

I walked over to take a look with Steve Ruoss, a





全面喷发的火山一样。我心里想：两年的努力，十年的训练，一生的希望，一下子都被刮跑了。

我们打点行装，在那里呆站了一会儿。泪水顺着斯科特的脸颊流了下来。我想成为第一个攀登珠峰的美国女人的梦想破碎了。我清醒了一下头脑，准备下山。

回到美国，甚至还没等我打开箱子取出靴子，斯科特就告诉我说，他已经将我们的简历送上去，准备参加另一次珠峰探险。当我被接纳而他没被接纳时，我还不知道自己是否愿将生命交付给一群陌生人。

但珠峰的吸引力仍是那样强烈。我的人生因事业困顿和婚姻破裂而变得乏味。于是，我认定将自己的足迹留在世界之巅会治愈我的伤口。所以，我就加入了另外十名登峰者的队伍，不久又踏上了重返珠峰之路。

1988年8月19日，我们在山脚下的一个大冰川上建起了大本营。夜间，我们可以听到脚下冰川凄厉的嘎吱作响声，以及远处雪崩的咆哮声。

从我们所在的冰川远眺，喀努姆布冰瀑隐约可见。冰瀑在两千英尺高处，上面的冰参差不齐、漂移不定。这是我们行程中最危险的部分。隐秘的冰隙在几天内就可以拓宽或闭合几英尺，而且小楼大小的冰塔没有任何警告就会坍塌下来。

我同史蒂夫·罗斯医生走过去看了看。在蓝白相





doctor. Among a maze of blue and white ice towers, we found twisted ladders, boots, tent poles and ropes coughed up by the glacier.

I saw what looked like a *yak* ⑥ carcass.

“A Sherpa, I’ll bet,” Steve said. The Tibetan guide’s body was a grim reminder why climbers call this place the Mouth of Death.

On August 29, we began looking for the safest route through the ice fall. Setting the trail around the impassable towers and across the crevasses could take up to two weeks.

We got used to the constant sound of avalanches. One morning, when we heard a crack, we just kept pounding ice axes and threading rope. The avalanche made a dull growl that became a roar. I looked up and saw a white cloud tearing down the slope — straight for us!

A bolt of fear shot down my spine. “Is it going to hit us?” I asked Jim Frush, our expedition leader.

He gazed up the hill. “I don’t know.”

The plume was growing wider and closer. Even a dusting of ice particles could damage our lungs. “Cover your mouths!” I shouted to the Sherpas, pulling a neckerchief over my face. The roar grew louder, and I could feel the ice tremble beneath me. We had to get out of the path!

Jim and I hurried behind a chesthigh seam in the ice and hunkered down with the Sherpas. I pressed my chin against my chest and braced myself.







间、错综复杂的冰塔中，我们发现了被冰川吐出的扭曲的梯子、靴子、帐篷柱和绳子。

我看到了一具尸体，好像是牦牛尸体。

“我敢说这是一名登峰向导的尸体，”史蒂夫说。西藏向导的尸体无情地提醒了我们，为什么这块地方被登山者称为死神口。

8月29日，我们开始寻找穿越冰瀑的最安全的路线。绕过难以逾越的冰塔，并穿越冰隙，可能要占多达两周的时间。

我们渐渐习惯了雪崩持续不断的声音。一天早上，正当我们不停地抡斧穿绳时，突然听到了一阵破裂声。雪崩发出沉闷的吼声，随后就变成了咆哮。我抬头看到一团白云从山坡上滚滚而下——直向我们冲来！

一阵恐惧猛地窜上我的脊椎。“它会撞上我们吗？”我问我们的探险队长吉姆·弗拉什。

他抬头凝视着大山说：“我不知道。”

雪尘越来越宽，越来越近，甚至扬起的冰粒都可能会损伤我们的肺部。“捂住你们的嘴，”我对那些登峰向导大声喊道，同时将围巾捂在了自己的脸上。咆哮声越来越响。我可以感觉到冰在我的脚底下颤抖。我们必须离开这条路！

我和吉姆迅速躲到了齐胸高的冰缝中，同那些向导一起蹲下。我将下巴抵在胸口上，振作起精神。

