

美国教育协会推荐读物

青少年最喜欢的动物小说

The Call of the Wild

野性的呼唤

杰克·伦敦◎著
石赟◎译



权威
全译版
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北京理工大学出版社

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野性的呼唤

Chapter I

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 tide-water 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, through which glimpses could be caught of the wide cool veranda that ran around its four sides. The house was approached by gravelled drive-ways which

第
一
章

一 路 向 北

流浪的渴望激荡着，
磨损习俗的锁链；
内心的狂野嚎叫了，
再次于冬眠中觉醒！

巴克不读报纸，否则，他就知道麻烦即将来临，这个麻烦不只针对他，而是针对每一条狗——强壮的长毛狗。从普吉特海湾到圣地亚哥沿岸，所有的狗都面临威胁。因为人们在北极探索时，发现了黄金。轮船和货运公司的人大肆渲染这一发现，于是成千上万的人涌向北国。这些人需要强壮多毛的狗——既能承担沉重的劳役，又能忍受寒冷的冰雪的狗。巴克住在一个大庄园里，位于充满阳光的圣克拉拉山谷。那是米勒法官的家。庄园位于马路边上，有一大半掩映于高大浓密的树林中。透过树林，隐约能看到房子的宽阔阳台。庄园有围墙环绕，围墙下面是宽敞凉爽的走廊。铺满碎石的车道蜿蜒曲折，

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 pastures, 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 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

绕过广阔的草坪，穿过高大的杨树林。庄园的后面，比前面的规模更大。这里分布着宽敞的马厩，十几个马夫照料那些高头大马，显得很忙碌。一排排的藤蔓爬满仆人的住所，还有无数的有序排列的仓库，一望无际的绿油油的牧场、葡萄园和草莓地。在角落处还有深井和喷水机，喷洒的水落入了旁边的水泥大游泳池里，在炎热的早上或下午，米勒法官会带他的孩子们到这里玩水。这片广阔的领地，被巴克所统治。他在这里出生，在这里长大，已经生活了四年时间。这里当然还有其他的狗，这么大的一个地方，不可能没有其他的狗，但他们根本不算什么。他们成天四处瞎逛，居住在拥挤不堪的狗窝。或躲在阴暗的深宅内院，娘们儿似的，比如日本哈巴狗吐瓷，和墨西哥无毛狗伊莎贝尔，都是奇怪的生物，很少看到他们到户外活动。另外还有一群专撵狐狸的狗，大概有二十多条。每当吐瓷和伊莎贝尔，在一群女佣的扫帚和拖把的保护下出门的时候，撵狐狸的狗们就会跑过来，恶狠狠地吠叫。

但巴克既不是躲藏于深宅内院的狗，也不是拥挤于窝棚瓦舍的狗。这里整个领域都是他的。他会跳进泳池洗澡，或跟着法官的儿子一起去狩猎；傍晚，或清晨，他会护卫在法官两个女儿莫丽和爱丽丝的身边，陪她们散步；寒冷的冬夜，他会对着书房里的熊熊炉火，安静地躺在法官的脚边；他会驮着法官的小孙子去游玩，或陪他们在草地上打滚，寸步不离地守护他们，防止他们

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 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 cold-tubbing races, the love of water had been a tonic and a health preserver.

跑到马厩庭院处的水池里，甚至更远的地方，如牧场和葡萄园草莓地，去做疯狂的冒险。在众狗中间脱颖而出，让他有点儿自命不凡，对于吐瓷和伊莎贝尔，他抱着全然忽视的态度。因为他就是这里的王——凌驾于此地众生之上的王，在米勒法官之地的所有蠕动的、爬行的、飞行的众生，甚至包括人类，都匍匐在他的脚下。他的父亲，埃尔莫——一只体态魁梧的圣伯纳德巨型犬，曾经是法官形影不离的好朋友。他有望成就父亲那样的辉煌。他的体形并不是很大，体重只有一百四十磅，这跟他的母亲谢普有关——谢普是一只苏格兰牧羊犬。

不过，一百四十磅，为他带来了威严气势、美好生活和普遍尊敬，足以让他自彰身份，摆起皇室的架子。在这四年里，也就是他的整个幼年生涯里，他一直都过着富足的贵族生活，他有点儿清高自诩，甚至有点儿任性，就像孤陋寡闻的乡间绅士。不过，好在他没有让自己成为一条好吃懒做的看门狗。他喜欢狩猎，可能是家族传统的关系，一旦出了门，他就会变得特别兴奋，快速地跳跃和奔跑，燃烧了身体中多余的脂肪，他的肌肉变得更加坚实。他还会去冬泳，与其他喜欢洗冷水澡的狗一样，他把水当成补药和保健品。

这就是巴克，作为一只狗，在 1897 年秋天以前的生活状况。就在这个时候，克朗代克地区的爆炸性的消息传播开来，将全世界的人吸引住了，冰天雪地的北方荒原瞬间成了梦想之地。然而巴克没有阅读报纸，他不知

And this was the manner of dog Buck was 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 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 'em," the stranger said gruffly, and Manuel doubled a piece of stout rope around Buck's neck under the collar.

"Twist it, an' you'll choke 'em plentee," said Manuel, and the stranger grunted a ready affirmative.

Buck had accepted the rope with quiet dignity. To be sure,

道狂热的人们正在一路向北，寻找珍贵的黄金，他不知道这些人正在搜罗长毛大狗去做苦力。还有，他不知道那个猥琐的园丁曼纽尔正在筹谋算计他。当然，他更不知道的是，自己即将和宁静的生活告别。曼纽尔有赌博的恶习，热衷于中国彩票。并且，在赌博的过程中，他有不服输的弱点，相信自己会翻本，于是借了高利贷。结果他一输再输，不断沉沦，他欠的钱越来越多。为了继续玩下去，他需要更多的钱。然而凭借做园丁助手的那点工资，养活妻儿老小都勉强，又如何能助他翻本，以偿还债务呢？

这天晚上，米勒法官去葡萄种植者协会开会，孩子们也忙着组织运动俱乐部的事情。就是这个难忘的夜晚，曼纽尔的阴谋发生了。没有人看见他和巴克离开，穿过果园时，巴克以为只是去散步。除了一个独居的人，没有人看见他们到达那被称为大学公园的车站。车站有个陌生的男人似乎正在等候他们的到来。那陌生男人一见到他们，便立刻迎了上来，然后和曼纽尔窃窃私语起来。两人交谈间，钱币叮当作响。“在交货前，你好歹要把货弄得稳当一点儿吧。”陌生人生硬地说。曼纽尔二话没说，当即就拿出一条粗绳子，套在了巴克脖子的项圈上，然后又绕了两圈。

“拽他，你想怎么摆布他都可以。”曼纽尔说，陌生人咕哝了一声，表示认可。

出于贵族风度的保持和皇室尊严的维护，巴克平静

it was an unwonted performance: but he had learned to trust in men he knew, and to give them credit for a wisdom that out-reached 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 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 travelled 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 kidnapped 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

地接受了绳子的捆绑。的确，这是一个不寻常的举动：但是他已经习惯相信熟人，他相信，人类的智慧超过了自己的认识，他们捆绑自己，想必自有其道理。但是，绳子最后被放在了陌生人的手上，这让他感到有些威胁，于是他咆哮起来。他只是暗示自己的不满。他的骄傲，让他以为暗示会有效。但是令他吃惊的是，绳子勒在他的脖子上收紧了，让他差点背过气去。他顿时愤怒了，扑向那个男人。眼见就要碰到对方的咽喉，对方灵活地闪身，他跃到了对方的背后。

然后，绳索猛然收紧。巴克狂怒地挣扎着，他的舌头从嘴里伸了出来，他宽阔的胸膛徒然地起伏着，在整个生涯中，从来没有遭受过如此残酷的待遇，而且，在过去的人生里，他从来没有像今天，如此生气！但是他的力气逐渐丧失，他的眼神开始消散，然后他什么都不知道，连火车什么时候开动的，都没有印象。他被扔到了行李车厢。

接下来的事情，他是知道的，他在迷迷糊糊中意识到，舌头受了伤，他感觉到身体在摇晃，期间换了许多种运输工具。嘶哑而尖锐的火车汽笛声，提醒了他身在何处。他曾经和米勒法官一起旅行，却从未领受过行李车厢的感觉。他睁开眼睛，映入眼帘的就是那个绑架者。难以抑制的愤怒在这位被绑架的王者心中泛起。似乎不忿于他仇恨的目光，那人跳起来要掐他的喉咙，但是巴克比那人更快。他的牙狠狠地咬住那人的手，就再也不

the baggageman, who had been attracted by the sounds of struggle. "I'm takin' m up for the boss to 'Frisco. A crack dog-doctor there thinks that he can cure 'm."

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

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

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 saloon-keeper demanded.

"A hundred," was the reply. "Wouldn't take a sou less, so help me."

"That makes a hundred and fifty," the saloon-keeper calculated; "and he's worth it, or I'm a squarehead."

The kidnapper 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 saloon-keeper. "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