

美国教育协会推荐读物  
青少年最喜欢的动物小说

*White Fang*

# 白牙

[美] 杰克·伦敦◎著  
石赟◎译



权威  
全译版  
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# 白 牙

## Chapter 1

### The Trail of the Meat

Dark spruce forest frowned on either side the frozen waterway. The trees had been stripped by a recent wind of their white covering of frost, and they seemed to lean towards each other, black and ominous, in the fading light. A vast silence reigned over the land. The land itself was a desolation, lifeless, without movement, so lone and cold that the spirit of it was not even that of sadness. There was a hint in it of laughter, but of a laughter more terrible than any sadness—a laughter that was mirthless as the smile of the sphinx, a laughter cold as the frost and partaking of the grimness of infallibility. It was the masterful and incommunicable wisdom of eternity laughing at the futility of life and the effort of life. It was the Wild—the savage, frozen-hearted Northland Wild.

But there was life, abroad in the land and defiant. Down the frozen water way toiled a string of wolfish dogs. Their bristly fur was rimed with frost. Their breath froze in the air as it left their mouths, spouting forth in spumes of vapour that settled upon the hair of their bodies and formed into crystals of frost. Leather harness was on the dogs, and leather traces attached them to a sled which dragged along behind. The sled was without runners. It was made of stout birch-bark, and its full surface rested on the snow. The front end of the sled was turned up, like a scroll, in order to force down and under the bore of soft snow that surged like a wave before it. On the sled, securely lashed, was a long and narrow oblong box. There were other things on the sled—blankets, an axe, and a coffee-pot and frying-pan; but prominent, occupying most of the space, was the long and narrow oblong box.

In advance of the dogs, on wide snowshoes, toiled a man. At the rear of the sled toiled a second man. On the sled, in the box, lay a third man whose toil was over—a man whom the Wild had conquered and beaten down until he would never move nor struggle again. It is not the way of the Wild to like movement. Life is an offence to it, for life is movement; and the Wild aims always to destroy movement. It freezes the water to prevent it running to the sea; it drives the sap out of the trees till they are frozen to their mighty hearts;



## 第 1 章

### 不祥的征兆

阴沉沉的森林肃立在冰冻的河流两岸，树被最近的狂风卷走了白色的覆盖物，现在他们互相挨着在一起，看上去一副畏缩的样子，在模糊的光影中，似乎预示着黑暗和不祥。一片沉重的死寂笼罩着大地。这里本就是一个荒芜的所在，死气沉沉的，几乎看不到活物，到处充满着孤寂和寒冷，甚至谈不上有悲哀的感觉。其实悲哀不算什么，还有比悲哀更可怕，比冰雪更凛冽的，那就是嘲笑，像狮身女怪一样残忍的笑——老天正用不可理喻的方式，蛮横地向众生以及众生的努力奋斗，发出强烈的嘲讽。

这就是荒凉的、野蛮的、令人寒心的北国荒原啊！

但是在这原野上仍有生命发出挑战。沿着冰封的河道，一队狼狗正艰苦跋涉。他们的毛蒙上了冰霜，变得如同钢针般坚硬。当他们张开嘴巴，呼出的热气便会在空中冻结，化为冰晶，纷纷扬扬落在他们的身上。皮革制作的挽具套在他们的身上，再把他们拴在了一部雪橇上。

雪橇是用坚实的桦树皮做成的，两头微微翘起，如同船儿一样，虽然没有单独的滑板，但在波涛起伏般的冰雪上，仍然能够畅快地滑行。雪橇上面用绳子紧绑着一口窄窄的长条棺材，除此之外，还有几条毛毯，一把斧子，一只咖啡壶，一只煎锅，但最为显眼，也最占地方的，就是那口棺材。

狗队的前方是一个脚穿宽大雪地鞋的人，正艰难行进。在雪橇的后面跟着另一个人。而雪橇之上的棺材里躺着第三个人，他已经结束了旅

and most ferociously and terribly of all does the Wild harry and crush into submission man—man who is the most restless of life, ever in revolt against the dictum that all movement must in the end come to the cessation of movement.

But at front and rear, unawed and indomitable, toiled the two men who were not yet dead. Their bodies were covered with fur and soft tanned leather. Eyelashes and cheeks and lips were so coated with the crystals from their frozen breath that their faces were not discernible. This gave them the seeming of ghostly masques, undertakers in a spectral world at the funeral of some ghost. But under it all they were men, penetrating the land of desolation and mockery and silence, puny adventurers bent on colossal adventure, pitting themselves against the might of a world as remote and alien and pulseless as the abysses of space.

They travelled on without speech, saving their breath for the work of their bodies. On every side was the silence, pressing upon them with a tangible presence. It affected their minds as the many atmospheres of deep water affect the body of the diver. It crushed them with the weight of unending vastness and unalterable decree. It crushed them into the remotest recesses of their own minds, pressing out of them, like juices from the grape, all the false ardours and exaltations and undue self-values of the human soul, until they perceived themselves finite and small, specks and motes, moving with weak cunning and little wisdom amidst the play and inter-play of the great blind elements and forces.

An hour went by, and a second hour. The pale light of the short sunless day was beginning to fade, when a faint far cry arose on the still air. It soared upward with a swift rush, till it reached its topmost note, where it persisted, palpitant and tense, and then slowly died away. It might have been a lost soul wailing, had it not been invested with a certain sad fierceness and hungry eagerness. The front man turned his head until his eyes met the eyes of the man behind. And then, across the narrow oblong box, each nodded to the other.

A second cry arose, piercing the silence with needlelike shrillness. Both men located the sound. It was to the rear, somewhere in the snow expanse they had just traversed. A third and answering cry arose, also to the rear and to the left of the second cry.

"They're after us, Bill," said the man at the front.

His voice sounded hoarse and unreal, and he had spoken with apparent effort.

程——荒野击倒了他，他再也不能动弹了，不能斗争了。运动不是荒野所喜欢的方式。可生命就意味着运动，于是生命的存在就成了对荒野的一种冒犯。荒野的目标就是毁灭运动，让一切重归于死寂。它冻结了水流，阻止其流向大海；它榨干了树木的汁液，直到他们那强劲的生命力都被冻结；最残酷、最可怕的是，它对人类的蹂躏，试图强迫人类屈服——尽管命运注定，一切运动都必将以运动的停止而告终，但作为众生当中最活跃的物种，人类从未屈服于命运。

两个尚未倒下的人毫不畏惧，不屈不挠地行进。他们的皮袄上布满了冰屑，他们的睫毛、嘴唇和两颊，也都沾满了气息所结成的冰晶，这使得他们的面目看上去模糊难辨，仿佛戴着阴森面具的地狱来客。实际上面具掩盖之下，是活生生的人。他们深入荒野，以渺小之身投入大冒险，试图与这广阔无垠而充满力量的世界相抗衡。

他们一路默默前行，为了省点儿力气，他们都懒得说话。周围的静寂如同实体般的存在，从四面八方向他们压过来。这种无声的压迫影响了他们的精神，让他们的心情变得沉重。他们心中的激情、得意、骄傲和自高自大，都被挤压了出来，就像从葡萄中榨汁一般。他们顿时感受到自身就像小小的尘埃，如此的局限和渺小。此时，所有的小聪明，在大自然的蛮力下根本不值得一提。

一个小时过去了，两个小时过去了。太阳落下地平线，天色也随之昏暗下来，白昼就这样过去了。就在这个时候，一声号叫自远方传来，划破了原野的静谧。号叫声尖厉悠扬，声调瞬间拔高，然后颤动，接着便慢慢消失了。声音透着一丝饥渴，如同亡灵的呼唤。前面的那个人转过头来，这时，后面的人也抬起了眼睛。两人对视一眼，点了点头。

接着第二声号叫响起，寂静再次被打破。两个人听清了，叫声来自后面，就在他们刚刚穿过的那片雪地那边。然后第三声号叫响起，方位就在第二声号叫地的左边。

“他们正朝我们而来，比尔。”前面的那人说道，嘶哑的声音透出一丝不自然。

“不好找到食物，好几天连一只兔子的影子都看不到了。”后面的人

"Meat is scarce," answered his comrade. "I ain't seen a rabbit sign for days."

Thereafter they spoke no more, though their ears were keen for the hunting-cries that continued to rise behind them.

At the fall of darkness they swung the dogs into a cluster of spruce trees on the edge of the waterway and made a camp. The coffin, at the side of the fire, served for seat and table. The wolf-dogs, clustered on the far side of the fire, snarled and bickered among themselves, but evinced no inclination to stray off into the darkness.

"Seems to me, Henry, they're stayin' remarkable close to camp," Bill commented.

Henry, squatting over the fire and settling the pot of coffee with a piece of ice, nodded. Nor did he speak till he had taken his seat on the coffin and begun to eat.

"They know where their hides is safe," he said. "They'd sooner eat grub than be grub. They're pretty wise, them dogs."

Bill shook his head. "Oh, I don't know."

His comrade looked at him curiously. "First time I ever heard you say anything about their not bein' wise."

"Henry," said the other, munching with deliberation the beans he was eating, "did you happen to notice the way them dogs kicked up when I was a feedin' 'em?"

"They did cut up more'n usual," Henry acknowledged.

"How many dogs 've we got, Henry?"

"Six."

"Well, Henry..." Bill stopped for a moment, in order that his words might gain greater significance. "As I was sayin', Henry, we've got six dogs. I took six fish out of the bag. I gave one fish to each dog, an', Henry, I was one fish short."

"You counted wrong."

"We've got six dogs," the other reiterated dispassionately. "I took out six fish. One Ear didn't get no fish. I came back to the bag afterward an' got'm his fish."

"We've only got six dogs," Henry said.

"Henry," Bill went on, "I won't say they was all dogs, but there was seven of 'm that got fish."

Henry stopped eating to glance across the fire and count the dogs.

答道。两人沉默了，开始侧耳倾听后方不停想起的号叫声——他们知道，那是捕猎的号角。

夜幕降临时分，他们把狗赶到了河边的树林，扎下了营寨，生起了一堆篝火。他们把棺材放在火边，当凳子和桌子使用。在火堆的另一侧，便是那些吵吵嚷嚷的狼狗们，尽管他们如此不安分，但他们没有一点儿走进黑暗的意思。

这时，比尔说话了：“亨利，我觉得他们就在营地附近。”

亨利蹲在火堆边上，正在用冰块支咖啡壶，等忙完之后，坐到棺材上开始吃东西的时候，他才开始讲话：“你看看这些狗儿们，很显然，他们是精明的，知道哪些地方危险。他们根本就不离开火堆，他们宁可去咬人，也不愿意被咬死。”

比尔摇摇头，有些丧气地说：“咳，这可说不准。”

亨利看了看他，有些惊讶地说：“以前总听你说他们很精明，可从来没有听你说他们不行的。”

“亨利，”嘴里嚼着豆子的比尔，表情却很认真，“不知你有没有注意到，我喂他们的时候，他们就闹腾得特别厉害？”

亨利承认：“的确如此，比平常闹得凶。”

“我们一共有几只狗？”

“六只啊。”

“可是，亨利，”比尔停顿了一下，试图让自己的话更有分量：“我们有六只狗，可我从饲料袋里取出六条鱼，分给每只狗一条鱼，结果却发现少一条鱼。”

“一定是你数错了。”

比尔郑重其事地重申道：“我们有六只狗，我拿出六条鱼，但是独耳没吃上，后来我又从袋子里给它拿了一条。”

“我们只有六只狗。”亨利说。

比尔说：“亨利，我不能保证那全都是狗，不过，我记得很清楚，确实拿了七条鱼出来。”

亨利没有说话，眼神已经投向了火堆对面，他开始数起狗来。

"There's only six now," he said.

"I saw the other one run off across the snow," Bill announced with cool positiveness. "I saw seven."

Henry looked at him commiseratingly, and said, "I'll be almighty glad when this trip's over."

"What d'ye mean by that?" Bill demanded.

"I mean that this load of ours is gettin' on your nerves, an' that you're beginnin' to see things."

"I thought of that," Bill answered gravely. "An' so, when I saw it run off across the snow, I looked in the snow an' saw its tracks. Then I counted the dogs an' there was still six of 'em. The tracks is there in the snow now. D'ye want to look at 'em? I'll show 'em to you."

Henry did not reply, but munched on in silence, until, the meal finished, he topped it with a final cup of coffee. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and said, —

"Then you're thinkin' as it was—"

A long wailing cry, fiercely sad, from somewhere in the darkness, had interrupted him. He stopped to listen to it, then he finished his sentence with a wave of his hand toward the sound of the cry, "—one of them?"

Bill nodded. "I'd a blame sight sooner think that than anything else. You noticed yourself the row the dogs made."

Cry after cry, and answering cries, were turning the silence into a bedlam. From every side the cries arose, and the dogs betrayed their fear by huddling together and so close to the fire that their hair was scorched by the heat. Bill threw on more wood, before lighting his pipe.

"I'm thinking you're down in the mouth some," Henry said.

"Henry..." He sucked meditatively at his pipe for some time before he went on. "Henry, I was a-thinkin' what a blame sight luckier he is than you an' me'll ever be."

He indicated the third person by a downward thrust of the thumb to the box on which they sat.

"You an' me, Henry, when we die, we'll be lucky if we get enough stones over our carcasses to keep the dogs off of us."

"But we ain't got people an' money an' all the rest, like him," Henry rejoined. "Long-distance funerals is somethin' you an' me can't exactly afford."

"What gets me, Henry, is what a chap like this, that's a lord or something

“现在只有六只。”亨利说。

“我看见有一只穿过雪地跑了。”比尔用十分肯定的语气说，“我刚才看到第七只。”

亨利有些同情地看了看他，然后说：“你要是能走完这条路，那真算是老天保佑了。”

“你为什么这么说？”比尔追问道。

“我的意思是，你劳累过度，有些神经过敏了，你都开始出现幻觉了。”

比尔表情很严肃地说：“我也这样想过，但是在它跑掉之后，我特地到雪地上查看了一下，那上面还留着它的足迹呢。随后我便数了数狗的数量，结果并没有任何狗儿走失。那些足迹还在雪地上，你要是不相信，要不要我指给你看一看？”

亨利没有回话，只是默默地咀嚼着，直到将嘴里的食物咽下，又喝下一杯咖啡之后，这才用手背擦了擦嘴，说：“这么说，你认为它是……”他的话还没有说完，便被一声凄厉的号叫打断了。他停住了话语，仔细地听了听，然后用手朝声音传来的方向指了指，说：“那其中的一个了？”

比尔点了点头：“如果不是它们中的一员，又会是哪个呢？狗儿们刚才闹腾得那样凶，你难道没有注意到吗？”

远方的号叫一声接一声，此起彼伏，遥相呼应，寂静顿时便被打破了。凄厉的叫声从四面八方传来。那些狗儿都被吓坏了，都紧紧靠着火堆，挤成了一团，连皮毛都被火燎着了，却依然不管不顾。

比尔往火堆里添了些木柴，然后点上了烟斗。

“你看起来有些丧气。”亨利说。

“亨利，”比尔想了想，说：“我想他可比你我幸运得多。”他指了指屁股下面的棺材：“你和我，死的时候，要是堆有堆石头盖住，也好过现在这样被狗吃掉。”

“我们可没有这样的好命，不能和他相比，像这种长途跋涉的葬礼，我们可是开销不起的。”

in his own country, and that's never had to bother about grub nor blankets—why he comes a-buttin' round the God-forsaken ends of the earth—that's what I can't exactly see."

"He might have lived to a ripe old age if he'd stayed at home," Henry agreed.

Bill opened his mouth to speak, but changed his mind. Instead, he pointed towards the wall of darkness that pressed about them from every side. There was no suggestion of form in the utter blackness; only could be seen a pair of eyes gleaming like live coals. Henry indicated with his head a second pair, and a third. A circle of the gleaming eyes had drawn about their camp. Now and again a pair of eyes moved, or disappeared to appear again a moment later.

The unrest of the dogs had been increasing, and they stampeded, in a surge of sudden fear, to the near side of the fire, cringing and crawling about the legs of the men. In the scramble one of the dogs had been overturned on the edge of the fire, and it had yelped with pain and fright as the smell of its singed coat possessed the air. The commotion caused the circle of eyes to shift restlessly for a moment and even to withdraw a bit, but it settled down again as the dogs became quiet.

"Henry, it's a blame misfortune to be out of ammunition."

Bill had finished his pipe and was helping his companion to spread the bed of fur and blanket upon the spruce boughs which he had laid over the snow before supper. Henry grunted, and began unlacing his mocassins.

"How many cartridges did you say you had left?" he asked.

"Three," came the answer. "An' I wisht 'twas three hundred. Then I'd show 'em what for, damn 'em!"

He shook his fist angrily at the gleaming eyes, and began securely to prop his mocassins before the fire.

"An' I wisht this cold snap'd break," he went on. "It's been fifty below for two weeks now. An' I wisht I'd never started on this trip, Henry. I don't like the looks of it. I don't feel right, somehow. An' while I'm wishin', I wisht the trip was over an' done with, an' you an' me a-sittin' by the fire in Fort M'Gurry just about now an' playing cribbage—that's what I wisht."

Henry grunted and crawled into bed. As he dozed off he was aroused by his comrade's voice.

"Say, Henry, that other one that come in an' got a fish—why didn't the dogs pitch into it? That's what's botherin' me."



“亨利，我就是想不明白，像他这样一个在家里吃穿不愁的家伙，为什么要跑到这种鸟不拉屎的地方来送死——我真是无法理解。”

“要是待在家里不去到处乱跑，他一定会安享晚年的。”亨利表示同意。

比尔张开了嘴巴，还打算说点儿什么，可是话到嘴边，又咽了回去。他用手指了指。黑暗之中，本来什么都看不见的，但现在却冒出了一双眼睛，闪闪发光。

亨利也看到了，他用头示意。

接着他们看到了第二双、第三双眼睛……不一会儿，一圈闪闪发光的眼睛围在了营地周围。那些眼睛时而出现，时而消失，时而移动。狗儿们开始焦躁起来。显然，他们感到恐惧，围着火堆不安地来回钻动。拥挤中，一只狗被挤倒在火堆边上，火苗烧着了它的皮毛，空气中顿时弥漫着焦味。狗被烧得叫了出来。

这场变故使得周围的眼睛骚动了起来，甚至有后移的趋势，可是等到狗儿们安静下来，眼睛们又静止了。

“亨利，真是够倒霉的，子弹好像不够了。”比尔抽完烟，就在雪地上铺好了树枝，盖上了皮褥子和毯子，准备打地铺。亨利嘟囔了一声，一边解鹿皮鞋鞋带，一边问：“还有几颗子弹？”

“三颗，”比尔答道，“要是有三百颗就好了，我就可以让它们尝个够。”说着，他狠狠地朝那些发光的眼睛挥了挥拳头，然后把鹿皮鞋伸到了火堆旁，烘烤着。他继续说道：“真希望这阵寒潮快一点儿过去，零下五十度，已经两个礼拜了。亨利，我看形势不太妙。不知道为什么，我总感到有些不对劲儿。真希望行程早点儿结束，到了麦克格雷堡，坐在火炉边上打牌——这是我最大的愿望。”

亨利“嗯”了一声，躺在了铺好的褥子上。就在要睡着的时候，结果又被叫醒了。

比尔说：“喂，亨利，这些狗为什么不咬那只混进来吃鱼的家伙呢？这真叫人想不通。”

“比尔，你可真够烦人的，你想得太多了，”亨利迷迷糊糊地回答