

杰克·伦敦

—— 亦译作 ——

野性的呼唤 海狼

THE CALL OF THE WILD

THE SEA WOLF

中英对照全译本

〔美〕杰克·伦敦 著

*Jack London*

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译

世界图书出版公司

# 杰克·伦敦

—— 小说选 ——

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美国文学卷



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# 前言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。

送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。

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THE CALL OF THE WILD

野性的呼唤



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# Chapter 1

## 第一章

### Into The Primitive

*Old longings nomadic leap,  
Chafing at custom's chain;  
Again from its brumal sleep  
Wakens the ferine strain.*

### 步入原始

原野跃动的古老渴望，  
燃烧在习俗的枷锁上；  
严冬沉睡中再次醒来，  
是那野性的凌厉张狂。

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,

巴克不读报，不然它会知道麻烦来了，不只是对它而言，还有从普捷湾到圣地亚哥的每一只具有强壮体魄，长着又暖又长绒毛的会弄潮的狗。因为在北极地区的黑暗中摸索着的人们发现了一种黄色金属，还因为汽船和运输公司大肆宣传这种发现，使得数以万计的人蜂拥至北方地区。这些人需要狗，他们需要的是体格健硕的狗，肌肉强健能干重活，厚厚的毛能保护他们不被严寒冻伤。

巴克住在浸满阳光的桑塔·克拉拉山谷一所大宅子里。大家都说，那是法官米勒的地盘。这座宅子避开大路，半隐在树丛中，只能



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 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 arbours, 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

瞥见院落四周一点宽阔遮阴的回廊。碎石子铺成的条条小路穿过宽广的草坪，向宅子延伸开去，隐蔽在挺拔的白杨树那交错的枝叶下。跟前面相比，房子后面的规模更是壮观气派得多。几间占地较大的马厩里，一群群马夫和仆役等候命令，一排排爬满葡萄藤的下房，还有望不到边的排列整齐的厢房，长长的葡萄架，绿意油油的农场、果园和草莓圃。然后是一个为自流井抽水的泵，一个水泥抹成的游泳池，米勒法官的孩子们早晨就在这里玩水，炎热的下午也在这里消暑。

在这所大宅院里，巴克说一不二。它生于此长于此已有 4 年之久。不错，这里也有其他种类的狗，这么大一个庄园，肯定也会有其他的狗，但可以忽略不计。一方面，它们到处瞎逛，栖身于拥挤的狗窝里，或者跟在具有日本血统的哈巴狗图茨或墨西哥秃毛狗伊莎贝尔身后，躲在房子阴暗的角落里，这些怪胎几乎很少把鼻子探出门外或出来活动。另一方面，这里还有猎狐犬，起码有 20 只。当图茨和伊莎贝尔在众多女仆手持扫帚和抹布的保护下将头探出窗户望它们一眼时，它们就会没好气地恶语相向。

但是，巴克既不是看家狗，也不是养狗场里的狗。整个领地都是

plunged into the swimming tank or went hunting with the Judge's sons; he escorted Mollie and 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

它的。它跟法官的儿子们一同游泳或一起打猎。当法官的女儿莫莉或爱丽丝在暮色或晨曦中长距离散步时，它负责保护她们。漫漫冬夜，书房里烧得旺旺的炉火旁，它躺在法官的脚边；把法官的孙子们驮在背上，或者跟他们在草地上打滚，守护他们去野外冒险，一直到马厩的喷泉旁，甚至更远到围场和草莓圃那里。它傲慢地走在其他猎狗中，图茨和伊莎贝尔之辈它压根不放在眼里，因为它才是王者——米勒法官地盘上的所有飞禽走兽之王，人类也不例外。

它父亲艾尔默，是一只只有圣伯纳血统的大狗，曾是法官形影不离的伙伴，而巴克也有望继承其父遗风。它体格并不高，只有 140 磅，这是因为它母亲希普是一只苏格兰牧羊犬。不过，140 磅加上富足的生活和普遍敬意所带来的尊严，使它带有十足的皇家风范。在它年幼的 4 年里，过着满意的贵族生活；它有一点傲慢，甚至有些目中无人，就像乡村绅士因孤陋寡闻有时表现出的那样。但它并未纵容自己变成一只被宠坏了的狗。打猎和类似的户外活动不仅没使它发胖，反而让他的肌肉变得结实；对于它，就像对于冷水浴的族类一样，水之爱使它保持了强健的体魄。

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

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 'm," 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 'm plentee," said Manuel, and the stranger grunted a ready affirmative.

Buck had accepted the rope with quiet dignity. To be sure, it was an unwonted

这就是 1897 年秋天巴克的生活方式, 当时“克朗代克发现”将世界各地的人都吸引到冰封的北方。但巴克不看报, 不知道曼纽埃尔——园丁的一个助手——是个要不得的朋友。曼纽埃尔有一个难改的旧习, 他喜欢玩中国式赌博。在赌博中, 他还有个难改的弱点——相信一种下赌注的方法, 这无疑会彻底毁掉他。因为下赌注需要钱, 而一个园丁助手的薪水根本不够妻子和众多子女的生活所需。

在那个难忘的曼纽埃尔背叛之夜, 法官去参加一个“葡萄种植者联盟”的会议, 男孩子们忙着组织一个体育俱乐部。谁也没有看到他和巴克穿过果园走了出去, 巴克以为仅仅是出去遛遛弯。除了一个人外, 没人看见他们去了那个小小的铁路信号站, 即“大学公园”。这人跟曼纽埃尔说着话, 钱币在两人之间叮当作响。

“交货前你可要把东西捆好啊!” 陌生人粗暴地说。曼纽埃尔把一根结实的绳子在巴克项圈下的脖子上拴了两圈。

“使劲一拉, 它就会喘不过气来的。”曼纽埃尔说。陌生人咕哝了一声, 表示认可。

巴克以尊贵的姿态默默让绳子拴上。确实, 这是一种不同寻常

performance: but he had learned to trust in men he knew, and to give them credit for a wisdom that outreached 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

的行为。但它已经学会信任它认识的人，给他们以信任，因为他们的智慧自己无法企及。当绳子的另一端交到陌生人手里时，它威胁地叫了一声。它只是表明自己的不快，在自尊里，它相信暗示就是命令。但出乎意料的是，绳子勒紧了它的脖子，让它无法呼吸。它登时大怒，扑向那人，在半空中，那人紧紧抓住它的喉咙，熟练地一扭，就把它仰面朝天摔翻在地。随后，绳子无情地勒紧了，巴克疯狂地挣扎着，舌头从嘴里耷拉出来，宽大的胸膛徒劳地起伏着。它此生从来没有被如此恶劣地对待过，也从来没有如此恼怒过。但它已筋疲力尽，目光呆滞，当信号使列车停下，两个男人将它抛进行李车厢时，它已失去知觉。

接下来它知道的，是模模糊糊感觉舌头痛，还有自己被装进什么车里颠簸着向前行进。铁路交会处火车头刺耳的鸣笛声让它明白了自己在哪儿。它跟着法官出行过很多次，却从没有尝过坐行李车的滋味。它睁开眼睛，流露出一個被绑架的国王的那种无法抑制的愤怒。那个人过来抓它的喉咙，但巴克躲得飞快。它的嘴咬住那人的手，他们也不放松绳子，直到它再一次感觉喘不过气来。

“是啊，它发疯了。”那人说

mangled hand from 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 they succeeded in filing the heavy brass collar from off his neck. Then the rope was removed, and he was flung into a cagelike crate.

着,将咬伤的手藏起来不让行李员看见,那挣扎的声音吸引了他的注意力。“我要把它带到旧金山老板那里。一位高明的狗医生认为能治好它。”

在旧金山滨水区一家酒店后面的一间小屋里,那人花言巧语地为自己开脱,说了那晚乘车的事。

“我只赚了 50 块钱而已,”他发着牢骚,“下次给我 1000 块现金也不干了。”

他的手用一块血迹斑斑的手帕包扎着,后裤脚从膝盖到脚踝都被撕破了。

“那个家伙拿了多少?”酒店老板问道。

“100。”那人回答说,“少一个子儿也不行,鬼才信呢。”

“那肯定花了 150 块。”酒店老板计算着,“它值这个价,不然我就是傻瓜。”

绑架者解开满是血迹的手帕,看看他几乎被撕裂的手。“如果找不到狂犬药——”

“那是因为你生来就是挨绞索的。”酒店老板哈哈大笑,“得了,动身前帮我一个忙。”他补充道。

巴克感到头晕眼花,喉咙和舌头痛难忍,半死不活的,但它仍试着对付折磨它的人。可他还是一次次被摔翻在地,喘不过气来,直到他们成功地把沉重的黄铜项圈从它脖子上拿下来。接着绳子也解开了,它被扔进了笼子般的板条箱里。

There he lay for the remainder of the weary night, nursing his wrath and wounded pride. He could not understand what it all meant. What did they want with him, these strange men? Why were they keeping him pent up in this narrow crate? He did not know why, but he felt oppressed by the vague sense of impending calamity. Several times during the night he sprang to his feet when the shed door rattled open, expecting to see the Judge, or the boys at least. But each time it was the bulging face of the saloon-keeper that peered in at him by the sickly light of a tallow candle. And each time the joyful bark that trembled in Buck's throat was twisted into a savage growl.

But the saloon-keeper let him alone, and in the morning four men entered and picked up the crate. More tormentors, Buck decided, for they were evil-looking creatures, ragged and unkempt; and he stormed and raged at them through the bars. They only laughed and poked sticks at him, which he promptly assailed with his teeth till he realised that that was what they wanted. Whereupon he lay down sullenly and allowed the crate to be lifted into a wagon. Then he, and the crate in which he was imprisoned, began a passage through many hands. Clerks in the express office took charge of him; he was carted about in another wagon; a truck carried him, with an assortment of boxes and parcels, upon a ferry steamer; he was trucked off the steamer into a great railway depot, and finally he was deposited in an express car.

在疲倦的夜晚里，它趴着，舔舐它的愤怒和受伤的自尊。它不明白这一切到底是怎么回事。这些陌生人想要拿它做什么？为什么把它关进狭小的箱子里？它不知道为什么，但迷迷糊糊感到大难临头，所以心情压抑。有几次在夜里当小屋的门咯咯地开了，它以为要看见法官或者至少是他的男孩们，就突然跳起来。但每次都是酒店老板那张肥脸，借着微弱的牛脂灯光盯着他瞧。而每次巴克嗓子里颤抖着发出的欢快吠声都转而变成野蛮的嚎叫。

但酒店老板没理它，早晨，四个男人进来，抬起了板条箱。巴克断定又是一些折磨它的人，因为他们面貌狰狞，衣衫褴褛，蓬头垢面。它透过板条向他们狂吼怒叫。可他们只是大笑着，用棍子戳它。它也敏捷地用牙齿反抗，直到意识到这正是他们的用意。于是它郁闷地趴下来，让他们把板条箱抬进了一辆运货马车。然后，它和囚禁它的板条箱开始一次次被转手。它被货运公司的人看着，并装入了另一辆货运马车；然后装着各式各样箱子包裹的卡车载它，乘上汽船；下了汽船后卡车把它送进了一个大火车站，最后它被抛在了快车的车厢里。

For two days and nights this express car was dragged along at the tail of shrieking locomotives; and for two days and nights Buck neither ate nor drank. In his anger he had met the first advances of the express messengers with growls, and they had retaliated by teasing him. When he flung himself against the bars, quivering and frothing, they laughed at him and taunted him. They growled and barked like detestable dogs, mewed, and flapped their arms and crowed. It was all very silly, he knew; but therefore the more outrage to his dignity, and his anger waxed and waxed. He did not mind the hunger so much, but the lack of water caused him severe suffering and fanned his wrath to fever-pitch. For that matter, high-strung and finely sensitive, the ill treatment had flung him into a fever, which was fed by the inflammation of his parched and swollen throat and tongue.

He was glad for one thing: the rope was off his neck. That had given them an unfair advantage; but now that it was off, he would show them. They would never get another rope around his neck. Upon that he was resolved. For two days and nights he neither ate nor drank, and during those two days and nights of torment, he accumulated a fund of wrath that boded ill for whoever first fell foul of him. His eyes turned blood-shot, and he was metamorphosed into a raging fiend. So changed was he that the Judge himself would not have recognised him; and the express messengers breathed with relief when they bundled him off the train at

两天两夜这节快车车厢拖在尖叫的机车尾巴上。两天两夜巴克滴水未沾，滴水未进。因为气愤，它对快车车厢里撞见的信差们狂吼，他们反过来取笑报复它。它扑向板条，浑身发抖，口吐泡沫，而他们却嘲笑它，奚落它。他们像可憎的狗一样咆哮，还发出咪咪的声音，挥舞着手臂，得意扬扬。它知道这一切举动愚蠢至极，它的威严也因此受到更大的伤害，它也越来越愤怒。它倒不在乎饥饿，但口渴使它痛苦难耐，愤怒有增无减。由于神经高度紧绷，又极端敏感，再加上口干舌燥，喉咙发肿，这种虐待使它的愤怒达到了极点。

不过有一件事它是高兴的：脖子上的绳子没有了。正是绳子给了他们一种不公平的优势。但是现在绳子没了，它就要给他们好看了。他们别想再把绳子套在它脖子上了。对此它已下定决心。因为两天两夜不吃不喝，饱受折磨，它积下了满腔怒火，无论谁先和它发生冲突，都预示着不幸。它两眼充血，变成了一个狂怒的魔鬼。它变得跟以前截然不同，恐怕连法官本人都认不出来了。当快递信差们在西雅图把它卸下来的时候，他们如释重负地松了口气。

Seattle.

Four men gingerly carried the crate from the wagon into a small, high-walled back yard. A stout man, with a red sweater that sagged generously at the neck, came out and signed the book for the driver. That was the man, Buck divined, the next tormentor, and he hurled himself savagely against the bars. The man smiled grimly, and brought a hatchet and a club.

"You ain't going to take him out now?" the driver asked.

"Sure," the man replied, driving the hatchet into the crate for a pry.

There was an instantaneous scattering of the four men who had carried it in, and from safe perches on top the wall they prepared to watch the performance.

Buck rushed at the splintering wood, sinking his teeth into it, surging and wrestling with it. Wherever the hatchet fell on the outside, he was there on the inside, snarling and growling, as furiously anxious to get out as the man in the red sweater was calmly intent on getting him out.

"Now, you red-eyed devil," he said, when he had made an opening sufficient for the passage of Buck's body. At the same time he dropped the hatchet and shifted the club to his right hand.

And Buck was truly a red-eyed devil, as he drew himself together for the spring, hair bristling, mouth foaming, a mad glitter in his bloodshot eyes. Straight at the man he launched his one hundred and forty pounds of fury, surcharged with the pent passion of

四个男人小心翼翼地把板条箱从马车上抬进一个四壁高墙的小后院。一个矮胖的男人走出来在车夫的本子上签了字，他穿着一件红色毛衣，领口下垂得厉害。巴克猜测他就是下一个要折磨它的人，于是就野蛮地用身体撞击着板条。矮胖男人冷笑着，拿出来一把短柄小斧和一根棍子。

"干吗现在不放它出来?"车夫问。

"当然要放出来。"胖子回答着，将短柄小斧砍进板条箱，想撬开板条。

那四个抬他进来的人立即散开，爬到墙上较高的安全处，打算在那儿看场好戏。

巴克冲向裂开的木条，用牙齿紧紧咬住，并使劲摇晃。外面小斧砍到哪儿，它就在里面冲向哪儿，咆哮嗥叫，发狂了似的想要出去，正如身穿红毛衣的男人镇定地想要放它出去一样。

"好了，你这个红眼魔鬼。"他说着，砍开了一个足以让巴克身体通过的洞。同时，扔掉短柄斧头，把棍子递到右手。

巴克还真是一个红眼魔鬼。当它躬身要跳出来的时候，毛发直立，口吐泡沫，布满血丝的眼里闪着凶光。带着140磅的暴怒，怀着两天两夜郁积的盛怒，它径直扑向那个男人。半空中正当它的爪子即



two days and nights. In mid air, just as his jaws were about to close on the man, he received a shock that checked his body and brought his teeth together with an agonizing clip. He whirled over, fetching the ground on his back and side. He had never been struck by a club in his life, and did not understand. With a snarl that was part bark and more scream he was again on his feet and launched into the air. And again the shock came and he was brought crushingly to the ground. This time he was aware that it was the club, but his madness knew no caution. A dozen times he charged, and as often the club broke the charge and smashed him down.

After a particularly fierce blow, he crawled to his feet, too dazed to rush. He staggered limply about, the blood flowing from nose and mouth and ears, his beautiful coat sprayed and flecked with bloody slaver. Then the man advanced and deliberately dealt him a frightful blow on the nose. All the pain he had endured was as nothing compared with the exquisite agony of this. With a roar that was almost lionlike in its ferocity, he again hurled himself at the man. But the man, shifting the club from right to left, coolly caught him by the under jaw, at the same time wrenching downward and backward. Buck described a complete circle in the air, and half of another, then crashed to the ground on his head and chest.

For the last time he rushed. The man struck the shrewd blow he had purposely withheld for so long, and Buck crumpled up

将抓到那个男人时，突然它的身子被一棍击中，牙齿痛苦地合上。它的身体旋转起来，仰面摔在地上。它生平从未遭受棍打，因此不明白。它吼叫着，但更多的是刺耳的尖叫，它又一次站起来扑过去，又是猛然一击把它彻底打翻在地。这一回它明白了是棍子的原因，但疯狂使它丧失了理智。十来次的进攻，而棍子总是把它的进攻击退，最后将它打倒在地。

在一次狠命痛打后，它慢慢站起来，头晕目眩得跳不起来了。它的身子摇摇晃晃，鲜血从鼻子、嘴巴和耳朵里流出来，原本美丽的皮毛被染得血迹斑斑。然后那个男人走上前来，从容地在它的鼻子上来了一记重拳。这一击使它痛苦无比，相比之下，它以前受的痛苦都微不足道。它几乎像狮子般咆哮起来，再次扑向那个男人。但是那个男人把棍子从右手移到左手，镇定地一下子抓到了巴克的下颌，往下往后扭转，巴克的身子在空中旋转了一圈半，最后头部和胸部重重跌落在地上。

巴克最后一次向前扑。那人故意等了很久，然后给巴克一记生猛的打击。巴克蜷缩在地，失去了知