



LOVE OF LIFE

热爱生活

外国著名短篇小说十篇
(英汉对照)

外语教学与研究出版社

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杨毓文

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封面设计 王秋水

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热爱生活

REAL SHENGHUO

魏力行 杨毓文 译注

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前 言

本书收译外国短篇小说《上帝心中有数》、《砸箱洗手记》、《亡妻的珠宝》等十篇。作者列·托尔斯泰、欧·亨利、莫泊桑等是国内读者知晓的各国著名作家。所根据的英文本，有些是原著的英译，有些曾经国外出版时改写。文字地道、简练。

为便于国内读者对照阅读，本书译文在忠实于原文意义并力求流畅的前提下，尽可能接近原文的结构。另外，为适应自学者泛读的需要，在原文较难理解或须注意的地方加以注释。“作者简介”则是为帮助读者对作者有一个大致的整体了解。

本书适于中等英语水平者阅读。

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Love of Life

Jack London

The man had fallen into the creek and had sprained his ankle.

He called to his friend: "I say, Bill, wait there. I've sprained my ankle."

There was no answer. Bill had disappeared in the damp fog. Although it was still August, the Canadian wilderness lay cold and lonely in the weak light of the afternoon sun. Everywhere was the dull skyline. The hills were all low-lying. There were no trees. There was nothing but desolation¹ that sent fear into the man's heart.

"Bill!" he called again. "Bill!" There was no answer.

The man rose to his feet,² shaking as if he had a fever. He fought against the fear in his heart. He found his gun where he had dropped it in the water. Then he continued his way slowly. The gun was now useless, for he had no ammunition for it, but he did not leave it.

He shifted his pack to his left shoulder so as to fa-

vor³ his right ankle and hurried to the top of a hill. From there he saw a broad valley, empty of life.

The bottom of the valley was soft and swampy. He pushed on, trying to follow the tracks of his companion.

Though he was now alone, he was not lost. Farther along he knew where to find the trail. He would follow it⁴ until it came to the river, where they had left their canoe, weighted down with rocks. Under the canoe was a cache⁵ of ammunition for his empty gun, fishhooks and lines, and a small net. He would also find some flour, bacon, and beans—not much, for they had taken most of their food with them on their trip into the north country looking for gold.

He knew Bill would wait for him there; then they would paddle down the river to a Hudson Bay Company post, where there would be warm shelter and plenty of food.

These were the thoughts of the man as he limped along the trail. Then he began to think that perhaps Bill had deserted him. The man had not eaten for two days, and now was the added fear of starvation. He had stopped a few times to eat some wild berries, but they were mostly seeds and bitter. His hunger increased by the hour.⁶

Already the sun had slipped beyond the horizon. Suddenly he struck his toe on a rocky ledge and fell. He lay still for some time without movement. Then he slip-

ped out of his pack straps and dragged himself to a sitting position. It was not yet dark, and in the lingering twilight he gathered some moss. When he had a good-sized pile, he built a fire and set a small pail of water over the fire 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 three small packs, wrapping them in oil paper, putting one bunch in his empty tobacco pouch, another bunch in the inside band of his hat, and the third bunch under his shirt on his chest. He was afraid that if he fell into the water again, all of his matches would become wet and useless.

He dried his footgear by the fire. The wet moccasins⁷ had been cut to pieces. The socks were worn through in places, and his ankle had swollen to the size of his knee. He tore a long strip from one of his blankets and bound the ankle tightly. He tore other strips and bound them about his feet for footwear. He was cold, and he knew that there would soon be the danger of snow and frost. After the water heated, he drank some of it; then he wound his watch, and crawled between his blankets. He slept like a dead man.

At six o'clock he awoke, 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 heard a loud

snort and saw a caribou⁸ looking at him strangely. The animal was not more than fifty feet away, and instantly the man had thoughts of a caribou steak frying over a fire. He reached for his empty gun, aimed, and pulled the trigger. The animal snorted at the click of the empty gun and ran away.

The man cursed and groaned aloud as he dragged himself to his feet. Slowly he rolled his pack together. He looked at the moose-hide bag that he carried in his pack. It was extra weight, and he began to wonder what value its contents had now. However, he rolled it together with his pace and started out.

The pain in his ankle was terrific, but it was no worse than that⁹ in his empty stomach. The hunger had become frightful. In a little while he came upon a valley where some birds rose on whirring wings. "Ker...ker...ker," they cried as they flew away. He threw stones but he could not hit a one. He placed his pack on the ground and began to stalk the birds like a cat.

The sharp rocks cut through his pants legs till his knees were scratched and bleeding, but he was not aware of his hurts as his hunger was so great. He cursed the birds and mocked them with their own cry.

As the day wore on,¹⁰ he came into a valley where game¹¹ was more plentiful. A herd of twenty caribou passed by within rifle range. He felt like running¹² after them, but he knew such an effort would be senseless.

Once he saw a fox with a bird in its mouth. He called loudly, hoping to frighten the fox into dropping the bird; but the fox, leaping away in fright, did not drop the bird.

He was weary and often wished to rest—to lie down and sleep, but he was driven on by his hunger. He searched little ponds for frogs and dug up the earth with his finger nails for worms, though he knew that neither frogs nor worms lived that far north.

In one area he walked along a creek, looking for fish. In a pool he found a small one. He dipped his arm into the water up to his shoulder, but the fish got away. Then he reached for it with both hands, stirring up the mud at the bottom. In his excitement he fell in, wetting himself to the waist. Since he could no longer see the fish, he had to wait until the water cleared.

When he tried again, the water became muddy. Then he took his tin pail and began to bail the pool. He bailed wildly at first, and some of the water ran back into the pool. Then he worked more carefully, though his heart was pounding in his chest and his hands were shaking. At the end of half an hour the pool was nearly dry. But there was no fish. It had escaped between the rocks into a larger pool.

Defeated in his effort, the man sat down upon the wet earth. At first he cried softly to himself. Then he cried loudly in his hopeless condition.

He built a fire and warmed himself and drank some hot water. His blankets were wet and cold, and his ankle was still painful, but his worst suffering came from his hunger. He tried to sleep, but he dreamed of food and many good things to eat.

He awoke cold and sick. There was no sun. The air about him grew white while he made a fire and boiled some water. It was wet snow, half rain, and the flakes melted quickly and put out his fire.

By this time he had become hunger-mad. He felt through the snow and pulled up some grass roots. He chewed the roots but they were tasteless or bitter.

He had no fire that night because he couldn't find any dry wood, so he crawled under his blanket to sleep the broken sleep of hunger.¹³ The snow turned into a cold rain. He felt it on his face during the night.

Late the next morning the sun broke through the gray mist. Then the man realized he was lost. He turned northward to correct his course, hoping to find the river and the canoe. Then he wondered what had happened to Bill.

Though his hunger pains were no worse, he realized he was getting weaker. He had to stop frequently to rest. His tongue felt dry and large, and his mouth had a bitter taste. His heart gave him a great deal of trouble. He could feel its thump, thump, thump; and the painful beats choked him and made him feel faint.

In the middle of the day he caught two small fish in a pool by using his pail. He ate the fish raw, but the hunger pain was now dull and lifeless. His stomach had gone to sleep.

In the morning he caught three more small fish, eating two of them and saving one for his breakfast.

Another night passed. In the morning he tied more strips of the blanket around his feet, and then he untied the string of the moose-hic'e pouch. From its open mouth poured a yellow stream of coarse gold dust and nuggets. He knew he must lighten his load. He hardly had the strength to carry the last remaining blanket. He roughly divided the gold into halves. He poured half of the gold into a piece of blanket and rolled it into a small package, which he hid in a rock ledge.

Then he walked on, barely able to place one foot ahead of the other.¹⁴

He faced another day of cold fog. Half of his last blanket had gone to wrap his feet. He was now too weak to carry his small pack. Again he divided the gold, this time by spilling half of it on the ground. In the afternoon he threw the rest of it away. There remained only the half blanket, the tin pail, his knife, and the rifle.

He pushed on for an hour before he fell into a faint. Aroused by a noise, he could not believe his eyes. Before him stood a horse. A horse! Rubbing his eyes, he sudden-

ly realized he was looking at a great brown bear.

The man brought his gun half way to his shoulder before he remembered it was not loaded. He lowered it and drew his hunting knife, wondering if the bear would attack. The man drew himself up to his full height,¹⁵ stared at the bear and waited. The bear advanced a few steps and then stopped. The man knew if he ran, the bear would run after him. With all his might the man swung the knife and growled like an animal. The bear did not understand the mysterious creature and walked away.

The man pulled himself together¹⁶ and went on, afraid now in a new way. There were wolves. Now and again the wolves, in packs of two and three, crossed his path. They stayed clear of¹⁷ the man, for it was easier to hunt the caribou.

In the late afternoon he came upon¹⁸ the bones of a caribou calf. He sat on the moss and gathered the bones into a heap, and then he chewed them with his bare teeth, trying to get a mouthful of the raw meat. Then he pounded the bones between rocks, beating them into a pulp and swallowed it. In his haste he almost broke some of his fingers, yet he did not mind the hurt.

Then came frightful days of snow and rain. The will to live carried him on.¹⁹ It was the life in him, unwilling to die, that drove him on.²⁰ By this time he had become numb to pain. Half alive, he walked, he

stumbled, he crawled until he came to a river. His dull senses told him it was not the same river where he and Bill had left their canoe. He followed the course of the river downstream. He didn't know where he was—it didn't matter much anyway. But he still had the will to live, and he pushed on.

He awoke one morning, lying on his back on a rocky ledge. In a painful effort, he rolled over on his side. Below him he could see that the river flowed out to the sea. He was not excited about that fact, and then he saw something that he was sure was a trick of the mind. Maybe, after all, it was a dream—a ship lying at anchor. He closed his eyes and then opened them. The ship was still there. The man could not believe it.

Then the man heard a noise behind him—a half-choking gasp or cough. He could see nothing near at hand.²¹ Again came the strange noises, and outlined against²² the rocks twenty feet away was the gray head of a wolf. The animal had bloodshot eyes. It seemed sick. It was no longer able to hunt with the packs.²³ It even feared its own kind, but now it stalked the man, waiting for him to die.

The man looked again toward the sea. He decided the ship was real. It was at least five miles away, but the man had the will to live. He no longer felt the hunger. His last blanket was gone, and he had lost the rifle.

Though extremely weak, he was calm. He ripped off his pants legs to the knees and bound them to his feet. His movements were slow, but he was determined. He still had some matches and the tin pail. He warmed some water and drank it. Now he felt slightly better, and he was able to stand. He walked toward the ship until his weakness overcame him. Then he crawled on all fours²⁴ like an animal.

In the late afternoon he saw an empty moose-hide sack like his. He recognized it and knew it was Bill's. A hundred yards farther were the bones of a human skeleton. The man did not need to guess. Bill had almost made it!

Finally the man lay quiet in sleep. Two or three times during the night the sick wolf had come close to the man, bared its teeth, and sniffed in hunger, but the man flung his arms out and scared the wolf away.

The first rays of daylight brought the man to life. He was no longer able to stand, so he began to crawl toward the ship. He could see it now—lying beyond the breakers. His knees and arms were raw and bleeding, but the man kept moving, a foot at a time, until he reached the beach, where he lay quietly—unable to move a foot farther. He dreamed of food, clean clothing, and warm sunshine, and then he began to crawl again.

The ship was the *Bedford*, once a whaling vessel. On board were the members of a scientific expedition.

Some of the members saw a strange object crawling along the beach toward the water. They were unable to identify the object, and being scientific men, they climbed into a ship's boat and went ashore to see. And they saw something that was hardly alive and could hardly be called a human being. It moved along the ground like a worm and made headway at perhaps twenty feet an hour.

The man was brought aboard the *Bedford*, given food, and cared for by a doctor.

In a few days he was able to sit up in his bunk. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he told how he had almost lost his life in the wilds. Then he began to talk strangely of his family in sunny southern California, and of a home among the orange trees and the flowers.

参 考 译 文

热 爱 生 活

〔美〕 杰克·伦敦

那人掉进了小溪，把脚踝扭伤了。

他向朋友呼唤：“我说，比尔，你在那儿等一会儿。我的脚踝扭伤了。”

没有回答。比尔已经消失在潮湿的雾气中了。虽然这还是

八月份，加拿大的荒原在下午微弱无力的阳光下显得凄凉孤寂。到处都是单调的衬着天空的轮廓。山峦全都是矮矮的，没有林木，只有一片荒芜，引起那人心里的恐惧。

“比尔！”他再次叫唤，“比尔！”还是没有回答。

那人站起身来，浑身发抖，象是正在发烧似的。他竭力排除心里的恐惧。他在河里失落枪的地方把枪找到了，就继续慢慢地走他的路。现在枪已经没啥用处，因为他没有弹药可以填装。不过他还是没把它丢掉。

他把背包转到左肩，这样可以减轻右脚踝的负重。他急匆匆上了小山顶。从那里他看到一道宽阔的毫无生气的山谷。

山谷底部松软潮湿。他继续往前走，竭力想追上同伴的踪迹。

尽管他现在是一个人，他并没有迷路。再走远些，他知道在哪儿找到路径了。他可以沿着那条路径一直走到河畔；他们的独木船就留在那里，用石头压着。在独木船的下面是一个地窖，藏着可供他的空枪用的弹药、钓竿、绳索，还有一张小网。他还可以找到一些面粉、腌肉和蚕豆——数量已不很多，因为他们在到北方乡间来寻找金矿的路上就已经把随身所带的食物吃掉大部分了。

他知道比尔会在那里等着他。然后他们可以沿着河道把小船划到赫德逊海湾公司的一个驻扎点，在那里可以有暖和的住所和充足的食物。

当他一瘸一拐地沿着小径走的时候，心里想的就是这些。后来，他开始想到也许比尔已经把他抛弃了。这人已经两天没吃东西，现在又增加了饿死的恐惧。他几次停下来，吃些野生浆果。但是这些果子大部分是籽粒，味道又苦。他的饥饿每时每刻都在增加。