

中文导读英文版

The Sea Wolf
海 狼

[美] 杰克·伦敦 原著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社



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内 容 简 介

The Sea Wolf, 中文译名为《海狼》, 是世界文学史上公认的经典文学著作, 由美国著名作家杰克·伦敦编著。主人公凡·卫登是一位美国作家, 在一次回旧金山的航行途中遭遇海难。凡·卫登被途经的捕海豹船“魔鬼号”救起, 绰号为“海狼”的船长强迫他随船出海捕猎, 并让他做各种苦工。“海狼”力大无比, 用暴力手段统治着“魔鬼号”。一路上, 船上发生了各种令人心惊肉跳的事件。途中, “魔鬼号”救起五名遇险旅客, 凡·卫登对其中聪慧、美丽又勇敢的女作家莫德一见如故。一天, 凡·卫登乘机带莫德逃走, 登上了一座小岛。不久, “魔鬼号”上的全体船员背叛“海狼”。“海狼”孤身一人, 病发失明, 随破损的“魔鬼号”漂流到岛上。凶狠、狡猾本性不改的“海狼”最后病逝在岛上。凡·卫登和莫德修复了“魔鬼号”, 并为病逝的“海狼”举行了海葬, 最后扬帆返航。

该书自出版以来, 已被译成世界上多种语言。无论作为语言学习的课本, 还是作为通俗的文学读本, 本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况, 进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平, 在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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杰克·伦敦（Jack London，1876—1916），原名约翰·格利菲斯·伦敦（John Griffith London），美国著名作家，他在现代美国文学和世界文学界享有崇高的地位。

杰克·伦敦生于旧金山，是个私生子，后来他的母亲改嫁给境况不佳的约翰·伦敦。杰克·伦敦的童年是在穷苦中度过的，他当过牧童、报童、童工、工人、水手。他还参加过 1893 年大恐慌中失业大军组成的抗议队伍，以流浪罪被捕入狱，被罚做苦工几个月。出狱后，他一边拼命干活，一边刻苦学习，广泛涉猎达尔文、斯宾塞、尼采和马克思等人的著作。1896 年，他考进加利福尼亚大学，一年后辍学。后来受到阿拉斯加淘金热的影响，加入了淘金者的行列，却因病空手而归。在经历各种失败和挫折之后，杰克·伦敦萌发了写作的愿望。

1899 年，他发表了第一篇小说《给猎人》；1900 年，在他出版短篇小说集《狼之子》后，立即饮誉文坛，并获得了丰厚的收入。从此，他埋头读书写作，成为职业作家。他是个多产的作家，一生共写了 19 部长篇小说、150 多篇短篇小说以及 3 部剧本等。除《狼之子》之外，著名的作品还有：描写反抗压迫、回归自由与自然的《野性的呼唤》（1903），描写伦敦贫民生活的特写集《深渊中的人们》（1903），描写兽性般残忍和利己主义的长篇小说《海狼》（1904），描写充满野性的幼狼如何从荒野中进入文明世界的《白牙》（1906），政治幻想小说《铁蹄》（1908），自传体长篇小说《马丁·伊登》（1909）等。1916 年杰克·伦敦在精神极度苦闷、空虚中自杀身亡。

在杰克·伦敦的众多作品中，《海狼》是其中的典型代表，是公认的世界文学名著。该书自出版以来，已被译成世界上几十种语言，且多次被改编成电影。

在中国，《海狼》是最受广大读者欢迎的经典小说之一。目前，在国内



数量众多的《海狼》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是英文原版。而其中的英文原版越来越受到读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英语的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看，直接使用纯英文素材更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《海狼》，采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一章

Chapter 1



有时候我甚至将这次可悲的遭遇都归结于弗罗萨身上，要不是去看望在米尔山谷的他，我就不会一大早在航行的“马丁尼号”上了。幸亏马丁尼号已经在这条航线走过好几遍。我对于海面上的危险的事物并不了解，仍旧得意洋洋地在甲板上呼吸着新鲜的空气，想象着专业分工的好处。船长和船员们对航海技术的精通，使得我们不必担心，也没有必要去学会各种复杂的知识。

一个男子曾经在走过我身边时埋怨着天气，我还安慰他不需担心，船长可以靠罗盘辨别方向的，甚至还将航海比喻成数学、ABC那样简单，但这遭到对方不屑的表示。他认为这时候的航海环境特别险恶。就在这时，远处响起了警告的钟声，似乎正在提醒双方避免相撞。那名男子顿时怒气冲冲，不停地咒骂对面的渡船，这让我很难理解。我看到船长在注视着外面的浓雾，而意外在此发生，两只船还是相撞了。那名男子要我赶紧抓住些东西，千万不能放手，周围顿时响起妇女的哀叫，我只记得很多人混乱一片，救生艇、救生圈都派上了用场。马丁尼号在下沉，我全身几乎都浸入冰冷的水中，我渐渐失去了知觉，在陷入昏迷前那一刹那似乎看到一个人对我吼骂，责备我为何不叫喊。

I scarcely know where to begin, though I sometimes facetiously place the cause of it all to Charley Furuseth's credit. He kept a summer cottage in

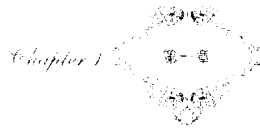


Mill Valley, under the shadow of Mount Tamalpais, and never occupied it except when he loafed through the winter months and read Nietzsche and Schopenhauer to rest his brain. When summer came on, he elected to sweat out a hot and dusty existence in the city and to toil incessantly. Had it not been my custom to run up to see him every Saturday afternoon and to stop over till Monday morning, this particular January Monday morning would not have found me afloat on San Francisco Bay.

Not but that I was afloat in a safe craft, for the Martinez was a new ferry-steamer, making her fourth or fifth trip on the run between Sausalito and San Francisco. The danger lay in the heavy fog which blanketed the bay, and of which, as a landsman, I had little apprehension. In fact, I remember the placid exaltation with which I took up my position on the forward upper deck, directly beneath the pilothouse, and allowed the mystery of the fog to lay hold of my imagination. A fresh breeze was blowing, and for a time I was alone in the moist obscurity—yet not alone, for I was dimly conscious of the presence of the pilot, and of what I took to be the captain, in the glass house above my head.

I remember thinking how comfortable it was, this division of labor which made it unnecessary for me to study fogs, winds, tides, and navigation, in order to visit my friend who lived across an arm of the sea. It was good that men should be specialists, I mused. The peculiar knowledge of the pilot and captain sufficed for many thousands of people who knew no more of the sea and navigation than I knew. On the other hand, instead of having to devote my energy to the learning of a multitude of things, I concentrated it upon a few particular things, such as, for instance, the analysis of Poe's place in American literature—an essay of mine, by the way, in the current Atlantic. Coming aboard, as I passed through the cabin, I had noticed with greedy eyes a stout gentleman reading the Atlantic, which was open at my very essay. And there it was again, the division of labor, the special knowledge of the pilot and captain which permitted the stout gentleman to read my special knowledge on Poe while they carried him safely from Sausalito to San Francisco.

A red-faced man, slamming the cabin door behind him and stumping out on the deck, interrupted my reflections, though I made a mental note of the



topic for use in a projected essay which I had thought of calling "The Necessity for Freedom: A Plea for the Artist." The red-faced man shot a glance up at the pilot-house, gazed around at the fog, stumped across the deck and back (he evidently had artificial legs), and stood still by my side, legs wide apart, and with an expression of keen enjoyment on his face. I was not wrong when I decided that his days had been spent on the sea.

"It's nasty weather like this here that turns heads gray before their time," he said, with a nod toward the pilothouse.

"I had not thought there was any particular strain," I answered. "It seems as simple as A, B, C. They know the direction by compass, the distance, and the speed. I should not call it anything more than mathematical certainty."

"Strain!" he snorted. "Simple as A, B, C! Mathematical certainty!"

He seemed to brace himself up and lean backward against the air as he stared at me. "How about this here tide that's rushin' out through the Golden Gate?" he demanded, or bellowed, rather. "How fast is she ebbin'? What's the drift, eh? Listen to that, will you? A bell-buoy, and we're a-top of it! See'em alterin' the course!"

From out of the fog came the mournful tolling of a bell, and I could see the pilot turning the wheel with great rapidity. The bell, which had seemed straight ahead, was now sounding from the side. Our own whistle was blowing hoarsely, and from time to time the sound of other whistles came to us from out of the fog.

"That's a ferry-boat of some sort," the newcomer said, indicating a whistle off to the right. "And there! D'ye. hear that? Blown by mouth. Some scow schooner, most likely. Better watch out, Mr. Schooner-man. An, I thought so. Now hell's a-poppin' for somebody!"

The unseen ferry-boat was blowing blast after blast, and the mouth-blown horn was tooting in terror-stricken fashion.

"And now they're payin' their respects to each other and tryin' to get clear," the red-faced man went on, as the hurried whistling ceased.

His face was shining, his eyes flashing with excitement, as he translated into articulate language the speech of the horns and sirens. "That's a steam siren a-goin' it over there to the left. And you hear that fellow with a frog in his



throat—a steam schooner as near as I can judge, crawlin’ in from the Heads against the tide.”

A shrill little whistle, piping as if gone mad, came from directly ahead and from very near at hand. Gongs sounded on the Martinez. Our paddle-wheels stopped, their pulsing beat died away, and then they started again. The shrill little whistle, like the chirping of a cricket amid the cries of great beasts, shot through the fog from more to the side and swiftly grew faint and fainter. I looked to my companion for enlightenment.

“One of them dare-devil launches,” he said. “I almost wish we’d sunk him, the little rip! They’re the cause of more trouble. And what good are they? Any jackass gets aboard one and runs it from hell to breakfast, blowin’ his whistle to beat the band and tellin’ the rest of the world to look out for him, because he’s comin’ and can’t look out for himself! Because he’s comin’! And you’ve got to look out, too! Right of way! Common decency! They don’t know the meanin’ of it!”

I felt quite amused at his unwarranted choler, and while he stumped indignantly up and down I fell to dwelling upon the romance of the fog. And romantic it certainly was—the fog, like the gray shadow of infinite mystery, brooding over the whirling speck of earth; and men, mere motes of light and sparkle, cursed with an insane relish for work, riding their steeds of wood and steel through the heart of the mystery, groping their way blindly through the Unseen, and clamoring and clanging in confident speech the while their hearts are heavy with incertitude and fear.

The voice of my companion brought me back to myself with a laugh. I too had been groping and floundering, the while I thought I rode clear-eyed through the mystery.

“Hello; somebody comin’ our way,” he was saying. “And d’ye hear that? He’s comin’ fast. Walking right along. Guess he don’t hear us yet. Wind’s in wrong direction.”

The fresh breeze was blowing right down upon us, and I could hear the whistle plainly, off to one side and a little ahead.

“Ferry-boat?” I asked.

He nodded, then added, “Or he wouldn’t be keepin’ up such a clip.” He



gave a short chuckle. "Taey're gettin' anxious up there."

I glanced up. The captain had thrust his head and shoulders out of the pilot-house, and was staring intently into the fog as though by sheer force of will he could penetrate it. His face was anxious, as was the face of my companion, who had stumped over to the rail and was gazing with a like intentness in the direction of the invisible danger.

Then everything happened, and with inconceivable rapidity. The fog seemed to break away as though split by a wedge, and the bow of a steamboat emerged, trailing fogwreaths on either side like seaweed on the snout of Leviathan. I could see the pilot-house and a white-bearded man leaning partly out of it, on his elbows. He was clad in a blue uniform, and I remember noting how trim and quiet he was. His quietness, under the circumstances, was terrible. He accepted Destiny, marched hand in hand with it, and coolly measured the stroke. As he leaned there, he ran a calm and speculative eye over us, as though to determine the precise point of the collision, and took no notice whatever when our pilot, white with rage, shouted, "Now you've done it!"

On looking back, I realize that the remark was too obvious to make rejoinder necessary.

"Grab hold of something and hang on," the red-faced man said to me. All his bluster had gone, and he seemed to have caught the contagion of preternatural calm. "And listen to the women scream," he said grimly—almost bitterly, I thought, as though he had been through the experience before.

The vessels came together before I could follow his advice. We must have been struck squarely amidships, for I saw nothing, the strange steamboat having passed beyond my line of vision. The Martinez heeled over, sharply, and there was a crashing and rending of timber. I was thrown flat on the wet deck, and before I could scramble to my feet I heard the scream of the women. This it was, I am certain, —the most indescribable of blood-curdling sounds, —that threw me into a panic. I remembered the life-preservers stored in the cabin, but was met at the door and swept backward by a wild rush of men and women. What happened in the next few minutes I do not recollect, though I have a clear remembrance of pulling down life-preservers from the overhead racks, while the red-faced man fastened them about the bodies of an hysterical

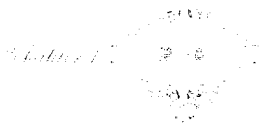


group of women. This memory is as distinct and sharp as that of any picture I have seen. It is a picture, and I can see it now, —the jagged edges of the hole in the side of the cabin, through which the gray fog swirled and eddied; the empty upholstered seats, littered with all the evidences of sudden flight, such as packages, hand satchels, umbrellas, and wraps; the stout gentleman who had been reading my essay, encased in cork and canvas, the magazine still in his hand, and asking me with monotonous insistence if I thought there was any danger; the red-faced man, stumping gallantly around on his artificial legs and buckling lifepreservers on all comers; and finally, the screaming bedlam of women.

This it was, the screaming of the women, that most tried my nerves. It must have tried, too; the nerves of the red-faced man, for I have another picture which will never fade from my mind. The stout gentleman is stuffing the magazine into his overcoat pocket and looking on curiously. A tangled mass of women, with drawn, white faces and open mouths, is shrieking like a chorus of lost souls; and the redfaced man, his face now purplish with wrath, and with arms extended overhead as in the act of hurling thunderbolts, is shouting, “Shut up! Oh, shut up!”

I remember the scene impelled me to sudden laughter, and in the next instant I realized I was becoming hysterical myself; for these were women of my own kind, like my mother and sisters, with the fear of death upon them and unwilling to die. And I remember that the sounds they made reminded me of the squealing of pigs under the knife of the butcher, and I was struck with horror at the vividness of the analogy. These women, capable of the most sublime emotions, of the tenderest sympathies, were open-mouthed and screaming. They wanted to live, they were helpless, like rats in a trap, and they screamed.

The horror of it drove me out on deck. I was feeling sick and squeamish, and sat down on a bench. In a hazy way I saw and heard men rushing and shouting as they strove to lower the boats. It was just as I had read descriptions of such scenes in books. The tackles jammed. Nothing worked. One boat lowered away with the plugs out, filled with women and children and then with water, and capsized. Another boat had been lowered by one end, and still hung



in the tackle by the other end, where it had been abandoned. Nothing was to be seen of the strange steamboat which had caused the disaster, though I heard men saying that she would undoubtedly send boats to our assistance.

I descended to the lower deck. The Martinez was sinking fast, for the water was very near. Numbers of the passengers were leaping overboard. Others, in the water, were clamoring to be taken aboard again. No one heeded them. A cry arose that we were sinking. I was seized by the consequent panic, and went over the side in a surge of bodies. How I went over I do not know, though I did know, and instantly, why those in the water were so desirous of getting back on the steamer. The water was cold—so cold that it was painful. The pang, as I plunged into it, was as quick and sharp as that of fire. It bit to the marrow. It was like the grip of death. I gasped with the anguish and shock of it, filling my lungs before the life-preserver popped me to the surface. The taste of the salt was strong in my mouth, and I was strangling with the acrid stuff in my throat and lungs.

But it was the cold that was most distressing. I felt that I could survive but a few minutes. People were struggling and floundering in the water about me. I could hear them crying out to one another. And I heard, also, the sound of oars. Evidently the strange steamboat had lowered its boats. As the time went by I marvelled that I was still alive. I had no sensation whatever in my lower limbs, while a chilling numbness was wrapping about my heart and creeping into it. Small waves, with spiteful foaming crests, continually broke over me and into my mouth, sending me off into more strangling paroxysms.

The noises grew indistinct, though I heard a final and despairing chorus of screams in the distance and knew this the Martinez had gone down. Later, —how much later I have no knowledge, —I came to myself with a start of fear. I was alone. I could hear no calls or cries—only the sound of the waves, made weirdly hollow and reverberant by the fog. A panic in a crowd, which partakes of a sort of community of interest, is not so terrible as a panic when one is by oneself; and such a panic I now suffered. Whither was I drifting? The red-faced man had said that the tide was ebbing through the Golden Gate. Was I, then, being carried out to sea? And the life-preserver in which I floated? Was it not liable to go to pieces at any moment? I had heard of such things being



made of paper and hollow rushes which quickly became saturated and lost all buoyancy. And I could not swim a stroke. And I was alone, floating, apparently, in the midst of a gray primordial vastness. I confess that a madness seized me, that I shrieked aloud as the women had shrieked, and beat the water with my numb hands.

How long this lasted I have no conception, for a blankness intervened, of which I remember no more than one remembers of troubled and painful sleep. When I aroused, it was as after centuries of time; and I saw, almost above me and emerging from the fog, the bow of a vessel, and three triangular sails, each shrewdly lapping the other and filled with wind. Where the bow cut the water there was a great foaming and gurgling, and I seemed directly in its path. I tried to cry out, but was too exhausted. The bow plunged down, just missing me and sending a swash of water clear over my head. Then the long, black side of the vessel began slipping past, so near that I could have touched it with my hands. I tried to reach it, in a mad resolve to claw into the wood with my nails, but my arms were heavy and lifeless. Again I strove to call out, but made no sound.

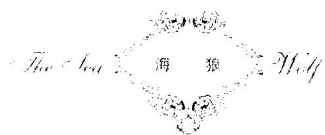
The stern of the vessel shot by, dropping, as it did so, into a hollow between the waves; and I caught a glimpse of a man standing at the wheel, and of another man who seemed to be doing little else than smoke a cigar. I saw the smoke issuing from his lips as he slowly turned his head and glanced out over the water in my direction. It was a careless, unpremeditated glance, one of those haphazard things men do when they have no immediate call to do anything in particular, but act because they are alive and must do something.

But life and death were in that glance. I could see the vessel being swallowed up in the fog; I saw the back of the man at the wheel, and the head of the other man turning, slowly turning, as his gaze struck the water and casually lifted along it toward me. His face wore an absent expression, as of deep thought, and I became afraid that if his eyes did light upon me he would nevertheless not see me.

But his eyes did light upon me, and looked squarely into mine; and he did see me, for he sprang to the wheel, thrusting the other man aside, and whirled it round and round, hand over hand, at the same time shouting orders of some sort. The vessel seemed to go off at a tangent to its former course and leapt almost

instantly from view into the fog.

I felt myself slipping into unconsciousness, and tried with all the power of my will to fight above the suffocating blankness and darkness that was rising around me. A little later I heard the stroke of oars, growing nearer and nearer, and the calls of a man. When he was very near I heard him crying, in vexed fashion, “Why in hell don’t you sing out?” This meant me, I thought, and then the blankness and darkness rose over me.



第二章

Chapter 2



我昏迷了很久，感觉自己一直在飘荡，但是突然觉得呼吸困难，像被什么东西压在胸口一样；我艰难地睁开眼睛，发现有个人正在急救我，他用粗糙的手不停地摩擦我的胸口，都快磨出血了。见到我醒来，他停止了摩擦，并询问我怎么样，同时拿来了一杯热咖啡让我暖身。他自我介绍说是约翰生，当我提出想见船长的时候，他的表情很奇怪，但话还没说完便被厨子叫了进去。厨子拿来了几件布满油渍的衣服让我换上，他自己身上也脏兮兮、破破烂烂的，而且充满了各种气味。他叫汤玛斯·茂格立治，我向他道谢之后，看到船上的其他人几乎都没有注意到我，而是各自在忙着各自的事情。在不远处，我看到一个身材魁梧，表面来看充满野蛮、暴力的人，不停地踱来踱去。厨子探出头向我打手势，我明白这位大猩猩似的人物就是船长。我正准备前去和他谈判，突然地上躺着的人不停地发出痛苦的声音，而叫做海狼赖生的船长只是停下来看着他，看到那位不幸的人终于停止了挣扎，彻底离开了这世界之后，他竟然破口大骂，侮辱的字句滔滔不绝，我被这恐怖的场景吓住了。

I seemed swinging in a mighty rhythm through orbit vastness. Sparkling points of light spluttered and shot past me. They were stars, I knew, and flaring comets, that peopled my flight among the suns. As I reached the limit of my swing and prepared to rush back on the counter swing, a great gong

