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世界名著 佳段阅读

热爱生命

杰克·伦敦 著

Love of Life



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FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS



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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

热爱生命: 英文/(美)杰克·伦敦(London, J.)著.

北京: 外文出版社, 2009

(世界名著佳段阅读)

ISBN 978-7-119-05934-1

I. 热… II. ①杰… ②名… III. ①英语-汉语-对照读物 ②短篇小说-作品集-美国-近代 IV. H319.4:1

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2009)第 129898 号

世界名著佳段阅读

热爱生命

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装帧设计 柏拉图+创意机构

印刷监制 冯 浩

© 2009 外文出版社

出版发行 外文出版社

地 址 中国北京西城区百万庄大街 24 号 邮政编码 100037

网 址 <http://www.flp.com.cn>

电 话 (010)68320579/68996067(总编室)

(010)68995844/68995852(发行部)

(010)68327750/68996164(版权部)

电子信箱 info@flp.com.cn / sales@flp.com.cn

印 制 北京蓝空印刷厂

经 销 新华书店 / 外文书店

开 本 32K

印 张 7.75

字 数 100 千字

装 别 平

版 次 2009 年 10 月第 1 版 2009 年 10 月第 1 次印刷

书 号 ISBN 978-7-119-05934-1

定 价 10.00 元

建议上架 英语学习

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LOVE OF LIFE

1►► *"This out of all will remain —*

2►► *They have lived and have tossed:*

3►► *So much of the game will be gain,*

4►► *Though the gold of the dice has been lost."*

5►► THEY limped painfully down the bank, and
once the foremost of the two men staggered among the

1◀◀ “唯一余下只有这一样——

2◀◀ 他们生活过奋斗过

3◀◀ 虽然骰子已经丢失

4◀◀ 但终将赢得胜利”

5◀◀ 他俩步履蹒跚，费了好大劲才走下河岸，前面那个人被地上的乱石绊了一下。他们已是疲惫不堪，从脸上的表情可以看出两人曾经历了很长时间的磨难。他们每人的肩上都背着一个用毯子打成的、沉重的大包裹。背包绕过额头，以此

rough-strewn rocks. They were tired and weak, and their faces had the drawn expression of patience which comes of hardship long endured. They were heavily burdened with blanket packs which were strapped to their shoulders. Head-straps, passing across the forehead, helped support these packs. Each man carried a rifle. They walked in a stooped posture, the shoulders well forward, the head still farther forward, the eyes bent upon the ground.

6►► “I wish we had just about two of them cartridges that’s layin’ in that cache of ourn,” said the second man.

来分担肩上的负担。每个人都提着一把枪。他们以一种弓腰的姿势前行，肩膀向前倾着，脑袋前倾得更厉害，眼睛紧盯着地面。

6◄◄ “我们藏的那些子弹，要是现在有两颗在身上该多好。”后面的人说。

7◄◄ 他的声音毫无感染力，说的话也没有热情；前边的人没有回答，摇摇晃晃走进河里，河水很浑浊，拍打着岩石泛起了泡沫。

8◄◄ 后面的人紧随其后也下了河。他们没有脱鞋袜，虽

7▶▶ His voice was utterly and drearily expressionless. He spoke without enthusiasm; and the first man, limping into the milky stream that foamed over the rocks, vouchsafed no reply.

8▶▶ The other man followed at his heels. They did not remove their foot-gear, though the water was icy cold—so cold that their ankles ached and their feet went numb. In places the water dashed against their knees, and both men staggered for footing.

9▶▶ The man who followed slipped on a smooth boulder, nearly fell, but recovered himself with a violent effort, at the same time uttering a sharp

然河水冰凉——冰得他们脚脖直疼，两脚麻木。有几个地方，河水没过膝盖，冲得他们左右摇摆，没法立足。

9◀◀后面的人被一块光滑的圆石滑了一下，几乎跌倒，但他使劲一撑，没摔倒，同时发出一声痛苦的尖叫。他似乎有些晕头转向，在摇晃时，伸出那只没拿东西的手在空中舞动，好像想找什么东西帮他一把。当他站稳脚步又向前走，他又摇晃了几下，几乎摔倒。然后，他站在那儿看着前面的人，那人却头都没回。

exclamation of pain. He seemed faint and dizzy and put out his free hand while he reeled, as though seeking support against the air. When he had steadied himself he stepped forward, but reeled again and nearly fell. Then he stood still and looked at the other man, who had never turned his head.

10▶▶ The man stood still for fully a minute, as though debating with himself. Then he called out:

11▶▶ “I say, Bill, I’ve sprained my ankle.”

12▶▶ Bill staggered on through the milky water. He did not look around. The man watched him go, and though his face was expressionless as ever, his eyes

10◀◀ 他站在那儿足有一分钟之久，似乎在和自己较劲。然后他大喊：

11◀◀ “我说比尔，我的脚扭了。”

12◀◀ 比尔一路歪斜地穿过浑浊的河水。他没有回头。这人望着他远去，尽管脸上仍和原先一样没有表情，但眼神就像一头受伤的鹿。

13◀◀ 另一个人步履蹒跚地爬上了河对岸，头也不回地继续径直向前走。站在河里的人望着他。他的嘴唇有些发抖，

were like the eyes of a wounded deer.

13▶▶ The other man limped up the farther bank and continued straight on without looking back. The man in the stream watched him. His lips trembled a little, so that the rough thatch of brown hair which covered them was visibly agitated. His tongue even strayed out to moisten them.

14▶▶ “Bill!” he cried out.

15▶▶ It was the pleading cry of a strong man in distress, but Bill’s head did not turn. The man watched him go, limping grotesquely and lurching forward with stammering gait up the slow slope toward the soft sky-

长在嘴唇上的棕色胡子也随着颤抖，明显地显出生气的样子。他伸出舌头润了润唇。

14◀◀ “比尔！”他大叫。

15◀◀ 这是身陷绝境的强者的呼声，但比尔没有回头。他目送着比尔远去，看着比尔吃力地，跌跌撞撞地爬上缓坡，步履蹒跚地朝着地平线上天幕笼罩下的小山丘走去。他一直看着比尔走出视野，在小山丘后消失了。然后他收回目光，缓缓地环顾一下比尔走后留给他的世界。

line of the low-lying hill. He watched him go till he passed over the crest and disappeared. Then he turned his gaze and slowly took in the circle of the world that remained to him now that Bill was gone.

16▶▶ Near the horizon the sun was smouldering dimly, almost obscured by formless mists and vapors, which gave an impression of mass and density without outline or tangibility.

17▶▶ The man pulled out his watch, the while resting his weight on one leg. It was four o'clock, and as the season was near the last of July or first of August—he did not know the precise date within a

16◀◀ 靠近地平线的太阳，象一团快要熄灭的火球，几乎被那些混混沌沌的浓雾和蒸汽被遮盖了，让你觉得它好像是什么密集团团，然而轮廓模糊、不可捉摸的东西。

17◀◀ 这人掏出他的怀表，同时用一条腿支撑着身体。现在是四点钟，这个季节大概是七月底和八月初的光景——他不知道一两星期以来的确切日期——他知道太阳大致在西北方向。他向南看看，知道大熊湖就位于荒凉的山岗后面的某个地方；同时，他还知道在那个方向，北极圈的禁区界线深

week or two—he knew that the sun roughly marked the northwest. He looked to the south and knew that somewhere beyond those bleak hills lay the Great Bear Lake; also, he knew that in that direction the Arctic Circle cut its forbidding way across the Canadian Barrens.

18 ►► ...

19 ►► Again his gaze completed the circle of the world about him. It was not a heartening spectacle. Everywhere was soft sky-line. The hills were all low-lying. There were no trees, no shrubs, no grasses—naught but a tremendous and terrible desolation that

入到加拿大冻土地带之内。

18 ◀◀

19 ◀◀ 他再次彻底打量一下四周的环境。这地方真是让人泄气。每一个地方都笼罩在天幕之下。到处是一座座低矮的小山丘。没有树、没有灌木、没有草——只有广阔而可怕的荒凉，在他看来是如此恐怖。

20 ◀◀ “比尔，”他轻声叫着，一遍又一遍。

21 ◀◀

sent fear swiftly dawning into his eyes.

20▶▶ “Bill!” he whispered, once and twice; “Bill!”

21▶▶ ...

22▶▶ He did not stop. With a desperation that was madness, unmindful of the pain, he hurried up the slope to the crest of the hill over which his comrade had disappeared—more grotesque and comical by far than that limping, jerking comrade. But at the crest he saw a shallow valley, empty of life. He fought with his fear again, overcame it, hitched the pack still farther over on his left shoulder, and lurched on down the slope.

22◀◀ 他没有停下来。在近乎疯狂的绝望驱使下，他顾不上疼痛，飞快地爬上山坡。在那里，比尔曾舍他而去。与比尔一瘸一拐，蹒跚而行相比，他的动作更为滑稽可笑。在山顶，他看到的是一道浅谷，了无生机。他再次与恐惧作起了斗争，最终克服了它，他把背包往左肩上又拉了拉，踉踉跄跄地走下山坡。

23◀◀ 山谷的底部因为有水湿乎乎的，上面是厚厚的、海绵一般的苔藓。每踩一脚下去，就溅出水来，一离地，又是

23▶▶ The bottom of the valley was soggy with water, which the thick moss held, spongelike, close to the surface. This water squirted out from under his feet at every step, and each time he lifted a foot the action culminated in a sucking sound as the wet moss reluctantly released its grip. He picked his way from muskeg to muskeg, and followed the other man's footsteps along and across the rocky ledges which thrust like islets through the sea of moss.

24▶▶ Though alone, he was not lost. Farther on he knew he would come to where dead spruce and fir, very small and weazened, bordered the shore of a little lake, the TITCHIN-NICHILIE, in the tongue of

咕唧咕唧的水声，每次他都要费劲把脚拔出来就好像那湿苔藓不愿意放他走似的。他沿着比尔的足迹，穿过一片片苔藓地，踩着一块块突出的石头，那些石头就像大海一样的苔藓地中露出的一个个小岛。

24◀◀ 他虽然孑然独行，却没有迷路。再往前走，他知道，他就能走到一个小湖，湖畔周围是些低矮的枯纵木，当地人把它称作“提钦尼其里”，意思是“有小树枝的地方”。有一条清澈的小溪注入湖中。他清楚的记得，小溪边长着蒲苇，

the country, the “land of little sticks.” And into that lake flowed a small stream, the water of which was not milky. There was rush-grass on that stream—this he remembered well—but no timber, and he would follow it till its first trickle ceased at a divide. He would cross this divide to the first trickle of another stream, flowing to the west, which he would follow until it emptied into the river Dease, and here he would find a cache under an upturned canoe and piled over with many rocks. And in this cache would be ammunition for his empty gun, fish-hooks and lines, a small net—all the utilities for the killing and snaring of food. Also, he would find flour,—not much,—a piece of bacon,

但没有树木。然后他就一直沿着小溪走，一直走到小溪源头的分水岭。然后穿过分水岭处一条向西流的小溪走，走到小溪与弟斯河的汇合处为止。在那里，他能找到船底压着许多石头的小船，小船底朝天扣着，船下有给养。那里的东西能基本上满足他的需要，还有能填满他那空枪膛的弹药以及鱼钩、鱼线和小网——捕食用具一概齐全。另外，他还会发现一些面粉——不会太多，一片咸肉和一点豆子。

25 ◀◀ 比尔一定会在那个地方等他，然后他们划船顺弟斯

and some beans.

25▶▶ Bill would be waiting for him there, and they would paddle away south down the Dease to the Great Bear Lake. And south across the lake they would go, ever south, till they gained the Mackenzie. And south, still south, they would go, while the winter raced vainly after them, and the ice formed in the eddies, and the days grew chill and crisp, south to some warm Hudson Bay Company post, where timber grew tall and generous and there was grub without end.

26▶▶ These were the thoughts of the man as he strove onward. But hard as he strove with his body,

河南下去大熊湖，穿过大熊湖后继续向南走，一直到麦肯齐河。往南，再往南，直到最后把冬天远远的甩到后面，等到河水封冻，天气转冷的时候，他们已到了南部哈得逊湾公司的地点了。那里树木高大葱郁，他们就再也不用整天为填饱肚子犯愁了。

26◀◀ 他一边吃力地向前走，一边想着这些好事。不仅身体受着折磨，脑子也同时受着折磨，尽力去想比尔没有扔下他不管，比尔肯定会在藏给养的地方等着他。他硬是灌输给自己这种想法，否则他就不用这样拼命，不如倒下去死了算了。

he strove equally hard with his mind, trying to think that Bill had not deserted him, that Bill would surely wait for him at the cache. He was compelled to think this thought, or else there would not be any use to strive, and he would have lain down and died. And as the dim ball of the sun sank slowly into the northwest he covered every inch—and many times—of his and Bill's flight south before the downcoming winter. And he conned the grub of the cache and the grub of the Hudson Bay Company post over and over again. He had not eaten for two days; for a far longer time he had not had all he wanted to eat.

随着昏黄的夕阳慢慢向西北沉，他反复计算着他和比尔在冬季来临之前南行的每一步。他心头反复想象着给养地点的吃喝和哈得逊湾公司所在地的食物。他已经有两天时间没吃东西了，至于他没吃任何想吃的好东西的时间就更长了。

27 ◀◀.....

28 ◀◀九点钟时，他的脚趾头被突起的石头绊了一下，由于极度的疲惫和虚弱他不禁摔倒在地。他侧身躺了一会儿，没有动弹，后来他从背包里挣脱出来，笨手笨脚地坐起来。

27 ▶▶ ...

28 ▶▶ At nine o'clock he stubbed his toe on a rocky ledge, and from sheer weariness and weakness staggered and fell. He lay for some time, without movement, on his side. Then he slipped out of the pack-straps and clumsily dragged himself into a sitting posture. It was not yet dark, and in the lingering twilight he groped about among the rocks for shreds of dry moss. When he had gathered a heap he built a fire—a smouldering, smudgy fire—and put a tin pot of water on to boil.

29 ▶▶ He unwrapped his pack and the first thing

天还没有完全黑，他借着昏暗的光线，在乱石中间摸索着寻找干苔藓。他把干苔藓堆成一堆点着火——一堆无法烧旺的闷火——然后放上一个罐头盒烧水。

29 ◀◀ 他打开背包，所做的第一件事就是数他剩下的火柴，一共是六十七根。他连数三遍以保证自己不会弄错，他把火柴分成好几份，把它们包在油纸包里。把其中一包放进他的空烟盒里，另一包放进破帽子里，第三包放进贴胸的衬衫里。放完之后，他心中袭来一阵恐慌，然后他逐个把那些小包打

he did was to count his matches. There were sixty-seven. He counted them three times to make sure. He divided them into several portions, wrapping them in oil paper, disposing of one bunch in his empty tobacco pouch, of another bunch in the inside band of his battered hat, of a third bunch under his shirt on the chest. This accomplished, a panic came upon him, and he unwrapped them all and counted them again. There were still sixty-seven.

30►► He dried his wet foot-gear by the fire. The moccasins were in soggy shreds. The blanket socks were worn through in places, and his feet were raw and bleeding. His ankle was throbbing, and he gave it

开又数了一遍。还是六十七根。

30◀◀他把湿鞋袜拿到火上烤。鹿皮鞋已经被水浸成了湿布条。用地毯料做的毡袜磨破了好几个洞，两只脚都磨破了，血淋淋的。脚脖子感到一阵一阵地疼，他做了一下检查，脚脖子肿得跟膝盖一样粗。他从两条毡子中的一条上扯下长条，把脚脖子紧紧地包上，之后又撕下好几条包在脚上当鞋袜。然后，他喝了那罐还在冒着热气的开水，上好他的表，最后蜷缩着钻进毯子。