

<<热爱生命.野性的呼唤>>

图书基本信息

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内容概要

有时狼吃人，有时人吃狼，人和狼互为食物。

一只狗蹲在火炉边受到召唤，内心的呼唤告诉它：其实你并不属于这里，你属于另外一个世界。

## <<热爱生命.野性的呼唤>>

### 作者简介

杰克·伦敦，美国小说家。

生于旧金山，大约是个占星术家的私生子，在一个既无固定职业又无固定居所的家庭中长大。

杰克·伦敦充满传奇色彩，杰克·伦敦从10岁起就不得不半工半读，开始做报童和罐头工人。

到16岁之前，他一直漂泊在海上、跋涉在雪原，通过自学最终取得巨大成就。

杰克·伦敦有了丰厚的经济收入，却不满足于平静的生活。

1900年，他决定建造一艘船，自己驾着去环游世界。

他预计旅行七年，绕地球一周，可他并不是一个好理财家，造船活动几乎成了个笑话。

那船原计划花7000元，实际上让他多花了好几万元。

他不能再等，仗着自己驾船的本领也只勉强开到了澳大利亚，以3000元的低价卖掉，结束这次虽然浪漫却失败的航行。

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## 章节摘录

他仰面躺着，一动不动，现在，他能够感觉到病狼呼着的每一口气，听到它吸着的每一口气，慢慢地向他逼近。

它越来越近，一直在走近，似乎经过了无尽的时间，但是他始终一动不动。

它已经碰到他的耳朵，粗糙的干舌头正像砂纸一样摩擦他的脸。

两只手猛地抓了出来，或者，是他想抓出来。

他的手指弯得像鹰爪，可是抓了个空。

敏捷和准确是需要力气的，他没有这种力气。

那只狼的耐心真是可怕。

他的耐心同样可怕。

这一天，有一半的时间他一直躺着不动，拼尽全力和昏迷做斗争，等着那个要把他吃掉、他也希望吃掉的东西。

有时，疲倦的海潮涌上来，淹没了他，他会做起长长的梦；但是在整个过程中，不论醒着还是睡着，他都在等待那个喘息，等待那条粗糙的舌头来舔他。

他并没有听到喘息，他只是觉得有条舌头在顺着他的一只手舔，他从梦里慢慢醒过来。

他静静地等着。

狼牙轻轻地扣在了他的手上，扣紧了，它正在用最后一点力气把牙齿塞进它等待很久的东西里面。

可是他也等了很久了。

那只被咬破了的手抓住了狼的牙床。

于是，慢慢地，慢慢地，它在无力地挣扎，他的手在无力地掐，同时另一只手慢慢地摸过来，慢慢地抓住，五分钟之后，他全身的重量都已经压在了它的身上。

他的手劲虽然不足以把它掐死，但是他的脸紧紧地压着它的喉咙，嘴里满是狼毛。

半个小时之后，他感到一小股暖暖的液体慢慢地流进喉咙。

这东西并不好吃，就像强灌进胃里的铅液，凭意志才能强灌下去。

接着，他翻了一个身，仰面睡着了。

捕鲸船“白德福号”上有科学考察队的队员。

他们从甲板上望见岸上有一个奇怪的东西，它正沿着沙滩向大海挪动。

他们没办法分清它是哪一类动物，可是他们都是研究科学的人，于是乘了船边的一艘捕鲸艇，想到岸上去看一下。

然后，他们发现了一个活着的动物，但是很难把它称做人。

它已经看不见了，没有了意识，就像一条大虫子一样在地上蠕动，翻转着前进。

它的努力大半都不起作用，但是它动个不停，一边摇晃，一边向前扭，照它这样，一个小时大概可以爬上二十英尺。

三个星期之后，他躺在捕鲸船“白德福号”的一个铺位上，眼泪顺着削瘦的面颊往下淌。

他讲述了他是谁，还有他一切的经历。

同时，他又断断续续地胡乱谈到他的母亲，谈到阳光灿烂的南加利福尼亚、桔树，还有他坐落在花丛中的家。

没过几天，他就和那些科学家、船员围着一张桌子吃饭了。

看着面前这么多吃的东西，他满眼的欢喜；看着食物溜进别人嘴里，他满脸的惋惜；每咽下一口食物，眼里便多一层深深的悔恨。

他的神志非常清醒，但是，每逢吃饭的时候，他总免不了要恨这些人。

恐惧缠住了他，他总怕粮食维持不了多久。

他向厨师、服务员和船长询问食物的贮藏量。

虽然他们已经对他保证过无数次了，他还是不相信，他会狡猾地溜到贮藏室附近用自己的眼睛偷看。

人们发现他正在发胖，他每天都会胖一点儿。

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那批科学研究人员试图用科学解释这是为什么，然后摇头。

他们限制他的饭量，可是他的腰围仍然在增大，衬衫下面鼓得惊人。

水手们都咧嘴笑，他们知道怎么回事，他们甚至知道这批科学家正在监视他。

他们看到他在早饭之后萎靡不振地走着，像一个乞丐一样跟一个水手搭讪，把双手伸出去。

那个水手笑了笑，递给他一小块硬饼干，他贪婪地把它攫住，像一个吝啬鬼盯着金子一样盯住它，然后把它塞进衬衫里。

别的咧着嘴笑的水手也送他同样的礼物。

这些科学家很谨慎，他们随他去，但是他们常常暗查他的床铺。

上面摆着一排硬饼干，床垫里也塞满了硬饼干，每一个角落都塞满了硬饼干。

然而，他不是疯子，他的神志是非常清醒的。

他是在为可能发生的另一次饥饿做准备，就是这么简单。

科学家们说，他会回归正常的；事实也确实如此，那时候，“白德福号”的铁锚还没有在旧金山湾里轰隆隆地抛下去。

Without movement he lay on his back, and he could hear, slowly drawing near and nearer, the wheezing intake and output of the sick wolf's breath. It drew closer, ever closer, through an infinitude of time, and he did not move. It was at his ear. The harsh dry tongue grated like sandpaper against his cheek. His hands shot out — or at least he willed them to shoot out. The fingers were curved like talons, but they closed on empty air. Swift and certitude require strength, and the man had not this strength. The patience of the wolf was terrible. The man's patience was no less terrible. For half a day he lay motionless, fighting off unconsciousness and waiting for the thing that was to feed upon him and upon which he wished to feed. Sometimes the languid sea rose over him and he dreamed long dreams; but ever through it all, waking and dreaming, he waited for the wheezing breath and the harsh caress of the tongue. He did not hear the breath, and he slipped slowly from some dream to the feel of the tongue along his hand. He waited. The fangs pressed softly; the pressure increased; the wolf was exerting its last strength in an effort to sink teeth in the food for which it had waited so long. But the man had waited long, and the lacerated hand closed on the jaw. Slowly, while the wolf struggled feebly and the hand clutched feebly, the other hand crept across to a grip. Five minutes later the whole weight of the man's body was on top of the wolf. The hands had not sufficient strength to choke the wolf, but the face of the man was pressed close to the throat of the wolf and the mouth of the man was full of hair. At the end of half an hour the man was aware of a warm trickle in his throat. It was not pleasant. It was like molten lead being forced into his stomach, and it was forced by his will alone. Later the man rolled over on his back and slept. There were some members of a scientific expedition on the whale-ship Bedford. From the deck they remarked a strange object on the shore. It was moving down the beach toward the water. They were unable to classify it, and, being scientific men, they climbed into the whale-boat alongside and went ashore to see. And they saw something that was alive but which could hardly be called a man. It was blind, unconscious. It squirmed along the ground like some monstrous worm. Most of its efforts were ineffectual, but it was persistent, and it writhed and twisted and went ahead perhaps a score of feet an hour. Three weeks afterward the man lay in a bunk on the whale-ship Bedford, and with tears streaming down his wasted cheeks told who he was and what he had undergone. He also babbled incoherently of his mother, of sunny Southern California, and a home among the orange groves and flowers. The days were not many after that when he sat at table with the scientific men and ship's officers. He gloated over the spectacle of so much food, watching it anxiously as it went into the mouths of others. With the disappearance of each mouthful an expression of deep regret came into his eyes. He was quite sane, yet he hated those men at mealtime. He was haunted by a fear that the food would not last. He inquired of the cook, the cabin-boy, the captain, concerning the food stores. They reassured him countless times; but he could not believe them, and pried cunningly about the lazarette to see with his own eyes. It was noticed that the man was getting fat. He grew stouter with each day. The scientific men shook their heads and theorized. They limited the man at his meals, but still his girth increased and he swelled prodigiously under his shirt. The sailors grinned. They knew. And when the scientific men set a watch on the man, they knew too.

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They saw him slouch for&rsquo;ard after breakfast , and , like a mendicant , with outstretched palm , accost a sailor. The sailor grinned and passed him a fragment of sea biscuit. He clutched it avariciously , looked at it as a miser looks at gold , and thrust it into his shirt bosom. Similar were the donations from other grinning sailors. The scientific men were discreet. They let him alone. But they privily examined his bunk. It was lined with hardtack ; the mattress was stuffed with hardtack ; every nook and cranny was filled with hardtack. Yet he was sane. He was taking precautions against another possible famine &mdash; that was all. He would recover from it , the scientific men said ; and he did , ere the Bedford&rsquo;s anchor rumbled down in San Francisco Bay. &hellip;&hellip;

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媒体关注与评论

这是一个人吃狼的世界。

&mdash;&mdash;《纽约时报》 今天并不特别，今天只不过是此生所剩的天数当中，我们最年轻的一天。

&mdash;&mdash;蔡康永 列宁逝世前手里还捧着的书。

我们应该记住杰克&middot;伦敦小说主人公的告诫：时不我待。

&mdash;&mdash;普京



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编辑推荐

不小心喜欢上了它。

之前不是不喜欢它，只是没发现喜欢它的自己。

我一直没给自己机会。

只要尝一下，就会发现一个另外的自己，更真实，更动人，更惊心动魄。

每次读过，我都会一口气读完，不是我愿意，而是情不自禁。

不过至于为什么喜欢，我到现在也没想得特别明白。

——马晓佳 其实你还没有发现，你能读英文原版书。

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