

<<热爱生命>>

图书基本信息

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内容概要

一个美国西部的淘金者在返回的途中被朋友抛弃，不得不独自跋涉在无垠的荒原上。冬天逼近了，他已经没有一点食物了，并且他的腿受了伤，脚在流血，他只能蹒跚在布满沼泽、丘陵的荒原上，艰难前行。此时，一匹病狼舔舐着他的血迹一直尾随着他。最终在人与狼的战斗中人获得了胜利，使生命绽放出耀眼的光芒。

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作者简介

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书籍目录

Love of Life
A Days Lodging
The White Man's Way
The Story of Keesh
The Unexpected
Brown Wolf
The Sun-Dog
Trail
Negore , the Coward

章节摘录

The bear edged away to one side, growling menacingly, himself appalled by this mysterious creature that appeared upright and unafraid. But the man did not move. He stood like a statue till the danger was past, when he yielded to a fit of trembling and sank down into the wet moss. He pulled himself together and went on, afraid now in a new way. It was not the fear that he should die passively from lack of food, but that he should be destroyed violently before starvation had exhausted the last particle of the endeavor in him that made toward surviving. There were the wolves. Back and forth across the desolation drifted their howls, weaving the very air into a fabric of menace that was so tangible that he found himself, arms in the air, pressing it back from him as it might be the walls of a wind-blown tent. Now and again the wolves, in packs of two and three, crossed his path. But they sheered clear of him. They were not insufficient numbers, and besides they were hunting the caribou, which did not battle, while this strange creature that walked erect might scratch and bite. In the late afternoon he came upon scattered bones where the wolves had made a kill. The debris had been a caribou calf an hour before, squawking and running and very much alive. He contemplated the bones, clean-picked and polished, pink with the cell-life in them which had not yet died. Could it possibly be that he might be that ere the day was done! Such was life, eh? A vain and fleeting thing. It was only life that pained. There was no hurt in death. To die was to sleep. It meant cessation, rest. Then why was he not content to die? But he did not moralize long. He was squatting in the moss, a bone in his mouth, sucking at the shreds of life that still dyed it faintly pink. The sweet meaty taste, thin and elusive almost as a memory, maddened him. He closed his jaws on the bones and crunched. Sometimes it was the bone that broke, sometimes his teeth.

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