

Jack London

# *White Fang*

czytamy



woryginale

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*Retold by Anna Paluchowska*



czytamy w

oryginale



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## Chapter I

# *The Love-Making of the Wild*



It was cold and the pack was hungry. In truth, they looked more like skeletons than wolves. At the front of the pack ran a large gray wolf. He was one of the leaders of the pack. He snarled at all the other wolves if they tried to go faster than him, but he did not snarl at the red-haired she-wolf who ran next to him. He didn't even show her his teeth if she happened to run in front of him. In fact, he seemed to like it. He seemed to like her. In her opinion he liked her too much. He tried to run too close to her. He even tried to touch her neck or shoulder with his nose. But then she snarled at him irritably and showed him her teeth. He never snarled back.

The large gray wolf was not her only admirer though. On her right ran an old one-eyed wolf. He was one of the older leaders of the pack. His body and fur showed many signs of past battles. From time to time he also tried to touch her neck with his nose. Then she snarled at him warningly. He never snarled back at her either.





But if the two leaders were all kindness towards the red she-wolf they were all hatred towards each other. But they weren't fighting openly yet. They were both waiting for the best moment. They knew it would be a battle of life and death. The best moment came first for old One Eye. He noticed how the young wolf turned his head to lick his shoulder, showing his neck to his rival. The old wolf attacked him suddenly and without warning, closing his fangs on the younger leader's neck. His teeth opened the great vein of his neck and blood began to quickly flow out. The younger wolf snarled painfully and tried to fight back, but his legs would no longer hold him and he fell to the snow. The battle was over.

Through all of this the she-wolf sat and watched, and smiled. She was glad with the battle because this was love-making of the Wild. This time experience triumphed over youth. When One Eye came up to the she-wolf again she didn't snarl at him any more. Instead she touched noses with him. The dead rival



was already forgotten. Soon they were best friends running happily side by side through the snowy woods.

After some days, the she-wolf began to feel uncomfortable. She seemed to be looking for something. She looked under all fallen trees and into empty caves. Old One Eye was not interested at all but he followed her anyway. And so they travelled across the country until they got to the banks of Mackenzie River. There they hung about the Indian camp for some time. One Eye didn't like it but the she-wolf seemed more than comfortable with the human voices nearby.

She was very heavy now and could only run only very slowly. She was also less patient than ever. She was not quick enough to catch meat herself and she was angry with One Eye if he failed to hunt successfully for both of them. Fortunately for the old wolf, she finally found what she had been looking for. It was a cave. Old One Eye watched her patiently as she inspected it carefully for hours. In the end, she lay down, put her



head on her paws and yawned to show that she was pleased and satisfied.

But One Eye did not understand. He was hungry. He tried to persuade her to get up and go searching for food. But she only snarled at him impatiently. So he went hunting on his own, confused. He had been gone for eight hours and hadn't caught anything when he finally came back to the cave. And there he was in for a surprise. Strange sounds were coming from the cave and they were not made by the she-wolf. But he could hear her too, snarling at him warningly. She was warning him against eating the small things making tiny noises. She needn't have done so though. He understood. He had been a father before. The instinct of fatherhood awoke in him again. He turned back. He must find meat. When he came back again with the day's hunt - two rabbits and a squirrel - the she-wolf licked him on the neck approvingly. He was behaving like a wolf father should and he was showing no desire to eat up the young lives she had brought up into the world.

## Chapter II

# *The Law of Meat*





He was different from his brothers and sisters. Their hair was already turning red like their mother's. He alone took after his father. He was the one grey cub out of all of them. He was also the fiercest of all of them. He could growl the loudest, and he was the first to learn the trick of hurting another cub with his paws or teeth. It was to be expected. He was a meat eater already and he was brought up to become a meat-killer.

Most of his first weeks had been spent sleeping. But now with his eyes wide open he was starting to learn his world quite well. It was a dark world and a very small one. But he didn't know that, as he knew no other world. But he had discovered one strange thing about his world. One of its walls seemed to be made of light through which his father could come and go. The cub himself tried the trick with other walls of his world but it never worked. He had always felt a strong need to try it with the Wall of Light. And he always tried to go in the Wall's direction. And that was how he learnt more things about his mother than



her warm soft tongue, with which she used to stroke him affectionately. It turned out that she also had a sharp nose and strong paws, with which she could hurt when she wanted to punish. Thus he learnt hurt and danger, and he learnt to hide from hurt and to be afraid of danger.

Like most animals of the Wild, he early experienced hunger. There came a time when his father brought no meat and milk stopped flowing from his mother's breast. At first the cubs cried and growled, but then they mostly slept, turning slowly into little skeletons. One Eye was desperate. He slept little and constantly hunted but with no success. The she-wolf too left her cubs to look for meat. When the parents finally brought more food there were only two cubs left in the cave - the gray cub and his sister. But the meat came too late for her too. She never woke up again. The family was reduced to the three of them. Soon it was reduced even further.

There came a time when the gray cub no longer saw his father appearing and disappearing through the Wall of Light.

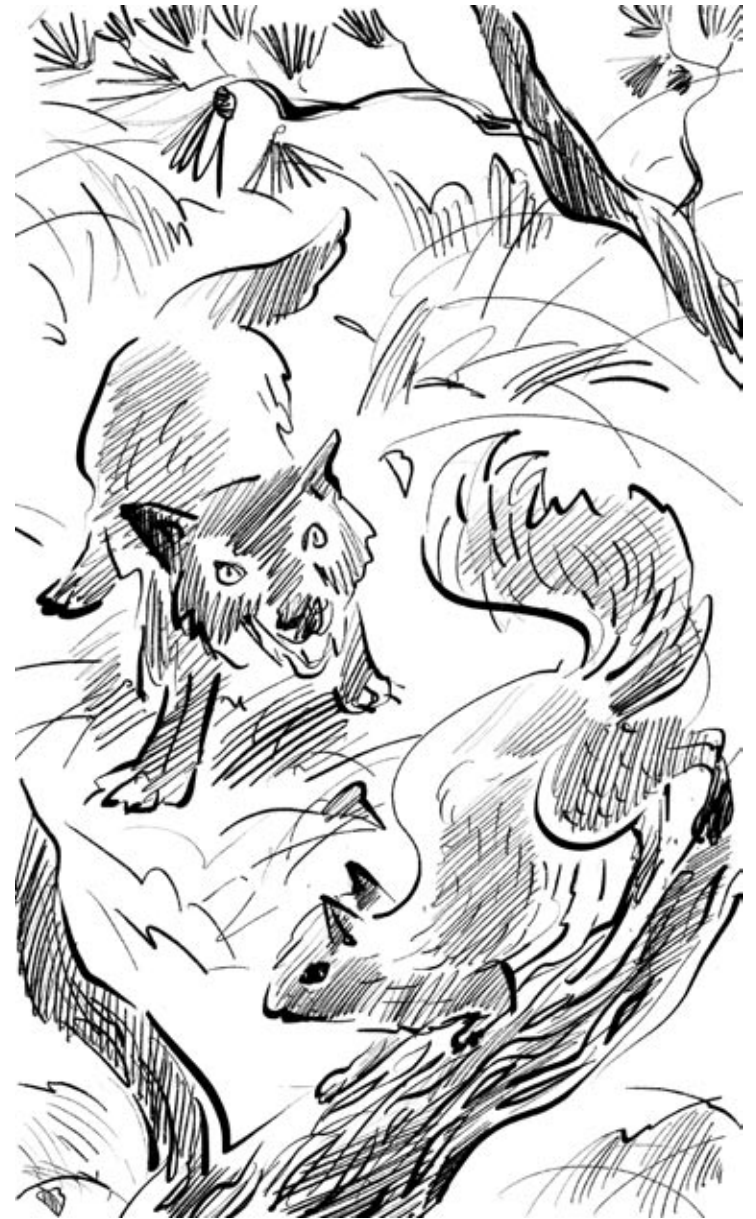
The she-wolf knew why One Eye never came back but there was no way by which she could tell her gray cub what she had seen. She had followed a day old smell of One Eye. And she found him, or what remained of him, outside a lynx's cave. There were signs that told her that the lynx was inside and that she had a litter of hungry kittens who were now feasting on One Eye's meat. She didn't dare to go in as she knew the lynx as a bad-tempered creature and a terrible fighter. After that in her hunting she always avoided the path up to the lynx's cave.

By the time his mother began leaving her cave to hunt, the gray cub had learnt well that he should be afraid of the Wall of Light. But there were other forces at work in him apart from the fear. The greatest of them was the need to grow. It demanded overcoming this fear. And one day, after his mother had left, the gray cub began to walk slowly towards the Wall of Light. He expected the worst but felt ready for it. But to his great surprise, he was going through the Wall just like he had seen



his parents go through it before. And it didn't hurt at all. He grew bolder with every step. He didn't notice that the next step would be on the air ... and the next moment he was falling head downwards and rolling down the slope crying at the top of his voice.

When at last he came to a stop he gave one long and loud cry of fear. But nothing happened and his mother didn't come to his rescue. So he sat down and looked around as might the first man to land on Mars. He smelled the grass, looked at the trees and bushes and at the blue and green open space between them. He saw a squirrel and fear paralyzed him again. But the squirrel was just as scared of him as he was of it. It ran up a tree crying in a strange voice. This gave him a little confidence. He moved on and looked around more. He was learning. There were live things and things not alive. The things not alive could be expected to stay in one place but the live things moved and there was no telling what they might do.



He had beginner's luck. As he wandered around this newly discovered world, he suddenly fell into a large hole full of moving live things. It was a nest of a bird who had left her chicks and had gone to look for food for them. The chicks jumped around and made a lot of noise. At first they frightened him and he cried, but then he noticed they were very small, much smaller than him. He picked one up in his mouth. Suddenly he realized he was hungry and as his jaws closed on the small chick and warm blood ran into his mouth he felt happier than ever before.

He ate all the chicks. When he was finally moving out of the nest a big live thing started to cry and beat him with large feathered wings. It was the mother-bird who realized he had destroyed her nest. She was in a fury. But he had just killed and enjoyed it. He didn't see anything wrong with it and wanted to kill again. So he started to fight back. But the bird was much bigger and stronger than him. Apart from the large wings she had a strong beak with which she



delivered painful blows on the cub's soft nose. Finally he gave up and left the bird to cry over her destroyed nest.

He had learnt a new law: live things were meat. They were good to eat. But if they were big enough they could hurt. So it was better to eat small live things like chicks and to leave alone large live things like mother-birds. He would have looked for more little live things to fight against if his nose hadn't hurt so much and if he hadn't felt so very tired suddenly. Luckily his mother came back and found him crying quietly beneath a bush. She recognized the signs of a battle on his nose and fur. She licked him affectionately and took him back to the cave to rest.

Since that day, the cub developed even faster than he had done before. Soon he began to accompany his mother on her hunts for meat. He saw much killing and began to play his part in it. He started to understand the Law of Meat. The aim of life was meat. Life itself was meat. Life lived on life. There were the eaters and the eaten. The law was EAT OR BE EATEN.

## Chapter III

# *The Makers of Fire*





The cub met them suddenly. He had left the cave in the morning and was running down to the nearby stream to drink. He wasn't paying a lot of attention because he knew the way to the stream very well and felt safe there. But suddenly, he smelled and saw five big live things. He didn't know they were Indians from the nearby camp. He had never seen such strange live things before. They noticed him but they didn't move or show their teeth. They just sat and looked at him. And, though he didn't know why, their sight filled him with fear.

Slowly one of the Indians stood up, and walked over to the cub. He started to move his hand towards the cub's head. The cub's hair stood up and he snarled as terribly as he could, but he didn't move. The man laughed and said:

'Wabam wabisca ip pit tah' (Look! White fangs!) The other Indians laughed loudly. The cub didn't like the sound of their laughter at all. The next moment, he saw that the Indian's hand was moving closer to his head again. Two instincts were

fighting in the cub at that moment. On the one hand he wanted to bite this hand, but on the other he felt he should let it rest on his head. He chose a compromise: he let the hand come as close to his head as he could bear it, and then ... he jumped on the hand and sank his white fangs in it. The next thing the cub knew was a sudden and strong blow on his head, and another one, and another... And then, he didn't want to fight anymore. He left the hand and cried in great pain. The five Indians had come closer and were now standing around him and laughing even louder than before.

Suddenly they all heard something. But only the cub knew what it was. His mother was coming to save him. She had heard the cries of her cub and she was coming with her hair standing up and showing her teeth. She stopped in front of her son and snarled terribly at the five men, ready to fight them all.

And then something completely unexpected happened.

'Kiche!' cried one of the Indians in

surprise. The she-wolf was surprised too.

'Kiche!' he cried again, this time with authority in his voice. And then, the unbelievable happened, the cub saw his great mother - the killer of live things - lie down on the ground moving her tail in peace signs. He couldn't understand it at all.

The man who had spoken to the she-wolf came over to her and put his hand on her head. To the cub's great surprise, she neither snarled at him nor showed him her teeth.

'It is not strange,' the Indian said. 'Her mother was a dog but her father was a wolf.'

'It has been a year, Gray Beaver, since she ran away,' spoke the second Indian.

'It is not strange,' Gray Beaver answered. 'It was a time of great hunger when she ran away. There was no meat for the dogs then.'

'She has lived with the wolves,' the third Indian said.

'She has,' answered Gray Beaver. 'And that is the sign of it,' he said pointing at



the cub. 'His fangs are white and so White Fang will be his name. I have spoken. Kiche is my dog and so is he.' And as he was speaking, he put a rope around their necks. They were going to the Indian camp, Kiche obediently following Gray Beaver, and White Fang doing the same.

Once they got to the camp, Gray Beaver tied Kiche to a tree so that she couldn't escape back to the woods. But he didn't tie White Fang. He knew that the cub wouldn't go far without his mother. And so White Fang had complete freedom to look around the camp. There were lots of strange things and the cub was a little afraid at first, but soon his curiosity became stronger than his fear and it pushed him onto his first exploratory trip around the man animals' grounds.

He looked at the camp in wonder. It was buzzing with movement. There were lots of dogs and lots of man animals everywhere. The man animals impressed him greatly with their power. They had power over things not alive! He saw it!

They could move them about! Even the small man animals could pick up stones and throw them around. The big man animals were moving sticks about so cleverly that they could make hiding places out of them. It was the first time White Fang had seen a tepee being built and as he watched the process he felt more and more admiration for the man animals. They were like Gods.

And then a dog caught his attention. It was a puppy like White Fang but a few months older than him and so a bit bigger and stronger. His name was Lip Lip and he was the puppy leader of the camp. Lip Lip saw that White Fang was a new puppy and so he decided that a fight was necessary to show White Fang that he was the true leader of all puppies at the campsite. He snarled at White Fang and showed him his teeth. But White Fang wasn't easily frightened. He snarled back. Then suddenly without any warning, Lip Lip jumped onto White Fang and sank his teeth in the cub's shoulder. It hurt really badly and White Fang cried with pain. Kiche heard him and barked furiously





but she was too far a way to help her son. After some struggle, White Fang finally managed to shake Lip Lip off his back and ran to his mother for protection. In his heart he promised to revenge Lip Lip.

Meanwhile, Kiche licked White Fang's wounds and calmed his anger as she softly stroked his face with her tongue. Soon the cub felt much better around his mother and he promised himself never to leave her again. But not even five minutes passed and he was by Gray Beaver's tepee all on his own again. Something very interesting was happening there and he just had to have a quick look to see what was happening. Women and children were bringing lots of wood and sticks around and leaving it outside of Gray Beaver's tepee. When there were so many of them that they created a big heap, Gray Beaver moved them around and started to make some strange rubbing movements. Suddenly, something the color of the sun started to move among the sticks. White Fang knew nothing about fire. It looked like a strange

live thing to him. He moved towards it. He wanted to smell and taste this strange live thing. His nose and his tongue touched the flame at the same time and a moment later he cried in great pain and terror. Nothing had ever hurt him so much before.

Gray Beaver and the other Indians who had been watching White Fang burst out laughing. White Fang recognized the sound of their laughter and he understood the meaning of it. He felt shame that the man animals should be laughing at him so. It hurt his spirit even more than the fire hurt his nose and tongue. He looked at the men around him and he realized they were stronger and more powerful than any live things he had ever seen. They could hurt your spirit by mere mouth noises. They could make an orange biting live thing out of wood. They were fire-makers. They were Gods.

## Chapter IV

### *The Bondage*



In the Wild, the time of a wolf mother with her young is generally very short, but at a man's campsite it is sometimes even shorter. In the middle of the summer, Gray Beaver found himself in debt to Three Eagles. He decided to pay it with Kiche. Three Eagles accepted the deal, and as he was going on a trip up the MacKenzie river, Kiche would go there with him.

White Fang suspected something bad was going to happen when he saw Three Eagles leading Kiche towards the canoes. He followed them looking around nervously. When he saw his mother being put into a departing canoe, he started at once to cry and started to swim after the canoe.

Gray Beaver had been watching White Fang all the way through. Now he called him to come back in an angry voice, but White Fang was already deep in the water. Gray Beaver called him again but White Fang was clearly not listening. Gray Beaver's face hardened in anger, he jumped into his canoe and within seconds overtook White Fang. He turned around,

reached down and pulled the crying puppy out of the water. White Fang saw his mother become smaller and smaller in the distance and furiously struggled to get back into the river, but then he felt a heavy blow on his head, and another one, and another one. At first he was surprised, then he was afraid, but soon he became as angry as Gray Beaver. He snarled as frighteningly as he could. But that only made Gray Beaver's blows come faster and with greater strength. Soon White Fang's snarl turned into a loud cry.

Gray Beaver seemed satisfied. He pushed the puppy onto the bottom of the canoe. But the moment he did that, White Fang jumped onto Gray Beaver's moccasined foot and sank his teeth into it. The beating he had got before was nothing compared to the beating he received now. Gray Beaver's blows fell on his head and shoulders till he was barely conscious. White Fang learnt another big lesson in his life. Never, no matter what happens, must he bite his God. When Gray Beaver finally pushed him back





onto the bottom of the canoe, White Fang didn't even dare to look in the direction of his master's feet. His spirit was broken.

He missed his mother for days. At night he would go to the edge of the forest and cry out loudly. Then he would listen to the Wild calling him away into the woods. He often hesitated but never went further in than the first two rows of trees. The memories of Kiche held him back in the camp. He would wait for her to come back. Then they could return into the Wild together.

Meanwhile he stayed in the camp. He wasn't happy there but he was getting used to the ways of dogs and men, and he was learning to find his ways around them. In time, he learnt to respect Gray Beaver as his God, though Gray Beaver was by no means a loving God. He was a just God. He would punish with a heavy beating for any disobedience, but he would also protect White Fang from other dogs' attacks, and he would make sure that White Fang always had enough meat in the evening.

In the fall of that year, when days were

becoming shorter and colder, White Fang sensed something strange happening about the camp. It was getting smaller. The spaces between the tepees were getting bigger, there were fewer and fewer squaws around. The truth was the camp was being gradually packed up and moved for the winter season. The canoes, which were filled with women, children and dogs, were disappearing down the river. But White Fang didn't want to go with them. What if Kiche came back? He had to wait for her. When he saw Gray Beaver's squaw taking down the family tepee, he hid in the bushes at the edge of the woods and waited. A couple of hours later he heard Gray Beaver's voice calling him from the canoe. He shook with fear but he didn't move.

After some time the voices died away in the distance. White Fang didn't move from the bushes for another hour or so. When he finally came out, it was dark. It was also very cold. He went in the direction of the woods, but it was even darker and colder there. The Wild calling



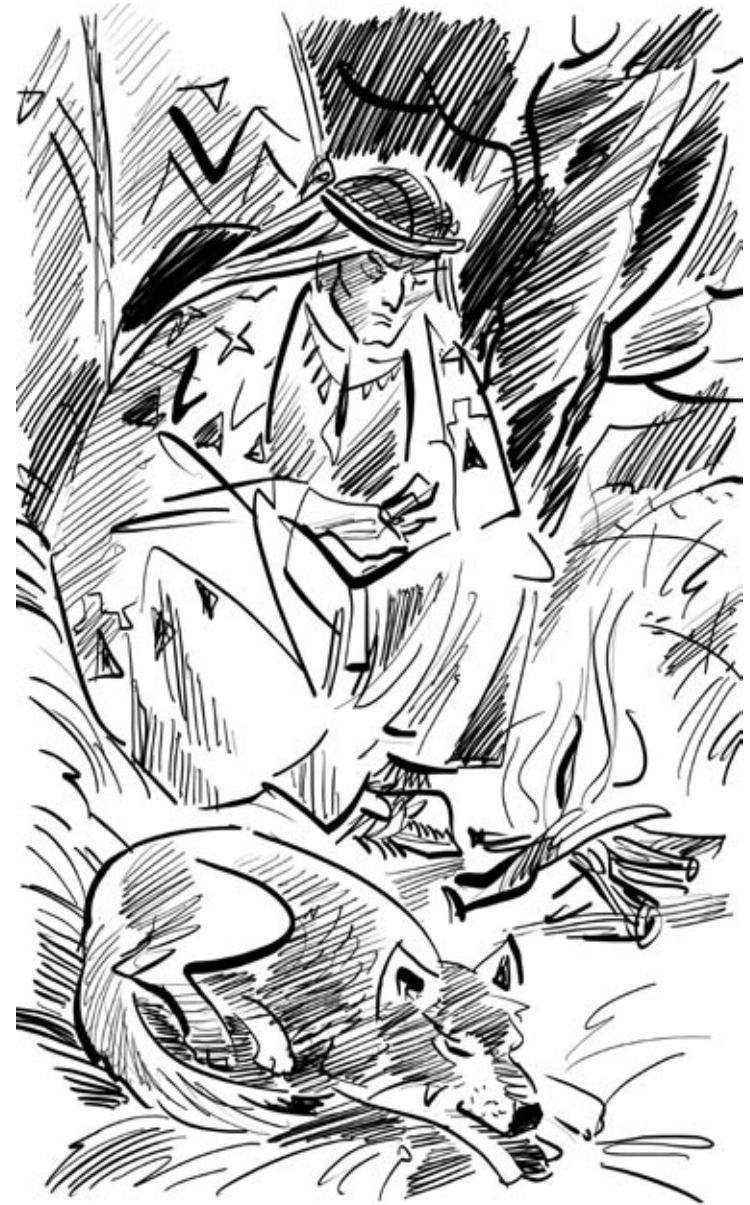
him didn't sound familiar any more, it sounded more like danger. His hair stood up on end and he turned back to where the camp used to be. But the place was empty now. There was no fire to lie by and warm up. There was no Gray Beaver who he could stand beside and feel safe. And there was no meat thrown to him by



Gray Beaver's squaw. Suddenly White Fang felt more lonely than he had ever felt before. He sat down and pointed his nose at the moon, and for the first time howled like a grown wolf.

All that night he ran in the direction where Gray Beaver's canoe had gone. By the middle of the second day he had been running continuously for thirty hours. He hadn't eaten for forty hours and was weak with hunger. To make it worse, snow began to fall, making the way slippery and unsafe. Night had fallen again. White Fang's feet were bleeding and he was crying softly to himself. Suddenly he smelled a fresh trail of Gray Beaver. He followed it as fast as his weak legs would carry him.

Soon the camp sounds came to his ears. And he saw the light of the fire. Gray Beaver was sitting by the fire eating a piece of raw meat. White Fang went forward, slowly, scared at the thought of receiving beating. His hair stood up at the thought of it. But then he went a few steps forward again. Slowly he came into the circle of





the firelight. Gray Beaver saw him and stopped eating. White Fang moved very slowly now, low at his feet, with his head just above the snow. At last he lay at his master's feet.

This moment changed everything in White Fang's life. He had come out of the Wild to sit by a man's fire and to be ruled by him. It was his own choice to do so. He had surrendered himself to his master, body and soul. Now he was waiting for his punishment. But minutes passed and no blows fell on his head. He slowly looked up. Gray Beaver was breaking a piece of meat into two. He put one half into his mouth while the other one he was, unbelievably, offering to White Fang. He accepted it gratefully. Soon he was fast asleep at his master's feet. Tomorrow wouldn't find him lonely, running through the dark forest, but in the camp of man-animals on whom he had now made himself dependent.

## Chapter V

### *A New God*



White Fang was nearly five years old. By that time he had grown to be a strong and angry dog. Both men and dogs were afraid of him. He had always been an outsider of the pack and he had never made friends with other dogs. On the contrary, he had become a very efficient fighter and killer of other dogs. A single dog had no chance against him. He was too quick and too intelligent. And he employed this perfect mechanism of his body and brain to kill others. If he had spent more time with his mother, if he had been brought up among other puppies from the beginning, and if Gray Beaver had been a more loving master, White Fang could have turned out different. As it was, he had become a lonely, unloving and ferocious enemy of other dogs.

It was in the summer when White Fang turned five that Gray Beaver took him on a great journey to the Yukon. They settled in Fort Yukon where Gray Beaver wanted to sell furs and moccasins to the white men looking for gold there. And so it was in Fort Yukon that White Fang saw his first white people. As compared with the Indians he had known,

they seemed to him a race of more powerful Gods. But if the white gods were powerful, their dogs didn't match their masters' strength. White Fang's conclusion was that they were mostly soft, made much noise and were extremely easy to kill. And so killing them became a sport for White Fang.

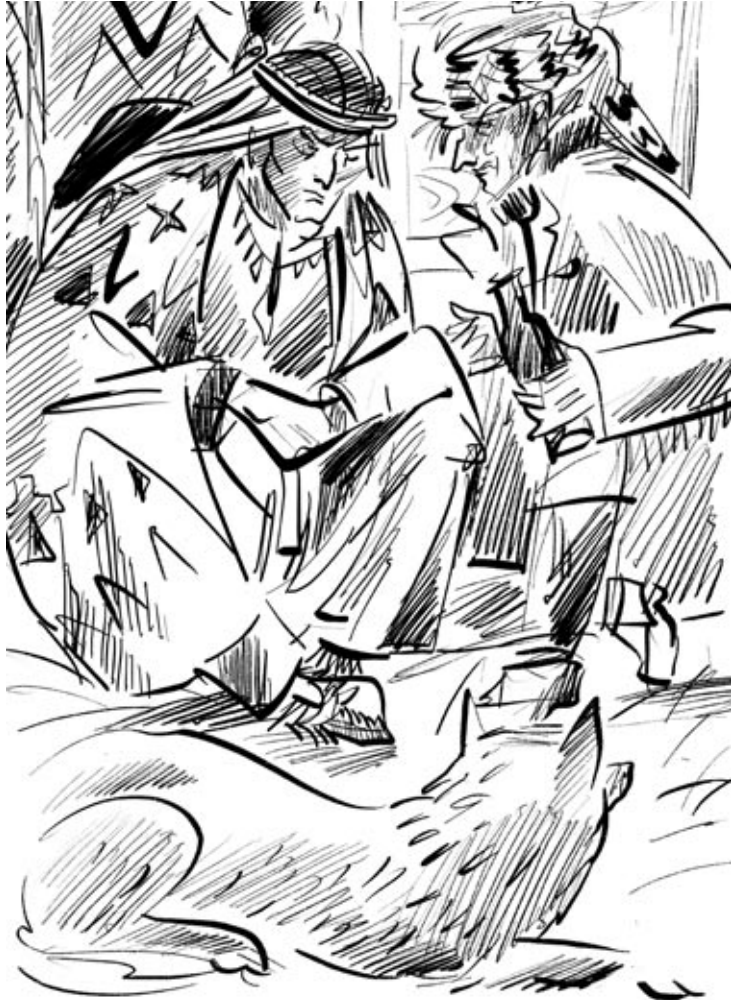
But White Fang was wise. He never made a show of killing white men's dogs. He had long learnt that the gods were made angry when their dogs were killed. And white men were no exception to this. So what White Fang did was to attack a dog and, before his victim could attract his master's attention with his cries, he would have his throat open with one perfectly calculated slash of fangs. Then White Fang would leave the crying unfortunate for the other dogs, and they finished the cruel job. Then, if the master of the murdered dog was around, he would take revenge on the other dogs, not on White Fang. Soon White Fang became a true expert at it, and while Gray Beaver was selling furs to the white gods, White Fang made it his main occupation to kill their dogs.



Most people, if they saw such a dog as White Fang was then, would avoid him as far as they could. But there was one white man in Fort Yukon who had been observing him for some time, and the more cleverly cruel White Fang appeared the more the man admired him. His name was Beauty Smith. His name 'Beauty' sounded ironic when you looked at him as he was widely recognised as the ugliest man in Fort Yukon. Unfortunately his character matched his looks. He loved hurting others and loved watching others being hurt. That is why watching White Fang as he killed other dogs gave him a lot of pleasure. And as he watched the desire to possess this cruel dog started to grow in him. Yes, he would buy it.

It didn't take him long to find out who White Fang belonged to, and soon Gray Beaver received a visit from Beauty Smith, who was offering him a large sum of money for the dog. But Gray Beaver didn't want to sell White Fang, and, since he had grown quite rich with selling his furs and moccasins, he didn't need to sell his best dog.





'White Fang is not for sale. It's the best dog I've ever had. And what is more he can fight. He can kill other dogs as easily as men kill mosquitos.'

Beauty Smith's eyes lit up at this and he licked his thin mouth with his yellow tongue.

He really wanted to have this dog, and he would have him. He knew the ways of the Indians.

From that day on, Beauty Smith visited Gray Beaver very often, and each time there would be a bottle of whiskey under his coat. Gray Beaver grew to like whiskey a lot. Soon he wanted more and more of it. The money he had received for his furs and moccasins he started to spend on the bottles Beauty Smith was bringing. In the end all his money was gone. It was then that Beauty Smith talked to him again about the sale of White Fang. But this time the price he offered was in bottles of whiskey not in dollars. And Gray Beaver's ears were more willing to hear it.

When White Fang came back into the camp that evening he saw that the white god wasn't there. He was pleased. He didn't like that god at all. From the moment he saw Beauty Smith, he felt he should avoid him at all costs. But it wasn't to be so. No

sooner had White Fang laid down to rest than Gray Beaver put a thick rope around his neck. Then he sat down next to his dog with a bottle of whiskey and waited. An hour passed and White Fang recognised the familiar footsteps. It was Beauty Smith coming to claim his dog.

White Fang saw how Gray Beaver passed the rope into Beauty Smith's hands. And he understood that while he pushed him out of the camp, he wanted him to go with the white god. And although he didn't want to, he followed Beauty Smith into Fort Yukon and let himself be tied outside of his house. There he waited an hour, and then within ten seconds cut with his teeth through the rope and was free. Soon he was back sleeping outside of Gray Beaver's tepee.

But what had happened before was repeated but with one difference. When Beauty Smith came to take White Fang with him first he gave him a beating. White Fang did understand why. He had seen dogs changing owners before. He knew that Gray Beaver wanted him to stay with



the white god. But he had given his body and soul to Gray Beaver and he had made Gray Beaver his particular god. He was not going to give up his god so easily. So even though this time Beauty Smith tied him not with a rope but with a stick, he still managed to free himself, and was outside Gray Beaver's tepee by the morning.

The beating he received this time from Beauty Smith was the worst in his life. It would have killed a weaker dog. And by the end of it White Fang was sick. He could hardly move. Beauty Smith had to wait for an hour before he could start slowly pulling White Fang behind him in the direction of Fort Yukon. This time he tied the dog with a metal chain which was stronger than White Fang's teeth. Still, though sick and tired, all night he tried to crush the chain or pull at it. But nothing worked and White Fang remained in Fort Yukon as the property of a mad man, whom he knew he must accept as his master from now on.

## Chapter VI

### *The Mad God*





A few months with Beauty Smith made White Fang an enemy of all things, brutal and ferocious. His new master kept him tied at all times in a small place surrounded by a wooden fence. There he teased him. Beauty Smith very quickly found out how much White Fang hated the sound of human laughter. So he played painful tricks on him, hurt him, and then pointed his finger at him and laughed loudly. This drove White Fang absolutely mad. The torture made him hate everything around him - the chain he was tied with, the wooden fence around him, the men who came to look at him, the dogs which accompanied the men. He hated everyone and everything, but most of all he hated Beauty Smith.

But Beauty Smith had a purpose in all that he did to White Fang. He wanted to make a proper fighter dog of him. And he succeeded. One day, a large group of men gathered around White Fang's fence. Beauty Smith came inside the fence and took the chain off his dog's neck. He left

but the door remained open. A second later, White Fang saw a huge dog being pushed inside. Then the door was closed again. White Fang was in ecstasy of hatred. Here was something he could vent his anger on. And it was a live thing too. He jumped on the dog and sank his teeth into his neck.

The men outside clapped their hands and applauded. There was no hope for the other dog from the start. He was too slow and not angry enough. White Fang was the obvious winner. In the end, Beauty Smith had to come in and beat White Fang with a wooden stick, while the owner pulled the other dog out. Then the men payed their bets and money shone in Beauty Smith's hands.

White Fang started to look forward to those gatherings of men outside his fence. It meant a fight, and fighting and killing was now the only way in which he could express the life that was in him. Beauty Smith judged his strength well and White Fang won every single fight. And with every



fight he grew more brutal and ferocious. Beauty Smith had truly managed to bring out the worst in him. Soon he became known in the land as 'The Fighting Wolf'. It was then that Beauty Smith decided they should go on a tour.

They got on a steamboat and went to Dawson. There Beauty Smith kept him in a cage and exhibited him for money as 'The Fighting Wolf'. He was given no rest. In order to make the exhibition interesting for the audience he was kept angry at all times. And in addition to this, he was also a professional fighting animal, so whenever a fight could be arranged, Beauty Smith never wasted a chance to earn more golden coins. It was a brutal land and brutal times and the fights were usually to the death.

But White Fang always won and as the time went by there were fewer and fewer fights. There was no dog as good as White Fang and the game started to lose its point for the audience. But then next spring, a man arrived in Dawson with the first bulldog that had ever come to the land.

A fight between him and White Fang was soon arranged and for a week nothing else was spoken of in certain parts of the town.

When Cherokee, the bulldog, entered White Fang's fighting grounds, the audience wasn't kept waiting long for the spectacle. White Fang jumped onto the bulldog, more like a cat than like a dog, and tore his ear into two. But Cherokee didn't even make a sound. This really surprised White Fang. He jumped on him again and tore his shoulder open. Blood appeared on the bulldog's soft skin, but he made no sound still. This dog was different to any White Fang fought before. He had no hair to protect him, he was soft and could be bitten easily, but he didn't seem to mind it much.

The time went on, and White Fang danced on, jumping and giving wounds, but the bulldog was still on his feet, patiently following White Fang with his eyes on White Fang's throat. White Fang knew that to kill the dog he had to cut the vein in his throat, but the bulldog was too short for it to be done while he was standing up. And





there was no way of knocking him off his feet - his legs were short and strong and he kept his neck firm and close to the ground. But White Fang tried and tried again. And he tried once too often. While trying to get to Cherokee's neck, he exposed his own, and this was exactly what the bulldog had been for. His teeth closed on White Fang's throat. And he was not going to let it go.

Whatever White Fang did from that moment, however much he threw himself and the bulldog about, Cherokee held on to his neck. The battle was not yet over but it already looked as though White Fang was for the first time going to lose. With every moment the bulldog's teeth closed a little tighter on White Fang's neck, and White Fang's breath was becoming shorter and shorter. Cherokee's supporters started to cheer while Beauty Smith still couldn't believe that he was about to lose all his money. But when he saw White Fang slowly closing his eyes with resignation, he knew that all hope was lost. And he felt angry, more angry than ever before. He ran

up to White Fang and started to kick him as hard as he could. The crowd looked in amazement as Beauty Smith was kicking his dying dog. But not a single person moved to stop him.

Suddenly a young man started to push his way through the crowd. Nobody had noticed him before. His grey eyes shone with anger. He ran up to Beauty Smith and, without saying a word, punched him in the face. Beauty Smith fell into the snow and was in too much shock to move again.

'You cowards!' shouted the man, and everything went silent. 'You beasts!' Then he turned to an older man following him; 'Come on, Matt. Lend me a hand. We've got to pull them apart.'

It took the two men over half an hour to open Cherokee's jaws wide enough for White Fang to pull out his neck from between them. The bulldog's owner looked terrified all the while and as soon as he could, he put a rope round Cherokee's head and disappeared as fast as he could. In the meantime Matt examined White Fang.

'Very nearly...' he said. 'But he's breathing all right now.'

'Hey, Mr. Beast,' the young man turned to Beauty Smith. 'I'm taking your dog with me and I'm going to give you a hundred and fifty for him.' Beauty Smith sat up.

'I'm not selling,' he said slowly.

'Oh, yes, you are,' the man answered calmly. 'Because I'm buying. Here's your money. The dog's now mine. Understand?'

'Yes.' Beauty Smith snarled quietly and looked even nastier and uglier than before.

Once the two men and White Fang had driven away, someone in the crowd asked: 'Who was that?'

'Weedon Scott,' someone answered. 'It's one of them gold experts. I say, if you want to keep out of trouble, keep away from him. He's friends with all the officials'.

'I thought he must be somebody.' was the last comment Beauty Smith heard before he managed to pick up all the dollar notes from the snow and disappear in the direction of the town.

## Chapter VII

# *The Love Master*



'It's hopeless,' said Weedon Scott. 'We've had him for two weeks, and if anything, he's now wilder than ever.'

He and Matt were sitting on the steps of Scott's house and looking at White Fang, who was at the end of his stretched chain, snarling, trying to get closer to the other dogs.

'We should give him a chance,' said Matt. 'and turn him loose, but with a club.'

Scott nodded slowly, and Matt took a club and came up to the chained animal. White Fang snarled but didn't move. He didn't take his eyes off the club for a second.

'See him watching the club?' asked Matt. 'It's a good sign. He's no fool. He won't touch me as long as I'm holding it.'

Matt took the chain off White Fang's neck and stepped back. White Fang couldn't believe he was free. He didn't know what to think of it. He walked slowly and carefully to the corner of the room.

'Poor devil,' Scott said in a sad voice. 'What he needs is a bit of human kindness'.

He walked over to White Fang and began





talking to him gently, and at the sound of his voice White Fang began to growl. But the god didn't make any movement, only talked and talked in a quiet, soft voice. He talked to White Fang as nobody had done before. And this softness and kindness of his voice, somehow, somewhere touched the dog. In spite of his instinct, White Fang began to have confidence in this god.

Then the god held out a piece of meat. But White Fang was suspicious. He wouldn't take it from the god's hand. So after a few minutes, the god threw the meat to White Fang. He smelt it, and without taking his eyes off the god ate it quickly. Still nothing bad happened. And then the god actually offered him another piece of meat, and another one ... And then there came a time when the god refused to throw meat to White Fang. He kept it in his hand, offering it to White Fang. It was good meat and White Fang was hungry. Bit by bit, very slowly, he came up to the hand. He never took his eyes off the god and ate the meat quickly. He licked his fangs and

waited. The god offered him more meat, talking to him in his soft and quiet voice.

Then the god's hand began to move in his direction. The hair rose on White Fang's head and neck and he began to growl. But the hand was still coming closer to his head. He growled and growled, but finally, in spite of himself, he let it rest on his head. The god talked and talked while his hand was stroking White Fang's head. It didn't hurt. It was even a kind of nice feeling.

'Well, Mr. Scott,' Matt's laughing voice came from the door. 'You might be a number one gold expert, but you missed the chance of your life when you didn't run off as a little boy to join the circus!'

This was how the old life ended and a new life began for White Fang. The next months required constant thinking and endless patience on the part of Weedon Scott to make it all possible. And on the part of White Fang it required a true revolution. He started to like this new god. And in time this 'like' changed into 'love'. It was a slow process but this was really what happened.

He began to feel a strong need to be with the god, to have his hands stroking his head, and to hear his soft voice talking to him. He would give up anything for the company of the god. Several times he gave up meat or a warm place of rest to accompany the god on walk or a trip to town.

Months passed and the two of them grew to love each other so much that when a time came for Weedon Scott to go back to his family in the South there was no question of White Fang not going with him.

When they finally arrived at Judge Scott's, Weedon's father's farm just out of San Francisco, White Fang could not believe his own eyes. There was a big house with a garden around it and pastures with lots of live animals walking free. Soon he would have to learn that those live things were not to be killed. There were also people, all of whom, in White Fang's opinion, wanted to get much too close to his love-god. But soon he learnt they were family of the god and as such had to be respected. And there was a female dog called Collie, who White



Fang tried to avoid at all times. His instinct wouldn't allow him to attack her, but she had no such instinct and would snarl at him whenever she saw him. It was a truly new life for White Fang, and he was learning new rules everyday. But he would learn anything for the sake of pleasing his love master.

Time passed and White Fang adapted more and more to the life on the farm. He grew to respect his master's family and to ignore the farm animals. He even got used to Collie, who was surprisingly nice to him at times. He was happy for the first time in his adult life.

It was about this time that the newspapers were writing about nothing but the escape of Jim Hall from the worst prison in the country. Jim Hall was a ferocious man and had committed a terrible crime. It was Weedon's father, Judge Scott who had sentenced him to life in prison three years before, and it was then that Jim Hall promised he would escape from prison and kill the Judge. Now everybody at the Scott farm was afraid that Jim Hall was going to keep his promise.

White Fang didn't know any of these things, but he had a secret with Alice, his master's wife. Every night when everyone was in their beds, Alice would come downstairs and let White Fang into the house. Both of them knew it was against the rules, which said that the dogs would sleep outside, so every day, early in the morning when everyone was still in bed, Alice would come down again and let White Fang out.

On one such night, while all the house was asleep, White Fang woke up and lay very quietly. He smelt a strange god's presence in the air. Then he heard movements. The god walked softly, but White Fang could walk even softer. He followed the god unnoticed until the god stopped at the staircase leading to the family bedrooms. The hair stood up on White Fang's neck. And when the god lifted his foot to go up, White Fang attacked without warning.

The whole house awoke in alarm. The noise from downstairs sounded like a terrible battle. But it lasted no longer than three minutes, and by the time Weedon



Scott had switched the light on in the hall, it was all over. Not knowing yet what had happened, he and Judge Scott began to slowly go downstairs with their guns ready. But there was no need for the guns. White Fang had done his work. Weedon Scott came up to the dead man lying on the floor and turned him over to see who it was.

'Jim Hall,' said Judge Scott and looked meaningfully at his son.

Then they turned to White Fang. He too, was lying on his side. His eyes were closed and his body seem to grow weaker and weaker on the floor. Judge Scott looked at him and picked up the phone to call in a doctor.

'Well, he has a one in a thousand chance of surviving.' said the doctor half an hour later. 'He's got a broken leg and three bullet holes through him.'

'But we mustn't lose any chance to help him.' said Judge Scott. 'We'll do everything we can to save his life.'

And they did. For weeks the whole family was employed to look after White Fang who, since he couldn't move, mostly slept



and dreamt a lot. Then there came a day when the last bandage and the last plaster were taken off. The whole house gathered around White Fang. He was still very weak and could barely stand on his four legs.

'He'll have to learn to walk again.' said the doctor. 'He might as well start now. I won't hurt him.'

And so White Fang was taken outside to walk. But he was still weak and he didn't go far. He lay on the nearest lawn and rested. And then he noticed Collie, lying there too with six puppies by her side. The master helped one puppy to walk over to White Fang, who looked at the small dog in surprise. And then the puppy touched noses with him and he felt his warm tongue on his face. White Fang's tongue went out and, he didn't know why or how, he licked the puppy's face.

Then the other puppies came towards him. And he licked them all, and then allowed them to walk all over him as he patiently lay in the sun with his eyes half-closed, happier than ever before.

## *Glossary*

to admire – podziwiać  
 affection – przywiązanie, uczucie, senty-  
 ment  
 aim – celować, mierzyć  
 alive – żywy, żwawy, pełen życia  
 anger – złość  
 to appear – zjawiać się, pojawiać się  
 to applaud – okłaskiwać, klaskać  
 approvingly –  
 audience – publiczność  
 authority – autorytet  
 bank – brzeg



beak – dziób  
 to bear – znosić, rodzić, unieść  
 beast – bestia  
 to beat – uderzać, stukać, tłuc  
 battle – walka, bitwa  
 beneath – poniżej, pod

blood - krew  
 to blow – wiać  
 bold – śmiały, zuchwały  
 bondage - niewolnictwo  
 breast – pierś  
 bullet – kula, pocisk  
 to buzz – brzęczeć, brzęczenie, gwar  
 cage – klatka, winda  
 calm – spokojny  
 campsite – obóz  
 canoe – czółno



cave – jaskinia  
 chain – łańcuch  
 chick –  
 club – maczuga, pałka



to commit a crime – popełnić przestępstwo



conclusion – zakończenie, wniosek  
 confidence – zaufanie, pewność siebie  
 confuse – mieszać, plątać, zażenować  
 conscious – świadomy, przytomny  
 constant – stały, trwały  
 contrary – sprzeczny, przeciwny  
 country – wieś  
 coward – tchórz  
 creature – stworzenie, twór  
 cruel – okrutny  
 to cry – płakać  
 cub – szczenię



curiosity – ciekawość  
 danger – niebezpieczeństwo  
 to dare – odważyć się, stawiać czoło  
 to deliver – doręczyć, przekazać, uwolnić  
 demand – żądać, wymagać  
 dependent – zależny

desire – pragnienie, życzenie  
 desperate – rozpaczliwy, beznadziejny  
 to develop – rozwijać się, rozrastać  
 disobedient – nieposłuszny  
 downward – w dół, na dół  
 efficient – wydajny, sprawny, skuteczny  
 enemy – wróg  
 experience – doświadczenie  
 exploratory –  
 fang – kieł  
 fatherhood –  
 fear – strach, obawa  
 feast – uczta, uroczystość  
 fence – ogrodzenie, płot



ferocious – srogi, dziki  
 fierce – dziki, zgorzały, gwałtowny  
 to fight – walczyć  
 flame – płomień

freedom – wolność  
 fur – futro  
 fury – szal, furia  
 to gather – wnioskować, narastać  
 to growl – warczeć, mruć, burczeć  
 to harden – hartować, wzmacniać, znieczulać  
 hatred – nienawiść  
 heap – masa, mnóstwo  
 to hesitate – wahać się  
 hole – dziura, otwór, nora  
 hopeless – beznadziejny  
 to howl – wyć



human – ludzki  
 hunger – głód  
 to hunt – polować  
 impatient – niecierpliwy, zniecierpliwiony

instead – zamiast tego, na miejsce tego  
 jaw – szczeka  
 judge – sędzia  
 laughter – śmiech  
 lawn – murawa, trawnik  
 leader – przywódca  
 litter – śmiecie, odpadki  
 to lick – lizać  
 lynx – ryś



mad – szalony  
 to manage – zarządzać, kierować, poskro-  
 mić  
 meat – mięso  
 mere – czczy, zwykły  
 moccasins – mokaśyny  
 nasty – wstrętny, przykry  
 neck – kark, szyja

nest – gniazdo



to nod – skinąć, kiwnąć głową  
obedient – posłuszny  
obvious - oczywisty  
overcome – przemóc, pokonać, przewy-  
ciżyć  
pack – stado, gromada  
painful – bolesny, przykry  
to paralyze - paraliżować  
parents – rodzice  
particular – szczególny, specjalny  
path – ścieżka, droga  
patience – cierpliwość  
patient – cierpliwy  
paw – uderzać łapą  
prison – więzienie  
presence - obecność

to punch – bić pięścią

to punish – karać

punishment – kara

puppy – szczenię

purpose – cel, plan, zamiar

raw – surowy

required – żądać, wymagać, potrzebować

rescue – ratunek, ocalenie

respect – szacunek, wgląd

revenge – mścić

rope – lina



row – hałas, zamieszanie, wiosłować

rub – trzeć, ocierać, cios

rule – reguła, zasada

sank (sink, senk sank)? -

sharp – ostry, przebiegły, bystry

sick – chory

sight – widok, wzrok

sign – znak, objaw

skeleton – szkielet



slash – cięcie, szrama  
slippery – śliski, chwiejny  
slope – pochyłość, zbocze  
spite – złość, gniew  
squaw - Indianka  
squirrel – wiewiórka



to snarl – warczeć  
snow – śnieg  
staircase – klatka schodowa  
steamboat – parowiec



stick – wetknąć, wepchnąć  
to stop – zatrzymać, zahamować, zaprzestać  
to stroke – uderzenie, cios  
struggle – walka, walczyć, siłować się  
support – podpierać, pomagać, podpora  
surprise – niespodzianka  
suspicious – podejrzliwy, podejrzany  
tail – ogon  
to tease – drażnić, docinać  
teeth – zęby (l.poj. tooth – ząb)  
tepee – indiański namiot



to tie – wiązać, krępować  
tight – napięty, obcisły, szczelny  
tiny – drobny, mały  
tongue – język  
trail – szlak, ślad trop  
uncomfortable – niewygodny  
unnoticed – niezauważony

# Notes

vein – żyła  
voice – głosić, wypowiadać  
wide – szeroki  
wise - mądry  
wolf – wilk



wood – las



wound – rana, ranić  
to yawn – ziewać

# Notes

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