

GRADED READERS

WHITE FANG

JACK LONDON

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JACK LONDON

Adapted by H. Q. Mitchell - Marileni Malkogianni



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Introduction

Jack London (1876 - 1916) was an American writer famous for his stories about life in the far North. His novels about people and animals in the Arctic are read all over the world. London was born in a village close to San Francisco, California. His father's business failed when he was ten years old and at a young age he had to go out and work. At any chance he got, he read books in the public library, but his family could not afford to send him to school. As a young adult, London worked in factories and on ships but also spent time unemployed, experiencing many hardships. He began writing in order to make more money.

In 1897 London went North to look for gold, but found nothing. However, the experience gave him the ideas for his most famous novels and stories. *White Fang* is written from the point of view of a young wolf that is part dog. Mistreated and rejected by both animals and humans, the pup becomes violent and dangerous. The book suggests that cruelty and mistreatment makes both people and animals savage. However, love can help them learn to trust others and be loyal companions. All creatures are affected by their environment, whether it is good or bad.

White Fang is the companion book to *The Call of the Wild*, which is the story of a dog that becomes part of a wolf pack. It has been made into a film several times, including one in 1991 starring Ethan Hawke.

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CHAPTER 1

IT WAS A COLD AND ICY DAY IN THE WILD FAR NORTH. ALTHOUGH very few people lived there, many wild animals wandered around the frozen land. They hunted for food and were always very hungry. There were many wolves living in the wilderness, they looked like dogs but were dangerous and much bigger. A pack of them were looking for food when they saw a team of six dogs pulling a sled. A man named Henry was running in front of the sled. Behind the sled was his friend, Bill. They were both wearing wide snowshoes. On the sled was a big wooden box with the body of Lord Albert in it. Bill and Henry were taking the box to the fort which was far away. Bill looked around and saw an animal in the distance. He stopped the sled and whispered to Henry.

"There's the she-wolf following us again. I wonder where the rest of the wolves are?" "She sure is a big one," said Henry. Bill grabbed a stick and threw it at the wolf.

"Get away from here," he shouted. The she-wolf didn't move. "She's not afraid of you," laughed Henry.

They could hear the sound of the wolves as they were coming closer. Bill picked up his gun and fired a shot. It was soon quiet.

"That scared them alright," said Bill.

The next morning, both men woke up early and fed the dogs.

"Look," shouted Bill. "There are only three dogs here. The wolves!" he said. "They ate our dogs!" said Henry. "We must get out of here."

They tied the dogs to the sled and set off. They were going very fast when the sled turned over. Bill and Henry untied the dogs and fixed the sled. The wolf pack was following them, but they didn't know.

"Look over there," shouted Henry suddenly. "It's the she-wolf."

One of their dogs started running towards her. All of a sudden, the rest of the wolf pack appeared and trapped the dog. Bill was angry.

"I'm not going to let them get my dog," he shouted.

He grabbed his gun and ran towards the wolves. Henry heard three shots and then loud yelps and cries. There was silence and he heard nothing more. Henry knew that he was now all alone with only two sled





dogs. For the next few days, Henry tried to get to the fort. At night he tried not to sleep because he was afraid of the wolves. He was now very tired. One night Henry fell asleep. He woke up to the sound of wolves barking. They were coming very close. He knew he was going to die as he didn't have any more bullets. He made a circle of fire, he sat inside and waited. Suddenly, Henry heard shots and saw soldiers from the fort coming towards him. Henry was relieved. They were coming to rescue him.

CHAPTER 2

THE MEN ON THEIR HORSES AND THE GUNSHOTS SCARED THE wolves and they ran away. The leader of the pack was a large, angry wolf who ran beside the she-wolf and an old grey wolf named One-Eye. Although the she-wolf was part dog, she felt very much like any other wolf and was just as wild. The wolf pack ran many miles searching for food day and night, but it was very hard to find. They ran for many days until they came across a big and strong bull moose. The wolves were very excited and careful not to make any noise. They surrounded and killed the bull moose and now the wolves had a lot of food to eat. For the first day after a long time they finally rested and slept with full stomachs. But it was not long before they were all hungry again. The pack broke up and went searching for food but it started snowing again and finding animals was hard.

One-Eye and the she-wolf liked each other and they ran side by side hunting together.



They did not stay in one place but travelled across the wilderness until they came to a river. There was an Indian camp nearby and they heard the sound of men and women speaking. One-Eye and the she-wolf ran back to the forest and the safety of the trees. Weeks passed until one day, One Eye noticed that the she-wolf was getting tired and could no longer run fast. She was now very heavy and keeping up with One-Eye was very hard. Together, they searched for a place to rest. Ice covered most of the earth as it was still winter. At last, they found a cave near the river and the two wolves settled down for the night. The next day, they were hungry again but the she-wolf was too tired to go out hunting. One-Eye left the cave to search for food and when he returned, he heard strange sounds inside. He entered the cave, and saw that the she-wolf had little baby cubs.

One-Eye was a father now and he knew that finding food was even more important. The five wolf cubs began to grow, but it was the grey cub that looked most like his father. Of all the cubs, he was the wildest and his father liked him the most. One-Eye went hunting every day but there was no food. All of the cubs died except for the grey one who was the strongest. One day, One-Eye went out looking for food but he never returned. He lost a fight with another animal, and now the she-wolf and the cub were all alone.



CHAPTER 3

THE SHE-WOLF NOW HAD TO HUNT FOR FOOD FOR HERSELF AND the little grey cub. The cub was getting stronger and he started going out of the cave. Each day he went out a little further. Soon he felt very brave. One day he ran to the edge of a small hill when he suddenly tripped and rolled down the hill. He was lucky because he was not hurt. The cub saw a squirrel and chased it but it ran away. He ran along the stream looking for something to eat. The cub was getting lonely. He wanted and needed his mother. As he started up the hill to the cave, a big weasel fell upon him. He bit the cub, but before he could do more harm the she-wolf appeared. The animal knew the she-wolf was stronger and ran away. Time went by, and the cub grew bigger and stronger. Together the cub and his mother now went out hunting for food. He enjoyed hunting with his mother but finding food wasn't easy. One day, the cub left the cave alone and ran down to the stream to drink. As he drank, he heard voices and then saw animals with only two legs.

He had never seen anything like this. This was the first time he ever saw men. There were five Indians sitting in the open space. The cub was so afraid that he couldn't move. One of the Indians stood up and walked towards the cub. His name was Grey Beaver and he was the leader of the tribe.

"Don't be afraid," Grey Beaver said softly. "I won't hurt you."

He tried to pet the cub but the cub bit him on the hand. Grey Beaver was angry and hit the cub on his head. The other Indians laughed.

The Grey Beaver laughed too and said, "You have bright sharp teeth. I will call you White Fang."

The cub was crying loudly and wanted his mother. Suddenly, the she-wolf appeared and ran towards the cub. She was very angry but the Indians were not afraid. 'Kiche', shouted Grey Beaver when he saw her. The she-wolf remembered that this was her name when she lived with the Indians a year ago. She allowed the Indians to stroke her and White Fang and they followed them to their camp.



CHAPTER 4

WHEN WHITE FANG ENTERED THE CAMP, HE SAW MANY THINGS for the first time. He saw more men and there were women, children, and dogs in the camp too. When he saw dogs that looked a lot like him, he started feeling better and not as afraid. He ran into an older and larger puppy called Lip-Lip. Lip-Lip was nasty and he liked fighting with other puppies. He was always the winner of the fights and the other puppies were afraid of him. Lip-Lip jumped on White Fang the minute he saw him and started fighting. White Fang tried fighting back, but Lip-Lip was bigger and stronger. Lip-Lip bit him and poor White Fang ran back to the safety of his mother. After that, whenever White Fang saw Lip-Lip, he ran away and hid. As the days and weeks passed, White Fang started learning the ways of the camp. He knew now that Grey Beaver was his master and that he had to obey him.

One day, an Indian named Three Eagles came to the camp. He saw Grey Beaver standing by the river with Kiche. "Is that the dog you promised me?" he asked Grey Beaver. "It looks more like a wolf." Grey Beaver laughed and said, "She's half wolf and half dog but she is good and will obey you." Three Eagles took Kiche and put her in a canoe. When White Fang saw his mother leaving, he jumped into the river and tried to swim after them. But it was too late as the canoe was very far by that time. White Fang soon got tired and he swam back to the camp. Grey Beaver was very angry and he gave White Fang a beating.

"You must never do that again," he shouted.

Now that his mother was gone, White Fang had to protect himself from Lip-Lip and the other dogs. White Fang was very smart and he soon learned to become a good fighter. The next time Lip-Lip attacked him White Fang was the winner. He still missed his mother very much and when the Indians moved camp, he ran away to find her. White Fang was now almost fully grown, but he didn't remember how to hunt in the wild. So, after a few days he got very hungry and he decided to go back.

Following the river, White Fang found Grey Beaver and his family. He was afraid Grey Beaver would beat him again for not obeying. Instead

Grey Beaver stroked him and gave him meat to eat. White Fang was very happy to be back with his master. Months passed and now White Fang was a big and strong wolf. He was Grey Beaver's favourite and as a reward, he became a sled dog.

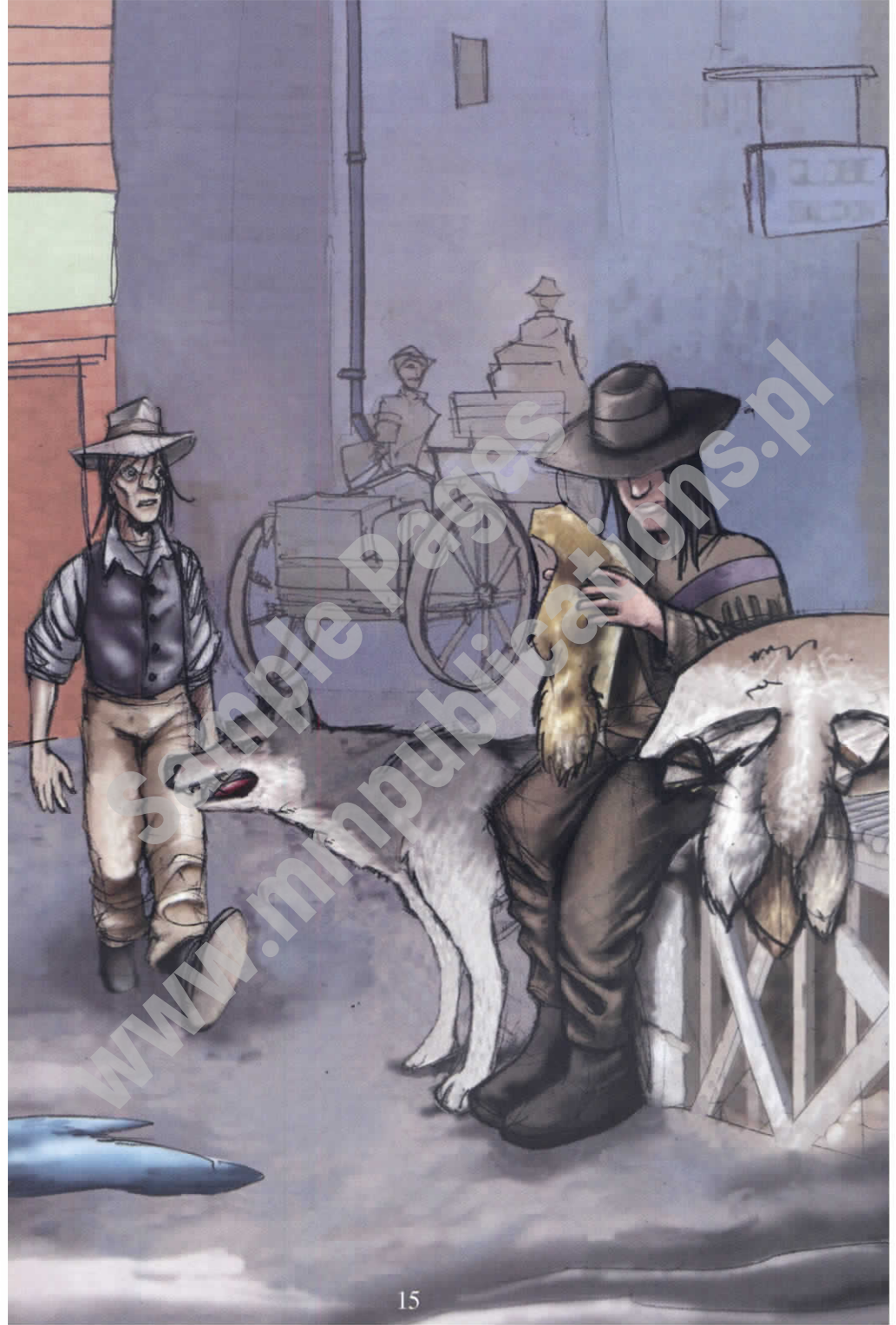


CHAPTER 5

MIT-SAH, GREY BEAVER'S SON, WAS IN CHARGE OF THE SLED and Lip-Lip was the lead dog of the team. White Fang was stronger than all the dogs. One day, a group of young Indians attacked Mit-sah in the forest. They started beating up Mit-sah and White Fang saw that his master's son was in trouble. White Fang was so angry that he rushed to save Mit-sah and the boys ran away in fear. When they returned to camp everyone saw that White Fang was Mit-sah's favourite.

After some time, the Indians were no longer able to hunt because there were very few animals. There was a great hunger and some of the dogs including Lip-Lip, died. White Fang left the camp to search for food. In the forest, he found little animals that he killed and ate. When the time of hunger passed, White Fang returned to camp because he missed the Indians. Summer arrived, and Grey Beaver took White Fang with him to town. This was the first time that White Fang saw white men and he thought they were strange. There were many gold hunters that had a lot of money in the town and Grey Beaver wanted to sell his furs. While Grey Beaver was looking for men to buy his furs, White Fang enjoyed himself by play fighting with the town dogs. They were not as fierce as White Fang and he won all the fights. White Fang started acting more like a wolf when he fought, and all the dogs were afraid of him. Some of the men in the town had dogs that fought each other and they used to bet on the winner.

There was a man who wanted to own a strong fighting dog so that he could make a lot of money. His name was 'Beauty' Smith, but he was not at all beautiful. In fact, he was very ugly. He was a small man with a tiny head. He had big eyes that popped out, and broken yellow teeth in a large jaw. Besides all that, he was very cruel. The day he saw White Fang fighting, he knew that he had to own him and make a lot of money. He tried to make friends with White Fang, but the wolf dog knew that Beauty was a very bad man. Every time Beauty came near him, White Fang would growl and show his teeth. This made Beauty want him even more. He knew that Grey Beaver was his master and so he decided to visit him.



CHAPTER 6

GREY BEAVER WAS SITTING IN FRONT OF HIS TENT WHEN BEAUTY Smith came towards him. He now had a lot of money from the sale of his furs.

“Hey, you're Grey Beaver, aren't you?” asked Beauty.

“Yes, I am,” replied Grey Beaver. “Do you want to buy a fur?”

Beauty smiled. “I want to buy something but it isn't a fur. It's your dog I want,” Beauty replied.

“White Fang is not for sale,” said Grey Beaver. “He is my strongest sled dog and my best leader.”

Beauty tried to make Grey Beaver sell him the dog, but was not able to talk him into it. He went away and he thought he could trick Grey Beaver into selling him White Fang. Luck was with Beauty Smith. A few days later Grey Beaver lost all his money and was now very poor. Beauty rushed over to Grey Beaver's tent. The Indian was sitting on the ground looking very sad. White Fang growled as Beauty approached.

“What happened, Grey Beaver?” Beauty asked.

“All my money's gone,” Grey Beaver replied. “Now I have nothing.”

“Yes, you do,” said Beauty.

Grey Beaver looked up at the man.

“What do you mean?” he asked.

Beauty pointed to White Fang.

“White Fang,” he said. “I could buy him from you.”

“I already said no,” Grey Beaver said angrily.

“What will you do without money?” asked Beauty.

Grey Beaver thought for a moment. He looked at White Fang with tears in his eyes and knew he had to sell him to Beauty Smith. Grey Beaver sadly tied a leather strap around White Fang's neck and attached it to a rope Beauty gave him money and took the rope from Grey Beaver's hand. White Fang knew that something was wrong and that the white man was taking him away. He snapped at Beauty angrily. Beauty was frightened but he was also very angry. He pulled White Fang out of the tent. White Fang tried to run but Beauty held on tight. When White Fang tried to bite

Beauty, he hit him very hard with a heavy club. White Fang was in a lot of pain and he now knew he had to obey the cruel white man.

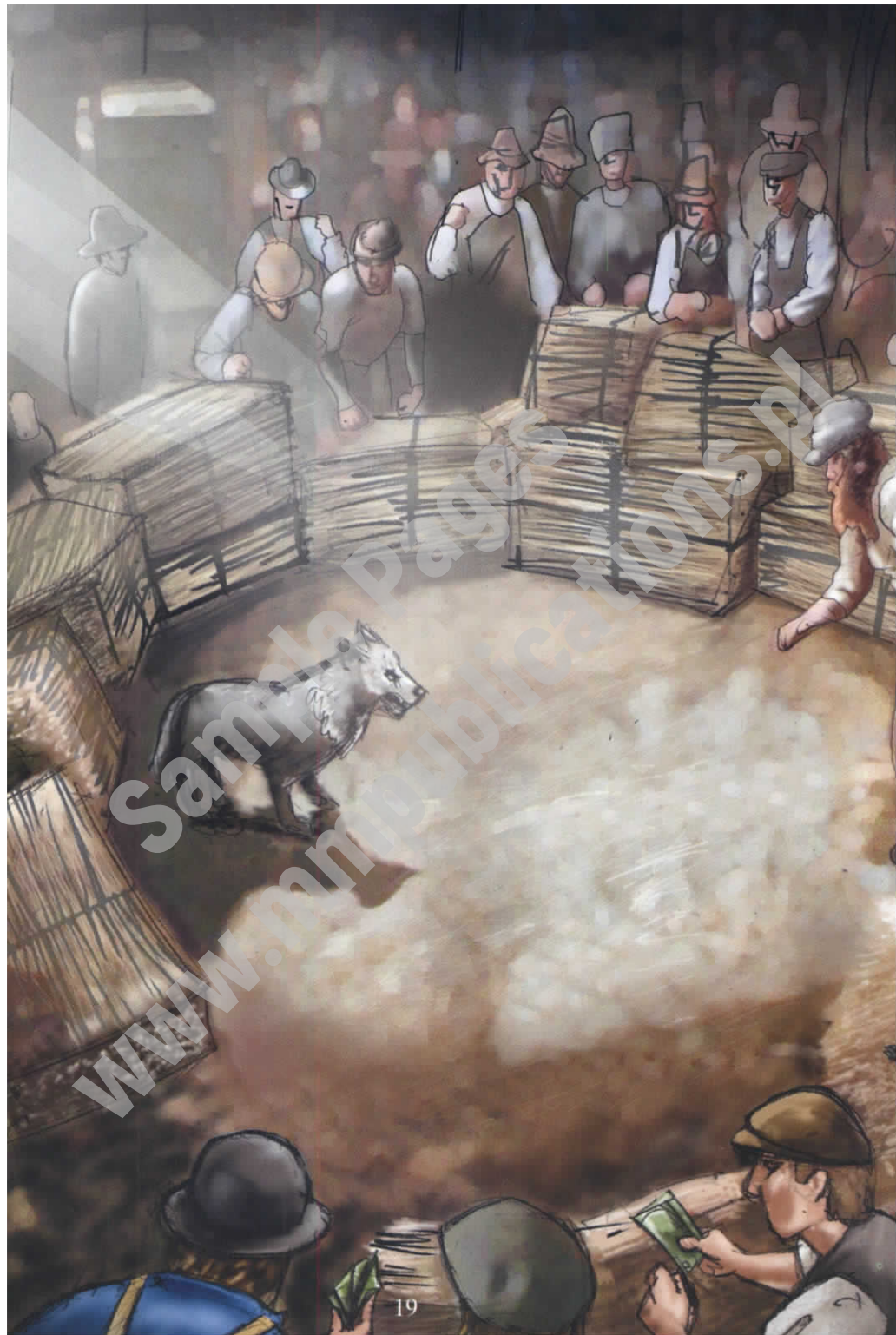




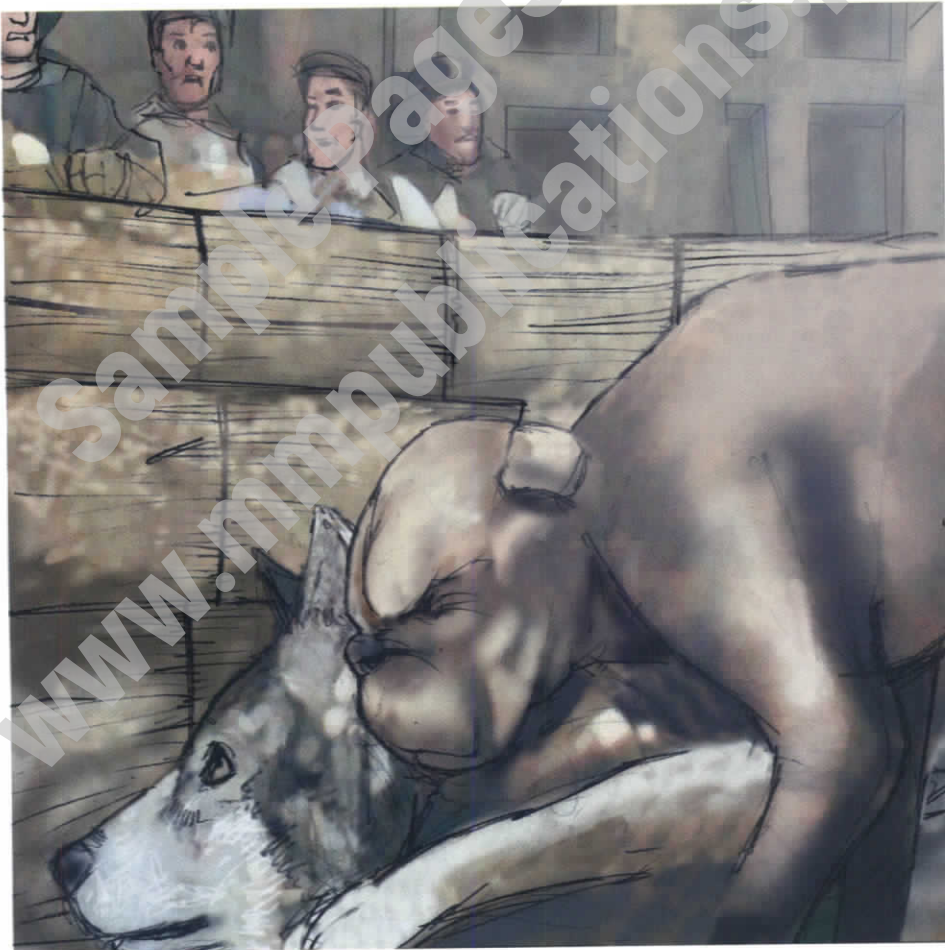
CHAPTER 7

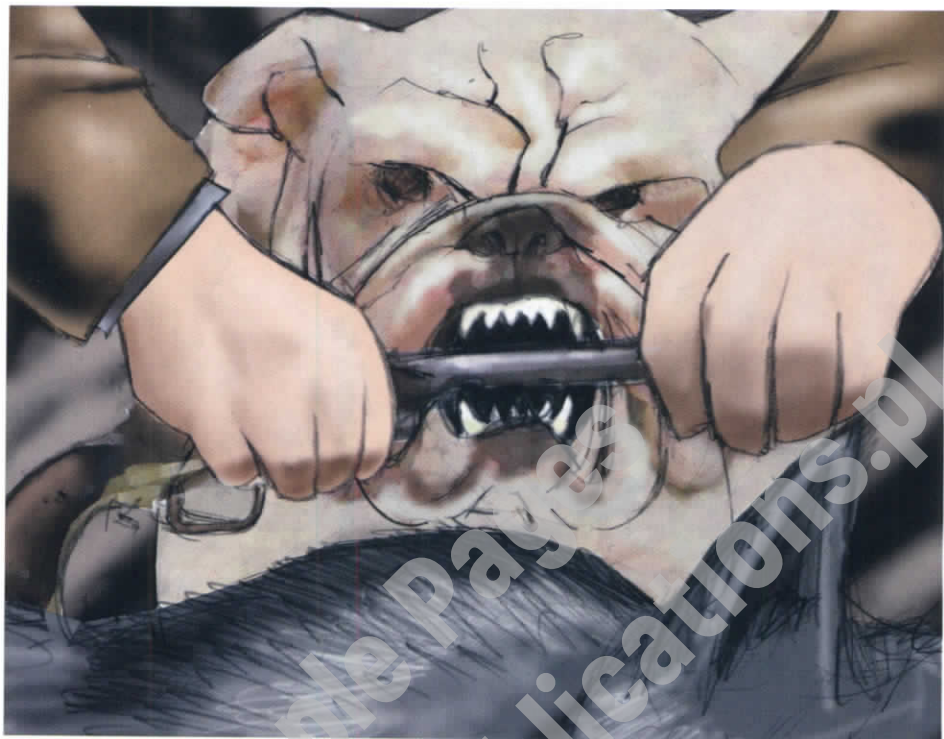
BEAUTY TOOK WHITE FANG TO THE FORT WHERE HE LIVED AND tied him to a post. Then, Beauty put him in a cage and that made White Fang angry. White Fang tried many times to get away and each time Beauty gave him a terrible beating with his club. He did this every day, because he wanted the dog to be angry and fierce all the time. He believed that would make him a good fighting dog. White Fang hated the cage but most of all, he hated his new master.

When Beauty thought it was time, he opened the cage and pulled White Fang out by his chain. He took him to the pen, where he would fight the other dogs. There were many men gathered there and some had their fighting dogs with them. White Fang was now bigger than most wolves and certainly bigger than the other dogs. Bets were placed before the fights began. The door of the pen opened and a big dog came running towards White Fang. There was a big fight with both animals attacking and biting each other. White Fang was the strongest and the other dog lost. Day after day, White Fang won every fight and now the men called him the Fighting Wolf. He won all the bets, and Beauty was now rich.



One day, a man named Tim Keenan arrived in town with a bulldog named Cherokee. Cherokee had never lost a fight and so Tom and Beauty arranged a match between the two dogs. There was a lot of excitement on the day of the match. White Fang and Cherokee came into the ring and they looked at each other. They were both careful not to attack first. Suddenly, White Fang jumped on Cherokee but he could not knock the bulldog down. Again and again, White Fang tried to knock Cherokee off his feet, but he couldn't. After another attack, White Fang fell down. The bulldog caught him by the throat and he wouldn't let go. White Fang wasn't able to escape and it soon looked like the fight was over.





CHAPTER 8

IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT CHEROKEE WOULD KILL WHITE FANG. Beauty Smith was mad that his dog was losing. He ran into the pen and started kicking White Fang. At that moment, two strangers rushed into the pen. One of them was Weedon Scott, a very important man.

“You beast,” he shouted at Beauty, and knocked him down with his fist.

“Come on, Matt,” he called to his friend. “Help me pull the dogs apart.” The two men opened the bulldog’s mouth with the help of a revolver and they managed to free White Fang.

“Take this money for the dog and leave,” Weedon shouted to Beauty.

“He isn’t for sale,” replied Beauty, but he looked frightened.

Weedon raised his fist and was ready to hit Beauty again. This time, Beauty took the money and ran.

“I’ll get back at you for taking my dog,” he shouted as he ran away.

Weedon and Matt placed the injured dog on a sled and took him to their cabin. They sat on the steps of the cabin and stared at White Fang, who was tied to the end of a chain. White Fang was feeling better but he still acted like a fighting dog. When he saw Weedon's sled dogs, he tried to attack them.

"It's hopeless," said Weedon. "No one can tame that wolf."

"Oh, I don't know about that," replied Matt.

"What do you mean?" asked Weedon.

"There's a lot of dog in him and I think we can tame him," explained Matt. "See those harness marks on his chest?"

"You mean he was a sled dog?" Weedon asked in surprise.

"That's right," Matt told him with a smile.

Over the next few weeks, the men tried to calm White Fang down, but he stayed wild.

Matt decided to unchain the animal and threw him a piece of meat. When one of the sled dogs jumped for it, White Fang attacked it. Weedon shot with his gun in the air, and White Fang backed away.

"See, that dog's smart. He's afraid of gunshots," said Matt. "Let's give him another chance."

Weedon began throwing him meat and he slowly taught the dog to eat out of his hand. As time went by, White Fang started loving his master.

One night, Weedon and Matt heard a man screaming outside and knew that White Fang was attacking someone. They ran outside and saw Beauty Smith holding a club and a chain. Beauty wanted to take White Fang back with him.

"Stop, White Fang!" Weedon shouted and the animal listened. Beauty Smith ran away in fear and he never returned.

After some time went by, White Fang felt something was wrong and he started howling at night. Weedon was going to leave the wilderness for his home in San Francisco. He planned to leave without White Fang because California was too hot for the dog to live there. On the day Weedon got on the ship, he saw White Fang howling on the dock below. Weedon knew that he couldn't leave without White Fang, so he took him along.



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CHAPTER 9

AFTER A FEW DAYS, THE SHIP ARRIVED IN SAN FRANCISCO. Everything was different in the big city, and White Fang thought all very strange. This was the first time he saw tall buildings, and many wagons and cars in the street. There was a carriage waiting for Weedon. His mother and father got out and greeted him. When Mrs Scott put her arms around her son, White Fang growled and looked ready for attack. Weedon's mother was frightened that he would bite her.

"Down, boy!" he shouted at White Fang. "Down, I said!" Weedon turned to his mother.

"It's all right, mother. He was afraid that you were going to hurt me."

White Fang was calm now and he lowered his head in shame. All the



uggage was loaded onto the carriage and it left for Weedon's family home. White Fang ran quickly behind the carriage.

After a short time, the carriage went through a wide gate and stopped in front of a large wooden house. When everyone stepped down, an angry deep dog ran and jumped on White Fang. He did not fight back because he knew she was a female and that was the law in the wilderness.

"Here, Collie! Stop that right now," shouted Judge Scott, Weedon's father. Weedon laughed and said, "That's all right, father. Collie will become friends with White Fang."

There were many people in the house. Except for his mother and father, Weedon had a wife and two small children. White Fang knew that all these people were very important to his master, so he had to be very good and obey them.



They were a friendly family and White Fang soon let the entire family stroke him. Although he still slept outside, he became a member of the family. Only Collie didn't like him, and she made sure he knew it. Weedon often rode out on his horse and White Fang always went along. One day as Weedon was riding his horse, a rabbit rushed in front of them. The horse jumped up in fright. Weedon fell off and broke his leg. White Fang knew something was wrong when Weedon could not get up.

Weedon was in pain and said to White Fang, "Go home and tell the family what happened to me. Home, White Fang!"

White Fang couldn't understand all the words, but he knew what home meant.

He rushed home and saw the family sitting in front of the house. White Fang barked in excitement and jumped on them.

"Get down," shouted Judge Scott, but White Fang kept barking.

"He's trying to tell us something," Mrs Scott said.

"I know! Something's happened to Weedon," his wife shouted.

They all jumped to their feet and followed White Fang into the woods. There, they found Weedon and brought him safely home.



CHAPTER 10

AFTER WHITE FANG RESCUED WEEDON THE FAMILY LOVED HIM even more. Collie stopped biting him and they became friends. Every day, they would run through the fields together. But Judge Scott didn't trust White Fang because he felt that wolves were always wild animals.

At about that time a criminal called Jim Hall planned to get out of prison. Judge Scott sent him there and Jim hated him for it. All he wanted was to kill the judge. One night he tricked the guard and he escaped from prison.

Judge Scott found out that Jim Hall had escaped. His wife was very worried.

"What if he comes after you?" she asked.

Judge Scott laughed. "Don't worry, my dear. He won't come here."

Mrs Scott was still worried and so she let White Fang sleep in the house every night.

One night, after everyone went to bed, White Fang heard a noise in the house. There were sounds of someone going up the stairs. White Fang very quietly went towards the stairs. Jim Hall took out his gun. Suddenly, White Fang struck. He rushed up the stairs and jumped on Jim Hall. He dug his teeth into Jim Hall's neck and started biting him. There were screams and gunshots and the family woke up and ran to the staircase.

Weedon's wife screamed out. "What is that at the bottom of the stairs?"

The men hurried down to see.

Jim Hall lay dead and White Fang was badly hurt by the gunshots.

"Why, that's Jim Hall," the judge said in surprise. "White Fang saved my life."

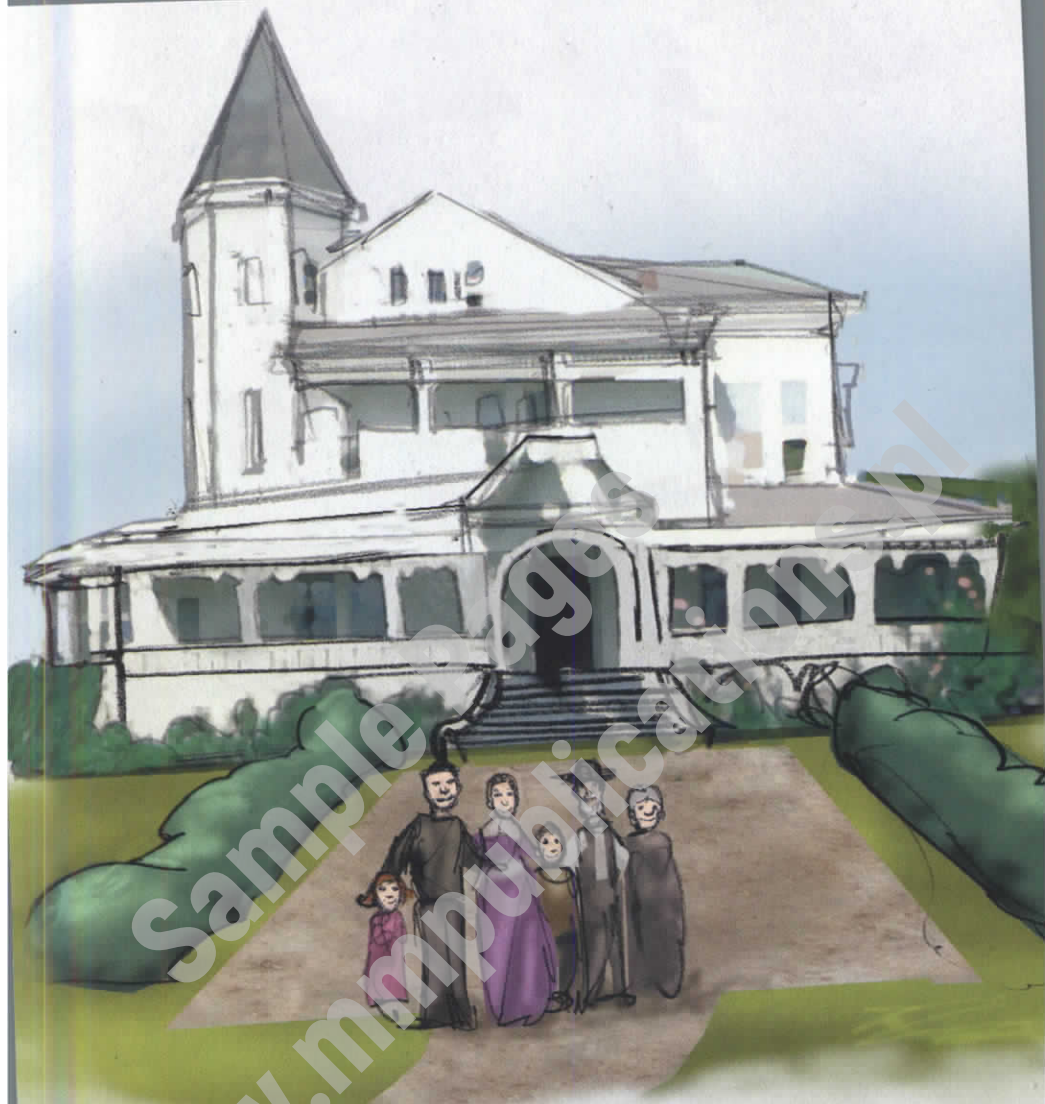
White Fang's eyes were closed and he lay very still.

"He's almost dead," said Weedon.

"We'll see about that!" snapped the judge.

He called the doctor who came right away. After the doctor examined White Fang, he said, "He's in a very bad state; he will need a lot of care to get well again."





Many weeks passed and all the family took care of him. White Fang was still weak but after trying many times, he got back on his feet. The family was so happy, especially the judge who now loved White Fang.

They all went outside with White Fang. In a far corner of the garden, he saw Collie. She was not alone. A little puppy was near her. White Fang looked at it with joy and licked its face. Other puppies came crawling towards him and he let them climb all over him. White Fang lay in the sun, happy to be with Collie and his new family.

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