

Survival

The quest for survival is a powerful human instinct. What determines who lives and who dies?



Amazing Stories of Rescues
and Survival in Nepal

 **Discuss It** What are the circumstances for victims and rescuers after an earthquake hits Nepal?

Write your response before sharing your ideas.

UNIT 2

UNIT INTRODUCTION

ESSENTIAL QUESTION:

What does it take to survive?

LAUNCH TEXT
ARGUMENT MODEL
The Cost of Survival



WHOLE-CLASS LEARNING

ANCHOR TEXT: SHORT STORY

The Seventh Man
Haruki Murakami



ANCHOR TEXT: EDITORIAL

The Moral Logic of Survivor Guilt
Nancy Sherman



MEDIA: RADIO BROADCAST

The Key to Disaster Survival? Friends and Neighbors
Shankar Vedantam



SMALL-GROUP LEARNING

NARRATIVE NONFICTION

The Voyage of the James Caird
from *The Endurance*
Caroline Alexander



COMPARE

MEDIA: PHOTO GALLERY

The Endurance and the James Caird in Images
Frank Hurley



INDEPENDENT LEARNING

SHORT STORY

To Build a Fire
Jack London



SHORT STORY

The Most Dangerous Game
Richard Connell



BIOGRAPHY

from **Unbroken**
Laura Hillenbrand



ARGUMENT

The Value of a Sherpa Life
Grayson Schaffer



EXPOSITORY NONFICTION

Seven Steps to Surviving a Disaster
Jim Y. Kim



POETRY COLLECTION

I Am Offering This Poem
Jimmy Santiago Baca



The Writer
Richard Wilbur

Hugging the Jukebox
Naomi Shihab Nye

MAGAZINE ARTICLE

Titanic vs. Lusitania: How People Behave in a Disaster
Jeffrey Kluger



PUBLIC LETTER

Survival is Your Own Responsibility
Daryl R. Miller



PERFORMANCE TASK

WRITING FOCUS:
Write an Argument

PERFORMANCE TASK

SPEAKING AND LISTENING FOCUS:
Present an Argument

PERFORMANCE-BASED ASSESSMENT PREP

Review Evidence for an Argument

PERFORMANCE-BASED ASSESSMENT

Argument: Essay and Oral Presentation

PROMPT:

Should people in life-or-death situations be held accountable for their actions?

Unit Goals

Throughout this unit you will deepen your perspective of survival by reading, writing, speaking, listening, and presenting. These goals will help you succeed on the Unit Performance-Based Assessment.

Rate how well you meet these goals right now. You will revisit your ratings later when you reflect on your growth during this unit.



READING GOALS

- Evaluate written arguments by analyzing how authors state and support their claims. ○—○—○—○—○
- Expand your knowledge and use of academic and concept vocabulary. ○—○—○—○—○

WRITING AND RESEARCH GOALS

- Write an argumentative essay in which you effectively incorporate the key elements of an argument. ○—○—○—○—○
- Conduct research projects of various lengths to explore a topic and clarify meaning. ○—○—○—○—○

LANGUAGE GOAL

- Correctly use transitions to create cohesion in your writing and presentations. ○—○—○—○—○

SPEAKING AND LISTENING GOALS

- Collaborate with your team to build on the ideas of others, develop consensus, and communicate. ○—○—○—○—○
- Integrate audio, visuals, and text in presentations. ○—○—○—○—○

STANDARDS
L.9–10.6 Acquire and use accurately general academic and domain-specific words and phrases, sufficient for reading, writing, speaking, and listening at the college and career readiness level; demonstrate independence in gathering vocabulary knowledge when considering a word or phrase important to comprehension or expression.

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Academic Vocabulary: Argument

Academic terms appear in all subjects and can help you read, write, and discuss with more precision. Here are five academic words that will be useful to you in this unit as you analyze and write arguments.

Complete the chart.

1. Review each word, its root, and the mentor sentences.
2. Use the information and your own knowledge to predict the meaning of each word.
3. For each word, list at least two related words.
4. Refer to a dictionary or other resources if needed.

TIP

FOLLOW THROUGH

Study the words in this chart, and highlight them or their forms wherever they appear in the unit.

WORD	MENTOR SENTENCES	PREDICT MEANING	RELATED WORDS
<p>evidence</p> <p>ROOT: -vid- "to see"</p>	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The receipt from the cashier was <i>evidence</i> that she had paid the bill. 2. The students' outstanding short film is <i>evidence</i> of their creativity. 		<p><i>evident; evidently</i></p>
<p>credible</p> <p>ROOT: -cred- "to believe"</p>	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Marco is a <i>credible</i> witness because he pays attention and tells the truth. 2. Even if a story seems <i>credible</i>, confirm the details before you accept it as fact. 		
<p>valid</p> <p>ROOT: -val- "worth"</p>	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. An answer is <i>valid</i> if it can be proved true. 2. Jon's license is <i>valid</i> for another three years, and then he will renew it. 		
<p>formulate</p> <p>ROOT: -form- "shape"</p>	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. A researcher has to carefully <i>formulate</i> a topic that will be worth studying. 2. It took time for Erika to <i>formulate</i> a response to the complex question. 		
<p>logical</p> <p>ROOT: -log- "word"; "reason"</p>	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. If your reasoning is <i>logical</i>, you will be able to show the connections between your ideas. 2. Mathematics is <i>logical</i> because it is based on rules and patterns. 		

LAUNCH TEXT | ARGUMENT MODEL

This selection is an example of an **argumentative text**, a type of writing in which an author states and defends a position on a topic. This is the type of writing you will develop in the Performance-Based Assessment at the end of the unit.

As you read, look at the way the writer builds a case. Mark the text to help you answer this question: What is the writer's position and what evidence supports it?



The Cost of Survival

NOTES

- 1 **S**ome people willingly put themselves in life-and-death situations. Mountain climbers and base jumpers knowingly face danger, and they usually walk away safely. However, when things don't turn out well, a lost climber or an injured base jumper may need help. The police, fire department, rescue workers, and medical teams do their best to save an adventurer's life. These efforts can cost a lot of money. The adventurer should be the one to foot the bill.
- 2 Two big news stories of 2014 involved rescue missions. In one, a family of four called for help when their child became ill. They were on a sailboat 900 miles off the coast of Mexico. Their rescue involved the U.S. Navy, the Coast Guard, and the California Air National Guard. In another news story, a caver in Germany was nearly 4,000 feet underground when he was hit by a falling rock. It took rescue teams 11 days to get him safely back to the surface.

NOTES

- 3 It is easy to argue that people should be stopped from putting themselves in danger. However, this would be impossible to enforce. Usually, when people need to be rescued, it is because something unexpected happened. In 2012, millions of people hiked, climbed, and boated in national parks, but only 2,876 needed help. More than 1,600 of those emergencies may have been caused by risky decisions. Someone has to pay for those rescues. The rescue of the family stranded at sea cost \$663,000. That figure does not include pay for the rescue workers. Getting the caver safely to the surface involved 728 people.
- 4 Some people wind up in trouble because of bad luck, but others make dangerous choices. We need to treat these two groups differently. People who take extreme risks should pay for their rescue operation. Some states have passed laws to reflect this belief. In New Hampshire, for example, hikers who get lost or injured because of reckless behavior can be billed for rescue services.
- 5 Not everyone agrees that people should be responsible for the costs of their rescue. Howard Paul, a spokesman for the National Association for Search and Rescue, says, "We know that when people believe that they are going to receive a large bill for an SAR mission, they delay a call for help or they refuse to call for help." He can list many examples of people making their problems worse by not calling for help because they are worried about the cost. And a second lieutenant in the California Air National Guard who helped rescue the family at sea put it this way: "We're out there to save lives. You can't put a price on that."
- 6 However, arguments against charging for rescue miss an important point. Many rescue workers have lost their own lives saving others. In addition, the idea of holding people responsible is not to stop rescuing them. It's to discourage them from behaving in foolish and dangerous ways. That can only be a good thing!
- 7 In the end, taxpayers cover the cost of rescue for those who put themselves at risk. Maybe there are better uses for our money. 🐼

 WORD NETWORK FOR SURVIVAL

Vocabulary A Word Network is a collection of words related to a topic. As you read the selections in this unit, identify interesting words related to the idea of survival and add them to your Word Network. For example, you might begin by adding words from the Launch Text, such as *danger*, *rescue*, and *risky*. Continue to add words as you complete this unit.

 **Tool Kit**
Word Network Model





ESSENTIAL QUESTION:

What does it take to survive?

Everyone knows what it feels like to be ashamed to have done something—but why do people sometimes feel guilty for things they *didn't* do? Survivors' feelings can be complicated. You will work with your whole class to explore the concept of survival. The selections you are going to read present insights into some less-examined costs of survival.

Whole-Class Learning Strategies

Throughout your life, in school, in your community, and in your career, you will continue to learn and work in large-group environments.

Review these strategies and the actions you can take to practice them as you work with your whole class. Add ideas of your own for each step. Get ready to use these strategies during Whole-Class Learning.

STRATEGY	ACTION PLAN
Listen actively	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Eliminate distractions. For example, put your cell phone away. • Keep your eyes on the speaker. •
Clarify by asking questions	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • If you're confused, other people probably are, too. Ask a question to help your whole class. • If you see that you are guessing, ask a question instead. •
Monitor understanding	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Notice what information you already know and be ready to build on it. • Ask for help if you are struggling. •
Interact and share ideas	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Share your ideas and answer questions, even if you are unsure. • Build on the ideas of others by adding details or making a connection. •

CONTENTS

ANCHOR TEXT: SHORT STORY

The Seventh Man

Haruki Murakami

A man recalls a childhood tragedy that changed his life forever.



ANCHOR TEXT: EDITORIAL

The Moral Logic of Survivor Guilt

Nancy Sherman

Does it make sense to feel guilty that you survived when others didn't?



MEDIA: RADIO BROADCAST

The Key to Disaster Survival? Friends and Neighbors

Shankar Vedantam

Who is more helpful during and after a disaster: friends and family or emergency services?



PERFORMANCE TASK

WRITING FOCUS

Write an Argument

Both Whole-Class readings deal with the guilt that haunts people who have survived when others have died. The radio broadcast deals with finding help to survive a disaster. After reading and listening, you will write an argument on the topic of survivor guilt.



About the Author



In 1978, **Haruki Murakami** (b. 1949) was attending a baseball game in Japan where the American player Dave Hilton hit a double. In that moment, Murakami had a flash of inspiration during which he decided he could write a novel. He began writing that evening. Since then, his numerous novels and short stories have been translated more than the works of any other Japanese writer of his generation.

Tool Kit
First-Read Guide and Model Annotation

The Seventh Man

Concept Vocabulary

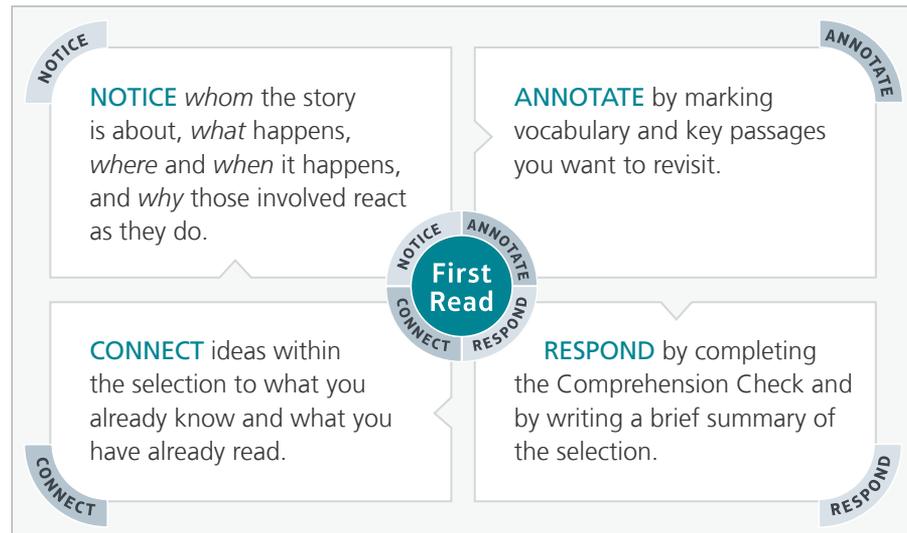
You will encounter the following words as you read “The Seventh Man.” Before reading, note how familiar you are with each word. Then, rank the words in order from most familiar (1) to least familiar (6).

WORD	YOUR RANKING
desperate	
entranced	
hallucination	
premonition	
profound	
meditative	

After completing the first read, come back to the concept vocabulary and review your rankings. Mark changes to your original rankings as needed.

First Read FICTION

Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to complete the close-read notes after your first read.



STANDARDS
RL.9–10.10 By the end of grade 9, read and comprehend literature, including stories, dramas, and poems in the grades 9–10 text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the end of the range.

The Seventh Man

Haruki Murakami

BACKGROUND

Hurricanes that originate in the northwest Pacific Ocean are called typhoons. They can stretch up to 500 miles in diameter and produce high winds, heavy rains, enormous waves, and severe flooding. On average, Japan is hit by three severe typhoons each year due to its location and climatic conditions.

SCAN FOR
MULTIMEDIA 

- 1 **"A** huge wave nearly swept me away," said the seventh man, almost whispering. "It happened one September afternoon when I was ten years old."
- 2 The man was the last one to tell his story that night. The hands of the clock had moved past ten. The small group that huddled in a circle could hear the wind tearing through the darkness outside, heading west. It shook the trees, set the windows to rattling, and moved past the house with one final whistle.
- 3 "It was the biggest wave I had ever seen in my life," he said. "A strange wave. An absolute giant."
- 4 He paused.
- 5 "It just barely missed me, but in my place it swallowed everything that mattered most to me and swept it off to another world. I took years to find it again and to recover from the experience—precious years that can never be replaced."
- 6 The seventh man appeared to be in his mid-fifties. He was a thin man, tall, with a moustache, and next to his right eye he had a short but deep-looking scar that could have been made by the stab of a small blade. Stiff, bristly patches of white marked his short hair. His face had the look you see on people when they can't quite find the words they need. In his case, though, the expression seemed to have

NOTES

CLOSE READ

ANNOTATE: Mark details in paragraph 2 that describe where the action takes place.

QUESTION: What can you tell about the story's setting?

What details about the setting are left unclear?

CONCLUDE: Describe the **mood**, or feeling, that the annotated details create.

been there from long before, as though it were part of him. The man wore a simple blue shirt under a gray tweed coat, and every now and then he would bring his hand to his collar. None of those assembled there knew his name or what he did for a living.

7 He cleared his throat, and for a moment or two his words were lost in silence. The others waited for him to go on.

8 “In my case, it was a wave,” he said. “There’s no way for me to tell, of course, what it will be for each of you. But in my case it just happened to take the form of a gigantic wave. It presented itself to me all of a sudden one day, without warning. And it was devastating.”

* * *

9 I grew up in a seaside town in the Province of S. It was such a small town, I doubt that any of you would recognize the name if I were to mention it. My father was the local doctor, and so I led a rather comfortable childhood. Ever since I could remember, my best friend was a boy I’ll call K. His house was close to ours, and he was a grade behind me in school. We were like brothers, walking to and from school together, and always playing together when we got home. We never once fought during our long friendship. I did have a brother, six years older, but what with the age difference and differences in our personalities, we were never very close. My real brotherly affection went to my friend K.

10 K. was a frail, skinny little thing, with a pale complexion and a face almost pretty enough to be a girl’s. He had some kind of speech impediment,¹ though, which might have made him seem retarded to anyone who didn’t know him. And because he was so frail, I always played his protector, whether at school or at home. I was kind of big and athletic, and the other kids all looked up to me. But the main reason I enjoyed spending time with K. was that he was such a sweet, pure-hearted boy. He was not the least bit retarded, but because of his impediment, he didn’t do too well at school. In most subjects, he could barely keep up. In art class, though, he was great. Just give him a pencil or paints and he would make pictures that were so full of life that even the teacher was amazed. He won prizes in one contest after another, and I’m sure he would have become a famous painter if he had continued with his art into adulthood. He liked to do seascapes. He’d go out to the shore for hours, painting. I would often sit beside him, watching the swift, precise movements of his brush, wondering how, in a few seconds, he could possibly create such lively shapes and colors where, until then, there had been only blank white paper. I realize now that it was a matter of pure talent.

11 One year, in September, a huge typhoon hit our area. The radio said it was going to be the worst in ten years. The schools were closed, and all

1. **speech impediment** (ihm PEHD uh muhnt) obstacle to speaking clearly, such as a lisp or stammer.

the shops in town lowered their shutters in preparation for the storm. Starting early in the morning, my father and brother went around the house nailing shut all the storm-doors, while my mother spent the day in the kitchen cooking emergency provisions. We filled bottles and canteens with water, and packed our most important possessions in rucksacks² for possible evacuation. To the adults, typhoons were an annoyance and a threat they had to face almost annually, but to the kids, removed as we were from such practical concerns, it was just a great big circus, a wonderful source of excitement.

- 12 Just after noon the color of the sky began to change all of a sudden. There was something strange and unreal about it. I stayed outside on the porch, watching the sky, until the wind began to howl and the rain began to beat against the house with a weird dry sound, like handfuls of sand. Then we closed the last storm-door and gathered together in one room of the darkened house, listening to the radio. This particular storm did not have a great deal of rain, it said, but the winds were doing a lot of damage, blowing roofs off houses and capsizing ships. Many people had been killed or injured by flying debris. Over and over again, they warned people against leaving their homes. Every once in a while, the house would creak and shudder as if a huge hand were shaking it, and sometimes there would be a great crash of some heavy-sounding object against a storm-door. My father guessed that these were tiles blowing off the neighbors' houses. For lunch we ate the rice and omelettes my mother had cooked, waiting for the typhoon to blow past.
- 13 But the typhoon gave no sign of blowing past. The radio said it had lost momentum³ almost as soon as it came ashore at S. Province, and now it was moving north-east at the pace of a slow runner. The wind kept up its savage howling as it tried to uproot everything that stood on land.
- 14 Perhaps an hour had gone by with the wind at its worst like this when a hush fell over everything. All of a sudden it was so quiet, we could hear a bird crying in the distance. My father opened the storm-door a crack and looked outside. The wind had stopped, and the rain had ceased to fall. Thick, gray clouds edged across the sky, and patches of blue showed here and there. The trees in the yard were still dripping their heavy burden of rainwater.
- 15 "We're in the eye of the storm," my father told me. "It'll stay quiet like this for a while, maybe fifteen, twenty minutes, kind of like an intermission. Then the wind'll come back the way it was before."
- 16 I asked him if I could go outside. He said I could walk around a little if I didn't go far. "But I want you to come right back here at the first sign of wind."
- 17 I went out and started to explore. It was hard to believe that a wild storm had been blowing there until a few minutes before. I looked

2. **rucksacks** *n.* knapsacks.

3. **momentum** *n.* force or speed of movement.

NOTES

CLOSE READ

ANNOTATE: In paragraph 12, annotate at least four vivid details about the storm. Underline those that compare one thing to another.

QUESTION: What is being compared? What picture does each detail create in the reader's mind?

CONCLUDE: How do these descriptions help you visualize the typhoon?

up at the sky. The storm's great "eye" seemed to be up there, fixing its cold stare on all of us below. No such "eye" existed, of course: we were just in that momentary quiet spot at the center of the pool of whirling air.

18 While the grown-ups checked for damage to the house, I went down to the beach. The road was littered with broken tree branches, some of them thick pine boughs that would have been too heavy for an adult to lift alone. There were shattered roof tiles everywhere, cars with cracked windshields, and even a doghouse that had tumbled into the middle of the street. A big hand might have swung down from the sky and flattened everything in its path.

19 K. saw me walking down the road and came outside.

20 "Where are you going?" he asked.

21 "Just down to look at the beach," I said.

22 Without a word, he came along with me. He had a little white dog that followed after us.

23 "The minute we get any wind, though, we're going straight back home," I said, and K. gave me a silent nod.

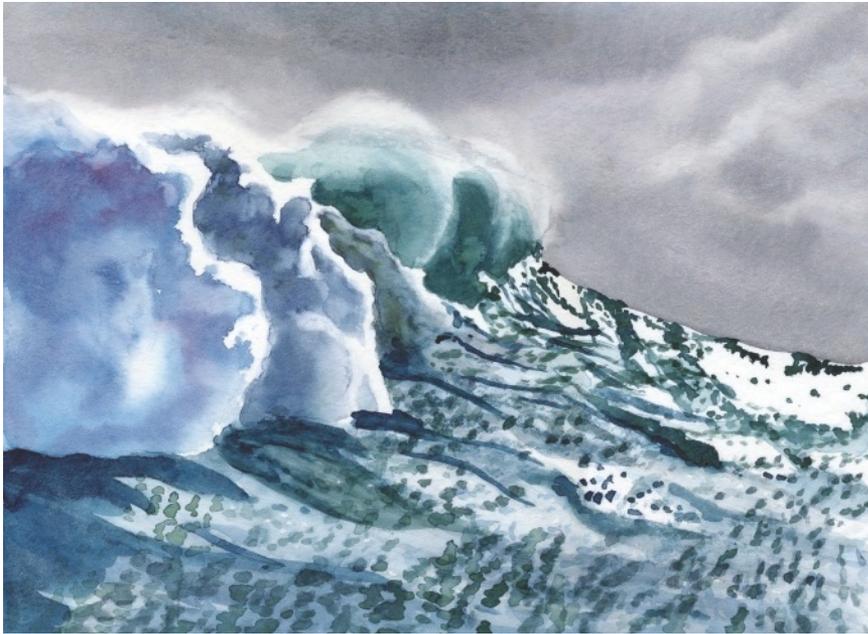
24 The shore was a 200-yard walk from my house. It was lined with a concrete breakwater—a big dyke⁴ that stood as high as I was tall in those days. We had to climb a short flight of steps to reach the water's edge. This was where we came to play almost every day, so there was no part of it we didn't know well. In the eye of the typhoon, though, it all looked different: the color of the sky and of the sea, the sound of the waves, the smell of the tide, the whole expanse of the shore. We sat atop the breakwater for a time, taking in the view without a word to each other. We were supposedly in the middle of a great typhoon, and yet the waves were strangely hushed. And the point where they washed against the beach was much farther away than usual, even at low tide. The white sand stretched out before us as far as we could see. The whole, huge space felt like a room without furniture, except for the band of flotsam⁵ that lined the beach.

25 We stepped down to the other side of the breakwater and walked along the broad beach, examining the things that had come to rest there. Plastic toys, sandals, chunks of wood that had probably once been parts of furniture, pieces of clothing, unusual bottles, broken crates with foreign writing on them, and other, less recognizable items: it was like a big candy store. The storm must have carried these things from very far away. Whenever something unusual caught our attention, we would pick it up and look at it every which way, and when we were done, K.'s dog would come over and give it a good sniff.

26 We couldn't have been doing this more than five minutes when I realized that the waves had come up right next to me. Without any sound or other warning, the sea had suddenly stretched its long,

4. **dyke** (dyk) *n.* barrier built along the edge of a body of water to prevent flooding.

5. **flotsam** (FLOT suhm) *n.* refuse or debris from a ship.



smooth tongue out to where I stood on the beach. I had never seen anything like it before. Child though I was, I had grown up on the shore and knew how frightening the ocean could be—the savagery with which it could strike unannounced.

27 And so I had taken care to keep well back from the waterline. In spite of that, the waves had slid up to within inches of where I stood. And then, just as soundlessly, the water drew back—and stayed back. The waves that had approached me were as unthreatening as waves can be—a gentle washing of the sandy beach. But something ominous about them—something like the touch of a reptile’s skin—had sent a chill down my spine. My fear was totally groundless—and totally real. I knew instinctively that they were alive. The waves were alive. They knew I was here and they were planning to grab me. I felt as if some huge, man-eating beast were lying somewhere on a grassy plain, dreaming of the moment it would pounce and tear me to pieces with its sharp teeth. I had to run away.

28 “I’m getting out of here!” I yelled to K. He was maybe ten yards down the beach, squatting with his back to me, and looking at something. I was sure I had yelled loud enough, but my voice did not seem to have reached him. He might have been so absorbed in whatever it was he had found that my call made no impression on him. K. was like that. He would get involved with things to the point of forgetting everything else. Or possibly I had not yelled as loudly as I had thought. I do recall that my voice sounded strange to me, as though it belonged to someone else.

29 Then I heard a deep rumbling sound. It seemed to shake the earth. Actually, before I heard the rumble I heard another sound, a weird gurgling as though a lot of water was surging up through a hole

CLOSE READ

ANNOTATE: In paragraph 27, mark how the author divides sentences 3, 4, 5, and 6 into parts.

QUESTION: Why do you think the author uses dashes? What patterns does this punctuation create?

CONCLUDE: What is the effect of dividing these sentences in this way?

CLOSE READ

ANNOTATE: In paragraph 30, mark thoughts the narrator had. Then, mark actions the narrator actually took.

QUESTION: What do you notice about the thoughts and the actions?

CONCLUSION: What do these details reveal about the narrator's character?

desperate (DEHS puh-r ih-t) *adj.*
involving extreme danger or disaster

in the ground. It continued for a while, then stopped, after which I heard the strange rumbling. Even that was not enough to make K. look up. He was still squatting, looking down at something at his feet, in deep concentration. He probably did not hear the rumbling. How he could have missed such an earth-shaking sound, I don't know. This may seem odd, but it might have been a sound that only I could hear—some special kind of sound. Not even K.'s dog seemed to notice it, and you know how sensitive dogs are to sound.

- 30 I told myself to run over to K., grab hold of him, and get out of there. It was the only thing to do. I *knew* that the wave was coming, and K. didn't know. As clearly as I knew what I ought to be doing, I found myself running the other way—running full speed towards the dyke, alone. What made me do this, I'm sure, was fear, a fear so overpowering it took my voice away and set my legs to running on their own. I ran stumbling along the soft sand beach to the breakwater, where I turned and shouted to K.
- 31 "Hurry, K.! Get out of there! The wave is coming!" This time my voice worked fine. The rumbling had stopped, I realized, and now, finally, K. heard my shouting and looked up. But it was too late. A wave like a huge snake with its head held high, poised to strike, was racing towards the shore. I had never seen anything like it in my life. It had to be as tall as a three-story building. Soundlessly (in my memory, at least, the image is soundless), it rose up behind K. to block out the sky. K. looked at me for a few seconds, uncomprehending. Then, as if sensing something, he turned towards the wave. He tried to run, but now there was no time to run. In the next instant, the wave had swallowed him.
- 32 The wave crashed on to the beach, shattering into a million leaping waves that flew through the air and plunged over the dyke where I stood. I was able to dodge its impact by ducking behind the breakwater. The spray wet my clothes, nothing more. I scrambled back up on to the wall and scanned the shore. By then the wave had turned and, with a wild cry, it was rushing back out to sea. It looked like part of a gigantic rug that had been yanked by someone at the other end of the earth. Nowhere on the shore could I find any trace of K., or of his dog. There was only the empty beach. The receding wave had now pulled so much water out from the shore that it seemed to expose the entire ocean bottom. I stood alone on the breakwater, frozen in place.
- 33 The silence came over everything again—a **desperate** silence, as though sound itself had been ripped from the earth. The wave had swallowed K. and disappeared into the far distance. I stood there, wondering what to do. Should I go down to the beach? K. might be down there somewhere, buried in the sand . . . But I decided not to leave the dyke. I knew from experience that big waves often came in twos and threes.
- 34 I'm not sure how much time went by—maybe ten or twenty seconds of eerie emptiness—when, just as I had guessed, the next wave came. Another gigantic roar shook the beach, and again, after

the sound had faded, another huge wave raised its head to strike. It towered before me, blocking out the sky, like a deadly cliff. This time, though, I didn't run. I stood rooted to the sea wall, **entranced**, waiting for it to attack. What good would it do to run, I thought, now that K. had been taken? Or perhaps I simply froze, overcome with fear. I can't be sure what it was that kept me standing there.

35 The second wave was just as big as the first—maybe even bigger. From far above my head it began to fall, losing its shape, like a brick wall slowly crumbling. It was so huge that it no longer looked like a real wave. It was like something from another, far-off world, that just happened to assume the shape of a wave. I readied myself for the moment the darkness would take me. I didn't even close my eyes. I remember hearing my heart pound with incredible clarity.

36 The moment the wave came before me, however, it stopped. All at once it seemed to run out of energy, to lose its forward motion and simply hover there, in space, crumbling in stillness. And in its crest,⁶ inside its cruel, transparent tongue, what I saw was K.

37 Some of you may find this impossible to believe, and if so, I don't blame you. I myself have trouble accepting it even now. I can't explain what I saw any better than you can, but I know it was no illusion, no **hallucination**. I am telling you as honestly as I can what happened at that moment—what really happened. In the tip of the wave, as if enclosed in some kind of transparent capsule, floated K.'s body, reclining on its side. But that is not all. K. was looking straight at me, smiling. There, right in front of me, so close that I could have reached out and touched him, was my friend, my friend K. who, only moments before, had been swallowed by the wave. And he was smiling at me. Not with an ordinary smile—it was a big, wide-open grin that literally stretched from ear to ear. His cold, frozen eyes were locked on mine. He was no longer the K. I knew. And his right arm was stretched out in my direction, as if he were trying to grab my hand and pull me into that other world where he was now. A little closer, and his hand would have caught mine. But, having missed, K. then smiled at me one more time, his grin wider than ever.

38 I seem to have lost consciousness at that point. The next thing I knew, I was in bed in my father's clinic. As soon as I awoke the nurse went to call my father, who came running. He took my pulse, studied my pupils, and put his hand on my forehead. I tried to move my arm, but I couldn't lift it. I was burning with fever, and my mind was clouded. I had been wrestling with a high fever for some time, apparently. "You've been asleep for three days," my father said to me. A neighbor who had seen the whole thing had picked me up and carried me home. They had not been able to find K. I wanted to say something to my father. I *had* to say something to him. But my numb and swollen tongue could not form words. I felt as if some kind of creature had taken up residence in my mouth. My father asked me

NOTES

entranced (ehn TRANST)
adj. in a state of wonder or amazement

hallucination (huh loo suh NAY shuhn) *n.* something perceived that has no reality

6. **crest** *n.* top of a wave.

to tell him my name, but before I could remember what it was, I lost consciousness again, sinking into darkness.

39 Altogether, I stayed in bed for a week on a liquid diet. I vomited several times, and had bouts of delirium. My father told me afterwards that I was so bad that he had been afraid I might suffer permanent neurological⁷ damage from the shock and high fever. One way or another, though, I managed to recover—physically, at least. But my life would never be the same again.

40 They never found K.'s body. They never found his dog, either. Usually when someone drowned in that area, the body would wash up a few days later on the shore of a small inlet to the east. K.'s body never did. The big waves probably carried it far out to sea—too far for it to reach the shore. It must have sunk to the ocean bottom to be eaten by the fish. The search went on for a very long time, thanks to the cooperation of the local fishermen, but eventually it petered out.⁸ Without a body, there was never any funeral. Half crazed, K.'s parents would wander up and down the beach every day, or they would shut themselves up at home, chanting sutras.⁹

41 As great a blow as this had been for them, though, K.'s parents never chided me for having taken their son down to the shore in the midst of a typhoon. They knew how I had always loved and protected K. as if he had been my own little brother. My parents, too, made a point of never mentioning the incident in my presence. But I knew the truth. I knew that I could have saved K. if I had tried. I probably could have run over and dragged him out of the reach of the wave. It would have been close, but as I went over the timing of the events in memory, it always seemed to me that I could have made it. As I said before, though, overcome with fear, I abandoned him there and saved only myself. It pained me all the more that K.'s parents failed to blame me and that everyone else was so careful never to say anything to me about what had happened. It took me a long time to recover from the emotional shock. I stayed away from school for weeks. I hardly ate a thing, and spent each day in bed, staring at the ceiling.

42 K. was always there, lying in the wave tip, grinning at me, his hand outstretched, beckoning. I couldn't get that picture out of my mind. And when I managed to sleep, it was there in my dreams—except that, in my dreams, K. would hop out of his capsule in the wave and grab my wrist to drag me back inside with him.

43 And then there was another dream I had. I'm swimming in the ocean. It's a beautiful summer afternoon, and I'm doing an easy breaststroke far from shore. The sun is beating down on my back, and the water feels good. Then, all of a sudden, someone grabs my right leg. I feel an ice-cold grip on my ankle. It's strong, too strong to shake off. I'm being dragged down under the surface. I see K.'s face there.

7. **neurological** (nur uh LOJ uh kuhl) *adj.* relating to the nervous system.

8. **petered out** came to an end.

9. **sutras** (SOO truhz) *n.* short religious texts meant to be chanted.

He has the same huge grin, split from ear to ear, his eyes locked on mine. I try to scream, but my voice will not come. I swallow water, and my lungs start to fill.

44 I wake up in the darkness, screaming, breathless, drenched in sweat.

45 At the end of the year I pleaded with my parents to let me move to another town. I couldn't go on living in sight of the beach where K. had been swept away, and my nightmares wouldn't stop. If I didn't get out of there, I'd go crazy. My parents understood and made arrangements for me to live elsewhere. I moved to Nagano Province in January to live with my father's family in a mountain village near Komoro.¹⁰ I finished elementary school in Nagano and stayed on through junior and senior high school there. I never went home, even for holidays. My parents came to visit me now and then.

46 I live in Nagano to this day. I graduated from a college of engineering in the City of Nagano and went to work for a precision toolmaker in the area. I still work for them. I live like anybody else. As you can see, there's nothing unusual about me. I'm not very sociable, but I have a few friends I go mountain climbing with. Once I got away from my home town, I stopped having nightmares all the time. They remained a part of my life, though. They would come to me now and then, like debt collectors at the door. It happened whenever I was on the verge of forgetting. And it was always the same dream, down to the smallest detail. I would wake up screaming, my sheets soaked with sweat.

47 That is probably why I never married. I didn't want to wake someone sleeping next to me with my screams in the middle of the night. I've been in love with several women over the years, but I never spent a night with any of them. The terror was in my bones. It was something I could never share with another person.

48 I stayed away from my home town for over forty years. I never went near that seashore—or any other. I was afraid that if I did, my dream might happen in reality. I had always enjoyed swimming, but after that day I never even went to swim in a pool. I wouldn't go near deep rivers or lakes. I avoided boats and wouldn't take a plane to go abroad. Despite all these precautions, I couldn't get rid of the image of myself drowning. Like K.'s cold hand, this dark **premonition** caught hold of my mind and refused to let go.

49 Then, last spring, I finally revisited the beach where K. had been taken by the wave.

50 My father had died of cancer the year before, and my brother had sold the old house. In going through the storage shed, he had found a cardboard carton crammed with childhood things of mine, which he sent to me in Nagano. Most of it was useless junk, but there was one bundle of pictures that K. had painted and given to me. My parents had probably put them away for me as a keepsake of K., but

10. **Nagano Province . . . village near Komoro** northwestern area of Japan and a town in that area.

NOTES

CLOSE READ

ANNOTATE: In paragraphs 45 and 46, mark verbs that reveal the time frame.

QUESTION: Why has the writer switched from past tense verbs in paragraph 45 to present tense verbs in paragraph 46?

CONCLUDE: What shift in the story's time frame is revealed through the use of verbs?

premonition (prehm uh NIHSH uhn) *n.* feeling that something bad will happen

the pictures did nothing but reawaken the old terror. They made me feel as if K.'s spirit would spring back to life from them, and so I quickly returned them to their paper wrapping, intending to throw them away. I couldn't make myself do it, though. After several days of indecision, I opened the bundle again and forced myself to take a long, hard look at K.'s watercolors.

51 Most of them were landscapes, pictures of the familiar stretch of ocean and sand beach and pine woods and the town, and all done with that special clarity and coloration I knew so well from K.'s hand. They were still amazingly vivid despite the years, and had been executed with even greater skill than I recalled. As I leafed through the bundle, I found myself steeped in warm memories. The deep feelings of the boy K. were there in his pictures—the way his eyes were opened on the world. The things we did together, the places we went together began to come back to me with great intensity. And I realized that his eyes were my eyes, that I myself had looked upon the world back then with the same lively, unclouded vision as the boy who had walked by my side.

52 I made a habit after that of studying one of K.'s pictures at my desk each day when I got home from work. I could sit there for hours with one painting. In each I found another of those soft landscapes of childhood that I had shut out of my memory for so long. I had a



sense, whenever I looked at one of K.'s works, that something was permeating my very flesh.

53 Perhaps a week had gone by like this when the thought suddenly struck me one evening: I might have been making a terrible mistake all those years. As he lay there in the tip of the wave, surely K. had not been looking at me with hatred or resentment; he had not been trying to take me away with him. And that terrible grin he had fixed me with: that, too, could have been an accident of angle or light and shadow, not a conscious act on K.'s part. He had probably already lost consciousness, or perhaps he had been giving me a gentle smile of eternal parting. The intense look of hatred I thought I saw on his face had been nothing but a reflection of the **profound** terror that had taken control of me for the moment.

54 The more I studied K.'s watercolor that evening, the greater the conviction with which I began to believe these new thoughts of mine. For no matter how long I continued to look at the picture, I could find nothing in it but a boy's gentle, innocent spirit.

55 I went on sitting at my desk for a very long time. There was nothing else I could do. The sun went down, and the pale darkness of evening began to envelop the room. Then came the deep silence of night, which seemed to go on for ever. At last, the scales tipped, and dark gave way to dawn. The new day's sun tinged the sky with pink.

56 It was then I knew I must go back.

57 I threw a few things in a bag, called the company to say I would not be in, and boarded a train for my old home town.

58 I did not find the same quiet, little seaside town that I remembered. An industrial city had sprung up nearby during the rapid development of the Sixties, bringing great changes to the landscape. The one little gift shop by the station had grown into a mall, and the town's only movie theatre had been turned into a supermarket. My house was no longer there. It had been demolished some months before, leaving only a scrape on the earth. The trees in the yard had all been cut down, and patches of weeds dotted the black stretch of ground. K.'s old house had disappeared as well, having been replaced by a concrete parking lot full of commuters' cars and vans. Not that I was overcome by sentiment. The town had ceased to be mine long before.

59 I walked down to the shore and climbed the steps of the breakwater. On the other side, as always, the ocean stretched off into the distance, unobstructed, huge, the horizon a single straight line. The shoreline, too, looked the same as it had before: the long beach, the lapping waves, people strolling at the water's edge. The time was after four o'clock, and the soft sun of late afternoon embraced everything below as it began its long, almost **meditative**, descent to the west. I lowered my bag to the sand and sat down next to it in silent appreciation of the gentle seascape. Looking at this scene, it was impossible to imagine that a great typhoon had once raged here, that a massive wave had swallowed my best friend in all the world. There was almost no one left now, surely, who remembered those

NOTES

profound (pruh FOWND) *adj.*
intense; deep

CLOSE READ

ANNOTATE: In paragraph 58, mark details that suggest harshness or hardness. Then, mark details in paragraph 59 that suggest softness and calm.

QUESTION: Why does the author use these particular details in this way?

CONCLUDE: What change in the narrator's perspective is revealed by the author's word choice?

meditative (MEHD uh tay tiv) *adj.* given to extended thought

CLOSE READ

ANNOTATE: In paragraph 62, mark words or phrases that suggest dramatic motion and stillness.

QUESTION: How do these words and phrases show what is happening to the narrator physically?

CONCLUDE: What deeper idea is the author conveying through this word choice?

terrible events. It began to seem as if the whole thing were an illusion that I had dreamed up in vivid detail.

60 And then I realized that the deep darkness inside me had vanished. Suddenly. As suddenly as it had come. I raised myself from the sand and, without bothering to take off my shoes or roll up my cuffs, walked into the surf to let the waves lap at my ankles.

61 Almost in reconciliation, it seemed, the same waves that had washed up on the beach when I was a boy were now fondly washing my feet, soaking black my shoes and pant cuffs. There would be one slow-moving wave, then a long pause, and then another wave would come and go. The people passing by gave me odd looks, but I didn't care.

62 I looked up at the sky. A few gray cotton chunks of cloud hung there, motionless. They seemed to be there for me, though I'm not sure why I felt that way. I remembered having looked up at the sky like this in search of the "eye" of the typhoon. And then, inside me, the axis of time gave one great heave. Forty long years collapsed like a dilapidated house, mixing old time and new time together in a single swirling mass. All sounds faded, and the light around me shuddered. I lost my balance and fell into the waves. My heart throbbed at the back of my throat, and my arms and legs lost all sensation. I lay that way for a long time, face in the water, unable to stand. But I was not afraid. No, not at all. There was no longer anything for me to fear. Those days were gone.

63 I stopped having my terrible nightmares. I no longer wake up screaming in the middle of the night. And I am trying now to start life over again. No, I know it's probably too late to start again. I may not have much time left to live. But even if it comes too late, I am grateful that, in the end, I was able to attain a kind of salvation, to effect some sort of recovery. Yes, grateful: I could have come to the end of my life unsaved, still screaming in the dark, afraid.

* * *

64 The seventh man fell silent and turned his gaze upon each of the others. No one spoke or moved or even seemed to breathe. All were waiting for the rest of his story. Outside, the wind had fallen, and nothing stirred. The seventh man brought his hand to his collar once again, as if in search of words.

65 "They tell us that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself; but I don't believe that," he said. Then, a moment later, he added: "Oh, the fear is there, all right. It comes to us in many different forms, at different times, and overwhelms us. But the most frightening thing we can do at such times is to turn our backs on it, to close our eyes. For then we take the most precious thing inside us and surrender it to something else. In my case, that something was the wave." 🐬

Comprehension Check

Complete the following items after you finish your first read.

1. What traumatic event changes the seventh man's life?
2. Why does the seventh man's father allow him to go outside during the storm?
3. At the beach, why doesn't K. respond when his friend calls out to him?
4. What does the seventh man see inside the second wave?
5. What does the seventh man do when he returns to his hometown that shows he has finally recovered from his traumatic experience?
6.  **Notebook** To confirm your understanding, write a summary of "The Seventh Man."

RESEARCH

Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of the story?

Research to Explore Choose something from the text that interested you and formulate a research question.



THE SEVENTH MAN

Close Read the Text

- The model, from paragraph 5 of the story, shows two sample annotations, along with questions and conclusions. Close read the passage, and find another detail to annotate. Then, write a question and your conclusion.

ANNOTATE: This phrase describes the wave in almost human terms.

QUESTION: What effect does this word choice create?

CONCLUDE: This description makes the wave seem alive and evil.

ANNOTATE: This word is repeated.

QUESTION: Why does the author repeat the word *years*?

CONCLUDE: The repetition emphasizes how long it takes the man to recover from the experience.

“It just barely missed me, but in my place it **swallowed everything that mattered most to me** and swept it off to another world. I took **years** to find it again and to recover from the experience—precious **years** that can never be replaced.”

Tool Kit

Close-Read Guide and Model Annotation

- For more practice, go back into the story and complete the close-read notes.
- Revisit a section of the text you found important during your first read. Read this section closely, and **annotate** what you notice. Ask yourself **questions** such as “Why did the author make this choice?” What can you **conclude**?

Analyze the Text

CITE TEXTUAL EVIDENCE to support your answers.

Notebook Respond to these questions.

- Interpret** What does the wave **symbolize**, or represent, to the seventh man?
- (a) After he rediscovers K.’s watercolors, what does the seventh man do with them? (b) **Interpret** What do K.’s watercolors symbolize to him?
- (a) **Paraphrase** When you **paraphrase**, you restate a text in your own words. Paraphrase the seventh man’s comments about fear in the story’s final paragraph. (b) **Make a Judgment** Do you agree or disagree with the seventh man’s comments? Explain.
- Evaluate** Although the seventh man did not die, did he truly escape the wave? Explain your position, citing story details.
- Essential Question:** *What does it take to survive?* What have you learned about the nature of survival by reading this story?

STANDARDS

RL.9–10.5 Analyze how an author’s choices concerning how to structure a text, order events within it, and manipulate time create such effects as mystery, tension, or surprise.

Analyze Craft and Structure

Author's Choices: Order of Events A **frame story** is a story that brackets—or *frames*—another story or group of stories. This device creates a story-within-a-story narrative structure.

- Typically, the frame story is found at the beginning and again at the end of the work.
- Within this frame, the author shifts the narrative to a second, or interior, story.
- The interior story may be told by a different narrator or shift to a different point of view.

In “The Seventh Man,” the frame story is told by a **third-person narrator**, who is an outside voice rather than a participant in the story. By contrast, the interior story is told in **first-person narration** by the seventh man himself.

Practice

CITE TEXTUAL EVIDENCE
to support your answers.

Reread paragraphs 1–8 and 63–65 of “The Seventh Man.”

 **Notebook** Respond to these questions.

1. (a) At what points in “The Seventh Man” does the frame story begin and end?
(b) What aspects of the text change to indicate these shifts?
2. (a) Record in the chart details from the frame story that describe the seventh man.
(b) What do these details tell you about the seventh man’s character?

THE SEVENTH MAN: FRAME STORY DETAILS

his appearance	
his speaking style	
his behavior	

3. (a) Imagine that the frame story used first-person narration. Which details from your chart would most likely not appear in the story? (b) How does the use of third-person narration in the frame affect readers’ understanding of the seventh man?
4. How does the use of first-person narration affect what readers learn and feel about the seventh man, K., and the events of the interior story?
5. Why do you think the author chose to use a frame structure to tell this story? What does the frame structure allow that a more basic story structure might not?



THE SEVENTH MAN

Concept Vocabulary

desperate**hallucination****profound****entranced****premonition****meditative**

Why These Words? These concept words help to reveal the emotional state of the seventh man. For example, when the wave approaches, the seventh man is *entranced*, waiting for it to attack. After the wave hits, the seventh man believes he sees his friend K. in the wave and claims that this experience was no *hallucination*. Notice that both words relate to experiences that occur only in the mind of the seventh man.

1. How does the concept vocabulary sharpen the reader's understanding of the mental or emotional state of the seventh man?
2. What other words in the selection connect to this concept?

Practice

 **Notebook** The concept vocabulary words appear in "The Seventh Man."

1. Use each concept word in a sentence that demonstrates your understanding of the word's meaning.
2. Challenge yourself to replace the concept word with one or two synonyms. How does the word change affect the meaning of your sentence? For example, which sentence is stronger? Which has a more positive meaning?

Word Study

Latin Suffix: -tion The Latin suffix *-tion* often indicates that a word is a noun. Sometimes this suffix is spelled *-ion* or *-ation*. In any of its forms, it means "act, state, or condition of." In "The Seventh Man," the word *premonition* means "the state of being forewarned."

1. Record a definition of *hallucination* based on your understanding of its root word and the meaning of the suffix *-tion*.
2. Look back at paragraphs 37–40 and find two other words that end with the suffix *-tion*. In each case, identify the root word that has been combined with the suffix. Record a definition for each word.

WORD NETWORK

Add interesting words related to survival from the text to your Word Network.

STANDARDS

L.9–10.1.b Use various types of phrases and clauses to convey specific meanings and add variety and interest to writing or presentations.

L.9–10.4.b Identify and correctly use patterns of word changes that indicate different meanings or parts of speech, and continue to apply knowledge of Greek and Latin roots and affixes.

L.9–10.5.b Analyze nuances in the meaning of words with similar denotations.

Conventions

Infinitives and Infinitive Phrases An **infinitive** is a verb form that generally appears with the word *to* in front of it and acts as a noun, an adjective, or an adverb. An **infinitive phrase** consists of an infinitive and its objects, complements, or modifiers, all acting together as a single part of speech. Like an infinitive, an infinitive phrase acts as a noun, an adjective, or an adverb.

The examples in the chart show uses of infinitives and infinitive phrases.

INFINITIVE	INFINITIVE PHRASE
<p>Used as a Noun</p> <p><i>To succeed</i> requires dedication. (functions as the subject of the sentence)</p>	<p>Used as a Noun</p> <p>We chose <i>to take the old foot path</i>. (functions as the direct object of the verb <i>chose</i>)</p>
<p>Used as an Adjective</p> <p>I wish I had the ability <i>to fly</i>. (tells <i>what kind</i> of ability)</p>	<p>Used as an Adjective</p> <p>Dana's desire <i>to do well</i> made Mama proud. (tells <i>which</i> desire)</p>
<p>Used as an Adverb</p> <p>When Derrick <i>sat down to study</i>, he concentrated. (tells <i>why</i> Derrick sat down)</p>	<p>Used as an Adverb</p> <p>She <i>called</i> the editor <i>to voice her opinion</i>. (tells <i>why</i> she called)</p>

TIP

CLARIFICATION

Don't confuse infinitives with prepositional phrases. A prepositional phrase always ends with a noun or a pronoun. An infinitive always ends with a verb.

Read It

- Mark the infinitive in each sentence from "The Seventh Man." Then, label each infinitive phrase as a noun, an adjective, or an adverb.
 - I didn't want to wake someone sleeping next to me with my screams in the middle of the night.
 - It took me a long time to recover from the emotional shock.
 - This was where we came to play almost every day, so there was no part of it we didn't know well.
- Reread paragraph 31 of "The Seventh Man." Mark each infinitive, and label each infinitive phrase as a noun, an adjective, or an adverb.

Write It

 **Notebook** For each of these sentences, write a new sentence that expresses a similar idea but includes an infinitive or infinitive phrase. Mark each infinitive, and note whether each infinitive or infinitive phrase is a noun, an adjective, or an adverb.

- K. was an unimaginably gifted artist for his age.
- The seventh man was so filled with grief he never married.



THE SEVENTH MAN

Writing to Sources

Critical writing is a type of argumentation in which you explain your insights about a literary work and persuade others to share your point of view. Like any argument, critical writing requires you to state a claim, or position, and to support it with strong evidence.

Assignment

Write a **critical review** of “The Seventh Man” that could appear in your school paper or website. State specific reasons why you either recommend or do not recommend the story to other readers.

Your review should include:

- Title and author of the work being reviewed
- A brief summary of the work
- A clear statement of your claim, or position
- Valid reasoning that is supported by text evidence

Vocabulary and Conventions Connection In your review, consider including several of the concept vocabulary words. Also, consider using infinitive phrases to add variety to your sentences.

desperate

hallucination

profound

entranced

premonition

meditative

Reflect on Your Writing

After you have written your critical review, answer the following questions.

1. How do you think writing your critical review strengthened your understanding of the story?
2. What evidence and supporting details did you use in your writing? How did they help support your claim?
3. **Why These Words?** The words you choose make a difference in your writing. Which words did you specifically choose to add power to your critical review?

STANDARDS

W.9–10.1.a Introduce precise claim(s), distinguish the claim(s) from alternate or opposing claims, and create an organization that establishes clear relationships among the claim(s), counterclaims, reasons, and evidence.

SL.9–10.4.b Plan, memorize, and present a recitation that: conveys the meaning of the selection and includes appropriate performance techniques to achieve the desired aesthetic effect.

Speaking and Listening

Assignment

With a partner, prepare a **retelling** of “The Seventh Man” from another point of view. For example, you may choose to retell the story from K.’s parents’ point of view, or from that of a hidden onlooker. Refresh your memory by rereading the selection. Then, follow these steps to complete the assignment.

- 1. Identify Your Character** Choose your character and determine how he or she fits into the original story. Decide what important information you will need to tell your audience to clarify the character’s background and motivations.
- 2. Plan Your Retelling** Once you’ve identified your character, think about his or her perspective on the events in the story. As you plan your retelling, keep the following in mind:
 - How does your character see the story differently from the seventh man? What fresh perspective does he or she offer?
 - Make a list of the story events, as experienced by your character. Then, weave those events into a coherent retelling.
 - Choose language that is appropriate to the character you chose. For example, a child would choose simple words and sentences and may not fully understand what he or she is observing.
- 3. Prepare Your Delivery** Practice your retelling with your partner. Include the following performance techniques to help you achieve the desired effect.
 - Vary your intonation to reflect the emotions of your character. Avoid speaking in a flat, monotone style.
 - As you speak, use facial expressions and gestures that help convey your character’s personality.
 - Make eye contact with your audience to engage them in the story.
- 4. Evaluate Retellings** As your classmates deliver their retellings, listen attentively. Use an evaluation guide like the one shown to analyze their delivery.

EVALUATION GUIDE

Rate each statement on a scale of 1 (not demonstrated) to 4 (demonstrated).

- The character was clearly identified.
- The speaker communicated clearly and expressively.
- The speaker used a variety of speaking tones and pitches.
- The speaker used effective gestures and other body language.

EVIDENCE LOG

Before moving on to a new selection, go to your Evidence Log and record what you learned from “The Seventh Man.”



About the Author



Nancy Sherman

(b. 1951) always wanted to understand more about what her father went through as a soldier during World War II. Her opportunity came when she served as the first Distinguished Chair in Ethics at the U.S. Naval Academy from 1997–99. Sherman is now a University Professor of Philosophy at Georgetown University, and her research includes military ethics, the history of moral philosophy, and moral psychology.

Tool Kit

First-Read Guide and Model Annotation

STANDARDS

RI.9–10.10 By the end of grade 9, read and comprehend literary nonfiction in the grades 9–10 text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the high end of the range.

The Moral Logic of Survivor Guilt

Concept Vocabulary

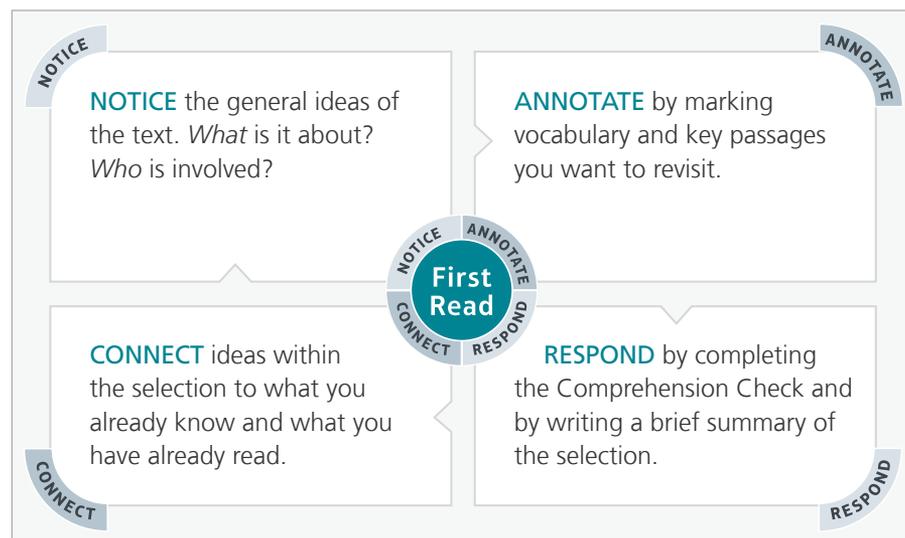
You will encounter the following words as you read “The Moral Logic of Survivor Guilt.” Before reading, note how familiar you are with each word. Then, rank the words in order from most familiar (1) to least familiar (6).

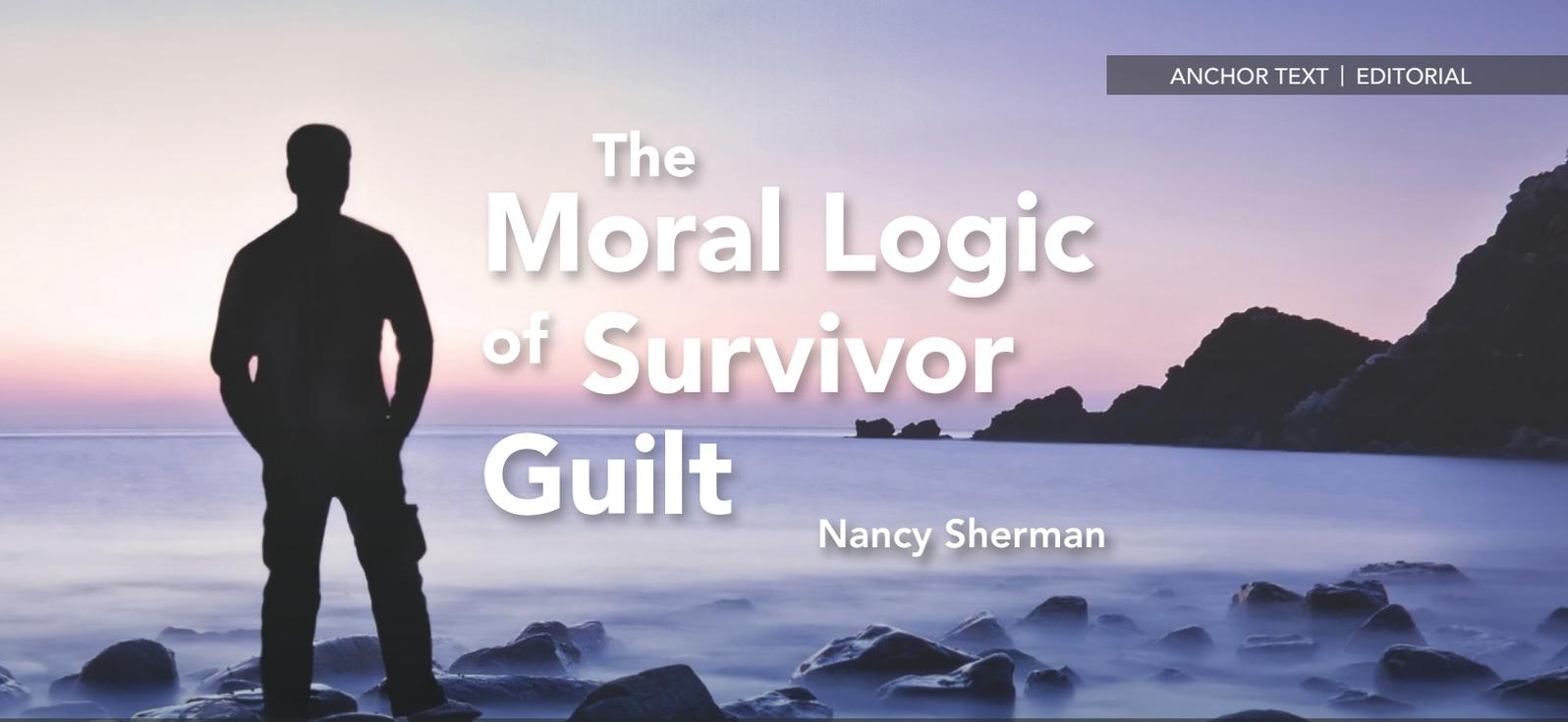
WORD	YOUR RANKING
burden	
culpability	
conscience	
remorse	
entrusted	
empathic	

After completing your first read, review your original rankings. Make any changes to your rankings as needed.

First Read NONFICTION

Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to complete the close-read notes after your first read.





The Moral Logic of Survivor Guilt

Nancy Sherman

BACKGROUND

Traumatic events take a toll on the physical and mental well-being of the individuals who must endure them. Survivors of the Holocaust, rescue workers, and war veterans, for example, might wonder how they were able to make it out alive when others did not. The term “survivor guilt” is used to describe these feelings.



- 1 **I**f there is one thing we have learned from returning war veterans—especially those of the last decade—it’s that the emotional reality of the soldier at home is often at odds with that of the civilian public they left behind. And while friends and families of returning service members may be experiencing gratefulness or relief this holiday,¹ many of those they’ve welcomed home are likely struggling with other emotions.

Is the sense of responsibility soldiers feel toward each other irrational?

- 2 High on that list of emotions is guilt. Soldiers often carry this **burden** home—survivor guilt being perhaps the kind most familiar to us. In war, standing here rather than there can save your life but cost a buddy his. It’s flukish luck, but you feel responsible. The guilt begins an endless loop of counterfactuals—thoughts that you could have or should have done otherwise, though in fact you did nothing wrong. The feelings are, of course, not restricted to the battlefield. But given the magnitude² of loss in war, they hang heavy there and are pervasive. And they raise the question of just how irrational those feelings are, and if they aren’t, of what is the basis of their reasonableness.

1. **this holiday** This essay was originally published the day before the Fourth of July (Independence Day).
2. **magnitude** *n.* great size or extent.

NOTES

CLOSE READ

ANNOTATE: Mark words in paragraph 1 that show opposites.

QUESTION: What groups of people are being contrasted by using these opposites?

CONCLUDE: What does this contrast suggest about the two groups?

burden (BURD uhn) *n.* something that is carried with difficulty or obligation

culpability (kuhl puh BIHL uh tee) *n.* guilt or blame that is deserved; blameworthiness

conscience (KON shuhns) *n.* inner sense of what is morally right or wrong in one's actions

remorse (rih MAWRS) *n.* deep sense of regret for having done wrong

CLOSE READ

ANNOTATE: In paragraph 6, mark the words or passages that describe what it means to be a good person.

QUESTION: Why does the writer focus on defining what it is to be “good”?

CONCLUDE: What purpose do these definitions and examples serve?

- 3 Capt. Adrian Bonenberger, head of a unit in Afghanistan, pondered those questions recently as he thought about Specialist Jeremiah Pulaski, who was killed by police in the wake of a deadly bar fight shortly after he returned home. Back in Afghanistan, Pulaski had saved Bonenberger’s life twice on one day, but when Pulaski needed help, Bonenberger couldn’t be there for him: “When he was in trouble, he was alone,” Captain Bonenberger said. “When we were in trouble, he was there for us. I know it’s not rational or reasonable. There’s nothing logical about it. But I feel responsible.”
- 4 But how unreasonable is that feeling? Subjective guilt, associated with this sense of responsibility, is thought to be irrational because one feels guilty despite the fact that he knows he has done nothing wrong. Objective or rational guilt, by contrast—guilt that is “fitting” to one’s actions—accurately tracks real wrongdoing or **culpability**: guilt is appropriate because one acted to deliberately harm someone, or could have prevented harm and did not. Blameworthiness, here, depends on the idea that a person could have done something other than he did. And so he is held responsible or accountable, by himself or others.
- 5 But as Bonenberger’s remarks make clear, we often *take* responsibility in a way that goes beyond what we can reasonably be *held* responsible for. And we feel the guilt that comes with that sense of responsibility. Nietzsche is the modern philosopher who well understood this phenomenon: “Das schlechte Gewissen,” (literally, “bad **conscience**”)—his term for the consciousness of guilt where one has done no wrong, doesn’t grow in the soil where we would most expect it, he argued, such as in prisons where there are actually “guilty” parties who should feel **remorse** for wrongdoing. In “The Genealogy of Morals,” he appeals to an earlier philosopher, Spinoza, for support: “The bite of conscience,” writes Spinoza in the “Ethics,” has to do with an “offense” where “something has gone unexpectedly wrong.” As Nietzsche adds, it is not really a case of “I ought not to have done that.”
- 6 But what then is it a case of? Part of the reasonableness of survivor guilt (and in a sense, its “fittingness”) is that it tracks a moral significance that is broader than moral *action*. Who I am, in terms of my character and relationships, and not just what I do, matters morally. Of course, character is expressed in action, and when we don’t “walk the walk,” we are lacking; but it is also expressed in emotions and attitudes. Aristotle³ in his “Nicomachean Ethics” insists on the point: “virtue is concerned with emotions and actions;” to have good character is to “hit the mean”⁴ with respect to both. Moreover, many of the feelings that express character are not about what one has done or should have done, but rather about what one cares deeply about. Though Aristotle doesn’t himself talk about guilt, it is the emotion that best expresses that conflict—the desire or obligation to help frustrated by the inability, through no fault of one’s

3. **Aristotle** (AR ihs tot uhl) (384–322 B.C.) ancient Greek philosopher and scientist.

4. **mean** *n.* middle point between two things.

own, to do so. To not feel the guilt is to be numb to those pulls. It is that vulnerability, those pulls, that Bonenberger feels when he says he wasn't there for Pulaski when he needed him.

The sacred bond among soldiers originates not just in duty, but in love.

- 7 In many of the interviews I've conducted with soldiers over the years, feelings of guilt and responsibility tangle with feelings of having betrayed fellow soldiers. At stake is the duty to those soldiers, the imperative⁵ to hold intact the bond that enables them to fight for and with each other in the kind of "sacred band" that the ancients memorialized and that the Marine motto *semper fidelis*⁶ captures so well. But it is not just duty at work. It is love.
- 8 Service members, especially those higher in rank, routinely talk about unit members as "my soldiers," "my Marines," "my sailors." They are family members, their own children, of sorts, who have been **entrusted** to them. To fall short of unconditional care is experienced as a kind of perfidy, a failure to be faithful. Survivor guilt piles on the unconscious thought that luck is part of a zero-sum game. To have good luck is to deprive another of it. The anguish of guilt, its sheer pain, is a way of sharing some of the ill fate. It is a form of **empathic** distress.
- 9 Many philosophers have looked to other terms to define the feeling. What they have come up with is "agent-regret" (a term coined by the British philosopher Bernard Williams, but used by many others). The classic scenario is not so much one of good luck (as in survivor guilt), but of bad luck, typically having to do with accidents where again, there is little or no culpability for the harms caused. In these cases, people may be *causally* responsible for harm—they bring about the harm through their agency—but they are not morally responsible for what happened.
- 10 But to my ear, agent-regret is simply tone-deaf to how subjective guilt feels. Despite the insertion of "agent," it sounds as passive and flat as "regretting that the weather is bad." Or more tellingly, as removed from empathic distress as the message sent to the next of kin, after an official knock on the door: "The Secretary of Defense regrets to inform you that"⁷
- 11 Indeed, the soldiers I've talked to, involved in friendly fire accidents that took their comrades' lives, didn't feel regret for what happened, but raw, deep, unabashed guilt. And the guilt persisted long after they were formally investigated and ultimately exonerated. In one wrenching case in April 2003 in Iraq, the gun on a Bradley

5. **imperative** *n.* act or duty that is very important or required.

6. **semper fidelis** (SEHM puh-ree fih DAY lihs) Latin phrase that means "always faithful." It is the motto of the United States Marine Corps, a branch of the military.

7. "The Secretary of Defense regrets to inform you that. . . ." first sentence of a scripted message spoken by United States military officers when they report the death of a soldier to that soldier's closest living relative.

NOTES

entrusted (ehn TRUHST ihd) *v.* given the responsibility of doing something or caring for someone or something

empathic (ehm PATH ihk) *adj.* characterized by empathy, the ability to identify with the feelings or thoughts of others

fighting vehicle misfired, blowing off most of the face of Private Joseph Mayek who was standing guard near the vehicle. The accident was ultimately traced to a faulty replacement battery that the commander in charge had authorized. When the Bradley's ignition was turned on, the replacement battery in the turret (a Marine battery rather than an Army one) failed to shut off current to the gun. Mayek, who was 20, died.

- 12 The Army officer in charge, then Capt. John Prior, reconstructed the ghastly scene for me, and the failed attempts in the medic tent to save Mayek's life. He then turned to his feelings of responsibility: "I'm the one who placed the vehicles; I'm the one who set the security. As with most accidents, I'm not in jail right now. Clearly I wasn't egregiously responsible. But it is a comedy of errors. Any one of a dozen decisions made over the course of a two-month period and none of them really occurs to you at the time. Any one of those made differently may have saved his life. So I dealt with and still deal with the guilt of having cost him his life essentially. . . . There's probably not a day that doesn't go by that I don't think about it, at least fleetingly."
- 13 What Prior feels are feelings of guilt, and not simply regret that things didn't work out differently. He feels the awful weight of self-indictment,⁸ the empathy with the victim and survivors, and the need to make moral repair. If he didn't feel that, we would probably think less of him as a commander.
- 14 In his case, moral repair came through an empathic, painful connection with Mayek's mother. After the fratricide, Prior and his first sergeant wrote a letter to Mayek's mother. And for some time after, she replied with care packages to the company and with letters. "Oh it was terrible," said Prior. "The letters weren't just very matter of fact—here's what we did today; it was more like a mother writing to her son." Prior had become the son who was no longer. "It was her way of dealing with the grief," said Prior. "And so I had a responsibility to try to give back."
- 15 In all this we might say guilt, subjective guilt, has a redemptive side. It is a way that soldiers impose moral order on the chaos and awful randomness of war's violence. It is a way they humanize war for themselves, for their buddies, and for us as civilians, too.
- 16 But if that's all that is involved, it sounds too moralistic. It makes guilt appropriate or fitting because it's good for society. It is the way we all can deal with war. Maybe, instead, we want to say it is fitting because it is evolutionarily adaptive in the way that fear is. But again, this doesn't do justice to the phenomenon. The guilt that soldiers feel isn't just morally expedient⁹ or species-adaptive. It is fitting because it gets right certain moral (or evaluative) features of a soldier's world—that good soldiers depend on each other, come to

CLOSE READ

ANNOTATE: In paragraph 14, mark sentences in which the author states her own observations.

QUESTION: How does the quotation from Prior add to or support the author's observations?

CONCLUDE: What is the effect of the author's choice to quote Prior?

8. **self-indictment** (sehlf ihh DYT muhnt) *n.* expression of strong disapproval toward oneself; self-blame.

9. **expedient** (ehk SPEE dee uhnt) *adj.* providing an easy way to do something; quick.

love each other, and have duties to care and bring each other safely home. Philosophers, at least since the time of Kant,¹⁰ have called these “imperfect duties”: even in the best circumstances, we can’t perfectly fulfill them. And so, what duties to others need to make room for, even in a soldier’s life of service and sacrifice, are duties to self, of self-forgiveness and self-empathy. These are a part of full moral repair. 🐼

NOTES

10. **Kant** (1724–1804) Immanuel Kant, German philosopher who was a foremost thinker of the European Enlightenment.

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Comprehension Check

Complete the following items after you finish your first read.

1. What is survivor guilt?
2. According to the writer, what other emotions do soldiers describe when they talk about feeling guilt?
3. What happened to Private Joseph Mayek, and why does Captain John Prior feel responsible?
4. 📓 **Notebook** Write a summary of “The Moral Logic of Survivor Guilt” to confirm your understanding of the text.

RESEARCH

Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of the editorial?

Research to Explore Conduct research to learn about the history of the official Marine code, *semper fidelis*, and what it signifies.



THE MORAL LOGIC OF SURVIVOR GUILT

Close Read the Text

1. This model, from paragraph 4 of the text, shows two sample annotations, along with questions and conclusions. Close read the passage, and find another detail to annotate. Then, write a question and your conclusion.

ANNOTATE: This phrase signals that the writer is contrasting two ideas.

QUESTION: What two ideas are being contrasted here?

CONCLUDE: The writer contrasts subjective and objective guilt.

ANNOTATE: These details define subjective and objective guilt.

QUESTION: Why does the author add these details?

CONCLUDE: The writer is making sure to define key concepts so that readers are not confused and can follow her logic.

Subjective guilt, associated with this sense of responsibility, is thought to be irrational because one feels guilty despite the fact that he knows he has done nothing wrong. Objective or rational guilt, by contrast—guilt that is “fitting” to one’s actions—accurately tracks real wrongdoing or culpability: guilt is appropriate because one acted to deliberately harm someone, or could have prevented harm and did not.

Tool Kit

Close-Read Guide and Model Annotation

STANDARDS

RI.9–10.1 Cite strong and thorough textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text.

RI.9–10.2 Determine a central idea of a text and analyze its development over the course of the text, including how it emerges and is shaped and refined by specific details; provide an objective summary of the text.

RI.9–10.8 Delineate and evaluate the argument and specific claims in a text, assessing whether the reasoning is valid and the evidence is relevant and sufficient; identify false statements and fallacious reasoning.

2. For more practice, go back into the text and complete the close-read notes.
3. Revisit a section of the text you found important during your first read. Read this section closely, and **annotate** what you notice. Ask yourself **questions** such as “Why did the author make this choice?” What can you **conclude**?

Analyze the Text

CITE TEXTUAL EVIDENCE to support your answers.

Notebook Respond to these questions.

1. (a) **Make Inferences** Why do many people consider survivor guilt to be irrational, or unreasonable? (b) **Draw Conclusions** How does Sherman respond to this opinion? Explain.
2. **Interpret** What does Sherman mean when she refers to “moral logic” in the title of her essay?
3. (a) **Compare and Contrast** How are Captain Bonenberger’s and Captain Prior’s experiences similar and different? (b) **Connect** What idea do both of their stories support? Explain.
4. **Essential Question:** *What does it take to survive?* What have you learned about the nature of survival by reading this text?

Analyze Craft and Structure

Development of Ideas “The Moral Logic of Survivor Guilt” is an editorial, a form of argumentative writing. As with all types of arguments, an effective editorial must include a clear claim, or central idea, and specific supporting details.

- The **claim** or **central idea** of a text is more than the topic—it is the key message that the writer wants to communicate about the topic.
- **Specific details** are the evidence a writer uses to support and develop the central idea. Facts, examples, numerical data, personal observations, and expert opinions are different types of supporting details.

In “The Moral Logic of Survivor Guilt,” the writer unfolds an argument through careful reasoning. She supports her argument with examples, quotations from or references to the ideas of famous philosophers, and her own observations as a professional in her field.

Practice

CITE TEXTUAL EVIDENCE
to support your answers.

 **Notebook** Respond to these questions.

1. (a) What key question does Sherman ask early in this editorial? (b) In your own words, briefly state her answer, which is her central idea.
2. Use the chart to record examples of each type of supporting detail Sherman uses to develop her claim, or central idea.

EXAMPLES FROM REAL LIFE	FAMOUS PHILOSOPHERS' IDEAS	AUTHOR'S IDEAS

3. Choose one of the supporting details you identified in the chart. Explain how Sherman’s use of that detail adds to the development of her central idea.
4. (a) In paragraph 8, Sherman compares survivor guilt to “a zero-sum game.” Define *zero-sum game*. (b) How does Sherman’s use of this mathematical term support her argument?
5. Is Sherman’s claim and support well-reasoned and convincing? Explain, citing specific details to support your position.



THE MORAL LOGIC OF SURVIVOR GUILT

Concept Vocabulary

burden**conscience****entrusted****culpability****remorse****empathic**

Why These Words? These concept words help us describe how people take care of others—or fail to do so. For example, Sherman explains that soldiers often carry the burden of guilt home with them. The word *burden* emphasizes that this guilt is both difficult to carry and an obligation. She later discusses *conscience* in order to emphasize the moral dimension of soldiers' emotional responses.

1. How does the concept vocabulary help readers understand the complex experience of survivor guilt?
2. What other words in the selection connect to the idea of taking care of others?

Practice

 **Notebook** The concept vocabulary words appear in “The Moral Logic of Survivor Guilt.”

1. Use each concept word in a sentence that demonstrates your understanding of the word's meaning. Then, create fill-in puzzles by taking turns reading a sentence aloud, but leaving out the concept word. Invite listeners to guess the missing word.
2. Discuss each fill-in puzzle. Which sentences were easy for listeners to complete, and which were difficult? Why?

Word Study

Greek Root: -path- The Greek root *-path-*, which appears in the concept vocabulary word *empathic*, means “feeling.” It comes from the Greek word *pathos*, meaning “feeling” or “suffering.”

1. Write a definition of *empathic* based on your understanding of its root.
2. Define these words that include the same root: *pathetic*, *empathize*, *sympathy*. Consult a college-level dictionary if necessary.

WORD NETWORK

Add interesting words related to survival from the text to your Word Network.

STANDARDS

L.9–10.2 Demonstrate command of the conventions of standard English capitalization, punctuation, and spelling when writing.

L.9–10.2.a Use a semicolon to link two or more closely related independent clauses.

L.9–10.2.b Use a colon to introduce a list or quotation.

L.9–10.4.b Identify and correctly use patterns of word changes that indicate different meanings or parts of speech and continue to apply knowledge of Greek and Latin roots and affixes.

L.9–10.4.c Consult general and specialized reference materials, both print and digital, to find the pronunciation of a word or determine or clarify its precise meaning, its part of speech, or its etymology.

Conventions

Punctuation Writers use punctuation to clarify the relationships among ideas, establish rhythm, and add sentence variety. This chart shows uses for three punctuation marks: **colons (:)**, **semicolons (;)**, and **dashes (—)**.

USE COLONS TO . . .	EXAMPLES
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> introduce a list 	We bought the following: milk, eggs, and cheese.
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> introduce a quotation, when it is formal or lengthy or when there is no introductory expression 	Holmes wrote this about freedom: "It is only through free debate and free exchange of ideas that government remains responsive to the will of the people."
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> introduce a sentence that summarizes or explains the sentence before it 	His explanation for being late was believable: He had had a flat tire on the way.
USE SEMICOLONS TO . . .	EXAMPLES
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> join closely related complete sentences, without a coordinating conjunction 	We explored the attic together; we were amazed at all the useless junk we found there.
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> join closely related complete sentences, with a transitional word or phrase 	They visited shops in eight counties in only two days; consequently, they had no time to relax.
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> avoid confusion when items in a list or series already contain commas 	I sent letters to Alex, my friend from camp; Alana, my pen pal; and Hassan, my cousin.
USE DASHES TO . . .	EXAMPLES
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> indicate an abrupt change of thought or a dramatic interrupting idea 	The pagoda was built—you may find this hard to believe—in a single month.
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> set off a summary statement at the end of a sentence 	To see her jersey hanging from the rafters—this was Cherie's greatest dream.
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> set off a nonessential appositive that is long or already punctuated 	The cause of the damage—a rare South American termite—went undiscovered for years.

Read It

In these sentences from "The Moral Logic of Survivor Guilt," mark each colon, semicolon, or dash. Then, explain its function in the sentence.

- The guilt begins an endless loop of counterfactuals—thoughts that you could have or should have done otherwise. . . .
- Objective or rational guilt . . . tracks real wrongdoing or culpability: Guilt is appropriate because one acted to deliberately harm. . . .
- "The letters weren't just very matter of fact—here's what we did today; it was more like a mother writing to her son."

Write It

 **Notebook** Write three sentences about the editorial. Use at least one colon, one semicolon, and one dash.



THE MORAL LOGIC OF SURVIVOR GUILT

Writing to Sources

The ability to define concepts can be key to a successful argument. When you introduce an unfamiliar or academic idea, it is important to give your readers a clear and accurate definition so that they understand the concept. For example, if you are writing an essay about survivor guilt, you need to explain what is meant by this term before you continue your analysis.

Assignment

Write an **encyclopedia entry** in which you define the idea of imperfect duty, discussed in paragraph 16 of “The Moral Logic of Survivor Guilt.” Present a clear definition of the concept, and then clarify your definition with two types of information:

- key details from Sherman’s essay that help you understand this concept (see paragraph 16).
- an anecdote, or brief story, that illustrates the concept. Use your own anecdote, not one provided by Sherman in her essay.

Vocabulary and Conventions Connection You might consider using some of the concept vocabulary in your definition, explanation, and anecdote. Use colons, semicolons, and dashes to clarify connections between ideas and add emphasis.

burden

conscience

entrusted

culpability

remorse

empathic

Reflect on Your Writing

After you have written your encyclopedia entry, answer the following questions:

1. How did providing an anecdote help you clarify the concept of an imperfect duty?
2. What advice would you give to another student writing an encyclopedia entry?
3. **Why These Words?** The words you choose make a difference in your writing. Which words did you specifically choose to add power or clarity to your entry?

STANDARDS

W.9–10.2.a Introduce a topic or thesis statement; organize complex ideas, concepts, and information to make important connections and distinctions; include formatting, graphics, and multimedia when useful to aiding comprehension.

SL.9–10.4.a Plan and deliver an informative/explanatory presentation that: presents evidence in support of a thesis, conveys information from primary and secondary sources coherently, uses domain specific vocabulary, and provides a conclusion that summarizes the main points.

Speaking and Listening

Assignment

Write and deliver a **pep talk** you might give to a group of firefighters, a Scout troop, or members of another service organization who have experienced a failure. Explain why it is important that they strive to fulfill their vows, but also forgive themselves when they fail. Include ideas from Sherman’s essay, explaining or simplifying them as needed.

- 1. Organize Your Talk** Use an outline to gather ideas for your pep talk. Once you have gathered details, organize them logically and delete unneeded information.

Introduction	Describe the reasons for your speech, including your knowledge of the recent failure. State your central idea clearly and in inspiring language.
Body	Provide details that explain your ideas. Arrange the details logically, in an order that makes sense. Note the ideas from Sherman’s essay that you will include. For example, you might point out that your listeners’ vows are “imperfect duties.”
Conclusion	Summarize your main points.

- 2. Prepare Your Delivery** Using the notes in your outline, practice giving your pep talk. Record yourself rehearsing, or ask a partner to listen and respond. While rehearsing, keep these techniques in mind:
 - Maintain eye contact with your audience.
 - Use body language to emphasize important ideas.
 - Speak clearly without rushing, taking care to pronounce unfamiliar terms slowly.
- 3. Evaluate Presentations** As your classmates deliver their pep talks, listen attentively. Use a presentation evaluation guide like the one shown to analyze their presentations.

PRESENTATION EVALUATION GUIDE

Rate each statement on a scale of 1 (not demonstrated) to 6 (demonstrated).

- The speaker communicated a positive message clearly and effectively.
- The speaker used examples from Sherman’s essay effectively.
- The speaker maintained eye contact with the audience.
- The speaker used effective gestures and other body language.
- The information was presented logically and effectively.
- The pep talk concluded with a restatement of the speaker’s main points.

EVIDENCE LOG

Before moving on to a new selection, go to your Evidence Log and record what you learned from “The Moral Logic of Survivor Guilt.”



About the Narrator

Shankar Vedantam

(b. 1969) worked as a reporter for the *Washington Post* for ten years before joining National Public Radio as a science correspondent in 2011. Inspired by a story he had done about hidden biases, Vedantam wrote *The Hidden Brain*, a book that examines the complexities of the unconscious. His reporting ties together his interests in both human behavior and the social sciences, giving readers and listeners unique insight into daily news.

The Key to Disaster Survival? Friends and Neighbors

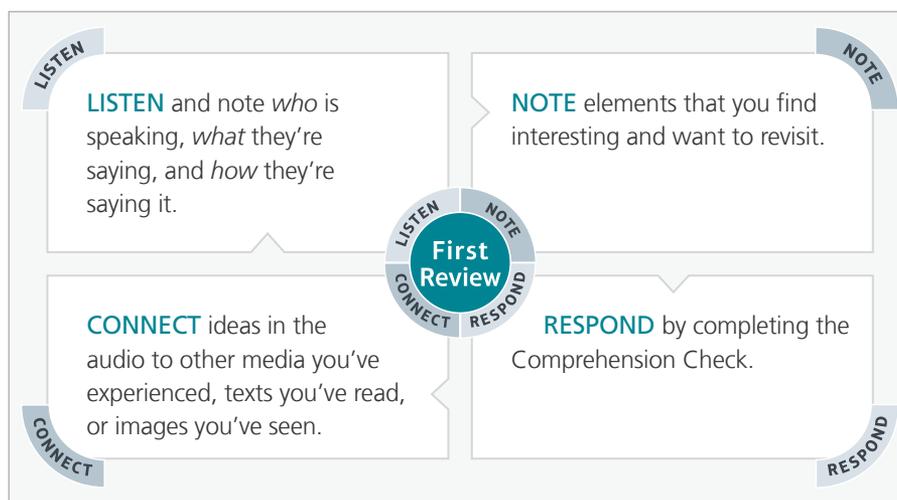
Media Vocabulary

The following words or concepts will be useful to you as you analyze, discuss, and write about media.

Introduction: context and background information about the topic of a radio broadcast, provided at its beginning	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> The introduction is meant to grab listeners' attention so they'll want to keep listening and learn more about the story. The introduction is usually brief and functions to "set the stage" for the full story.
Expert Commentary: information delivered by a person who has special knowledge of the subject	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Expert commentary is often used to support a specific point of view. Although expert commentary may be used to validate a story, it is still up to listeners to decide whether it is credible.
Interpreter: person who changes the words of one language into another for the benefit of listeners	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Listeners will often hear a response in the speaker's language before the interpreter restates the words in the listeners' language.

First Review MEDIA: AUDIO

Apply these strategies as you listen to the radio broadcast.



STANDARDS

L.9–10.6 Acquire and use accurately grade-appropriate general academic and domain-specific words and phrases, sufficient for reading, writing, speaking, and listening at the college and career readiness level; demonstrate independence in gathering vocabulary knowledge when considering a word or phrase important to comprehension or expression.

Listening Strategy: Take Notes

Notebook As you listen, write down your observations and questions, making sure to note time codes so you can easily revisit sections later.

The Key to Disaster Survival? Friends and Neighbors

Shankar Vedantam



BACKGROUND

Since the beginning of the twenty-first century, there have been numerous large-scale natural disasters. The earthquake and tsunami that hit the east coast of Japan in 2011 killed more than 15,000 people and caused an estimated 300 billion dollars' worth of damage. The tragic, catastrophic 2004 Indian Ocean tsunami killed more than 230,000 people. In the wake of natural disaster, governments and NGOs—nongovernment organizations—try to rebuild the affected regions. In areas at risk of disaster, people are encouraged to make preparations such as drafting a survival plan, stockpiling resources, and designating a storm shelter in their home.

SCAN FOR
MULTIMEDIA



NOTES



Comprehension Check

Complete the following items after you finish your first review.

1. What information does the show's host give the listener during the introduction of the broadcast?
2. What event causes Daniel Aldridge's neighbor to knock on Aldridge's door late at night?
3. What event does Aldridge use to study the effect of neighbors' helping one another in Japan?
4. Who helped Michinori Watanabe save his father?

MEDIA VOCABULARY

Use these words as you discuss and write about the broadcast.

introduction
expert commentary
interpreter

WORD NETWORK

Add interesting survival words from the broadcast to your Word Network.

STANDARDS

SL.9–10.3 Evaluate a speaker's point of view, reasoning, and use of evidence and rhetoric, identifying any fallacious reasoning or exaggerated or distorted evidence.

SL.9–10.4.a Plan and deliver an informative/explanatory presentation that: presents information in support of a thesis, conveys information from primary and secondary sources coherently, uses domain specific vocabulary, and provides a conclusion that summarizes the main points.

Close Review

Listen to the broadcast again. Write down any new observations that seem important. What **questions** do you have? What can you **conclude**?



Analyze the Media

CITE TEXTUAL EVIDENCE to support your answers.

Notebook Respond to these questions.

1. **(a)** What does Michinori Watanabe's story add to the broadcast? **(b) Evaluate** Is it important to hear Watanabe's firsthand account translated for an English audience? Explain.
2. **(a)** What information does Emily Chamlee-Wright provide? **(b) Draw a Conclusion** Why do you think Shankar Vedantam includes the economist's thoughts after the stories of people in disaster situations?
3. The central idea is reiterated at the end of the broadcast. How does the story of the fishing villages contribute to the central idea?
4. **Essential Question: *What does it take to survive?*** What have you learned about the nature of survival by listening to this broadcast?



Writing to Sources

Many radio-show websites include a comments section and invite listeners to share their thoughts about the shows.

Assignment

Write a **listener comment** about this radio broadcast. In one to three paragraphs, explain how the show affected you and evaluate the points of view of the people documented in the broadcast, their reasoning, and their explanations.

- Use a friendly but formal tone.
- Develop your ideas by jotting down answers to these questions:
 - Does the broadcast convince you that neighbors can be more effective at helping than authorities? Explain your thinking.
 - Are there other questions you think Shankar Vedantam should have asked? If so, what are they?
 - How do you think professional rescue workers might respond to this broadcast? What do you think a government official would say?

Speaking and Listening

This broadcast summarizes the circumstances of a few individuals who faced disaster scenarios.

Assignment

Consider this question: *Does the radio broadcast present the full picture?* With a partner, research disaster relief efforts. Consult primary and secondary sources: newspapers, broadcast media, and accounts written by disaster survivors. Plan, write, and present your findings in an informal **oral presentation**.

- Organize your information into talking points—a list of brief statements you can refer to while sharing your findings.
- Include a statement that answers the research question.
- Using your talking points, present your findings to the class.



THE KEY TO DISASTER SURVIVAL?
FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

EVIDENCE LOG

Before moving on to a new selection, go to your Evidence Log and record what you learned from “The Key to Disaster Survival? Friends and Neighbors.”



WRITING TO SOURCES

- THE SEVENTH MAN
- THE MORAL LOGIC OF SURVIVOR GUILT
- THE KEY TO DISASTER SURVIVAL? FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

Write an Argument

You've read a short story and a newspaper opinion piece that deal with the issue of survivor guilt. You've also listened to a radio broadcast about the ways in which friends can help one another in survival situations. In "The Seventh Man," the narrator describes the loss of his closest friend. In "The Moral Logic of Survivor Guilt," the author makes an argument about the guilt that surviving soldiers often feel for their fallen comrades. In the radio broadcast, neighbors and friends come to one another's aid.

Assignment

Use your knowledge of "The Seventh Man," "The Moral Logic of Survivor Guilt," and "The Key to Disaster Survival..." to take and defend a position on the topic. Write a brief **argument** in which you state and support your position on this question:

Should the narrator of "The Seventh Man" forgive himself for his failure to save K.?

Elements of an Argument

An **argument** is a logical way of presenting a viewpoint, belief, or stand on an issue. A well-written argument may convince the reader, change the reader's mind, or motivate the reader to take a certain action.

An effective argument contains these elements:

- a precise claim
- consideration of counterclaims, or opposing positions, and a discussion of their strengths and weaknesses
- logical organization that makes clear connections among claim, counterclaim, reasons, and evidence
- valid reasoning and relevant and sufficient evidence
- a concluding statement or section that logically completes the argument
- formal and objective language and tone
- error-free grammar, including accurate use of transitions

ACADEMIC VOCABULARY

As you craft your argument, consider using some of the academic vocabulary you learned in the beginning of the unit.

- evidence
- credible
- valid
- formulate
- logical

Model Argument For a model of a well-crafted argument, see the Launch Text, "The Cost of Survival."

Challenge yourself to find all of the elements of an effective argument in the text. You will have an opportunity to review these elements as you prepare to write your own argument.



STANDARDS

W.9–10.1.a–e Write arguments to support claims in an analysis of substantive topics or texts, using valid reasoning and relevant and sufficient evidence.

W.9–10.10 Write routinely over extended time frames and shorter time frames for a range of tasks, purposes, and audiences.

Prewriting / Planning

Write a Claim Now that you have thought about how the authors of the selections in this unit make their arguments, write a sentence in which you state your **claim**, or position on the question posed in this assignment. As you continue to write, you may revise your claim or even change it entirely. For now, it will help you choose reasons and supporting evidence.

Claim: _____

Consider Possible Counterclaims Remember that part of your job is to address **counterclaims**, or opposing positions. Complete these sentences to address a counterclaim.

Another reader might say that _____

The reason he or she might think this is because _____

The evidence that supports this is _____

However, my position is stronger because _____

Gather Evidence From Sources There are many different types of evidence you can use to support your argument:

- **facts:** statements that can be proved true
- **statistics:** facts presented in the form of numbers
- **anecdotes:** brief stories that illustrate a point
- **quotations from authorities:** statements from experts
- **examples:** facts, ideas, or events that support a general idea

The use of varied evidence can make your argument stronger. For example, you could use the following quotation from the Launch Text to support the point that even professionals sometimes fail in rescue attempts.

However, arguments against charging for rescue miss an important point. Many rescue workers have lost their own lives saving others.

—“The Cost of Survival”

Connect Across Texts As you write your argument, you will be using evidence from one text to support your analysis of another. Incorporate that evidence in different ways. If the precise words are important, use **exact quotations**. To clarify a complex idea, **paraphrase**, or restate it in your own words. Make sure that your paraphrases accurately reflect the original text.

EVIDENCE LOG

Review your Evidence Log and identify key details you may want to cite in your argument.

STANDARDS

W.9–10.1.a Introduce precise claim(s), distinguish the claim(s) from alternate or opposing claims, and create an organization that establishes clear relationships among claim(s), counterclaims, reasons, and evidence.

W.9–10.1.b Develop claim(s) and counterclaims fairly, supplying evidence for each while pointing out the strengths and limitations of both in a manner that anticipates the audience’s knowledge level and concerns.



Drafting

Organize Your Argument Most arguments are composed of three parts:

- the **introduction**, in which you state your claim
- the **body**, in which you provide analysis, supporting reasons, and evidence
- the **conclusion**, in which you summarize or restate your claim

Each part of your argument should build on the part that came before, and every point should connect directly to your main claim. This outline shows the key sections of the Launch Text. Notice that each paragraph fulfills a specific purpose.

LAUNCH TEXT

Model: "The Cost of Survival" Outline

INTRODUCTION

Paragraph 1 states claim: *The adventurer should be the one to foot the bill.*

BODY

Paragraph 2 establishes importance: *Two big news stories of 2014 involved rescue missions.*

Paragraph 3 presents/refutes counterclaim: *It is easy to argue that people should be stopped from putting themselves in danger. However, this would be impossible to enforce.*

Paragraph 4 presents support for main claim: *People who take extreme risks should pay for their rescue operation.*

Paragraph 5 presents counterclaim: *Not everyone agrees that people should be responsible for the costs of their rescue.*

Paragraph 6 refutes counterclaim: *However, arguments against charging for rescue miss an important point. Many rescue workers have lost their own lives saving others.*

CONCLUSION

Paragraph 7 restates claim: *In the end, taxpayers cover the cost of rescue for those who put themselves at risk. Maybe there are better places for our money.*

Argument Outline

INTRODUCTION

BODY

CONCLUSION

STANDARDS

W.9–10.1.e Provide a concluding statement or section that follows from and supports the argument presented.

Write a First Draft Use your outline to write your first draft. Remember to include a precise claim and to address possible counterclaims. Use a variety of evidence and make clear connections to your claim and counterclaims. Keep your audience in mind as you craft your argument. Begin with an interesting point to engage them, and conclude by logically completing your argument. Keep in mind what your audience might already know and what might be unfamiliar to them.

LANGUAGE DEVELOPMENT: AUTHOR'S STYLE

Create Cohesion: Transitions

Transitions are words and phrases that connect and show relationships between ideas. Transitional words and phrases perform an essential function in an argument. They help the writer guide the reader through a line of reasoning.

Read It

These sentences from the Launch Text use transitions to show specific connections between ideas.

- *However, when things don't turn out well, a lost climber or an injured base jumper may need help.* (shows contrast)
- *Even so, someone has to pay for those rescues.* (shows emphasis)
- *In New Hampshire, for example, hikers who get lost or injured because of reckless behavior can be billed for rescue services.* (illustrates or shows)
- *In addition, the idea of holding people responsible is not to stop rescuing them.* (adds idea)

Write It

As you draft your argument, choose transitions that accurately show specific relationships between your ideas. Transitions are especially important when connecting one paragraph to the next.

If you want to . . .	consider using one of these transitions
list or add ideas	<i>first of all, secondly, next, lastly, in addition</i>
compare	<i>also, equally, likewise</i>
contrast	<i>although, however, on the other hand</i>
emphasize	<i>most of all, immediately, in fact</i>
show effect	<i>therefore, as a result, so, consequently</i>
illustrate or show	<i>for example, for instance, specifically</i>

TIP

PUNCTUATION

Make sure to punctuate transitional expressions correctly.

- Use a comma after a transitional expression at the beginning of a sentence.
- Use a comma before and after a transitional expression in the middle of a clause or sentence unless the transition follows a semicolon. In that case, add a comma only *after* the transition.

STANDARDS

W.9–10.1.c Use words, phrases, and clauses to link the major sections of the text, create cohesion, and clarify the relationships between claim(s) and reasons, between reasons and evidence, and between claim(s) and counterclaims.



Revising

Evaluating Your Draft

Use the following checklist to evaluate the effectiveness of your first draft. Then, use your evaluation and the instruction on this page to guide your revision.

FOCUS AND ORGANIZATION	EVIDENCE AND ELABORATION	CONVENTIONS
<input type="checkbox"/> Provides an introduction that leads to the argument. <input type="checkbox"/> Introduces a precise claim. <input type="checkbox"/> Distinguishes the claim from opposing claims. <input type="checkbox"/> Provides a conclusion that follows from the argument. <input type="checkbox"/> Establishes a logical organization and develops a progression throughout the argument. <input type="checkbox"/> Uses words, phrases, and clauses to clarify the relationships between and among ideas.	<input type="checkbox"/> Develops the claim and opposing claims fairly, supplying evidence for each, while pointing out the strengths and limitations of both. <input type="checkbox"/> Provides adequate examples for each major idea. <input type="checkbox"/> Uses vocabulary and word choice that are appropriate for the audience and purpose. <input type="checkbox"/> Establishes and maintains a formal style and an objective tone.	<input type="checkbox"/> Attends to the norms and conventions of the discipline, especially the correct use and punctuation of transitions.

WORD NETWORK

Include interesting words from your Word Network in your argument.

STANDARDS

W.9–10.1.d Establish and maintain a formal style and objective tone while attending to the norms and conventions of the discipline in which they are writing.

W.9–10.4 Produce clear and coherent writing in which the development, organization, and style are appropriate to task, purpose, and audience.

W.9–10.5 Develop and strengthen writing as needed by planning, revising, editing, rewriting, or trying a new approach, focusing on addressing what is most significant for a specific purpose and audience.

Revising for Focus and Organization

Internal Logic Reread your argument, paying attention to the flow of ideas. Are they presented in a logical order? Have you made the connections between your ideas clear?

Revising for Evidence and Elaboration

Word Choice Review your draft. Identify and replace words that are vague, or imprecise. Then, look for words that are repeated throughout your draft. Consider replacing overused words with synonyms. Refer to your Word Network for help varying your word choice.

Tone A writer's **tone** is his or her attitude toward the audience or subject. Because the purpose of an argument is to convince readers of the accuracy of your claim, the tone you use should convey a sense of seriousness and authority.

Apply the following steps to create and maintain a formal tone:

- Avoid slang and abbreviations, and limit the use of contractions.
- Make use of academic vocabulary whenever possible.
- Generally, avoid the use of idioms, which tend to be less formal in tone.
- Refer to places, people, or formal concepts by their proper names.
- A pure argument does not generally use "I" statements. For example, instead of writing, "I think that survivors owe a debt to society," shorten and strengthen the thought: "Survivors owe a debt to society."

PEER REVIEW

Exchange papers with a classmate. Use the checklist to evaluate your classmate's argument and provide supportive feedback.

1. Is the claim clear?

yes no If no, explain what confused you.

2. Is the counterclaim clearly stated? Is there sufficient evidence to counter it?

yes no If no, point out what is missing.

3. Did you find the argument convincing?

yes no If no, write a brief note explaining what you thought was missing.

4. What is the strongest part of your classmate's paper? Why?

Editing and Proofreading

Edit for Conventions Reread your draft for accuracy and consistency. Correct errors in grammar and word usage. Consult a grammar handbook or use online tools if you need help.

Proofread for Accuracy Read your draft carefully, correcting for errors in spelling and punctuation. Check the spelling of plurals. You can make most words plural by simply adding *-s*, but there are some words, such as *libraries*, *arches*, and *echoes*, that don't follow this rule. If you are unsure, use a resource to help you.

Publishing and Presenting

Create a final version of your essay. Share it with your class so that your classmates can read it and make comments. In turn, review and comment on your classmates' work. Consider the ways in which other students' arguments are both similar to and different from your own. Always maintain a polite and respectful tone when commenting.

Reflecting

Think about what you learned by writing your argument. What could you do differently the next time you need to write an argument to make the writing experience easier and to make your argument stronger?



ESSENTIAL QUESTION:

What does it take to survive?

Survival is not always straightforward. What is required for survival in one situation may be a detriment in another. You will read selections that examine characteristics that helped people survive life-and-death situations. You will work in a group to continue your exploration of the concept of survival.

Small-Group Learning Strategies

Throughout your life, in school, in your community, in college, and in your career, you will continue to learn and work with others.

Look at these strategies and the actions you can take to practice them as you work in teams. Add ideas of your own for each step. Use these strategies during Small-Group Learning.

STRATEGY	ACTION PLAN
Prepare	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Complete your assignments so that you are prepared for group work. • Organize your thinking so you can contribute to your group's discussions. •
Participate fully	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Make eye contact to signal that you are listening and taking in what is being said. • Use text evidence when making a point. •
Support others	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Build off ideas from others in your group. • Invite others who have not yet spoken to do so. •
Clarify	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Paraphrase the ideas of others to ensure that your understanding is correct. • Ask follow-up questions. •



COMPARE

NARRATIVE NONFICTION

The Voyage of the *James Caird*

from *The Endurance*

Caroline Alexander

Can six men sail a small boat into fierce, icy seas to find help for their stranded Antarctic expedition?



MEDIA: PHOTO GALLERY

The *Endurance* and the *James Caird* in Images

Frank Hurley

How incredible is it that a photographer was able to bring back pictures from a harrowing 22-month trip to the Antarctic?



NOVEL EXCERPT

from **Life of Pi**

Yann Martel

Can a young man survive a devastating shipwreck followed by months in a lifeboat with a surprising traveling companion?



ARGUMENT

The Value of a Sherpa Life

Grayson Schaffer

What are the risks to the Sherpas who guide climbers up the tallest mountain in the world?



POETRY COLLECTION

I Am Offering This Poem Jimmy Santiago Baca

The Writer Richard Wilbur

Hugging the Jukebox Naomi Shihab Nye

Does love help us survive? Do stories, poems, and music help keep us alive?



PERFORMANCE TASK

SPEAKING AND LISTENING FOCUS

Present an Argument

The Small-Group readings feature people who exhibit different types of strength as they face life-or-death situations. After reading, your group will create a multimedia presentation about strength and survival.



Working as a Team

1. **Take a Position** In your group, discuss the following question:

Would you rather be stranded at the top of a mountain, on a deserted island, or in the middle of the ocean?

As you take turns sharing your positions, be sure to provide reasons for your choice. After all group members have shared, discuss some of the personal attributes that might be required to survive each of these situations.

2. **List Your Rules** As a group, decide on the rules that you will follow as you work together. Samples are provided; add two more of your own. You may add or revise rules based on your experience together.

- Everyone should participate in group discussions.
- People should not interrupt.

- _____

- _____

3. **Apply the Rules** Share what you have learned about survival. Make sure each person in the group contributes. Take notes and be prepared to share with the class one thing that you heard from another member of your group.

4. **Name Your Group** Choose a name that reflects the unit topic.

Our group's name: _____

5. **Create a Communication Plan** Decide how you want to communicate with one another. For example, you might use online collaboration tools, email, or instant messaging.

Our group's decision: _____

Making a Schedule

First, find out the due date for the Small-Group activities. Then, preview the texts and activities with your group, and make a schedule for completing the tasks.

SELECTION	ACTIVITIES	DUE DATE
<p><i>The Voyage of the James Caird</i></p> <p><i>The Endurance and the James Caird in Images</i></p>		
<p><i>from Life of Pi</i></p>		
<p><i>The Value of a Sherpa Life</i></p>		
<p><i>I Am Offering This Poem</i></p> <p><i>The Writer</i></p> <p><i>Hugging the Jukebox</i></p>		

Working on Group Projects

As your group works together, you'll find it more effective if each person has a specific role. Different projects require different roles. Before beginning a project, discuss the necessary roles and choose one for each group member. Here are some possible roles; add your own ideas.

Project Manager: monitors the schedule and keeps everyone on task

Researcher: organizes research activities

Recorder: takes notes during group meetings



THE VOYAGE OF THE JAMES CAIRD

Comparing Texts

In this lesson, you will read and compare the narrative nonfiction “The Voyage of the *James Caird*” and review the photo gallery “The *Endurance* and the *James Caird* in Images.” First, you will complete the first-read and close-read activities for “The Voyage of the *James Caird*.” The work you do with your group on this title will help prepare you for the comparing task.



THE ENDURANCE AND THE JAMES CAIRD IN IMAGES

About the Author



Caroline Alexander

(b. 1956) was born in Florida and has lived in Europe, Africa, and the Caribbean. In her writing, Alexander often combines literary detective work with travel writing. She is also drawn to the reinterpretation of legendary figures, including Achilles, the hero of Homer’s *Iliad*, and Ernest Shackleton, the true-life adventurer whose spectacular failed expedition serves as the subject of Alexander’s critically acclaimed book, *The Endurance*.

The Voyage of the *James Caird*

Concept Vocabulary

As you perform your first read of “The Voyage of the *James Caird*,” you will encounter these words.

pitched reeling upheaval

Context Clues If these words are unfamiliar to you, try using context clues to help you determine their meanings. There are various types of context clues that you may encounter as you read.

Restatement, or Synonyms: The recent **dearth** of milk has resulted in a shortage of other dairy products.

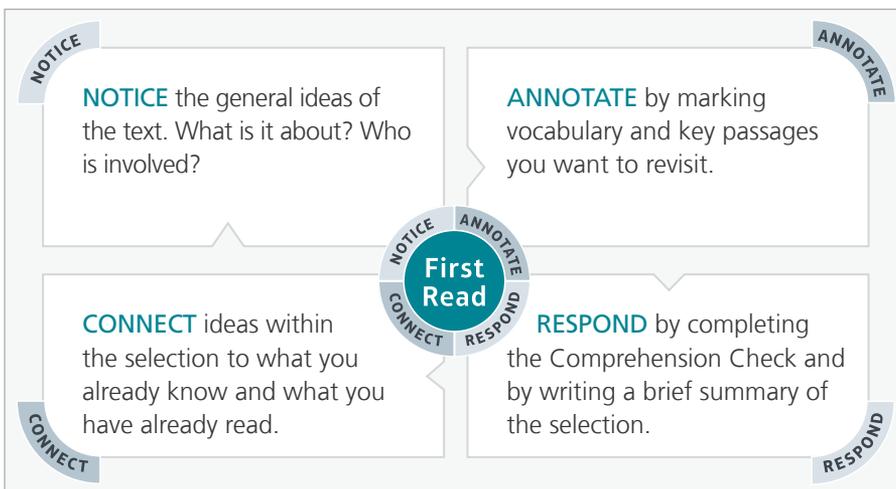
Elaborating details: Singing protest songs and waving placards, the demonstrators were clearly **ardent** about their cause.

Contrast of ideas: After the coach **derided** the team during the whole game, it was strange that she praised them afterward.

Apply your knowledge of context clues and other vocabulary strategies to determine the meanings of unfamiliar words you encounter during your first read.

First Read NONFICTION

Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to complete a close read after your first read.



STANDARDS

RI.9–10.10 By the end of grade 9, read and comprehend literary nonfiction in the grades 9–10 text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the high end of the range.

L.9–10.4.a Use context as a clue to the meaning of a word or phrase.

The Voyage of the *James Caird*

from *The Endurance*

Caroline Alexander

BACKGROUND

Ernest Shackleton was a British explorer famous for his failed attempt to cross Antarctica. His ship, *Endurance*, sailed from London in August of 1914 and crossed the Antarctic Circle in December. Icebound, the ship drifted for months and finally sank. Encamped on Elephant Island, Shackleton decided that he and five others would sail in one of the lifeboats—the *James Caird*—800 miles to South Georgia Island, where there was a whaling station.

SCAN FOR
MULTIMEDIA 

Tues 25th Fine WSW breeze running all day sky overcast.

Wed 26th W.SW gale squally & cloudy run 105 mile

Thurs 27th Northerly gale overcast & heavy squalls hove too.

Friday 28th Light N.W to W winds misty high NW swell

Sat 29th Fresh W to SW breeze sqaly running high seas

Sunday 30th hove too at 8 AM & put out sea anchor at 3 PM heavy sprays breaking over the boat & freezing solid.

Mon May 1st SSW gale laying to sea anchor & mizzen

Tues May 2nd —

—Henry McNish, *diary*

NOTES

- 1 **T**he tale of the next sixteen days is one of supreme strife amid heaving waters," wrote Shackleton. The crew of the *Caird* had departed on a day of rare sunshine that made the water sparkle and dance, and the peaks and glacial slopes of Elephant Island glittered with deceptive beauty as they slowly fell away behind the boat. An hour and a half after taking leave of the line of dark figures on the lonely beach, the *Caird*'s crew ran into their old enemy, the pack. Once again, they entered the eerie landscape of fantastically shaped ancient, wrecked bergs. A channel they had spotted before departure

from the beach led them through the heaving, strangely rustling pack to open water by nightfall. Even on this first, relatively easy day the *Caird* shipped water, soaked by spray and soused by breaking waves. The crew wore woolen underwear under ordinary cloth trousers, Jaeger sweaters, woolen socks, mitts, and balaclavas.¹ Over these, each man had his Burberry overalls and helmet.

- 2 “These, although windproof, were unfortunately not waterproof,” Worsley observed.
- 3 Shackleton hoped to run north for a few days, away from the ice and towards warmer weather, before bearing east and setting a course for South Georgia Island. This was not the nearest landfall—Cape Horn was closer—but the prevailing westerly gales made it the only one feasible.
- 4 The men took their first meal under the low canvas deck in a heavy swell, fighting to steady the little Primus stove on which hot food depended. Unable to sit upright, they ate with great difficulty, their chests almost pressed against their stomachs. The staple of their diet was “hoosh,” a brick of beef protein, lard, oatmeal, sugar, and salt originally intended as sledging rations² for the transcontinental trek that now lay on the fringe of memory. Mixed with water, hoosh made a thick stew over which the coveted Nut Food could be crumbled. All but Worsley and McCarthy were seasick. After the meal, McNish, Crean, McCarthy, and Vincent crawled into their wet bags and lay down on the hard, shifting ballast of stones, while Worsley and Shackleton shared the first watch. With the Southern Cross shining from the clear, cold sky overhead, they sailed north by the stars.
- 5 “Do you know I know nothing about boat-sailing?” Worsley reports Shackleton as saying with a laugh, on this first night watch. He continues: “‘Alright, Boss,’ I replied, ‘I do, this is my third boat-journey.’”
- 6 Worsley’s report of the conversation was intended as a tribute to Shackleton’s courage in undertaking such a dangerous voyage as a land explorer whose seafaring days were behind him. But in fact, it is striking how many of the British polar explorers were experienced sailors. Not only had Shackleton served twenty years in the Merchant Service, but each member of the *James Caird*’s small crew had so many years of experience at sea that expertise was taken for granted. Each man had the assurance that when he went “below deck” to crawl into his bag, his companions above who worked the sails and tiller knew, even under the unprecedented conditions, exactly what they were doing.
- 7 By dawn, when Crean emerged to light the Primus, the *Caird* had made forty-five miles from Elephant Island. Breakfast was prepared below deck, with the sea breaking over the canvas covering and running down the men’s necks. In the afternoon, the wind rose to

1. **balaclavas** (bol uh KLOV uhz) *n.* hats that cover all but part of the head and face, usually leaving the eyes, mouth, and nose open.

2. **sledging rations** food to be eaten while sledging, or sledging.

a gale from the west-southwest, with a dangerous high cross sea that racked the heavily ballasted boat with a hard, jerky motion. Shackleton divided the crew into two watches, with himself, Crean, and McNish taking one, and Worsley, McCarthy, and Vincent the other, rotating four-hour shifts.

- 8 “The routine,” wrote Worsley, “was, three men in bags deluding themselves that they were sleeping, and three men ‘on deck’; that is one man steering for an hour, while the other two when not pumping, baling or handling sails were sitting in our ‘saloon’ (the biggest part of the boat, where we generally had grub).” Going “below” was a dreaded ordeal: The space amid the increasingly waterlogged ballast was only five by seven feet. The men had to line up one behind the other and crawl, in heavy, wet clothes, over the stones and under a low thwart to reach their bags. With the boat rolling and shipping water, entrapment in this narrow space held all the horror of being buried alive, and many times men who had nodded off awoke to the sickening sensation that they were drowning.
- 9 “Real rest we had none,” wrote Shackleton. The worn-out reindeer-skin bags were shedding badly, and their bristly hairs appeared everywhere—in the men’s clothes, in their food, in their mouths. There was nothing to relieve the long hours of darkness, from six at night until seven in the morning; the boat carried only a makeshift oil lamp and two candles, which provided meager, carefully hoarded light. On the first night out, the cries of penguins coming from the dark sea reminded the men of lost souls.
- 10 On the third day, despite snowy, stormy weather, Worsley snatched the journey’s first observation of the sun between patches of racing cloud. Kneeling on a thwart while Vincent and McCarthy strained to brace him in the pitching boat, Worsley managed to fix his sextant³ and take his “snap.” The precious almanac and logarithm charts, against which the observations were calculated, had become dangerously pulpy, the pages sticking together and the numbers blurred. Nonetheless, Worsley’s calculations revealed that they had come 128 miles from Elephant Island.
- 11 They were, however, widely off the position he had previously reckoned. Worsley wrote,
- 12 Navigation is an art, but words fail to give my efforts a correct name. Dead reckoning or DR—the seaman’s calculation of courses and distance—had become a merry jest of guesswork. . . . The procedure was: I peered out from our burrow—precious sextant cuddled under my chest to prevent seas falling on it. Sir Ernest stood by under the canvas with chronometer pencil and book. I shouted “Stand by,” and knelt on the thwart—two men holding me up on either side. I brought the sun down to where the horizon ought to be and as the boat

3. **sextant** *n.* instrument used by navigators to measure the position of the stars and the sun to determine location.

leaped frantically upward on the crest of a wave, snapped a good guess at the altitude and yelled, “Stop,” Sir Ernest took the time, and I worked out the result. . . . My navigation books had to be half opened page by page till the right one was reached, then opened carefully to prevent utter destruction.

- 13 Steering at night was especially difficult. Under dense skies that allowed no light from moon or stars, the boat charged headlong into the darkness, the men steering by the “feel” of the wind, or the direction of a small pennant attached to the mast. Once or twice each night, the wind direction was verified by compass, lit by a single precious match. And yet navigation was every bit as critical as keeping the boat upright; the men knew that even a mile off course could result in a missed landfall, and the *Caird* would be swept into 3,000 miles of ocean.
- 14 In the afternoon of the third day, the gale backed to the north, and then blew continuously the next twenty-four hours. The heaving waves were gray, the sky and lowering clouds were gray, and all was obscured with mist. Heavy seas poured over the *Caird*’s port quarter. The canvas decking, sagging under the weight of so much water, threatened to pull loose the short nails McNish had extracted from packing cases. As if to underscore their own vulnerability, a flotsam of ship wreckage drove past them.
- 15 “We were getting soaked on an average every three or four minutes,” wrote Worsley. “This went on day and night. The cold was intense.” Particularly hateful was the task of working the pump, which one man had to hold hard against the bottom of the boat with bare hands—a position that could not be endured beyond five or six minutes at a time.
- 16 In the afternoon of April 28, the fifth day, the wind died and the seas settled into the towering swells characteristic of the latitude; “The highest, broadest and longest swells in the world,” as Worsley wrote. So high were the waves that the *Caird*’s sails slackened in the artificial calm between wave crests; then the little craft was lifted onto the next hill of water, and hurled down an ever-steepening slope. On the following day, a west-southwest gale **pitched** and rolled the *Caird* in a high lumpy sea, but gave an excellent run of ninety-two miles on the desired northeast course. They had now come 238 miles from Elephant Island, “but not in a straight line,” as Worsley observed ruefully.
- 17 On April 30, the gale strengthened and shifted from the south, blowing off the ice fields behind them, as they knew by the increasing cold. Shackleton wanted to run before the wind, but realizing that the *Caird* was in danger of being swung broadside to the surging waves, or driven headlong into the sea, he reluctantly gave the order to head into the wind and stand by.
- 18 “We put out a sea anchor to keep the *James Caird*’s head up into the sea,” Shackleton wrote. “This anchor consisted of a triangular canvas

Mark context clues or indicate another strategy you used that helped you determine meaning.

pitched (PIHCHT) *v.*

MEANING:



NOTES

bag fastened to the end of the painter⁴ and allowed to stream out from the bows.” The drag of the sea anchor counteracted the boat’s drift to the lee, and held her head into the wind so that she met the sea head-on. Up until now, however much the *Caird* was battered, however much icy water she shipped, she had moved forward, slowly, perceptibly closing the distance that lay between them and South Georgia. Now, soaked by bitter spray, the men waited anxiously in the pitching darkness and knew their suffering brought little progress.

19 “Looking out abeam,” wrote Shackleton, “we would see a hollow like a tunnel formed as the crest of a big wave toppled over on to the swelling body of water.” The spray that broke upon the **reeling** boat froze almost on impact, and towards the end of the eighth day, the *Caird*’s motion had changed alarmingly. No longer rising with the swell of the sea, she hung leaden in the water. Every soaking inch of wood, canvas, and line had frozen solid. Encased in icy armor fifteen inches thick, she was sinking like a dead weight.

20 Immediate action had to be taken. While the wind howled and the sea shattered over them, the men took turns crawling across the precariously glassy deck to chip away the ice. Worsley tried to evoke the unimaginable “difficulty and the peril of that climb in the darkness up that fragile slippery bit of decking. . . . Once, as the boat gave a tremendous lurch, I saw Vincent slide right across the

Mark context clues or indicate another strategy you used that helped you determine meaning.

reeling (REEL ihng) *adj.*

MEANING:

4. **painter** *n.* rope used for towing or tying a boat.

icy sheathing of the canvas. . . . Fortunately he managed to grasp the mast just as he was going overboard.”

- 21 Three times the boat had to be chipped clear. Whether using an axe or a knife, the task required strength, but also delicacy as the canvas decking had to be protected from damage at all cost. Flimsy though it was, it was their only shelter, and without it they could not survive. Two of the hated sleeping bags were now discarded; they had frozen solid in the night and had previously begun to putrefy—Shackleton estimated that they weighed as much as forty pounds apiece. By these painstaking efforts, the *Caird* rose incrementally in the water and began to rise and fall again with the movement of the swell.
- 22 The next morning, the *Caird* gave a sudden, sickening roll leeward; the painter carrying the sea anchor had been severed by a block of ice that had formed on it, out of reach. Beating the ice off the canvas, the men scrambled to unfurl the frozen sails, and once they succeeded in raising them, headed the *Caird* into the wind. It was on this day, May 2, that McNish abruptly gave up any attempt to keep a diary.
- 23 “We held the boat up to the gale during that day, enduring as best we could discomforts that amounted to pain,” wrote Shackleton, in an uncharacteristically direct reference to their physical suffering. The men were soaked to the bone and frostbitten. They were badly chafed by wet clothes that had not been removed for seven months, and afflicted with saltwater boils. Their wet feet and legs were a sickly white color and swollen. Their hands were black—with grime, blubber, burns from the Primus and frostbite. The least movement was excruciating.
- 24 “We sat as still as possible,” wrote Worsley. “[I]f we moved a quarter of an inch one way or the other we felt cold, wet garments on our flanks and sides. Sitting very still for a while, life was worth living.” Hot meals afforded the only relief. Shackleton ensured that the men had hot food every four hours during the day and scalding powdered milk every four hours of the long night watches.
- 25 “Two of the party at least were very close to death,” Worsley wrote. “Indeed, it might be said that [Shackleton] kept a finger on each man’s pulse. Whenever he noticed that a man seemed extra cold and shivered, he would immediately order another hot drink of milk to be prepared and served to all. He never let the man know that it was on his account, lest he became nervous about himself.” To stave off cold, they also drank the blubber oil that had been intended to calm the troubled seas. As Worsley noted, the oil would have sufficed for only one gale; there were ten days of gales on the journey.
- 26 Their ordeal had already taken a heavy toll on Vincent, who from late April, to use Shackleton’s enigmatic words, had “ceased to be an active member of the crew.” Worsley attributed the trouble to rheumatism,⁵ but the collapse appears to have been mental as much

5. **rheumatism** (ROO muh tihz uhm) *n.* disease characterized by pain in the joints.

as physical, for later in the journey he does not appear to have been entirely incapacitated. Physically, he had been the strongest member of the entire *Endurance* company.

27 McCarthy shamed them all.

28 “[He] is the most irrepressible optimist I’ve ever met,” Worsley wrote in his navigating book. “When I relieve him at the helm, boat iced & seas pourg: down yr neck, he informs me with a happy grin ‘It’s a grand day, sir.’”

29 Between Shackleton and Crean was a special rapport. As Worsley wrote,

30 Tom Crean had been so long and done so much with Sir E that he had become a privileged retainer. As they turned in, a kind of wordless rumbling, muttering, growling noise could be heard issuing from the dark & gloomy lair in the bows sometimes directed at one another, sometimes at things in general, & sometimes at nothing at all. At times they were so full of quaint conceits & Crean’s remarks were so Irish that I ran risk of explosion by suppressed laughter. “Go to sleep Crean & don’t be clucking like an old hen.” “Boss I can’t eat those reindeer hairs. I’ll have an inside on me like a billygoats neck. Let’s give ‘em to the Skipper & McCarthy. They never know what they’re eating” & so on.

31 Worsley, despite the rank discomfort, was in his element. He was conscious of being in the midst of a great adventure—which had been his life’s ambition. The fact that he was able to continue taking bemused stock of his shipmates is proof that he retained his sense of humor. Of McNish, there is little record. Shackleton stated only, “The carpenter was suffering particularly, but he showed grit and spirit.” McNish appears to have endured each day’s developments with his customary dour, matter-of-fact forbearance; he had not been born to a life that had promised things to be easy. Shackleton himself was in extreme discomfort; on top of everything else, his sciatica⁶ had returned.

32 At midnight on May 2, Shackleton relieved Worsley at the helm just as he was being struck full in the face by a torrent of water. The gale had been gaining strength for eight hours, and a heavy cross sea was running under snow squalls. Alone at the helm, Shackleton noticed a line of clear sky behind them, and called out to the men below that it was at last clearing.

33 “Then a moment later I realized that what I had seen was not a rift in the clouds but the white crest of an enormous wave,” wrote Shackleton. “During twenty-six years’ experience of the ocean in all its moods I had not encountered a wave so gigantic. It was a mighty **upheaval** of the ocean, a thing quite apart from the big white-capped

Mark context clues or indicate another strategy you used that helped you determine meaning.

upheaval (uhp HEE vuhl) *n.*

MEANING:

6. **sciatica** (sy AT uh kuh) *n.* pain in the lower back, hip, or leg caused by damage to the sciatic nerve.

seas that had been our tireless enemies for so many days. I shouted, 'For God's sake, hold on! It's got us!'"

34 After an unnatural lull, a torrent of thundering foam broke over them. Staggering under the flood, the boat nonetheless rose, emerging, to use Shackleton's words, "half-full of water, sagging to the dead weight and shuddering under the blow." The men bailed with all their energy until they felt the *Caird* float true beneath them. Then it took a full hour of bailing to clear her.

35 On the morning of May 3, after blowing for forty-eight hours at its height, this fierce, bitter gale at last subsided, and the sun appeared amid great, clean cumulus clouds. The sails were unreefed, and the wet sleeping bags and clothing were hung from the mast and the deck, as they set course for South Georgia Island. It was still clear and bright at noon, enabling Worsley to take a sighting for their latitude; they had been six days without taking an observation. His calculations revealed that despite the monstrous difficulties, they had covered 444 miles since leaving Elephant Island—more than half the required distance. Suddenly, success seemed possible.

36 The good weather held, affording them "a day's grace," as Worsley said. On May 5, the twelfth day at sea, the *Caird* made an excellent run of ninety-six miles—the best of the journey—in lumpy swell that raked the boat. Willis Island, off the western tip of South Georgia, was 155 miles away. On May 6, a return of heavy seas and a northwest gale caused them to lay to again, with a reefed jib sail. The next day, the gale moderated, and they set course once more.

37 Worsley was now increasingly worried about getting his observational sights for their position. Since leaving Elephant Island fourteen days earlier, he had been able to sight the sun only four times. "Two of these," he noted, were "mere snaps or guesses through slight rifts in the clouds." He continued:

38 It was misty, the boat was jumping like a flea, shipping seas fore and aft and there was no "limb" to the sun so I had to observe the center by guesswork. Astronomically, the limb is the edge of sun or moon. If blurred by cloud or fog it cannot be accurately "brought down" to the horizon. The center is the spot required, so when the limb is too blurred you bring the center of the bright spot behind the clouds down to the horizon. By practice and taking a series of "sights" you can obtain an average that has no bigger error than one minute of arc.

39 When Worsley informed Shackleton that he "could not be sure of our position to ten miles," it was decided that they would aim for the west coast of South Georgia, which was uninhabited, rather than the east coast where the whaling stations—and rescue—lay. This ensured that if they missed their landfall, the prevailing westerlies would carry them towards the other side of the island. Were they to fail to make an eastern landfall directly, the westerlies would carry them out



to sea. If Worsley's calculations were correct, the *James Caird* was now a little more than eighty miles from South Georgia Island.

40 Before darkness fell on May 7, a piece of kelp floated by. With mounting excitement the crew sailed east-northeast through the night, and at dawn on the fifteenth day, they spotted seaweed. The thrill of anticipation made them momentarily forget the most recent setback: One of the kegs of water was discovered to have become brackish from seawater that evidently had got in when the *Caird* had almost capsized shortly before leaving Elephant Island. They were now plagued with mounting thirst.

41 Cape pigeons such as they had admired so many months before at Grytviken made frequent appearances, along with mollyhawks and other birds whose presence hinted at land. Worsley continued anxiously to monitor the sky, but heavy fog obscured the sun, and all else that might lie ahead. Two cormorants were spotted, birds known not to venture much beyond fifteen miles from land. There were heavy, lumpy cross swells, and when the fog cleared around noon low, hard-driving clouds bore in from the west-northwest, with misty squalls. Then at half past noon, McCarthy cried out that he saw land.

42 "There, right ahead through a rift in the flying scud our glad but salt-rimmed eyes saw a towering black crag with a lacework of snow around its flank," wrote Worsley. "One glimpse, and it was hidden again. We looked at each other with cheerful foolish grins. The thoughts uppermost were 'We've done it.'" The land, Cape Demidov, was only ten miles distant, and it was on course with Worsley's calculations.

- 43 By three in the afternoon, the men were staring at patches of green tussock grass that showed through the snow on the land ahead—the first living vegetation they had beheld since December 5, 1914, seventeen months before. It was impossible to make for the whaling stations: The nearest lay 150 miles away—a formidable distance given the conditions and changing winds. Also, they had been without fresh water for forty-eight hours. Two alternative landing sites were considered: Wilson Harbor, which lay north, but to windward, and was thus impossible to reach; and King Haakon Sound, which opened to the West, and where a westerly swell shattered on jagged reefs, spouting surf up to forty feet in the air.
- 44 “Our need of water and rest was wellnigh desperate,” wrote Shackleton, “but to have attempted a landing at that time would have been suicidal. There was nothing for it but to haul off till the following morning.” As he well knew, making landfall could be the most dangerous part of sailing.
- 45 A stormy sunset closed the day, and the men prepared to wait out the hours of darkness. Although they were weak in the extreme, their swollen mouths and burning thirst made eating almost impossible. The small crew tacked through the darkness until midnight, when they stood to, eighteen miles offshore. Then, in the bleak, early hours of the morning, the wind strengthened and, as the *Caird* rose and fell, increased to a gale that showered sleet and hail upon the men. Although they hove to with only a reefed jib, they were shipping water and forced to bail continuously. By break of day, the *Caird* was trapped in a perilously heavy cross sea and enormous swell that was driving them towards the coast.
- 46 Rain, hail, sleet, and snow hammered down, and by noon the gale had become a full-fledged hurricane whipping a mountainous sea into foam and obscuring every trace of land.
- 47 “None of us had ever seen anything like it before,” wrote Worsley. The storm, he continued, “was driving us, harder than ever, straight for that ironbound coast. We thought but did not say those words, so fateful to the seaman, ‘a lee shore.’”
- 48 At one in the afternoon, the clouds rent, suddenly exposing a precipitous front to their lee. The roar of breakers told them they were heading dead for unseen cliffs. In desperation, Shackleton ordered the double-reefed sails set for an attempt to beat into wind and pull away from the deadly course.
- 49 “The mainsail, reefed to a rag, was already set,” wrote Worsley, “and in spite of the smallness of the reefed jib and mizzen it was the devil’s own job to set them. Usually such work is completed inside of ten minutes. It took us an hour.”
- 50 As the *James Caird* clawed her way against the wind, she struck each heaving swell with a brutal thud. With each blow, her bow planks opened, and water squirted in; caulked with oil paints and seal blood, the *Caird* was straining every joint. Five men pumped and

bailed, while the sixth held her on her fearful course. She was not so much inching forward as being squeezed sideways.

- 51 “At intervals we lied, saying ‘I think she’ll clear it,’” Worsley wrote. After three hours of this battle, the land had safely receded, when suddenly the snow-covered mountains of Annenkov Island loomed out of the dusk to their lee. They had fought their way past one danger only to be blown into the path of another.
- 52 “I remember my thoughts clearly,” wrote Worsley. “Regret for having brought my diary and annoyance that no one would ever know we had got so far.”
- 53 “I think most of us had a feeling that the end was very near,” wrote Shackleton. It was growing dark as the *Caird* floundered into the backwash of waves breaking against the island’s precipitous coastline. Suddenly the wind veered round to the southwest. Coming about in the foaming, confused current, the *Caird* sheered away from the cliffs, and from destruction. Darkness fell, and the hurricane they had fought for nine hours abated.
- 54 “We stood offshore again, tired almost to the point of apathy,” wrote Shackleton. “The night wore on. We were very tired. We longed for day.”
- 55 When the morning of May 10 dawned, there was virtually no wind at all, but a heavy cross sea. After breakfast, chewed with great difficulty through parched lips, the men steered the *Caird* towards King Haakon Bay. The few charts at their disposal had been discovered to be incomplete or faulty, and they were guided in part by Worsley’s instinct for the lay of the land.
- 56 Setting course for the bay, they approached a jagged reef line, which, in Shackleton’s words, seemed “like blackened teeth” to bar entrance to the inlet. As they steered towards what appeared to be a propitious gap, the wind shifted once again, blowing right out of the bay, against them. Unable to approach directly, they backed off and tried to tack in, angling for entry. Five times they bore up and tacked, and on the last attempt the *Caird* sailed through the gap and into the mouth of the bay.
- 57 It was nearly dusk. A small cove guarded by a reef appeared to the south. Standing in the bows, Shackleton directed the boat through a narrow entrance in the reef.
- 58 “In a minute or two we were inside,” wrote Shackleton, “and in the gathering darkness the *James Caird* ran in on a swell and touched the beach.”
- 59 Jumping out, he held the frayed painter and pulled against the backward surge; and when the boat rolled in again with the surf, the other men stumbled ashore and loosely secured her. The sound of running water drew them to a small stream nearly at their feet. They fell upon their knees and drank their fill.
- 60 “It was,” wrote Shackleton, “a splendid moment.”
- 61 McNish’s handiwork had stood up to all that the elements had flung at it. Throughout their seventeen-day ordeal, Worsley had

never allowed his mind to relax and cease its calculations. Together, the six men had maintained a ship routine, a structure of command, a schedule of watches. They had been mindful of their seamanship under the most severe circumstances a sailor would ever face. They had not merely endured; they had exhibited the grace of expertise under ungodly pressure.

- 62 Undoubtedly they were conscious of having achieved a great journey. They would later learn that a 500-ton steamer had foundered with all hands in the same hurricane they had just weathered. But at the moment they could hardly have known—or cared—that in the carefully weighed judgment of authorities yet to come, the voyage of the *James Caird* would be ranked as one of the greatest boat journeys ever accomplished. 🐼

Comprehension Check

Complete the following items after you finish your first read. Review and clarify details with your group.

1. Whose points of view are represented in this piece?
2. What is the purpose of the voyage of the *James Caird*?
3. How does the author know what happened during the voyage of the *James Caird*?
4.  **Notebook** Confirm your understanding of the text by listing the obstacles the crew of the *James Caird* faced during their voyage and explaining how they overcame those obstacles.

RESEARCH

Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of the story?



Close Read the Text

With your group, revisit sections of the text you marked during your first read. **Annotate** details that you notice. What **questions** do you have? What can you **conclude**?



THE VOYAGE OF THE JAMES CAIRD

Analyze the Text

CITE TEXTUAL EVIDENCE to support your answers.

Notebook Complete the activities.

- 1. Review and Clarify** With your group, reread paragraph 29 of the selection. Why do you think the author describes Worsley’s character at this point in the selection? What is the author trying to say about Worsley?
- 2. Present and Discuss** Now work with your group to share passages from the selection that you found especially important. Take turns presenting your passages. Discuss what you notice in the selection, the questions you asked, and the conclusions you reached.
- 3. Essential Question: *What does it take to survive?*** What has this narrative taught you about survival? Discuss with your group.

LANGUAGE DEVELOPMENT

Concept Vocabulary

pitched reeling upheaval

Why These Words? The three concept vocabulary words from the text are related. With your group, determine what the words have in common. How do these word choices enhance the impact of the text?

Practice

Notebook Confirm your understanding of these words from the text by using them in a paragraph. Be sure to use context clues that hint at each word’s meaning.

Word Study

Notebook Multiple-Meaning Words Many words in English have multiple meanings, or more than one distinct definition. For example, the word *pitched*, which appears in “The Voyage of the *James Caird*,” has several different meanings. Write the meaning of *pitched* as Caroline Alexander uses it. Then, write two more definitions of the word. Finally, find two other multiple-meaning words in the text. Record the words, and list two definitions for each.

WORD NETWORK

Add interesting words related to survival from the text to your Word Network.

STANDARDS

L.9–10.4 Determine or clarify the meaning of unknown and multiple-meaning words and phrases based on *grades 9–10 reading and content*, choosing flexibly from a range of strategies.



THE VOYAGE OF THE JAMES CAIRD

TIP

GROUP DISCUSSION

Keep in mind that members of your group might have different impressions of Shackleton and the other sailors than you do. There's no right impression or conclusion, but talking out differing opinions and the reasons for them will help you clarify your thoughts and learn from one another.

STANDARDS

RI.9–10.3 Analyze how the author unfolds an analysis or series of ideas or events, including the order in which the points are made, how they are introduced and developed, and the connections that are drawn between them.

RI.9–10.4 Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text, including figurative, connotative, and technical meanings; analyze the cumulative impact of specific word choices on meaning and tone.

L.9–10.1.b Use various types of phrases and clauses to convey specific meanings and add variety and interest to writing or presentations.

Analyze Craft and Structure

Series of Events Writing that tells a real-life story is called **narrative nonfiction**. Even though the events of a nonfiction narrative are true, the story is still shaped by the **author's perspective**—his or her interpretations of the events and the people involved. To be believable, that interpretation needs to be supported with evidence. In this account, the author uses **primary sources** in the form of sailors' journals as evidence that supports her interpretation. Her use of the journals also allows her to incorporate the sailors' voices to make their personalities and experiences more vivid.

CITE TEXTUAL EVIDENCE
to support your answers.

Practice

In your own words, describe the people who appear in this narrative. Cite details from the text that support your descriptions. Work on your own to gather your ideas in the chart. Then, share with your group.

PERSON	DESCRIPTION	TEXTUAL EVIDENCE
Shackleton		
McNish		
Worsley		
McCarthy		
Crean		
Vincent		

Notebook Respond to these questions.

- Which member of the expedition do you think Alexander admires most? Why?
- The story of the *Endurance* was famous even before Alexander wrote her book. Why do you think she felt the story was worth retelling? Explain, citing evidence from this excerpt.



Author's Style

Word Choice A **description** is a portrait in words of a person, place, or thing. Descriptions include details that appeal to the senses: sight, hearing, taste, smell, and touch. The effectiveness of a description depends upon **vivid word choice**, or the language a writer uses to create a specific impression.

In "The Voyage of the *James Caird*," the author makes extensive use of participles and participial phrases. A **participle** is a verb form that acts as an adjective. A **participial phrase** consists of a participle and its objects, complements, or modifiers, all acting together as an adjective. Because they are formed from verbs, participles and participial phrases often add energy to sentences by conveying to the reader a vivid sense of motion or action.

Example / Participle: On the third day, despite snowy, stormy weather, Worsley snatched the journey's first observation of the sun between patches of **racing** cloud.

Example / Participial Phrase: The canvas decking, **sagging under the weight of so much water**, threatened to pull loose the short nails McNish had extracted from packing cases.

Read It

Working individually, use this chart to identify each participle in these sentences from "The Voyage of the *James Caird*." Then, discuss with your group how each participial affects what you picture as you read the sentence.

PASSAGE	PARTICIPLE(S)	EFFECT
"The tale of the next sixteen days is one of supreme strife amid heaving waters," wrote Shackleton. (paragraph 1)		
. . . in the foaming, confused current, the Caird sheered away from the cliffs, and from destruction. (paragraph 53)		
After the meal, McNish, Crean, McCarthy, and Vincent crawled into their wet bags and lay down on the hard, shifting ballast of stones. . . . (paragraph 4)		

Write It

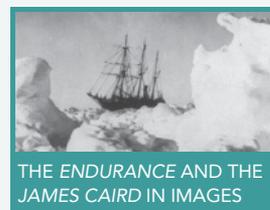
 **Notebook** Write a paragraph in which you explain what you learned about navigating uncharted waters from "The Voyage of the *James Caird*." Use participles and participial phrases to make your language more vivid and precise or to create a sense of motion.



THE VOYAGE OF THE JAMES CAIRD

Comparing Text to Media

The photographs on the following pages were taken by the *Endurance* expedition photographer Frank Hurley. While looking at this selection, you will compare the differences between how written text and photographs can tell a story.



THE ENDURANCE AND THE JAMES CAIRD IN IMAGES

About the Photographer



Frank Hurley (1885–1962) was an Australian photographer known for the stunning photos he took during Shackleton’s *Endurance* expedition. In the words of one of the crew members, “Hurley [was] a warrior with his camera and would go anywhere or do anything to get a picture.” Remarkably, Hurley was able to save many plate glass negatives from the *Endurance* as well as an album of photos he had already printed. After the ship sank, Hurley had to leave his photographic equipment behind. From that point on, he used a small hand-held camera to take an additional 38 photos, all of which survived.

The *Endurance* and the *James Caird* in Images

Media Vocabulary

These words will be useful to you as you analyze, discuss, and write about photographs.

Composition: arrangement of the parts of a picture; the <i>foreground</i> is closest to the camera lens, while the <i>background</i> is farther away	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The composition may stress one part of an image more than another. • The composition may show what the photographer thinks is important in the subject.
Perspective or Angle: vantage point from which a photo is taken	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The camera may be looking down, looking up, or looking head on at the subject. • The subject may seem very far away, at a middle distance, or very close.
Lighting and Color: use of light, shadow, and color in a picture	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Some images are full color, while others are black and white. There are countless variations of color options. • Some parts of an image are brighter or darker than others.

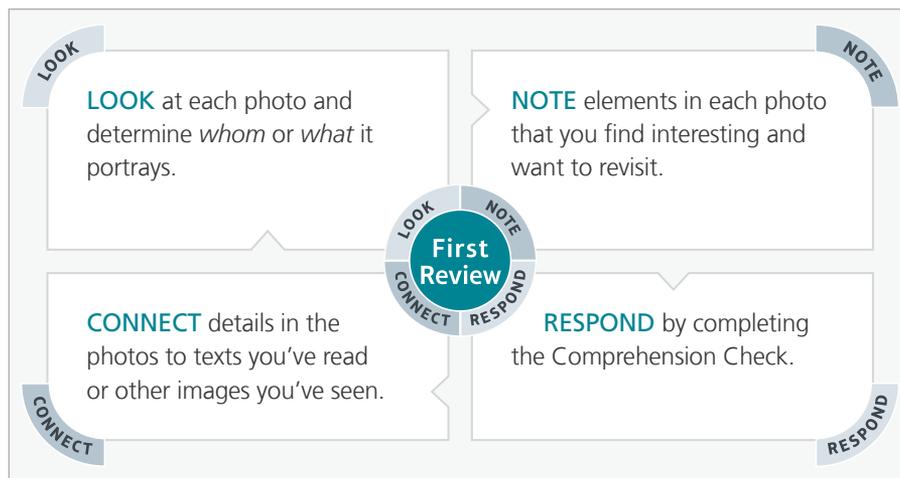
STANDARDS

RI.9–10.7 Analyze various accounts of a subject told in different mediums, determining which details are emphasized in each account.

L.9–10.6 Acquire and use accurately general academic and domain-specific words and phrases, sufficient for reading, writing, speaking and listening at the college and career readiness level; demonstrate independence in gathering vocabulary knowledge when considering a word or phrase important to comprehension or expression.

First Review MEDIA: ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY

Study each photograph and its caption using these strategies.



The *Endurance* and the *James Caird* in Images

Frank Hurley

BACKGROUND

Sir Ernest Shackleton's trans-Antarctica expedition of 1914–1917 was a true-life adventure that rivals any work of fiction for drama, bravery, and daring. Shackleton's goal was to cross the Antarctic continent from one coast to the other. The expedition never made it. Instead, Shackleton and his men were forced to abandon their ship, the *Endurance*, when it became stuck in Antarctic pack ice in 1915. The crew set up camp on an ice floe and eventually reached Elephant Island in April 1916. From there, Shackleton and five crewmen sailed the *James Caird*—a small lifeboat—800 miles to South Georgia Island to seek help at a whaling station. That August, using a boat on loan from Chile, Shackleton finally rescued the rest of the crew from Elephant Island.

SCAN FOR
MULTIMEDIA



PHOTO 1: *Endurance* in the ice To photographer Frank Hurley, the pack ice often looked like ocean waves.

NOTES



PHOTO 2: The port side of the ship, October 19, 1915 Shackleton is the man leaning over the side of the ship in the foreground. He called this photo "The Beginning of the End."

NOTES



PHOTO 3: The end The expedition's sled dogs are shown in the foreground looking at the trapped and ruined ship.

NOTES



PHOTO 4: Hauling the *James Caird* After the *Endurance* sank, the men dragged the *James Caird* three quarters of a mile to a new camp. The boat weighed approximately 2,000 pounds.

NOTES



PHOTO 5: Launching the *Caird* As they attempted to launch the boat in heavy surf, two of the men were thrown overboard.

NOTES



PHOTO 6: The rescue The crew members who were left on Elephant Island welcome the rescue ship.

NOTES

Comprehension Check

Complete the following items after you finish your first review.

1. Which details help explain why Shackleton would call Photo 2 “The Beginning of the End”?
2. What is happening to the *Endurance* in Photo 3?
3. In Photo 5, which details show the conditions of the surf when the *James Caird* was launched?
4.  **Notebook** Confirm your understanding of the *Endurance* and the *James Caird* photo gallery by writing a description of the setting, people, and events the images portray.



Close Review

With your group, revisit the photographs and your first-review notes. Record any new observations that seem important. What **questions** do you have? What can you **conclude**?



THE ENDURANCE AND THE JAMES CAIRD IN IMAGES

Analyze the Media

 **Notebook** Complete the activities.

- 1. Present and Discuss** Choose the photo you find most interesting or powerful. Share your choice with the group and discuss why you chose it. Explain what you notice in the photo, the questions it raises for you, and the conclusions you reach about it.
- 2. Review and Synthesize** With your group, review all the photos. Do they do more than simply document the expedition? Are they examples of journalism, of art, or of both? Explain.
- 3.  Notebook Essential Question: *What does it take to survive?*** What challenges did the men face when they lost the *Endurance*? What qualities do you think their survival required? Support your response with evidence from the photographs.

LANGUAGE DEVELOPMENT

Media Vocabulary

composition perspective or angle lighting and color

Use the vocabulary words in your responses to the questions.

- 1. (a)** In Photo 1, what is the position of the ship in relation to the ice around it? **(b)** What might Hurley have wanted to convey in this photograph?
- 2.** In Photo 2, which aspects help to emphasize the condition of the *Endurance*?
- 3.** In Photo 4, what effect does the contrast between the background and the subjects create?

STANDARDS

RI.9–10.1 Cite strong and thorough textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text.



THE VOYAGE OF THE JAMES CAIRD



THE ENDURANCE AND THE JAMES CAIRD IN IMAGES

Writing to Compare

Both “The Voyage of the *James Caird*” by Caroline Alexander and the photographs taken by Frank Hurley provide information about the legendary Antarctic expedition led by Sir Ernest Shackleton. Now, analyze the texts and consider how the medium in which information is provided—visual or verbal—affects what you learn about the subject.

Assignment

Create a **multimedia presentation** about the Shackleton expedition in which you weave together Alexander’s text, Hurley’s photographs, and your own commentary. In your presentation, explain how verbal accounts and photographs provide information that is valuable in different ways. Choose from these options:

- a **museum exhibit guide** for a show about the Shackleton expedition
- a page plan and content for a **website** about the Shackleton expedition
- the script for a **slide show** about the Shackleton expedition

Analyze the Texts

Compare the Text and Photographs With your group, identify ways in which the verbal text and the photographs convey information. Use the chart to capture your observations.

INFORMATION ABOUT THE EXPEDITION	WHAT I LEARNED FROM “THE VOYAGE OF THE JAMES CAIRD”	WHAT I LEARNED FROM THE EXPEDITION PHOTOGRAPHS	HOW TEXT COMPARES TO PHOTOGRAPHS
hardships the crew faced			
actions they took to survive			
details about the crew			

 **Notebook** Respond to these questions.

1. Do the photographs reveal aspects of the story that the text does not? Explain.
2. Does the text communicate aspects of the men’s experience that the photographs do not? Explain.

Planning and Prewriting

Organize Tasks Make a list of tasks you will have to accomplish in order to get your presentation done. Assign the tasks to individual group members. You may add to or modify this list as needed.

TASK LIST

Research and Choose Photographs: Decide whether you need additional photos of the expedition or its members. If you do, research and choose those images.

Assigned To: _____

Research and Choose Texts: Decide whether you need additional writings about the expedition or by its members. If you do, research and choose those texts.

Assigned To: _____

Locate Other Media: Find additional media—audio, video, or other visuals—to add interest and information. For example, you may want to include maps that show the routes Shackleton had planned and the ones the expedition actually took.

Assigned To: _____

Make a Rough Outline: Set a sequence for your content as well as any special sections of information you may want to include. You may always revise the sequence later as your project takes shape.

Assigned To: _____

Drafting

Provide Thorough Information As you organize photos and texts and write content, work to answer five basic questions:

- What happened?
- Who was involved?
- Where did the events happen?
- Why did the events happen?
- What were the results or consequences of the events?

Include Comparisons of Texts to Photographs Use your notes from the analysis you did earlier to explain how images and texts contribute to readers' and viewers' understanding of the Shackleton expedition in similar and different ways.

Revising

Make sure all the images or other media you have chosen add value to the presentation. If necessary, cut content to make your presentation more focused and effective.

EVIDENCE LOG

Before moving on to a new selection, go to your Evidence Log and record what you've learned from "The Voyage of the *James Caird*" and "The *Endurance* and the *James Caird* in Images."

STANDARDS

RI.9–10.7 Analyze various accounts of a subject told in different mediums, determining which details are emphasized in each account.

SL.9–10.5 Make strategic use of digital media in presentations to enhance understanding of findings, reasoning, and evidence and to add interest.



About the Author



Yann Martel (b. 1963) was born in Spain to Canadian parents and lived in many different places, including Costa Rica, Mexico, Alaska, and Canada. After graduating from college, he worked various jobs, such as dishwasher and security guard. Unsure about what he wanted to pursue as a career, he started to write. Though he found critical success, sales of his stories did not follow. Eventually, Martel traveled to India, where he found the inspiration for his most successful work, *Life of Pi*.

STANDARDS

RL.9–10.10 By the end of grade 9, read and comprehend literature, including stories, dramas, and poems, in the grades 9–10 text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the high end of the range.

L.9–10.4 Determine or clarify the meaning of unknown and multiple-meaning words and phrases based on *grades 9–10 reading and content*, choosing flexibly from a range of strategies.

from *Life of Pi*

Concept Vocabulary

As you perform your first read of the excerpt from *Life of Pi*, you will encounter the following words.

irresolvable predatory adversary

Base Words If these words are unfamiliar to you, analyze each one to see whether it contains a base word you know. Then, use your knowledge of the “inside” word, along with context, to determine the meaning of the concept word. Here is an example of how to apply the strategy.

Unfamiliar Word: *willful*

Familiar “Inside” Word: *will*, with meanings including “choose,” “intention,” “determination”

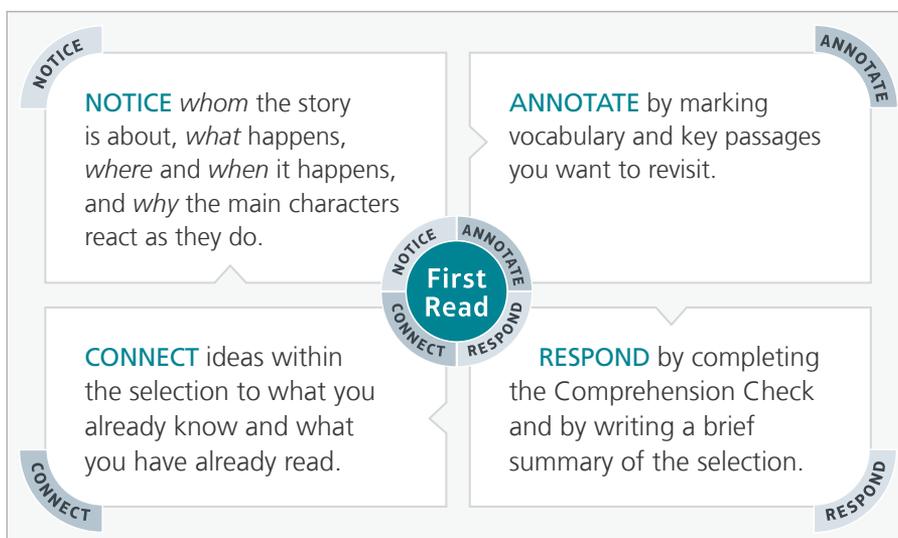
Context: A lifetime of peaceful vegetarianism stood between me and the **willful** beheading of a fish.

Conclusion: The narrator is a vegetarian, and would not want to behead a fish, at least not on purpose. *Willful* might mean “with will,” or “intentionally.”

Apply your knowledge of base words and other vocabulary strategies to determine the meanings of unfamiliar words you encounter during your first read.

First Read FICTION

Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to complete a close read after your first read.



from
Life of Pi

Yann Martel

BACKGROUND

In the novel *Life of Pi* by Yann Martel, the main character is a teenager whose family owns a zoo in India. The family decides to leave India with their animals and sail to Canada, but while traveling, their ship is struck by a violent storm and sinks. Pi escapes on a lifeboat with four of the family's animals: a hyena, a zebra, an orangutan—and a Bengal tiger named Richard Parker. The hyena kills the zebra and the orangutan but is in turn killed by the tiger. Pi constructs a raft for himself, where he can retreat to safety from the tiger, and sets about taming Richard Parker.

SCAN FOR
 MULTIMEDIA



Chapter 61

- 1 **T**he next morning I was not too wet and I was feeling strong. I thought this was remarkable considering the strain I was under and how little I had eaten in the last several days.
- 2 It was a fine day. I decided to try my hand at fishing, for the first time in my life. After a breakfast of three biscuits and one can of water, I read what the survival manual had to say on the subject. The first problem arose: bait. I thought about it. There were the

NOTES

dead animals, but stealing food from under a tiger's nose was a proposition I was not up to. He would not realize that it was an investment that would bring him an excellent return. I decided to use my leather shoe. I had only one left. The other I had lost when the ship sank.

- 3 I crept up to the lifeboat and I gathered from the locker one of the fishing kits, the knife and a bucket for my catch. Richard Parker was lying on his side. His tail jumped to life when I was at the bow¹ but his head did not lift. I let the raft out.
- 4 I attached a hook to a wire leader, which I tied to a line. I added some lead weights. I picked three that had an intriguing torpedo shape. I removed my shoe and cut it into pieces. It was hard work; the leather was tough. I carefully worked the hook into a flat piece of hide, not through it but into it, so that the point of the hook was hidden. I let the line down deep. There had been so many fish the previous evening that I expected easy success.
- 5 I had none. The whole shoe disappeared bit by bit, slight tug on the line by slight tug on the line, happy freeloading fish by happy freeloading fish, bare hook by bare hook, until I was left with only the rubber sole and the shoelace. When the shoelace proved an unconvincing earthworm, out of sheer exasperation I tried the sole, all of it. It was not a good idea. I felt a slight, promising tug and then the line was unexpectedly light. All I pulled in was line. I had lost the whole tackle.
- 6 This loss did not strike me as a terrible blow. There were other hooks, leader wires and weights in the kit, besides a whole other kit. And I wasn't even fishing for myself. I had plenty of food in store.
- 7 Still, a part of my mind—the one that says what we don't want to hear—rebuked me. "Stupidity has a price. You should show more care and wisdom next time."
- 8 Later that morning a second turtle appeared. It came right up to the raft. It could have reached up and bit my bottom if it had wanted to. When it turned I reached for its hind flipper, but as soon as I touched it I recoiled in horror. The turtle swam away.
- 9 The same part of my mind that had rebuked me over my fishing fiasco scolded me again. "What exactly do you intend to feed that tiger of yours? How much longer do you think he'll last on three dead animals? Do I need to remind you that tigers are not carrion eaters?² Granted, when he's on his last legs he probably won't lift his nose at much. But don't you think that before he submits to eating puffy, putrefied zebra he'll try the fresh, juicy Indian boy just a short dip away? And how are we doing with the water situation? You know how tigers get impatient with thirst. Have you smelled his breath recently? It's pretty awful. That's a bad sign. Perhaps you're hoping that he'll lap up the Pacific and in quenching his thirst

1. **bow (bow)** *n.* forward part of the ship.

2. **carrion eaters** animals that eat the flesh of other, dead animals.

allow you to walk to America? Quite amazing, this limited capacity to excrete salt that Sundarbans tigers have developed. Comes from living in a tidal mangrove forest, I suppose. But it *is* a limited capacity. Don't they say that drinking too much saline water makes a man-eater of a tiger? Oh, look. Speak of the devil. There he is. He's yawning. My, my, what an enormous pink cave. Look at those long yellow stalactites³ and stalagmites.⁴ Maybe today you'll get a chance to visit."

- 10 Richard Parker's tongue, the size and color of a rubber hot-water bottle, retreated and his mouth closed. He swallowed.
- 11 I spent the rest of the day worrying myself sick. I stayed away from the lifeboat. Despite my own dire predictions, Richard Parker passed the time calmly enough. He still had water from the rainfall and he didn't seem too concerned with hunger. But he did make various tiger noises—growls and moans and the like—that did nothing to put me at ease. The riddle seemed **irresolvable**: to fish I needed bait, but I would have bait only once I had fish. What was I supposed to do? Use one of my toes? Cut off one of my ears?
- 12 A solution appeared in the late afternoon in a most unexpected way. I had pulled myself up to the lifeboat. More than that: I had climbed aboard and was rummaging through the locker, feverishly looking for an idea that would save my life. I had tied the raft so that it was about six feet from the boat. I fancied that with a jump and a pull at a loose knot I could save myself from Richard Parker. Desperation had pushed me to take such a risk.
- 13 Finding nothing, no bait and no new idea, I sat up—only to discover that I was dead center in the focus of his stare. He was at the other end of the lifeboat, where the zebra used to be, turned my way and sitting up, looking as if he'd been patiently waiting for me to notice him. How was it that I hadn't heard him stir? What delusion was I under that I thought I could outwit him? Suddenly I was hit hard across the face. I cried out and closed my eyes. With feline speed he had leapt across the lifeboat and struck me. I was to have my face clawed off—this was the gruesome way I was to die. The pain was so severe I felt nothing. Blessed be shock. Blessed be that part of us that protects us from too much pain and sorrow. At the heart of life is a fuse box. I whimpered, "Go ahead, Richard Parker, finish me off. But please, what you must do, do it quickly. A blown fuse should not be over-tested."
- 14 He was taking his time. He was at my feet, making noises. No doubt he had discovered the locker and its riches. I fearfully opened an eye.
- 15 It was a fish. There was a fish in the locker. It was flopping about like a fish out of water. It was about fifteen inches long and it had wings. A flying fish. Slim and dark gray-blue, with dry, featherless wings and round, unblinking, yellowish eyes. It was this flying fish

3. **stalactites** (stuh LAK tyts) *n.* pointed pieces of rock that hang from a cave ceiling.

4. **stalagmites** (stuh LAG myts) *n.* pointed pieces of rock formed on the floor of a cave.

NOTES

Mark base words or indicate another strategy you used to help you determine meaning.

irresolvable (ih ih ZOL vuh buhl) *adj.*

MEANING:

that had struck me across the face, not Richard Parker. He was still fifteen feet away, no doubt wondering what I was going on about. But he had seen the fish. I could read a keen curiosity on his face. He seemed about ready to investigate.

- 16 I bent down, picked up the fish and threw it towards him. This was the way to tame him! Where a rat had gone, a flying fish would follow. Unfortunately, the flying fish flew. In mid-air, just ahead of Richard Parker's open mouth, the fish swerved and dropped into the water. It happened with lightning speed. Richard Parker turned his head and snapped his mouth, jowls flapping, but the fish was too quick for him. He looked astonished and displeased. He turned to me again. "Where's my treat?" his face seemed to inquire. Fear and sadness gripped me. I turned with the half-hearted, half-abandoned hope that I could jump onto the raft before he could jump onto me.
- 17 At that precise instant there was a vibration in the air and we were struck by a school of flying fish. They came like a swarm of locusts. It was not only their numbers; there was also something insect-like about the clicking, whirring sound of their wings. They burst out of the water, dozens of them at a time, some of them flick-flacking over a hundred yards through the air. Many dived into the water just before the boat. A number sailed clear over it. Some crashed into its side, sounding like firecrackers going off. Several lucky ones returned to the water after a bounce on the tarpaulin. Others, less fortunate, fell directly into the boat, where they started a racket of flapping and flailing and splashing. And still others flew right into us. Standing unprotected as I was, I felt I was living the martyrdom of Saint Sebastian. Every fish that hit me was like an arrow entering my flesh. I clutched at a blanket to protect myself while also trying to catch some of the fish. I received cuts and bruises all over my body.
- 18 The reason for this onslaught became evident immediately: dorados were leaping out of the water in hot pursuit of them. The much larger dorados couldn't match their flying, but they were faster swimmers and their short lunges were very powerful. They could overtake flying fish if they were just behind them and lunging from the water at the same time and in the same direction. There were sharks too; they also leapt out of the water, not so cleanly but with devastating consequence for some dorados. This aquatic mayhem didn't last long, but while it did, the sea bubbled and boiled, fish jumped and jaws worked hard.
- 19 Richard Parker was tougher than I was in the face of these fish, and far more efficient. He raised himself and went about blocking, swiping and biting all the fish he could. Many were eaten live and whole, struggling wings beating in his mouth. It was a dazzling display of might and speed. Actually, it was not so much the speed that was impressive as the pure animal confidence, the total absorption in the moment. Such a mix of ease and concentration, such a being-in-the-present, would be the envy of the highest yogis.



- 20 When it was over, the result, besides a very sore body for me, was six flying fish in the locker and a much greater number in the lifeboat. I hurriedly wrapped a fish in a blanket, gathered a hatchet and made for the raft.
- 21 I proceeded with great deliberation. The loss of my tackle that morning had had a sobering effect on me. I couldn't allow myself another mistake. I unwrapped the fish carefully, keeping a hand pressed down on it, fully aware that it would try to jump away to save itself. The closer the fish was to appearing, the more afraid and disgusted I became. Its head came into sight. The way I was holding it, it looked like a scoop of loathsome fish ice cream sticking out of a wool blanket cone. The thing was gasping for water, its mouth and gills opening and closing slowly. I could feel it pushing with its wings against my hand. I turned the bucket over and brought its head against the bottom. I took hold of the hatchet. I raised it in the air.
- 22 Several times I started bringing the hatchet down, but I couldn't complete the action. Such sentimentalism may seem ridiculous considering what I had witnessed in the last days, but those were the deeds of others, of **predatory** animals. I suppose I was partly responsible for the rat's death, but I'd only thrown it; it was Richard Parker who had killed it. A lifetime of peaceful vegetarianism stood between me and the willful beheading of a fish.

Mark base words or indicate another strategy you used to help you determine meaning.

predatory (PREHD uh tawr ee) *adj.*

MEANING:

- 23 I covered the fish's head with the blanket and turned the hatchet around. Again my hand wavered in the air. The idea of beating a soft, living head with a hammer was simply too much.
- 24 I put the hatchet down. I would break its neck, sight unseen, I decided. I wrapped the fish tightly in the blanket. With both hands I started bending it. The more I pressed, the more the fish struggled. I imagined what it would feel like if I were wrapped in a blanket and someone were trying to break my neck. I was appalled. I gave up a number of times. Yet I knew it had to be done, and the longer I waited, the longer the fish's suffering would go on.
- 25 Tears flowing down my cheeks, I egged myself on until I heard a cracking sound and I no longer felt any life fighting in my hands. I pulled back the folds of the blanket. The flying fish was dead. It was split open and bloody on one side of its head, at the level of the gills.
- 26 I wept heartily over this poor little deceased soul. It was the first sentient⁵ being I had ever killed. I was now a killer. I was now as guilty as Cain. I was sixteen years old, a harmless boy, bookish and religious, and now I had blood on my hands. It's a terrible burden to carry. All sentient life is sacred. I never forget to include this fish in my prayers.
- 27 After that it was easier. Now that it was dead, the flying fish looked like fish I had seen in the markets of Pondicherry. It was something else, something outside the essential scheme of creation. I chopped it up into pieces with the hatchet and put it in the bucket.
- 28 In the dying hours of the day I tried fishing again. At first I had no better luck than I'd had in the morning. But success seemed less elusive. The fish nibbled at the hook with fervor. Their interest was evident. I realized that these were small fish, too small for the hook. So I cast my line further out and let it sink deeper, beyond the reach of the small fish that concentrated around the raft and lifeboat.
- 29 It was when I used the flying fish's head as bait, and with only one sinker, casting my line out and pulling it in quickly, making the head skim over the surface of the water, that I finally had my first strike. A dorado surged forth and lunged for the fish head. I let out a little slack, to make sure it had properly swallowed the bait, before giving the line a good yank. The dorado exploded out of the water, tugging on the line so hard I thought it was going to pull me off the raft. I braced myself. The line became very taut. It was good line; it would not break. I started bringing the dorado in. It struggled with all its might, jumping and diving and splashing. The line cut into my hands. I wrapped my hands in the blanket. My heart was pounding. The fish was as strong as an ox. I was not sure I would be able to pull it in.
- 30 I noticed all the other fish had vanished from around the raft and boat. No doubt they had sensed the dorado's distress. I hurried. Its struggling would attract sharks. But it fought like a devil. My arms

5. **sentient** (SEHN shuhnt) *adj.* living and capable of feeling.

were aching. Every time I got it close to the raft, it beat about with such frenzy that I was cowed into letting out some line.

31 At last I managed to haul it aboard. It was over three feet long. The bucket was useless. It would fit the dorado like a hat. I held the fish down by kneeling on it and using my hands. It was a writhing mass of pure muscle, so big its tail stuck out from beneath me, pounding hard against the raft. It was giving me a ride like I imagine a bucking bronco would give a cowboy. I was in a wild and triumphant mood. A dorado is a magnificent-looking fish, large, fleshy and sleek, with a bulging forehead that speaks of a forceful personality, a very long dorsal fin as proud as a rooster's comb, and a coat of scales that is smooth and bright. I felt I was dealing fate a serious blow by engaging such a handsome **adversary**. With this fish I was retaliating against the sea, against the wind, against the sinking of ships, against all circumstances that were working against me. "Thank you, Lord Vishnu, thank you!" I shouted. "Once you saved the world by taking the form of a fish. Now you have saved *me* by taking the form of a fish. Thank you, thank you!"

32 Killing it was no problem. I would have spared myself the trouble—after all, it was for Richard Parker and he would have dispatched it with expert ease—but for the hook that was embedded in its mouth. I exulted at having a dorado at the end of my line—I would be less keen if it were a tiger. I went about the job in a direct way. I took the hatchet in both my hands and vigorously beat the fish on the head with the hammerhead (I still didn't have the stomach to use the sharp edge). The dorado did a most extraordinary thing as it died: it began to flash all kinds of colors in rapid succession. Blue, green, red, gold and violet flickered and shimmered neon-like on its surface as it struggled. I felt I was beating a rainbow to death. (I found out later that the dorado is famed for its death-knell iridescence.) At last it lay still and dull-colored, and I could remove the hook. I even managed to retrieve a part of my bait.

33 You may be astonished that in such a short period of time I could go from weeping over the muffled killing of a flying fish to gleefully bludgeoning to death a dorado. I could explain it by arguing that profiting from a pitiful flying fish's navigational mistake made me shy and sorrowful, while the excitement of actively capturing a great dorado made me sanguinary and self-assured. But in point of fact the explanation lies elsewhere. It is simple and brutal: a person can get used to anything, even to killing.

34 It was with a hunter's pride that I pulled the raft up to the lifeboat. I brought it along the side, keeping very low. I swung my arm and dropped the dorado into the boat. It landed with a heavy thud and provoked a gruff expression of surprise from Richard Parker. After a sniff or two, I heard the wet mashing sound of a mouth at work. I pushed myself off, not forgetting to blow the whistle hard several times, to remind Richard Parker of who had so graciously provided him with fresh food. I stopped to pick up some biscuits and a can of

NOTES

Mark base words or indicate another strategy you used to help you determine meaning.

adversary (AD vuhr sehr ee) *n.*

MEANING:



water. The five remaining flying fish in the locker were dead. I pulled their wings off, throwing them away and wrapped the fish in the now-consecrated fish blanket.

- 35 By the time I had rinsed myself of blood, cleaned up my fishing gear, put things away and had my supper, night had come on. A thin layer of clouds masked the stars and the moon, and it was very dark. I was tired, but still excited by the events of the last hours. The feeling of busyness was profoundly satisfying; I hadn't thought at all about my plight or myself. Fishing was surely a better way of passing the time than yarn-spinning or playing I Spy. I determined to start again the next day as soon as there was light.
- 36 I fell asleep, my mind lit up by the chameleon-like flickering of the dying dorado. 🐟

Comprehension Check

Complete these items after you finish your first read. Review and clarify details with your group.

1. Briefly describe the problem that Pi faces.
2. At the beginning of the selection, what does Pi plan to do to solve his problem?
3. (a) What main problem does Pi face in executing his plan? (b) What event provides him with a solution?
4. What fact about Pi explains why he has such difficulty in killing his first flying fish?
5. (a) Compare and contrast Pi's attitude toward killing the flying fish with his attitude toward killing the dorado. (b) What does Pi believe explains the difference?
6.  **Notebook** Write a summary of the excerpt from *Life of Pi*.

RESEARCH

Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information that you found shed light on an aspect of the story?



from LIFE OF PI

TIP

GROUP DISCUSSION

If you do not fully understand a classmate's contribution to the discussion, don't hesitate to ask for clarification.

To ensure an effective exchange, use a respectful and friendly tone. State exactly what it is you don't understand. In some cases, it might be helpful to pose alternatives:

"When you said . . . , did you mean . . . or . . . ?"

WORD NETWORK

Identify words related to the idea of survival in *Life of Pi*. Add these words to your Word Network.

STANDARDS

RL.9–10.3 Analyze how complex characters develop over the course of a text, interact with other characters, and advance the plot or develop the theme.

L.9–10.4.b Identify and correctly use patterns of word changes that indicate different meanings or parts of speech and continue to apply knowledge of Greek and Latin roots and affixes.

Close Read the Text

With your group, revisit sections of the text you marked during your first read. **Annotate** details that you notice. What **questions** do you have? What can you **conclude**?



Analyze the Text

CITE TEXTUAL EVIDENCE to support your answers.

Notebook Complete the activities.

- 1. Review and Clarify** Work with your group to review your responses to the Comprehension Check questions. If there is any confusion or disagreement, review the text as a group to clarify and gain consensus.
- 2. Present and Discuss** Share with your group the passages from the text that you found especially significant, taking turns with others. Discuss what you notice in the text, what questions you asked, and what conclusions you reached.
- 3. Vote and Post** Vote on the passage your group would like to share with the whole class. Invite comments from the class.
- 4. Essential Question: *What does it take to survive?*** What has this text taught you about survival? Discuss with your group.

LANGUAGE DEVELOPMENT

Concept Vocabulary

irresolvable predatory adversary

Why These Words? The three concept vocabulary words from the excerpt are related. With your group, discuss the words and identify a concept they have in common. How do these word choices enhance the text?

Practice

Notebook Confirm your understanding of these words from the text by using them in sentences. In each sentence, provide context clues that hint at the word's meaning.

Word Study

Notebook Latin suffixes: -ory and -ary In *Life of Pi*, the narrator uses the words *predatory*, which ends with the Latin suffix *-ory*, and *sanguinary*, which ends with the Latin suffix *-ary*. These two suffixes are related and often mean "having to do with," "characterized by," or "tending to." Find four other words that feature either of these suffixes. Record the words and their meanings. Explain how the meaning of the suffix contributes to the meaning of each word.

Analyze Craft and Structure

Characters In the best fiction, the main characters are interesting and well-rounded, or complex. **Complex characters** are those that show both strengths and weaknesses and experience a mix of emotions. They have a variety of reasons, or multiple motivations, for behaving and reacting as they do. As the story progresses, they change. They are **dynamic**, rather than **static**, or unchanging.

Characterization is the way a writer develops a character’s traits and personality. Writers may include the following elements as clues to a character’s nature:

- descriptions of the character’s appearance and actions
- descriptions of the character’s emotions
- the character’s spoken words, or **dialogue**, and thoughts

Life of Pi is narrated by the title character himself. To show Pi’s thoughts with more dimension, the author uses **internal monologue**, a kind of “conversation” or dialogue Pi has with himself.

To better understand how Yann Martel develops Pi as a complex character, consider both *what* you learn about Pi and *how* you learn that information.

CITE TEXTUAL EVIDENCE
to support your answers.

Practice

Working independently, use the chart to identify details from the excerpt that reveal Pi’s character. Note that each set of paragraphs may not include every type of detail. Then, gather your notes and share them with your group.

PARAGRAPHS	PI’S ACTIONS	PI’S FEELINGS	PI’S WORDS OR THOUGHTS	WHAT IS PI LIKE?
paragraphs 4–5				
paragraphs 7–9				
paragraphs 23–27				
paragraphs 28–35				



from LIFE OF PI

TIP

COLLABORATION TIP

Discuss the definitions and examples of these phrases as a group. If you have a good grasp of the concepts, explain them to others. If your group is still having difficulty, consult with your teacher.

STANDARDS

W.9–10.1 Write arguments to support claims in an analysis of substantive topics or texts, using valid reasoning and relevant and sufficient evidence.

W.9–10.1.a Introduce precise claim(s), distinguish the claim(s) from alternate or opposing claims, and create organization that establishes clear relationships among claim(s), counterclaims, reasons, and evidence.

L.9–10.1 Demonstrate command of the conventions of standard English grammar and usage when writing or speaking.

L.9–10.1.b Use various types of phrases and clauses to convey specific meanings and add variety and interest to writing or presentations.

Conventions

Participial versus Absolute Phrases A **participle** is a form of a verb used as an adjective. Participles often end with *-ed* or *-ing*. A **participial phrase** is a participle and its modifiers, objects, or complements.

catching the ball quickly
PARTICIPLE OBJECT MODIFIER

having seemed obvious
PARTICIPLE COMPLEMENT

The entire participial phrase functions as an adjective. It modifies a noun or pronoun in the sentence.

Catching the ball quickly, Sam helped make a double play.

An **absolute phrase** features a noun or pronoun and its modifiers. Often, the modifiers include a participle or participial phrase. Sometimes, the participle *being* or *having been* is omitted as understood.

everyone's pencils [having been] sharpened
MODIFIER NOUN PARTICIPLE

Rather than modifying an individual word, an absolute phrase modifies an entire clause or sentence. It may comment upon the clause or sentence, or it may place it in context.

Everyone's pencils sharpened, we were ready to take our test.

Read It

Work individually. Mark the participle in each of these sentences from *Life of Pi*. Then, identify each phrase as a participial phrase or an absolute phrase. When you have finished, compare your responses with those of your team. Resolve any differences you see in your responses.

1. Tears flowing down my cheeks, I egged myself on. . . .
2. I brought it along the side, keeping very low.
3. Finding nothing, no bait and no new idea, I sat up—only to discover that I was dead center in the focus of his stare.
4. Richard Parker turned his head and snapped his mouth, jowls flapping, but the fish was too quick for him.

Write It

Notebook Write a paragraph summarizing a scene from the excerpt from *Life of Pi*. In your paragraph, use at least two participial phrases and one absolute phrase.



Writing to Sources

Assignment

Write an **argument** that includes **claims**, or statements that express a position, and evidence that supports these claims. In your argument, also address and refute opposing opinions, called **counterclaims**. Once you have completed the writing, present your work to the class. Choose from the following topics:

- Take a position about the following statement: *Pi becomes a different person after he kills the flying fish*. Write a brief **essay** in which you state and support your position. Include a paragraph in which you discuss an opposing position.
- A **pitch** is a concise description of an idea for a movie. Write a pitch to persuade studio executives to make a movie version of *Life of Pi*. Anticipate and address objections executives might have to the project. Be sure to include passages from the text in your pitch.
- Pi is a vegetarian who abandons his principles by fishing. Is he right to do so? Take a position and write either a **defense** or a **criticism** of Pi. Include a paragraph in which you consider the opposing view.

Project Plan Before you begin, make a list of the tasks you will need to complete to fulfill the assignment. Decide how you will organize the work. Then, appoint individual group members to each task.

Clarifying Ideas and Evidence Write a sentence in which you clearly state your claim. Then, brainstorm for at least two reasons that support it. Identify evidence from *Life of Pi* that supports each reason. Use the chart to organize your reasons and supporting textual evidence.

Claim: _____

EVIDENCE LOG

Before moving on to a new selection, go to your Evidence Log and record what you learned from *Life of Pi*.

REASONS	TEXT EVIDENCE

Present After you have completed your argument, present the finished work to the class. Make sure all group members have a role to play in the presentation.



About the Author

Grayson Schaffer is a senior editor and writer at Outside magazine. As a climber himself, he became disturbed by the media attention that was paid to Westerners who died while climbing Mount Everest, while the deaths of Sherpas were largely ignored. He has written extensively about the working conditions of Sherpas on Everest.

The Value of a Sherpa Life

Concept Vocabulary

As you perform your first read of “The Value of a Sherpa Life” you will encounter these words.

physiology mortality reincarnation

Context Clues If these words are unfamiliar to you, try using **context clues**—other words and phrases that appear in a text—to help you determine their meanings. There are various types of context clues that you may encounter as you read.

Restatement: The major wreck on the highway was a **calamity**, or terrible misfortune.

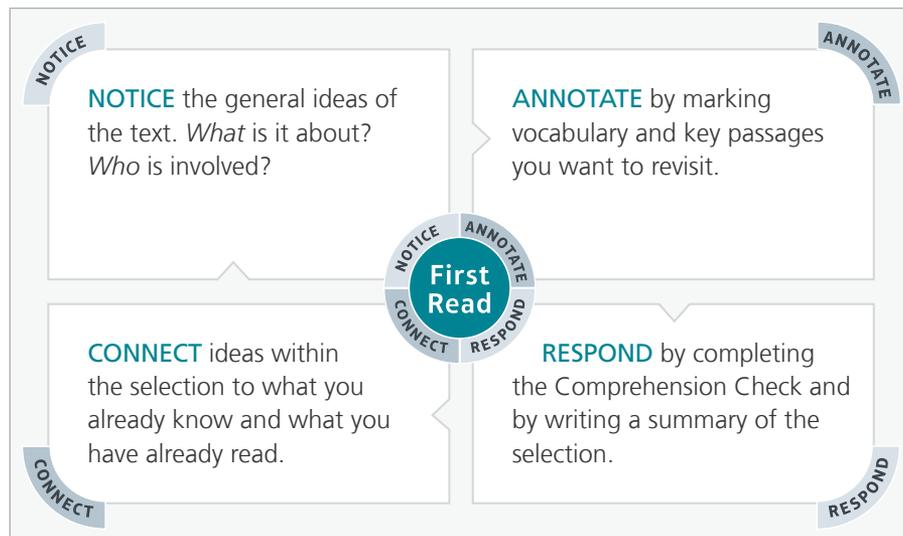
Definition: There are millions of **illiterate** people in the world—those who cannot read or write.

Contrast of ideas and topics: Abandoning his usual **veracity**, Greg decided to lie about why he missed practice.

Apply your knowledge of context clues or other vocabulary strategies to determine the meanings of unfamiliar words you encounter during your first read of “The Value of a Sherpa Life.” For example, you may look for familiar word parts or use a dictionary to unlock meaning.

First Read NONFICTION

Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to complete a close read after your first read.



STANDARDS

RI.9–10.10 By the end of grade 9, read and comprehend literary nonfiction in the grades 9–10 text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the high end of the range.

L.9–10.4.a Use context as a clue to the meaning of a word or phrase.

The Value of a Sherpa Life

Grayson Schaffer

BACKGROUND

Located between Tibet and Nepal in southern Asia, Mount Everest is the tallest mountain in the world and one of the most dangerous to climb. More than 200 people have died attempting to reach the summit, including 17 Sherpa porters in 2014. Sherpas are a Nepalese ethnic group famous for their superior mountaineering skills. Companies that run expeditions up the mountain often employ Sherpas to guide climbers.

SCAN FOR MULTIMEDIA 

¹ On April 18, at about 6:30 a.m. local time, an avalanche swept down off the west shoulder of Everest and killed 16 climbers. To anybody who's familiar with Everest climbing, it should come as no surprise that all of the men were Sherpa porters. Sherpas are Everest's workforce—the literal backbone of the climbing industry there. The men who were struck were either carrying 80-pound loads to Camps I and II,¹ or they were on their way back to Base Camp.² Without the hard work of the Sherpa porters, it would be largely impossible for Americans and Europeans with slightly above-average **physiology**, and well above-average disposable income, to scale the world's tallest mountain.

² Increasingly, the pinnacle of adventure tourism—the summit of Everest—comes at too steep a cost. In the August 2013 issue, I wrote a story titled “Disposable Man,” about the routinization of Sherpa deaths on Everest. Today's avalanche was the worst accident in the history of the mountain. Add to this the April 2 death of Sherpa Mingma Tenzing, who was working for the Peak Freaks expedition, as well as at least a dozen serious injuries from the avalanche, and 2014 stands out as the bloodiest year in Everest history—all before most teams have even set foot on the mountain.

1. **Camps I and II** campsites located at 19,500 feet and 21,000 feet, respectively.

2. **Base Camp** campsite located at 17,500 feet, on the south side of Everest, in Nepal; where the true climb up the mountain begins.

NOTES

Mark context clues or indicate another strategy you used that helped you determine meaning.

physiology (fihz ee OL uh jee) *n.*

MEANING:

NOTES

Mark context clues or indicate another strategy you used that helped you determine meaning.

mortality (mawr TAL uh tee) *n.*

MEANING:

- 3 Yes, something needs to be done.
- 4 There's no question that guiding on Everest is ethically fraught. But shutting the industry down would anger the outfitters, clients, and, most of all, the Sherpas. That last group would lose jobs that pay between \$2,000 and \$6,000 per season, in a country where the median income is \$540 per year. If, say, 1 percent of American college-aged raft guides or ski instructors were dying on the job—the **mortality** rate of Everest Sherpas—the guiding industry would vanish. But Himalayan climbing is understood to be extremely dangerous, and people who play the game still cling to its romantic roots in exploration rather than its current status as recreational tourism.
- 5 The answer isn't decreasing, or ending, the climbing business on Everest; the solution is increasing the value of a Sherpa life. Because right now—despite what anybody may feel in their heart—the industry clearly values life on a two-tiered basis: Westerners at the top, Sherpas at the bottom.
- 6 Want to know what a Sherpa life is worth? You only need to review the numbers that I reported last year: lower pay, lower standards for rescue insurance, lower payouts on accidental-death coverage in general. And, perhaps most significantly, the amount of time that Sherpas spend making laps through the deadly Khumbu Icefall³ and up the Lhotse Face,⁴ ferrying loads for predominantly Western expeditions so that clients can arrive fresh and minimize their exposure to the hazards of the mountain. Several organizations, including the Juniper Fund and Alex Lowe Charitable Foundation, have made valiant efforts to teach Sherpas the latest climbing, rescue, and first-aid skills via projects like the Khumbu Climbing School, but the hazards of the mountain remain.
- 7 Last June, after I'd finished reporting "Disposable Man," the Nepalese government announced that it would double the amount of insurance that high-altitude porters were required to carry, to \$11,000. But for about \$200 per policy, at least one Kathmandu⁵-based insurance company will cover Sherpas for \$23,000. Even that is clearly insufficient to cover the loss. What's left instead is a patchwork of charity, in which some families find help from climbers to send their kids to school and others don't.
- 8 The change I'd most like to see would start at the very beginning of the tragedy, when outfitters describe what has happened to these men, in words that, at this point, sound rote. A typical blog post on an expedition website follows a predictable pattern, like this one from earlier this month: "Our team is overwhelmed with sadness. Our prayers go out to his family at this extremely difficult time. Tea lights have been lit, we hang our heads in sorrow." But after sorrow should come an acknowledgement of the deep sense of responsibility that is

3. **Khumbu** (KUHM boo) **Icefall** dangerous area between Base Camp and Camp I where ice often shifts and snaps off over the heads of climbers.

4. **Lhotse** (loht SEE) **Face** 3,700-foot wall of glacial ice on the southern face of Lhotse, the fourth-highest mountain in the world; connected to Everest and in the path of climbers.

5. **Kathmandu** (kot mon DOO) capital of Nepal.

tied in to hiring somebody to do such a dangerous job—for an end result that’s ultimately meaningless.

- 9 In the press, largely as a result of a faulty translation to English, the deceased are always referred to as Sherpa “guides.” It’s generally a misleading job title for the men—and one or two women—who, each day, lean into their pack straps and haul supplies up the mountain for paying clientele.
- 10 As guides and Sherpas begin to wake up today in Nepal, they’ll commit themselves to finding the remaining bodies. They’ll loiter for hours, shovels in hand, under the same serac⁶ that killed their friends. The Buddhist tradition is strict about needing a body to cremate if the deceased is to find a speedy **reincarnation**.
- 11 In the days to come, there will be 16 different puja⁷ funeral ceremonies, most of them in the small villages of the Khumbu Valley.⁸ In every village, there are already houses with missing men. Their photos, usually faded, smiling, and standing on the summit of the world, are still hung for visitors to see. Now there are 16 more. 📌

6. **serac** (suh RAK) *n.* pinnacle, sharp ridge, or block of ice among the large cracks in glaciers.

7. **puja** (POO jah) *n.* (in Buddhism) expressions of honor, worship, and devotion.

8. **Khumbu Valley** valley below Everest on the Nepalese side.

NOTES

Mark context clues or indicate another strategy you used that helped you determine meaning.

reincarnation (ree ihn kahr NAY shuhn) *n.*

MEANING:

Comprehension Check

Complete the following items after you finish your first read. Review and clarify details with your group.

1. What event prompted the author to write this argumentative essay?
2. According to the author, why would Sherpa porters likely object to scaling back or shutting down the climbing business on Everest?
3. What is the author saying about the value of a Sherpa life?
4.  **Notebook** Confirm your understanding of the text by writing a summary.

RESEARCH

Research to Explore This essay may spark your curiosity to learn more. Briefly research a topic that interests you. You may want to share what you discover with your group.



THE VALUE OF A SHERPA LIFE

TIP

GROUP DISCUSSION

Keep in mind that group members will have different interpretations of the text. These different perspectives enable group members to learn from one another and to clarify their own thoughts. Very often there is no single interpretation or conclusion.

WORD NETWORK

Add interesting words related to survival from the text to your Word Network.

STANDARDS

RI.9–10.5 Analyze in detail how an author’s ideas or claims are developed and refined by particular sentences, paragraphs, or larger portions of a text.

L.9–10.4.b Identify and correctly use patterns of word changes that indicate different meanings or parts of speech and continue to apply knowledge of Greek and Latin roots and affixes.

Close Read the Text

With your group, revisit sections of the text you marked during your first read. **Annotate** details that you notice. What **questions** do you have? What can you **conclude**?



CITE TEXTUAL EVIDENCE to support your answers.

Analyze the Text

Notebook Complete the activities.

- 1. Review and Clarify** With your group, reread paragraph 4 of the selection. Discuss the author’s counterargument to shutting down the Everest industry. Do you think that he would prefer the climbing industry to stop, or is there another alternative?
- 2. Present and Discuss** Now, work with your group to share the passages from the selection that you found especially important. Take turns presenting your passages. Discuss what you notice in the selection, what questions you asked, and what conclusions you reached.
- 3. Essential Question: *What does it take to survive?*** What has this essay taught you about survival? Discuss with your group.

LANGUAGE DEVELOPMENT

Concept Vocabulary

physiology mortality reincarnation

Why These Words? The concept vocabulary words from the text are related. With your group, determine what the words have in common. How do these word choices enhance the impact of the text?

Practice

Notebook Confirm your understanding of these words from the text by using them in sentences. Be sure to use context clues that hint at each word’s meaning.

Word Study

Latin root: -mort- In “The Value of a Sherpa Life,” the author draws attention to the *mortality* rate of Everest Sherpas. The word *mortality* was formed from the Latin root *-mort-*, which means “death.” Find several other words that contain this root. Record the words and their meanings.

Analyze Craft and Structure

Author’s Claims and Ideas An **argumentative essay** is a brief nonfiction work in which an author attempts to persuade readers to accept his or her point of view. The writer presents a position, or **claim**, and develops it through a sequence of logically linked ideas and evidence. Most essays follow a standard structure:

- **Introduction:** The writer introduces the topic, engages the reader, and states the main claim.
- **Body:** The writer develops the main claim with explanations, evidence, and reasons. The author may introduce additional claims that relate to the main claim. The author may also refine the main claim by making it narrower or more specific.
- **Conclusion:** The writer ends the essay in a memorable way. He or she may restate or summarize the main claim.

TIP

CLARIFICATION

An introduction or a conclusion may consist of multiple paragraphs, not just one.

Practice

CITE TEXTUAL EVIDENCE
to support your answers.

Working with your group, analyze how the author of “The Value of a Sherpa Life” introduces, develops, and refines his argument.

1. Identify the paragraphs that make up the separate sections of the essay. (Use paragraph numbers or ranges, such as “paragraph 1,” or “paragraphs 7-9.”)

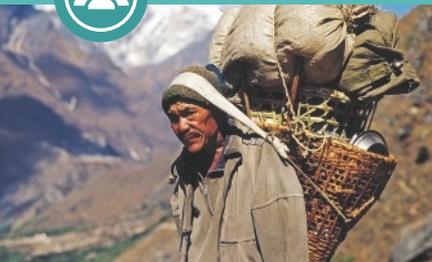
Introduction: *paragraph(s)* _____

Body: *paragraph(s)* _____

Conclusion: *paragraph(s)* _____

Notebook

2. Create a “reverse” outline of the essay. Using outline format, state the topic or main idea of each paragraph. Then, for each paragraph, list the evidence or reasons the author uses to support or develop that idea.
3. (a) What is the main claim of the essay? (b) Cite two pieces of evidence or reasons that develop or support that idea.
4. (a) At what point in the essay does the author refine the main claim by making it more specific? Cite the paragraph or sentence. (b) What specifically does the author want readers to think or to do?
5. (a) What is noteworthy or memorable about the essay’s conclusion? (b) Is this conclusion persuasive? Explain.



THE VALUE OF A SHERPA LIFE

STANDARDS

RI.9–10.6 Determine an author's point of view or purpose in a text and analyze how an author uses rhetoric to advance that point of view or purpose.

SL.9–10.5 Make strategic use of digital media in presentations to enhance understanding of findings, reasoning, and evidence and to add interest.

Author's Style

Use of Rhetoric Rhetorical devices are patterns of words that an author uses to support and emphasize ideas, create rhythm, and make a work memorable. Review the common rhetorical devices described here. Then, discuss the examples of each device with your group.

Parallelism: the use of similar grammatical structures to express related ideas

Example: We shall pay any price, bear any burden, oppose any foe . . .

Rhetorical Question: a question to which no response is expected because the answer is obvious or is the point the writer intends to prove

Example: If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

Charged Language: strong words that appeal to the emotions and create a powerful impression on readers

Example: Only a fool or a cheat would oppose these new rules.

Read It

Work individually. Use this chart to identify each passage from “The Value of a Sherpa Life” as an example of parallelism, rhetorical question, or charged language. Then, explain how each example helps to convey the author's point of view. When you finish, reconvene as a group to discuss your responses.

SELECTION PASSAGE	RHETORICAL DEVICE	HOW IT CONVEYS POINT OF VIEW
<i>slightly above-average physiology, and well above-average disposable income</i> (paragraph 1)		
<i>people who play the game still cling to its romantic roots</i> (paragraph 4)		
<i>Want to know what a Sherpa life is worth?</i> (paragraph 6)		

Write It

Notebook Write a paragraph in which you explain what you learned about Everest expeditions from this essay. Use an example of parallelism, a rhetorical question, or charged language.



Speaking and Listening

Assignment

Create a **digital presentation** in which you incorporate text and images to explain a subject. Choose from the following topics:

- a set of **illustrated maps** showing the route taken by most Everest expeditions conducted for tourists, including base camp locations and key topographical points
- a **profile** of the Sherpa people, including information about Sherpa history and culture
- a **report** about a historic expedition to the summit of Everest, including information about Westerners and Sherpas who participated and descriptions of key events

Project Plan Before you begin, make a list of the tasks you will need to accomplish in order to complete your digital presentation. Then, assign individual group members to each task. Finally, determine how you will make decisions about choices of images, text, and the overall design of your project.

Finding Visuals Make sure the visuals you choose accurately illustrate and enhance the text. Use this chart to collect your ideas. Consult a variety of research sources to gather information and images you will need. Remember to include appropriate citations.

EVIDENCE LOG

Before moving on to a new selection, go to your Evidence Log and record what you learned from “The Value of a Sherpa Life.”

TEXT IMAGE ILLUSTRATES	DESCRIPTION OF IMAGE	SOURCE INFORMATION FOR CITATION



POETRY COLLECTION

I Am Offering This Poem

The Writer

Hugging the Jukebox

Concept Vocabulary

As you perform your first read of these three poems, you will encounter the following words.

treasure iridescent luminous

Familiar Word Parts When determining the meaning of an unfamiliar word, look for word parts, such as roots or suffixes, that you know. Doing so may help you unlock word meanings.

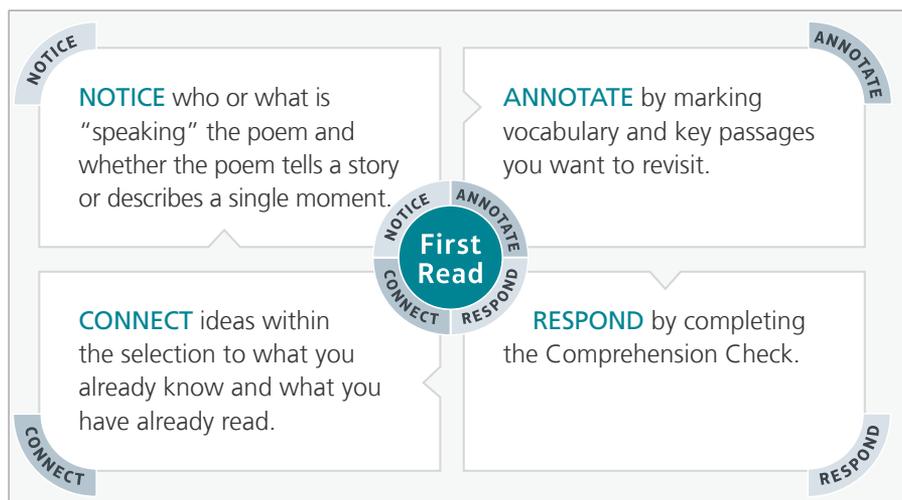
Root: The words *thermos* and *thermometer* are built on the same root, *-therm-*, which refers to heat. If you know the root *-therm-*, you could guess that the word *thermal* has something to do with heat.

Suffix: The suffix *-ence* appears at the ends of words such as *dependence* and *residence*. It means “state or quality of being.” If you know the suffix *-ence*, you can conclude that the word *emergence* means “state or quality of emerging”—arising or coming to be.

Apply your knowledge of familiar word parts and other vocabulary strategies to determine the meanings of unfamiliar words you encounter during your first read.

First Read POETRY

Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to complete a close read after your first read.



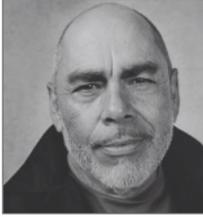
STANDARDS

RL.9–10.10 By the end of grade 9, read and comprehend literature, including stories, dramas, and poems, in the grades 9–10 text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the high end of the range.

L.9–10.4 Determine or clarify the meaning of unknown and multiple-meaning words and phrases based on *grades 9–10 reading and content*, choosing flexibly from a range of strategies.

L.9–10.4.b Identify and correctly use patterns of word changes that indicate different meanings or parts of speech and continue to apply knowledge of Greek and Latin roots and affixes.

About the Poets



Jimmy Santiago Baca (b. 1952) was born in New Mexico. He initially lived with his grandmother but was later sent to an orphanage. Baca ran away at age 13, and circumstances led him to illegal activities and prison. During his time in prison, he learned to read and write. Some of his poems were sent to a publisher, who included them in a book published the year Baca left prison. He continues to write and teach those who are experiencing hardship.



Richard Wilbur (b. 1921) earned his first dollar as a poet when he was eight years old. At the time, he did not think that he would pursue a literary career because he was more interested in painting and journalism. As a soldier during World War II, he wrote poems to calm his nerves. After the war, a college friend read the poems and asked Wilbur to write for his literary magazine. Wilbur went on to win two Pulitzer Prizes for Poetry and to serve as the second Poet Laureate of the United States.



Naomi Shihab Nye's (b. 1952) experiences as a woman of mixed Palestinian and American heritage give her a unique perspective. Before attending college in Texas, she lived in Palestine and Jerusalem. In her writing, she often celebrates the extraordinary nature of everyday, ordinary life. After the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center, Nye became an activist for Arab Americans, advocating for peace and tolerance.

Backgrounds

I Am Offering This Poem

Jimmy Santiago Baca's work draws on features of the American Southwest, including the imagery of the natural landscape and the indigenous ways of life. For example, in this poem, the speaker mentions the comforts of home by referencing the Navajo hogan, a traditional dwelling built out of logs and covered with mud. The entrance of a hogan typically faces east, toward the rising sun.

The Writer

Before computers became household items, anyone who did not want to write out a manuscript by hand used a typewriter. Typewriters could be noisy because the typists had to strike each key with enough force to push a typebar against an ink ribbon. In turn, the typebar made the impression on the ribbon to create each letter. In this poem, the speaker listens as a young writer uses a typewriter to work on a story.

Hugging the Jukebox

A jukebox is a device that contains a number of vinyl records and a record player. The user typically inserts money and then selects which record to play. Jukeboxes were often found in dance halls and restaurants, and people could select the music for the crowd to hear. Jukeboxes were a major method of playing popular music for much of the twentieth century.



I Am
Offering This
Poem

Jimmy Santiago Baca

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I am offering this poem to you,
 since I have nothing else to give.
 Keep it like a warm coat
 when winter comes to cover you,
 5 or like a pair of thick socks
 the cold cannot bite through,

I love you,

I have nothing else to give you,
 so it is a pot full of yellow corn
 10 to warm your belly in winter,
 it is a scarf for your head, to wear
 over your hair, to tie up around your face,

I love you,

Keep it, **treasure** this as you would
 15 if you were lost, needing direction,
 in the wilderness life becomes when mature;
 and in the corner of your drawer,
 tucked away like a cabin or hogan*
 in dense trees, come knocking,
 20 and I will answer, give you directions,
 and let you warm yourself by this fire,
 rest by this fire, and make you feel safe,

I love you,

It's all I have to give,
 25 and all anyone needs to live,
 and to go on living inside,
 when the world outside
 no longer cares if you live or die;
 remember,

30 I love you.

* **hogan** *n.* Navajo Indian dwelling made of logs and mud.

By Jimmy Santiago Baca, from *Immigrants in Our Own Land*, copyright ©1979 by Jimmy Santiago Baca. Reprinted by permission of New Directions Publishing Corp.

NOTES

Mark familiar word parts or indicate another strategy you used that helped you determine meaning.

treasure (TREHZH uhr) *v.*

MEANING:



The Writer

Richard Wilbur



SCAN FOR
MULTIMEDIA

NOTES

In her room at the prow¹ of the house
Where light breaks, and the windows are tossed with linden,²
My daughter is writing a story.

I pause in the stairwell, hearing
5 From her shut door a commotion of typewriter-keys
Like a chain hauled over a gunwale.³

Young as she is, the stuff
Of her life is a great cargo, and some of it heavy:
I wish her a lucky passage.

1. **prow** *n.* front of a ship.
2. **linden** *n.* type of tree with yellowish-white flowers and heart-shaped leaves.
3. **gunwale** (GUH nuhl) *n.* upper edge of a ship's side.

10 But now it is she who pauses,
As if to reject my thought and its easy figure.
A stillness greatens, in which

The whole house seems to be thinking,
And then she is at it again with a bunched clamor⁴
15 Of strokes, and again is silent.

I remember the dazed starling⁵
Which was trapped in that very room, two years ago;
How we stole in, lifted a sash

And retreated, not to affright it;
20 And how for a helpless hour, through the crack of the door,
We watched the sleek, wild, dark

And **iridescent** creature
Batter against the brilliance, drop like a glove
To the hard floor, or the desk-top,

25 And wait then, humped and bloody,
For the wits to try it again; and how our spirits
Rose when, suddenly sure,

It lifted off from a chair-back,
Beating a smooth course for the right window
30 And clearing the sill of the world.

It is always a matter, my darling,
Of life or death, as I had forgotten. I wish
What I wished you before, but harder.

4. **clamor** (KLAM uhr) *n.* loud, continuous noise.

5. **starling** *n.* dark brown or black bird that is common in Europe and the United States.

NOTES

Mark familiar word parts or indicate another strategy you used that helped you determine meaning.

iridescent (ihr uh DEHS uhnt)
adj.

MEANING:

Hugging the Jukebox

Naomi Shihab Nye



© by gigyasassembling company LLC.

- On an island the soft hue of memory,
moss green, kerosene¹ yellow, drifting, mingling
in the Caribbean Sea,
a six-year-old named Alfred
- 5 learns all the words to all the songs
on his grandparents' jukebox, and sings them.
To learn the words is not so hard.
Many barmaids and teenagers have done as well.
But to sing as Alfred sings—
- 10 how can a giant whale live in the small pool of his chest?
How can there be breakers² this high, notes crashing
at the beach of the throat,
and a reef of coral so enormous only the fishes know its size?
- The grandparents watch. They can't sing.
- 15 They don't know who this voice is, trapped in their grandson's body.
The boy whose parents sent him back to the island
to chatter mango-talk and scrap with chickens—
three years ago he didn't know the word "sad"!
Now he strings a hundred passionate sentences on a single line.
- 20 He bangs his fist so they will raise the volume.
- What will they do together in their old age?
It is hard enough keeping yourself alive.
And this wild boy, loving nothing but music—
he'll sing all night, hugging the jukebox.
- 25 When a record pauses, that live second before dropping down,
Alfred hugs tighter, arms stretched wide
head pressed on the **luminous** belly. "Now!" he yells.
A half-smile when the needle breathes again.
- They've tried putting him to bed, but he sings in bed.
- 30 Even in Spanish—and he doesn't speak Spanish!
Sings and screams, wants to go back to the jukebox.
*O mama I was born with a trumpet in my throat
spent all these years tryin' to cough it up . . .*
- He can't even read yet. He can't *tell time*.
- 35 But he sings, and the chairs in this old dance hall jerk to attention.
The grandparents lean on the counter, shaking their heads.
The customers stop talking and stare, goosey bumps³ surfacing on
their arms.

1. **kerosene** (KEHR uh seen) *n.* type of oil that is burned as fuel.
2. **breakers** *n.* waves that break into foam when they hit the shore.
3. **goosey bumps** variation of *goose bumps*, small bumps on the skin caused by cold, fear, or sudden excitement.

NOTES

Mark familiar word parts or indicate another strategy you used that helped you determine meaning.

luminous (LOO muh nuhs)
adj.

MEANING:

His voice carries out to the water where boats are tied
and sings for all of them, *a wave*.

- 40 For the hens, now roosting in trees,
for the mute boy next door, his second-best friend.
And for the hurricane, now brewing near Barbados⁴—
a week forward neighbors will be hammering boards over their
windows,
rounding up dogs and fishing lines,
45 the generators will quit with solemn clicks in every yard.

- But Alfred, hugging a sleeping jukebox, the names of the tunes gone
dark,
will still be singing, doubly loud now, teasing his grandmother,
“Put a coin in my mouth!” and believing what she wants to believe;
this is not the end of the island, or the tablets this life has been
50 scribbled on, or the song.

Utila,⁵ *Honduras*

4. **Barbados** (bahr BAY dohs) island nation in the southeastern Caribbean Sea.

5. **Utila** (OO tee lah) smallest of the Bay Islands of Honduras.

Comprehension Check

Complete the following items after you finish your first read. Review and clarify details with your group.

I AM OFFERING THIS POEM

1. Why does the speaker offer the poem to the reader rather than some other gift?
2. What are some of the benefits that the speaker hopes the poem will have for the reader?
3. What phrase does the speaker repeat at the end of every stanza?

THE WRITER

1. Early in the poem, what sound does the speaker hear?
2. What memory of a starling does the speaker describe?
3. What wish for the daughter does the speaker express twice?

HUGGING THE JUKEBOX

1. What three things does the speaker say Alfred cannot do? What remarkable thing can Alfred do?
2. According to the speaker, what will Alfred continue to do during the upcoming hurricane?

RESEARCH

Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from one of the poems. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of the poem?



POETRY COLLECTION

TIP

GROUP DISCUSSION

Keep in mind that personal experience can affect how a reader perceives a poem. Be aware and supportive of the impressions of others as your group discusses the poetry.

WORD NETWORK

Add interesting words related to survival from the text to your Word Network.

STANDARDS

RL.9–10.2 Determine a theme or central idea of a text and analyze in detail its development over the course of the text, including how it emerges and is shaped and refined by specific details; provide an objective summary of the text.

L.9–10.4.b Identify and correctly use patterns of word changes that indicate different meanings or parts of speech and continue to apply knowledge of Greek and Latin roots and affixes.

Close Read the Text

With your group, revisit sections of the text you marked during your first read. **Annotate** details that you notice. What **questions** do you have? What can you **conclude**?



CITE TEXTUAL EVIDENCE to support your answers.

Analyze the Text

Notebook Complete the activities.

- Review and Clarify** With your group, reread stanza 3 (lines 7–9) of “The Writer.” Discuss the idea of the “cargo” of life. Where does a person carry his or her cargo? What does the speaker mean when saying some of the cargo can be heavy?
- Present and Discuss** Now work with your group to share key passages from “Hugging the Jukebox” and “I Am Offering This Poem.” Why did you choose these passages? Take turns presenting your passages. Discuss what you notice in the text, what questions you asked, and what conclusions you reached.
- Essential Question: *What does it take to survive?*** What do these poems reveal about the idea of survival? Discuss with your group.

LANGUAGE DEVELOPMENT

Concept Vocabulary

treasure iridescent luminous

Why These Words? The concept vocabulary words from the poems are related. With your group, determine what the words have in common. Write your ideas and add another word that fits the category.

Practice

Notebook Confirm your understanding of each vocabulary word by answering this question: What are the qualities of something that is *iridescent* or *luminous*?

Word Study

Latin Root: -lum- In “Hugging the Jukebox,” the author refers to the jukebox as having a *luminous* belly. The word *luminous* was formed from the Latin root *-lum-*, which means “light.” Find several other words that contain this root. Record the words and their meanings.

Analyze Craft and Structure

Development of Theme The **theme** of a poem is the central idea, message, or insight it expresses. In most poems, the theme is not stated directly. Instead, it is suggested through details and poetic elements. In some poems, the poet uses a central symbol to help develop a theme. A **symbol** is anything—an object, a person, an animal, a place, or an image—that has its own meaning, but also stands for something larger than itself, usually an abstract idea.

CITE TEXTUAL EVIDENCE
to support your answers.

Practice

Working independently, use the chart to analyze how the poets use symbols to develop the themes of these poems. Gather your notes and then share with your group.

SYMBOL: The poem in "I Am Offering This Poem"

What details does the speaker use to describe the poem?

What does the poem represent to the speaker?

What is the poem's theme? How does the symbol help develop that theme?

SYMBOL: The starling in "The Writer"

What details describe the starling?

What does the starling represent to the speaker?

What is the poem's theme? How does the use of the symbol help develop the theme?

SYMBOL: Alfred's voice in "Hugging the Jukebox"

What details describe Alfred's voice?

What does Alfred's voice represent to the speaker?

What is the poem's theme? How does the symbol help develop the theme?



Author's Style

Figurative Language Poets often use figurative language, or language that is not meant to be taken literally. Most figurative language points out a striking similarity between dissimilar things. Through these unexpected comparisons, poets help readers see familiar experiences or objects in a fresh new light. Metaphors and similes are two types of figurative language.

Metaphor: A figure of speech in which one thing is spoken of as though it were something else.

Examples: "The clouds are a thick blanket" or "My couch is a rock."

Simile: A figure of speech in which the words *like* or *as* are used to compare two seemingly dissimilar things.

Examples: "The clouds are as comforting as a thick blanket" or "My couch is like a rock."

Read It

Work individually. Use this chart to identify and analyze metaphors and similes from the poems. Then gather as a group to discuss your responses.

PASSAGE	METAPHOR OR SIMILE	WHAT IT COMPARES	HOW IT ADDS MEANING
Keep it . . . / . . . like a pair of thick socks / the cold cannot bite through. (I Am Offering This Poem, line 5)			
In her room at the prow of the house . . . (The Writer, line 1)			
. . . how can a giant whale live in the small pool of his chest? (Hugging the Jukebox, line 10)			

Write It

Complete each sentence. Write in words and phrases to create a metaphor or a simile. Be as imaginative as possible in your writing. Identify each comparison you write as a metaphor or a simile.

- To Alfred, the jukebox is _____

- In "The Writer," the sound of typewriter keys _____

- In "I Am Offering This Poem," the individual words of a poem are _____

STANDARDS

RL.9–10.4 Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in the text, including figurative and connotative meanings; analyze the cumulative impact of specific word choices on meaning and tone.

L.9–10.5 Demonstrate understanding of figurative language, word relationships, and nuances in word meanings.



Speaking and Listening

Assignment

Create an **oral presentation** of the poem of your choice. When delivering your presentation, pay close attention to your eye contact, body language, pronunciation, tone, speaking rate, and voice modulation. Choose from the following options.

- Theater Production** Perform one of the poems as a theater production that might include music, sound effects, costumes, stage props, and images. Dramatize the poem, using techniques such as alternating speakers and acting out the images in the poem. Aim to make your production convey the true meaning of the poem to the audience.
- Video Presentation** Choose your favorite poem and create a brief, entertaining video in which your group performs the poem.
- Discussion and Presentation** In “The Writer,” the author says, “It is always a matter of life and death.” With your group, discuss the following questions:
 - What is the “it” to which the speaker of Wilbur’s poem refers—what is “always a matter of life and death”?
 - What might always be a matter of life and death for the speakers of the other two poems?
 - Organize notes from the discussion into a brief presentation to share with the class.

Discussion Plan If you choose the discussion, make decisions about who the participants will be and which question each student will discuss. Write out a list of at least five discussion questions, including the ones provided.

Presentation Plan Before you begin the theater production or video presentation, make decisions about things such as the order of speakers, the music, props, images, costumes, and other items that might be needed. Create a written outline that provides that information for all members of the group. Then, gather the items and materials that you will need. Use this chart to organize your ideas.

POEM STANZA	READER(S)	MUSIC/SOUND	PROPS, COSTUMES, IMAGES	PLAN
1–2				
3				
4				

EVIDENCE LOG

Before moving on to a new selection, go to your Evidence Log and record what you learned from “I Am Offering This Poem,” “The Writer,” and “Hugging the Jukebox.”

STANDARDS

L.9–10.5.a Interpret figures of speech in context and analyze their role in the text.

SL.9–10.1.a Come to discussions prepared, having read and researched material under study; explicitly draw on that preparation by referring to evidence from texts and other research on the topic or issue to stimulate a thoughtful, well-reasoned exchange of ideas.

SL.9–10.6 Adapt speech to a variety of contexts and tasks, demonstrating command of formal English when indicated or appropriate.

SL.9–10.1.b Work with peers to set rules for collegial discussions and decision-making, clear goals and deadlines, and individual roles as needed.



SOURCES

- THE VOYAGE OF THE JAMES CAIRD
- THE ENDURANCE AND THE JAMES CAIRD IN IMAGES
- *from* LIFE OF PI
- THE VALUE OF A SHERPA LIFE
- I AM OFFERING THIS POEM
- THE WRITER
- HUGGING THE JUKEBOX

Present an Argument

Assignment

You have read about people who showed different types of strength as they struggled to survive in life-or-death situations. Work with your group to develop and refine a multimedia presentation about emergency situations to present to a school or civic group. Your presentation should present an argument that addresses the following question:

What type of strength is most valuable in a survival situation?

Plan With Your Group

Analyze the Text With your group, discuss the various types of strength—such as physical and emotional strength—that factor into the survival stories you have read. Use the chart to list your ideas. For each selection, identify the type of strength that plays the most vital role. Then, come to a consensus about which type of strength your group believes is most valuable.

TITLE	TYPES OF STRENGTH
The Voyage of the James Caird	
The Endurance and the James Caird in Images	
<i>from</i> Life of Pi	
The Value of a Sherpa Life	
I Am Offering This Poem The Writer Hugging the Jukebox	
Most Valuable Type of Strength:	

STANDARDS

SL.9–10.4 Present information, findings, and supporting evidence clearly, concisely, and logically such that listeners can follow the line of reasoning and the organization, development, substance, and style are appropriate to purpose, audience, and task.

Gather Evidence and Media Examples Scan the selections to record specific examples that support your group's claim. Then, brainstorm for types of media you can use to illustrate or elaborate on each example. Consider photographs, illustrations, music, charts, graphs, and video clips. Allow each group member to make suggestions. Keep your purpose and audience directly in mind while choosing media.

Organize Your Ideas Use a chart like this one to organize your script. Assign roles for each part of the presentation, note when each part begins, and record what the presenter will say.

MULTIMEDIA PRESENTATION SCRIPT		
	Media Cues	Script
Presenter 1		
Presenter 2		
Presenter 3		

Rehearse With Your Group

Practice With Your Group Use this checklist to evaluate the effectiveness of your group’s first run-through. Then, use your evaluation and the instructions here to guide your revision.

CONTENT	USE OF MEDIA	PRESENTATION TECHNIQUES
<input type="checkbox"/> The presentation presents a clear thesis. <input type="checkbox"/> Main ideas are supported with evidence from the texts in Small-Group Learning.	<input type="checkbox"/> The media support the thesis. <input type="checkbox"/> The media communicate key ideas. <input type="checkbox"/> Media are used evenly throughout the presentation. <input type="checkbox"/> Equipment functions properly.	<input type="checkbox"/> Media are visible and audible. <input type="checkbox"/> Transitions between media segments are smooth. <input type="checkbox"/> The speaker uses eye contact and speaks clearly.

Fine-Tune the Content To make your presentation stronger, you may need to go back into the texts to find more support for your ideas. Check with your group to identify key points that are not clear to listeners. Find another way to word these ideas. Remember to always keep your purpose and audience in mind.

- **Purpose:** Because your purpose is to inform your audience about how to behave in an emergency, make sure you address both mental and physical strength.
- **Audience:** If your audience is young children, keep your language and ideas simple and use plenty of visuals. If adults are your audience, don’t “talk down” to them.

Improve Your Use of Media If media are not evenly distributed throughout the presentation, work to change the pacing.

Present and Evaluate

When you present as a group, be sure that each member has taken into account each of the checklist items. As you watch other groups, evaluate how well they meet the criteria in the checklist.

STANDARDS

SL.9–10.5 Make strategic use of digital media in presentations to enhance understanding of findings, reasoning, and evidence and to add interest.



ESSENTIAL QUESTION:

What does it take to survive?

The ways in which people survive life-or-death situations can be inspiring. In this section, you will complete your study of survival by exploring an additional selection related to the topic. You'll then share what you learn with classmates. To choose a text, follow these steps.

Look Back Think about the selections you have already studied. What more do you want to know about the topic of survival?

Look Ahead Preview the texts by reading the descriptions. Which one seems most interesting and appealing to you?

Look Inside Take a few minutes to scan the text you chose. Choose a different one if this text doesn't meet your needs.

Independent Learning Strategies

Throughout your life, in school, in your community, and in your career, you will need to rely on yourself to learn and work on your own. Review these strategies and the actions you can take to practice them during Independent Learning. Add ideas of your own for each category.

STRATEGY	ACTION PLAN
Create a schedule	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Understand your goals and deadlines. • Make a plan for what to do each day. •
Practice what you have learned	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Use first-read and close-read strategies to deepen your understanding. • Evaluate the usefulness of the evidence to help you understand the topic. • Consider the quality and reliability of the source. •
Take notes	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Record important ideas and information. • Review your notes before preparing to share with a group. •

Choose one selection. Selections are available online only.

SHORT STORY

To Build a Fire

Jack London

In this tale of the struggle between one man and nature, what is the high price of overconfidence?



SHORT STORY

The Most Dangerous Game

Richard Connell

A big-game hunter is stranded on an island. Can he survive a different kind of hunt?



NARRATIVE NONFICTION

from Unbroken

Laura Hillenbrand

Will a World War II American serviceman survive the South Pacific in a tiny lifeboat?



EXPLANATORY NONFICTION

Seven Steps to Surviving a Disaster

Jim Y. Kim

What can you do to increase your chances of survival?



MAGAZINE ARTICLE

Titanic vs. Lusitania: How People Behave in a Disaster

Jeffrey Kluger

Would you have survived the sinking of either of these ships?



PUBLIC LETTER

Survival Is Your Own Responsibility

Daryl R. Miller

Are you ready to take on the risks of a wilderness adventure?



PERFORMANCE-BASED ASSESSMENT PREP

Review Evidence for an Argument

Complete your Evidence Log for the unit by evaluating what you have learned and synthesizing the information you have recorded.



First-Read Guide

Tool Kit
First-Read Guide and
Model Annotation

Use this page to record your first-read ideas.

Selection Title: _____

NOTICE

NOTICE new information or ideas you learn about the unit topic as you first read this text.

ANNOTATE

ANNOTATE by marking vocabulary and key passages you want to revisit.



CONNECT ideas within the selection to other knowledge and the selections you have read.

RESPOND by writing a brief summary of the selection.

CONNECT

RESPOND

STANDARD

Anchor Reading Standard 10 Read and comprehend complex literary and informational texts independently and proficiently.

To Build a Fire

Jack London



SCAN FOR
MULTIMEDIA

About the Author



Jack London (1876–1916) led a life nearly as adventurous as anything in the stories he wrote. By the time he was 20, London had worked in a factory, traveled as a hobo, captained a boat, and searched for gold. Cramming a high school education into just one year, he pursued knowledge with his wide readings at the public library. In 1897, London went to the Yukon

Territory in northwestern Canada, where gold had just been discovered. Some of his most famous works take place there, among the hardy adventurers who prospected for gold in the North. London wrote more than 50 books, including *The Call of the Wild* and *White Fang*.

BACKGROUND

Beginning in 1897, people began searching the Yukon Territory of Canada in what became known as the Klondike Gold Rush. Though gold diggers enjoyed warm summer temperatures, those who searched for gold during the winter faced temperatures well below freezing.

NOTES

- 1 **D**ay had broken cold and gray, exceedingly cold and gray, when the man turned aside from the main Yukon¹ trail and climbed the high earth-bank, where a dim and little-travelled trail led eastward through the fat spruce timberland. It was a steep bank, and he paused for breath at the top, excusing the act to himself by looking at his watch. It was nine o'clock. There was no sun nor hint of sun, though there was not a cloud in the sky. It was a clear day, and yet there seemed an intangible pall over the face of things, a subtle gloom that made the day dark, and that was due to the absence of sun. This fact did not worry the man. He was used to the lack of sun. It had been days since he had seen

1. **Yukon** (YOO kon) *n.* territory in northwestern Canada, east of Alaska; also, a river.

the sun, and he knew that a few more days must pass before that cheerful orb, due south, would just peep above the skyline and dip immediately from view.

- 2 The man flung a look back along the way he had come. The Yukon lay a mile wide and hidden under three feet of ice. On top of this ice were as many feet of snow. It was all pure white, rolling in gentle undulations where the ice-jams of the freeze-up had formed. North and south, as far as his eye could see, it was unbroken white, save for a dark hairline that curved and twisted from around the spruce-covered island to the south, and that curved and twisted away into the north, where it disappeared behind another spruce-covered island. This dark hairline was the trail—the main trail—that led south five hundred miles to the Chilcoot Pass, Dyea,² and salt water; and that led north seventy miles to Dawson, and still on to the north a thousand miles to Nulato,³ and finally to St. Michael on Bering Sea, a thousand miles and half a thousand more.
- 3 But all this—the mysterious, far-reaching hairline trail, the absence of sun from the sky, the tremendous cold, and the strangeness and weirdness of it all—made no impression on the man. It was not because he was long used to it. He was a newcomer in the land, a *chechaquo*,⁴ and this was his first winter. The trouble with him was that he was without imagination. He was quick and alert in the things of life, but only in the things, and not in the significances. Fifty degrees below zero meant eighty-odd degrees of frost. Such fact impressed him as being cold and uncomfortable, and that was all. It did not lead him to meditate upon his frailty as a creature of temperature, and upon man's frailty in general, able only to live within certain narrow limits of heat and cold; and from there on it did not lead him to the conjectural field of immortality and man's place in the universe. Fifty degrees below zero stood for a bite of frost that hurt and that must be guarded against by the use of mittens, ear-flaps, warm moccasins, and thick socks. Fifty degrees below zero was to him just precisely fifty degrees below zero. That there should be anything more to it than that was a thought that never entered his head.
- 4 As he turned to go on, he spat speculatively. There was a sharp, explosive crackle that startled him. He spat again. And again, in the air, before it could fall to the snow, the spittle crackled. He knew that at fifty below spittle crackled on the snow, but this spittle had crackled in the air. Undoubtedly it was colder than

2. **Dyea** (DEE ay) *n.* former town in Alaska at the start of the Yukon trail.

3. **Dawson . . . Nulato** former gold-mining villages in the Yukon.

4. **chechaquo** (chee CHO kwoh) *n.* slang for *newcomer*.

fifty below—how much colder he did not know. But the temperature did not matter. He was bound for the old claim on the left fork of Henderson Creek, where the boys were already. They had come over across the divide from the Indian Creek country, while he had come the roundabout way to take a look at the possibilities of getting out logs in the spring from the islands in the Yukon. He would be in to camp by six o'clock; a bit after dark, it was true, but the boys would be there, a fire would be going, and a hot supper would be ready. As for lunch, he pressed his hand against the protruding bundle under his jacket. It was also under his shirt, wrapped up in a handkerchief and lying against the naked skin. It was the only way to keep the biscuits from freezing. He smiled agreeably to himself as he thought of those biscuits, each cut open and sopped in bacon grease, and each enclosing a generous slice of fried bacon.

- 5 He plunged in among the big spruce trees. The trail was faint. A foot of snow had fallen since the last sled had passed over, and he was glad he was without a sled, traveling light. In fact, he carried nothing but the lunch wrapped in the handkerchief. He was surprised, however, at the cold. It certainly was cold, he concluded, as he rubbed his numbed nose and cheek-bones with his mittened hand. He was a warm-whiskered man, but the hair on his face did not protect the high cheek bones and the eager nose that thrust itself aggressively into the frosty air.
- 6 At the man's heels trotted a dog, a big native husky, the proper wolf dog, grey-coated and without any visible or temperamental difference from its brother, the wild wolf. The animal was depressed by the tremendous cold. It knew that it was no time for traveling. Its instinct told it a truer tale than was told to the man by the man's judgment. In reality, it was not merely colder than fifty below zero; it was colder than sixty below, than seventy below. It was seventy-five below zero. Since the freezing-point is thirty-two above zero, it meant that one hundred and seven degrees of frost obtained. The dog did not know anything about thermometers. Possibly in its brain there was no sharp consciousness of a condition of very cold such as was in the man's brain. But the brute had its instinct. It experienced a vague but menacing apprehension that subdued it and made it slink along at the man's heels, and that made it question eagerly every unwonted movement of the man as if expecting him to go into camp or to seek shelter somewhere and build a fire. The dog had learned fire, and it wanted fire, or else to burrow under the snow and cuddle its warmth away from the air.
- 7 The frozen moisture of its breathing had settled on its fur in a fine powder of frost, and especially were its jowls, muzzle, and eyelashes whitened by its crystallized breath. The man's red beard

and mustache were likewise frosted, but more solidly, the deposit taking the form of ice and increasing with every warm, moist breath he exhaled. Also, the man was chewing tobacco, and the muzzle of ice held his lips so rigidly that he was unable to clear his chin when he expelled the juice. The result was that a crystal beard of the color and solidity of amber was increasing its length on his chin. If he fell down it would shatter itself, like glass, into brittle fragments. But he did not mind the appendage. It was the penalty all tobacco-chewers paid in that country, and he had been out before in two cold snaps. They had not been so cold as this, he knew, but by the spirit thermometer⁵ at Sixty Mile he knew they had been registered at fifty below and at fifty-five.

- 8 He held on through the level stretch of woods for several miles, and dropped down a bank to the frozen bed of a small stream. This was Henderson Creek, and he knew he was ten miles from the forks. He looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock. He was

5. **spirit thermometer** *n.* thermometer containing alcohol rather than mercury that is used in extreme cold.



making four miles an hour, and he calculated that he would arrive at the forks at half-past twelve. He decided to celebrate that event by eating his lunch there.

- 9 The dog dropped in again at his heels, with a tail drooping discouragement, as the man swung along the creek bed. The furrow of the old sled trail was plainly visible, but a dozen inches of snow covered the marks of the last runners. In a month no man had come up or down that silent creek. The man held steadily on. He was not much given to thinking, and just then particularly he had nothing to think about save that he would eat lunch at the forks and that at six o'clock he would be in camp with the boys. There was nobody to talk to and, had there been, speech would have been impossible because of the ice-muzzle on his mouth. So he continued monotonously to chew tobacco and to increase the length of his amber beard.
- 10 Once in a while the thought reiterated itself that it was very cold and that he had never experienced such cold. As he walked along he rubbed his cheekbones and nose with the back of his mittened hand. He did this automatically, now and again changing hands. But rub as he would, the instant he stopped his cheek-bones went numb, and the following instant the end of his nose went numb. He was sure to frost his cheeks; he knew that, and experienced a pang of regret that he had not devised a nose strap of the sort Bud wore in cold snaps. Such a strap passed across the cheeks, as well, and saved them. But it didn't matter much, after all. What were frosted cheeks? A bit painful, that was all; they were never serious.
- 11 Empty as the man's mind was of thoughts, he was keenly observant, and he noticed the changes in the creek, the curves and bends and timber jams, and always he sharply noted where he placed his feet. Once, coming around a bend, he shied abruptly, like a startled horse, curved away from the place where he had been walking, and retreated several paces back along the trail. The creek he knew was frozen clear to the bottom—no creek could contain water in that arctic winter—but he knew also that there were springs that bubbled out from the hillsides and ran along under the snow and on top the ice of the creek. He knew that the coldest snaps never froze these springs, and he knew likewise their danger. They were traps. They hid pools of water under the snow that might be three inches deep, or three feet. Sometimes a skin of ice half an inch thick covered them, and in turn was covered by the snow. Sometimes there were alternate layers of water and ice skin, so that when one broke though he kept on breaking through for a while, sometimes wetting himself to the waist.
- 12 That was why he had shied in such panic. He had felt the give under his feet and heard the crackle of a snow-hidden ice skin.

And to get his feet wet in such a temperature meant trouble and danger. At the very least it meant delay, for he would be forced to stop and build a fire, and under its protection to bare his feet while he dried his socks and moccasins. He stood and studied the creek bed and its banks, and decided that the flow of water came from the right. He reflected awhile, rubbing his nose and cheeks, then skirted to the left, stepping gingerly and testing the footing for each step. Once clear of the danger, he took a fresh chew of tobacco and swung along at his four-mile gait.

13 In the course of the next two hours he came upon several similar traps. Usually the snow above the hidden pools had a sunken, candied appearance that advertised the danger. Once again, however, he had a close call; and once, suspecting danger, he compelled the dog to go on in front. The dog did not want to go. It hung back until the man shoved it forward, and then it went quickly across the white, unbroken surface. Suddenly it broke through, floundered to one side, and got away to firmer footing. It had wet its forefeet and legs, and almost immediately the water that clung to it turned to ice. It made quick efforts to lick the ice off its legs, then dropped down in the snow and began to bite out the ice that had formed between the toes. This was a matter of instinct. To permit the ice to remain would mean sore feet. It did not know this. It merely obeyed the mysterious prompting that arose from the deep crypts of its being. But the man knew, having achieved a judgment on the subject, and he removed the mitten from his right hand and helped tear out the ice particles. He did not expose his fingers more than a minute, and was astonished at the swift numbness that smote them. It certainly was cold. He pulled on the mitten hastily, and beat the hand savagely across his chest.

14 At twelve o'clock the day was at its brightest. Yet the sun was too far south on its winter journey to clear the horizon. The bulge of the earth intervened between it and Henderson Creek, where the man walked under a clear sky at noon and cast no shadow. At half-past twelve, to the minute, he arrived at the forks of the creek. He was pleased at the speed he had made. If he kept it up, he would certainly be with the boys by six. He unbuttoned his jacket and shirt and drew forth his lunch. The action consumed no more than a quarter of a minute, yet in that brief moment the numbness laid hold of the exposed fingers. He did not put the mitten on, but, instead, struck the fingers a dozen sharp smashes against his leg. Then he sat down on a snow-covered log to eat. The sting that followed upon the striking of his fingers against his leg ceased so quickly that he was startled, he had had no chance to take a bite of biscuit. He struck the fingers repeatedly and returned them to the mitten, baring the other hand for the purpose of eating. He tried to

take a mouthful, but the ice muzzle prevented. He had forgotten to build a fire and thaw out. He chuckled at his foolishness, and as he chuckled he noted the numbness creeping into the exposed fingers. Also, he noted that the stinging which had first come to his toes when he sat down was already passing away. He wondered whether the toes were warm or numbed. He moved them inside the moccasins and decided that they were numbed.

15 He pulled the mitten on hurriedly and stood up. He was a bit frightened. He stamped up and down until the stinging returned into the feet. It certainly was cold, was his thought. That man from Sulphur Creek had spoken the truth when telling how cold it sometimes got in the country. And he had laughed at him at the time! That showed one must not be too sure of things. There was no mistake about it, it was cold. He strode up and down, stamping his feet and threshing his arms, until reassured by the returning warmth. Then he got out matches and proceeded to make a fire. From the undergrowth, where high water of the previous spring had lodged a supply of seasoned twigs, he got his firewood. Working carefully from a small beginning, he soon



had a roaring fire, over which he thawed the ice from his face and in the protection of which he ate his biscuits. For the moment the cold of space was outwitted. The dog took satisfaction in the fire, stretching out close enough for warmth and far enough away to escape being singed.

- 16 When the man had finished, he filled his pipe and took his comfortable time over a smoke. Then he pulled on his mittens, settled the ear-flaps of his cap firmly about his ears, and took the creek trail up the left fork. The dog was disappointed and yearned back toward the fire. This man did not know cold. Possibly all the generations of his ancestry had been ignorant of cold, of real cold, of cold one hundred and seven degrees below freezing point. But the dog knew; all its ancestry knew, and it had inherited the knowledge. And it knew that it was not good to walk abroad in such fearful cold. It was the time to lie snug in a hole in the snow and wait for a curtain of cloud to be drawn across the face of outer space whence this cold came. On the other hand, there was keen intimacy between the dog and the man. The one was the toil slave of the other, and the only caresses it had ever received were the caresses of the whip lash and of harsh and menacing throat sounds that threatened the whip lash. So the dog made no effort to communicate its apprehension to the man. It was not concerned in the welfare of the man; it was for its own sake that it yearned back toward the fire. But the man whistled, and spoke to it with the sound of whip lashes, and the dog swung in at the man's heels and followed after.
- 17 The man took a chew of tobacco and proceeded to start a new amber beard. Also, his moist breath quickly powdered with white his mustache, eyebrows, and lashes. There did not seem to be so many springs on the left fork of the Henderson, and for half an hour the man saw no signs of any. And then it happened. At a place where there were no signs, where the soft, unbroken snow seemed to advertise solidity beneath, the man broke through. It was not deep. He wetted himself half-way to the knees before he floundered out to the firm crust.
- 18 He was angry, and cursed his luck aloud. He had hoped to get into camp with the boys at six o'clock, and this would delay him an hour, for he would have to build a fire and dry out his foot-gear. This was imperative at that low temperature—he knew that much; and he turned aside to the bank, which he climbed. On top, tangled in the underbrush about the trunks of several small spruce trees, was a high-water deposit of dry firewood—sticks and twigs principally, but also larger portions of seasoned branches and fine, dry, last-year's grasses. He threw down several large pieces on top of the snow. This served for a foundation and prevented the

young flame from drowning itself in the snow it otherwise would melt. The flame he got by touching a match to a small shred of birch-bark that he took from his pocket. This burned even more readily than paper. Placing it on the foundation, he fed the young flame with wisps of dry grass and with the tiniest dry twigs.

- 19 He worked slowly and carefully, keenly aware of his danger. Gradually, as the flame grew stronger, he increased the size of the twigs with which he fed it. He squatted in the snow, pulling the twigs out from their entanglement in the brush and feeding directly to the flame. He knew there must be no failure. When it is seventy-five below zero, a man must not fail in his first attempt to build a fire—that is, if his feet are wet. If his feet are dry, and he fails, he can run along the trail for half a mile and restore his circulation. But the circulation of wet and freezing feet cannot be restored by running when it is seventy-five below. No matter how fast he runs, the wet feet will freeze the harder.
- 20 All this the man knew. The old-timer on Sulphur Creek had told him about it the previous fall, and now he was appreciating the advice. Already all sensation had gone out of his feet. To build the fire he had been forced to remove his mittens, and the fingers had quickly gone numb. His pace of four miles an hour had kept his heart pumping blood to the surface of his body and to all the extremities. But the instant he stopped, the action of the pump eased down. The cold of space smote the unprotected tip of the planet, and he, being on that unprotected tip, received the full force of the blow. The blood of his body recoiled before it. The blood was alive, like the dog, and like the dog it wanted to hide away and cover itself up from the fearful cold. So long as he walked four miles an hour, he pumped that blood, willy-nilly, to the surface; but now it ebbed away and sank down into the recesses of his body. The extremities were the first to feel its absence. His wet feet froze the faster, and his exposed fingers numbed the faster, though they had not yet begun to freeze. Nose and cheeks were already freezing, while the skin of all his body chilled as it lost its blood.
- 21 But he was safe. Toes and nose and cheeks would be only touched by the frost, for the fire was beginning to burn with strength. He was feeding it with twigs the size of his finger. In another minute he would be able to feed it with branches the size of his wrist, and then he could remove his wet foot-gear, and, while it dried, he could keep his naked feet warm by the fire, rubbing them at first, of course, with snow. The fire was a success. He was safe. He remembered the advice of the old-timer on Sulphur Creek, and smiled. The old-timer had been very serious in laying down the law that no man must travel alone in the Klondike after fifty below. Well, here he was; he had had

the accident; he was alone; and he had saved himself. Those old-timers were rather womanish, some of them, he thought. All a man had to do was to keep his head, and he was all right. Any man who was a man could travel alone. But it was surprising, the rapidity with which his cheeks and nose were freezing. And he had not thought his fingers could go lifeless in so short a time. Lifeless they were, for he could scarcely make them move together to grip a twig, and they seemed remote from his body and from him. When he touched a twig, he had to look and see whether or not he had hold of it. The wires were pretty well down between him and his finger ends.

22 All of which counted for little. There was the fire, snapping and crackling and promising life with every dancing flame. He started to untie his moccasins. They were coated with ice; the thick German socks were like sheaths of iron halfway to the knees; and the mocassin strings were like rods of steel all twisted and knotted as by some conflagration. For a moment he tugged with his numbed fingers, then, realizing the folly of it, he drew his sheath-knife.

23 But before he could cut the strings, it happened. It was his own fault or, rather, his mistake. He should not have built the fire under the spruce tree. He should have built it in the open. But it had been easier to pull the twigs from the brush and drop them directly on the fire. Now the tree under which he had done this carried a weight of snow on its boughs. No wind had blown for weeks, and each bough was fully freighted. Each time he had pulled a twig he had communicated a slight agitation to the tree—an imperceptible agitation, so far as he was concerned, but an agitation sufficient to bring about the disaster. High up in the tree one bough capsized its load of snow. This fell on the boughs beneath, capsizing them. This process continued, spreading out and involving the whole tree. It grew like an avalanche, and it descended without warning upon the man and the fire, and the fire was blotted out! Where it had burned was a mantle of fresh and disordered snow.

24 The man was shocked. It was as though he had just heard his own sentence of death. For a moment he sat and stared at the spot where the fire had been. Then he grew very calm. Perhaps the old-timer on Sulphur Creek was right. If he had only had a trail mate he would have been in no danger now. The trail mate could have built the fire. Well, it was up to him to build the fire over again, and this second time there must be no failure. Even if he succeeded, he would most likely lose some toes. His feet must be badly frozen by now, and there would be some time before the second fire was ready.

- 25 Such were his thoughts, but he did not sit and think them. He was busy all the time they were passing through his mind, he made a new foundation for a fire, this time in the open; where no treacherous tree could blot it out. Next, he gathered dry grasses and tiny twigs from the high-water flotsam. He could not bring his fingers together to pull them out, but he was able to gather them by the handful. In this way he got many rotten twigs and bits of green moss that were undesirable, but it was the best he could do. He worked methodically, even collecting an armful of the larger branches to be used later when the fire gathered strength. And all the while the dog sat and watched him, a certain yearning wistfulness in its eyes, for it looked upon him as the fire-provider, and the fire was slow in coming.
- 26 When all was ready, the man reached in his pocket for a second piece of birch-bark. He knew the bark was there, and, though he could not feel it with his fingers, he could hear its crisp rustling as he fumbled for it. Try as he would, he could not clutch hold of it. And all the time, in his consciousness, was the knowledge that each instant his feet were freezing. This thought tended to put him in a panic, but he fought against it and kept calm. He pulled on his mittens with his teeth, and threshed his arms back and forth, beating his hands with all his might against his sides. He did this sitting down, and he stood up to do it; and all the while the dog sat in the snow, its wolf-brush of a tail curled around warmly over its forefeet, its sharp wolf-ears pricked forward intently as it watched the man. And the man as he beat and threshed with his arms and hands, felt a great surge of envy as he regarded the creature that was warm and secure in its natural covering.
- 27 After a time he was aware of the first far-away signals of sensation in his beaten fingers. The faint tingling grew stronger till it evolved into a stinging ache that was excruciating, but which the man hailed with satisfaction. He stripped the mitten from his right hand and fetched forth the birch bark. The exposed fingers were quickly going numb again. Next he brought out his bunch of sulphur matches. But the tremendous cold had already driven the life out of his fingers. In his effort to separate one match from the others, the whole bunch fell in the snow. He tried to pick it out of the snow, but failed. The dead fingers could neither touch nor clutch. He was very careful. He drove the thought of his freezing feet; and nose, and cheeks, out of his mind, devoting his whole soul to the matches. He watched, using the sense of vision in place of that of touch, and when he saw his fingers on each side the bunch, he closed them—that is, he willed to close them, for the wires were drawn, and the fingers did not obey. He pulled the mitten on the right hand, and beat it fiercely against his knee. Then, with both mittened hands, he scooped the



bunch of matches, along with much snow, into his lap. Yet he was no better off.

28 After some manipulation he managed to get the bunch between the heels of his mittened hands. In this fashion he carried it to his mouth. The ice crackled and snapped when by a violent effort he opened his mouth. He drew the lower jaw in, curled the upper lip out of the way, and scraped the bunch with his upper teeth in order to separate a match. He succeeded in getting one, which he dropped on his lap. He was no better off. He could not pick it up. Then he devised a way. He picked it up in his teeth and scratched it on his leg. Twenty times he scratched before he succeeded in lighting it. As it flamed he held it with his teeth to the birch-bark. But the burning brimstone went up his nostrils and into his lungs, causing him to cough spasmodically. The match fell into the snow and went out.

29 The old-timer on Sulphur Creek was right, he thought in the moment of controlled despair that ensued: after fifty below, a man should travel with a partner. He beat his hands, but failed in exciting any sensation. Suddenly he bared both hands, removing the mittens with his teeth. He caught the whole bunch between the heels of his hands. His arm muscles not being frozen enabled him to press the hand heels tightly against the matches. Then he scratched the bunch along his leg. It flared into flame, seventy sulphur matches at once! There was no wind to blow them out. He kept his head to one side to escape the strangling fumes, and held the blazing bunch to the birch-bark. As he so held it, he became aware of sensation in his hand. His flesh was burning. He could smell it. Deep down below the surface he could feel it.

The sensation developed into pain that grew acute. And still he endured it, holding the flame of the matches clumsily to the bark that would not light readily because his own burning hands were in the way, absorbing most of the flame.

30 At last, when he could endure no more, he jerked his hands apart. The blazing matches fell sizzling into the snow, but the birch-bark was alight. He began laying dry grasses and the tiniest twigs on the flame. He could not pick and choose, for he had to lift the fuel between the heels of his hands. Small pieces of rotten wood and green moss clung to the twigs, and he bit them off as well as he could with his teeth. He cherished the flame carefully and awkwardly. It meant life, and it must not perish. The withdrawal of blood from the surface of his body now made him begin to shiver, and he grew more awkward. A large piece of green moss fell squarely on the little fire. He tried to poke it out with his fingers, but his shivering frame made him poke too far, and he disrupted the nucleus of the little fire, the burning grasses and tiny twigs separating and scattering. He tried to poke them together again, but in spite of the tenseness of the effort, his shivering got away with him, and the twigs were hopelessly scattered. Each twig gushed a puff of smoke and went out. The fire-provider had failed. As he looked apathetically about him, his eyes chanced on the dog, sitting across the ruins of the fire from him, in the snow, making restless, hunching movements, slightly lifting one forefoot and then the other, shifting its weight back and forth on them with wistful eagerness.

31 The sight of the dog put a wild idea into his head. He remembered the tale of the man, caught in a blizzard, who killed a steer and crawled inside the carcass, and so was saved. He would kill the dog and bury his hands in the warm body until the numbness went out of them. Then he could build another fire. He spoke to the dog, calling it to him; but in his voice was a strange note of fear that frightened the animal, who had never known the man to speak in such way before. Something was the matter, and its suspicious nature sensed danger, —it knew not what danger but somewhere, somehow, in its brain arose an apprehension of the man. It flattened its ears down at the sound of the man's voice, and its restless, hunching movements and the liftings and shiftings of its forefeet became more pronounced but it would not come to the man. He got on his hands and knees and crawled toward the dog. This unusual posture again excited suspicion, and the animal sidled mincingly away.

32 The man sat up in the snow for a moment and struggled for calmness. Then he pulled on his mittens, by means of his teeth, and got upon his feet. He glanced down at first in order to assure himself that he was really standing up, for the absence

of sensation in his feet left him unrelated to the earth. His erect position in itself started to drive the webs of suspicion from the dog's mind; and when he spoke peremptorily, with the sound of whip lashes in his voice, the dog rendered its customary allegiance and came to him. As it came within reaching distance, the man lost his control. His arms flashed out to the dog, and he experienced genuine surprise when he discovered that his hands could not clutch, that there was neither bend nor feeling in the fingers. He had forgotten for the moment that they were frozen and that they were freezing more and more. All this happened quickly, and before the animal could get away, he encircled its body with his arms. He sat down in the snow, and in this fashion held the dog, while it snarled and whined and struggled.

33 But it was all he could do, hold its body encircled in his arms and sit there. He realized that he could not kill the dog. There was no way to do it. With his helpless hands he could neither draw nor hold his sheath-knife nor throttle the animal. He released it, and it plunged wildly away, with tail between its legs, and still snarling. It halted forty feet away and surveyed him curiously, with ears sharply pricked forward. The man looked down at his hands in order to locate them, and found them hanging on the ends of his arms. It struck him as curious that one should have to use his eyes in order to find out where his hands were. He began threshing his arms back and forth, beating the mittened hands against his sides. He did this for five minutes, violently, and his heart pumped enough blood up to the surface to put a stop to his shivering. But no sensation was aroused in the hands. He had an impression that they hung like weights on the ends of his arms, but when he tried to run the impression down, he could not find it.

34 A certain fear of death, dull and oppressive, came to him. This fear quickly became poignant as he realized that it was no longer a mere matter of freezing his fingers and toes, or of losing his hands and feet, but that it was a matter of life and death with the chances against him. This threw him into a panic, and he turned and ran up the creek-bed along the old, dim trail. The dog joined in behind and kept up with him. He ran blindly, without intention, in fear such as he had never known in his life. Slowly, as he ploughed and floundered through the snow, he began to see things again—the banks of the creek, the old timber-jams, the leafless aspens, and the sky. The running made him feel better. He did not shiver. Maybe, if he ran on, his feet would thaw out; and, anyway, if he ran far enough, he would reach camp and the boys. Without doubt he would lose some fingers and toes and some of his face; but the boys would take care of him, and save the rest of him when he got there. And at the same time there was another thought in his mind that said he would never get to the camp and the boys; that

it was too many miles away, that the freezing had too great a start on him, and that he would soon be stiff and dead. This thought he kept in the background and refused to consider. Sometimes it pushed itself forward and demanded to be heard, but he thrust it back and strove to think of other things.

35 It struck him as curious that he could run at all on feet so frozen that he could not feel them when they struck the earth and took the weight of his body. He seemed to himself to skim along above the surface and to have no connection with the earth. Somewhere he had once seen a winged Mercury,⁶ and he wondered if Mercury felt as he felt when skimming over the earth.

36 His theory of running until he reached camp and the boys had one flaw in it: he lacked the endurance. Several times he stumbled, and finally he tottered, crumpled up, and fell. When he tried to rise, he failed. He must sit and rest, he decided, and next time he would merely walk and keep on going. As he sat and regained his breath, he noted that he was feeling quite warm and comfortable. He was not shivering, and it even seemed that a warm glow had come to his chest and trunk. And yet, when he touched his nose or cheeks, there was no sensation. Running would not thaw them out. Nor would it thaw out his hands and feet. Then the thought came to him that the frozen portions of his body must be extending. He tried to keep this thought down, to forget it, to think of something else; he was aware of the panicky feeling that it caused, and he was afraid of the panic. But the thought asserted itself, and persisted, until it produced a vision of his body totally frozen. This was too much, and he made another wild run along the trail. Once he slowed down to a walk, but the thought of the freezing extending itself made him run again.

37 And all the time the dog ran with him, at his heels. When he fell down a second time, it curled its tail over its forefeet and sat in front of him facing him curiously eager and intent. The warmth and security of the animal angered him, and he cursed it till it flattened down its ears appeasingly. This time the shivering came more quickly upon the man. He was losing in his battle with the frost. It was creeping into his body from all sides. The thought of it drove him on, but he ran no more than a hundred feet, when he staggered and pitched headlong. It was his last panic. When he had recovered his breath and control, he sat up and entertained in his mind the conception of meeting death with dignity. However, the conception did not come to him in such terms. His idea of it was that he had been making a fool of himself, running around like a chicken with its head cut off—such was the simile that occurred to him. Well, he was bound to freeze anyway, and he might as well take it decently. With this new-found peace of

6. **Mercury** *n.* from Roman mythology, the wing-footed messenger of the gods.



mind came the first glimmerings of drowsiness. A good idea, he thought, to sleep off to death. It was like taking an anesthetic. Freezing was not so bad as people thought. There were lots worse ways to die.

38 He pictured the boys finding his body next day. Suddenly he found himself with them, coming along the trail and looking for himself. And, still with them, he came around a turn in the trail and found himself lying in the snow. He did not belong with himself any more, for even then he was out of himself, standing with the boys and looking at himself in the snow. It certainly was cold, was his thought. When he got back to the States he could tell the folks what real cold was. He drifted on from this to a vision of the old-timer on Sulphur Creek. He could see him quite clearly, warm and comfortable, and smoking a pipe.

39 “You were right, old hoss; you were right,” the man mumbled to the old-timer of Sulphur Creek.

40 Then the man drowsed off into what seemed to him the most comfortable and satisfying sleep he had ever known. The dog sat facing him and waiting. The brief day drew to a close in a long, slow twilight. There were no signs of a fire to be made, and, besides, never in the dog’s experience had it known a man to sit like that in the snow and make no fire. As the twilight drew on, its eager yearning for the fire mastered it, and with a great lifting and shifting of forefeet, it whined softly, then flattened its ears down in anticipation of being chidden⁷ by the man. But the man remained

7. **chidden** v. scolded.

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silent. Later, the dog whined loudly. And still later it crept close to the man and caught the scent of death. This made the animal bristle and back away. A little longer it delayed, howling under the stars that leaped and danced and shone brightly in the cold sky. Then it turned and trotted up the trail in the direction of the camp it knew, where were the other food providers and fire providers. 🐾

The Most Dangerous Game

Richard Connell

About the Author



Richard Connell (1893–1949) began writing sports stories for his local newspaper the *Poughkeepsie News-Press* at the age of ten. After graduating from Harvard, he worked as a journalist before joining the U.S. Army and serving in Belgium and France during World War I. Upon his return to America and civilian life, Connell began freelancing and writing short stories, many of which were adapted for radio and film.

SCAN FOR
MULTIMEDIA



BACKGROUND

As society provides individuals with the opportunity to focus less on their own survival and more on leisure activities, some choose to spend their free time testing their physical and mental capabilities in dangerous situations. Big-game hunting puts people face to face with large and dangerous animals in a test of survival.

- 1 Off there to the right—somewhere—is a large island,” said Whitney. “It’s rather a mystery—”
- 2 “What island is it?” Rainsford asked.
- 3 “The old charts call it ‘Ship-Trap Island,’” Whitney replied. “A suggestive name, isn’t it? Sailors have a curious dread of the place. I don’t know why. Some superstition—”
- 4 “Can’t see it,” remarked Rainsford, trying to peer through the dank tropical night that was palpable as it pressed its thick warm blackness in upon the yacht.
- 5 “You’ve good eyes,” said Whitney, with a laugh, “and I’ve seen you pick off a moose moving in the brown fall bush at four hundred yards, but even you can’t see four miles or so through a moonless Caribbean night.”

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- 6 “Not four yards,” admitted Rainsford. “Ugh! It’s like moist black velvet.”
- 7 “It will be light in Rio,” promised Whitney. “We should make it in a few days. I hope the jaguar guns have come from Purdey’s. We should have some good hunting up the Amazon. Great sport, hunting.”
- 8 “The best sport in the world,” agreed Rainsford.
- 9 “For the hunter,” amended Whitney. “Not for the jaguar.”
- 10 “Don’t talk rot, Whitney,” said Rainsford. “You’re a big-game¹ hunter, not a philosopher. Who cares how a jaguar feels?”
- 11 “Perhaps the jaguar does,” observed Whitney.
- 12 “Bah! They’ve no understanding.”
- 13 “Even so, I rather think they understand one thing—fear. The fear of pain and the fear of death.”
- 14 “Nonsense,” laughed Rainsford. “This hot weather is making you soft, Whitney. Be a realist. The world is made up of two classes—the hunters and the huntees. Luckily, you and I are the hunters. Do you think we’ve passed that island yet?”
- 15 “I can’t tell in the dark. I hope so.”
- 16 “Why?” asked Rainsford.
- 17 “The place has a reputation—a bad one.”
- 18 “Cannibals?” suggested Rainsford.
- 19 “Hardly. Even cannibals wouldn’t live in such a God-forsaken place. But it’s gotten into sailor lore,² somehow. Didn’t you notice that the crew’s nerves seemed a little jumpy today?”
- 20 “They were a bit strange, now you mention it. Even Captain Neilson—”
- 21 “Yes, even that tough-minded old Swede, who’d go up to the devil himself and ask him for a light. Those fishy blue eyes held a look I never saw there before. All I could get out of him was: ‘This place has an evil name among sea-faring men, sir.’ Then he said to me, very gravely: ‘Don’t you feel anything?’—as if the air about us was actually poisonous. Now, you mustn’t laugh when I tell you this—I did feel something like a sudden chill.
- 22 “There was no breeze. The sea was as flat as a plate-glass window. We were drawing near the island then. What I felt was a—a mental chill; a sort of sudden dread.”
- 23 “Pure imagination,” said Rainsford. “One superstitious sailor can taint the whole ship’s company with his fear.”
- 24 “Maybe. But sometimes I think sailors have an extra sense that tells them when they are in danger. Sometimes I think evil is a tangible thing—with wave lengths, just as sound and light have. An evil place can, so to speak, broadcast vibrations of evil.

1. **game** *n.* wild animals hunted for sport or food.

2. **lore** *n.* traditional knowledge or belief.

Anyhow, I'm glad we're getting out of this zone. Well, I think I'll turn in now, Rainsford."

25 "I'm not sleepy," said Rainsford. "I'm going to smoke another pipe on the afterdeck."

26 "Good night, then, Rainsford. See you at breakfast."

27 "Right. Good night, Whitney."

28 There was no sound in the night as Rainsford sat there, but the muffled throb of the engine that drove the yacht swiftly through the darkness, and the swish and ripple of the wash of the propeller.

29 Rainsford, reclining in the steamer chair, indolently puffed on his favorite brier. The sensuous drowsiness of the night was on him. "It's so dark," he thought, "that I could be asleep without closing my eyes; the night could be my eyelids—"

30 An abrupt sound startled him. Off to the right he heard it, and his ears, expert in such matters, could not be mistaken. Again he heard the sound, and again. Somewhere, off in the blackness, someone had fired a gun three times.

31 Rainsford sprang up and moved quickly to the rail, mystified. He strained his eyes in the direction from which the reports had come, but it was like trying to see through a blanket. He leaped upon the rail and balanced himself there, to get greater elevation; his pipe, striking a rope, was knocked from his mouth. He lunged for it; a short, hoarse cry came from his lips as he realized he had reached too far and had lost his balance. The cry was pinched off short as the blood-warm waters of the Caribbean Sea closed over his head.

32 He struggled up to the surface and tried to cry out, but the wash from the speeding yacht slapped him in the face and the salt water in his open mouth made him gag and strangle. Desperately he struck out with strong strokes after the receding lights of the yacht, but he stopped before he had swum fifty feet. A certain cool-headedness had come to him; it was not the first time he had been in a tight place. There was a chance that his cries could be heard by someone aboard the yacht, but that chance was slender, and grew more slender as the yacht raced on. He wrestled himself out of his clothes and shouted with all his power. The lights of the yacht became faint and ever-vanishing fireflies; then they were blotted out entirely by the night.

33 Rainsford remembered the shots. They had come from the right, and doggedly he swam in that direction, swimming with slow, deliberate strokes, conserving his strength. For a seemingly endless time he fought the sea. He began to count his strokes; he could do possibly a hundred more and then—

- 34 Rainsford heard a sound. It came out of the darkness, a high screaming sound, the sound of an animal in an extremity of anguish and terror.
- 35 He did not recognize the animal that made the sound; he did not try to; with fresh vitality he swam toward the sound. He heard it again; then it was cut short by another noise, crisp, staccato.
- 36 “Pistol shot,” muttered Rainsford, swimming on.
- 37 Ten minutes of determined effort brought another sound to his ears—the most welcome he had ever heard—the muttering and growling of the sea breaking on a rocky shore. He was almost on the rocks before he saw them; on a night less calm he would have been shattered against them. With his remaining strength he dragged himself from the swirling waters. Jagged crags appeared to jut into the opaqueness, he forced himself upward, hand over hand. Gasping, his hands raw, he reached a flat place at the top. Dense jungle came down to very edge of the cliffs. What perils that tangle of trees and underbrush might hold for him did not concern Rainsford just then. All he knew was that he was safe from his enemy, the sea, and that utter weariness was on him. He flung himself down at the jungle edge and tumbled headlong into the deepest sleep of his life.
- 38 When he opened his eyes he knew from the position of the sun that it was late in the afternoon. Sleep had given him new vigor; a sharp hunger was picking at him. He looked about him, almost cheerfully.
- 39 “Where there are pistol shots, there are men. Where there are men, there is food,” he thought. But what kind of men, he wondered, in so forbidding a place? An unbroken front of snarled and ragged jungle fringed the shore.
- 40 He saw no sign of trail through the closely knit web of weeds and trees; it was easier to go along the shore, and Rainsford floundered along by the water. Not far from where he had landed, he stopped.
- 41 Some wounded thing, by the evidence a large animal, had thrashed about in the underbrush; the jungle weeds were crushed down and the moss was lacerated; one patch of weeds was stained crimson. A small, glittering object not far away caught Rainsford’s eye and he picked it up. It was an empty cartridge.
- 42 “A twenty-two,” he remarked. “That’s odd. It must have been a fairly large animal too. The hunter had his nerve with him to tackle it with a light gun. It’s clear that the brute put up a fight. I suppose the first three shots I heard was when the hunter flushed³ his quarry⁴ and wounded it. The last shot was when he trailed it here and finished it.”

3. **flushed** *v.* exposed or chased from a place of concealment.

4. **quarry** *n.* animal pursued by a hunter.



- 43 He examined the ground closely and found what he had hoped to find—the print of hunting boots. They pointed along the cliff in the direction he had been going. Eagerly he hurried along, now slipping on a rotten log or a loose stone, but making headway; night was beginning to settle down on the island.
- 44 Bleak darkness was blacking out the sea and jungle when Rainsford sighted the lights. He came upon them as he turned a crook in the coast line, and his first thought was that he had come upon a village, for there were many lights. But as he forged along he saw to his great astonishment that all the lights were in one enormous building—a lofty structure with pointed towers plunging upward into the gloom. His eyes made out the shadowy outlines of a palatial *château*;⁵ it was set on a high bluff, and on three sides of it cliffs dived down to where the sea licked greedy lips in the shadows.
- 45 “Mirage,” thought Rainsford. But it was no mirage, he found, when he opened the tall spiked iron gate. The stone steps were real enough; the massive door with a leering gargoyle for a knocker was real enough; yet about it all hung an air of unreality.
- 46 He lifted the knocker, and it creaked up stiffly, as if it had never before been used. He let it fall, and it startled him with its

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5. **château** (sha TOH) *n.* castle or large house, especially in France.

booming loudness. He thought he heard steps within; the door remained closed. Again Rainsford lifted the heavy knocker, and let it fall. The door opened then, opened as suddenly as if it were on a spring, and Rainsford stood blinking in the river of glaring gold light that poured out. The first thing Rainsford's eyes discerned was the largest man Rainsford had ever seen—a gigantic creature, solidly made and black-bearded to the waist. In his hand the man held a long-barreled revolver, and he was pointing it straight at Rainsford's heart.

47 Out of the snarl of beard two small eyes regarded Rainsford.

48 "Don't be alarmed," said Rainsford, with a smile which he hoped was disarming. "I'm no robber, I fell off a yacht. My name is Sanger Rainsford of New York City."

49 The menacing look in the eyes did not change. The revolver pointed as rigidly as if the giant were a statue. He gave no sign that he understood Rainsford's words, or that he had even heard them. He was dressed in uniform, a black uniform trimmed with gray astrakhan.⁶

50 "I'm Sanger Rainsford of New York," Rainsford began again. "I fell off a yacht. I am hungry."

51 The man's only answer was to raise with his thumb the hammer of his revolver. Then Rainsford saw the man's free hand go to his forehead in a military salute, and he saw him click his heels together and stand at attention. Another man was coming down the broad marble steps, an erect, slender man in evening clothes. He advanced to Rainsford and held out his hand.

52 In a cultivated voice marked by a slight accent that gave it added precision and deliberateness, he said: "It is a very great pleasure and honor to welcome Mr. Sanger Rainsford, the celebrated hunter, to my home."

53 Automatically Rainsford shook the man's hand.

54 "I've read your book about hunting snow leopards in Tibet, you see," explained the man, "I am General Zaroff."

55 Rainsford's first impression was that the man was singularly⁷ handsome; his second was that there was an original, almost bizarre quality about the general's face. He was a tall man past middle age, for his hair was a vivid white; but his thick eyebrows and pointed military mustache were as black as the night from which Rainsford had come. His eyes, too, were black and very bright. He had high cheek bones, a sharp-cut nose, a spare, dark face, the face of a man used to giving orders, the face of an aristocrat. Turning to the giant in uniform, the general made a sign. The giant put away his pistol, saluted, withdrew.

6. **astrakhan** (AS truh kuhn) *n.* loosely curled fur made from skins of of very young lambs.

7. **singularly** *adj.* unusually or exceptionally.

56 “Ivan is an incredibly strong fellow,” remarked the general,
 “but he has the misfortune to be deaf and dumb. A simple fellow,
 but, I’m afraid, like all his race, a bit of a savage.

57 “Is he Russian?”

58 “He is a Cossack,”⁸ said the general, and his smile showed red
 lips and pointed teeth. “So am I.”

59 “Come,” he said, “we shouldn’t be chatting here. We can talk
 later. Now you want clothes, food, rest. You shall have them. This
 is a most restful spot.”

60 Ivan had reappeared, and the general spoke to him with lips
 that moved but gave forth no sound.

61 “Follow Ivan, if you please, Mr. Rainsford,” said the general.
 “I was about to have my dinner when you came. I’ll wait for you.
 You’ll find that my clothes will fit you, I think.

62 It was to a huge, beam-ceilinged bedroom with a canopied bed
 big enough for six men that Rainsford followed the silent giant.
 Ivan laid out an evening suit, and Rainsford, as he put it on,
 noticed that it came from a London tailor who ordinarily cut and
 sewed for none below the rank of a duke.

63 The dining room to which Ivan conducted him was in many
 ways remarkable. There was a medieval magnificence about it; it
 suggested a baronial hall of feudal times with its oaken panels,
 its high ceiling, its vast refectory table where twoscore men could
 sit down to eat. About the hall were the mounted heads of many
 animals—lions, tigers, elephants, moose, bears; larger or more
 perfect specimens Rainsford had never seen. At the great table the
 general was sitting, alone.

64 “You’ll have a cocktail, Mr. Rainsford,” he suggested. The
 cocktail was surpassingly good; and, Rainsford noted, the table
 appointments were of the finest—the linen, the crystal, the
 silver, the china.

65 They were eating *borsch*, the rich, red soup with whipped cream
 so dear to Russian palates. Half apologetically General Zaroff said:
 “We do our best to preserve the amenities of civilization here.
 Please forgive any lapses. We are well off the beaten track, you
 know. Do you think the champagne has suffered from its long
 ocean trip?”

66 “Not in the least,” declared Rainsford. He was finding the
 general a most thoughtful and affable host, a true cosmopolite.⁹
 But there was one small trait of the general’s that made Rainsford
 uncomfortable. Whenever he looked up from his plate he found
 the general studying him, appraising him narrowly.

8. **Cossack** (KOS ak) *n.* member of a people of southern Russia and Ukraine, noted for their horsemanship and military skill.

9. **cosmopolite** (koz MOP uh lyt) *n.* sophisticated and cultured person.

- 67 “Perhaps,” said General Zaroff, “you were surprised that I recognized your name. You see, I read all books on hunting published in English, French, and Russian. I have but one passion in my life, Mr. Rainsford, and it is the hunt.”
- 68 “You have some wonderful heads here,” said Rainsford as he ate a particularly well cooked filet mignon. “That Cape buffalo is the largest I ever saw.”
- 69 “Oh, that fellow. Yes, he was a monster.”
- 70 “Did he charge you?”
- 71 “Hurled me against a tree,” said the general. “Fractured my skull. But I got the brute.”
- 72 “I’ve always thought,” said Rainsford, “that the Cape buffalo is the most dangerous of all big game.”
- 73 For a moment the general did not reply; he was smiling his curious red-lipped smile. Then he said slowly: “No. You are wrong, sir. The Cape buffalo is not the most dangerous big game.” He sipped his wine. “Here in my preserve on this island,” he said in the same slow tone, “I hunt more dangerous game.”
- 74 Rainsford expressed his surprise. “Is there big game on this island?”
- 75 The general nodded. “The biggest.”
- 76 “Really?”
- 77 “Oh, it isn’t here naturally, of course. I have to stock the island.”
- 78 “What have you imported, general?” Rainsford asked. “Tigers?”
- 79 The general smiled. “No,” he said. “Hunting tigers ceased to interest me some years ago. I exhausted their possibilities, you see. No thrill left in tigers, no real danger. I live for danger, Mr. Rainsford.”
- 80 The general took from his pocket a gold cigarette case and offered his guest a long black cigarette with a silver tip; it was perfumed and gave off a smell like incense.
- 81 “We will have some capital hunting, you and I,” said the general. “I shall be most glad to have your society.”
- 82 “But what game—” began Rainsford.
- 83 “I’ll tell you,” said the general. “You will be amused, I know. I think I may say in all modesty, that I have done a rare thing. I have invented a new sensation. May I pour you another glass of port, Mr. Rainsford?”
- 84 “Thank you, general.”
- 85 The general filled both glasses, and said: “God makes some men poets. Some He makes kings, some beggars. Me He made a hunter. My hand was made for the trigger, my father said. He was a very rich man with a quarter of a million acres in the Crimea, and he was an ardent sportsman. When I was only five years old he gave me a little gun, specially made in Moscow for me, to shoot sparrows with. When I shot some of his prize turkeys with it he

did not punish me; he complimented me on my marksmanship. I killed my first bear in the Caucasus when I was ten. My whole life has been one prolonged hunt. I went into the army—it was expected of noblemen’s sons—and for a time commanded a division of Cossack cavalry, but my real interest was always the hunt. I have hunted every kind of game in every land. It would be impossible for me to tell you how many animals I have killed.”

86 The general puffed at his cigarette.

87 “After the debacle in Russia I left the country, for it was imprudent for an officer of the Czar to stay there. Many noble Russians lost everything. I, luckily, had invested heavily in American securities, so I shall never have to open a tea room in Monte Carlo or drive a taxi in Paris. Naturally, I continued to hunt—grizzlies in your Rockies, crocodiles in the Ganges, rhinoceroses in East Africa. It was in Africa that the Cape buffalo hit me and laid me up for six months. As soon as I recovered I started for the Amazon to hunt jaguars, for I had heard they were unusually cunning. They weren’t.” The Cossack sighed. “They were no match at all for a hunter with his wits about him, and a high-powered rifle. I was bitterly disappointed. I was lying in my tent with a splitting headache one night when a terrible thought pushed its way into my mind. Hunting was beginning to bore me! And hunting, remember, had been my life. I have heard that in



America business men often go to pieces when they give up the business that has been their life.”

88 “Yes, that’s so,” said Rainsford.

89 The general smiled. “I had no wish to go to pieces,” he said. “I must do something. Now, mine is an analytical mind, Mr. Rainsford. Doubtless that is why I enjoy the problems of the chase.”

90 “No doubt, General Zaroff.”

91 “So,” continued the general, “I asked myself why the hunt no longer fascinated me. You are much younger than I am, Mr. Rainsford, and have not hunted as much, but you perhaps can guess the answer.”

92 “What was it?”

93 “Simply this: hunting had ceased to be what you call ‘a sporting proposition.’ It had become too easy. I always got my quarry. Always. There is no greater bore than perfection.”

94 The general lit a fresh cigarette.

95 “No animal had a chance with me any more. That is no boast; it is a mathematical certainty. The animal had nothing but his legs and his instinct. Instinct is no match for reason. When I thought of this it was a tragic moment for me, I can tell you.”

96 Rainsford leaned across the table, absorbed in what his host was saying.

97 “It came to me as an inspiration what I must do,” the general went on.

98 “And that was?”

99 The general smiled the quiet smile of one who has faced an obstacle and surmounted it with success. “I had to invent a new animal to hunt,” he said.

100 “A new animal? You’re joking.”

101 “Not at all,” said the general. “I never joke about hunting. I needed a new animal. I found one. So I bought this island, built this house, and here I do my hunting. The island is perfect for my purpose—there are jungles with a maze of trails in them, hills, swamps—”

102 “But the animal, General Zaroff?”

103 “Oh,” said the general, “it supplies me with the most exciting hunting in the world. No other hunting compares with it for an instant. Every day I hunt, and I never grow bored now, for I have a quarry with which I can match my wits.”

104 Rainsford’s bewilderment showed on his face.

105 “I wanted the ideal animal to hunt,” explained the general. “So I said: ‘What are the attributes of an ideal quarry? And the answer was, of course: ‘It must have courage, cunning, and above all, it must be able to reason.’”

106 “But no animal can reason,” objected Rainsford.

107 “My dear fellow,” said the general, “there is one that can.”

108 “But you can’t mean—” gasped Rainsford.

109 “And why not?”

110 “I can’t believe you are serious, General Zaroff. This is a grisly joke.”

111 “Why should I not be serious? I am speaking of hunting.”

112 “Hunting? General Zaroff, what you speak of is murder.”

113 The general laughed with entire good nature. He regarded Rainsford quizzically. “I refuse to believe that so modern and civilized a young man as you seem to be harbors romantic ideas about the value of human life. Surely your experiences in the war—”

114 “Did not make me condone cold-blooded murder,” finished Rainsford stiffly.

115 Laughter shook the general. “How extraordinarily droll you are!” he said. “One does not expect nowadays to find a young man of the educated class, even in America, with such a naive, and if I may say so, mid-Victorian point of view. It’s like finding a snuff-box in a limousine. Ah, well, doubtless you had Puritan ancestors. So many Americans appear to have had. I’ll wager you’ll forget your notions when you go hunting with me. You’ve a genuine new thrill in store for you, Mr. Rainsford.”

116 “Thank you, I’m a hunter, not a murderer,”

117 “Dear me,” said the general, quite unruffled, “again that unpleasant word. But I think I can show you that your scruples¹⁰ are quite ill founded.”

118 “Yes?”

119 “Life is for the strong, to be lived by the strong, and, if need be, taken by the strong. The weak of the world were put here to give the strong pleasure. I am strong. Why should I not use my gift? If I wish to hunt, why should I not? I hunt the scum of the earth—sailors from tramp ships—lascars, blacks, Chinese, whites, mongrels—a thoroughbred horse or hound is worth more than a score of them.”

120 “But they are men,” said Rainsford hotly.

121 “Precisely,” said the general. “That is why I use them. It gives me pleasure. They can reason, after a fashion. So they are dangerous.”

122 “But where do you get them?”

123 The general’s left eyelid fluttered down in a wink. “This island is called Ship-Trap,” he answered. “Sometimes an angry god of the high seas sends them to me. Sometimes, when Providence is not so kind, I help Providence a bit. Come to the window with me.”

124 Rainsford went to the window and looked out toward the sea.

10. **scruples** *n.* morals or principles that restrain one from taking certain actions.

- 125 “Watch! Out there!” exclaimed the general, pointing into the night. Rainsford’s eyes saw only blackness, and then, as the general pressed a button, far out to sea Rainsford saw the flash of lights.
- 126 The general chuckled. “They indicate a channel,” he said, “where there’s none: giant rocks with razor edges crouch like a sea monster with wide-open jaws. They can crush a ship as easily as I crush this nut.” He dropped a walnut on the hardwood floor and brought his heel grinding down on it. “Oh, yes,” he said, casually, as if in answer to a question. “I have electricity. We try to be civilized here.”
- 127 “Civilized? And you shoot down men?”
- 128 A trace of anger was in the general’s black eyes, but it was there for but a second, and he said, in his most pleasant manner: “Dear me, what a righteous young man you are! I assure you I do not do the thing you suggest. That would be barbarous. I treat these visitors with every consideration. They get plenty of good food and exercise. They get into splendid physical condition. You shall see for yourself tomorrow.”
- 129 “What do you mean?”
- 130 “We’ll visit my training school,” smiled the general. “It’s in the cellar. I have about a dozen pupils down there now. They’re from the Spanish bark San Lucar that had the bad luck to go on the rocks out there. A very inferior lot, I regret to say. Poor specimens and more accustomed to the deck than to the jungle.”
- 131 He raised his hand, and Ivan, who served as waiter, brought thick Turkish coffee. Rainsford, with an effort, held his tongue in check.
- 132 “It’s a game, you see,” pursued the general blandly. “I suggest to one of them that we go hunting. I give him a supply of food and an excellent hunting knife. I give him three hours’ start. I am to follow, armed only with a pistol of the smallest caliber and range. If my quarry eludes me for three whole days, he wins the game. If I find him” —the general smiled— “he loses.”
- 133 “Suppose he refuses to be hunted?”
- 134 “Oh,” said the general, “I give him his option, of course. He need not play the game if he doesn’t wish to. If he does not wish to hunt, I turn him over to Ivan. Ivan once had the honor of serving as official knouter¹¹ to the Great White Czar, and he has his own idea of sport. Invariably, Mr. Rainsford, invariably they choose the hunt.”
- 135 “And if they win?”
- 136 The smile on the general’s face widened. “To date I have not lost,” he said.

11. **knouter** (NOWT uhr) *n.* someone who uses a knout, or leather whip, to punish criminals.

- 137 Then he added, hastily: "I don't wish you to think me a braggart, Mr. Rainsford. Many of them afford only the most elementary sort of problem. Occasionally I strike a Tartar.¹² One almost did win. I eventually had to use the dogs."
- 138 "The dogs?"
- 139 "This way, please. I'll show you."
- 140 The general steered Rainsford to a window. The lights from the windows sent a flickering illumination that made grotesque patterns on the courtyard below, and Rainsford could see moving about there a dozen or so huge black shapes; as they turned toward him, their eyes glittered greenly.
- 141 "A rather good lot, I think," observed the general. "They are let out at seven every night. If anyone should try to get into my house—or out of it—something extremely regrettable would occur to him." He hummed a snatch of song from the *Folies Bergère*.¹³
- 142 "And now," said the general, "I want to show you my new collection of heads. Will you come with me to the library?"
- 143 "I hope," said Rainsford, "that you will excuse me tonight, General Zaroff. I'm really not feeling at all well."
- 144 "Ah, indeed?" the general inquired solicitously. "Well, I suppose that's only natural, after your long swim. You need a good restful night's sleep. Tomorrow you'll feel like a new man, I'll wager. Then we'll hunt, eh? I've one rather promising prospect—"
- 145 Rainsford was hurrying from the room.
- 146 "Sorry you can't go with me tonight," called the general. "I expect rather fair sport—a big, strong black. He looks resourceful—Well, good night, Mr. Rainsford; I hope you have a good night's rest."
- 147 The bed was good, and the pajamas of the softest silk, and he was tired in every fiber of his being, but nevertheless Rainsford could not quiet his brain with the opiate of sleep. He lay, eyes wide open. Once he thought he heard stealthy steps in the corridor outside his room. He sought to throw open the door; it would not open. He went to the window and looked out. His room was high up in one of the towers. The lights of the château were out now, and it was dark and silent, but there was a fragment of sallow moon, and by its wan light he could see, dimly, the courtyard; there, weaving in and out in the pattern of shadow, were black, noiseless forms; the hounds heard him at the window and looked up, expectantly, with their green eyes. Rainsford went back to the bed and lay down. By many methods he tried to put himself to sleep. He had achieved a doze when, just

12. **Tartar** (TAHRT uhr) *n.* stubborn, violent person.

13. **Folies Bergère** (foh LEE behr ZHEHR) *n.* cabaret music hall in Paris, France.

as morning began to come, he heard, far off in the jungle, the faint report of a pistol.

148 General Zaroff did not appear until luncheon. He was dressed faultlessly in the tweeds of a country squire. He was solicitous about the state of Rainsford's health.

149 "As for me," sighed the general, "I do not feel so well. I am worried, Mr. Rainsford. Last night I detected traces of my old complaint."

150 To Rainsford's questioning glance the general said: "Ennui. Boredom."

151 Then, taking a second helping of crêpes suzette, the general explained: "The hunting was not good last night. The fellow lost his head. He made a straight trail that offered no problems at all. That's the trouble with these sailors; they have dull brains to begin with, and they do not know how to get about in the woods. They do excessively stupid and obvious things. It's most annoying. Will you have another glass of Chablis, Mr. Rainsford?"

152 "General," said Rainsford firmly, "I wish to leave this island at once."

153 The general raised his thickets of eyebrows; he seemed hurt. "But, my dear fellow," the general protested, "you've only just come. You've had no hunting—"

154 "I wish to go today," said Rainsford. He saw the dead black eyes of the general on him, studying him. General Zaroff's face suddenly brightened.

155 He filled Rainsford's glass with venerable Chablis from a dusty bottle.

156 "Tonight," said the general, "we will hunt—you and I."

157 Rainsford shook his head. "No, general," he said. "I will not hunt."

158 The general shrugged his shoulders and delicately ate a hothouse grape. "As you wish, my friend," he said. "The choice rests entirely with you. But may I not venture to suggest that you will find my idea of sport more diverting than Ivan's?"

159 He nodded toward the corner to where the giant stood, scowling, his thick arms crossed on his hogshead of chest.

160 "You don't mean—" cried Rainsford.

161 "My dear fellow," said the general, "have I not told you I always mean what I say about hunting? This is really an inspiration. I drink to a foeman¹⁴ worthy of my steel—at last."

162 The general raised his glass, but Rainsford sat staring at him.

163 "You'll find this game worth playing," the general said enthusiastically. "Your brain against mine. Your woodcraft against mine. Your strength and stamina against mine. Outdoor chess! And the stake is not without value, eh?"

14. **foeman** *n.* opponent.

- 164 “And if I win—” began Rainsford huskily.
- 165 “I’ll cheerfully acknowledge myself defeated if I do not find you by midnight of the third day,” said General Zaroff. “My sloop will place you on the mainland near a town.”
- 166 The general read what Rainsford was thinking.
- 167 “Oh, you can trust me,” said the Cossack, “I will give you my word as a gentleman and a sportsman. Of course you, in turn, must agree to say nothing of your visit here.”
- 168 “I’ll agree to nothing of the kind,” said Rainsford.
- 169 “Oh,” said the general, “in that case—But why discuss that now? Three days hence we can discuss it over a bottle of Veuve Cliquot, unless—”
- 170 The general sipped his wine.
- 171 Then a businesslike air animated him. “Ivan,” he said to Rainsford, “will supply you with hunting clothes, food, a knife. I suggest you wear moccasins; they leave a poorer trail. I suggest too that you avoid the big swamp in the southeast corner of the island. We call it Death Swamp. There’s quicksand there. One foolish fellow tried it. The deplorable part of it was that Lazarus followed him. You can imagine my feelings, Mr. Rainsford. I loved Lazarus; he was the finest hound in my pack. Well, I must beg you to excuse me now. I always take a siesta after lunch. You’ll hardly have time for a nap, I fear. You’ll want to start, no doubt. I shall not follow till dusk. Hunting at night is so much more exciting than by day, don’t you think? Au revoir,¹⁵ Mr. Rainsford, au revoir.”
- 172 General Zaroff, with a deep, courtly bow, strolled from the room.
- 173 From another door came Ivan. Under one arm he carried khaki hunting clothes, a haversack¹⁶ of food, a leather sheath containing a long-bladed hunting knife; his right hand rested on a cocked revolver thrust in the crimson sash about his waist. . . .
- 174 Rainsford had fought his way through the bush for two hours. “I must keep my nerve. I must keep my nerve,” he said through tight teeth.
- 175 He had not been entirely clear-headed when the château gates snapped shut behind him.
- 176 His whole idea at first was to put distance between himself and General Zaroff, and, to this end, he had plunged along, spurred on by the sharp rowels of something very like panic. Now he had got a grip on himself, had stopped, and was taking stock of himself and the situation.
- 177 He saw that straight flight was futile; inevitably it would bring him face to face with the sea. He was in a picture with

15. **Au revoir** (OH ruh VWahr) French for “until we meet again.”

16. **haversack** *n.* single-strapped bag worn over one shoulder and used for carrying supplies.

a frame of water, and his operations, clearly, must take place within that frame.

178 “I’ll give him a trail to follow,” muttered Rainsford, and he struck off from the rude paths he had been following into the trackless wilderness. He executed a series of intricate loops; he doubled on his trail again and again, recalling all the lore of the fox hunt, and all the dodges of the fox. Night found him leg-weary, with his hands and face lashed by the branches, on a thickly wooded ridge. He knew it would be insane to blunder on through the dark, even if he had the strength. His need for rest was imperative and he thought: “I have played the fox, now I must play the cat of the fable.” A big tree with a thick trunk and outspread branches was nearby, and, taking care to leave not the slightest mark, he climbed up into the crotch, and stretching out on one of the broad limbs, after a fashion, rested. Rest brought him new confidence and almost a feeling of security. Even so zealous a hunter as General Zaroff could not trace him there, he told himself; only the devil himself could follow that complicated trail through the jungle after dark. But, perhaps, the general was a devil—

179 An apprehensive night crawled slowly by like a wounded snake, and sleep did not visit Rainsford, although the silence of a dead world was on the jungle. Toward morning when a dingy gray was varnishing the sky, the cry of some startled bird focused Rainsford’s attention in that direction. Something was coming through the bush, coming slowly, carefully, coming by the same winding way Rainsford had come. He flattened himself down on the limb, and through a screen of leaves almost as thick as tapestry, he watched. The thing that was approaching was a man.

180 It was General Zaroff. He made his way along with his eyes fixed in utmost concentration on the ground before him. He paused, almost beneath the tree, dropped to his knees and studied the ground. Rainsford’s impulse was to hurl himself down like a panther, but he saw the general’s right hand held something metallic—a small automatic pistol.

181 The hunter shook his head several times, as if he were puzzled. Then he straightened up and took from his case one of his black cigarettes; its pungent incense-like smoke floated up to Rainsford’s nostrils.

182 Rainsford held his breath. The general’s eyes had left the ground and were traveling inch by inch up the tree. Rainsford froze there, every muscle tensed for a spring. But the sharp eyes of the hunter stopped before they reached the limb where Rainsford lay; a smile spread over his brown face. Very deliberately he blew a smoke ring into the air; then he turned his back on the tree



and walked carelessly away, back along the trail he had come. The swish of the underbrush against his hunting boots grew fainter and fainter.

183 The pent-up air burst hotly from Rainsford's lungs. His first thought made him feel sick and numb. The general could follow a trail through the woods at night; he could follow an extremely difficult trail; he must have uncanny powers; only by the merest chance had the Cossack failed to see his quarry.

184 Rainsford's second thought was even more terrible. It sent a shudder of cold horror through his whole being. Why had the general smiled? Why had he turned back?

185 Rainsford did not want to believe what his reason told him was true, but the truth was as evident as the sun that had by now pushed through the morning mists. The general was playing with him! The general was saving him for another day's sport! The Cossack was the cat; he was the mouse. Then it was that Rainsford knew the full meaning of terror.

186 "I will not lose my nerve. I will not."

187 He slid down from the tree, and struck off again into the woods. His face was set and he forced the machinery of his mind to function. Three hundred yards from his hiding place he stopped

where a huge dead tree leaned precariously on a smaller, living one. Throwing off his sack of food, Rainsford took his knife from its sheath and began to work with all his energy.

188 The job was finished at last, and he threw himself down behind a fallen log a hundred feet away. He did not have to wait long. The cat was coming again to play with the mouse.

189 Following the trail with the sureness of a bloodhound, came General Zaroff. Nothing escaped those searching black eyes, no crushed blade of grass, no bent twig, no mark, no matter how faint, in the moss. So intent was the Cossack on his stalking that he was upon the thing Rainsford had made before he saw it. His foot touched the protruding bough that was the trigger. Even as he touched it, the general sensed its danger and leaped back with the agility of an ape. But he was not quite quick enough; the dead tree, delicately adjusted to rest on the cut living one, crashed down and struck the general a glancing blow on the shoulder as it fell; but for his alertness, he must have been smashed beneath it. He staggered, but he did not fall; nor did he drop his revolver. He stood there, rubbing his injured shoulder, and Rainsford, with fear again gripping his heart, heard the general's mocking laugh ring through the jungle.

190 "Rainsford," called the general, "if you are within the sound of my voice, as I suppose you are, let me congratulate you. Not many men know how to make a Malay mancatcher. Luckily, for me, I too have hunted in Malacca. You are proving interesting, Mr. Rainsford. I am going now to have my wound dressed; it's only a slight one. But I shall be back. I shall be back."

191 When the general, nursing his bruised shoulder, had gone, Rainsford took up his flight again. It was flight now, a desperate, hopeless flight, that carried him on for some hours. Dusk came, then darkness, and still he pressed on. The ground grew softer under his moccasins; the vegetation grew ranker, denser; insects bit him savagely. Then, as he stepped forward, his foot sank into the ooze. He tried to wrench it back but the muck sucked viciously at his foot as if it were a giant leech. With a violent effort, he tore his foot loose. He knew where he was now, Death Swamp and its quicksand.

192 His hands were tight closed as if his nerve were something tangible that someone in the darkness was trying to tear from his grip. The softness of the earth had given him an idea. He stepped back from the quicksand a dozen feet or so, and, like some huge prehistoric beaver, he began to dig.

193 Rainsford had dug himself in in France when a second's delay meant death. That had been a placid pastime compared to his digging now. The pit grew deeper; when it was above his shoulders, he climbed out and from some hard saplings cut stakes and sharpened them to a fine point. These stakes he planted in the bottom of the pit with the points sticking up. With flying fingers

he wove a rough carpet of weeds and branches and with it he covered the mouth of the pit. Then, wet with sweat and aching with tiredness, he crouched behind the stump of a lightning-charred tree.

194 He knew his pursuer was coming; he heard the padding sound of feet on the soft earth, and the night breeze brought him the perfume of the general's cigarette. It seemed to Rainsford that the general was coming with unusual swiftness; he was not feeling his way along, foot by foot. Rainsford, crouching there, could not see the general, nor could he see the pit. He lived a year in a minute. Then he felt an impulse to cry aloud with joy, for he heard the sharp crackle of the breaking branches as the cover of the pit gave way; he heard the sharp scream of pain as the pointed stakes found their mark. He leaped up from his place of concealment. Then he cowered back. Three feet from the pit a man was standing, with an electric torch in his hand.

195 "You've done well, Rainsford," the voice of the general called. "Your Burmese tiger pit has claimed one of my best dogs. Again you score. I think, Mr. Rainsford, I'll see what you can do against my whole pack. I'm going home for a rest now. Thank you for a most amusing evening."

196 At daybreak Rainsford, lying near the swamp, was awakened by a sound that made him know that he had new things to learn about fear. It was a distant sound, faint and wavering, but he knew it. It was the baying of a pack of hounds.

197 Rainsford knew he could do one of two things. He could stay where he was and wait. That was suicide. He could flee. That was postponing the inevitable. For a moment he stood there, thinking. An idea that held a wild chance came to him, and, tightening his belt, he headed away from the swamp.

198 The baying of the hounds drew nearer, then still nearer, nearer, ever nearer. On a ridge Rainsford climbed a tree. Down a watercourse, not a quarter of a mile away, he could see the bush moving. Straining his eyes, he saw the lean figure of General Zaroff; just ahead of him Rainsford made out another figure whose wide shoulders surged through the tall jungle weeds; it was the giant Ivan, and he seemed pulled forward by some unseen force; Rainsford knew that Ivan must be holding the pack in leash.

199 They would be on him any minute now. His mind worked frantically. He thought of a native trick he had learned in Uganda. He slid down the tree. He caught hold of a springy young sapling and to it he fastened his hunting knife, with the blade pointing down the trail; with a bit of wild grapevine he tied back the sapling. Then he ran for his life. The hounds raised their voices as they hit the fresh scent. Rainsford knew now how an animal at bay feels.

- 200 He had to stop to get his breath. The baying of the hounds stopped abruptly, and Rainsford's heart stopped too. They must have reached the knife.
- 201 He shinned excitedly up a tree and looked back. His pursuers had stopped. But the hope that was in Rainsford's brain when he climbed died, for he saw in the shallow valley that General Zaroff was still on his feet. But Ivan was not. The knife, driven by the recoil of the springing tree, had not wholly failed.
- 202 "Nerve, nerve, nerve!" he panted, as he dashed along. A blue gap showed between the trees dead ahead. Ever nearer drew the hounds. Rainsford forced himself on toward that gap. He reached it. It was the shore of the sea. Across a cove he could see the gloomy gray stone of the château. Twenty feet below him the sea rumbled and hissed. Rainsford hesitated. He heard the hounds. Then he leaped far out into the sea. . . .
- 203 When the general and his pack reached the place by the sea, the Cossack stopped. For some minutes he stood regarding the blue-green expanse of water. He shrugged his shoulders. Then he sat down, took a drink of brandy from a silver flask, lit a perfumed cigarette, and hummed a bit from *Madame Butterfly*.¹⁷
- 204 General Zaroff had an exceedingly good dinner in his great paneled dining hall that evening. With it he had a bottle of Pol Roger and half a bottle of Chambertin. Two slight annoyances kept him from perfect enjoyment. One was the thought that it would be difficult to replace Ivan; the other was that his quarry had escaped him; of course the American hadn't played the game—so thought the general as he tasted his after-dinner liqueur. In his library he read, to soothe himself, from the works of Marcus Aurelius. At ten he went up to his bedroom. He was deliciously tired, he said to himself, as he locked himself in. There was a little moonlight, so before turning on his light, he went to the window and looked down at the courtyard. He could see the great hounds, and he called: "Better luck another time," to them. Then he switched on the light.
- 205 A man, who had been hiding in the curtain of the bed, was standing there.
- 206 "Rainsford!" screamed the general. "How in God's name did you get here?"
- 207 "Swam," said Rainsford. "I found it quicker than walking through the jungle."
- 208 The general sucked in his breath and smiled. "I congratulate you," he said. "You have won the game."
- 209 Rainsford did not smile. "I am still a beast at bay," he said, in a low, hoarse voice. "Get ready, General Zaroff."

17. *Madame Butterfly* opera by Giacomo Puccini.

- 210 The general made one of his deepest bows. “I see,” he said. “Splendid! One of us is to furnish a repast¹⁸ for the hounds. The other will sleep in this very excellent bed. On guard, Rainsford. . . .”
- 211 He had never slept in a better bed, Rainsford decided. 🐾

NOTES

18. **repast** *n.* meal.

from *Unbroken*

Laura Hillenbrand



SCAN FOR
MULTIMEDIA

About the Author



Laura Hillenbrand (b. 1967) spent much of her youth riding horses in the suburbs of Washington, D.C. After college, her love of horses inspired her to write articles for horseracing magazines. Hillenbrand's first book, *Seabiscuit*, was published in 2001. This nonfiction account of a racehorse that became the biggest newsmaker of 1938 spent four years on the *New York*

Times bestseller list. Nine years later, she completed *Unbroken*, also a bestseller. Both of her books have been adapted for film and released as major motion pictures.

BACKGROUND

Unbroken is the biography of Louis Zamperini, a former athlete who became an airman when World War II broke out. In May of 1943, a U.S. Army Air Corps B-24 bomber on a routine search mission over the Pacific Ocean crashed due to mechanical problems. Of the eleven crewmembers on the B-24, only three survived the impact—Louis, Mac, and Phil. The story picks up after the three had been adrift on the ocean for 26 days.

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Chapter 15 Sharks and Bullets

- 1 On the morning of the twenty-seventh day, a plane came.
- 2 It began with a rumble of engines, and then a spot in the sky. It was a twin-engine bomber, moving west at a brisk clip. It was so far away that expending the flares and dye was questionable. The men conferred and voted. They decided to take a shot.
- 3 Louie fired one flare, reloaded, then fired a second, drawing vivid lines across the sky. He opened a dye container and spilled

its contents into the ocean, then dug out the mirror and angled a square of light toward the bomber.

4 The men waited, hoping. The plane grew smaller, then faded away.

5 As the castaways slumped in the rafts, trying to accept another lost chance, over the western horizon there was a glimmer, tracing a wide curve, then banking toward the rafts. The bomber was coming back. Weeping with joy, Louie, Phil, and Mac tugged their shirts over their heads and snapped them back and forth in the air, calling out. The bomber leveled off, skimming over the water. Louie squinted at the cockpit. He made out two silhouettes, a pilot and copilot. He thought of Palmyra,¹ food, solid ground underfoot.

6 And then, all at once, the ocean erupted. There was a deafening noise, and the rafts began hopping and shuddering under the castaways. The gunners were firing at them.

7 Louie, Phil, and Mac clawed for the raft walls and threw themselves overboard. They swam under the rafts and huddled there, watching bullets tear through the rafts and cut bright slits in the water around them. Then the firing stopped.

8 The men surfaced. The bomber had overshot them and was now to the east, moving away. Two sharks were nosing around. The men had to get out of the water immediately.

9 Clinging to the side of Louie and Mac's raft, Phil was completely done in. The leap into the water had taken everything that was left in him. He floundered, unable to pull himself over the raft wall. Louie swam up behind him and gave him a push, and Phil slopped up on board. Mac, too, needed Louie's help to climb over the wall. Louie then dragged himself up, and the three sat there, stunned but uninjured. They couldn't believe that the airmen, mistaking them for Japanese, would strafe² unarmed castaways. Under them, the raft felt doughy. It was leaking air.

10 In the distance, the bomber swung around and began flying at the rafts again. Louie hoped that the crew had realized the mistake and was returning to help them. Flying about two hundred feet over the water, the bomber raced at them, following a path slightly parallel to the rafts, so that its side passed into view. All three men saw it at once. Behind the wing, painted over the waist, was a red circle. The bomber was Japanese.

11 Louie saw the gunners taking aim and knew he had to go back in the water. Phil and Mac didn't move. They were both exhausted. They knew that if they went overboard again, they wouldn't be strong enough to get back in, and the sharks would

1. **Palmyra** (pal MY ruh) *n.* a small island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. The plane that Louie was on when it crashed took off from Palmyra.

2. **strafe** *v.* to attack something with machine guns from low-flying planes.



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take them. If they stayed on the raft, it seemed impossible that the gunners could miss them. As the bomber flew toward them, they lay down. Phil pulled his knees to his chest and covered his head in his hands. Mac balled himself up beside him. Louie took a last glance at them, then dropped into the water and swam back under the rafts.

- 12 The bullets showered the ocean in a glittering downpour. Looking up, Louie saw them popping through the canvas, shooting beams of intensely bright tropical sunlight through the raft's shadow. But after a few feet, the bullets spent their force and fluttered down, fizzing. Louie straightened his arms over his head and pushed against the bottom of one of the rafts, trying to get far enough down to be outside the bullets' lethal range. Above him, he could see the depressions formed by Mac and Phil's bodies. Neither man was moving.
- 13 As the bullets raked overhead, Louie struggled to stay under the rafts. The current clutched at him, rotating his body horizontally and dragging him away. He kicked against it, but it was no use. He was being sucked away, and he knew that if he lost touch with the rafts, he wouldn't be able to swim hard enough against the current to get back. As he was pulled loose, he saw the long cord that strayed off the end of one of the rafts. He grabbed it and tied it around his waist.
- 14 As he lay underwater, his legs rugged in front of him by the current, Louie looked down at his feet. His left sock was pulled up on his shin; his right had slipped halfway off. He watched it flap

in the current. Then, in the murky blur beyond it, he saw the huge, gaping mouth of a shark emerge out of the darkness and rush straight at his legs.

- 15 Louie recoiled, pulling his legs toward his body. The current was too strong for him to get his legs beneath him, but he was able to swing them to the side, away from the shark's mouth. The shark kept coming, directly at Louie's head. Louie remembered the advice of the old man in Honolulu³: Make a threatening expression, then stiff-arm the shark's snout. As the shark lunged for his head, Louie bared his teeth, widened his eyes, and rammed his palm into the tip of the shark's nose. The shark flinched, circled away, then swam back for a second pass. Louie waited until the shark was inches from him, then struck it in the nose again. Again, the shark peeled away.
- 16 Above, the bullets had stopped coming. As quickly as he could, Louie pulled himself along the cord until he reached the raft. He grabbed its wall and lifted himself clear of the shark.
- 17 Mac and Phil were lying together in the fetal position. They were absolutely still, and bullet holes dappled the raft around them. Louie shook Mac. Mac made a sound. Louie asked if he'd been hit. Mac said no. Louie spoke to Phil. Phil said he was okay.
- 18 The bomber circled back for another go. Phil and Mac played dead, and Louie tipped back into the ocean. As bullets knifed the water around him, the shark came at him, and again Louie bumped its snout and repelled it. Then a second shark charged at him. Louie hung there, gyrating⁴ in the water and flailing his arms and legs, as the sharks snapped at him and the bullets came down. The moment the bomber sped out of firing range, he clambered onto the raft again. Phil and Mac were still unhit.
- 19 Four more times the Japanese strafed them, sending Louie into the water to kick and punch at the sharks until the bomber had passed. Though he fought them to the point of exhaustion, he was not bitten. Every time he emerged from the water, he was certain that Phil and Mac would be dead. Impossibly, though there were bullet holes all the way around the men, even in the tiny spaces between them, not one bullet had hit either man.
- 20 The bomber crew made a last gesture of sadism.⁵ The plane circled back, and Louie ducked into the water again. The plane's bomb bay doors rolled open, and a depth charge rumbled out, splashing down some fifty feet from the rafts. The men braced themselves for an explosion, but none came. Either the charge was a dud or the bombardier had forgotten to arm it. *If the Japanese are this inept*, Phil thought, *America will win this war.*

3. **Honolulu** (hon uh LOO loo) *n.* capital of Hawaii.

4. **gyrating** *v.* moving back and forth with a circular motion.

5. **sadism** *n.* enjoyment from being cruel or causing pain.

21 Louie rolled back onto the raft and collapsed. When the bomber came back, he was too tired to go overboard. As the plane passed a final time, Louie, Mac, and Phil lay still. The gunners didn't fire. The bomber flew west and disappeared.

* * *

22 Phil's raft had been slashed in two. A bullet had struck the air pump and ricocheted⁶ straight across the base of the raft, slitting it from end to end. Everything that had been in the raft had been lost in the water. Because the ruined raft was made from rubberized canvas, it didn't sink, but it was obviously far beyond repair. Shrunken and formless, it lapped about on the ocean surface.

23 The men were sardined together on what remained of Mac and Louie's raft, which was far too small for all three of them. The canvas was speckled with tiny bullet holes. The raft had two air chambers, but both were punctured. Each time one of the men moved, air sighed out of the chambers and the canvas wrinkled a little more. The raft sat lower and lower in the water. The sharks whipped around it, surely excited by the bullets, the sight and smell of men in the water, and the sinking raft.

24 As the men sat together, exhausted and in shock, a shark lunged up over a wall of the raft, mouth open, trying to drag a man into the ocean. Someone grabbed an oar and hit the shark, and it slid off. Then another shark jumped on and, after it, another. The men gripped the oars and wheeled about, frantically swinging at the sharks. As they turned and swung and the sharks flopped up, air was forced out of the bullet holes, and the raft sank deeper. Soon, part of the raft was completely submerged.

25 If the men didn't get air into the raft immediately, the sharks would take them. One pump had been lost in the strafing; only the one from Mac and Louie's raft remained. The men hooked it up to one of the two valves and took turns pumping as hard as they could. Air flowed into the chamber and seeped out through the bullet holes, but the men found that if they pumped very quickly, just enough air passed through the raft to lift it up in the water and keep it mostly inflated. The sharks kept coming, and the men kept beating them away.

26 As Phil and Mac pumped and struck at the sharks, Louie groped for the provisions pocket and grabbed the patching kit, which contained sheets of patching material, a tube of glue, and sandpaper to roughen up the raft surface so the glue could adhere. The first problem declared itself immediately: The sandpaper wasn't waterproof. When Louie pulled it out, only the paper

6. **ricocheted** (RIHK uh shayd) v. bounced off and moved in a different direction.

emerged; the sand that had been stuck to it had washed off. For the umpteenth time, Louie cursed whoever had stocked the raft. He had to devise something that could etch up the patch area so the glue would stick. He pondered the problem, then picked up the brass mirror that he had used to hail the bomber. Using the pliers, he cut three teeth into the edge of the mirror. Phil and Mac kept fighting the sharks off.

- 27 Louie began patching, starting with the holes on the top of the raft. He lifted the perforated area clear of the water, wiped the water from the surface, and held it away from the waves, letting it dry in the sun. Then, with each perforation, he used the mirror edge to cut an X across the hole. The material consisted of two layers of canvas with rubber between. After cutting the X, he peeled back the canvas to reveal the rubber layer, used the mirror to scratch up the rubber, squeezed glue onto it, and stuck the patch on. Then he waited for the sun to dry the glue. Sometimes, a whitecap would drench the patch before it dried, and he'd have to begin again.
- 28 As Louie worked, keeping his eyes on the patches, the sharks kept snapping at him. Growing wiser, they gave up flinging themselves haphazardly⁷ at the men and began stalking about, waiting for a moment when an oar was down or a back was turned before bulling their way aboard. Over and over again, they lunged at Louie from behind, where he couldn't see them. Mac and Phil smacked them away.
- 29 Hour after hour, the men worked, rotating the duties, clumsy with fatigue. The pumping was an enormous exertion for the diminished men. They found that instead of standing the pump up and pushing the handle downward, it was easier to press the pump handle to their chests and pull the base toward themselves. All three men were indispensable. Had there been only two, they couldn't have pumped, patched, and repelled the sharks. For the first time on the raft, Mac was truly helpful. He was barely strong enough to pull the pump handle a few times in a row, but with the oar he kept every shark away.
- 30 Night fell. In the darkness, patching was impossible, but the pumping couldn't be stopped. They pumped all night long, so drained that they lost the feeling in their arms.
- 31 In the morning the patching resumed. The rate of air loss gradually lessened, and they were able to rest for longer periods. Eventually, the air held enough for them to begin brief sleep rotations.
- 32 Once the top was patched, there was the problem of patching the bottom, which was underwater. All three men squeezed onto one side of the raft, balancing on one air rube. They opened up the

7. **haphazardly** *adv.* with no plan or direction.

valve and let the air out of the side they weren't sitting on, lifted it clear of the water, turned it over so the bottom faced skyward, wiped it off, and held it up to dry. Then Louie began patching. When that half of the bottom was patched, they reinflated it, crawled onto the repaired side, deflated the other side, and repeated the process. Again, whitecaps repeatedly washed over the raft and spoiled the patches, and everything had to be redone.

- 33 Finally, they could find no more holes to patch. Because bubbles kept coming up around the sides of the raft, they knew there were holes someplace where they couldn't reach. They had to live with them. The patches had slowed the air loss dramatically. Even when struck by whitecaps, the patches held. The men found that they could cut back on their pumping to one session every fifteen minutes or so during the day, and none at night. With the raft now reasonably inflated, the sharks stopped attacking.

* * *

- 34 Losing Phil's raft was a heavy blow. Not only had they lost all of the items stored on it, but now three men were wedged in a two-man raft, so close together that to move, each man had to ask the others to give him room. There was so little space that they had to take turns straightening their legs. At night, they had to sleep in a bony pile, feet to head.
- 35 But two good things came from the strafing. Looking at the dead raft, Louie thought of a use for it. Using the pliers, he pulled apart the layers of canvas on the ruined raft, creating a large, light sheet. At last, they had a canopy to block the sun in daytime and the cold at night.
- 36 The other benefit of the strafing was the information it gave the men. When they had a moment to collect themselves, Louie and Phil discussed the Japanese bomber. They thought that it must have come from the Marshall or Gilbert islands. If they were right in their belief that they were drifting directly west, then the Marshalls and Gilberts were roughly equidistant from them. They thought that the bomber had probably been on sea search, and if the Japanese followed the same sea search procedures as the Americans, it would have taken off at around seven A.M., a few hours before it had reached the rafts.
- 37 Estimating the bomber's cruising speed and range, they made rough calculations to arrive at how many hours the bomber could remain airborne after it left them, and thus how far they were from its base. They guessed that they were some 850 miles from the bomber's base. If this was correct, given that they had crashed about 2,000 miles east of the Marshalls and Gilberts, they had already traveled more than half the distance to those islands and

were covering more than 40 miles per day. Phil thought over the numbers and was surprised. They had had no idea that they were so far west.

38 Extrapolating⁸ from these figures, they made educated guesses of when they'd reach the islands. Phil guessed the forty-sixth day; Louie guessed the forty-seventh. If their figures were right, they were going to have to last about twice as long as Rickenbacker.⁹ That meant surviving on the raft for almost three more weeks.

39 It was frightening to imagine what might await them on those islands. The strafing had confirmed what they'd heard about the Japanese. But it was good to feel oriented, to know that they were drifting toward land somewhere out there, on the far side of the earth's tilt. The bomber had given them something to ground their hope.

40 Mac didn't join in on the prognostication.¹⁰ He was slipping away.

41 Chapter 16 Singing in the Clouds

42 Louie sat awake, looking into the sea. Phil was asleep. Mac was virtually catatonic.

43 Two sharks, about eight feet long, were placidly circling the raft. Each time one slid past, Louie studied its skin. He had banged sharks on the nose many times but had never really felt the hide, which was said to feel like sandpaper. Curious, he dropped a hand into the water and laid it lightly on a passing shark, feeling its back and dorsal fin as it slid beneath him. It felt rough, just as everyone said. The shark swished on. The second shark passed, and Louie again let his hand follow its body. *Beautiful*, he thought.

44 Soon after, Louie noticed something odd. Both sharks were gone. Never in four weeks had the sharks left. Louie got up on his knees and leaned out over the water, looking as far down as he could, puzzled. No sharks.

45 He was kneeling there, perched over the edge of the raft, when one of the sharks that he had touched leapt from the water at terrific speed, mouth wide open, lunging straight at his head. Louie threw both hands in front of his face. The shark collided with him head-on, trying to get its mouth around his upper body. Louie, his hands on the animal's snout, shoved as hard as he could, and the shark splashed back into the water. A moment later, the second shark jumped up. Louie grabbed an oar and struck the shark in the nose, and it jerked back and slid away. Then the first

8. **extrapolating** (ehk STRAP uh layt ihng) *v.* making estimates based on known facts.

9. **Rickenbacker** Eddie Rickenbacker (1890–1973), a famous World War I pilot. During World War II, Rickenbacker's plane crashed in the Pacific Ocean and he was stranded on a raft in the ocean for 24 days.

10. **prognostication** (prog nos tih KAY shuhn) *n.* statement about what will happen in the future.



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- shark lunged for him again. Louie was recoiling when he saw an oar swing past, sending the animals backward into the ocean. To Louie's surprise it wasn't Phil who had saved him. It was Mac.
- 46 Louie had no time to thank him. One of the sharks jumped up again, followed by the other. Louie and Mac sat side by side, clubbing each shark as it lunged at them. Mac was a new man. A moment before, he had seemed almost comatose. Now he was infused with frantic energy.
- 47 For several minutes, the sharks took turns bellying onto the raft with gaping mouths always launching themselves from the same spot. Finally, they gave up. Louie and Mac collapsed. Phil who had been startled awake but had been unable to help because there were only two oars, stared at them in groggy confusion.
- 48 "What happened?" he said.
- 49 Louie looked at Mac with happy amazement and told him how grateful and proud of him he was. Mac, crumpled on the bottom of the raft, smiled back. He had pushed himself beyond his body's capacities, but the frightened, childlike expression had left his face. Mac had reclaimed himself.

* * *

50 Louie was furious at the sharks. He had thought that they had an understanding: The men would stay out of the sharks' turf—the water—and the sharks would stay off of theirs—the raft. That the sharks had taken shots at him when he had gone overboard, and when the raft had been mostly submerged after the strafing, had seemed fair enough. But their attempt to poach men from their reinflated raft struck Louie as dirty pool.¹¹ He stewed all night, scowled hatefully at the sharks all day, and eventually made a decision. If the sharks were going to try to eat him, he was going to try to eat them.

51 He knelt by the raft wall and watched the sharks, searching for a beatable opponent. One that looked about five feet long passed. Louie thought he could take it. Louie and Phil made a plan.

52 They had a little bait on the raft, probably the remains of their last bird. Phil hung it on a fishhook and strung it into the water at one end of the raft. At the other end, Louie knelt, facing the water. Smelling the bait, the shark swam toward Phil, orienting itself so that its tail was under Louie. Louie leaned over as far overboard as he could without losing his balance, plunged both hands into the water, and grabbed the tail. The shark took off. Louie, gripping the tail, flew out of the raft and crashed into the water, sending a large serving of the Pacific up his nose. The shark whipped its tail and flung Louie off. Louie bolted back onto the raft so quickly that he later had no memory of how he had done it.

53 Soaking and embarrassed, Louie rethought his plan. His first error had been one of appraisal:¹² Sharks were stronger than they looked. His second had been to fail to brace himself properly. His third had been to allow the shark's tail to stay in the water, giving the animal something to push against. He settled in to wait for a smaller shark.

54 In time, a smaller one, perhaps four feet long, arrived. Louie knelt at the raft's side, tipping his weight backward and keeping his knees far apart to brace himself. Phil dangled a baited hook in the water.

55 The shark swam for the bait. Louie clapped his hands around the tail and heaved it out of the water. The shark thrashed, but could neither get free nor pull Louie into the water. Louie dragged the animal onto the raft. The shark twisted and snapped, and Phil grabbed a flare cartridge and jammed it into the shark's mouth. Pinning the shark down, Louie took the pliers and stabbed the screwdriver end of the handle through the animal's eye. The shark died instantly.

11. **dirty pool** *n.* unfair or unsportsmanlike conduct.

12. **appraisal** *n.* judgment about the quality of something.

- 56 In his Honolulu survival course, Louie had been told that the liver was the only part of a shark that was edible. Getting at it was no mean¹³ feat. Even with a knife, sharkskin is about as easy to cut as a coat of mail; with only the edge of a mirror to cut with, the labor was draining. After much sawing, Louie managed to break the skin. The flesh underneath stank of ammonia. Louie cut the liver out, and it was sizable. They ate it eagerly, giving Mac a larger portion, and for the first time since breakfast on May 27, they were all full. The rest of the shark reeked, so they threw it overboard. Later, using the same technique they caught a second shark and again ate the liver.
- 57 Among the sharks, word seemed to get around; no more small sharks came near. Large sharks, some as long as twelve feet, lumbered alongside the raft, but Louie thought better of taking them on. The men's stomachs were soon empty again.
- 58 Mac was in a sharp downward spiral. He rarely moved. All three men had lost a staggering amount of weight, but Mac had shriveled the most. His eyes, sunken in their sockets, stared out lifelessly.

* * *

- 59 It was nightfall somewhere around the thirtieth day. The men went through their usual routine, bailing water into the raft and entwining themselves for warmth. The sky was clear and starry, and the moon shone on the water. The men fell asleep.
- 60 Louie woke to a tremendous crash, stinging pain, and the sensation of weightlessness. His eyes snapped open and he realized that he, Mac, and Phil were airborne. They flopped down together onto the raft and twisted about in confusion. Something had struck the bottom of the raft with awesome power. The garden-variety sharks that made up their entourage¹⁴ weren't large enough to hit them with such force, and had never behaved in this way.
- 61 Looking over the side of the raft, they saw it. Swelling up from under the water came a leviathan:¹⁵ a vast white mouth, a broad back parting the surface, and a long dorsal fin, ghostly in the moonlight. The animal was some twenty feet long, more than three times the length of the raft. Louie recognized its features from his survival school training. It was a great white shark.
- 62 As the castaways watched in terrified silence, the shark swam the length of one side of the raft, then bent around to the other side, exploring it. Pausing on the surface, it swished its tail away,

13. **mean** *adj.* not worthy of respect.

14. **entourage** (AHN tuh rahzh) *n.* a group of people who go with and assist an important person.

15. **leviathan** (lih VY uh thuhn) *n.* a very large aquatic creature.

then slapped it into the raft, sending the raft skidding sideways and splashing a wave of water into the men. Louie, Mac, and Phil came up on their knees in the center of the raft and clung to one another. The shark began to swim around to the other side. Louie whispered, “*Don’t make a noise!*” Again came the mighty swing, the shower of water, the jolt through the raft and the men.

63 Around and around the shark went, drenching the raft with each pass. It seemed to be playing with the raft. With every pass, the men cringed and waited to be capsized. Finally, the great back slid under, and the sea smoothed behind it. It did not surface again.

64 Louie, Phil, and Mac lay down again. The water around them was now cold, and none of them could sleep.

* * *

65 The next morning, Mac could no longer sit up. He lay on the floor of the raft, little more than a wrinkled mummy, his gaze fixed far away.

66 One last albatross¹⁶ landed. Louie caught it, wrenched its head off, and handed it to Phil. Phil turned it upside down over Mac and let the blood flow into his mouth. As Louie and Phil ate the meat, dipping it into the ocean to give it flavor, they fed bits to Mac, but it didn’t revive him.

67 In subsequent days, Mac became a faint whisper of a man. His water tins ran dry. When Phil opened his tin and took a sip of the little he had left, Mac asked if he could drink from it. For Phil, thirst had been the cruelest trial, and he knew that the water left in his tin, essential to his own survival, couldn’t save Mac. He gently told Mac that he didn’t have enough left to share. Louie was sympathetic to Phil, but he couldn’t bring himself to refuse Mac. He gave him a sip of his own water.

68 That evening, Phil heard a small voice. It was Mac, asking Louie if he was going to die. Louie looked over at Mac, who was watching him. Louie thought it would be disrespectful to lie to Mac, who might have something to say or do before life left him. Louie told him that he thought he’d die that night. Mac had no reaction. Phil and Louie lay down, put their arms around Mac, and went to sleep.

69 Sometime that night, Louie was lifted from sleep by a breathy sound, a deep outrushing of air, slow and final. He knew what it was.

70 Sergeant Francis McNamara had begun his last journey with a panicked act, consuming the rafts’ precious food stores, and in doing so, he had placed himself and his raftmates in the deepest

16. **albatross** *n.* a large ocean bird that has very long wings.

jeopardy. But in the last days of his life, in the struggle against the deflating raft and the jumping sharks, he had given all he had left. It wasn't enough to save him—it had probably hastened his death—but it may have made the difference between life and death for Phil and Louie. Had Mac not survived the crash, Louie and Phil might well have been dead by that thirty-third day. In his dying days, Mac had redeemed himself.

- 71 In the morning, Phil wrapped Mac's body in something, probably part of the ruined raft. They knelt over the body and said aloud all of the good things they knew of Mac, laughing a little at his penchant for mess hall pie. Louie wanted to give him a religious eulogy¹⁷ but didn't know how, so he recited disjointed passages that he remembered from movies, ending with a few words about committing the body to the sea. And he prayed for himself and Phil, vowing that if God would save them, he would serve heaven forever.
- 72 When he was done, Louie lifted the shrouded body in his arms. It felt as if it weighed no more than forty pounds. Louie bent over the side of the raft and gently slid Mac into the water. Mac sank away. The sharks let him be.
- 73 The next night, Louie and Phil completed their thirty-fourth day on the raft. Though they didn't know it, they had passed what was almost certainly the record for survival adrift in an inflated raft. If anyone had survived longer, they hadn't lived to tell about it.

* * *

- 74 The raft bobbed westward. Petulant¹⁸ storms came over now and then, raining enough to keep the water supply steady. Because the water ration was now divided by two instead of three, each man had more to drink. Louie made a hook out of his lieutenant's pin and caught one fish before the pin broke.
- 75 Phil and Louie could see the bend of their thighbones under their skin, their knees bulging in the centers of birdlike legs, their bellies hollow, their ribs stark. Each man had grown a weedy beard. Their skin glowed yellow from the leached raft dye, and their bodies were patterned with salt sores. They held their sun-scorched eyes to the horizon, searching for land, but there was none. Their hunger dimmed, an ominous sign. They had reached the last stage of starvation.
- 76 One morning, they woke to a strange stillness. The rise and fall of the raft had ceased, and it sat virtually motionless. There was no wind. The ocean stretched out in all directions in

17. **eulogy** *n.* speech that praises someone who has died.

18. **petulant** *adj.* showing sudden, impatient irritation.

glossy smoothness, regarding the sky and reflecting its image in crystalline perfection. Like the ancient mariner,¹⁹ Louie and Phil had found the doldrums, the eerie pause of wind and water that lingers around the equator. They were, as Coleridge wrote, “as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.”

77 It was an experience of transcendence. Phil watched the sky, whispering that it looked like a pearl. The water looked so solid that it seemed they could walk across it. When a fish broke the surface far away, the sound carried to the men with absolute clarity. They watched as pristine ringlets of water circled outward around the place where the fish had passed, then faded to stillness.

78 For a while they spoke, sharing their wonder. Then they fell into reverent silence. Their suffering was suspended. They weren’t hungry or thirsty. They were unaware of the approach of death.

79 As he watched this beautiful, still world, Louie played with a thought that had come to him before. He had thought it as he had watched hunting seabirds, marveling at their ability to adjust their dives to compensate for the refraction²⁰ of light in water. He had thought it as he had considered the pleasing geometry of the sharks, their gradation of color, their slide through the sea. He even recalled the thought coming to him in his youth, when he had lain on the roof of the cabin in the Cahuilla Indian Reservation, looking up from Zane Grey²¹ to watch night settling over the earth. Such beauty, he thought, was too perfect to have come about by mere chance. That day in the center of the Pacific was, to him, a gift crafted deliberately, compassionately, for him and Phil.

80 Joyful and grateful in the midst of slow dying, the two men bathed in that day until sunset brought it, and their time in the doldrums, to an end.

* * *

81 Given how badly the men’s bodies were faring, it would seem likely that their minds, too, would begin to fail. But more than five weeks into their ordeal, both Louie and Phil were enjoying remarkable precision of mind, and were convinced that they were growing sharper every day. They continued quizzing each other, chasing each other’s stories down to the smallest detail, teaching each other melodies and lyrics, and cooking imaginary meals.

19. **ancient mariner** a reference to *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, a poem about the experiences of a sailor written by Samuel Taylor Coleridge in 1798.

20. **refraction** *n.* the bending of a light ray when it passes at an angle from one medium to another in which its speed is different.

21. **Zane Grey** (1872–1939) *n.* American author of adventure stories that were often set in the American West.

- 82 Louie found that the raft offered an unlikely intellectual refuge. He had never recognized how noisy the civilized world was. Here, drifting in almost total silence, with no scents other than the singed odor of the raft, no flavors on his tongue, nothing moving but the slow procession of shark fins, every vista²² empty save water and sky, his time unvaried and unbroken, his mind was freed of an encumbrance that civilization had imposed on it. In his head, he could roam anywhere, and he found that his mind was quick and clear, his imagination unfettered and supple. He could stay with a thought for hours, turning it about.
- 83 He had always enjoyed excellent recall, but on the raft, his memory became infinitely more nimble, reaching back further, offering detail that had once escaped him. One day, trying to pinpoint his earliest memory, he saw a two-story building and, inside, a stairway broken into two parts of six steps each, with a landing in between. He was there in the image, a tiny child toddling along the stairs. As he crawled down the first set of steps and moved toward the edge of the landing, a tall yellow dog stepped in front of him to stop him from tumbling off. It was his parents' dog, Askim, whom they had had in Olean, when Louie was very little. Louie had never remembered him before.²³

* * *

- 84 On the fortieth day, Louie was lying beside Phil under the canopy when he abruptly sat up. He could hear singing. He kept listening; it sounded like a choir. He nudged Phil and asked him if he heard anything. Phil said no. Louie slid the canopy off and squinted into the daylight. The ocean was a featureless flatness. He looked up.
- 85 Above him, floating in a bright cloud, he saw human figures, silhouetted against the sky. He counted twenty-one of them. They were singing the sweetest song he had ever heard.
- 86 Louie stared up, astonished, listening to the singing. What he was seeing and hearing was impossible, and yet he felt absolutely lucid.²⁴ This was, he felt certain, no hallucination, no vision. He sat under the singers, listening to their voices, memorizing the melody, until they faded away.
- 87 Phil had heard and seen nothing. Whatever this had been, Louie concluded, it belonged to him alone.

22. **vista** *n.* a large, beautiful view of land or water.

23. **Askim** was notorious for his kleptomania; the Zamperinis lived above a grocery, and the dog made regular shoplifting runs downstairs, snatching food and fleeing. His name was a clever joke: When people asked what the dog's name was, they were invariably confused about the reply, which sounded like "Ask him."

24. **lucid** *adj.* able to think clearly.

- 88 On the men drifted. Several days passed with no food and no rain. The raft was a gelatinous mess, its patches barely holding on, some spots bubbling outward, on the verge of popping. It wouldn't bear the men's weight much longer.
- 89 In the sky, Phil noticed something different. There were more birds. Then they began to hear planes. Sometimes they'd see a tiny speck in the sky, sometimes two or more together, making a distant buzz. They were always much too far away to be signaled, and both men knew that as far west as they had probably drifted, these planes were surely Japanese. As the days passed, more and more specks appeared, every day arriving earlier.
- 90 Louie had come to love sunrise and the warmth it brought, and each morning he'd lie with his eyes on the horizon, awaiting it. On the morning of July 13, the forty-sixth day, the day that Phil had picked for their arrival at land, no sunrise came. There was only a gradual, gloomy illumination of a brooding sky.
- 91 Phil and Louie looked up apprehensively. The wind caught them sharply. The sea began to arch its back under the raft, sending the men up to dizzying heights. Louie looked out over the churning water and thought how lovely it was. Phil was fond of roller-coastering over the big swells that came with storms, thrilled as he skidded down one and turned his face up to see the summit of the next, but this was ominous.
- 92 To the west, something appeared, so far away that it could be glimpsed only from the tops of the swells. It was a low, gray-green wiggle on the horizon. Phil and Louie would later disagree on who saw it first, but the moment the sea tossed them up, the horizon rolled westward, and their eyes grasped it, they knew what it was.
- 93 It was an island. 🌴

Seven Steps to Surviving a Disaster

Jim Y. Kim



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About the Author



Jim Y. Kim (b. 1959) was born in Seoul, South Korea. He immigrated with his family to the United States when he was five years old, settling in Muscatine, Iowa. Dr. Kim holds two degrees from Harvard: a medical degree and a doctorate in anthropology. In 2009, Dr. Kim became the first Asian American president of an Ivy League school, when Dartmouth College appointed him to that post. He held the position until 2012, when, upon his nomination by U.S. President Barack Obama, he became the president of the World Bank Group.

BACKGROUND

Typhoons, cyclones, and tsunamis often cause tremendous human suffering and property destruction. Typhoons and cyclones contain strong, dangerous winds and great amounts of rain. Tsunamis are large waves that have the power to devastate coastal communities. Dr. Kim, who heads the World Bank Group, has put forth these recommendations for averting catastrophe when natural disasters strike.

NOTES

- 1 **T**yphoon Haiyan, which killed more than 6,000 people in the Philippines last fall, reminded us how much suffering and damage nature can cause, and how important it is to invest in resilience and be ready to respond.
- 2 As climate change and booming urbanization leave more and more people exposed to hazard, governments worldwide want to make sure their roads, buildings and public services can withstand natural disasters such as floods, storms, and earthquakes.

- 3 Here are seven lessons, culled from years of experience, on how to reduce risks:
1. Identify those risks. Indonesia has shown how this can be done. There, the government and partners developed InaSAFE, a free interactive software program that allows local officials to ask questions that help them quantify the damage a disaster might cause. If an earthquake hit tomorrow, for example, how many schools would be affected? How many students would be at risk? By helping to estimate the number of people and facilities in danger, the tool helps decision makers better prepare for, and respond to, disaster risks.
 2. Make it clear that prevention is possible and often easy. Early-warning systems are among the most cost-effective solutions to reducing the worst effects of disasters. These can be as simple as megaphones to spread alerts to local communities or as advanced as Japan’s earthquake technology, which can stop Shinkansen high-speed trains before an earthquake strikes to avoid derailment.

Just \$1 invested in early-warning systems can save as much as \$35 in damages—and protect untold numbers of lives. When Cyclone Phailin hit India in the fall of 2013, a new early-warning system and a network of cyclone shelters kept 900,000 people out of harm’s way. Forty people died in that storm—a tragic number, but far fewer than the 10,000 who died in a storm of the same size in 1999.

Sometimes avoiding catastrophe is as simple as ensuring that drains aren’t clogged (one of the most common causes of urban flooding) and that infrastructure¹ is well maintained so roads and bridges don’t crumble with the first heavy rain.

Although it’s difficult to measure how much damage or loss of life such precautions prevent, citizens should be made aware of the value of being prepared so they can hold public officials accountable for making proper investments².

3. All public investments and policies should be guided by detailed risk assessments that incorporate up-to-date models. The 2010 earthquake in Haiti, with a magnitude of 7.0, killed more than 220,000 people. Just a month later, the much stronger earthquake in Chile, magnitude 8.8, caused only about 500 deaths. What was the difference in Chile? Up-to-date building codes that take into account the country’s high seismic risk and are strictly enforced.

1. **infrastructure** *n.* fundamental physical and organizational structures that help cities, states, and countries operate.

2. **investments** *n.* money spent with the expectation that it will create benefits.

4. Give everyone free access to information about dangers posed by storms, earthquakes and other disasters. Open-source tools such as the World Bank’s Open Data for Resilience Initiative make it easy for countries to collect and share information on risk, and allow people with a variety of expertise to participate in the challenge of building resilience.
 5. Healthy ecosystems save lives and money. An investment of \$1.1 million in mangrove forests in northern Vietnam provided a buffer against the floods and storm surges of Typhoon Wukong in 2000, significantly reducing the loss of life and property there compared with other areas. (The forests also save Vietnam an estimated \$7.3 million a year in dike maintenance.)
 6. Find political champions. In tight fiscal environments, every government needs a strong political champion to keep the focus on climate and disaster risk management. Countries can learn from Peru, where the head of disaster risk management reports directly to the prime minister and works closely with the ministry of finance, or from New York City, where former Mayor Michael Bloomberg (the founder and majority owner of Bloomberg LP, the parent of Bloomberg News) personally fought for investments in preparing for climate change.
 7. Build back better. Reconstruction after a disaster presents a golden opportunity to make buildings and infrastructure more resilient to future events. In Indonesia, reconstruction after the 2004 tsunami even brought about the political will to end the 30-year conflict in Aceh, creating the foundations for a prosperous future.
- 4 Even as climate change increases the risk of natural disaster, cities can be made increasingly safe, as long as public policy makers carefully prepare. 📌

Titanic vs. Lusitania: How People Behave in a Disaster

Jeffrey Kluger

About the Author



Jeffrey Kluger (b. 1954) has been working at *Time* magazine since 1996, and in 2007 he became the senior editor reporting on science, health, and technology. He is the author of nine books, including two novels for young adults. Kluger also co-authored *Lost Moon: The Perilous Voyage of Apollo 13* with astronaut Jim Lovell. The book was a bestseller and detailed the on-board explosion and failed lunar landing that occurred in 1970. Published in 1994, the book served as the basis for the film *Apollo 13*, in which Kluger appeared and served as a technical consultant.

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BACKGROUND

At one time, enormous passenger liners were the only way to travel across oceans. In the early twentieth century, two large ocean liners sank in the North Atlantic with a great loss of life. In 1912, the *Titanic* sank after hitting an iceberg, causing the death of more than 1,500 passengers. In 1915, a torpedo fired by a German submarine hit the *Lusitania*, causing nearly 1,200 fatalities.

- 1 **I**t's hard to remember your manners when you think you're about to die. The human species may have developed an elaborate social and behavioral¹ code, but we drop it fast when we're scared enough—as any stampeding mob reveals.
- 2 That primal push-pull is at work during wars, natural disasters and any other time our hides are on the line. It was perhaps never more poignantly played out than during the two greatest maritime disasters in history: the sinking of the *Titanic* and the *Lusitania*. A team of behavioral economists from Switzerland and

NOTES

1. **behavioral** (bee HAYV yuhr uh) *adj.* having to do with the way an individual or group responds to its environment.

Australia have published a new paper in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences (PNAS)* that takes an imaginative new look at who survived and who perished aboard the two ships, and what the demographics of death say about how well social norms hold up in a crisis.

- 3 The *Lusitania* and the *Titanic* are often thought of as sister vessels; they in fact belonged to two separate owners, but the error is understandable. Both ships were huge: the *Titanic* was carrying 2,207 passengers and crew on the night it went down; the *Lusitania* had 1,949. The mortality figures were even closer, with a 68.7% death rate aboard the *Titanic* and 67.3% for the *Lusitania*. What's more, the ships sank just three years apart—the *Titanic* was claimed by an iceberg on April 14, 1912, and the *Lusitania* by a German U-Boat on May 7, 1915. But on the decks and in the passageways and all the other places where people fought for their lives, the vessels' respective ends played out very differently.
- 4 To study those differences, the authors of the *PNAS* paper—Bruno Frey of the University of Zurich and David Savage and Benno Torgler of Queensland University—combed through *Titanic* and *Lusitania* data to gather the age, gender and ticket class for every passenger aboard, as well as the number of family members traveling with them. They also noted who survived and who didn't.
- 5 With this information in hand, they separated out one key group: all third-class passengers age 35 or older who were traveling with no children. The researchers figured that these were the people who faced the greatest likelihood of death because they were old enough, unfit enough and deep enough below the decks to have a hard time making it to a lifeboat. What's more, traveling without children may have made them slightly less motivated to struggle for survival and made other people less likely to let them pass. This demographic slice then became the so-called reference group, and the survival rates of all the other passenger groups were compared to theirs.
- 6 The results told a revealing tale. Aboard the *Titanic*, children under 16 years old were nearly 31% likelier than the reference group to have survived, but those on the *Lusitania* were 0.7% less likely. Males ages 16 to 35 on the *Titanic* had a 6.5% poorer survival rate than the reference group but did 7.9% better on the *Lusitania*. For females in the 16-to-35 group, the gap was more dramatic: those on the *Titanic* enjoyed a whopping 48.3% edge; on the *Lusitania* it was a smaller but still significant 10.4%. The most striking survival disparity²—no surprise, given the era—was determined by class. The *Titanic*'s first-class passengers had a 43.9% greater chance of making it off the ship and into a lifeboat

2. **disparity** (dih SPAR uh tee) *n.* noticeable difference.

than the reference group; the *Lusitania*'s, remarkably, were 11.5% less likely.

- 7 There were a lot of factors behind these two distinct survival profiles—the most significant being time. Most shipwrecks are comparatively slow-motion disasters, but there are varying degrees of slow. The *Lusitania* slipped below the waves a scant 18 min. after the German torpedo hit it. The *Titanic* stayed afloat for 2 hr. 40 min.—and human behavior differed accordingly.³ On the *Lusitania*, the authors of the new paper wrote, “the short-run flight impulse dominated behavior. On the slowly sinking *Titanic*, there was time for socially determined behavioral patterns to reemerge.”
- 8 That theory fits perfectly with the survival data, as all of the *Lusitania*'s passengers were more likely to engage in what's known as selfish rationality—a behavior that's every bit as me-centered as it sounds and that provides an edge to strong, younger males in particular. On the *Titanic*, the rules concerning gender, class and the gentle treatment of children—in other words, good manners—had a chance to assert themselves.
- 9 Precisely how long it takes before decorum reappears is impossible to say, but simple biology would put it somewhere between the 18-min. and 2-hr. 40-min. windows that the two ships were accorded. “Biologically, fight-or-flight behavior has two distinct stages,” the researchers wrote. “The short-term response [is] a surge in adrenaline production. This response is limited to a few minutes, because adrenaline degrades rapidly. Only after returning to homeostasis⁴ do the higher-order brain functions of the neocortex⁵ begin to override instinctual responses.”
- 10 Once that happened aboard the *Titanic*, there were officers present to restore a relative sense of order and to disseminate information about what had just happened and what needed to be done next. Contemporary evacuation experts know that rapid communication of accurate information is critical in such emergencies.
- 11 Other variables beyond the question of time played important roles too. The *Lusitania*'s passengers may have been more prone to stampede than those aboard the *Titanic* because they were traveling in wartime and were aware that they could come under attack at any moment. The very nature of the attack that sank the *Lusitania*—the sudden concussion⁶ of a torpedo, compared to the slow grinding of an iceberg—would also be likelier to spark

3. **accordingly** *adv.* in a way that suits the facts.

4. **homeostasis** (hoh mee oh STAY sihs) *n.* state of balance between the different chemical and biological factors in the body or an organ.

5. **neocortex** (nee oh KAWR tehks) *n.* large upper region of the front of the brain where decisions are consciously made.

6. **concussion** (kuhn KUHS uh) *n.* damaging effect from a hard blow.

panic. Finally, there was the simple fact that everyone aboard the *Lusitania* was aware of what had happened to the *Titanic* just three years earlier and thus disabused of the idea that there was any such thing as a ship that was too grand to sink—their own included.

- 12 The fact that the two vessels did sink is an unalterable fact of history, and while ship design and safety protocols⁷ have changed, the powder-keg nature of human behavior is the same as it ever was. The more scientists learn about how it played out in disasters of the past, the more they can help us minimize loss in the future. 📌

7. **protocols** *n.* procedures.

Survival Is Your Own Responsibility

Daryl R. Miller



About the Author

Before **Daryl R. Miller** (b. 1944) became a ranger for the National Park Service in 1989, he had already had a variety of work experiences, including serving as a combat soldier in Vietnam, being a rodeo clown, and teaching wilderness skills. During his eighteen-year career as a ranger, he worked directly on Denali as the search and rescue coordinator, and has written extensively about mountain safety, the dangers of Denali, and the importance of preparation and knowing one's limits.

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BACKGROUND

In 2015, Mount McKinley, the tallest mountain in North America, was officially renamed Denali, its original Native American name. Denali is the centerpiece of the vast Denali National Park and Preserve in Alaska, a total of 9,493 square miles of wilderness. The area is very remote—there are few marked trails, and vehicle access is limited.

1 **A**laska has long been regarded as the last frontier offering some of the most remote and rugged mountains in the world. The quest for solitude and adventure lures thousands of climbers from around the world into the backcountry¹ each year to test their skills and wilderness experience. Unfortunately, every year, numerous accidents and some fatalities result from poor judgment. A hundred years ago wilderness survival skills were a way of life in Alaska. The rules were simple and harsh: Survival was your responsibility, no one else's. We have grown socially and culturally unwilling to accept that primitive education which dictated that people simply learned or died.

NOTES

1. **backcountry** *n.* undeveloped land remote from cities and towns.

- 2 Today, because most people, including most Alaskans, live in urban environments and grow up in an urban culture, wilderness skills are never learned. The result is that the wilderness-bound end up depending more and more on equipment and less and less on their own competence to deal with dangerous situations in wilderness settings. Each year in this state, the National Park Service and other agencies conduct backcountry rescues that should never have been needed. Many of these incidents are a result of people forgetting that the most important trip objective and priority is a safe journey out and back.
- 3 Some incidents stem from a lack of judgment, some from a lack of training. Outdoor proficiency should come from a long, mentored apprenticeship that presents the opportunities to deal safely with increasingly precarious situations. But there are few opportunities for such wilderness exposure today. Many factors have conspired to change that. Technology has made it possible to call for rescue from almost anywhere at the same time that it has made backcountry travel easier and faster. Technology has served to blunt respect for the tests Mother Nature can still throw at humans. Taking communication on a trip is being responsible but basing how much risk you take because of that communication is negligent at best.
- 4 Many times I have tried to warn climbers and backpackers of nature's cold and harsh realities. The Alaska environment can be extremely unfriendly to humans. It is indifferent and unforgiving. On top of that, the scale of Alaska is easily underestimated. Most people set unrealistic expectations. Ten miles crosscountry in Alaska is not like 10 miles on trail systems in the lower 48 but more like 30 or 40 trail miles.
- 5 Arrogance about the outdoors blinds people to these things. Unfamiliarity with Alaska's arctic and subarctic conditions and a sometimes total disregard for elementary principles of safety simply compound the problems.
- 6 I have seen this firsthand too many times. It is a sad and painful task to tell family and friends when someone is lost or dead in the mountains. Yes, accidents do happen. There are medical emergencies and acts of nature for which no one can plan. But these are rare. Most accidents are caused by bad judgment compounded by Alaska's severe weather and remoteness. Many accidents are a result of people making bad decisions because of a lack of knowledge or complacency.²
- 7 An examination of climbing accidents in Alaska shows a great number of rescues involve people who have misjudged the consequences of their decisions and were underprepared

2. **complacency** (kuhm PLAY suhn see) *n.* feeling of satisfaction with one's situation while being unaware of actual dangers or weaknesses.

for Alaska weather. The remoteness of the Alaskan backcountry makes everyone susceptible³ to a catastrophic accident or medical emergency. Hazard evaluation in the backcountry is in part linked to the time you spend there, but there appears to be a refusal on the part of some to let experience teach them.

8 Some consider their success in the backcountry a reflection of superior outdoor skills although most have never been tested in crisis. They forget that some crisis is necessary to hone skill. “Near misses,” those brief encounters with the reality of mortality, are great learning tools if properly approached.

9 Errors in judgment are educational if they send the right message—that turning around at the right time or opting not to go on are decisions that will save your life time and time again. Unfortunately, our virtual-reality society presents some problems in defining risk. To some degree, we have come to see it as a quest instead of a warning.

10 The “no fear” philosophy pushes people to navigate in the backcountry regardless of the elements, but it operates on the faulty premise that liabilities⁴ and possible injuries are a low priority and that rescue is just a call away. This is dangerous for the people seeking recreation and for the people called upon to rescue them. People fail to make the right choices based on their capabilities. They forget that prevention is the rule because treatment is often impractical or impossible.

11 My first climb on Denali in 1981 was one of the most traumatic and best learning experiences in my life because of the severe storms we encountered at 17,000 feet. As a mountaineering ranger for the past 13 years I have witnessed many worst case scenarios regarding accidents along with some of the most determined wills to survive. Conducting many varied and difficult backcountry patrols in Denali National Park I have retained these thoughts on surviving in the wilderness of Alaska.

- Everyone has a personal responsibility to maintain self-sufficiency in the wilderness and should always base decisions on getting back on their own.
- Your best resource is the ability to think in a controlled manner when a life-threatening crisis is happening.
- Prevention, not treatment, is what ultimately will save your life in the wilderness. There is a notable difference between a gamble and a calculated risk. A calculated risk considers all the odds, justifies the risk, and then makes an intelligent decision based on conservative judgment. A gamble is something over which you have no control and the outcome is just a roll of the dice.

3. **susceptible** (suh SEHP tuh buhl) *adj.* likely to be harmed by something.

4. **liabilities** (ly uh BIHL uh teez) *n.* obstacles; things that work to one’s disadvantage.

- You cannot make intelligent decisions in the wilderness if you do not understand the risks.
- Never give up; the will to live is a valuable asset. Sometimes people perish simply because they fall short on perseverance.
- As a rule, if you die in the wilderness you made a mistake; careless judgment has a sharp learning curve.
- Wilderness rescues in Alaska are often dangerous to the rescuers and always weather-contingent.⁵
- People do not realize the devastating impact that their accidents have on friends and loved ones.
- The prerequisite⁶ to misadventure is the belief that you are invincible or that the wilderness cares about you.

12 Denali National Park staff is committed to helping make your expedition a successful and unforgettable experience. I hope that you will partner with us in maintaining Denali National Park and Preserve as the pristine natural environment that it is. Allow others to take away with them the same unmatched experience that you will no doubt take with you.

Safe climbing,

Daryl R. Miller
Retired Mountaineering Ranger
Denali National Park and Preserve

5. **weather-contingent** (WEHTH uhr kuhn TIHN juhnt) *adj.* depending on weather conditions.

6. **prerequisite** (pree REHK wuh ziht) *n.* necessary condition that must occur before something else can happen.

 EVIDENCE LOG

Go to your Evidence Log and record what you learned from the text you read.

Share Your Independent Learning

Prepare to Share

What does it take to survive?

Even when you read something independently, your understanding continues to grow when you share what you have learned with others. Reflect on the text you explored independently and write notes about its connection to the unit. In your notes, consider why this text belongs in this unit.

Learn From Your Classmates

 **Discuss It** Share your ideas about the text you explored on your own. As you talk with your classmates, jot down ideas that you learn from them.

Reflect

Review your notes, and underline the most important insight you gained from these writing and discussion activities. Explain how this idea adds to your understanding of the topic of survival.

SL.9–10.1 Initiate and participate effectively in a range of collaborative discussions with diverse partners on grades 9–10 topics, texts, and issues, building on others' ideas and expressing their own clearly and persuasively.



Review Evidence for an Argument

At the beginning of this unit, you took a position on the following question:

Should people in life-or-death situations be held accountable for their actions?

EVIDENCE LOG

Review your Evidence Log and your QuickWrite from the beginning of the unit. Has your position changed?

<input type="checkbox"/> YES	<input type="checkbox"/> NO
Identify at least three pieces of evidence that convinced you to change your mind.	Identify at least three pieces of evidence that reinforced your initial position.
1.	1.
2.	2.
3.	3.

State your position now: _____

Identify a possible counterclaim: _____

Evaluate the Strength of Your Evidence Consider your argument.

Do you have enough evidence to support your claim? Do you have enough evidence to refute a counterclaim? If not, make a plan.

- Do more research
- Reread a selection
- Other: _____
- Talk with my classmates
- Ask an expert

STANDARDS

W.9–10.1.a Introduce precise claim(s), distinguish the claim(s) from alternate or opposing claims, and create an organization that establishes clear relationships among claim(s), counterclaims, reasons, and evidence.



SOURCES

- WHOLE-CLASS SELECTIONS
- SMALL-GROUP SELECTIONS
- INDEPENDENT LEARNING

PART 1

Writing to Sources: Argument

In this unit, you read about various characters, both real and fictional, who found themselves in life-or-death situations. Some made choices of which they were most likely proud, while others did not.

Assignment

Write an argument in which you state and defend a claim responding to the following question:

Should people in life-or-death situations be held accountable for their actions?

Use credible evidence from at least three of the selections you read and researched in this unit to support your claim. Ensure that your claim is fully supported, that you use a formal tone, and that your organization is logical and easy to follow.

Reread the Assignment Review the assignment to be sure you fully understand it. The task may reference some of the academic words presented at the beginning of the unit. Be sure you understand each of the words given below in order to complete the assignment correctly.

Academic Vocabulary

- evidence
- valid
- logical
- credible
- formulate

WORD NETWORK

As you write and revise your argument, use your Word Network to help vary your word choices.

STANDARDS

W.9–10.1.a–e Write arguments to support claims in an analysis of substantive topics or texts, using valid reasoning and relevant and sufficient evidence.

W.9–10.9 Draw evidence from literary or informational texts to support analysis, reflection, and research.

W.9–10.10 Write routinely over extended time frames and shorter time frames for a range of tasks, purposes, and audiences.

Review the Elements of Effective Argument Before you begin writing, read the Argument Rubric. Once you have completed your first draft, check it against the rubric. If one or more of the elements is missing or not as strong as it could be, revise your essay to add or strengthen that component.

Argument Rubric

	Focus and Organization	Evidence and Elaboration	Language Conventions
4	<p>The introduction is engaging and establishes the claim in a compelling way.</p> <p>Includes valid reasons and evidence that address and support the claim while acknowledging counterclaims.</p> <p>Ideas progress logically, and include a variety of sentence transitions.</p> <p>The conclusion offers fresh insights into claim.</p>	<p>Sources of evidence are comprehensive and specific and contain relevant information.</p> <p>The tone of the argument is formal and objective.</p> <p>Uses vocabulary strategically and appropriately for the audience and purpose.</p>	<p>The argument intentionally uses standard English conventions of usage and mechanics.</p> <p>Uses transitions to create cohesion.</p>
3	<p>The introduction is engaging and establishes the claim in a way that grabs readers' attention.</p> <p>Includes reasons and evidence that address and support the claim while acknowledging counterclaims.</p> <p>The ideas progress logically, and include sentence transitions that connect readers to the argument.</p> <p>The conclusion restates information.</p>	<p>Sources of evidence contain relevant information.</p> <p>The tone of the argument is mostly formal and objective.</p> <p>Uses vocabulary that is generally appropriate for the audience and purpose.</p>	<p>The argument demonstrates accuracy in standard English conventions of usage and mechanics.</p> <p>Sometime uses transitions to create cohesion.</p>
2	<p>The introduction establishes a claim.</p> <p>Includes some reasons and evidence that address and support the claim while briefly acknowledging counterclaims.</p> <p>Ideas progress somewhat logically. Includes a few sentence transitions that connect readers to the argument.</p> <p>The conclusion offers some insight into the claim and restates information.</p>	<p>Sources of evidence contain some relevant information.</p> <p>The tone of the argument is occasionally formal and objective.</p> <p>Uses vocabulary that is somewhat appropriate for the audience and purpose.</p>	<p>The argument demonstrates some accuracy in standard English conventions of usage and mechanics.</p> <p>Uses few transitions to create cohesion.</p>
1	<p>The claim is not clearly stated.</p> <p>Does not include reasons or evidence to support the claim. Does not acknowledge counterclaims.</p> <p>Ideas do not progress logically. The sentences are often short and choppy and do not connect readers to the argument.</p> <p>The conclusion does not restate any information that is important.</p>	<p>Does not include reliable or relevant evidence.</p> <p>The tone of the argument is informal.</p> <p>The vocabulary is limited or ineffective.</p>	<p>The argument contains mistakes in standard English conventions of usage and mechanics.</p> <p>Fails to use transitions to create cohesion.</p>



PART 2

Speaking and Listening: Oral Presentation

Assignment

After completing the final draft of your argument, use it as the foundation for a three- to five-minute **oral presentation**.

Instead of simply reading your essay aloud, take the following steps to make your oral presentation lively and engaging.

- Go back to your essay and annotate the most important claims and supporting details from your introduction, body paragraphs, and conclusion.
- Refer to your annotated text to guide your presentation and keep it focused.
- Deliver your argument with conviction. Look up from your annotated text frequently, and make eye contact with listeners.

Review the Oral Presentation Rubric Before you deliver your presentation, check your plans against this rubric. If one or more of the elements is missing or not as strong as it could be, revise your presentation.

STANDARDS

SL.9–10.4 Present information, findings, and supporting evidence clearly, concisely, and logically such that listeners can follow the line of reasoning and the organization, development, substance, and style are appropriate to purpose, audience, and task.

	Content	Organization	Presentation Technique
3	<p>Introduction is engaging and establishes a claim in a compelling way.</p> <p>Presentation has strong valid reasons and evidence that support the claim while clearly acknowledging counterclaims.</p> <p>Conclusion offers fresh insight into the claim.</p>	<p>The speaker uses time very effectively by spending the right amount of time on each part.</p> <p>Ideas progress logically, supported by a variety of sentence transitions. Listeners can follow the presentation.</p>	<p>The speaker maintains effective eye contact.</p> <p>The speaker presents with strong conviction and energy.</p>
2	<p>Introduction establishes a claim.</p> <p>Presentation has valid reasons and evidence that support the claim while acknowledging counterclaims.</p>	<p>The speaker uses time effectively by spending the right amount of time on most parts.</p> <p>Ideas progress logically, supported by some sentence transitions. Listeners mostly follow the presentation.</p>	<p>The speaker mostly maintains effective eye contact.</p> <p>The speaker presents with some level of conviction and energy.</p>
1	<p>Introduction does not clearly state a claim.</p> <p>Presentation does not have reasons or evidence to support a claim or acknowledge counterclaims.</p> <p>Conclusion does not restate important information about a claim.</p>	<p>The speaker does not use time effectively; some parts of the presentation are too long or too short.</p> <p>Ideas do not progress logically. Listeners have difficulty following the presentation.</p>	<p>The speaker does not establish eye contact.</p> <p>The speaker presents without conviction or energy.</p>

Reflect on the Unit

Now that you've completed the unit, take a few moments to reflect on your learning.

Reflect on the Unit Goals

Look back at the goals at the beginning of the unit. Use a different colored pen to rate yourself again. Then, think about readings and activities that contributed the most to the growth of your understanding. Record your thoughts.

Reflect on the Learning Strategies

 **Discuss It** Write a reflection on whether you were able to improve your learning based on your Action Plans. Think about what worked, what didn't, and what you might do to keep working on these strategies. Record your ideas before joining a class discussion.

Reflect on the Text

Choose a selection that you found challenging, and explain what made it difficult.

Describe something that surprised you about a text in the unit.

Which activity taught you the most about survival? What did you learn?