

Chapter 1 : A Thousand Deaths (London short story) - Wikipedia

*"A Thousand Deaths" Author: Jack London: Country: United States: Language: English: Genre(s) Short story: Publication date: "A Thousand Deaths" is an short story by Jack London, and is notable as his first work to be published.*

By the age of fifteen, London had turned delinquent. Barely seventeen, he signed aboard the schooner Sophie Sutherland, bound for Japan and the Bering Sea. Returning from the voyage in , London began to be interested in the plight of the underprivileged and working classes, so he joined a group of militant workers who were going to Washington to protest the wretched working conditions in the country, caused by the Depression of . He did not reach Washington, however; he deserted this "Industrial Army" in Hannibal, Missouri, and for a time he traveled around the country as a hobo. He was released after thirty days, and he quickly caught the first train heading West, arriving eventually in Oakland. It was probably soon after his release from the penitentiary that London became seriously interested in politics, and as a result, he joined an Oakland branch of the Socialist Labor Party in April . Then soon afterward, he enrolled as a student at the University of California at Berkeley, where he attempted to further his studies in the most influential scientific and philosophic theories of the late nineteenth century – Darwinism, Social Darwinism, Nietzscheism, and Marxism. He soon became restless, though, and he left the university during his second semester as a student. From California, he went North, to the Klondike to search for gold, and his adventures there became the basis of many stories. In fact, two of his most famous novels, *The Call of the Wild* and *White Fang*, are set in the North, and while these two novels are perhaps his most famous in the United States, London is equally well known in places outside of the United States as the author of a number of socialistic works: Early in , London married Bessie Maddern and began his career as a serious writer. He soon finished his first novel, *A Daughter of the Snows*, which was published in , and in the summer of , London met Charmian Kittredge, whom he promptly fell in love with and abruptly left his wife and two daughters for. In ill health most of his life, by , London was almost lame. His bowels gave him continual pain, and in order to reduce the pain, London began using opium and morphine, and it was not long before he became addicted to the drugs. As a consequence, his kidneys were also eventually wrecked by his misuse of all of the drugs, and London refused to even quit smoking, although he had cancer of the throat. By November 21., London was in such poor health that he spent the entire day in bed. Then shortly before dawn the next day, he injected himself with what would prove to be an overdose of drugs. That evening, he died; he was forty years old. There is, naturally, some question as to whether his death was an intentional suicide. Considered to be one of his best novels, the novel predicts a Fascist oligarchy in the United States under threat from a proletarian revolution, allegedly pictured in manuscripts discovered by scholars in the socialist twenty-seventh century. In , London visited Japan and other Far Eastern countries, and his correspondences from there disguise his deep racist attitudes toward the Oriental people. For example, at a Socialist rally in Oakland, after his return from the Far East, he publicly declared his hatred of the Oriental races, and in his science fiction story "The Unparalleled Invasion" , the West destroys the Chinese with a bacteriological bomb. In , London decided to compose a "complete antithesis [and] companion piece" to *The Call of the Wild*. In , London published *John Barleycorn*, a book about his alcoholism, and a book that should be considered as a sincere tract describing the plight of the alcoholic. While writing for only sixteen years, London produced an amazing body of work: *The Call of the Wild* has been translated into more than thirty languages, and it exists in millions of copies; sales and printing of *White Fang* are only slightly less in number than *The Call of the Wild*.

**Chapter 2 : Librarbie: "A Thousand Deaths" by Jack London**

*A Thousand Deaths (London short story) "A Thousand Deaths" is an short story by Jack London, and is notable as his first work to be published. It has as its.*

By age 30 London was internationally famous for his books *Call of the Wild* , *The Sea Wolf* and other literary and journalistic accomplishments. Though he wrote passionately about the great questions of life and death and the struggle to survive with dignity and integrity, he also sought peace and quiet inspiration. His stories of high adventure were based on his own experiences at sea, in the Yukon Territory, and in the fields and factories of California. His writings appealed to millions worldwide. London was also widely known for his personal exploits. A colorful, controversial personality, London was often in the news. Generally fun loving, he was quick to side with the underdog against injustice of any kind. An eloquent public speaker, he was much sought after as a lecturer on socialism and other economic and political topics. Most people considered London a living symbol of rugged individualism, a man whose fabulous success was not due to special favor of any kind, but to a combination of immense mental ability and vitality. Strikingly handsome, full of laughter, restless and courageous, always eager for adventure, Jack London was one of the most romantic figures of this time. Between and he completed more than 50 fiction and non-fiction books, hundreds of short stories and numerous articles. Several of the books and many of the short stories are classics and still popular; some have been translated into as many as 70 languages. In addition to his writing and speaking commitments, London carried on voluminous correspondence he received some 10, letters per year , read proofs of his work as it went to press, and negotiated with his agents and publishers. He spent time overseeing construction of his custom-built sailing ship, the *Snark* , ; the construction of his dream house, *Wolf House* ; and the operation of his farm, *Beauty Ranch* , The natural beauty of Sonoma Valley was not lost on Jack London. I am anchoring good and solid, and anchoring for keeps. The *Snark* voyage made it as far as the South Pacific and Australia but was curtailed due to ill health. Discouraged by health problems and heartbroken about having to abandon the trip and sell the *Snark*, the Londons returned to the ranch in Glen Ellen. Between and London purchased adjoining farms and in he moved from Glen Ellen to a small wood frame house in the middle of his holdings. On horseback Jack explored every canyon, glen and hilltop. He threw himself into the farming fad of the period, scientific agriculture, believing this to be a truly justifiable, basic and idealistic means of making a living. A significant portion of his later writing - *Burning Daylight* , *Valley of the Moon* and *Little Lady of the Big House* centered on the simple pleasures of country life, the satisfaction of making a living from the land and remaining close to nature. Jack and Charmian Londons dream house began to take shape early in when a well-known San Francisco architect, Albert Farr, created the drawings and sketches for *Wolf House*. That night, a ranch hand noticed a glow in the sky half a mile away. *Wolf House* was burning. By the time the Londons arrived by horseback the house was ablaze, the tile roof had collapsed, and even a stack of lumber some distance away was burning. Nothing could be done. London looked at the fire philosophically, but the loss was a crushing financial blow and the end of a long-cherished dream. Rumors abounded about the cause of the fire. In a group of forensic fire experts visited the site and concluded that the fire resulted from spontaneous combustion in a pile of linseed oil-soaked rags left by workers. London planned to rebuild *Wolf House*, but at the time of his death in the house remained as it stands today, the stark but eloquent vestige of a shattered dream. The loss of *Wolf House* left London depressed but he forced himself to go back to work. He spent time living and working aboard his 30 foot yawl, the *Roamer*, which he sailed around San Francisco Bay and the nearby Sacramento and San Joaquin deltas. In and , Chamian persuaded her husband to spend time in Hawaii, a relaxing and healthful respite for the two of them. His ambitious plans to expand the ranch and increase productivity kept him in debt and under pressure to write as fast as he could, even though this might mean sacrificing quality for quantity. He continued to push to complete words per day regardless of his location, duties, or health. If anything, the pressure of his financial commitments to helping friends and relatives and his increasingly severe health problems only made him dream larger dreams and work harder and faster. On November 22, , 40 year old Jack London died of gastrointestinal uremic poisoning. He had been

suffering from a variety of ailments, including a kidney condition, but up to the last day of his life he was full of bold plans and boundless enthusiasm for the future. Words of grief poured into the telegraph office in Glen Ellen from all over the world. The untimely death of this most popular of American fictionists has profoundly shocked a world that expected him to live and work for many years longer.

**Chapter 3 : Jack London Biography - Childhood, Life Achievements & Timeline**

*Jack London's first short story features the story's protagonist being repeatedly killed and resurrected by his mad scientist father. This version features pictures and illustrations throughout the story. To ask other readers questions about A Thousand Deaths, please sign up. Be the first to ask a.*

This quite remarkable story, dealing with typically-grim London themes of extreme suffering and near-death experiences, manages at the same time to be extremely entertaining and even outrightly funny, not to say hilarious, at times. And although the science-fiction genre had at the time of its publication a number of illustrious references, notably novels by Cyrano de Bergerac *Comical History of the States and Empires of the Moon*, , Mary Shelley *Frankenstein*, , Jules Verne *20, Leagues Under the Sea*, and many others , and H. Wells *The Time Machine*, and *The War of the Worlds*, , this is quite possibly the very first American science-fiction story ever published – and perhaps the very first one published anywhere! Fruitlessly struggling against the strong ebb tide, I had beheld the maddening procession of the water-front lights slip by, but now I gave up attempting to breast the stream and contended myself with the bitter thoughts of a wasted career, now drawing to a close. It had been my luck to come of good, English stock, but of parents whose account with the bankers far exceeded their knowledge of child-nature and the rearing of children. While born with a silver spoon in my mouth, the blessed atmosphere of the home circle was to me unknown. My father, a very learned man and a celebrated antiquarian, gave no thought to his family, being constantly lost in the abstractions of his study; while my mother, noted far more for her good looks than her good sense, sated herself with the adulation of the society in which she was perpetually plunged. I went through the regular school and college routine of a boy of the English bourgeoisie, and as the years brought me increasing strength and passions, my parents suddenly became aware that I was possessed of an immortal soul, and endeavoured to draw the curb. But it was too late; I perpetrated the wildest and most audacious folly, and was disowned by my people, ostracised by the society I had so long outraged, and with the thousand pounds my father gave me, with the declaration that he would neither see me again nor give me more, I took a first-class passage to Australia. Since then my life had been one long peregrination – from the Orient to the Occident, from the Arctic to the Antarctic – to find myself at last, an able seaman at thirty, in the full vigour of my manhood, drowning in San Francisco bay because of a disastrously successful attempt to desert my ship. My right leg was drawn up by the cramp, and I was suffering the keenest agony. A slight breeze stirred up a choppy sea, which washed into my mouth and down my throat, nor could I prevent it. Though I still contrived to keep afloat, it was merely mechanical, for I was rapidly becoming unconscious. Gradually it assumed a rhythmic flow, to whose soft pulsations my body seemed to respond. But the pulsations grew stronger; the humming, louder; the waves, larger, fiercer – I was dashed about on a stormy sea. A great agony fastened upon me. Brilliant, intermittent sparks of light flashed athwart my inner consciousness; in my ears there was the sound of many waters; then a sudden snapping of an intangible something, and I awoke. The scene, of which I was protagonist, was a curious one. On either side, grasping my arms and working them up and down like pump handles, were two peculiarly clad, dark-skinned creatures. Though conversant with most aboriginal types, I could not conjecture their nationality. Some attachment had been fastened about my head, which connected my respiratory organs with the machine I shall next describe. My nostrils, however, had been closed, forcing me to breathe through my mouth. Foreshortened by the obliquity of my line of vision, I beheld two tubes, similar to small hosing but of different composition, which emerged from my mouth and went off at an acute angle from each other. The first came to an abrupt termination and lay on the floor beside me; the second traversed the floor in numerous coils, connecting with the apparatus I have promised to describe. In the days before my life had become tangential, I had dabbled not a little in science, and, conversant with the appurtenances and general paraphernalia of the laboratory, I appreciated the machine I now beheld. It was composed chiefly of glass, the construction being of that crude sort which is employed for experimentative purposes. A vessel of water was surrounded by an air chamber, to which was fixed a vertical tube, surmounted by a globe. In the centre of this was a vacuum gauge. The water in the tube moved upwards and downwards, creating alternate inhalations and exhalations, which were in turn

communicated to me through the hose. With this, and the aid of the men who pumped my arms, so vigorously, had the process of breathing been artificially carried on, my chest rising and falling and my lungs expanding and contracting, till nature could be persuaded to again take up her wonted labour. As I opened my eyes the appliance about my head, nostrils and mouth was removed. Draining a stiff three fingers of brandy, I staggered to my feet to thank my preserver, and confronted my father. But long years of fellowship with danger had taught me self-control, and I waited to see if he would recognise me. Not so; he saw in me no more than a runaway sailor and treated me accordingly. Leaving me to the care of the blackies, he fell to revising the notes he had made on my resuscitation. As I ate of the handsome fare served up to me, confusion began on deck, and from the chanteys of the sailors and the rattling of blocks and tackles I surmised that we were getting under way. Off on a cruise with my recluse father into the wide Pacific! Little did I realise, as I laughed to myself, which side the joke was to be on. I was not allowed on deck till we had sunk the Farallones and the last pilot boat. I could not suspect that he had his own ends in view, in thus keeping my presence secret to all save the crew. He told me briefly of my rescue by his sailors, assuring me that the obligation was on his side, as my appearance had been most opportune. He had constructed the apparatus for the vindication of a theory concerning certain biological phenomena, and had been waiting for an opportunity to use it. He had perceived that I was no common sailor, and I resolved to take this chance for reinstating myself in his good graces. I wove a fictitious past to account for my education and present position, and did my best to come in touch with him. I was not long in disclosing a predilection for scientific pursuits, nor he in appreciating my aptitude. I became his assistant, with a corresponding increase in wages, and before long, as he grew confidential and expounded his theories, I was as enthusiastic as himself. The days flew quickly by, for I was deeply interested in my new studies, passing my waking hours in his well-stocked library, or listening to his plans and aiding him in his laboratory work. But we were forced to forego many enticing experiments, a rolling ship not being exactly the proper place for delicate or intricate work. He promised me, however, many delightful hours in the magnificent laboratory for which we were bound. He had taken possession of an uncharted South Sea island, as he said, and turned it into a scientific paradise. But before I describe the strange things which came to pass, I must briefly outline the causes which culminated in as startling an experience as ever fell to the lot of man. Late in life, my father had abandoned the musty charms of antiquity and succumbed to the more fascinating ones embraced under the general head of biology. It was his intention to pre-empt some of this unclaimed territory, and it was at this stage of his investigations that we had been thrown together. Having a good brain, though I say it myself, I had mastered his speculations and methods of reasoning, becoming almost as mad as himself. But I should not say this. The marvellous results we afterwards obtained can only go to prove his sanity. I can but say that he was the most abnormal specimen of cold-blooded cruelty I have ever seen. After having penetrated the dual mysteries of physiology and psychology, his thought had led him to the verge of a great field, for which, the better to explore, he began studies in higher organic chemistry, pathology, toxicology and other sciences and sub-sciences rendered kindred as accessories to his speculative hypotheses. Starting from the proposition that the direct cause of the temporary and permanent arrest of vitality was due to the coagulation of certain elements and compounds in the protoplasm, he had isolated and subjected these various substances to innumerable experiments. Since the temporary arrest of vitality in an organism brought coma, and a permanent arrest death, he held that by artificial means this coagulation of the protoplasm could be retarded, prevented, and even overcome in the extreme states of solidification. Or, to do away with the technical nomenclature, he argued that death, when not violent and in which none of the organs had suffered injury, was merely suspended vitality; and that, in such instances, life could be induced to resume its functions by the use of proper methods. This, then, was his idea: To discover the method and by practical experimentation prove the possibility of renewing vitality in a structure from which life had seemingly fled. Of course, he recognised the futility of such endeavour after decomposition had set in; he must have organisms which but the moment, the hour, or the day before, had been quick with life. With me, in a crude way, he had proved this theory. I was really drowned, really dead, when picked from the water of San Francisco bay but the vital spark had been renewed by means of his aerotherapeutical apparatus, as he called it. Now to his dark purpose concerning me. He first showed me how completely I was in his power. He

had sent the yacht away for a year, retaining only his two blackies, who were utterly devoted to him. He then made an exhaustive review of his theory and outlined the method of proof he had adopted, concluding with the startling announcement that I was to be his subject. I had faced death and weighed my chances in many a desperate venture, but never in one of this nature. I can swear I am no coward, yet this proposition of journeying back and forth across the borderland of death put the yellow fear upon me. I asked for time, which he granted, at the same time assuring me that but the one course was openâ€”I must submit. Escape from the Island was out of the question; escape by suicide was not to be entertained, though really preferable to what it seemed I must undergo; my only hope was to destroy my captors. But this latter was frustrated through the precautions taken by my father. I was subjected to a constant surveillance, even in my sleep being guarded by one or the other of the blacks. Having pleaded in vain, I announced and proved that I was his son. It was my last card, and I had played all my hopes upon it. But he was inexorable; he was not a father but a scientific machine. I wonder yet have it ever come to pass that he married my mother or begat me, for there was not the slightest grain of emotion in his make-up. Reason was all in all to him, nor could he understand such things as love or sympathy in others, except as petty weaknesses which should be overcome. So he informed me that in the beginning he had given me life, and who had better right to take it away than he? Such, he said, was not his desire, however; he merely wished to borrow it occasionally, promising to return it punctually at the appointed time. Of course, there was a liability of mishaps, but I could do no more than take the chances, since the affairs of men were full of such. The better to insure success, he wished me to be in the best possible condition, so I was dieted and trained like a great athlete before a decisive contest. What could I do? If I had to undergo the peril, it were best to be in good shape. In my intervals of relaxation he allowed me to assist in the arranging of the apparatus and in the various subsidiary experiments. The interest I took in all such operations can be imagined. I mastered the work as thoroughly as he, and often had the pleasure of seeing some of my suggestions or alterations put into effect. After such events I would smile grimly, conscious of officiating at my own funeral. He began by inaugurating a series of experiments in toxicology. When all was ready, I was killed by a stiff dose of strychnine and allowed to lie dead for some twenty hours. During that period my body was dead, absolutely dead. All respiration and circulation ceased; but the frightful part of it was, that while the protoplasmic coagulation proceeded, I retained consciousness and was enabled to study it in all its ghastly details. The apparatus to bring me back to life was an air-tight chamber, fitted to receive my body. The mechanism was simpleâ€”a few valves, a rotary shaft and crank, and an electric motor. When in operation, the interior atmosphere was alternately condensed and rarefied, thus communicating to my lungs an artificial respiration without the agency of the hosing previously used. Though my body was inert, and, for all I knew, in the first stages of decomposition, I was cognisant of everything that transpired.

**Chapter 4 : A Thousand Deaths (London short story) - WikiVisually**

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Wherefore, when the clarion call of the North rang on his ear, he conceived an adventure in eggs and bent all his energy to its achievement. He figured briefly and to the point, and the adventure became iridescent-hued, splendid. That eggs would sell at Dawson for five dollars a dozen was a safe working premise. Whence it was incontrovertible that one thousand dozen would bring, in the Golden Metropolis, five thousand dollars. On the other hand, expense was to be considered, and he considered it well, for he was a careful man, keenly practical, with a hard head and a heart that imagination never warmed. At fifteen cents a dozen, the initial cost of his thousand dozen would be one hundred and fifty dollars, a mere bagatelle in face of the enormous profit. Now from Dyea to Lake Linderman, Indian packers take your goods over for twelve cents a pound, twelve dollars a hundred, or one hundred and twenty dollars a thousand. I am creditably informed by a Klondiker just come out that I can buy a boat for three hundred. Now let me see how much is that? And what possible emergencies can arise? If that vast Northland was capable of swallowing up a man and a thousand dozen eggs, surely there was room and to spare for whatever else he might happen to possess. So she thought, but she said nothing. She knew David Rasmussen too well to say anything. Think of it, Alma! Four thousand in two months! There would be no weight left for his clothes, blankets, and cooking utensils, to say nothing of the grub he must necessarily consume by the way. His calculations were all thrown out, and he was just proceeding to recast them when he hit upon the idea of weighing small eggs. Thereat the city of San Francisco was overrun by anxious-eyed emissaries, and commission houses and dairy associations were startled by a sudden demand for eggs running not more than twenty ounces to the dozen. Rasmussen mortgaged the little cottage for a thousand dollars, arranged for his wife to make a prolonged stay among her own people, threw up his job, and started North. To keep within his schedule he compromised on a second-class passage, which, because of the rush, was worse than steerage; and in the late summer, a pale and wabby man, he disembarked with his eggs on the Dyea beach. But it did not take him long to recover his land legs and appetite. His first interview with the Chilkoot packers straightened him up and stiffened his backbone. Forty cents a pound they demanded for the twenty-eight-mile portage, and while he caught his breath and swallowed, the price went up to forty-three. Fifteen husky Indians put the straps on his packs at forty-five, but took them off at an offer of forty-seven from a Skaguay Croesus in dirty shirt and ragged overalls who had lost his horses on the White Pass trail and was now making a last desperate drive at the country by way of Chilkoot. But Rasmussen was clean grit, and at fifty cents found takers, who, two days later, set his eggs down intact at Linderman. But fifty cents a pound is a thousand dollars a ton, and his fifteen hundred pounds had exhausted his emergency fund and left him stranded at the Tantalus point where each day he saw the fresh-whipsawed boats departing for Dawson. Further, a great anxiety brooded over the camp where the boats were built. Men worked frantically, early and late, at the height of their endurance, caulking, nailing, and pitching in a frenzy of haste for which adequate explanation was not far to seek. Each day the snow-line crept farther down the bleak, rock-shouldered peaks, and gale followed gale, with sleet and slush and snow, and in the eddies and quiet places young ice formed and thickened through the fleeting hours. And each morn, toil-stiffened men turned wan faces across the lake to see if the freeze-up had come. For the freeze-up heralded the death of their hope--the hope that they would be floating down the swift river ere navigation closed on the chain of lakes. It was true that one, a little German, had gone broke and was himself forlornly back-tripping the last pack of the portage; but the other two had boats nearly completed, and were daily supplicating the god of merchants and traders to stay the iron hand of winter for just another day. But the iron hand closed down over the land. Men were being frozen in the blizzard which swept Chilkoot, and Rasmussen frosted his toes ere he was aware. He found a chance to go passenger with his freight in a boat just shoving off through the rubble, but two hundred hard cash, was required, and he had no money. Consider myself in luck to get it. Boats are at a premium, you know, and none to be had. He could not hear of it, but they over-persuaded him, and he reluctantly consented to take them at three hundred apiece. Also they pressed upon him the passage money in advance. And while

they wrote to their respective journals concerning the Good Samaritan with the thousand dozen eggs, the Good Samaritan was hurrying back to the Swede at Linderman. The Swede regarded him stolidly and shook his head. Ay say him get der skiff boat. Take it or leave it. The German slipped and broke his ankle on the steep hogback above Deep Lake, sold out his stock for a dollar a dozen, and with the proceeds hired Indian packers to carry him back to Dyea. But on the morning Rasmussen shoved off with his correspondents, his two rivals followed suit. And crack on he did, with a large tarpaulin square-sail which pressed the bow half under at every jump. He was the first to run out of Linderman, but, disdainful of the portage, piled his loaded boat on the rocks in the boiling rapids. Rasmussen and the Yankee, who likewise had two passengers, portaged across on their backs and then lined their empty boats down through the bad water to Bennett. Bennett was a twenty-five-mile lake, narrow and deep, a funnel between the mountains through which storms ever romped. Rasmussen camped on the sand-pit at its head, where were many men and boats bound north in the teeth of the Arctic winter. He awoke in the morning to find a piping gale from the south, which caught the chill from the whited peaks and glacial valleys and blew as cold as north wind ever blew. But it was fair, and he also found the Yankee staggering past the first bold headland with all sail set. Boat after boat was getting under way, and the correspondents fell to with enthusiasm. Now Rasmussen all his life had been prone to cowardice on water, but he clung to the kicking steering-oar with set face and determined jaw. It was bitter cold. Now and again he hauled in the steering-sweep and put out a fresh one while his passengers chopped the ice from the blade. Wherever the spray struck, it turned instantly to frost, and the dipping boom of the spritsail was quickly fringed with icicles. The Alma strained and hammered through the big seas till the seams and butts began to spread, but in lieu of bailing the correspondents chopped ice and flung it overboard. There was no let-up. The mad race with winter was on, and the boats tore along in a desperate string. Keep her down the middle, old man! Rasmussen replied with an idiotic grin. The iron-bound shores were in a lather of foam, and even down the middle the only hope was to keep running away from the big seas. To lower sail was to be overtaken and swamped. Time and again they passed boats pounding among the rocks, and once they saw one on the edge of the breakers about to strike. A little craft behind them, with two men, jibed over and turned bottom up. Rasmussen grinned and tightened his aching grip on the sweep. Scores of times had the send of the sea caught the big square stern of the Alma and thrown her off from dead before it till the after leach of the spritsail fluttered hollowly, and each time, and only with all his strength, had he forced her back. His grin by then had become fixed, and it disturbed the correspondents to look at him. They roared down past an isolated rock a hundred yards from shore. From its wave-drenched top a man shrieked wildly, for the instant cutting the storm with his voice. But the next instant the Alma was by, and the rock growing a black speck in the troubled froth. Rasmussen shot a glance over his shoulder at a black square-sail. He had seen it leap up out of the grey to windward, and for an hour, off and on, had been watching it grow. The sailor had evidently repaired damages and was making up for lost time. Twenty miles of Bennett were behind them--room and to spare for the sea to toss up its mountains toward the sky. Sinking and soaring like a storm-god, the sailor drove by them. The huge sail seemed to grip the boat from the crests of the waves, to tear it bodily out of the water, and fling it crashing and smothering down into the yawning troughs. The next wave rolled over the spot, and the next, but the boat did not reappear. The Alma rushed by the place. A little ruffraff of oats and boxes was seen. An arm thrust up and a shaggy head broke surface a score of yards away. For a time there was silence. As the end of the lake came in sight, the waves began to leap aboard with such steady recurrence that the correspondents no longer chopped ice but flung the water out with buckets. Even this would not do, and, after a shouted conference with Rasmussen, they attacked the baggage. Flour, bacon, beans, blankets, cooking-stove, ropes, odds and ends, everything they could get hands on, flew overboard. The boat acknowledged it at once, taking less water and rising more buoyantly. With the exception of their notes, films, and cameras, they had sacrificed their outfit. He bent over, laid hold of an egg-box, and began to worry it out from under the lashing. Drop it, I say! The correspondent stood up on the thwart, balancing back and forth, his face twisted with menace and speechless anger. The Alma, under the divided attention of Rasmussen, had been caught by a great mass of water and whirled around. The after leach hollowed, the sail emptied and jibed, and the boom, sweeping with terrific force across the boat, carried the angry correspondent overboard with a

broken back. Mast and sail had gone over the side as well. A drenching sea followed, as the boat lost headway, and Rasmussen sprang to the bailing bucket. Several boats hurtled past them in the next half-hour,--small boats, boats of their own size, boats afraid, unable to do aught but run madly on. Then a ten-ton barge, at imminent risk of destruction, lowered sail to windward and lumbered down upon them. But his low gunwale ground against the heavy craft, and the remaining correspondent clambered aboard. Rasmussen was over the eggs like a cat and in the bow of the Alma, striving with numb fingers to bend the hauling-lines together. A big whitecap broke just beyond, washing over the barge and leaving the Alma half swamped.

**Chapter 5 : Short Stories by Jack London**

*"A Thousand Deaths" by Jack London So, I just finished reading Jack London's short story "A Thousand Deaths", which, interestingly enough, was his first published work. Funny, I always imagined Jack London as one of those people who came out of the womb holding a Pulitzer Prize.*

During his journey, the man gets his feet wet as he falls through the ice into the water of a hot spring London. The word existentialist, as well as the subject of existentialism itself, evades definition. For the sake of brevity, perhaps a short, simple definition would be best; according to the American Heritage Dictionary 3rd ed. At the conclusion of the story we finally see the man come to the realization, in a round about way, that it was best to meet his fate with dignity, thus giving meaning to an otherwise meaningless and cruel death. So it is no accident that at the heart of the story lies an existentialist theme. London places his solitary human character in the perilous setting of the wilderness of the Yukon, which is enough to begin to illustrate his theme, but when London combines this unforgiving environment with the deadly cold of the Yukon winter, he creates a setting which is the epitome of the hostile, existential environment. The remoteness of the Yukon wilderness, as well as the absence of a human travel companion for the man, serve to illustrate the existentialist idea that man is alone in the universe. By not naming the character, London has placed him at an even greater distance from the reader within his deadly setting, thus isolating him all the more in a bleak and hostile universe. Imagery is an important element which London uses to illustrate and emphasize his theme. Indeed, London does rely heavily on imagery to set the mood of the story, and in this way he draws a picture of the merciless environment his character must endure. London also uses irony to illustrate and stress his existential theme. The man gets a further dose of the capricious and impassive nature of the universe when, after painstakingly starting a fire, the life-sustaining fire is ironically snuffed out by falling snow just as he is about to begin thawing out his freezing feet. To preserve the existential theme of man being alone in an uncaring cosmos, the reader must not be confused by the presence of the dog as a traveling companion to the man; the reader must instead see the dog for what it really is—a further extension of the apathetic and uncaring environment. The dog is not a sentient being as man himself is and cannot therefore be looked upon as being a kindred spirit who shares the bitter existence of the lone, lost soul who is the protagonist. With his classic style, Jack London has created an exciting and unforgettably tragic tale which illustrates a modern philosophic theme. London illustrates and emphasizes this theme in three ways: Master Craftsman of the Short Story. Utah State U P, An Introduction to Fiction, Poetry and Drama. Kennedy and Dana Gioia. Existentialism and Modern Literature. U of Minnesota P,

Chapter 6 : Jack London - IMDb

*An early science-fiction story by Jack London: "A Thousand Deaths" ( ) Tuesday 4 February (actualisÃ© le 18 January ) by Jack London This tale of a mad scientist's medical experiments and inventions was the first story for which Jack London received payment from a magazine [ 1 ], an important milestone in the all-too-short.*

He also wrote about the South Pacific in stories such as *The Pearls of Parlay* and *The Heathen*, London was part of the radical literary group *The Crowd* in San Francisco and a passionate advocate of unionization, socialism, and the rights of workers. Flora left Ohio and moved to the Pacific coast when her father remarried after her mother died, in San Francisco, Flora worked as a music teacher and spiritualist, claiming to channel the spirit of a Sauk chief, Black Hawk. Whether Wellman and Chaney were legally married is unknown, most San Francisco civil records were destroyed by the extensive fires that followed the earthquake, nobody knows what name appeared on her sons birth certificate. Stasz notes that in his memoirs, Chaney refers to Londons mother Flora Wellman as having been his wife, according to Flora Wellmans account, as recorded in the *San Francisco Chronicle* of June 4., Chaney demanded that she have an abortion. When she refused, he disclaimed responsibility for the child and she was not seriously wounded, but she was temporarily deranged. After giving birth, Flora turned the baby over for care to Virginia Prentiss and she was a major maternal figure throughout Londons life. He wrote to William Chaney, then living in Chicago, Chaney concluded by saying that he was more to be pitied than London. London was devastated by his fathers letter, in the following, he quit school at Berkeley. London was born near Third and Brannan Streets in San Francisco, the house burned down in the fire after the San Francisco earthquake, the California Historical Society placed a plaque at the site in . Although the family was working class, it was not as impoverished as Londons later accounts claimed, in , London found and read Ouidas long Victorian novel *Signa*. He credited this as the seed of his literary success, in , he went to the Oakland Public Library and found a sympathetic librarian, Ina Coolbrith, who encouraged his learning. In , London began working 12 to 18 hours a day at Hickmotts Cannery, seeking a way out, he borrowed money from his foster mother Virginia Prentiss, bought the sloop *Razzle-Dazzle* from an oyster pirate named French Frank, and became an oyster pirate 2. The central character of the novel is a dog named Buck, the story opens at a ranch in Santa Clara Valley, California, when Buck is stolen from his home and sold into service as a sled dog in Alaska. He becomes progressively feral in the environment, where he is forced to fight to survive. By the end, he sheds the veneer of civilization, and relies on primordial instinct, London spent almost a year in the Yukon collecting material for the book. The story was serialized in the *Saturday Evening Post* in the summer of and was published a later in book form. As early as , the story was adapted to film, the story opens with Buck, a large and powerful St. He is stolen by the assistant, however, sold to fund the latters gambling addiction. Put in a crate, he is starved and ill-treated, when released, he attacks the man in the red sweater but is badly beaten and taught to respect the law of the club. From his teammates, he learns to survive cold winter nights. A rivalry develops between Buck and the vicious, quarrelsome lead dog, Spitz, Buck eventually beats Spitz in a fight to the death. Spitz is killed by the pack after his defeat by Buck, the team is then sold to a Scottish half-breed man working the mail service. The dogs must carry heavy loads to the areas. One of the team, a husky named Dave, becomes sick. Bucks next owners are a trio of stampeders, who are inexperienced at surviving in the Northern wilderness and they struggle to control the sled and ignore warnings that the spring melt poses dangers. They overfeed the dogs and then starve them when the food runs out, on their journey they meet John Thornton, an experienced outdoorsman, who notices the dogs have been poorly treated and are in a weakened condition. He warns the trio against crossing the river, but they ignore his advice, exhausted, starving, and sensing the danger ahead, Buck refuses and continues to lie unmoving in the snow. After Buck is beaten by Hal, Thornton stands up for buck realizing he is a remarkable dog 3. Science fiction â€” Science fiction often explores the potential consequences of scientific and other innovations, and has been called a literature of ideas. Science fiction is difficult to define, as it includes a range of subgenres and themes. Author and editor Damon Knight summed up the difficulty, saying science fiction is what we point to when we say it, a definition echoed by author Mark C. Glassy, who

argues that the definition of science fiction is like the definition of pornography, you do not know what it is, in or William Atheling Jr. According to science fiction writer Robert A. Rod Serling's definition is fantasy is the impossible made probable. Science fiction is the improbable made possible, Science fiction is largely based on writing rationally about alternative possible worlds or futures. Science fiction elements include, A time setting in the future, in alternative timelines, a spatial setting or scenes in outer space, on other worlds, or on subterranean earth. Characters that include aliens, mutants, androids, or humanoid robots, futuristic or plausible technology such as ray guns, teleportation machines, and humanoid computers. Scientific principles that are new or that contradict accepted physical laws, for time travel, wormholes. New and different political or social systems, e. A product of the budding Age of Reason and the development of science itself. Isaac Asimov and Carl Sagan considered Keplers work the first science fiction story and it depicts a journey to the Moon and how the Earth's motion is seen from there. Later, Edgar Allan Poe wrote a story about a flight to the moon, more examples appeared throughout the 19th century. Wells *The War of the Worlds* describes an invasion of late Victorian England by Martians using tripod fighting machines equipped with advanced weaponry and it is a seminal depiction of an alien invasion of Earth. In the late 19th century, the scientific romance was used in Britain to describe much of this fiction. This produced additional offshoots, such as the novella *Flatland*, the term would continue to be used into the early 20th century for writers such as Olaf Stapledon. In the early 20th century, pulp magazines helped develop a new generation of mainly American SF writers, influenced by Hugo Gernsback, the founder of *Amazing Stories* magazine. The *Cruise of the Snark* is a non-fictional, illustrated book by Jack London chronicling his sailing adventure in across the south Pacific in his ketch the *Snark*. Accompanying London on this voyage was his wife Charmian London and a small crew, London taught himself celestial navigation and the basics of sailing and of boats during the course of this adventure and describes these details to the reader. He visits exotic locations including the Solomon Islands and Hawaii, and his first-person accounts, in , Jack London began to build a foot yacht on which he planned a round-the-world voyage, to last seven years. The *Snark* was named after Lewis Carrolls poem *The Hunting of the Snark* and she had two masts and was 43 feet long at the waterline, and London claimed to have spent thirty thousand dollars on her construction. She was primarily sail power, however, she also had an auxiliary horsepower engine, after many delays, Jack and Charmian London and a small crew sailed out of San Francisco Bay on April 23., bound for the South Pacific. We ran down the Langa Langa Lagoon, between mangrove swamps through passages scarcely wider than the Minota, and passed the villages of Kaloka. Like the founders of Venice, these men were originally refugees from the mainland. Too weak to hold their own in the bush, survivors of village massacres and these sand-banks they built up into islands. They were compelled to seek their provender from the sea, the hatchet-marks were still raw on the door of our tiny stateroom advertising an event of a few months before. The event was the taking of Captain Mackenzies head, Captain Mackenzie, at that time, the burning of the vessel was somehow prevented by the black crew, but this was so unprecedented that the owner feared some complicity between them and the attacking party. However, it could not be proved, and we sailed with the majority of this same crew, the present skipper smilingly warned us that the same tribe still required two more heads from the Minota, to square up for deaths on the Ysabel plantation. One of Londons crew members was young Martin Johnson from Kansas, following the cruise of the *Snark*, Martin became an adventurer and world traveler, making some of the earliest motion pictures of unexplored or less-explored areas and peoples of the earth. Hawaii While in Hawaii, London learned the Royal Sport of surfing, visited the Leper colony on Molokai and traveled by horseback on Maui around Haleakala, Londons voyage garnered some media attention from the point when he first set out into the Pacific. Additional essays from the voyage also appeared in *The Pacific Monthly* and *Harpers Weekly* prior to publication of the *Cruise of the Snark* 5. She was a novelist primarily, but also wrote about social problems and she had immigrated in as a child with her family to New York City in the United States from the Russian Empire, where she was born in what is now Belarus. After a few years moved to San Francisco. Strunsky studied at Stanford University, where she met writer Jack London and later part of a radical group known as *The Crowd*. They wrote a novel together, publishing it anonymously in She wrote a memoir of him after his death in In Strunsky and her sister Rose went to Russia as correspondents for a

journal run by the wealthy American socialist William English Walling. She married him there, and they settled in New York City after returning to the United States and she lived there for the remainder of her life, continuing to write. She was active in socialist and progressive causes, maintaining opposition to war after the United States entered the Great War and she worked to end war and capital punishment. Her several siblings included an older brother Max and a younger sister Rose, after several years in New York, in , the family moved to San Francisco. They moved in with her older brother Max, already established in the city as a doctor, Anna joined the Socialist Labor Party as a teenager and remained a socialist the rest of her life. While at Stanford, Anna met the young writer Jack London and she and London spent a great deal of time together discussing social and political issues. They published it anonymously in , after his death in , Strunsky published a memoir of her relationship with London. In Strunsky and her sister Rose joined American socialist William English Walling in Russia as correspondents for his revolutionary news bureau and they were reporting on the failed revolution of He was a wealthy man from Kentucky who became a socialist. Anna and William married that year, returning to the United States at the end of the year 6. Its first printing of forty thousand copies was sold out before publication on the strength of Londons previous *The Call of the Wild*. Ambrose Bierce wrote, "The great thing and it is among the greatest of things is that tremendous creation, the hewing out and setting up of such a figure is enough for a man to do in one lifetime. The love element, with its absurd suppressions, and impossible proprieties, is awful, the personal character of the novels antagonist Wolf Larsen was attributed to a real sailor London had known, Captain Alex MacLean. The MacLean Captains maintained their ties to Cape Breton Island despite having spent much of their lives sailing the Pacific Coast, London, who was called Wolf by his close friends, also used a picture of a wolf on his bookplate, and named his mansion Wolf House. Londons intention in writing *The Sea-Wolf* was an attack on super-man philosophy, nietzsche and Schopenhauer are mentioned in the second sentence of the novel as the preferred reading of the friend Humphrey van Weyden visited before his shipwreck. The story starts with him aboard a San Francisco ferry, called Martinez and he is set adrift in the Bay, eventually being picked up by Wolf Larsen. Larsen is the captain of a schooner, the *Ghost*. Brutal and cynical, yet highly intelligent and intellectual, he rules over his ship. Van Weyden adequately describes him as an individualist, hedonist, Larsen does not believe in the immortality of the soul, he finds no meaning in his life save for survival and pleasure and has come to despise all human life and deny its value. A key event in the story is a mutiny against Wolf Larsen by several members of the crew. The organizers of the mutiny are Leach and Johnson, Johnson had previously been beaten severely by Larsen, and Leach had been punched earlier while being forced to become a boat-puller, motivating the two. The first attempt is by sending Larsen overboard, however, he manages to back onto the ship. Searching for his assailant, he ventures into the quarters, located beneath the main deck. Several, at least seven men, take part in the mutiny, Van Weyden is promoted as mate, for the original mate had been murdered. He later allows them to be lost to the sea when they attempt to flee on a hunting boat, during this section, the *Ghost* picks up another set of castaways, including a poet named Maud Brewster 7. It is a novel, and could be regarded as a novelette. It first appeared in September in *Popular Magazine*, in the story, a successful boxer, who was brought up in a log cabin and knows little of the real world, begins to realize the corrupt practices in the game of boxing. In , when the story was written, London had become a famous writer, the *Abysmal Brute* was based on one of several plot outlines he bought from Sinclair Lewis, an admirer of London who was at the beginning of his career. Pat Jr fights well, otherwise, he knows little of city life, he hunts and fishes in the forest, he reads poetry, Sam brings Pat Jr back to San Francisco. Although Sam and Pat both know he could win a fight with a top boxer, the conventions of boxing require that Pat has to start with a boxer of lower rank, in his first three fights, he knocks out his opponent immediately with one punch. Sam tells Pat to make his fights last longer, since Pat says that he is master of his opponent at any inch or second of the fight, pats career takes off, winning fights worldwide. The newspapers, who interpret his detachment from the world as unsociability. Sam protects him from the corruption in boxing, Pat is not aware that Sam is using his knowledge of the timing of the knockout in a betting syndicate. Pat is interviewed by Maud Sangster, a journalist from a family of millionaires, at the Cliff House, Maud tells him she has heard in which round he will knock out his opponent in his next fight, and Pat wonders how his agreement with Sam

became known. He tells her the knockout will be in a later round, when his opponent is knocked out in the round originally agreed with Sam, Maud is angry with Pat.

Chapter 7 : An early science-fiction story by Jack London: "A Thousand Deaths" () - Prospero's Isle

*A Thousand Deaths (London short story), an short story by Jack London A Thousand Deaths (Card short story), a short story by Orson Scott Card "A Thousand Deaths" (The Shield), an episode of the TV series The Shield.*

Funny, I always imagined Jack London as one of those people who came out of the womb holding a Pulitzer Prize. Does the Pulitzer award trophies? After a few years of this, he finds himself fallen overboard, thrashing manically, and near death, briefly ruminates on his life thus far for the benefit of us readers, then promptly loses consciousness. Can somebody say awkward? So of course, when Sr. What better to strengthen the filial bond than a biweekly regime of death and resuscitation? To make a short story shorter, Dan, Sr. Bernard wind up piles of iron, sulfur, and potassium on Jr. The author admits to Dan, Sr. But when he denies them even the slightest glimmer of emotion, how can London expect the reader to care about his characters? But still, in whom can the reader become emotionally invested? Plus, he needlessly killed Dan, Sr. Personally, I think Sr. Bernard as a substitute for human companionship, more specifically the dominance he so desperately longs to wield over Jr. Dogs can be trained to be incredibly submissive, thus giving their human masters the thrill of total, almost God-like authority. The same God-like authority Sr. Hmm—this is kind of a non-sequitur, but Dan, Jr. By asserting his superiority over those of an oppressed race, Dan might be hoping to prove to himself he can still have worth as a human being independent of high social standing. Still want to read this story? Do so at your own risk:

**Chapter 8 : A Thousand Deaths | Indiegogo**

*First Appearances of Jack London's Stories* This web site by Carl Bell of Baylor University provides the first versions of many of London's stories that were published in magazines of the day. The illustrations were often by leading artists of the day.

Day had broken cold and grey, exceedingly cold and grey, when the man turned aside from the main Yukon 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. 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 the sun, and he knew that a few more days must pass before that cheerful orb, due south, would just peep above the sky-line and dip immediately from view. 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 hair-line 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 hair-line was the trail--the main trail--that led south five hundred miles to the Chilcoot Pass, Dyea, and salt water; and that led north seventy miles to Dawson, and still on to the north a thousand miles to Nulato, and finally to St. Michael on Bering Sea, a thousand miles and half a thousand more. 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 new-comer in the land, a chechaquo, 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. 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. As he turned to go on, he spat speculatively. There was a sharp, explosive crackle that startled him. 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 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. 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. 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, travelling 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. The animal was depressed by the tremendous cold. It knew that it was no time for travelling. 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. But the brute had its

instinct. The dog had learned fire, and it wanted fire, or else to burrow under the snow and cuddle its warmth away from the air. 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. 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 colour 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 thermometer at Sixty Mile he knew they had been registered at fifty below and at fifty-five. He held on through the level stretch of woods for several miles, crossed a wide flat of nigger-heads, 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. He was 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. 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. 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. 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 cheek-bones 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. What were frosted cheeks? A bit painful, that was all; they were never serious. 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 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 through he kept on breaking through for a while, sometimes wetting himself to the waist. 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. 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.

## DOWNLOAD PDF A THOUSAND DEATHS LONDON SHORT STORY

*A Thousand Deaths has 11 ratings and 4 reviews. Bethany said: I can not wait to get my hands on a copy of this book. The novel sounds absolutely amazing.*