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Elephants, leopards, bears, and other big animals fill this book's pages. Feels Real Books each have "feels real" textures for toddlers to touch and recognize. Books feature vivid color animal photos on every page.

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Chapter 2 : Where the Wild Things Are - Wikipedia

Find helpful customer reviews and review ratings for Big and Wild (Feels Real!) at theinnatdunvilla.com Read honest and unbiased product reviews from our users.

Although it did not have great success after being released—selling fewer than three thousand copies in the United States during before going out of print—it soon went on to become a best-seller. The book takes place in the midst of an unspecified war. With the exception of Sam and Eric and the choirboys, they appear never to have encountered each other before. The book portrays their descent into savagery; left to themselves on a paradisiacal island, far from modern civilization, the well-educated children regress to a primitive state. Golding wrote his book as a counterpoint to R. The only survivors are boys in their middle childhood or preadolescence. Two boys—the fair-haired Ralph and an overweight, bespectacled boy nicknamed "Piggy"—find a conch, which Ralph uses as a horn to convene all the survivors to one area. Ralph is optimistic, believing that grown-ups will come to rescue them but Piggy realises the need to organise: Because Ralph appears responsible for bringing all the survivors together, he immediately commands some authority over the other boys and is quickly elected their "chief". Ralph establishes three primary policies: The boys establish a form of democracy by declaring that whoever holds the conch shall also be able to speak at their formal gatherings and receive the attentive silence of the larger group. Jack organises his choir into a hunting party responsible for discovering a food source. Ralph, Jack, and a quiet, dreamy boy named Simon soon form a loose triumvirate of leaders with Ralph as the ultimate authority. Upon inspection of the island, the three determine that it has fruit and wild pigs for food. Simon, in addition to supervising the project of constructing shelters, feels an instinctive need to protect the "littluns" younger boys. The semblance of order quickly deteriorates as the majority of the boys turn idle; they give little aid in building shelters, spend their time having fun and begin to develop paranoid ideas about the island. The central paranoia refers to a supposed monster they call the "beast", which they all slowly begin to believe exists on the island. Ralph insists that no such beast exists, but Jack, who has started a power struggle with Ralph, gains a level of control over the group by boldly promising to kill the creature. At one point, Jack summons all of his hunters to hunt down a wild pig, drawing away those assigned to maintain the signal fire. Ralph angrily confronts Jack about his failure to maintain the signal; in frustration Jack assaults Piggy, breaking his glasses. The boys subsequently enjoy their first feast. One night, an aerial battle occurs near the island while the boys sleep, during which a fighter pilot ejects from his plane and dies in the descent. His body drifts down to the island in his parachute; both get tangled in a tree near the top of the mountain. Later on, while Jack continues to scheme against Ralph, the twins Sam and Eric, now assigned to the maintenance of the signal fire, see the corpse of the fighter pilot and his parachute in the dark. Mistaking the corpse for the beast, they run to the cluster of shelters that Ralph and Simon have erected to warn the others. This unexpected meeting again raises tensions between Jack and Ralph. Shortly thereafter, Jack decides to lead a party to the other side of the island, where a mountain of stones, later called Castle Rock, forms a place where he claims the beast resides. They then flee, now believing the beast is truly real. When they arrive at the shelters, Jack calls an assembly and tries to turn the others against Ralph, asking them to remove Ralph from his position. Receiving no support, Jack storms off alone to form his own tribe. The members begin to paint their faces and enact bizarre rites, including sacrifices to the beast. Simon, who faints frequently and is probably an epileptic, [6] [7] has a secret hideaway where he goes to be alone. One day while he is there, Jack and his followers erect an offering to the beast nearby: Simon conducts an imaginary dialogue with the head, which he dubs the "Lord of the Flies". The Lord of the Flies also warns Simon that he is in danger, because he represents the soul of man, and predicts that the others will kill him. Simon climbs the mountain alone and discovers that the "beast" is the dead parachutist. He rushes down to tell the other boys, who are engaged in a ritual dance. The frenzied boys mistake Simon for the beast, attack him, and beat him to death. Both Ralph and Piggy participate in the melee, and they become deeply disturbed by their actions after returning from Castle Rock. Ralph, now deserted by most of his supporters, journeys to Castle Rock to confront Jack and secure the glasses. Taking the conch and accompanied only by

Piggy, Sam, and Eric, Ralph finds the tribe and demands that they return the valuable object. Ralph and Jack engage in a fight which neither wins before Piggy tries once more to address the tribe. Any sense of order or safety is permanently eroded when Roger, now sadistic, deliberately drops a boulder from his vantage point above, killing Piggy and shattering the conch. Ralph secretly confronts Sam and Eric, who warn him that Jack and Roger hate him and that Roger has sharpened a stick at both ends, implying the tribe intends to hunt him like a pig and behead him. The following morning, Jack orders his tribe to begin a hunt for Ralph. Following a long chase, most of the island is consumed in flames. With the hunters closely behind him, Ralph trips and falls. He looks up at a uniformed adult—a British naval officer whose party has landed from a passing cruiser to investigate the fire. Ralph bursts into tears over the death of Piggy and the "end of innocence". Jack and the other children, filthy and unkempt, also revert to their true ages and erupt into sobs. The officer expresses his disappointment at seeing British boys exhibiting such feral, warlike behaviour before turning to stare awkwardly at his own warship. Themes At an allegorical level, the central theme is the conflicting human impulses toward civilisation and social organisation—living by rules, peacefully and in harmony—and toward the will to power. Themes include the tension between groupthink and individuality, between rational and emotional reactions, and between morality and immorality. How these play out, and how different people feel the influences of these form a major subtext of *Lord of the Flies*. Reception In February, Floyd C. Gale of *Galaxy Science Fiction* rated *Lord of the Flies* five stars out of five, stating that "Golding paints a truly terrifying picture of the decay of a minuscule society Well on its way to becoming a modern classic".

Chapter 3 : WILD - Cheryl Strayed

Buy Big and Wild (Feels Real Books) by Christiane Gunzi () by Christiane Gunzi (ISBN:) from Amazon's Book Store. Everyday low prices and free delivery on eligible orders.

Taking in the view at Malin Head. The Wild Atlantic Way is our doorstep. At first glance, it does seem surreally obvious. Of course they are. Sometimes the best ideas are the simplest, however. It could kick this beautiful coastline of ours into the thoughts and plans of millions of potential visitors. This really is as raw as Ireland gets. This is spray-in-your-face, mud-on-your-tyres, salt-on-your-windscreen stuff. Few people will drive the entire 2,km, of course. But most of us will be happy to dip in and out, biting off little bits and stopping whenever the mood strikes. From a marketing point of view, touring routes attract more people, get them to stay longer and spend more money. Businesses should benefit too. The Wild Atlantic Way is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to jump on board a branding bandwagon with international reach – one that comes with its own ads, marketing budget and app available end of June. CORK Length of coastline: With a fist-full of finger-like peninsulas jutting into the Atlantic, this is its like trying to pick your favourite child. The only fresher way to taste fish is via a snorkel. Lots of them and loads of access options too. Or, for novelty and suspense, the cable car to Dursey island is a memorable must-try. Expect to see stars. Thank the Lisbon earthquake and a consequent tsunami in the s for giving West Cork dune-backed beaches like Barleycove, and Long Strand, in a more gentle landscape near Clonakilty, backed by woodland walks, a castle, a lake, and smaller coves immediately east and west to discover. You might never leave. For horticultural exotics – such as a Bamboo Park in Glengarriff – take time out in a West Cork garden, see www.kenmare.com. Kenmare also runs a Food Carnival [kenmarefoodcarnival](http://www.kenmarefoodcarnival.com). Dingle Horse Riding [dinglehorseriding](http://www.dinglehorseriding.com). It kicks off on Cnoc an Cairn, before riding through town to the strand by the mouth of Dingle Harbour. The horseshoe-shaped cove is cut into the coast just north of the castle, and though too dangerous and hard to access for swimming, offers an amazing spread of surf, sand and sea stacks. Climb through the window at Gallarus Oratory on the Dingle Peninsula, and legend says your soul will be cleansed. It measures 18cm x 12cm. The Dingle, Beara and Inishowen peninsulas are well known. Loop Head, not so much. The off-radar rawness of this West Clare landscape is what makes it such a mind-blowing drive, however – from dolphins in the Shannon estuary to foaming sea arches and a desolate Atlantic lighthouse. It feels like you have the place to yourself. If you miss a table, skip on down to their chipper nearby. Last year, the Cliffs of Moher [cliffsofmoher](http://www.cliffsofmoher.com). No prizes for guessing why – these dramatic, m cliffs are one of the great set pieces of the Wild Atlantic Way. Have you ever tasted ice-cream flavoured with sea buckthorn? Think the Burren is barren? The Burren Slow Food Festival [slowfoodclare](http://www.burrenslowfood.com). Fancy rock-climbing your way to an awesome view over the Atlantic? You can abseil down afterwards, too. Quality trumps quantity when it comes to beaches in Co. The surfing is great at Lahinch and Spanish Point, hidden gems include White Strand, and Kilkee is a fab family day out, but Fanore offer everything in one place. Galway, Mayo, Sligo Length: The 42km walking and cycling route traces the course of the defunct Achill to Westport railway line, and the views over the Atlantic and Clew Bay – particularly between Achill, Mulranny and Newport, are gob-smacking. Those stones are arranged to remarkable effect along the Galway and Mayo coastlines – from set pieces like the Sky Road outside Clifden to surreal discoveries like the tidal causeway to Omey Island. The Connemara Coast road from Galway to Rossaveal is well-known; the coral strand at Carraroe is not. Renvyle beach, Connemara - Kelvin Gillmor at <http://www.renvylebeach.com>. Free diving is the art or science of holding your breath underwater – think of it as advanced snorkelling with a bit of oceanic spirituality thrown in. Free dive Ireland [freediveireland](http://www.free Dive Ireland.com). The sickle-shaped strand is scooped out of the mountains and fronting onto a bay once bloated with basking shark. It looks sensational, no matter what the season – and the views stretch to Croagh Patrick. A lake with a sandy beach in Connemara - [irishlandscapes](http://www.irishlandscapes.com). The Beach House in Buncrana [thebeachhouse](http://www.thebeachhouse.com). Donegal – not exactly renowned as a foodie county – has a surprising selection of gastro pubs [donegalgoodfood](http://www.donegalgoodfood.com) taverns. The Inishowen Peninsula is getting more and more coverage for its stunning aurora borealis displays, however – with recent showings securing front-page coverage in the national papers. Bundoran we know, but Dunfanaghy is the real surprise,

with a diverse set of surrounding beaches throwing up waves whatever the weather. Book a lesson with Narosa narosalife. Sunset Horn Head, Dunfanaghy Co. Stashed away in Ballymastocker Bay on the Fanad Peninsula, Portsalon beach is one of those sweeping Irish strands that could slot into the Caribbean on a sunny day. A mile of golden sands, safe swimming and a secret surf spot under Knockalla Mountain are complemented by a little cove in Portsalon itself. It has it all. There are 26 offshore islands on the Wild Atlantic Way. Tory is the only one with its own king, however, with a warm welcome for visitors off the ferry too. Travel ex-Dublin is on May 16 and includes accommodation for seven nights and transfers. The offer is valid for arrivals from April 3 to August 31 but the sale ends on March Call 01 or visit www.

Chapter 4 : 'Into the Wild' Chris McCandless' Sister Says He Was Determined to Cut Ties with Parents - A

By laying bare a great unspoken truth of adulthoodâ€”that many things in life don't turn out the way you want them to, and that you can and must live through them anywayâ€”Wild feels real in many ways that many books about 'finding oneself' do not." â€”Melanie Rehak, Slate.

Letters from a Desperate Dog by: Eileen Christelow - Clarion Books, 32 pages. This book, told from the perspective of a dog, is about the problems between humans and pets, and how the dog seeks advice on controlling its owner. Readers love it because they can relate to the interactions between pet and owner. Kids with a dog in the family. Find Letters from a Desperate Dog at your local library. Irene Haas - Margaret K. McElderry Books, 32 pages. One of the sweetest, homiest and quietly comforting picture books ever published. Those who know it count it as one of their all-time favorites. If you are just about to discover it, get ready to buy multiple copies to give to every child of picture-book age. Kids who like adventure. Find The Maggie B. May I Bring a Friend? Beatrice Schenk de Regniers, illustrated by: Beni Montresor - Aladdin, 48 pages. Each time he goes for a visit, he politely asks to bring a friend. Each time the king and queen tell him that any friend of his is welcome â€” though his choice of friends will surprise and amuse your child. Kids who like creative solutions. Find May I Bring a Friend? Where the Wild Things Are by: Maurice Sendak - Harper Collins, 48 pages. Originally published in , this is the story of Max, who puts on a wolf suit, causes mischief, gets sassy with his mother and is sent to bed without any dinner. This is a bedtime classic that transcends time. Kids who like to roar their terrible roars and gnash their terrible teeth. Find Where the Wild Things Are at your local library. Lost and Found by: A young boy finds a lost penguin on his stoop and embarks on a journey to help the penguin find its way home. But after a big trip in a tiny rowboat â€” all the way to the South Pole â€” the boy realizes that the penguin was never lost; he was just lonely! This tale of an unlikely friendship, with watercolor illustrations that are both lush and simple, is off-the-charts adorable. Want to see the movie? Check out the short-but-sweet film adaptation it clocks in at less than 30 minutes. Helping kids understand the value of friendship. Find Lost and Found at your local library. Chris Raschka - Scholastic, 32 pages. This unique book uses only 34 words to show how a friendship between two boys develops. After reading this book to your child, discuss the feelings each of the boys experiences after meeting for the first time. Helping kids understand unspoken feelings and friendship. Kevin Henkes - Greenwillow Books, 32 pages. Many children will relate to Wemberly, a little mouse who has many worries. By the time the frightening day arrives, Wemberly is full of dread. At school, the teacher introduces her to another girl mouse, Jewel. And sometimes even less. Getting excited about starting school. Find Wemberly Worried at your local library. Wild About Books by: Judy Sierra, illustrated by: Molly McGrew the librarian mistakenly drives the bookmobile to the zoo! Kids who like adventure stories. Find Wild About Books at your local library. Michelle Knudsen, illustrated by: Kevin Hawkes - Candlewick Press, 48 pages. Like most institutions, the library in this story has rules about a number of things but not about lions. It does, however, have rules about behavior and when the lion, who has jauntily sauntered in the front door to join story hour, roars in distress when the program is over, the head librarian, Miss Merriweather, turns stern. Those are the rulesâ€”. Find Library Lion at your local library. Meet Dexter, a soon-to-be kindergartner! A must-read to help relieve the anxiety all of us feel when starting school. Bernard Ashley, illustrated by: Derek Brazell - Crown, 32 pages. This book makes a good read aloud for children just starting school. In his first week of school, a young boy watches other children master skills to the delight of the teachers. Young listeners will identify with the young boy as he tries to find something special he can do to show his new friends and to find a place in the group. Find Cleversticks at your local library. David Goes to School by: David Shannon - Blue Sky Press, 32 pages. Find out what happens to mischievous David. Will he ever stop causing trouble? Find David Goes to School at your local library. How Do Dinosaurs Go to School? Jane Yolen, illustrated by: Large, bright-colored dinosaur characters dwarf teachers and children as the author first speculates about how rebellious the dinosaurs might be and then tells how cooperative and well-behaved they are. The simple text is accessible to young readers. A fun way to talk about behavior and expectations at school. Nancy Carlson - Viking, 32 pages. His

apprehensions are quickly overcome when he finds a classroom full of friends and fun things to do. This book is written for younger children, pre-K as well as K. Kids who are nervous about starting school. *No Roses for Harry!* Gene Zion, illustrated by: Margaret Bloy Graham - HarperTrophy, 32 pages. I recommend this to anyone who has a soft spot for a dirty dog or who has ever received a present that ended up in the back of the closet. Animal lovers and kids who like picking their own clothes. Find *No Roses for Harry* at your local library. *Tikki Tikki Tembo* by: Arlene Mosel, illustrated by: Blair Lent - Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 48 pages. Everyone learns a practical lesson in this timeless folktale. Kids who like to learn about other cultures. Find *Tikki Tikki Tembo* at your local library. *Ken Geist*, illustrated by: Julia Gorton - Cartwheel Books, 32 pages. Easy, patterned language makes this book very accessible to early readers. Discussing how the big bad wolf and the shark are different and similar. *A Village Tale from Kenya* by: Mary Chamberlin and Rich Chamberlin, illustrated by: On a trip to the market, he gets so excited, that he invites everyone he encounters to a pancake dinner at his house. Mama Panya must figure out how to feed them all. This incredible book is recipient of the Oppenheim Toy Portfolio Gold Award and delights with kid-friendly facts about Kenya, a map, Kiswahili greetings and sayings, and a recipe to make your own pancakes.

Chapter 5 : 10 Of The Best Non-Fiction Old West Books Of All Time

Here is a list of 10 of the best non-fiction Old West books of all time, in no particular order. It is simply a collection of books about what the Old West was really like from the eyes of gun fighters, Mountain Men, Indians and Cowboys.

Plot[edit] This story of only words focuses on a young boy named Max who, after dressing in his wolf costume, wreaks such havoc through his household that he is sent to bed without his supper. Upon returning to his bedroom, Max discovers a hot supper waiting for him. Development[edit] Sendak began his career as an illustrator, but by the mids he had decided to start both writing and illustrating his own books. Soon after, he began work on another solo effort. The story was supposed to be that of a child who, after a tantrum, is punished in his room and decides to escape to the place that gives the book its title, the "land of wild horses". Sendak, as a child, had observed his relatives as being "all crazy â€” crazy faces and wild eyes", with blood-stained eyes and "big and yellow" teeth, who pinched his cheeks until they were red. As a child, however, he saw them only as "grotesques". Tzippy, Moishe, Aaron, Emile, and Bernard. It took about two years for librarians and teachers to realize that children were flocking to the book, checking it out over and over again, and for critics to relax their views. Francis Spufford suggests that the book is "one of the very few picture books to make an entirely deliberate and beautiful use of the psychoanalytic story of anger ". Another called it "perfectly crafted, perfectly illustrated Two versions were released: This was followed by its first U. The live-action film version of the book is directed by Spike Jonze. It was released on October 16, The soundtrack was written and produced by Karen O and Carter Burwell. The screenplay was adapted by Jonze and Dave Eggers. Sendak was one of the producers for the film. The screenplay was novelized by Eggers as *The Wild Things* , published in In , indie rock quartet alt-J released the song " Breezeblocks ", inspired in part by the book.

Chapter 6 : Lord of the Flies - Wikipedia

Welcome to Old Children's Books, selling children's literature and picture books online since We stock more than 10,000 scarce, collectible and out-of-print books, for readers, teachers and collectors.

It is simply a collection of books about what the Old West was really like from the eyes of gun fighters, Mountain Men, Indians and Cowboys. These books are all ones that I loved and recommend to those that are fascinated by this amazing time in our history. The amount of information in this book is amazing and how it is presented by Mr. Connell brings you back to the interesting times of the Old West. This is the best book on this subject that I have encountered so far. If you read just one book on the subject, make it this one. Click here to purchase *The Last Gunfight* on Amazon. In writing this book, Joseph Rosa has tried to separate the man from the legend and has done an amazing job. He does a great job sifting through all of the information on Wild Bill to get to the facts. This is a really good read for those that want to know about the real Mr. A Short and Violent Life Billy the Kid was only 21 years old when he died, but in those few short years he established himself as one of the biggest outlaws in the Old West. Robert M Utley does a great job exposing the reality of Billy the Kid. How did he become a legend while many others did not? This book is faced paced, full of action and thoroughly researched. I highly recommend it. It was a time when the Old West was an open range and free of fences. This book will completely immerse you into the life of a cowboy; the fun times and the trying times. He was the first person to discover the South Pass, help immigrants into Oregon, and also negotiated the Fort Laramie treaty of 1850. Thomas led an amazing life that leaves us with an outstanding account of the expansion into the Old West. These first men of the west had many amazing adventures and this novel presents us with many of them. *The Mountain Men* were ultimately the ones who opened up the gates for the settlements into the West. Win Belvins is a amazing writer who brings us back into that time and makes you feel like the events are happening right before your eyes. I loved this book. Accounts of daily Indian life is described detail and includes child-rearing, religious ceremonies, food preparation, war parties, raids and more. If you are at all interested in what life was like for the Indians in the Old West, read this book. *Chief of the Crows Plenty-coups: Chief of the Crows* is the story of Plenty-coups "He was the last hereditary chief of the Crow Indians who tells his moving story of what Indian life was like before reservations. This is an exciting story told by one of the last great Indian chiefs and will be one of the best memoirs you will ever read. *Blood and Thunder* Blood and Thunder: This book is full of heroes and villians, and is a fair account of all the characters involved. The story centers around Kit Carson who is one of the most interesting people in American history. Anybody who has an interest in the history of the West will love this book.

Chapter 7 : SparkNotes: The Call of the Wild: Themes

"To live in a tent, waking up with the first light, adjusting to weather and seasons, hunting wild animals, makes me feel so alive," Miriam says. "When I hunt, and come back with a goat for dinner.

Miriam, who was born in the Netherlands, says there is freedom in her lifestyle, one that is "without time". Miriam Lancewood discusses surviving the challenges of a nomadic lifestyle Life Matters "We sleep when we are tired, usually when the sun goes down. When the first birds sing, we wake up," she says. That is irrelevant really. Killing to survive To prepare for her move to the wilderness, Miriam practised her aim with a bow and arrow every day for a year. She and Peter had decided that, in their new living environment, she would hunt and he would cook. Also tricky was the fact that she was raised vegetarian. I was very judgmental of meat-eaters," she says. But there was an urgency to expanding their diet. Miriam and her partner Peter are fuelled by wild meat like goat or possum. Lottie Hedley The first meat Miriam ate was possum, and the experience, she says, was "absolutely traumatising". It was a really dreadful moment Plus, she says, possum meat is delicious. It tasted fantastic," Miriam says. Most importantly, however, the meat gave them the fuel they so badly needed. You feel really so much healthier and stronger with eating good meat. From someone who used to feel nervous alone, Miriam has grown confident that she can live well independently. Supplied And her perspective of herself has changed. I am insignificant really, and my petty little problems seem even smaller," she says. Miriam says "always walking into the unknown" was exciting, but also exhausting. So the couple decided to return to New Zealand and set up camp once more. It seems unlikely their path will ever lead back to a conventional lifestyle. She is struck by the beauty of the environment she has called home for so long, and by how comfortable she is there. The thick layer of moss is like a soft carpet underneath our feet," she says.

Chapter 8 : Looking for a Childhood Book? Here's How. | Old Children's Books

The scenery, of course, could stop the heart of a mountain goat, and "Wild" has an admirable heroine, but the movie itself often feels literal-minded rather than poetic, busy rather than.

The Indispensable Struggle for Mastery The Call of the Wild is a story of transformation in which the old Buck—the civilized, moral Buck—must adjust to the harsher realities of life in the frosty North, where survival is the only imperative. Kill or be killed is the only morality among the dogs of the Klondike, as Buck realizes from the moment he steps off the boat and watches the violent death of his friend Curly. The wilderness is a cruel, uncaring world, where only the strong prosper. In the old, warmer world, he might have sacrificed his life out of moral considerations; now, however, he abandons any such considerations in order to survive. But London is not content to make the struggle for survival the central theme of his novel; instead, his protagonist struggles toward a higher end, namely mastery. Buck does not merely want to survive; he wants to dominate—as do his rivals, dogs like Spitz. Buck is a savage creature, in a sense, and hardly a moral one, but London, like Nietzsche, expects us to applaud this ferocity. His novel suggests that there is no higher destiny for man or beast than to struggle, and win, in the battle for mastery. The Power of Ancestral Memory and Primitive Instincts When Buck enters the wild, he must learn countless lessons in order to survive, and he learns them well. But the novel suggests that his success in the frozen North is not merely a matter of learning the ways of the wild; rather, Buck gradually recovers primitive instincts and memories that his wild ancestors possessed, which have been buried as dogs have become civilized creatures. The technical term for what happens to Buck is atavism—the reappearance in a modern creature of traits that defined its remote forebears. His connection to his ancestral identity is thus more than instinctual; it is mystical. The civilized world, which seems so strong, turns out to be nothing more than a thin veneer, which is quickly worn away to reveal the ancient instincts lying dormant underneath. Buck hears the call of the wild, and London implies that, in the right circumstances, we might hear it too. The Laws of Civilization and of Wilderness While the two lives that Buck leads stand in stark contrast to each other, this contrast does not go unchallenged throughout the novel. His life with Judge Miller is leisurely, calm, and unchallenging, while his transition to the wilderness shows him a life that is savage, frenetic, and demanding. While it would be tempting to assume that these two lives are polar opposites, events later in the novel show some ways in which both the wild and civilization have underlying social codes, hierarchies, and even laws. For example, the pack that Buck joins is not anarchic; the position of lead dog is coveted and given to the most powerful dog. The lead dog takes responsibility for group decisions and has a distinctive style of leadership; the main factor in the rivalry between Buck and Spitz is that Buck sides with the less popular, marginal dogs instead of the stronger ones. The rules of the civilized and uncivilized worlds are, of course, extremely different—in the wild, many conflicts are resolved through bloody fights rather than through reasoned mediation. But the novel suggests that what is important in both worlds is to understand and abide by the rules which that world has set up, and it is only when those rules are broken that we see true savagery and disrespect for life. Mercedes, Hal, and Charles enter the wild with little understanding of the rules one must follow to become integrated and survive. As a result, the wilderness institutes a natural consequence for their actions. Precisely because they do not heed the warnings that the wild provides via one of its residents, John Thornton, they force the team over unstable ice and fall through to their deaths. The novel seems to say that the wild does not allow chaos or wanton behavior but instead institutes a strict social and natural order different from, but not inferior to, that of the civilized world. The Membership of the Individual in the Group When Buck arrives in the wild, his primordial instincts do not awaken immediately, and he requires a great deal of external help before he is suited to life there. Help arrives in realizations about the very different rules that govern the world outside of civilization, but also in the support of the pack of which he becomes a part. Two dogs in particular, Dave and Sol-leks, after having established their seniority, instruct Buck in the intricacies of sled pulling. Furthermore, the group members take pride in their work, even though they are serving men. When they make trips in good time, they congratulate themselves—they all participate in a common enterprise.

Chapter 9 : Favorite kindergarten books

Into the Wild Questions and Answers. The Question and Answer section for Into the Wild is a great resource to ask questions, find answers, and discuss the novel.

There was the first, flip decision to do it, followed by the second, more serious decision to actually do it, and then the long third beginning, composed of weeks of shopping and packing and preparing to do it. There was the driving across the country from Minneapolis to Portland, Oregon, and, a few days later, catching a flight to Los Angeles and a ride to the town of Mojave and another ride to the place where the PCT crossed a highway. At which point, at long last, there was the actual doing it, quickly followed by the grim realization of what it meant to do it, followed by the decision to quit doing it because doing it was absurd and pointless and ridiculously difficult and far more than I expected doing it would be and I was profoundly unprepared to do it. And then there was the real live truly doing it. The staying and doing it, in spite of everything. In spite of the bears and the rattlesnakes and the scat of the mountain lions I never saw; the blisters and scabs and scrapes and lacerations. The exhaustion and the deprivation; the cold and the heat; the monotony and the pain; the thirst and the hunger; the glory and the ghosts that haunted me as I hiked eleven hundred miles from the Mojave Desert to the state of Washington by myself. I was wearing green. Green pants, green shirt, green bow in my hair. Some of them were just what I dreamed of having, others less so. All that day of the green pantsuit, as I accompanied my mother and stepfather, Eddie, from floor to floor of the Mayo Clinic while my mother went from one test to another, a prayer marched through my head, though prayer is not the right word to describe that march. My prayer was not: Please, God, take mercy on us. I was not going to ask for mercy. My mother was forty-five. My siblings and I had been made to swallow raw cloves of garlic when we had colds. People like my mother did not get cancer. The tests at the Mayo Clinic would prove that, refuting what the doctors in Duluth had said. I was certain of this. Who were those doctors in Duluth anyway? That was my prayer: And yet, here was my mother at the Mayo Clinic getting worn out if she had to be on her feet for more than three minutes. I followed behind, not allowing myself to think a thing. We were finally on our way up to see the last doctor. The real doctor, we kept calling him. The one who would gather everything that had been gathered about my mom and tell us what was true. As the elevator car lifted, my mother reached out to tug at my pants, rubbing the green cotton between her fingers proprietarily. She was going to leave my life at the same moment that I came into hers, I thought. For some reason that sentence came fully formed into my head just then, temporarily blotting out the Fuck them prayer. I almost howled in agony. I almost choked to death on what I knew before I knew. I was going to live the rest of my life without my mother. I pushed the fact of it away with everything in me. This was not so. We were led into an examining room, where a nurse instructed my mother to remove her shirt and put on a cotton smock with strings that dangled at her sides. When my mother had done so, she climbed onto a padded table with white paper stretched over it. Each time she moved, the room was on fire with the paper ripping and crinkling beneath her. I could see her naked back, the small curve of flesh beneath her waist. She was not going to die. Her naked back seemed proof of that. I was staring at it when the real doctor came into the room and said my mother would be lucky if she lived a year. He explained that they would not attempt to cure her, that she was incurable. There was nothing that could have been done, he told us. Finding it so late was common, when it came to lung cancer. He had a job to do. They could try to ease the pain in her back with radiation, he offered. Radiation might reduce the size of the tumors that were growing along the entire length of her spine. I did not cry. And then forgot to breathe. What did you do? She sat with her hands folded tightly together and her ankles hooked one to the other. In reply, he took a pencil, stood it upright on the edge of the sink, and tapped it hard on the surface. Each of us locked in separate stalls, weeping. Not because we felt so alone in our grief, but because we were so together in it, as if we were one body instead of two. Later we came out to wash our hands and faces, watching each other in the bright mirror. We were sent to the pharmacy to wait. I sat between my mother and Eddie in my green pantsuit, the green bow miraculously still in my hair. There was a woman who had an arm that swung wildly from the elbow. She held it stiffly with the other hand, trying to calm it. There was a beautiful dark-haired woman who

sat in a wheelchair. She wore a purple hat and a handful of diamond rings. We could not take our eyes off her. She spoke in Spanish to the people gathered around her, her family and perhaps her husband. Eddie sat on my other side, but I could not look at him. If I looked at him we would both crumble like dry crackers. I thought about my older sister, Karen, and my younger brother, Leif. What they would say when they knew. How they would cry. My prayer was different now: A year, a year, a year. Those two words beat like a heart in my chest. There was a song coming over the waiting room speakers. A song without words, but my mother knew the words anyway and instead of answering my question she sang them softly to me. To think about listening to the same song now. I was Karen, Cheryl, Leif. She whispered it and hollered it, hissed it and crooned it. We were her kids, her comrades, the end of her and the beginning. We took turns riding shotgun with her in the car. But she would never get there, no matter how wide she stretched her arms. The amount that she loved us was beyond her reach. It could not be quantified or contained. Her love was full-throated and all-encompassing and unadorned. Every day she blew through her entire reserve. She grew up an army brat and Catholic. She lived in five different states and two countries before she was fifteen. She loved horses and Hank Williams and had a best friend named Babs. Nineteen and pregnant, she married my father. Three days later, he knocked her around the room. She left and came back. Left and came back. She would not put up with it, but she did. He broke her nose. He broke her dishes. He skinned her knees dragging her down a sidewalk in broad daylight by her hair. By twenty-eight she managed to leave him for the last time. She was alone, with KarenCherylLeif riding shotgun in her car. By then we lived in a small town an hour outside of Minneapolis in a series of apartment complexes with deceptively upscale names: She had one job, then another. She waited tables at a place called the Norseman and then a place called Infinity, where her uniform was a black T-shirt that said go for it in rainbow glitter across her chest.