

Chapter 2 White Fang

The cub ran to the small river. He was heavy with sleep and he wanted to drink. He did not look around him carefully.

Suddenly, he saw them under the trees. Five big animals sat in front of him. They did not snarl or show their teeth. They looked at him and did not move. They were dangerous, but the gray cub could not move. He felt very weak and small next to them.

One of them got up and came to him. When he put his hand near the cub, the cub's hair stood up. He showed his little fangs. The man laughed and said: "*Wabam wabisca ip pit tah.*" ("Look! The white fangs!")

The other men laughed loudly. The first man put his hand near the cub again. This time the cub bit it. The man hit him on the head. The cub fell and then cried. The men laughed again.

Then the cub heard something. The Indians heard it, too.

The cub's mother ran to him and snarled loudly at the men.

"Kiche!" said one of the men. "Kiche!"

The cub's mother stopped snarling and lay down on the



“Look! The white fangs!”

ground. Why? The cub did not understand. His mother fought everything!

The man came to her. He put his hand on her head, but she did not bite him! The other men put their hands on her head and she did not bite them. The men made noises with their mouths.

"It is not strange," one man said. "Her father was a wolf and her mother was a dog."

"She ran away last year, Gray Beaver. Do you remember?" said a second man.

"Yes. She ran to the wolves because we could find no meat for the dogs."

He put his hand on the cub. The cub snarled and the hand quickly hit him. The cub closed his mouth. Then the man stroked the cub's back and behind his ears.

"His father is a wolf," said the man. "His fangs are white, so his name will be White Fang. He is my dog because Kiche was my dead brother's dog."

The men made more mouth noises. Then Gray Beaver cut some wood from a tree. He tied Kiche to it with some leather. Then he tied the stick to a small tree.

After a time, about forty men, women, and children and many dogs came through the trees. The people and dogs carried heavy bags. A small boy took Kiche's stick and walked away with her. White Fang followed her.

They walked by the small river for a time. Then they came to the large Mackenzie River and the Indians made their camp next to it.

White Fang walked around the camp and looked at everything. A young dog walked slowly to him. This dog, Lip-lip, did not like other dogs, and he bit White Fang badly. White Fang fought him angrily, but Lip-lip was older and stronger. He bit

White Fang again and again, so White Fang ran back to his mother. This was the first of many fights with Lip-lip.

Five minutes later, White Fang left Kiche and looked around the camp again. He saw Gray Beaver and went to him. Gray Beaver sat on the ground near a lot of sticks. Women and children brought Gray Beaver more sticks. Then a strange thing came up from the sticks on the ground. It was the color of the sun. White Fang went near it, and suddenly his nose hurt. He jumped away fast and cried. Gray Beaver and the others laughed loudly.

White Fang ran back to his mother and lay down next to her. His nose hurt and he wanted to go back to the woods. He watched the men in the camp. They were large and strong, and they made fire! They were gods to him.

One of the Indians, Three Eagles, planned a trip up the Mackenzie River. Before he left, Gray Beaver gave him Kiche. So one morning, Three Eagles took Kiche onto his boat. The boat started to move up the river. White Fang jumped into the water and swam after it. He did not listen to the angry shouts of Gray Beaver. He wanted his mother.

Gray Beaver followed him in his boat. He caught White Fang's neck and pulled him angrily out of the water. He hit him hard, again and again. White Fang snarled at him angrily. Gray Beaver hit him faster and harder. Then White Fang felt very afraid. He stopped snarling.

Gray Beaver stopped hitting him. He threw him into the bottom of the boat and kicked him hard. White Fang suddenly felt angry again and bit Gray Beaver's foot.

This time Gray Beaver was really angry. He hit White Fang very hard for a long time. Again, he threw him to the bottom of the boat and again he kicked him angrily. This time White Fang did not bite him.



He caught White Fang's neck and pulled him angrily out of the water.

Later, in the night, White Fang remembered his mother and felt sad. He cried loudly, and Gray Beaver hit him again. After that he only cried quietly when the gods were near. But sometimes in the woods he cried loudly again. He stayed in the camp and waited for his mother.

He was not too sad. Life in the camp was interesting because the gods did many strange things. But the young dog Lip-lip hated him and often started fights with him. The other young dogs followed Lip-lip and started fights with White Fang, too.

These fights taught him some important lessons. He learned to stay on his feet in a fight. He also learned to hurt a dog very badly in a very short time. He learned to push the dog off his feet and to bite his neck. He learned these lessons because he wanted to live. He had to be faster, more intelligent, and more dangerous than the other dogs.

One day, he killed a dog in a fight. The Indians saw him and were angry with him. After that, they did not want him near them. They shouted at him angrily when they saw him.

This life turned White Fang into a very angry, dangerous animal. He learned only about hate. Nobody gave him any love, so he did not learn about that.