

Chapter 3 A Trip up the Mackenzie

In the fall the Indians put everything from the camp into bags. Then they put the bags into their boats. Some of the boats left and White Fang understood.

He ran out of the camp and through a small river. Then he found a place in the woods and went to sleep. He woke when he heard Gray Beaver. Gray Beaver called his name again and again. Then he stopped calling and went back to the camp.

White Fang played in the woods for a time, but then he suddenly felt afraid. The woods were dark and cold, and the trees made loud noises. He ran back to the camp, but there was nobody there. He sat down and looked up at the sky. He cried sadly to the large night sky.

In the morning he began to run by the river. All day he ran. Sometimes he had to climb high mountains behind the river. Sometimes he had to swim across other, smaller rivers. He always followed the large river on its way. All the time he looked for the gods.

He ran all night and the next day. He felt weak and hungry and his feet hurt badly. Snow began to fall and he could not find his way easily. Then night fell and the snow came down more heavily.

Then he smelled the gods through the snow on the ground. He left the river and went into the trees. He heard the sounds of the gods and saw Gray Beaver near a fire.

He felt afraid but he walked slowly into the firelight. Gray Beaver saw him and looked at him. White Fang went to him and waited. But Gray Beaver did not hit him. He gave him some meat! White Fang carefully smelled it and then ate it. He sat at Gray Beaver's feet and looked at the fire. He felt warm and happy. This was his place.

Some months later, in the middle of December, Gray Beaver went up the Mackenzie River. His son Mit-sah and his wife Kloo-klooch went with him. They took two sleds. Mit-sah's sled was smaller and lighter than Gray Beaver's, but it carried a lot of food.

Gray Beaver and Mit-sah tied White Fang and six other dogs to Mit-sah's sled. Lip-lip ran at the front. All day the other dogs ran behind him. They wanted to catch him, but they could not. Because of this they hated him. In the camp Lip-lip had to stay



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near the gods because the other dogs hated him. He was not the most important dog now.

At one village, White Fang learned something new. One day a boy cut some meat and some of it fell on the ground. White Fang ate it. The boy ran after him and tried to hit him with a heavy stick. White Fang was very angry. He bit the boy's hand hard. The boy's family came to Gray Beaver but he spoke angrily to them. He did not hit White Fang.

Later that day, some boys from the village began to hit Mit-sah in the woods. White Fang ran angrily to them and they ran away. When Mit-sah told this story in the camp, Gray Beaver gave White Fang a lot of meat. White Fang understood. There were different gods. There were his gods, and there were other gods. His gods were the most important.

They arrived in Gray Beaver's village in April. White Fang was now a year old. He was tall and thin, and his coat was wolf-gray. He walked through the village and saw the gods and dogs from the summer. He was not afraid of the older dogs. He could fight them and win.

In the summer, he saw Kiche outside the village. He stopped and looked at her. He remembered her, but she did not remember him. He ran to her happily, but she bit him in the face. He ran away from her. He did not understand.

Kiche now had new cubs, so she could not remember her older ones. One of her new cubs came to White Fang. White Fang smelled him and Kiche jumped on him angrily. She bit his face a second time. Then White Fang left. This was a she-wolf and he could not fight her.

In the third year of White Fang's life, there was no food on the Mackenzie for a long time. In the summer, the Indians could not find any fish and in the winter they could not find any wild animals. They ate their leather shoes, and the dogs. The old and

weak gods died and the other gods cried all the time. Some of the most intelligent dogs understood, and they went into the woods for food. There, the wolves ate them.

White Fang also went into the woods. For months he was very hungry, but he always killed something. Other animals wanted to kill him, but he could run faster than them.

Early in the summer, he met Lip-lip in the woods. He was not hungry, but he snarled at Lip-lip. He pushed him to the ground and bit his neck hard. That was the end of Lip-lip.

One day, White Fang came to the end of the woods. In front of him he saw the Mackenzie and a village. It was the old village, but it was now in a new place.

He left the woods and went to the village. Gray Beaver was not there, but Kloo-koooh gave him a fish. He felt happy because he was with the gods again.