

## Chapter 4 The Killer of Dogs

When White Fang was almost five years old, Gray Beaver took him on a second trip. This time they went down the Mackenzie, across the mountains and down the Porcupine River to the Yukon River. They stopped in many villages, and in each village White Fang fought the dogs. The dogs often died because they fought in a different way from White Fang.

White Fang liked fighting very quickly. He hated being very near another animal because it felt dangerous. He had to feel free, so he finished his fights very fast. Usually, he won his fights because the village dogs were slower. Sometimes a dog hurt him badly, but these times were accidents. Usually, he was too fast for them.

In the summer, Gray Beaver and White Fang arrived at Fort

Yukon. It was 1898, and there were thousands of people in the town. These people planned to go up the Yukon to the Klondike because they wanted to find gold.

In Fort Yukon, White Fang saw white gods for the first time. A small number of them lived in the town, and other men came from the boats. These boats stopped in the town two or three times a week.

He was very afraid of the white gods because they were stronger than the Indians. But he was not afraid of their dogs. They did not fight well. When they ran at him, he jumped away. Then he pushed them to the ground and bit them in the neck. It was easy.

Sometimes a dog did not get up after a fight with White Fang. Then White Fang left him to the Indian dogs. They jumped on him and killed him. White Fang never killed a white god's dog. He was too intelligent. The white gods were always angry when their dogs died in a fight. They hit the Indian dogs hard with sticks.

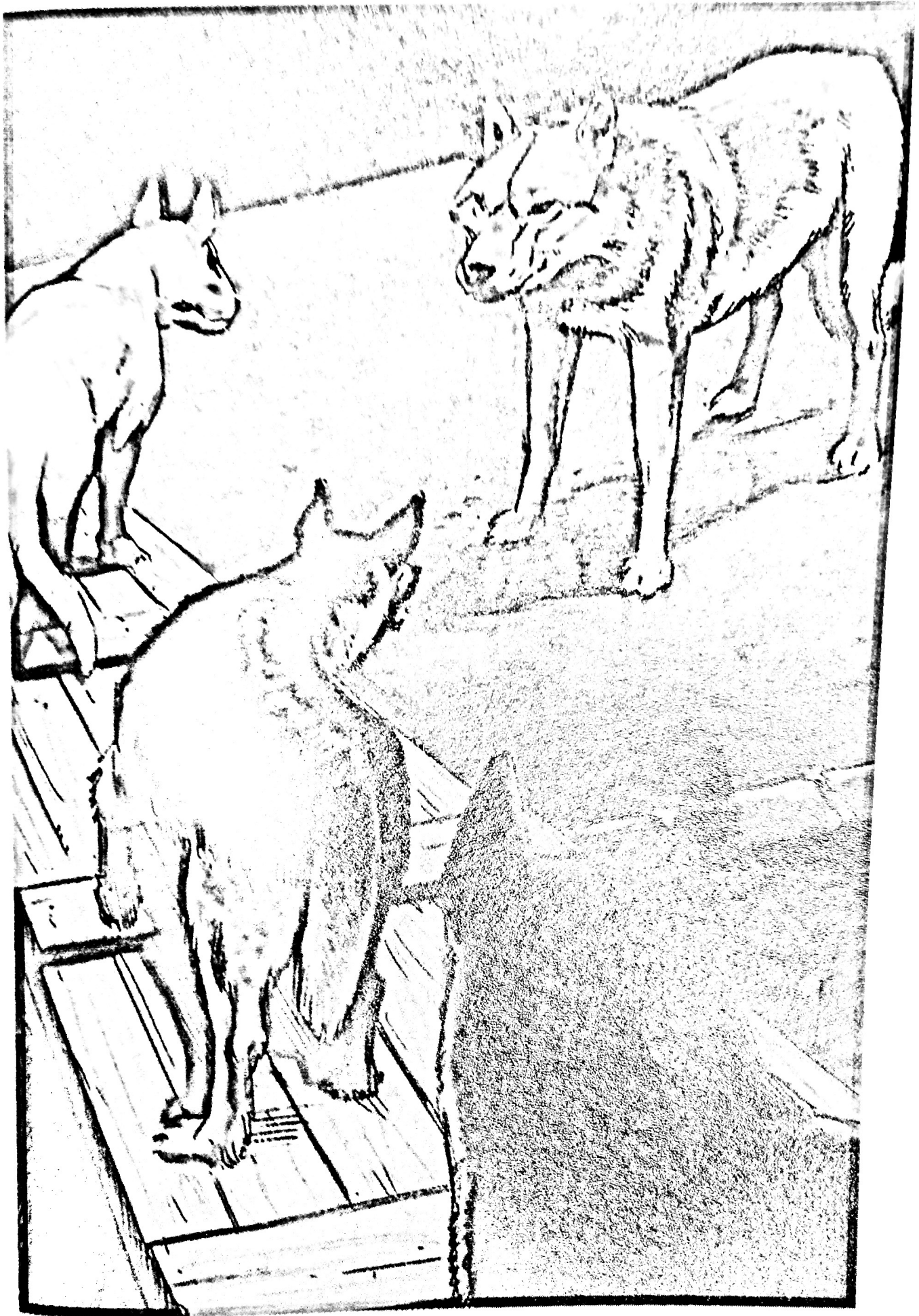
White Fang started these fights easily. When the strange dogs left the boat, he went to them. They were afraid of him because he was wild. He was dangerous to them and to their gods so they wanted to fight him.

After two or three of these fights, the white gods always took their dogs back to their boat. That was the end of the game with the dogs from that boat.

After a time, these fights were the only thing in White Fang's life. Gray Beaver had no work for him because he was too busy. He sold leather shoes to the white gods and he was now rich.

White Fang liked the fights, but he was not happy. He did not love an animal or a god, because no animal or god loved him. Everybody hated him.

The white men in Fort Yukon did not like the white men



*They were afraid of him because he was wild.*

from the boats. These men were from the south, and were weak. The men from Fort Yukon liked the dog fights because the weak men's dogs died.

One man liked the fights more than the other men. He watched each fight. Sometimes when a Southland dog died, he shouted happily. He wanted very much to buy White Fang.

This man's name was Beauty Smith. His name was "Beauty" because he was very ugly and small. He had large yellow teeth and dirty yellow eyes. The thin hair on his head and face was also dirty yellow.

He tried to make friends with White Fang but White Fang hated him. He always showed his teeth to him and moved away.

Then Beauty Smith visited Gray Beaver in his camp. Beauty Smith and Gray Beaver talked for a long time. Gray Beaver did not want to sell White Fang. White Fang was his strongest dog. But Beauty Smith knew Gray Beaver. He visited him often. Each time he took a black bottle with him, under his coat. Gray Beaver began to want more and more bottles. In a short time all his money went on them. Then Beauty Smith talked to him again about White Fang. He wanted to pay for White Fang in bottles, not dollars. This time Gray Beaver listened.

"You catch him, you take him," he said.

After two days, Beauty Smith told Gray Beaver, "You catch him."

That evening, White Fang came quietly into the camp. The bad white god was not there. Gray Beaver came over to him and tied some leather round his neck. He sat down next to White Fang and drank from his bottle.

After an hour, Beauty Smith walked into the camp. He stood over White Fang. White Fang snarled up at him. A hand moved down to his head. Suddenly, White Fang tried to bite it. The hand jumped back. Gray Beaver hit White Fang on the head.

Beauty Smith went away and came back with a large stick.





*Beauty Smith came back with a large stick.*

Gray Beaver gave him the leather and Beauty Smith walked away from White Fang. The leather pulled at White Fang's neck but he did not move. Then he suddenly jumped at the bad god. Beauty Smith did not move away. He hit White Fang hard with his stick. White Fang fell to the ground. Beauty Smith pulled the leather again, and this time White Fang followed him.

In the town, Beauty Smith tied him with the leather and went to bed. White Fang waited an hour. Then he began to bite the leather. When he was free he went back to Gray Beaver.

In the morning, Gray Beaver gave him to Beauty Smith again. Beauty Smith hit him very hard with the stick. He enjoyed hurting him.

Then he took White Fang to the town again. This time he tied him with a stick. In the night, White Fang began to bite the stick. After many hours, he bit through it and was free. He went back to Gray Beaver. He could not leave him.

Beauty Smith came for him again the next morning. He hit him harder than before. When he finished, White Fang was very sick. He could not see and he could not walk easily. He followed Beauty Smith back to the town.

Gray Beaver said nothing to Beauty Smith because White Fang was not his dog now. After a short time, he left Fort Yukon for the Mackenzie.