

## Hatchet Chapter 14 Questions

Organise the summary texts:

1

The tornado hits suddenly and throws Brian into the walls of his shelter, reinjuring his ribs and blowing coals from the fire onto him at the same time. Brian huddles in the shelter and hears the tornado rip away the wall of his shelter and all his tools, throwing them out into the lake. He thinks desperately that he wants to "stay and be," wondering if he is praying. Brian opens his eyes to see the lake torn into waves by the tornado. Then, the tornado suddenly vanishes, tearing trees down as it leaves the lake. Brian realizes how quickly his sense of stability has vanished and thinks that he has lost everything. Without the fire to keep them away, the mosquitos swarm around him once again.

2

Brian spots a foolbird in the brush and carefully hunts it, finally hitting it with an arrow after several patient attempts. After killing the bird, he kneels at the edge of the lake to wash the blood off of his hands. Suddenly, some small instinct tells Brian to look over his shoulder, and he turns just in time to see an enormous moose running toward him. The moose throws him into the water with her forehead and then follows him into the lake.

3

Standing in the lake back in the present, Brian is confident that he will never be the same as he was before his day of First Meat. He also relives other First Days from his weeks in the woods, including the first time he made a working arrow and the first time he killed a rabbit. He reflects that although he is still always hungry, he finally understands how to obtain food and take care of himself.

4

Brian slowly makes his way back to his camp, unable to breathe deeply because of the pain in his lungs. He dwells on the lack of reason in the moose's attack, unable to come up with any reason for her behavior. When he arrives at the shelter and begins to fall asleep, he feels grateful to be alive with fire and fish to eat nearby.

5

Brian awakens in the night, still in pain, to a sound that he cannot identify. The sound is like a strange, distant roar, and he feels afraid of it. Brian gathers his weapons and slowly realizes that the sound reminds him of something he saw on television: the roar of the wind of a tornado. Understanding that a tornado is heading toward his camp, he realizes it's too late to defend himself.

6

The moose continues to attack Brian, attempting to push him under the water with her head. He thinks the word "insane" over and over again, helpless to get free, until suddenly the moose stops, and Brian is able to come to the surface and breathe. Seeing that the moose is not paying attention to him, Brian begins to swim to shore, but as soon as he moves, the moose attacks him again, pushing him under the water and smashing into his ribs.

7

Lying awake, Brian slowly understands that this time, he feels able to survive his setbacks. He thinks that he is "tough where it counts—tough in the head," and finds a new sense of resolve as he finally falls asleep. When he wakes up, his ribs hurt more than ever, but when he goes to drink from the lake he sees that some of his possessions, including the wall of his shelter and his bow, are scattered around the beach, broken but still useable.

Then, he looks out at the lake and sees a bright yellow object sticking out of the water down the shoreline. He realizes that the object is the tail of the submerged plane. Thinking of the pilot sunken in the water, he walks along the shore to the plane and focuses his mind on the pilot, thinking: "Have rest."

8

When he is able to surface again, Brian realizes that his ribs are injured and wonders how badly he's hurt. Slowly, he moves out of the water little by little, trying not to attract the moose's attention. He makes his way into the edge of the woods and realizes that he has left his bow and spear in the water, but thinks that he will have to leave them behind. Just then, the moose walks away along the shoreline and Brian goes back for his possessions once she is out of sight.

Define the words:

emphasise/ emphasize		clogging		nostril	
reason		insane		gusts	
leather		scattered		shiver	
bank (of a river or lake)		whipped		surface (verb)	

What literary device is used here:

*At the same time the wind tore at the fire and sprayed red coals and sparks in a cloud around him. Then it backed out, seemed to hesitate momentarily, and returned with a massive roar; a roar that took his ears and mind and body.*

What new animal did Brian encounter in this chapter?

Which of Brian's body parts had been exposed to the sun's heat while he slept?

What word is missing here:

*The pain was different now, a tightened pain, and it seemed less - but the \_\_\_\_\_. So strange, he thought. A mystery \_\_\_\_\_. A spirit \_\_\_\_\_. A bad \_\_\_\_\_. He took some small wood and got the fire going again, felt some little comfort and cheer from the flames but also felt that he should get ready.*

## Chapter 16

And now he stood at the end of the long part of the lake and was not the same, would not be the same again.

There had been many First Days.

First Arrow Day-when he had used thread from his tattered old piece of wind-breaker and some pitch from a stump to put slivers of feather on a dry willow shaft and make an arrow that would fly correctly. Not accurately-he never got really good with it-but fly correctly so that if a rabbit or a foolbird sat in one place long enough close enough, and he had enough arrows, he could hit it.

That brought First Rabbit Day-when he killed one of the large rabbits with an arrow and skinned it as he had the first bird, cooked it the same to find the meat as good - not as rich as the bird, but still good-and there were strips of fat on the back of the rabbit that cooked into the meat to make it richer.

Now he went back and forth between rabbits and foolbirds when he could, filling in with fish in the middle. Always hungry.

I am always hungry but I can do it now, I can get food and I know I can get food and it makes me more. I know what I can do.

He moved closer to the lake to a stand of nut brush. These were thick bushes with little stickler pods that held green nuts-nuts that he thought he might be able to eat but they weren't ripe yet. He was out for a foolbird and they liked to hide in the base of the thick part of the nut brush, back in where the stems were close together and provided cover.

In the second clump he saw a bird, moved close to it, paused when the head feathers came up and it made a sound like a cricket-a sign of alarm just before it flew- then moved closer when the feathers went down and the bird relaxed. He did this four times, never looking at the bird directly, moving toward it at an angle so that it seemed he was moving off to the side-he had perfected this method after many attempts and it worked so well that he had actually caught one with his bare hands until he was standing less than three feet from the bird, which was frozen in a hiding attitude in the brush.

The bird held for him and he put an arrow to the bow, one of the feathered arrows, not a fish arrow, and drew and released. It was a clean miss and he took another arrow out of the cloth pouch, at his belt, which he'd made from a piece of his windbreaker sleeve, tied at one end to make a bottom. The foolbird sat still for him and he did not look directly at it until he drew the second arrow and aimed and released and missed again.

This time the bird jerked a bit and the arrow stuck next to it so close it almost brushed its breast. Brian only had two more arrows and he debated moving slowly to change the spear over to his right hand and use that to kill the bird. One more shot, he decided, he would try it again. He slowly brought another arrow out, put it on the string, and aimed and released and this time saw the flurry of feathers that meant he had made a hit.

The bird had been struck off- center and was flopping around wildly. Brian jumped on it and grabbed it and slammed it against the ground once, sharply, to kill it. Then he stood and retrieved his arrows and made sure they were all right and went down to the lake to wash the blood off his hands. He kneeled at the water's edge and put the dead bird and his weapons down and dipped his hands into the water.

It was very nearly the last act of his life. Later he would not know why he started to turn-some smell or sound. A tiny brushing sound. But something caught his ear or nose and he began to turn, and had his head half around, when he saw a brown wall of fur detach itself from the forest to his rear and come down on him like a runaway truck. He just had time to see that it was a moose he knew them from pictures but did not know, could not guess how large they were-when it hit him. It was a cow and she had horns, but she took him in the left side of the back with her forehead, took him and threw him out into the water and then came after him to finish the job. He had another half second to fill his lungs with air and she was on him again, using her head to drive him down into the mud of the bottom. Insane, he thought. Just that, the word, insane. Mud filled his eyes, his ears, the horn on the moose drove him deeper and deeper into the bottom muck, and suddenly it was over and he felt alone.

He sputtered to the surface, sucking air and fighting panic, and when he wiped the mud and water out of his eyes and cleared them he saw the cow standing sideways to him, not ten feet away, calmly chewing on a lily pad root. She didn't appear to even see him, or didn't seem to care about him, and Brian turned carefully and began to swim-crawl out of the water. As soon as he moved, the hair on her back went up and she charged him again, using her head and front hooves this time, slamming him back and down into the water, on his back this time, and he screamed the air out of his lungs and hammered on her head with his fists and filled his throat with water and she left again.

Once more he came to the surface. But he was hurt now, hurt inside, hurt in his ribs and he stayed hunched over, pretended to be dead. She was standing again, eating. Brian studied her out of one eye, looking to the bank with the other, wondering how seriously he was injured, wondering if she would let him go home this time.

Insane.

He started to move, ever so slowly; her head turned and her back hair went up-like the hair on an angry dog-and he stopped, took a slow breath, the hair went down and she ate. Move, hair up, stop, hair down, move, hair up-a half-foot at a time until he was at the edge of the water. He stayed on his hands and knees-indeed, was hurt so he wasn't sure he could walk anyway, and she seemed to accept that and let him crawl, slowly, out of the water and up into the trees and brush.

When he was behind a tree he stood carefully and took stock. Legs seemed all right but his ribs were hurt bad-he could only take short breaths and then he had a jabbing pain-and his right shoulder seemed to be wrenched somehow. Also his bow and spear and foolbird were in the water.

At least he could walk and he had just about decided to leave everything when the cow moved out of the deeper water and left him, as quickly as she'd come, walking down along the shoreline in the shallow water with her long legs making sucking sounds when she pulled them free of the mud. Hanging on a pine limb, he watched her go, half expecting her to turn and come back to run him over again. But she kept going and when she was well gone from sight he went to the bank and found the bird, then waded out a bit to get his bow and spear. Neither of them was broken and the arrows, incredibly, were still on his belt in the pouch, although messed up with mud and water.

It took him most of an hour to work his way back around the lake. His legs worked well enough, but if he took two or three fast steps he would begin to breathe deeply and the pain from his ribs would stop him and he would have to lean against a tree until he could slow back down to shallow breathing. She had done more damage than he had originally thought, the insane cow, no sense at all to it. Just madness. When he got to the shelter he crawled inside and was grateful that the coals were still glowing and that he had thought to get wood first thing in the mornings to be ready for the day, grateful that he had thought to get enough wood for two or three days at a time, grateful that he had fish nearby if he needed to eat, grateful,

finally, as he dozed off, that he was alive. So insane, he thought, letting sleep cover the pain in his chest- such an insane attack for no reason and he fell asleep with his mind trying to make the moose have reason.

The noise awakened him. It was a low sound, a low roaring sound that came from wind. His eyes snapped open not because it was loud but because it was new. He had felt wind in his shelter, felt the rain that came with wind and had heard thunder many times in the past forty- seven days but not this, not this noise. Low, almost alive, almost from a throat some- how, the sound, the noise was a roar, a far-off roar but coming at him and when he was fully awake he sat up in the darkness, grimacing with pain from his ribs.

The pain was different now, a tightened pain, and it seemed less - but the sound. So strange, he thought. A mystery sound. A spirit sound. A bad sound. He took some small wood and got the fire going again, felt some little comfort and cheer from the flames but also felt that he should get ready. He did not know how, but he should get ready. The sound was coming for him, just for him, and he had to get ready. The sound wanted him.

He found the spear and bow where they were hanging on the pegs of the shelter wall and brought his weapons to the bed he had made of pine boughs. More comfort, but like the comfort of the flames it didn't work with this new threat that he didn't understand yet.

Restless threat, he thought, and stood out of the shelter away from the flames to study the sky but it was too dark. The sound meant something to him, something from his memory, something he had read about. Something he had seen on television Something ...oh, he thought. Oh no.

It was wind, wind like the sound of a train, with the low belly roar of a train. It was a tornado. That was it! The roar of a train meant bad wind and it was coming for him. God, he thought, on top of the moose not this-not this!

But it was too late, too late to do anything. In the strange stillness he looked to the night sky, then turned back into his shelter and was leaning over to go through the door opening when it hit. Later he would think of it and find that it was the same as the moose. Just insanity. He was taken in the back by some mad force and driven into the shelter on his face, slammed down into the pine branches of his bed.

At the same time the wind tore at the fire and sprayed red coals and sparks in a cloud around him. Then it backed out, seemed to hesitate momentarily, and returned with a massive roar; a roar that took his ears and mind and body.

He was whipped against the front wall of the shelter like a rag, felt a ripping pain in his ribs again, then was hammered back down into the sand once more while the wind took the whole wall, his bed, the fire, his tools - all of it – and threw it out into the lake, gone out of sight, gone forever. He felt a burning on his neck and reached up to find red coals there. He brushed those off, found more in his pants, brushed those away, and the wind hit again, heavy gusts, tearing gusts. He heard trees snapping in the forest around the rock, felt his body slipping out and clawed at the rocks to hold himself down. He couldn't think, just held and knew that he was praying but didn't know what the prayer was-knew that he wanted to be, stay and be, and then the wind moved to the lake.

Brian heard the great, roaring sucking sounds of the water and opened his eyes to see the lake torn by the wind, the water slamming in great waves that went in all ways, fought each other and then rose in a spout of water going up into the night sky like a wet column of light. It was beautiful and terrible at the same time.

The tornado tore one more time at the shore on the opposite side of the lake-Brian could hear trees being ripped down-and then it was gone, gone as rapidly as it had come. It left nothing, nothing but Brian in the pitch dark. He could find nothing of where his fire had been, not a spark, nothing of his shelter, tools, or bed, even the body of the foolbird was gone. I am back to nothing he thought, trying to find things in the dark-back to where I was when I crashed. Hurt, in the dark, just the same.

As if to emphasize his thoughts the mosquitos-with the fire gone and protective smoke no longer saving him-came back in thick, nostril-clogging swarms. All that was left was the hatchet at his belt. Still there. But now it began to rain and in the downpour he would never find anything dry enough to get a fire going, and at last he pulled his battered body back in under the overhang, where his bed had been, and wrapped his arms around his ribs.

Sleep didn't come, couldn't come with the insects ripping at him, so he lay the rest of the night, slapping mosquitos and chewing with his mind on the day. This morning he had been fat well, almost fat and happy, sure of everything, with good weapons and food and the sun in his face and things looking good for the future, and inside of one day, just one day, he had been run over by a moose and a tornado, had lost everything and was back to square one. Just like that.

A flip of some giant coin and he was the loser.

\* \* \*

But there is a difference now, he thought-there really is a difference. I might be hit but I'm not done. When the light comes I'll start to rebuild. I still have the hatchet and that's all I had in the first place.

Come on, he thought, baring his teeth in the darkness-come on. Is that the best you can do? Is that all you can hit me with - a moose and a tornado? Well, he thought holding his ribs and smiling, then spitting mosquitoes out of his mouth. Well, that won't get the job done. That was the difference now. He had changed, and he was tough. I'm tough where it counts - tough in the head.

In the end, right before dawn a kind of cold snap came down-something else new, this cold snap - and the mosquitos settled back into the damp grass and under the leaves and he could sleep. Or doze. And the last thought he had that morning as he closed his eyes was: I hope the tornado hit the moose.

\* \* \*

When he awakened the sun was cooking the inside of his mouth and had dried his tongue to leather. He had fallen into a deeper sleep with his mouth open just at dawn and it tasted as if he had been sucking on his foot all night.

He rolled out and almost bellowed with pain from his ribs. They had tightened in the night and seemed to pull at his chest when he moved. He slowed his movements and stood slowly, without stretching unduly, and went to the lake for a drink. At the shore he kneeled, carefully and with great gentleness, and drank and rinsed his mouth. To his right he saw that the fish pond was still there, although the willow gate was gone and there were no fish. They'll come back, he thought, as soon as I can make a spear or bow and get one or two for bait they'll come back.

He turned to look at his shelter-saw that some of the wood for the wall was scattered around the beach but was still there, then saw his bow jammed into a driftwood log, broken but with the precious string still intact. Not so bad now-not so bad. He looked down the shoreline for other parts of his wall and that's when he saw it.

Out in the lake, in the short part of the L, something curved and yellow was sticking six or eight inches out of the water. It was a bright color, not an earth or natural color, and for a second he could not place it, then he knew it for what it was.

"It's the tail of the plane." He said it aloud, half expecting to hear somebody answer him. There it was, sticking up out of the water. The tornado must have flipped the plane around somehow when it hit the lake, changed the position of the plane and raised the tail. Well, he thought. Well, just look at that. And at the same moment a cutting thought hit him. He thought of the pilot, still in the plane, and that brought a shiver and massive sadness that seemed to settle on him like a weight and he thought that he should say or do something for the pilot; some words but he didn't know any of the right words, the religious words. So he went down to the side of the water and looked at the plane and focused his mind, the way he did when he was hunting the foolbirds and wanted to concentrate, focused it on the pilot and thought: have rest. Have rest forever.