White Fang
Jack London

Chapter

5

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The Enemy of the Pack

Because Lip-lip made his life so difficult, White Fang became fiercer than ever. Whenever there was trouble in the camp, it was usually because of White Fang. All the young dogs followed Lip-lip and turned against White Fang. White Fang fought with them all. As soon as a fight started, all the young dogs joined in. Together, they all attacked White Fang.

Because he always had to fight with the whole pack of dogs, White Fang learned two important things. First, he learned how to take care of himself when the pack attacked him. He learned that he must always stay on his feet. The older dogs pushed him backwards or sideways with their heavy bodies. But he always kept his feet on the ground.

The other thing White Fang learned was to fight quickly. As soon as White Fang started fighting with one dog, all the other young dogs came to fight him. So White Fang learned to attack as fast and hard as possible. Most dogs growled before they started fighting. But White Fang learned to attack without any warning. He attacked before the other dog knew what was happening. He rushed in, biting shoulders and ears. Then he easily knocked the dog down.

When a dog was knocked off its feet, it showed its throat for a moment. And you could kill an animal by biting at its throat. White Fang knew this. He knew it from all the hunting wolves before him. He was still young. His mouth was not big enough or strong enough to kill with one bite yet. But many of the dogs in the camp had cuts on their throat from White Fang. One day, he caught a dog on its own. White Fang knocked the dog over and bit at its

throat, killing it. That night, there were many angry people in the camp. They knew White Fang was the killer. But Gray Beaver kept White Fang in his tepee, and did not let anybody inside.

In December, Gray Beaver went traveling up the Mackenzie river. His son, Mit-sah, went with him, and he drove a sled pulled by seven puppies. White Fang was a good sled dog. He worked hard. And he always did what the man-animals told him.

But the other puppies all knew that they had to be careful of White Fang. If they ate their meat too slowly, he stole it. If he walked among them, they had to get out of his way. And if they growled at him, he attacked them. Then they had no chance. They were hurt before they even started fighting.

White Fang traveled with Gray Beaver for many months. Pulling the sled made him grow stronger and stronger. He was growing up fast. And he thought he knew the world well now. His world was a fierce world. There was no warmth in his world, no friendship or gladness.

But White Fang was also learning that there was an agreement between dog and man. Gray Beaver gave him food and fire, and took care of him. And White Fang worked for Gray Beaver, pulling the sled. He also guarded Gray Beaver's things. If anyone came near Gray Beaver's tepee, White Fang bit them. He knew that he had to do this. But he did not do it for love. He did not understand what love was.

In April, Gray Beaver and White Fang returned to the home camp. White Fang was now a year old. Next to Lip-lip, he was the largest puppy in the camp. He was tall and strong, and his coat was wolf-gray. White Fang walked around the camp, feeling stronger and older than before. Many of the older dogs were not as big as he remembered. He felt less frightened of them now.

One day, White Fang was walking around the camp when he saw Kiche. He stopped and looked at her. Then she growled at him, and suddenly he remembered. All his old feelings came rushing back. He ran towards her happily, but she growled again and bit him. He could not understand it.

But Kiche did not remember White Fang. She had new cubs now, and she was taking care of them. One of the cubs came up to White Fang. He sniffed at it. And Kiche immediately jumped at him and bit him again. White Fang moved away. He did not fight female dogs. That was a law among dogs and wolves. It was something that they knew without understanding why. White Fang watched Kiche

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licking her puppy. And suddenly all his feelings for her died. There was no place for her in his life now. And there was no place for him in hers.

When White Fang was two, there was a terrible famine. First, in the summer, there was little fish. And in the winter, there were no large animals for hunting. There were no rabbits either, and the hunting animals died. Weak with hunger, they ate each other. In the camp, the old and weak died. The camp was full of crying. Women and children went hungry so that the men—the hunters—could have a little food. The men went through the forest looking for meat every day, but came home with nothing.

The man-animals were so hungry that they ate their shoes and their gloves. They ate the dogs too, and the dogs ate each other. The strongest and bravest dogs left the camp and ran away to the woods. There they were eaten by wolves, or they died of hunger.

In these terrible times, White Fang, too, ran away into the woods. He knew about living in the Wild, so he survived better than most of the dogs. He became very good at catching small animals. He watched squirrels for hours, and then attacked them at just the right moment. He dug wood-mice out of the ground, and fought with weasels. And he went quietly back to the camp and stole rabbits from the man-animals.

White Fang was lucky in the Wild. He always found something to kill when he was getting really hungry. And when he was weak, nothing found him. One day he met a pack of hungry wolves. But he was strong from eating a lynx. The wolves ran after him for a long way. But White Fang was faster than them, and he was able to escape.

After that, White Fang traveled back to the area where he was born. He rested for a while in the empty lair of the

old lynx. In the last days of the famine, White Fang met Lip-lip, who was also living in the woods. They stopped when they saw each other. The hair on White Fang's back went up, and he growled fiercely. He was having a good week, and he was full of food. He jumped straight at Lip-lip, knocking him down. Then he bit into the dog's throat until he died.

One day soon after, White Fang found a new man-animal camp at the edge of a forest. He watched carefully from the woods for a while. Soon he understood that it was the old camp, but in a new place. But it was different now. There was no crying. He could hear happy noises, and he could smell fish. There was food. The famine was gone. White Fang quickly found Gray Beaver's tepee and ran straight into it. Gray Beaver was not there, but his wife was pleased to see White Fang. She gave him some fish, and he lay down to wait for Gray Beaver.

Read Chapter 5 and answer the questions

1. What problem did White Fang have with the fire?

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2. Why could White Fang not play with the other puppies?

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3. Why did Kiche not want to go back to the wild with White Fang?.

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4.Why did Kiche have to go away?

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5. What happened when White Fang tried to follow Kiche?

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6. What did man-animals do to them all the time. What did wolves have to do?

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