



ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL
B1

The Call of the Wild

Jack London



1 NÍVEL DE
LEITURA

B1



TEXTO
ORIGINAL
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO
EM PORTUGUÊS



NOTAS E
GLOSSÁRIO
DE VOCABULÁRIO

O Chamado da Floresta

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B1** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

The Call of the Wild

O Chamado da Floresta

Jack London

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português
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Autor

Jack London (1876 - 1916)

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Introdução

Como ler este livro

Cada livro desta coleção é apresentado em um nível de leitura simplificada, de acordo com o CEFR - Quadro Europeu Comum de Referência para Línguas.

A2 - Básico: indicado para leitores que já compreendem frases simples, vocabulário frequente e textos curtos sobre situações do cotidiano.

B1 - Intermediário: indicado para leitores que conseguem compreender as ideias principais de textos claros e acompanhar uma narrativa com vocabulário e estruturas de dificuldade moderada.

B2 - Intermediário avançado: indicado para leitores que já conseguem compreender textos mais complexos, acompanhar descrições detalhadas e reconhecer uma variedade maior de vocabulário e estruturas gramaticais.

Este livro foi adaptado para o nível B1.

Você pode começar a lê-lo mesmo sem dominar completamente o inglês. O texto foi simplificado para facilitar a compreensão, preservando a história, os personagens, o ambiente e os principais acontecimentos da obra original.

O objetivo não é substituir a obra original, mas criar uma passagem gradual entre o inglês que você já conhece e a linguagem literária do texto completo.

Como usar En/Pt

No texto simplificado em inglês, En/Pt abre a página correspondente.

A página En/Pt apresenta três camadas independentes, sempre nesta ordem: a tradução em português do texto simplificado; o trecho correspondente do original em inglês; e a tradução em português do original.

No texto original em inglês, Pt abre diretamente o mesmo parágrafo na versão portuguesa. Nessa versão, En retorna ao mesmo parágrafo no

texto original em inglês. Na página [En/Pt, Original English](#) retorna de Original Português ao mesmo parágrafo original.

Como usar o glossário

As palavras e expressões incluídas no glossário são marcadas no texto. Clique ou selecione uma delas para abrir a entrada correspondente.

Cada entrada apresenta:

- a palavra ou expressão original em inglês;
- a sua pronúncia fonética;
- a tradução em português;
- um exemplo de uso em português;
- um exemplo de uso em inglês;
- até seis trechos do livro em que a palavra ou expressão aparece, ou todos os trechos disponíveis quando houver menos de seis ocorrências.

Cada ocorrência apresentada no glossário inclui um link direto para o ponto exato do livro em que a palavra ou expressão foi usada.

Depois de consultar uma ocorrência, o leitor pode retornar diretamente ao ponto do texto de onde abriu o glossário ou navegar para qualquer outra ocorrência da mesma palavra ou expressão dentro do livro.

A função da tradução em português

Procuramos oferecer traduções em português claras, naturais e literariamente agradáveis, tanto para o texto simplificado quanto para o texto original.

Ainda assim, a tradução deve ser entendida apenas como instrumento de apoio. Este livro não foi concebido para ser lido principalmente em português: seu objetivo é ajudar você a ler em inglês e recorrer ao português somente quando necessário.

Sempre que possível, tente primeiro compreender o trecho em inglês. Consulte a tradução para confirmar o sentido, esclarecer uma dificuldade ou comparar estruturas; depois, retorne ao texto em inglês.

Sobre este livro

Buck, um cão forte que vive confortavelmente numa propriedade da Califórnia, é sequestrado e enviado para o extremo norte para atender à demanda por cães de trenó durante a Corrida do Ouro de Klondike. Lançado entre donos cruéis e companheiros semisselvagens, ele aprende depressa a lei do porrete e da presa, sobrevivendo à fome, ao esgotamento e a lutas brutais por domínio. À medida que domina a trilha do trenó, instintos antigos despertam e o atraem para a liberdade da natureza. O garimpeiro bondoso John Thornton conquista por pouco tempo sua devoção feroz, oferecendo calor em meio à crueldade. Mas, quando a tragédia acontece, o último vínculo com a civilização se rompe. Atendendo a um chamado ancestral que já não consegue negar, Buck abandona o mundo dos homens e se entrega por inteiro, e para sempre, à vida selvagem.

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MicMac from Las Vegas LLC

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Into the Primitive

En/Pt Old desires leap up like a wild animal. They fight against custom. After a long sleep in winter, the wild nature wakes again.

En/Pt Buck did not read newspapers, so he did not know that trouble was coming. It was not only for him, but for all strong dogs with thick fur near the coast, from Puget Sound to San Diego. Men had found yellow metal in the far North. Steamship and transport companies praised the find, and thousands of men hurried north. They wanted dogs that were strong for hard work and had thick coats to protect them from the cold.

En/Pt Buck lived in a large house in the sunny Santa Clara Valley. It was Judge Miller's place. The house stood back from the road, partly hidden by trees. A wide veranda went around all four sides. Gravel driveways led through large lawns and under tall poplar trees. Behind the house, the property was even bigger. There were large stables, many servants' cottages, outhouses, long grape arbors, green fields, orchards, and berry patches. There was also a pumping plant for the well and a big cement tank where Judge Miller's boys swam in the morning and cooled off on hot afternoons.

En/Pt Buck ruled over this large place. He was born there and had lived there for four years. There were other dogs, of course, but they did not matter. Some lived in the kennels, and some stayed inside the house, like Toots, the Japanese pug, and Ysabel, the Mexican hairless. They were strange dogs and rarely went outside. There were also many fox terriers. They barked at Toots and Ysabel through the windows, while housemaids with brooms and mops protected the two dogs.

En/Pt Buck was neither a house dog nor a kennel dog. The whole place was his. He swam in the tank and went hunting with the Judge's sons. He walked with Mollie and Alice, the Judge's daughters, in the evening and early morning. On cold nights he lay at the Judge's feet before the fire in the library. He carried the Judge's grandsons on his back, rolled with them in the grass, and guarded them on their adventures to the fountain in the stable yard and beyond to the fields and berry patches. He walked proudly among the terriers and ignored Toots

and Ysabel. He was king over everything on Judge Miller's place, including the people.

En/Pt His father, Elmo, was a huge St. Bernard and the Judge's close companion. Buck seemed likely to follow his father's path. He was not quite as large, because he weighed only one hundred and forty pounds. His mother, Shep, was a Scotch shepherd dog. Still, one hundred and forty pounds, along with the pride of good living and respect from everyone, made him behave like a true king. In his four years, he had lived like a well-fed noble dog. He was proud, and a little self-centered, like some country gentlemen. But he did not become a spoiled house dog. Hunting and other outdoor joys kept him fit and strong. Water also helped keep him healthy.

En/Pt This was the kind of dog Buck was in the fall of 1897, when the Klondike gold strike drew men from all over the world to the frozen North. But Buck did not read newspapers, and he did not know that Manuel, one of the gardener's helpers, was a bad person to trust. Manuel had one bad habit: he liked Chinese lottery. He also believed in a gambling system, and this made his ruin sure. A system needed money, and a gardener's helper did not earn enough to support a wife and many children.

En/Pt The Judge was at a meeting of the Raisin Growers' Association, and the boys were busy starting an athletic club on the night of Manuel's betrayal. No one saw him and Buck leave through the orchard. Buck thought it was only a walk. Later, only one man saw them arrive at the small train station called College Park. This man spoke with Manuel, and money changed hands.

En/Pt "You might wrap up the goods before you deliver them," the stranger said in a rough voice, and Manuel pulled a strong rope around Buck's neck under the collar.

En/Pt "Twist it, and you'll choke him a lot," said Manuel, and the stranger gave a quick grunt to show he agreed.

En/Pt Buck took the rope calmly and with quiet pride. This was not usual for him, but he had learned to trust men he knew and believe they were wiser than he was. But when the rope ends were given to the stranger, he growled in warning. He meant to show his anger, and he thought that was enough. To his surprise, the rope tightened around his neck and cut off his breath. In sudden rage, he jumped at the man. The

man met him halfway, grabbed him by the throat, and with a quick twist threw him onto his back. Then the rope pulled tight without mercy while Buck fought wildly, his tongue hanging out and his great chest heaving uselessly. Never in his life had he been treated so badly, and never had he been so angry. But his strength left him, his eyes blurred, and he knew nothing when the train was stopped and the two men threw him into the baggage car.

En/Pt The next thing he knew, he could barely feel his tongue hurting, and he was being shaken along in some kind of vehicle. The rough cry of a locomotive whistle at a crossing told him where he was. He had ridden in a baggage car with the Judge many times, so he knew the feeling. He opened his eyes, and in them was the wild anger of a king who had been kidnapped. The man jumped for his throat, but Buck moved too fast. His jaws closed on the man's hand and would not let go until Buck was choked unconscious again.

En/Pt "Yes, he has fits," the man said, hiding his badly hurt hand from the baggage man, who had come over after hearing the struggle. "I'm takin' him up for the boss to San Francisco. There's a famous dog doctor there who thinks he can cure him."

En/Pt About that night ride, the man later spoke very clearly for himself in a small shed behind a saloon on the San Francisco waterfront.

En/Pt "I only get fifty for it," he said angrily. "And I wouldn't do it again for a thousand in cash."

En/Pt His hand was wrapped in a blood-stained handkerchief, and the right leg of his trousers was torn from the knee to the ankle.

En/Pt "How much did the other man get?" the saloon keeper asked.

"A hundred," came the answer. "He wouldn't take less, so help me."

"That makes a hundred and fifty," the saloon keeper said. "And he's worth it, or I'm a fool."

The kidnapper pulled off the bloody cloth and looked at his torn hand. "If I don't get hydrophobia - "

En/Pt "It'll be because you was born to hang," laughed the saloon-keeper. "Here, lend me a hand before you pull your freight," he added.

En/Pt Buck was dazed and in terrible pain in his throat and tongue. The life was almost choked out of him. He tried to face the men who were hurting him, but they threw him down and choked him again and again. At last they filed off the heavy brass collar from his neck. Then they took off the rope and threw him into a crate like a cage.

En/Pt Buck lay there for the rest of the long, tiring night, angry and hurt in his pride. He could not understand what was happening. What did these strange men want with him? Why did they keep him in this tight crate? He did not know, but he felt a heavy fear of some coming trouble. Several times in the night he jumped up when the shed door opened, expecting to see the Judge or at least the boys. But each time it was only the saloon-keeper's round face looking in by the weak light of a candle. And each time the happy bark in Buck's throat turned into a savage growl.

En/Pt But the saloon-keeper left him alone, and in the morning four men came in and lifted the crate. Buck thought they were more cruel men. They looked rough, dirty, and mean, and he attacked them through the bars. They only laughed and poked sticks at him. Buck bit at the sticks, until he saw that this was what they wanted. Then he lay down in anger and let them load the crate into a wagon. After that, Buck and the crate moved from hand to hand. Clerks at the express office took him. He was carried in another wagon. Then a truck took him, with boxes and parcels, onto a ferry steamer. After that, he was taken off the steamer into a large railway depot, and at last he was put into an express car.

En/Pt For two days and nights the express car was pulled behind loud, screaming engines, and Buck ate and drank nothing. At first he growled at the express messengers, and they teased him back. When he threw himself against the bars, shaking and foaming, they laughed and mocked him. They growled and barked like ugly dogs, mewed, flapped their arms, and crowed like cocks. Buck knew it was foolish, but it made him even more angry because it insulted him. Hunger hurt him less than the lack of water, which made him suffer badly and pushed his anger higher. He was also very sensitive, and the cruel treatment gave him a fever. His throat and tongue were dry and swollen, which made the fever worse.

En/Pt One thing made him glad: the rope was off his neck. That rope had given them an unfair advantage, but now he would show them. He

was sure they would never put another rope around his neck. For two days and nights he ate and drank nothing, and in that time his anger grew very strong. It was dangerous for anyone who angered him. His eyes turned red, and he became like a wild monster. He changed so much that even the Judge would not have known him. The express messengers felt relief when they finally got him off the train at Seattle.

En/Pt Four men carefully carried the crate from the wagon into a small back yard with high walls. A strong man in a red sweater, hanging loose at the neck, came out and signed the book for the driver. Buck understood that this man would be his next tormentor, and he threw himself hard against the bars. The man gave a hard smile and brought a hatchet and a club.

En/Pt "You ain't going to take him out now?" the driver asked.

"Sure," the man replied, driving the hatchet into the crate to pry it open.

En/Pt The four men who had carried it in quickly moved away, and they climbed up onto the wall to watch what would happen.

En/Pt Buck rushed at the broken wood. He bit it hard and struggled against it. When the axe fell on the outside, he was there on the inside, barking and growling. He wanted out as badly as the man in the red sweater wanted him out.

En/Pt "Now, you red-eyed devil," he said when the opening was big enough for Buck's body. At the same time, he dropped the axe and moved the club to his right hand.

En/Pt Buck was truly a red-eyed devil. He gathered himself to jump, with his hair raised, foam on his mouth, and a wild look in his bloodshot eyes. He leaped straight at the man with all his 140 pounds of fury, holding back anger from two days and nights. In midair, just before his jaws closed on the man, a shock stopped him and snapped his teeth together painfully. He spun over and landed on his back and side. He had never been hit by a club before and did not understand what had happened. Growling like a mix of bark and scream, he got up and jumped again. Again the shock hit him and smashed him to the ground. Now he knew it was the club, but his wild rage made him keep going. A dozen times he charged, and each time the club stopped him and knocked him down.

En/Pt After one very hard blow, he crawled to his feet, too dazed to charge. He moved weakly, with blood running from his nose, mouth, and ears. His beautiful coat was splashed with bloody foam. Then the man came forward and gave him a cruel blow on the nose. This pain was worse than all the others. With a roar almost like a lion, Buck threw himself at the man again. But the man calmly moved the club from his right hand to his left, caught Buck under the jaw, and pulled down and back. Buck turned a full circle in the air, then crashed to the ground on his head and chest.

En/Pt He rushed one last time. The man struck the clever blow he had saved until now, and Buck collapsed and fell, knocked completely unconscious.

En/Pt “He’s no slouch at dog-breakin’, that’s wot I say,” one of the men on the wall said excitedly.

En/Pt “Druther break cayuses any day, and twice on Sundays,” the driver replied as he climbed onto the wagon and started the horses.

En/Pt Buck’s senses returned, but not his strength. He lay where he had fallen and watched the man in the red sweater.

En/Pt “Answers to the name of Buck,” the man said to himself, quoting from the saloon-keeper’s letter that had announced the crate.

En/Pt “We’ve had our little fight, and the best thing now is to leave it there. You’ve learned your place, and I know mine. Be a good dog and everything will go well. Be a bad dog, and I’ll beat you badly. Understand?”

En/Pt As he spoke, he fearlessly patted the head he had beaten so cruelly. Buck’s hair rose at the touch, but he did not protest. When the man brought him water, he drank it eagerly. Later, he quickly ate a good meal of raw meat, piece by piece, from the man’s hand.

En/Pt He was beaten, and he knew it, but he was not broken. He understood at once that he had no chance against a man with a club. He never forgot this lesson. The club showed him the way of primitive law, and he met that harsh world fully. Life now seemed more dangerous, and he faced it without fear, but with the hidden cunning of his nature awakened. As days passed, more dogs arrived in crates or on ropes. Some came quietly, and some screamed and fought as he had. Buck

watched them all come under the control of the man in the red sweater. Again and again, he learned the same hard truth: a man with a club was a lawgiver and a master to obey, though not always to please. Buck never tried to win him over, though he saw beaten dogs that fawned on the man, wagged their tails, and licked his hand. He also saw one dog that would do neither and was finally killed in the struggle for power.

En/Pt From time to time, strangers came. They spoke excitedly and tried to bargain with the man in the red sweater. When money changed hands, the strangers took one or more dogs away. Buck wondered where they went, because they never returned. But he feared what might happen next, and each time he was glad not to be chosen.

En/Pt At last, his turn came in the form of a small, shriveled man who spat out broken English and many strange cries that Buck could not understand.

En/Pt "Sacredam!" he cried when he saw Buck. "Dat one dam bully dog! Eh? How moch?"

En/Pt "Three hundred, and a present too," said the man in the red sweater at once. "And since it's government money, you ain't got no complaint, eh, Perrault?"

En/Pt Perrault grinned. Dog prices had risen because so many were wanted, so the price was not unfair for such a fine animal. The Canadian Government would not lose, and its messages would travel faster. Perrault knew dogs, and when he looked at Buck he knew Buck was one in a thousand - "One in ten t'ousand," he thought to himself.

En/Pt Buck saw money pass between them, and he was not surprised when Curly, a friendly Newfoundland, and he were led away by the small shriveled man. That was the last he saw of the man in the red sweater. As Curly and he watched Seattle grow smaller from the deck of the Narwhal, it was also the last he saw of the warm Southland. Perrault and François took them below and gave them to a black-faced giant named François. Perrault was a French-Canadian and dark-skinned, but François, who was a French-Canadian half-breed, was even darker. They were new kinds of men to Buck, and he would meet many more like them. He did not love them, but he soon learned to respect them. He quickly saw that Perrault and François were fair, calm, and just, and that they knew too much about dogs to be fooled by them.

En/Pt In the lower deck of the Narwhal, Buck and Curly joined two other dogs. One was a big, snow-white dog from Spitzbergen. A whaling captain had taken him, and later he had traveled with a Geological Survey into the Barrens. He was friendly in a dangerous way, smiling at you while planning a trick. For example, he stole food from Buck at the first meal. When Buck jumped to punish him, François's whip struck first, and Buck had to settle for getting back the bone. Buck thought this was fair, and François rose in his respect.

En/Pt The other dog made no friends and wanted none. He also did not try to steal from the new dogs. He was sad and unfriendly, and he made it clear to Curly that he wanted to be left alone, and that there would be trouble if he was not. His name was Dave. He ate, slept, or yawned, and showed interest in nothing, not even when the Narwhal crossed Queen Charlotte Sound and rolled wildly in the waves. When Buck and Curly became excited and half wild with fear, Dave only lifted his head as if annoyed, gave them a dull look, yawned, and went back to sleep.

En/Pt Day and night, the ship shook with the propeller. Each day was much like the last, but Buck could tell that the weather was getting colder. At last, one morning, the propeller stopped. There was excitement on the Narwhal. Buck felt it, and so did the other dogs. He knew something was about to change. François put leashes on them and took them onto the deck. At Buck's first step on the cold ground, his feet sank into a white, soft, muddy-looking thing. He jumped back with a snort. More of the white stuff was falling from the sky. He shook himself, but more landed on him. He sniffed it, then licked some. It burned like fire, and then it was gone. He did not understand it. He tried again, with the same result. The people watching laughed loudly, and Buck felt ashamed, though he did not know why. It was his first snow.

The Law of Club and Fang

En/Pt Buck's first day on the Dyea beach felt like a nightmare. Every hour brought a shock. He had been taken suddenly from the center of civilization and thrown into a wild, old world. This was not an easy life with nothing to do. There was no peace, no rest, and no safety. Everything was confusion and movement, and every moment life and body were in danger. He had to stay alert all the time, because these dogs and men were not town dogs and men. They were wild. They knew no law except the law of club and fang.

En/Pt He had never seen dogs fight like these wolfish creatures fought, and his first lesson was unforgettable. In truth, he learned it by watching another suffer, or he would not have lived to learn from it. Curly was the victim. They were camped near the log store, and she kindly went up to a husky dog as big as a grown wolf, though not as heavy as she was. There was no warning. The dog jumped in like lightning, his teeth clashed, then he jumped away just as fast. Curly's face was torn open from eye to jaw.

En/Pt They fought like wolves, striking and jumping away. But there was more to it than that. Thirty or forty huskies ran over and formed a silent circle around them. Buck did not understand their quiet watchfulness or the eager way they licked their chops. Curly rushed at her enemy, who struck again and leaped aside. Then he met her with his chest and knocked her down in a strange way. She could not get up again. The waiting huskies saw this and rushed in. They snarled and yelped as they closed over her, and she disappeared under the mass of bodies, screaming in pain.

En/Pt It happened so suddenly that Buck was shocked. He saw Spitz stick out his red tongue in the way he laughed, and he saw François rush into the pack with an axe. Three men with clubs helped scatter the dogs. It was over quickly. Two minutes after Curly went down, the last attackers had been driven off with clubs. But she lay weak and dead in the bloody snow, almost torn apart, while the dark half-breed stood over her and cursed badly. Buck often remembered this scene in his sleep. So this was the way things were. There was no fair play. Once you were down, it was finished. He decided he would never let himself go down. Spitz

laughed again, and from that moment Buck hated him with a deep and lasting hatred.

En/Pt Before Buck had recovered from the shock of Curly's terrible death, he got another shock. François strapped a harness around him. It was like the harnesses he had seen put on horses at home. Then Buck was made to work. He pulled François on a sled to the forest at the edge of the valley and brought back firewood. His pride was hurt by being turned into a work animal, but he was wise enough not to fight back. He worked hard, even though everything was new and strange. François was strict and demanding immediate obedience, using his whip to get it. Dave, who knew the work well, nipped Buck's hindquarters whenever he made a mistake. Spitz was the leader and also experienced. If he could not reach Buck, he snapped sharp warnings or used his weight in the traces to pull Buck into the right place. Buck learned quickly, and with help from the two dogs and François he made great progress. Before they returned to camp, he knew to stop at "ho," go ahead at "mush," take wide turns, and stay clear of the wheeler when the loaded sled rushed downhill behind them.

En/Pt "Three very good dogs," François told Perrault. "That Buck, he pulls like hell. I teach him quick as anything."

En/Pt By afternoon, Perrault, who wanted to get moving with his messages, came back with two more dogs. He called them Billee and Joe. They were brothers and true huskies, but they were very different. Billee's only fault was that he was too kind, while Joe was the opposite: sour, silent, and always snarling, with a cruel look in his eye. Buck welcomed them like companions, Dave ignored them, and Spitz attacked first one and then the other. Billee wagged his tail in a friendly way and tried to back away, but Spitz bit his side. Joe was different. No matter how Spitz came at him, Joe turned to face him, with his fur bristling, ears back, lips twisting, jaws snapping fast, and eyes shining with fierce fear. He looked so dangerous that Spitz had to leave him alone. To hide his own trouble, Spitz turned on harmless, crying Billee and drove him to the edge of camp.

En/Pt By evening, Perrault brought another dog. He was an old husky, long, thin, and worn-looking, with a face marked by many fights and one eye that gave a warning of his strength. His name was Sol-leks, which means the Angry One. Like Dave, he asked for nothing and

expected nothing. When he walked slowly into the group, even Spitz left him alone. He had one strange habit that Buck found out the hard way. He did not like being approached on his blind side. Buck did this by accident, and Sol-leks turned at once and slashed his shoulder down to the bone for three inches. After that, Buck always stayed away from that side of him, and they had no more trouble. Like Dave, Sol-leks seemed to want only to be left alone, though Buck later learned that each of them had one other, even more important, wish.

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Into the Primitive

Pt “Old longings nomadic leap, Chafing at custom’s chain; Again from its brumal sleep Wakens the ferine strain.”

Pt Buck did not read the newspapers, or he would have known that trouble was brewing, not alone for himself, but for every tide-water dog, strong of muscle and with warm, long hair, from Puget Sound to San Diego. Because men, groping in the Arctic darkness, had found a yellow metal, and because steamship and transportation companies were booming the find, thousands of men were rushing into the Northland. These men wanted dogs, and the dogs they wanted were heavy dogs, with strong muscles by which to toil, and furry coats to protect them from the frost.

Pt Buck lived at a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley. Judge Miller’s place, it was called. It stood back from the road, half hidden among the trees, through which glimpses could be caught of the wide cool veranda that ran around its four sides. The house was approached by gravelled driveways which wound about through wide-spreading lawns and under the interlacing boughs of tall poplars. At the rear things were on even a more spacious scale than at the front. There were great stables, where a dozen grooms and boys held forth, rows of vine-clad servants’ cottages, an endless and orderly array of outhouses, long grape arbors, green pastures, orchards, and berry patches. Then there was the pumping plant for the artesian well, and the big cement tank where Judge Miller’s boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the hot afternoon.

Pt And over this great demesne Buck ruled. Here he was born, and here he had lived the four years of his life. It was true, there were other dogs. There could not but be other dogs on so vast a place, but they did not count. They came and went, resided in the populous kennels, or lived obscurely in the recesses of the house after the fashion of Toots, the Japanese pug, or Ysabel, the Mexican hairless, - strange creatures that rarely put nose out of doors or set foot to ground. On the other hand, there were the fox terriers, a score of them at least, who yelped fearful promises at Toots and Ysabel looking out of the windows at them and protected by a legion of housemaids armed with brooms and mops.

Pt But Buck was neither house-dog nor kennel-dog. The whole realm was his. He plunged into the swimming [tank](#) or went [hunting](#) with the Judge's sons; he escorted Mollie and Alice, the Judge's daughters, on long twilight or early morning rambles; on wintry nights he lay at the Judge's feet before the roaring library fire; he carried the Judge's grandsons on his back, or rolled them in the grass, and guarded their footsteps through wild adventures down to the fountain in the [stable](#) yard, and even [beyond](#), where the paddocks were, and the berry patches. Among the terriers he stalked imperiously, and Toots and Ysabel he utterly ignored, for he was king, - king over all creeping, crawling, flying things of Judge Miller's place, humans included.

Pt His father, Elmo, a huge St. Bernard, had been the Judge's inseparable companion, and Buck bid fair to follow in the way of his father. He was not so large, - he weighed only one hundred and forty pounds, - for his mother, Shep, had been a Scotch shepherd dog. Nevertheless, one hundred and forty pounds, to which was added the dignity that comes of good living and universal respect, enabled him to carry himself in right royal fashion. During the four years since his puppyhood he had lived the life of a sated aristocrat; he had a fine pride in himself, was even a trifle egotistical, as country gentlemen sometimes become because of their insular situation. But he had saved himself by not becoming a mere pampered house-dog. [Hunting](#) and kindred outdoor delights had kept down the fat and hardened his muscles; and to him, as to the cold-tubbing races, the love of water had been a tonic and a health preserver.

Pt And this was the manner of dog Buck was in the fall of 1897, when the Klondike [strike](#) dragged men from all the world into the frozen North. But Buck did not read the newspapers, and he did not know that Manuel, one of the gardener's helpers, was an undesirable acquaintance. Manuel had one besetting sin. He loved to play Chinese lottery. Also, in his gambling, he had one besetting weakness - faith in a system; and this made his damnation certain. For to play a system requires money, while the wages of a gardener's helper do not lap over the needs of a wife and numerous progeny.

Pt The Judge was at a meeting of the Raisin Growers' [Association](#), and the boys were busy organizing an athletic club, on the memorable night of Manuel's treachery. No one saw him and Buck go off through the

orchard on what Buck imagined was merely a stroll. And with the exception of a solitary man, no one saw them arrive at the little flag station known as College Park. This man talked with Manuel, and money chinked between them.

Pt “You might wrap up the goods before you deliver ’m,” the stranger said gruffly, and Manuel doubled a piece of stout rope around Buck’s neck under the collar.

Pt “Twist it, an’ you’ll choke ’m plentee,” said Manuel, and the stranger grunted a ready affirmative.

Pt Buck had accepted the rope with quiet dignity. To be sure, it was an unwonted performance: but he had learned to trust in men he knew, and to give them credit for a wisdom that outreached his own. But when the ends of the rope were placed in the stranger’s hands, he growled menacingly. He had merely intimated his displeasure, in his pride believing that to intimate was to command. But to his surprise the rope tightened around his neck, shutting off his breath. In quick rage he sprang at the man, who met him halfway, grappled him close by the throat, and with a deft twist threw him over on his back. Then the rope tightened mercilessly, while Buck struggled in a fury, his tongue lolling out of his mouth and his great chest panting futilely. Never in all his life had he been so vilely treated, and never in all his life had he been so angry. But his strength ebbed, his eyes glazed, and he knew nothing when the train was flagged and the two men threw him into the baggage car.

Pt The next he knew, he was dimly aware that his tongue was hurting and that he was being jolted along in some kind of a conveyance. The hoarse shriek of a locomotive whistling a crossing told him where he was. He had travelled too often with the Judge not to know the sensation of riding in a baggage car. He opened his eyes, and into them came the unbridled anger of a kidnapped king. The man sprang for his throat, but Buck was too quick for him. His jaws closed on the hand, nor did they relax till his senses were choked out of him once more.

Pt “Yep, has fits,” the man said, hiding his mangled hand from the baggageman, who had been attracted by the sounds of struggle. “I’m takin’ ’m up for the boss to ’Frisco. A crack dog-doctor there thinks that he can cure ’m.”

Pt Concerning that night's ride, the man spoke most eloquently for himself, in a little shed back of a saloon on the San Francisco water front.

Pt "All I get is fifty for it," he grumbled; "an' I wouldn't do it over for a thousand, cold cash."

Pt His hand was wrapped in a bloody handkerchief, and the right trouser leg was ripped from knee to ankle.

Pt "How much did the other mug get?" the saloon-keeper demanded.

Pt "A hundred," was the reply. "Wouldn't take a sou less, so help me."

Pt "That makes a hundred and fifty," the saloon-keeper calculated; "and he's worth it, or I'm a squarehead."

Pt The kidnapper undid the bloody wrappings and looked at his lacerated hand. "If I don't get the hydrophoby - "

Pt "It'll be because you was born to hang," laughed the saloon-keeper. "Here, lend me a hand before you pull your freight," he added.

Pt Dazed, suffering intolerable pain from throat and tongue, with the life half throttled out of him, Buck attempted to face his tormentors. But he was thrown down and choked repeatedly, till they succeeded in filing the heavy brass collar from off his neck. Then the rope was removed, and he was flung into a cagelike crate.

Pt There he lay for the remainder of the weary night, nursing his wrath and wounded pride. He could not understand what it all meant. What did they want with him, these strange men? Why were they keeping him pent up in this narrow crate? He did not know why, but he felt oppressed by the vague sense of impending calamity. Several times during the night he sprang to his feet when the shed door rattled open, expecting to see the Judge, or the boys at least. But each time it was the bulging face of the saloon-keeper that peered in at him by the sickly light of a tallow candle. And each time the joyful bark that trembled in Buck's throat was twisted into a savage growl.

Pt But the saloon-keeper let him alone, and in the morning four men entered and picked up the crate. More tormentors, Buck decided, for they were evil-looking creatures, ragged and unkempt; and he stormed and raged at them through the bars. They only laughed and poked sticks at him, which he promptly assailed with his teeth till he realized that that was

what they wanted. Whereupon he lay down sullenly and allowed the crate to be lifted into a wagon. Then he, and the crate in which he was imprisoned, began a passage through many hands. Clerks in the express office took charge of him; he was carted about in another wagon; a truck carried him, with an assortment of boxes and parcels, upon a ferry steamer; he was trucked off the steamer into a great railway depot, and finally he was deposited in an express car.

Pt For two days and nights this express car was dragged along at the tail of shrieking locomotives; and for two days and nights Buck neither ate nor drank. In his anger he had met the first advances of the express messengers with growls, and they had retaliated by teasing him. When he flung himself against the bars, quivering and frothing, they laughed at him and taunted him. They growled and barked like detestable dogs, mewed, and flapped their arms and crowed. It was all very silly, he knew; but therefore the more outrage to his dignity, and his anger waxed and waxed. He did not mind the hunger so much, but the lack of water caused him severe suffering and fanned his wrath to fever-pitch. For that matter, high-strung and finely sensitive, the ill treatment had flung him into a fever, which was fed by the inflammation of his parched and swollen throat and tongue.

Pt He was glad for one thing: the rope was off his neck. That had given them an unfair advantage; but now that it was off, he would show them. They would never get another rope around his neck. Upon that he was resolved. For two days and nights he neither ate nor drank, and during those two days and nights of torment, he accumulated a fund of wrath that boded ill for whoever first fell foul of him. His eyes turned blood-shot, and he was metamorphosed into a raging fiend. So changed was he that the Judge himself would not have recognized him; and the express messengers breathed with relief when they bundled him off the train at Seattle.

Pt Four men gingerly carried the crate from the wagon into a small, high-walled back yard. A stout man, with a red sweater that sagged generously at the neck, came out and signed the book for the driver. That was the man, Buck divined, the next tormentor, and he hurled himself savagely against the bars. The man smiled grimly, and brought a hatchet and a club.

Pt "You ain't going to take him out now?" the driver asked.

Pt “Sure,” the man replied, driving the hatchet into the crate for a pry.

Pt There was an instantaneous scattering of the four men who had carried it in, and from safe perches on top the wall they prepared to watch the performance.

Pt Buck rushed at the splintering wood, sinking his teeth into it, surging and wrestling with it. Wherever the hatchet fell on the outside, he was there on the inside, snarling and growling, as furiously anxious to get out as the man in the red sweater was calmly intent on getting him out.

Pt “Now, you red-eyed devil,” he said, when he had made an opening sufficient for the passage of Buck’s body. At the same time he dropped the hatchet and shifted the club to his right hand.

Pt And Buck was truly a red-eyed devil, as he drew himself together for the spring, hair bristling, mouth foaming, a mad glitter in his blood-shot eyes. Straight at the man he launched his one hundred and forty pounds of fury, surcharged with the pent passion of two days and nights. In mid air, just as his jaws were about to close on the man, he received a shock that checked his body and brought his teeth together with an agonizing clip. He whirled over, fetching the ground on his back and side. He had never been struck by a club in his life, and did not understand. With a snarl that was part bark and more scream he was again on his feet and launched into the air. And again the shock came and he was brought crushingly to the ground. This time he was aware that it was the club, but his madness knew no caution. A dozen times he charged, and as often the club broke the charge and smashed him down.

Pt After a particularly fierce blow, he crawled to his feet, too dazed to rush. He staggered limply about, the blood flowing from nose and mouth and ears, his beautiful coat sprayed and flecked with bloody slaver. Then the man advanced and deliberately dealt him a frightful blow on the nose. All the pain he had endured was as nothing compared with the exquisite agony of this. With a roar that was almost lionlike in its ferocity, he again hurled himself at the man. But the man, shifting the club from right to left, coolly caught him by the under jaw, at the same time wrenching downward and backward. Buck described a complete circle in the air, and half of another, then crashed to the ground on his head and chest.

Pt For the last time he rushed. The man struck the shrewd blow he had purposely withheld for so long, and Buck crumpled up and went down, knocked utterly senseless.

Pt “He’s no slouch at dog-breakin’, that’s wot I say,” one of the men on the wall cried enthusiastically.

Pt “Druther break cayuses any day, and twice on Sundays,” was the reply of the driver, as he climbed on the wagon and started the horses.

Pt Buck’s senses came back to him, but not his strength. He lay where he had fallen, and from there he watched the man in the red sweater.

Pt “Answers to the name of Buck,” the man soliloquized, quoting from the saloon-keeper’s letter which had announced the consignment of the crate

Pt “we’ve had our little ruction, and the best thing we can do is to let it go at that. You’ve learned your place, and I know mine. Be a good dog and all ’ll go well and the goose hang high. Be a bad dog, and I’ll whale the stuffin’ outa you. Understand?”

Pt As he spoke he fearlessly patted the head he had so mercilessly pounded, and though Buck’s hair involuntarily bristled at touch of the hand, he endured it without protest. When the man brought him water he drank eagerly, and later bolted a generous meal of raw meat, chunk by chunk, from the man’s hand.

Pt He was beaten (he knew that); but he was not broken. He saw, once for all, that he stood no chance against a man with a club. He had learned the lesson, and in all his after life he never forgot it. That club was a revelation. It was his introduction to the reign of primitive law, and he met the introduction halfway. The facts of life took on a fiercer aspect; and while he faced that aspect uncowed, he faced it with all the latent cunning of his nature aroused. As the days went by, other dogs came, in crates and at the ends of ropes, some docilely, and some raging and roaring as he had come; and, one and all, he watched them pass under the dominion of the man in the red sweater. Again and again, as he looked at each brutal performance, the lesson was driven home to Buck: a man with a club was a lawgiver, a master to be obeyed, though not necessarily conciliated. Of this last Buck was never guilty, though he did see beaten dogs that fawned upon the man, and wagged their tails, and

licked his hand. Also he saw one dog, that would neither conciliate nor obey, finally killed in the struggle for mastery.

Pt Now and again men came, strangers, who talked excitedly, wheedlingly, and in all kinds of fashions to the man in the red sweater. And at such times that money passed between them the strangers took one or more of the dogs away with them. Buck wondered where they went, for they never came back; but the fear of the future was strong upon him, and he was glad each time when he was not selected.

Pt Yet his time came, in the end, in the form of a little weazened man who spat broken English and many strange and uncouth exclamations which Buck could not understand.

Pt "Sacredam!" he cried, when his eyes lit upon Buck. "Dat one dam bully dog! Eh? How moch?"

Pt "Three hundred, and a present at that," was the prompt reply of the man in the red sweater. "And seem' it's government money, you ain't got no kick coming, eh, Perrault?"

Pt Perrault grinned. Considering that the price of dogs had been boomed skyward by the unwonted demand, it was not an unfair sum for so fine an animal. The Canadian Government would be no loser, nor would its despatches travel the slower. Perrault knew dogs, and when he looked at Buck he knew that he was one in a thousand - "One in ten t'ousand," he commented mentally.

Pt Buck saw money pass between them, and was not surprised when Curly, a good-natured Newfoundland, and he were led away by the little weazened man. That was the last he saw of the man in the red sweater, and as Curly and he looked at receding Seattle from the deck of the Narwhal, it was the last he saw of the warm Southland. Curly and he were taken below by Perrault and turned over to a black-faced giant called François. Perrault was a French-Canadian, and swarthy; but François was a French-Canadian half-breed, and twice as swarthy. They were a new kind of men to Buck (of which he was destined to see many more), and while he developed no affection for them, he none the less grew honestly to respect them. He speedily learned that Perrault and François were fair men, calm and impartial in administering justice, and too wise in the way of dogs to be fooled by dogs.

Pt In the 'tween-decks of the _Narwhal_, Buck and Curly joined two other dogs. One of them was a big, snow-white fellow from Spitzbergen who had been brought away by a whaling captain, and who had later accompanied a Geological Survey into the Barrens. He was friendly, in a treacherous sort of way, smiling into one's face the while he meditated some underhand trick, as, for instance, when he stole from Buck's food at the first meal. As Buck sprang to punish him, the lash of François's whip sang through the air, reaching the culprit first; and nothing remained to Buck but to recover the bone. That was fair of François, he decided, and the half-breed began his rise in Buck's estimation.

Pt The other dog made no advances, nor received any; also, he did not attempt to steal from the newcomers. He was a gloomy, morose fellow, and he showed Curly plainly that all he desired was to be left alone, and further, that there would be trouble if he were not left alone. "Dave" he was called, and he ate and slept, or yawned between times, and took interest in nothing, not even when the _Narwhal_ crossed Queen Charlotte Sound and rolled and pitched and bucked like a thing possessed. When Buck and Curly grew excited, half wild with fear, he raised his head as though annoyed, favored them with an incurious glance, yawned, and went to sleep again.

Pt Day and night the ship throbbed to the tireless pulse of the propeller, and though one day was very like another, it was apparent to Buck that the weather was steadily growing colder. At last, one morning, the propeller was quiet, and the _Narwhal_ was pervaded with an atmosphere of excitement. He felt it, as did the other dogs, and knew that a change was at hand. François leashed them and brought them on deck. At the first step upon the cold surface, Buck's feet sank into a white mushy something very like mud. He sprang back with a snort. More of this white stuff was falling through the air. He shook himself, but more of it fell upon him. He sniffed it curiously, then licked some up on his tongue. It bit like fire, and the next instant was gone. This puzzled him. He tried it again, with the same result. The onlookers laughed uproariously, and he felt ashamed, he knew not why, for it was his first snow.

The Law of Club and Fang

Pt Buck's first day on the Dyea beach was like a nightmare. Every hour was filled with shock and surprise. He had been suddenly jerked from the heart of civilization and flung into the heart of things primordial. No lazy, sun-kissed life was this, with nothing to do but loaf and be bored. Here was neither peace, nor rest, nor a moment's safety. All was confusion and action, and every moment life and limb were in peril. There was imperative need to be constantly alert; for these dogs and men were not town dogs and men. They were savages, all of them, who knew no law but the law of club and fang.

Pt He had never seen dogs fight as these wolfish creatures fought, and his first experience taught him an unforgettable lesson. It is true, it was a vicarious experience, else he would not have lived to profit by it. Curly was the victim. They were camped near the log store, where she, in her friendly way, made advances to a husky dog the size of a full-grown wolf, though not half so large as she. There was no warning, only a leap in like a flash, a metallic clip of teeth, a leap out equally swift, and Curly's face was ripped open from eye to jaw.

Pt It was the wolf manner of fighting, to strike and leap away; but there was more to it than this. Thirty or forty huskies ran to the spot and surrounded the combatants in an intent and silent circle. Buck did not comprehend that silent intentness, nor the eager way with which they were licking their chops. Curly rushed her antagonist, who struck again and leaped aside. He met her next rush with his chest, in a peculiar fashion that tumbled her off her feet. She never regained them. This was what the onlooking huskies had waited for. They closed in upon her, snarling and yelping, and she was buried, screaming with agony, beneath the bristling mass of bodies.

Pt So sudden was it, and so unexpected, that Buck was taken aback. He saw Spitz run out his scarlet tongue in a way he had of laughing; and he saw François, swinging an axe, spring into the mess of dogs. Three men with clubs were helping him to scatter them. It did not take long. Two minutes from the time Curly went down, the last of her assailants were clubbed off. But she lay there limp and lifeless in the bloody, trampled snow, almost literally torn to pieces, the swart half-breed standing over her and cursing horribly. The scene often came back to Buck

to trouble him in his sleep. So that was the way. No fair play. Once down, that was the end of you. Well, he would see to it that he never went down. Spitz ran out his tongue and laughed again, and from that moment Buck hated him with a bitter and deathless hatred.

Pt Before he had recovered from the shock caused by the tragic passing of Curly, he received another shock. François fastened upon him an arrangement of straps and buckles. It was a harness, such as he had seen the grooms put on the horses at home. And as he had seen horses work, so he was set to work, hauling François on a sled to the forest that fringed the valley, and returning with a load of firewood. Though his dignity was sorely hurt by thus being made a draught animal, he was too wise to rebel. He buckled down with a will and did his best, though it was all new and strange. François was stern, demanding instant obedience, and by virtue of his whip receiving instant obedience; while Dave, who was an experienced wheeler, nipped Buck's hind quarters whenever he was in error. Spitz was the leader, likewise experienced, and while he could not always get at Buck, he growled sharp reproof now and again, or cunningly threw his weight in the traces to jerk Buck into the way he should go. Buck learned easily, and under the combined tuition of his two mates and François made remarkable progress. Ere they returned to camp he knew enough to stop at "ho," to go ahead at "mush," to swing wide on the bends, and to keep clear of the wheeler when the loaded sled shot downhill at their heels.

Pt "T'ree vair' good dogs," François told Perrault. "Dat Buck, heem pool lak hell. I tich heem queek as anyt'ing."

Pt By afternoon, Perrault, who was in a hurry to be on the trail with his despatches, returned with two more dogs. "Billee" and "Joe" he called them, two brothers, and true huskies both. Sons of the one mother though they were, they were as different as day and night. Billee's one fault was his excessive good nature, while Joe was the very opposite, sour and introspective, with a perpetual snarl and a malignant eye. Buck received them in comradely fashion, Dave ignored them, while Spitz proceeded to thrash first one and then the other. Billee wagged his tail appeasingly, turned to run when he saw that appeasement was of no avail, and cried (still appeasingly) when Spitz's sharp teeth scored his flank. But no matter how Spitz circled, Joe whirled around on his heels to face him, mane bristling, ears laid back, lips writhing and snarling, jaws

clipping together as fast as he could snap, and eyes diabolically gleaming - the incarnation of belligerent fear. So terrible was his appearance that Spitz was forced to forego disciplining him; but to cover his own discomfiture he turned upon the inoffensive and wailing Billee and drove him to the confines of the camp.

Pt By evening Perrault secured another dog, an old husky, long and lean and gaunt, with a battle-scarred face and a single eye which flashed a warning of prowess that commanded respect. He was called Sol-leks, which means the Angry One. Like Dave, he asked nothing, gave nothing, expected nothing; and when he marched slowly and deliberately into their midst, even Spitz left him alone. He had one peculiarity which Buck was unlucky enough to discover. He did not like to be approached on his blind side. Of this offence Buck was unwittingly guilty, and the first knowledge he had of his indiscretion was when Sol-leks whirled upon him and slashed his shoulder to the bone for three inches up and down. Forever after Buck avoided his blind side, and to the last of their comradeship had no more trouble. His only apparent ambition, like Dave's, was to be left alone; though, as Buck was afterward to learn, each of them possessed one other and even more vital ambition.

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1 - Capítulo 1

En Desejos antigos despertam de repente, como um animal selvagem. Lutam contra o costume. Depois de um longo sono no inverno, a natureza selvagem acorda de novo.

En Buck não lia jornais, por isso não sabia que problemas estavam a caminho. E não era só para ele, mas para todos os cães fortes e de pelo grosso que viviam perto da costa, de Puget Sound a San Diego. Homens tinham encontrado metal amarelo no extremo Norte. As companhias de navegação e transporte espalhavam a notícia, e milhares de homens corriam para o norte. Esses homens queriam cães fortes para o trabalho pesado e de pelagem grossa para se protegerem do frio.

En Buck vivia numa grande casa no ensolarado vale de Santa Clara. Era a propriedade do Juiz Miller. A casa ficava afastada da estrada, meio escondida entre árvores. Uma ampla varanda a rodeava por todos os quatro lados. Caminhos de cascalho atravessavam grandes gramados sob altos choupos. Atrás da casa, a propriedade era ainda maior. Havia grandes estábulos, muitas casas de empregados, dependências, longos caramanchões de uva, campos verdes, pomares e canteiros de frutas silvestres. Havia também uma estação de bombeamento para o poço e um grande tanque de cimento onde os filhos do Juiz Miller nadavam de manhã e se refrescavam nas tardes quentes.

En Buck reinava sobre aquele grande lugar. Nascera ali e vivia ali havia quatro anos. Havia outros cães, é claro, mas eles não contavam. Alguns viviam nos canis, e outros ficavam dentro de casa, como Toots, o pug japonês, e Ysabel, a mexicana pelada. Eram cães estranhos e raramente saíam. Havia também muitos fox terriers, que latiam para Toots e Ysabel através das janelas, enquanto as criadas, de vassoura e esfregão na mão, protegiam os dois cãesinhos.

En Buck não era nem cão de casa nem cão de canil. O lugar inteiro era dele. Nadava no tanque e ia caçar com os filhos do Juiz. Caminhava com Mollie e Alice, as filhas do Juiz, ao entardecer e de manhã cedo. Nas noites frias deitava-se aos pés do Juiz diante da lareira, na biblioteca. Carregava os netos do Juiz nas costas, rolava com eles na relva e os vigiava em suas aventuras até a fonte no pátio do estábulo e mais além, pelos campos e canteiros de frutas. Andava com orgulho

entre os terriers e ignorava Toots e Ysabel. Era rei sobre tudo naquela propriedade, inclusive sobre as pessoas.

En Seu pai, Elmo, era um enorme São Bernardo e companheiro íntimo do Juiz. Buck parecia destinado a seguir os passos do pai. Não era tão grande quanto ele, pois pesava apenas sessenta e quatro quilos. Sua mãe, Shep, era uma pastora escocesa. Mesmo assim, sessenta e quatro quilos, somados ao orgulho de uma boa vida e ao respeito de todos, faziam-no comportar-se como um verdadeiro rei. Em seus quatro anos, vivera como um nobre cão bem alimentado. Era orgulhoso, e um pouco egocêntrico, como alguns cavalheiros de província. Mas não se tornara um cão de casa mimado. A caça e outras alegrias ao ar livre o mantinham em forma e forte. A água também ajudava a mantê-lo saudável.

En Esse era o tipo de cão que Buck era no outono de 1897, quando a corrida do ouro do Klondike atraía homens do mundo inteiro para o Norte gelado. Mas Buck não lia jornais, e não sabia que Manuel, um dos ajudantes do jardineiro, era uma pessoa em quem não se devia confiar. Manuel tinha um mau hábito: gostava da loteria chinesa. Também acreditava em um sistema de apostas, o que tornava sua ruína certa. Um sistema precisava de dinheiro, e um ajudante de jardineiro não ganhava o suficiente para sustentar uma esposa e muitos filhos.

En O Juiz estava numa reunião da Associação de Produtores de Uva-Passa, e os rapazes andavam ocupados criando um clube atlético na noite da traição de Manuel. Ninguém os viu, a ele e a Buck, saírem pelo pomar. Buck pensou que fosse apenas um passeio. Mais tarde, só um homem os viu chegar à pequena estação de trem chamada College Park. Esse homem falou com Manuel, e dinheiro trocou de mãos.

En "Podia embrulhar a mercadoria antes de entregá-la," disse o estranho numa voz áspera, e Manuel passou uma corda forte em volta do pescoço de Buck, por baixo da coleira.

En "Aperte, e vai sufocá-lo bem," disse Manuel, e o estranho deu um grunhido rápido para mostrar que concordava.

En Buck aceitou a corda com calma e com uma tranquila dignidade. Isso não era comum nele, mas ele aprendera a confiar nos homens que conhecia e a acreditar que eram mais sábios do que ele. Mas quando as pontas da corda foram entregues ao estranho, ele rosnou em

advertência. Quis mostrar sua raiva, e achou que isso bastasse. Para sua surpresa, a corda se apertou em volta do pescoço, cortando-lhe a respiração. Num acesso de fúria repentina, saltou contra o homem. O homem o recebeu no ar, agarrou-o pela garganta e, com uma torção rápida, jogou-o de costas no chão. Então a corda se apertou sem piedade enquanto Buck lutava desesperadamente, a língua para fora e o grande peito arfando inutilmente. Nunca em sua vida fora tratado com tanta crueldade, e nunca estivera tão furioso. Mas as forças o abandonaram, os olhos turvaram-se, e ele nada mais soube quando o trem parou e os dois homens o jogaram no vagão de bagagens.

En A coisa seguinte de que teve consciência foi que mal sentia a língua doendo, e que era sacudido de um lado para o outro dentro de algum tipo de veículo. O grito áspero do apito de uma locomotiva numa passagem de nível disse-lhe onde estava. Já viajara em vagão de bagagens muitas vezes com o Juiz, e por isso conhecia aquela sensação. Abriu os olhos, e neles havia a fúria selvagem de um rei sequestrado. O homem saltou para lhe agarrar a garganta, mas Buck foi mais rápido. Suas mandíbulas se fecharam na mão do homem e não a soltaram até que Buck fosse novamente sufocado até desmaiar.

En "Sim, ele tem ataques," disse o homem, escondendo a mão gravemente ferida do funcionário da bagagem, que se aproximara ao ouvir a luta. "Estou levando ele para o patrão, em San Francisco. Tem lá um veterinário famoso que acha que consegue curá-lo."

En Sobre essa viagem noturna, o homem depois falou com bastante franqueza, em si mesmo, num galpão atrás de um bar na orla marítima de San Francisco.

En "Só ganhei cinquenta por isso," disse ele, com raiva. "E não faria de novo nem por mil em dinheiro."

En Tinha a mão enrolada num lenço manchado de sangue, e a perna direita da calça estava rasgada do joelho ao tornozelo.

En "Quanto o outro ganhou?" perguntou o dono do bar.

En "Cem," veio a resposta. "Não aceitou menos, juro."

En "Isso dá cento e cinquenta," disse o dono do bar. "E ele vale isso, ou sou um tolo."

En O sequestrador tirou o pano ensanguentado e olhou para a mão rasgada. "Se eu não pegar hidrofobia - "

En "Vai ser porque você nasceu pra ser enforcado," riu o dono do bar. "Vamos, me dê uma mão antes de você sair correndo," acrescentou.

En Buck estava atordoado e sentia dor terrível na garganta e na língua. A vida quase se esvaíra dele de tanto sufoco. Tentou enfrentar os homens que o maltratavam, mas eles o derrubaram e o sufocaram repetidas vezes. Por fim serraram a pesada coleira de latão que ele usava no pescoço. Depois tiraram a corda e o jogaram dentro de uma caixa, como se fosse uma jaula.

En Buck ficou ali deitado pelo resto daquela longa e cansativa noite, furioso e ferido em seu orgulho. Não conseguia entender o que estava acontecendo. O que aqueles homens estranhos queriam dele? Por que o mantinham naquela caixa apertada? Não sabia, mas sentia um peso de medo por algum problema que estava por vir. Várias vezes, durante a noite, deu um salto quando a porta do galpão se abria, esperando ver o Juiz ou pelo menos os rapazes. Mas cada vez era apenas o rosto redondo do dono do bar espiando à fraca luz de uma vela. E cada vez o latido alegre na garganta de Buck se transformava num rosnado feroz.

En Mas o dono do bar o deixou em paz, e de manhã quatro homens entraram e ergueram a caixa. Buck achou que fossem mais homens cruéis. Pareciam brutos, sujos e maus, e ele os atacou através das grades. Eles apenas riram e cutucaram-no com varas. Buck mordida as varas, até perceber que era justamente isso que eles queriam. Então deitou-se, furioso, e deixou que carregassem a caixa para uma carroça. Depois disso, Buck e a caixa passaram de mão em mão. Escriturários de uma agência de encomendas o receberam. Foi levado em outra carroça. Depois um caminhão o levou, junto com caixas e pacotes, para um navio balsa. Depois foi tirado do navio para um grande depósito ferroviário, e por fim foi posto num vagão de encomendas.

En Por dois dias e duas noites o vagão de encomendas foi puxado atrás de locomotivas ruidosas e estridentes, e Buck não comeu nem bebeu nada. No início rosnava para os mensageiros do vagão, e eles o provocavam de volta. Quando se atirava contra as grades, tremendo e espumando, riam dele e zombavam. Rosnavam e latiam como cães malvados, miavam, batiam os braços como asas e cacarejavam como

galos. Buck sabia que era ridículo, mas isso o deixava ainda mais furioso, porque o insultava. A fome o incomodava menos do que a falta de água, que o fazia sofrer muito e aumentava ainda mais sua raiva. Também era muito sensível, e o tratamento cruel lhe deu febre. Sua garganta e sua língua estavam secas e inchadas, o que piorava ainda mais a febre.

En Uma coisa o alegrava: a corda tinha saído de seu pescoço. Aquela corda dera aos homens uma vantagem injusta, mas agora ele lhes mostraria. Estava certo de que nunca mais botariam outra corda em seu pescoço. Por dois dias e duas noites não comeu nem bebeu nada, e nesse tempo sua raiva cresceu muitíssimo. Era perigoso para quem o irritasse. Seus olhos ficaram vermelhos, e ele se transformou num verdadeiro monstro selvagem. Mudou tanto que nem o Juiz o teria reconhecido. Os mensageiros do trem sentiram alívio quando finalmente o tiraram do trem em Seattle.

En Quatro homens carregaram a caixa com cuidado, tirando-a da carroça e levando-a até um pequeno quintal cercado por muros altos, nos fundos. Um homem forte, de suéter vermelho, com a gola larga, saiu e assinou o livro do motorista da carroça. Buck entendeu que aquele homem seria seu próximo carrasco, e se atirou com força contra as grades. O homem sorriu com dureza e trouxe um machadinho e um porrete.

En "Você não vai tirar ele agora, vai?" perguntou o motorista.

En "Claro que vou," respondeu o homem, enfiando o machadinho na caixa para arrombá-la.

En Os quatro homens que tinham trazido a caixa se afastaram depressa, subindo no muro para assistir ao que ia acontecer.

En Buck avançou contra a madeira quebrada. Mordeu-a com força e lutou contra ela. Sempre que o machado caía por fora, ele estava do lado de dentro, latindo e rosnando. Queria sair tanto quanto o homem do suéter vermelho queria tirá-lo.

En "Agora, seu demônio de olhos vermelhos," disse o homem quando a abertura ficou grande o bastante para o corpo de Buck. Ao mesmo tempo, largou o machado e passou o porrete para a mão direita.

En Buck era, de fato, um demônio de olhos vermelhos. Reuniu forças para saltar, com o pelo eriçado, espuma na boca e um brilho selvagem nos olhos injetados de sangue. Saltou direto para o homem, com toda a fúria de seus sessenta e quatro quilos, guardada por dois dias e duas noites de raiva contida. No ar, um instante antes que suas mandíbulas se fechassem sobre o homem, um choque o deteve e fez seus dentes se baterem dolorosamente. Girou no ar e caiu de costas e de lado. Nunca fora atingido por um porrete antes, e não entendia o que acontecera. Rosnando numa mistura de latido e grito, levantou-se de novo e saltou outra vez. De novo o choque o atingiu e o derrubou no chão. Agora sabia que era o porrete, mas sua fúria selvagem o fazia continuar. Uma dúzia de vezes avançou, e cada vez o porrete o deteve e o derrubou.

En Depois de um golpe muito forte, ele se arrastou até ficar de pé, atordonado demais para avançar. Movia-se com fraqueza, com sangue escorrendo do nariz, da boca e das orelhas. Sua bela pelagem estava salpicada de espuma sanguinolenta. Então o homem avançou e desferiu um golpe cruel no seu focinho. Essa dor foi pior do que todas as outras. Com um rugido quase como o de um leão, Buck atirou-se de novo contra o homem. Mas o homem, com calma, passou o porrete da mão direita para a esquerda, agarrou Buck sob o queixo e puxou para baixo e para trás. Buck deu uma volta completa no ar, depois caiu no chão, sobre a cabeça e o peito.

En Ele avançou uma última vez. O homem desferiu o golpe habilidoso que guardara para aquele momento, e Buck desabou, caindo completamente inconsciente.

En "Ele não é mole pra domar cachorro, isso eu digo," disse um dos homens em cima do muro, animado.

En "Prefiro domar cavalo bravo, e ainda dobro no domingo," respondeu o motorista, enquanto subia na carroça e punha os cavalos a andar.

En Os sentidos de Buck voltaram, mas não as forças. Ficou deitado onde caíra, observando o homem do suéter vermelho.

En "'Atende pelo nome de Buck,'" disse o homem consigo mesmo, citando a carta do dono do bar que anunciara a chegada da caixa.

En "Tivemos nossa pequena briga, e o melhor agora é deixar isso pra trás. Você aprendeu seu lugar, e eu sei o meu. Seja um cão bom, e tudo vai correr bem. Seja um cão mau, e eu vou te bater direito. Entendeu?"

En Enquanto falava, acariciava sem medo a cabeça que espancara tão cruelmente. O pelo de Buck se eriçou ao toque, mas ele não protestou. Quando o homem lhe trouxe água, bebeu com avidez. Mais tarde, comeu depressa uma boa refeição de carne crua, pedaço por pedaço, direto da mão do homem.

En Estava vencido, e sabia disso, mas não estava quebrado. Compreendeu de uma vez que não tinha chance contra um homem armado de porrete. Nunca esqueceu essa lição. O porrete lhe mostrou o caminho da lei primitiva, e ele enfrentou plenamente aquele mundo áspero. A vida agora parecia mais perigosa, e ele a encarava sem medo, mas com a astúcia oculta de sua natureza desperta. Com o passar dos dias, mais cães chegaram, em caixas ou amarrados por cordas. Alguns vinham quietos, e outros gritavam e lutavam como ele fizera. Buck via a todos ficarem sob o controle do homem do suéter vermelho. Vez após vez, aprendia a mesma dura verdade: um homem com um porrete era um legislador, um mestre a ser obedecido, embora não sempre a ser agradado. Buck nunca tentou conquistá-lo, embora tenha visto cães espancados que faziam festa ao homem, abanavam o rabo e lambiam sua mão. Viu também um cão que não fazia nem uma coisa nem outra, e que acabou morto na luta pelo poder.

En De vez em quando chegavam estranhos. Falavam animadamente e tentavam negociar com o homem do suéter vermelho. Quando o dinheiro trocava de mãos, os estranhos levavam um ou mais cães. Buck se perguntava para onde eles iam, pois nunca voltavam. Mas ele temia o que poderia acontecer em seguida, e cada vez ficava aliviado por não ser escolhido.

En Por fim, chegou a sua vez, na forma de um homenzinho ressecado que cuspiam inglês quebrado e muitos gritos estranhos que Buck não conseguia entender.

En "Sacredam!" gritou ele ao ver Buck. "Esse aí é um cão dos diabos! Hein? Quanto?"

En "Trezentos, e um presente também," disse na hora o homem do suéter vermelho. "E como é dinheiro do governo, você não tem nada a reclamar, hein, Perrault?"

En Perrault deu um sorriso largo. O preço dos cães tinha subido, porque muitos eram procurados, então o valor não era injusto para um animal tão bom. O Governo canadense não sairia perdendo, e suas mensagens viajariam mais depressa. Perrault entendia de cães, e quando olhou para Buck soube que Buck era um em mil - "Um em dez mil," pensou consigo mesmo.

En Buck viu o dinheiro trocar de mãos e não se surpreendeu quando Curly, um Terra-Nova amistoso, e ele foram levados pelo homenzinho ressecado. Foi a última vez que viu o homem do suéter vermelho. Enquanto Curly e ele iam Seattle diminuir ao longe, do convés do Narwhal, foi também a última vez que viu o quente Sul. Perrault e François os levaram para baixo e entregaram-nos a um gigante de rosto escuro chamado François. Perrault era um franco-canadense e moreno, mas François, mestiço franco-canadense, era ainda mais escuro. Eram um novo tipo de homem para Buck, e ele encontraria muitos outros iguais a eles. Não os amava, mas logo aprendeu a respeitá-los. Percebeu rapidamente que Perrault e François eram justos, calmos e imparciais, e que sabiam demais sobre cães para se deixarem enganar por eles.

En No convés inferior do Narwhal, Buck e Curly se juntaram a outros dois cães. Um era um grande cão branco de neve, de Spitzbergen. Um capitão baleeiro o trouxera, e depois ele viajara com uma expedição de levantamento geológico até os Barrens. Era amigável de um jeito perigoso, sorrindo para você enquanto tramava alguma peça. Por exemplo, roubou comida de Buck na primeira refeição. Quando Buck saltou para castigá-lo, o chicote de François bateu primeiro, e Buck teve de se contentar em recuperar o osso. Buck achou isso justo, e François subiu em seu conceito.

En O outro cão não fazia amizades e não queria nenhuma. Também não tentava roubar dos cães novos. Era triste e pouco amistoso, e deixou claro para Curly que queria ficar sozinho, e que haveria problema se não fosse deixado em paz. Chamava-se Dave. Comia, dormia ou bocejava, e não mostrava interesse por nada, nem mesmo quando o Narwhal atravessou o estreito de Queen Charlotte e balançou

violentamente nas ondas. Quando Buck e Curly ficaram excitados e meio loucos de medo, Dave apenas erguia a cabeça como se estivesse incomodado, lançava-lhes um olhar apagado, bocejava e voltava a dormir.

En Dia e noite, o navio vibrava com o ronco da hélice. Cada dia era muito parecido com o anterior, mas Buck percebia que o clima ia esfriando cada vez mais. Por fim, certa manhã, a hélice parou. Havia agitação a bordo do Narwhal. Buck sentiu isso, e os outros cães também. Ele sabia que algo estava para mudar. François pôs coleiras neles e os levou ao convés. Ao primeiro passo de Buck no chão frio, suas patas afundaram numa coisa branca, macia, de aparência lamacenta. Ele deu um salto para trás, bufando. Mais daquela coisa branca caía do céu. Sacudiu-se, mas mais caiu sobre ele. Cheirou-a, depois lambeu um pouco. Queimava como fogo, e depois sumia. Não entendia aquilo. Tentou de novo, com o mesmo resultado. As pessoas que observavam riram muito, e Buck sentiu vergonha, embora não soubesse por quê. Era a sua primeira neve. ## CHAPTER II: The Law of Club and Fang

2 - Capítulo 2

En O primeiro dia de Buck na praia de Dyea parecia um pesadelo. Cada hora trazia um choque. Fora tirado de repente do centro da civilização e jogado num mundo selvagem e antigo. Aquela não era uma vida fácil, sem nada para fazer. Não havia paz, nem descanso, nem segurança. Tudo era confusão e movimento, e a cada instante a vida e o corpo estavam em perigo. Ele tinha de ficar alerta o tempo todo, porque aqueles cães e homens não eram cães e homens de cidade. Eram selvagens. Não conheciam outra lei além da lei do porrete e da presa.

En Nunca vira cães lutarem como aquelas criaturas lobunas lutavam, e sua primeira lição foi inesquecível. Na verdade, aprendeu-a vendo outro sofrer, senão não teria sobrevivido para aprender com ela. Curly foi a vítima. Estavam acampados perto do armazém de toras, e ela, gentilmente, se aproximou de um cão husky do tamanho de um lobo adulto, embora não tão pesado quanto ela. Não houve aviso. O cão saltou como um raio, os dentes bateram, depois pulou para trás com a mesma rapidez. O rosto de Curly ficou aberto, do olho até a mandíbula.

En Eles lutavam como lobos, atacando e recuando de um salto. Mas havia mais do que isso. Trinta ou quarenta huskies vieram correndo e formaram um círculo silencioso ao redor deles. Buck não entendia aquela vigilância silenciosa nem a maneira ávida com que lambiam os beijos. Curly avançou contra sua inimiga, que atacou de novo e saltou para o lado. Depois a golpeou com o peito e a derrubou de um jeito estranho. Ela não conseguiu se levantar de novo. Os huskies que esperavam viram isso e avançaram. Rosnavam e ganiam ao se fecharem sobre ela, e ela desapareceu sob a massa de corpos, gritando de dor.

En Aconteceu tão de repente que Buck ficou chocado. Viu Spitz mostrar a língua vermelha, do jeito que ele ria, e viu François correr para o meio da matilha com um machado. Três homens com porretes ajudaram a dispersar os cães. Terminou depressa. Dois minutos depois de Curly cair, os últimos atacantes já tinham sido afugentados a porretadas. Mas ela jazia fraca e morta na neve ensanguentada, quase despedaçada, enquanto o mestiço de pele escura ficava em pé sobre ela, praguejando terrivelmente. Buck muitas vezes reviu essa cena em seus sonhos. Então era assim que as coisas eram. Não havia jogo limpo.

Uma vez que você caísse, estava acabado. Ele decidiu que nunca se deixaria cair. Spitz riu de novo, e a partir daquele momento Buck o odiou com um ódio profundo e duradouro.

En Antes que Buck se recuperasse do choque da morte terrível de Curly, teve outro choque. François lhe prendeu um arreio. Era parecido com os arreios que vira colocar em cavalos, lá em casa. Depois Buck foi obrigado a trabalhar. Puxou François num trenó até a floresta na beira do vale e trouxe lenha de volta. Seu orgulho ficou ferido por ser transformado num animal de trabalho, mas foi sensato o bastante para não reagir. Trabalhou com afinco, mesmo que tudo fosse novo e estranho. François era rigoroso e exigia obediência imediata, usando o chicote para conseguí-la. Dave, que conhecia bem o trabalho, mordiscava a garupa de Buck sempre que ele cometia um erro. Spitz era o líder e também experiente. Quando não conseguia alcançar Buck, dava avisos ríspidos ou usava o próprio peso nas tiras para empurrá-lo à posição certa. Buck aprendeu depressa, e com a ajuda dos dois cães e de François fez grandes progressos. Antes de voltarem ao acampamento, já sabia parar ao ouvir "ho", avançar ao ouvir "mush", fazer curvas largas e manter-se longe do cão de roda quando o trenó carregado descia disparado morro abaixo atrás deles.

En "Três cães muito bons," disse François a Perrault. "Esse Buck aí, ele puxa como um danado. Eu ensino ele rápido que nem nada."

En À tarde, Perrault, que queria partir logo com suas mensagens, voltou com mais dois cães. Chamou-os de Billee e Joe. Eram irmãos e huskies verdadeiros, mas muito diferentes. O único defeito de Billee era ser bom demais, enquanto Joe era o oposto: amargo, calado, sempre rosnando, com um olhar cruel. Buck os recebeu como companheiros, Dave os ignorou, e Spitz atacou primeiro um e depois o outro. Billee abanou o rabo de forma amistosa e tentou recuar, mas Spitz o mordeu no flanco. Joe era diferente. Não importava como Spitz o atacasse, Joe se virava para enfrentá-lo, o pelo eriçado, as orelhas para trás, os lábios retorcidos, as mandíbulas batendo rápido, os olhos brilhando de medo feroz. Parecia tão perigoso que Spitz teve de deixá-lo em paz. Para esconder seu próprio incômodo, Spitz voltou-se contra o inofensivo e choroso Billee e o expulsou até a beira do acampamento.

En À noite, Perrault trouxe outro cão. Era um velho husky, comprido, magro e desgastado, com o rosto marcado por muitas brigas e um olho

só, que dava mostra de sua força. Chamava-se Sol-leks, que significa O Zangado. Como Dave, não pedia nada e não esperava nada. Quando entrou devagar no grupo, até Spitz o deixou em paz. Tinha um hábito estranho que Buck descobriu da pior maneira. Não gostava que se aproximassem pelo lado cego. Buck fez isso por acidente, e Sol-leks se virou na hora e rasgou-lhe o ombro até o osso, num corte de sete centímetros. Depois disso, Buck sempre ficou longe daquele lado dele, e não tiveram mais problemas. Como Dave, Sol-leks parecia querer apenas ser deixado em paz, embora Buck depois viesse a descobrir que cada um deles tinha outro desejo, ainda mais importante.

Into the Primitive

B1 Português (simplified)

Desejos antigos despertam de repente, como um animal selvagem. Lutam contra o costume. Depois de um longo sono no inverno, a natureza selvagem acorda de novo.

Original English

“Old longings nomadic leap, Chafing at custom’s chain; Again from its brumal sleep Wakens the ferine strain.”

Original Português

“Antigos anseios nômades saltam, Roçando a corrente do costume; De seu sono invernal desperta novamente O impulso selvagem.”

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Buck não lia jornais, por isso não sabia que problemas estavam a caminho. E não era só para ele, mas para todos os cães fortes e de pelo grosso que viviam perto da costa, de Puget Sound a San Diego. Homens tinham encontrado metal amarelo no extremo Norte. As companhias de navegação e transporte espalhavam a notícia, e milhares de homens corriam para o norte. Esses homens queriam cães fortes para o trabalho pesado e de pelagem grossa para se protegerem do frio.

Original English

Buck did not read the newspapers, or he would have known that trouble was brewing, not alone for himself, but for every tide-water dog, strong of muscle and with warm, long hair, from Puget Sound to San Diego. Because men, groping in the Arctic darkness, had found a yellow metal, and because steamship and transportation companies were booming the find, thousands of men were rushing into the Northland. These men wanted dogs, and the dogs they wanted were heavy dogs, with strong muscles by which to toil, and furry coats to protect them from the frost.

Original Português

Buck não lia os jornais, ou saberia que problemas estavam se formando, não apenas para ele, mas para todos os cães da maré, fortes de músculos e com cabelos longos e quentes, de Puget Sound a San Diego. Como os homens, tateando na escuridão do Ártico, encontraram um metal amarelo, e como as empresas de transporte a vapor e de transporte estavam divulgando a descoberta, milhares de homens estavam correndo para as Terras do Norte. Esses homens queriam cães, e os cães que eles queriam eram cães pesados, com músculos fortes para trabalhar e pelagens peludas para protegê-los do gelo.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Buck vivia numa grande casa no ensolarado vale de Santa Clara. Era a propriedade do Juiz Miller. A casa ficava afastada da estrada, meio escondida entre árvores. Uma ampla varanda a rodeava por todos os quatro lados. Caminhos de cascalho atravessavam grandes gramados sob altos choupos. Atrás da casa, a propriedade era ainda maior. Havia grandes estábulos, muitas casas de empregados, dependências, longos caramanchões de uva, campos verdes, pomares e canteiros de frutas silvestres. Havia também uma estação de bombeamento para o poço e um grande tanque de cimento onde os filhos do Juiz Miller nadavam de manhã e se refrescavam nas tardes quentes.

Original English

Buck lived at a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley. Judge Miller's place, it was called. It stood back from the road, half hidden among the trees, through which glimpses could be caught of the wide cool veranda that ran around its four sides. The house was approached by gravelled driveways which wound about through wide-spreading lawns and under the interlacing boughs of tall poplars. At the rear things were on even a more spacious scale than at the front. There were great stables, where a dozen grooms and boys held forth, rows of vine-clad servants' cottages, an endless and orderly array of outhouses, long grape arbors, green pastures, orchards, and berry patches. Then there was the pumping plant for the artesian well, and the big cement tank where Judge Miller's boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the hot afternoon.

Original Português

Buck morava em uma casa grande no ensolarado vale de Santa Clara. Casa do juiz Miller, era como se chamava. Ficava afastado da estrada, meio escondido entre as árvores, através das quais se vislumbrava a ampla e fresca varanda que circundava os seus quatro lados. O acesso à casa era feito por calçadas de cascalho que serpenteavam por amplos gramados e sob os galhos entrelaçados de altos choupos. Na traseira as coisas eram ainda mais espaçosas do que na dianteira. Havia grandes estábulos, onde uma dúzia de cavaleiros e rapazes se apresentavam, fileiras de casas de empregados cobertas de videiras, um conjunto interminável e ordenado de dependências externas, longos parreirais, pastos verdes, pomares e canteiros de frutas silvestres. Depois havia a estação de bombeamento do poço artesiano e o grande tanque de cimento onde os meninos do juiz Miller davam o mergulho matinal e se refrescavam nas tardes quentes.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Buck reinava sobre aquele grande lugar. Nascera ali e vivia ali havia quatro anos. Havia outros cães, é claro, mas eles não contavam. Alguns viviam nos canis, e outros ficavam dentro de casa, como Toots, o pug japonês, e Ysabel, a mexicana pelada. Eram cães estranhos e raramente saíam. Havia também muitos fox terriers, que latiam para Toots e Ysabel através das janelas, enquanto as criadas, de vassoura e esfregão na mão, protegiam os dois cãezinhos.

Original English

And over this great demesne Buck ruled. Here he was born, and here he had lived the four years of his life. It was true, there were other dogs. There could not but be other dogs on so vast a place, but they did not count. They came and went, resided in the populous kennels, or lived obscurely in the recesses of the house after the fashion of Toots, the Japanese pug, or Ysabel, the Mexican hairless, - strange creatures that rarely put nose out of doors or set foot to ground. On the other hand, there were the fox terriers, a score of them at least, who yelped fearful promises at Toots and Ysabel looking out of the windows at them and protected by a legion of housemaids armed with brooms and mops.

Original Português

E sobre esta grande propriedade Buck governou. Aqui ele nasceu e aqui viveu os quatro anos de sua vida. Era verdade, havia outros cães. Não poderia deixar de haver outros cães num lugar tão vasto, mas eles não contavam. Eles iam e vinham, residiam nos canis populosos ou viviam obscuramente nos recessos da casa, à moda de Toots, o pug japonês, ou de Ysabel, o mexicano sem pelos - criaturas estranhas que raramente colocavam o nariz para fora da porta ou pisavam no chão. Por outro lado, havia os fox terriers, pelo menos uns vinte, que gritavam promessas temerosas para Toots e Ysabel olhando para eles pelas janelas e protegidos por uma legião de empregadas armadas com vassouras e esfregões.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Buck não era nem cão de casa nem cão de canil. O lugar inteiro era dele. Nadava no tanque e ia caçar com os filhos do Juiz. Caminhava com Mollie e Alice, as filhas do Juiz, ao entardecer e de manhã cedo. Nas noites frias deitava-se aos pés do Juiz diante da lareira, na biblioteca. Carregava os netos do Juiz nas costas, rolava com eles na relva e os vigiava em suas aventuras até a fonte no pátio do estábulo e mais além, pelos campos e canteiros de frutas. Andava com orgulho entre os terriers e ignorava Toots e Ysabel. Era rei sobre tudo naquela propriedade, inclusive sobre as pessoas.

Original English

But Buck was neither house-dog nor kennel-dog. The whole realm was his. He plunged into the swimming tank or went hunting with the Judge's sons; he escorted Mollie and Alice, the Judge's daughters, on long twilight or early morning rambles; on wintry nights he lay at the Judge's feet before the roaring library fire; he carried the Judge's grandsons on his back, or rolled them in the grass, and guarded their footsteps through wild adventures down to the fountain in the stable yard, and even beyond, where the paddocks were, and the berry patches. Among the terriers he stalked imperiously, and Toots and Ysabel he utterly ignored, for he was king, - king over all creeping, crawling, flying things of Judge Miller's place, humans included.

Original Português

Mas Buck não era nem um cão doméstico nem um cão de canil. Todo o reino era dele. Mergulhava na piscina ou ia caçar com os filhos do Juiz; ele acompanhou Mollie e Alice, as filhas do Juiz, em longas caminhadas ao entardecer ou nas primeiras horas da manhã; nas noites de inverno, ele se deitava aos pés do juiz diante do fogo crepitante da biblioteca; ele carregava os netos do juiz nas costas, ou os rolava na grama, e protegia seus passos em aventuras selvagens até a fonte no pátio do estábulo, e ainda mais além, onde ficavam os piquetes e os canteiros de frutas silvestres. Entre os terriers ele perseguia imperiosamente, e Toots e Ysabel ele ignorou completamente, pois ele era rei, rei sobre todas as coisas rastejantes, rastejantes e voadoras do lugar do juiz Miller, incluindo os humanos.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Seu pai, Elmo, era um enorme São Bernardo e companheiro íntimo do Juiz. Buck parecia destinado a seguir os passos do pai. Não era tão grande quanto ele, pois pesava apenas sessenta e quatro quilos. Sua mãe, Shep, era uma pastora escocesa. Mesmo assim, sessenta e quatro quilos, somados ao orgulho de uma boa vida e ao respeito de todos, faziam-no comportar-se como um verdadeiro rei. Em seus quatro anos, vivera como um nobre cão bem alimentado. Era orgulhoso, e um pouco egocêntrico, como alguns cavalheiros de província. Mas não se tornara um cão de casa mimado. A caça e outras alegrias ao ar livre o mantinham em forma e forte. A água também ajudava a mantê-lo saudável.

Original English

His father, Elmo, a huge St. Bernard, had been the Judge's inseparable companion, and Buck bid fair to follow in the way of his father. He was not so large, - he weighed only one hundred and forty pounds, - for his mother, Shep, had been a Scotch shepherd dog. Nevertheless, one hundred and forty pounds, to which was added the dignity that comes of good living and universal respect, enabled him to carry himself in right royal fashion. During the four years since his puppyhood he had lived the life of a sated aristocrat; he had a fine pride in himself, was even a trifle egotistical, as country gentlemen sometimes become because of their insular situation. But he had saved himself by not becoming a mere pampered house-dog. Hunting and kindred outdoor delights had kept down the fat and hardened his muscles; and to him, as to the cold-tubbing races, the love of water had been a tonic and a health preserver.

Original Português

Seu pai, Elmo, um enorme São Bernardo, fora o companheiro inseparável do Juiz, e Buck fez questão de seguir o caminho de seu pai. Ele não era tão grande - pesava apenas cento e quarenta libras - pois sua mãe, Shep, era uma pastora escocesa. No entanto, cento e quarenta libras, às quais foi acrescentada a dignidade que advém da boa vida e do respeito universal, permitiram-lhe comportar-se de maneira real e correta. Durante os quatro anos desde a sua infância, ele viveu a vida de um aristocrata saciado; ele tinha um grande orgulho de si mesmo, era até um pouco egoísta, como às vezes se tornam os cavalheiros do campo devido à sua situação insular. Mas ele se salvou ao não se tornar um mero cão doméstico mimado. A caça e outras delícias ao ar livre mantiveram a gordura baixa e fortaleceram seus músculos; e para ele, assim como para as raças frias, o amor pela água tinha sido um tônico e um preservador da saúde.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Esse era o tipo de cão que Buck era no outono de 1897, quando a corrida do ouro do Klondike atraía homens do mundo inteiro para o Norte gelado. Mas Buck não lia jornais, e não sabia que Manuel, um dos ajudantes do jardineiro, era uma pessoa em quem não se devia confiar. Manuel tinha um mau hábito: gostava da loteria chinesa. Também acreditava em um sistema de apostas, o que tornava sua ruína certa. Um sistema precisava de dinheiro, e um ajudante de jardineiro não ganhava o suficiente para sustentar uma esposa e muitos filhos.

Original English

And this was the manner of dog Buck was in the fall of 1897, when the Klondike strike dragged men from all the world into the frozen North. But Buck did not read the newspapers, and he did not know that Manuel, one of the gardener's helpers, was an undesirable acquaintance. Manuel had one besetting sin. He loved to play Chinese lottery. Also, in his gambling, he had one besetting weakness - faith in a system; and this made his damnation certain. For to play a system requires money, while the wages of a gardener's helper do not lap over the needs of a wife and numerous progeny.

Original Português

E era assim que Buck era o cão no outono de 1897, quando a greve de Klondike arrastou homens de todo o mundo para o Norte congelado. Mas Buck não lia os jornais e não sabia que Manuel, um dos ajudantes do jardineiro, era um conhecido indesejável. Manuel tinha um pecado grave. Ele adorava jogar na loteria chinesa. Além disso, em seu jogo, ele tinha uma fraqueza persistente: a fé em um sistema; e isso tornou sua condenação certa. Pois jogar um sistema requer dinheiro, enquanto o salário de um ajudante de jardineiro não cobre as necessidades de uma esposa e de numerosos descendentes.

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B1 Português (simplified)

O Juiz estava numa reunião da Associação de Produtores de Uva-Passa, e os rapazes andavam ocupados criando um clube atlético na noite da traição de Manuel. Ninguém os viu, a ele e a Buck, saírem pelo pomar. Buck pensou que fosse apenas um passeio. Mais tarde, só um homem os viu chegar à pequena estação de trem chamada College Park. Esse homem falou com Manuel, e dinheiro trocou de mãos.

Original English

The Judge was at a meeting of the Raisin Growers' Association, and the boys were busy organizing an athletic club, on the memorable night of Manuel's treachery. No one saw him and Buck go off through the orchard on what Buck imagined was merely a stroll. And with the exception of a solitary man, no one saw them arrive at the little flag station known as College Park. This man talked with Manuel, and money chinked between them.

Original Português

O juiz estava numa reunião da Associação dos Produtores de Passas e os rapazes estavam ocupados organizando um clube atlético, na noite memorável da traição de Manuel. Ninguém viu Buck e ele saírem pelo pomar, no que Buck imaginou ser apenas um passeio. E, com exceção de um homem solitário, ninguém os viu chegar à pequena estação de bandeira conhecida como College Park. Este homem conversou com Manuel e o dinheiro foi dividido entre eles.

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B1 Português (simplified)

"Podia embrulhar a mercadoria antes de entregá-la," disse o estranho numa voz áspera, e Manuel passou uma corda forte em volta do pescoço de Buck, por baixo da coleira.

Original English

"You might wrap up the goods before you deliver 'em," the stranger said gruffly, and Manuel doubled a piece of stout rope around Buck's neck under the collar.

Original Português

"Você pode embrulhar a mercadoria antes de entregá-la", disse o estranho ríspidamente, e Manuel dobrou um pedaço de corda resistente em volta do pescoço de Buck, por baixo da coleira.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Aperte, e vai sufocá-lo bem," disse Manuel, e o estranho deu um grunhido rápido para mostrar que concordava.

Original English

"Twist it, an' you'll choke 'm plentee," said Manuel, and the stranger grunted a ready affirmative.

Original Português

"Torça e você vai sufocar", disse Manuel, e o estranho grunhiu uma afirmativa pronta.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Buck aceitou a corda com calma e com uma tranquila dignidade. Isso não era comum nele, mas ele aprendera a confiar nos homens que conhecia e a acreditar que eram mais sábios do que ele. Mas quando as pontas da corda foram entregues ao estranho, ele rosnou em advertência. Quis mostrar sua raiva, e achou que isso bastasse. Para sua surpresa, a corda se apertou em volta do pescoço, cortando-lhe a respiração. Num acesso de fúria repentina, saltou contra o homem. O homem o recebeu no ar, agarrou-o pela garganta e, com uma torção rápida, jogou-o de costas no chão. Então a corda se apertou sem piedade enquanto Buck lutava desesperadamente, a língua para fora e o grande peito arfando inutilmente. Nunca em sua vida fora tratado com tanta crueldade, e nunca estivera tão furioso. Mas as forças o abandonaram, os olhos turvaram-se, e ele nada mais soube quando o trem parou e os dois homens o jogaram no vagão de bagagens.

Original English

Buck had accepted the rope with quiet dignity. To be sure, it was an unwonted performance: but he had learned to trust in men he knew, and to give them credit for a wisdom that outreached his own. But when the ends of the rope were placed in the stranger's hands, he growled menacingly. He had merely intimated his displeasure, in his pride believing that to intimate was to command. But to his surprise the rope tightened around his neck, shutting off his breath. In quick rage he sprang at the man, who met him halfway, grappled him close by the throat, and with a deft twist threw him over on his back. Then the rope tightened mercilessly, while Buck struggled in a fury, his tongue lolling out of his mouth and his great chest panting futilely. Never in all his life had he been so vilely treated, and never in all his life had he been so angry. But his strength ebbed, his eyes glazed, and he knew nothing when the train was flagged and the two men threw him into the baggage car.

Original Português

Buck aceitou a corda com serena dignidade. Na verdade, foi um desempenho incomum: mas ele aprendeu a confiar nos homens que conhecia e a dar-lhes crédito por uma sabedoria que ultrapassava a sua. Mas quando as pontas da corda foram colocadas nas mãos do estranho, ele rosnou ameaçadoramente. Ele apenas insinuou seu descontentamento, acreditando em seu orgulho que intimidar era comandar. Mas, para sua surpresa, a corda apertou seu pescoço, impedindo-o de respirar. Num acesso de raiva, ele saltou sobre o homem, que o encontrou no meio do caminho, agarrou-o perto da garganta e, com um giro hábil,

jogou-o de costas. Então a corda apertou-se impiedosamente, enquanto Buck lutava furioso, com a língua pendurada para fora da boca e o grande peito ofegando inutilmente. Nunca em toda a sua vida ele foi tratado de forma tão vil e nunca em toda a sua vida ficou tão zangado. Mas suas forças diminuíram, seus olhos vidrados, e ele não percebeu nada quando o trem foi sinalizado e os dois homens o jogaram no vagão de bagagem.

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B1 Português (simplified)

A coisa seguinte de que teve consciência foi que mal sentia a língua doendo, e que era sacudido de um lado para o outro dentro de algum tipo de veículo. O grito áspero do apito de uma locomotiva numa passagem de nível disse-lhe onde estava. Já viajara em vagão de bagagens muitas vezes com o Juiz, e por isso conhecia aquela sensação. Abriu os olhos, e neles havia a fúria selvagem de um rei sequestrado. O homem saltou para lhe agarrar a garganta, mas Buck foi mais rápido. Suas mandíbulas se fecharam na mão do homem e não a soltaram até que Buck fosse novamente sufocado até desmaiar.

Original English

The next he knew, he was dimly aware that his tongue was hurting and that he was being jolted along in some kind of a conveyance. The hoarse shriek of a locomotive whistling a crossing told him where he was. He had travelled too often with the Judge not to know the sensation of riding in a baggage car. He opened his eyes, and into them came the unbridled anger of a kidnapped king. The man sprang for his throat, but Buck was too quick for him. His jaws closed on the hand, nor did they relax till his senses were choked out of him once more.

Original Português

A próxima vez que ele percebeu, ele estava vagamente consciente de que sua língua estava doendo e que ele estava sendo sacudido por algum tipo de meio de transporte. O grito rouco de uma locomotiva assobiando numa travessia lhe disse onde ele estava. Ele tinha viajado muitas vezes com o juiz para não conhecer a sensação de viajar num vagão de bagagem. Ele abriu os olhos e neles surgiu a raiva desenfreada de um rei sequestrado. O homem saltou para sua garganta, mas Buck foi rápido demais para ele. Suas mandíbulas fecharam-se sobre a mão e não relaxaram até que seus sentidos foram sufocados mais uma vez.

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B1 Português (simplified)

"Sim, ele tem ataques," disse o homem, escondendo a mão gravemente ferida do funcionário da bagagem, que se aproximara ao ouvir a luta. "Estou levando ele para o patrão, em San Francisco. Tem lá um veterinário famoso que acha que consegue curá-lo."

Original English

"Yep, has fits," the man said, hiding his mangled hand from the baggageman, who had been attracted by the sounds of struggle. "I'm takin' 'm up for the boss to 'Frisco. A crack dog-doctor there thinks that he can cure 'm."

Original Português

"Sim, teve ataques", disse o homem, escondendo a mão mutilada do bagageiro, que havia sido atraído pelos sons da luta. "Estou levando o chefe para Frisco. Um médico especialista em cães acha que pode curá-lo."

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B1 Português (simplified)

Sobre essa viagem noturna, o homem depois falou com bastante franqueza, em si mesmo, num galpão atrás de um bar na orla marítima de San Francisco.

Original English

Concerning that night's ride, the man spoke most eloquently for himself, in a little shed back of a saloon on the San Francisco water front.

Original Português

Quanto ao passeio daquela noite, o homem falou de forma muito eloquente por si mesmo, num pequeno galpão nos fundos de um bar na orla marítima de São Francisco.

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B1 Português (simplified)

"Só ganhei cinquenta por isso," disse ele, com raiva. "E não faria de novo nem por mil em dinheiro."

Original English

"All I get is fifty for it," he grumbled; "an' I wouldn't do it over for a thousand, cold cash."

Original Português

"Tudo o que ganho são cinquenta por isso", resmungou ele; "E eu não faria isso por mil dólares."

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B1 Português (simplified)

Tinha a mão enrolada num lenço manchado de sangue, e a perna direita da calça estava rasgada do joelho ao tornozelo.

Original English

His hand was wrapped in a bloody handkerchief, and the right trouser leg was ripped from knee to ankle.

Original Português

Sua mão estava enrolada em um lenço ensanguentado e a perna direita da calça estava rasgada do joelho ao tornozelo.

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B1 Português (simplified)

"Quanto o outro ganhou?" perguntou o dono do bar.

"Cem," veio a resposta. "Não aceitou menos, juro."

"Isso dá cento e cinquenta," disse o dono do bar. "E ele vale isso, ou sou um tolo."

O sequestrador tirou o pano ensanguentado e olhou para a mão rasgada.

"Se eu não pegar hidrofobia - "

Original English

"How much did the other mug get?" the saloon-keeper demanded.

"A hundred," was the reply. "Wouldn't take a sou less, so help me."

"That makes a hundred and fifty," the saloon-keeper calculated; "and he's worth it, or I'm a squarehead."

The kidnapper undid the bloody wrappings and looked at his lacerated hand. "If I don't get the hydrophoby - "

Original Português

"Quanto ganhou a outra caneca?" - perguntou o dono do bar.

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Original Português

"Cem", foi a resposta. "Não custaria nem um centavo a menos, então me ajude."

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Original Português

"Isso dá cento e cinquenta", calculou o dono do bar; "e ele vale a pena, ou eu sou um cabeça quadrada."

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Original Português

O sequestrador desfez as bandagens ensanguentadas e olhou para a mão dilacerada. "Se eu não pegar hidrofobia..."

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Vai ser porque você nasceu pra ser enforcado," riu o dono do bar.

"Vamos, me dê uma mão antes de você sair correndo," acrescentou.

Original English

"It'll be because you was born to hang," laughed the saloon-keeper. "Here, lend me a hand before you pull your freight," he added.

Original Português

"Será porque você nasceu para ser enforcado", riu o dono do bar. "Aqui, me dê uma mão antes de puxar sua carga", acrescentou.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Buck estava atordoado e sentia dor terrível na garganta e na língua. A vida quase se esvaíra dele de tanto sufoco. Tentou enfrentar os homens que o maltratavam, mas eles o derrubaram e o sufocaram repetidas vezes. Por fim serraram a pesada coleira de latão que ele usava no pescoço. Depois tiraram a corda e o jogaram dentro de uma caixa, como se fosse uma jaula.

Original English

Dazed, suffering intolerable pain from throat and tongue, with the life half throttled out of him, Buck attempted to face his tormentors. But he was thrown down and choked repeatedly, till they succeeded in filing the heavy brass collar from off his neck. Then the rope was removed, and he was flung into a cage-like crate.

Original Português

Atordoado, sofrendo uma dor intolerável na garganta e na língua, com a vida meio estrangulada, Buck tentou enfrentar seus algozes. Mas ele foi derrubado e sufocado repetidamente, até que conseguiram limar a pesada coleira de latão de seu pescoço. Então a corda foi removida e ele foi jogado em uma caixa que parecia uma gaiola.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Buck ficou ali deitado pelo resto daquela longa e cansativa noite, furioso e ferido em seu orgulho. Não conseguia entender o que estava acontecendo. O que aqueles homens estranhos queriam dele? Por que o mantinham naquela caixa apertada? Não sabia, mas sentia um peso de medo por algum problema que estava por vir. Várias vezes, durante a noite, deu um salto quando a porta do galpão se abria, esperando ver o Juiz ou pelo menos os rapazes. Mas cada vez era apenas o rosto redondo do dono do bar espiando à fraca luz de uma vela. E cada vez o latido alegre na garganta de Buck se transformava num rosnado feroz.

Original English

There he lay for the remainder of the weary night, nursing his wrath and wounded pride. He could not understand what it all meant. What did they want with him, these strange men? Why were they keeping him pent up in this narrow crate? He did not know why, but he felt oppressed by the vague sense of impending calamity. Several times during the night he sprang to his feet when the shed door rattled open, expecting to see the Judge, or the boys at least. But each time it was the bulging face of the saloon-keeper that peered in at him by the sickly light of a tallow candle. And each time the joyful bark that trembled in Buck's throat was twisted into a savage growl.

Original Português

Lá ele ficou deitado pelo resto da noite cansativa, alimentando sua ira e seu orgulho ferido. Ele não conseguia entender o que tudo isso significava. O que eles queriam com ele, esses homens estranhos? Por que eles o mantinham preso naquele caixote estreito? Ele não sabia por quê, mas se sentia oprimido pela vaga sensação de calamidade iminente. Várias vezes durante a noite ele se levantou quando a porta do galpão se abriu, esperando ver o juiz, ou pelo menos os meninos. Mas todas as vezes era o rosto saliente do dono do bar que o espiava à luz doentia de uma vela de sebo. E a cada vez o latido alegre que tremia na garganta de Buck se transformava em um rosnado selvagem.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Mas o dono do bar o deixou em paz, e de manhã quatro homens entraram e ergueram a caixa. Buck achou que fossem mais homens cruéis. Pareciam brutos, sujos e maus, e ele os atacou através das grades. Eles apenas riram e cutucaram-no com varas. Buck mordia as varas, até perceber que era justamente isso que eles queriam. Então deitou-se, furioso, e deixou que carregassem a caixa para uma carroça. Depois disso, Buck e a caixa passaram de mão em mão. Escriturários de uma agência de encomendas o receberam. Foi levado em outra carroça. Depois um caminhão o levou, junto com caixas e pacotes, para um navio balsa. Depois foi tirado do navio para um grande depósito ferroviário, e por fim foi posto num vagão de encomendas.

Original English

But the saloon-keeper let him alone, and in the morning four men entered and picked up the crate. More tormentors, Buck decided, for they were evil-looking creatures, ragged and unkempt; and he stormed and raged at them through the bars. They only laughed and poked sticks at him, which he promptly assailed with his teeth till he realized that that was what they wanted. Whereupon he lay down sullenly and allowed the crate to be lifted into a wagon. Then he, and the crate in which he was imprisoned, began a passage through many hands. Clerks in the express office took charge of him; he was carted about in another wagon; a truck carried him, with an assortment of boxes and parcels, upon a ferry steamer; he was trucked off the steamer into a great railway depot, and finally he was deposited in an express car.

Original Português

Mas o dono do bar deixou-o em paz e, pela manhã, quatro homens entraram e recolheram o caixote. Mais algozes, concluiu Buck, pois eram criaturas de aparência maligna, esfarrapadas e desleixadas; e ele atacou e se enfureceu contra eles através das grades. Eles apenas riram e cutucaram-no com paus, que ele prontamente atacou com os dentes até perceber que era isso que eles queriam. Depois disso, ele se deitou, carrancudo, e permitiu que o caixote fosse colocado em uma carroça. Então ele e a caixa em que estava preso começaram uma passagem por muitas mãos. Os funcionários da agência expressa cuidaram dele; ele foi transportado em outra carroça; um caminhão o transportou, com uma variedade de caixas e pacotes, em uma balsa; ele foi transportado do navio para uma grande estação ferroviária e, finalmente, foi depositado em um vagão expresso.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Por dois dias e duas noites o vagão de encomendas foi puxado atrás de locomotivas ruidosas e estridentes, e Buck não comeu nem bebeu nada. No início rosnava para os mensageiros do vagão, e eles o provocavam de volta. Quando se atirava contra as grades, tremendo e espumando, riam dele e zombavam. Rosnavam e latiam como cães malvados, miavam, batiam os braços como asas e cacarejavam como galos. Buck sabia que era ridículo, mas isso o deixava ainda mais furioso, porque o insultava. A fome o incomodava menos do que a falta de água, que o fazia sofrer muito e aumentava ainda mais sua raiva. Também era muito sensível, e o tratamento cruel lhe deu febre. Sua garganta e sua língua estavam secas e inchadas, o que piorava ainda mais a febre.

Original English

For two days and nights this express car was dragged along at the tail of shrieking locomotives; and for two days and nights Buck neither ate nor drank. In his anger he had met the first advances of the express messengers with growls, and they had retaliated by teasing him. When he flung himself against the bars, quivering and frothing, they laughed at him and taunted him. They growled and barked like detestable dogs, mewed, and flapped their arms and crowed. It was all very silly, he knew; but therefore the more outrage to his dignity, and his anger waxed and waxed. He did not mind the hunger so much, but the lack of water caused him severe suffering and fanned his wrath to fever-pitch. For that matter, high-strung and finely sensitive, the ill treatment had flung him into a fever, which was fed by the inflammation of his parched and swollen throat and tongue.

Original Português

Durante dois dias e duas noites, esse vagão expresso foi arrastado pela cauda de locomotivas barulhentas; e durante dois dias e duas noites Buck não comeu nem bebeu. Em sua raiva, ele enfrentou os primeiros avanços dos mensageiros expressos com rosnados, e eles retaliaram provocando-o. Quando ele se jogou contra as grades, tremendo e espumando, eles riram dele e zombaram dele. Eles rosnavam e latiam como cães detestáveis, miavam, batiam os braços e cantavam. Era tudo muito bobo, ele sabia; mas, portanto, maior ultraje à sua dignidade, e sua raiva aumentou e aumentou. Ele não se importava tanto com a fome, mas a falta de água lhe causava grande sofrimento e aumentava sua ira ao máximo. Aliás, tenso e extremamente sensível, os maus tratos o levaram a ter febre, que foi alimentada pela inflamação de sua garganta e língua ressecadas e inchadas.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Uma coisa o alegrava: a corda tinha saído de seu pescoço. Aquela corda dera aos homens uma vantagem injusta, mas agora ele lhes mostraria. Estava certo de que nunca mais botariam outra corda em seu pescoço. Por dois dias e duas noites não comeu nem bebeu nada, e nesse tempo sua raiva cresceu muitíssimo. Era perigoso para quem o irritasse. Seus olhos ficaram vermelhos, e ele se transformou num verdadeiro monstro selvagem. Mudou tanto que nem o Juiz o teria reconhecido. Os mensageiros do trem sentiram alívio quando finalmente o tiraram do trem em Seattle.

Original English

He was glad for one thing: the rope was off his neck. That had given them an unfair advantage; but now that it was off, he would show them. They would never get another rope around his neck. Upon that he was resolved. For two days and nights he neither ate nor drank, and during those two days and nights of torment, he accumulated a fund of wrath that boded ill for whoever first fell foul of him. His eyes turned blood-shot, and he was metamorphosed into a raging fiend. So changed was he that the Judge himself would not have recognized him; and the express messengers breathed with relief when they bundled him off the train at Seattle.

Original Português

Ele estava feliz por uma coisa: a corda estava em seu pescoço. Isso lhes deu uma vantagem injusta; mas agora que estava desligado, ele iria mostrar a eles. Eles nunca colocariam outra corda em seu pescoço. Com isso ele estava resolvido. Durante dois dias e duas noites ele não comeu nem bebeu, e durante esses dois dias e noites de tormento, ele acumulou um fundo de ira que era um mau presságio para quem primeiro caísse em desgraça com ele. Seus olhos ficaram vermelhos e ele foi metamorfoseado em um demônio furioso. Ele estava tão mudado que o próprio Juiz não o teria reconhecido; e os mensageiros expressos respiraram aliviados quando o tiraram do trem em Seattle.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Quatro homens carregaram a caixa com cuidado, tirando-a da carroça e levando-a até um pequeno quintal cercado por muros altos, nos fundos. Um homem forte, de suéter vermelho, com a gola larga, saiu e assinou o livro do motorista da carroça. Buck entendeu que aquele homem seria seu próximo carrasco, e se atirou com força contra as grades. O homem sorriu com dureza e trouxe um machadinho e um porrete.

Original English

Four men gingerly carried the crate from the wagon into a small, high-walled back yard. A stout man, with a red sweater that sagged generously at the neck, came out and signed the book for the driver. That was the man, Buck divined, the next tormentor, and he hurled himself savagely against the bars. The man smiled grimly, and brought a hatchet and a club.

Original Português

Quatro homens carregaram cautelosamente o caixote da carroça para um pequeno quintal com muro alto. Um homem corpulento, com um suéter vermelho que caía generosamente no pescoço, saiu e autografou o livro para o motorista. Esse era o homem, adivinhou Buck, o próximo algoz, e ele se lançou violentamente contra as grades. O homem sorriu severamente e trouxe uma machadinha e um porrete.

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B1 Português (simplified)

"Você não vai tirar ele agora, vai?" perguntou o motorista.

"Claro que vou," respondeu o homem, enfiando o machadinho na caixa para arrombá-la.

Original English

"You ain't going to take him out now?" the driver asked.

"Sure," the man replied, driving the hatchet into the crate for a pry.

Original Português

"Você não vai tirá-lo agora?" o motorista perguntou.

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Original Português

"Claro", respondeu o homem, enfiando a machadinha na caixa como uma alavanca.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Os quatro homens que tinham trazido a caixa se afastaram depressa, subindo no muro para assistir ao que ia acontecer.

Original English

There was an instantaneous scattering of the four men who had carried it in, and from safe perches on top the wall they prepared to watch the performance.

Original Português

Houve uma dispersão instantânea dos quatro homens que o carregaram e, de poleiros seguros no topo do muro, prepararam-se para assistir à apresentação.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Buck avançou contra a madeira quebrada. Mordeu-a com força e lutou contra ela. Sempre que o machado caía por fora, ele estava do lado de dentro, latindo e rosnando. Queria sair tanto quanto o homem do suéter vermelho queria tirá-lo.

Original English

Buck rushed at the splintering wood, sinking his teeth into it, surging and wrestling with it. Wherever the hatchet fell on the outside, he was there on the inside, snarling and growling, as furiously anxious to get out as the man in the red sweater was calmly intent on getting him out.

Original Português

Buck correu para a madeira lascada, cravando nela os dentes, avançando e lutando contra ela. Onde quer que a machadinha caísse do lado de fora, ele estava lá dentro, rosnando e rosnando, tão furiosamente ansioso para sair quanto o homem de suéter vermelho estava calmamente decidido a tirá-lo de lá.

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B1 Português (simplified)

"Agora, seu demônio de olhos vermelhos," disse o homem quando a abertura ficou grande o bastante para o corpo de Buck. Ao mesmo tempo, largou o machado e passou o porrete para a mão direita.

Original English

"Now, you red-eyed devil," he said, when he had made an opening sufficient for the passage of Buck's body. At the same time he dropped the hatchet and shifted the club to his right hand.

Original Português

"Agora, seu demônio de olhos vermelhos", disse ele, depois de abrir uma abertura suficiente para a passagem do corpo de Buck. Ao mesmo tempo, largou a machadinha e passou a clava para a mão direita.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Buck era, de fato, um demônio de olhos vermelhos. Reuniu forças para saltar, com o pelo eriçado, espuma na boca e um brilho selvagem nos olhos injetados de sangue. Saltou direto para o homem, com toda a fúria de seus sessenta e quatro quilos, guardada por dois dias e duas noites de raiva contida. No ar, um instante antes que suas mandíbulas se fechassem sobre o homem, um choque o deteve e fez seus dentes se baterem dolorosamente. Girou no ar e caiu de costas e de lado. Nunca fora atingido por um porrete antes, e não entendia o que acontecera. Rosnando numa mistura de latido e grito, levantou-se de novo e saltou outra vez. De novo o choque o atingiu e o derrubou no chão. Agora sabia que era o porrete, mas sua fúria selvagem o fazia continuar. Uma dúzia de vezes avançou, e cada vez o porrete o deteve e o derrubou.

Original English

And Buck was truly a red-eyed devil, as he drew himself together for the spring, hair bristling, mouth foaming, a mad glitter in his blood-shot eyes. Straight at the man he launched his one hundred and forty pounds of fury, surcharged with the pent passion of two days and nights. In mid air, just as his jaws were about to close on the man, he received a shock that checked his body and brought his teeth together with an agonizing clip. He whirled over, fetching the ground on his back and side. He had never been struck by a club in his life, and did not understand. With a snarl that was part bark and more scream he was again on his feet and launched into the air. And again the shock came and he was brought crushingly to the ground. This time he was aware that it was the club, but his madness knew no caution. A dozen times he charged, and as often the club broke the charge and smashed him down.

Original Português

E Buck era realmente um demônio de olhos vermelhos, enquanto se preparava para a primavera, os cabelos eriçados, a boca espumando, um brilho louco nos olhos injetados de sangue. Diretamente contra o homem, ele lançou seus cento e quarenta quilos de fúria, sobrecarregados com a paixão reprimida de dois dias e duas noites. No ar, quando suas mandíbulas estavam prestes a se fechar sobre o homem, ele recebeu um choque que congelou seu corpo e cerrou seus dentes com um golpe agonizante. Ele se virou, alcançando o chão de costas e de lado. Ele nunca havia sido atingido por um clube em sua vida e não entendia. Com um rosnado que era parte latido e mais grito, ele se levantou novamente e se lançou no ar. E novamente veio o choque e ele foi derrubado de forma esmagadora. Desta vez ele estava ciente de que era o clube, mas sua

loucura não conhecia cautela. Ele atacou uma dúzia de vezes, e com a mesma frequência o porrete quebrou o ataque e o derrubou.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Depois de um golpe muito forte, ele se arrastou até ficar de pé, atordonado demais para avançar. Movia-se com fraqueza, com sangue escorrendo do nariz, da boca e das orelhas. Sua bela pelagem estava salpicada de espuma sanguinolenta. Então o homem avançou e desferiu um golpe cruel no seu focinho. Essa dor foi pior do que todas as outras. Com um rugido quase como o de um leão, Buck atirou-se de novo contra o homem. Mas o homem, com calma, passou o porrete da mão direita para a esquerda, agarrou Buck sob o queixo e puxou para baixo e para trás. Buck deu uma volta completa no ar, depois caiu no chão, sobre a cabeça e o peito.

Original English

After a particularly fierce blow, he crawled to his feet, too dazed to rush. He staggered limply about, the blood flowing from nose and mouth and ears, his beautiful coat sprayed and flecked with bloody slaver. Then the man advanced and deliberately dealt him a frightful blow on the nose. All the pain he had endured was as nothing compared with the exquisite agony of this. With a roar that was almost lionlike in its ferocity, he again hurled himself at the man. But the man, shifting the club from right to left, coolly caught him by the under jaw, at the same time wrenching downward and backward. Buck described a complete circle in the air, and half of another, then crashed to the ground on his head and chest.

Original Português

Depois de um golpe particularmente violento, ele se levantou, atordoado demais para correr. Ele cambaleava molemente, o sangue escorrendo do nariz, da boca e das orelhas, seu lindo casaco salpicado e salpicado de escória sangrenta. Então o homem avançou e deliberadamente deu-lhe um golpe terrível no nariz. Toda a dor que ele suportou não era nada comparada com a agonia extraordinária disso. Com um rugido quase leonino em sua ferocidade, ele se lançou novamente contra o homem. Mas o homem, deslocando o porrete da direita para a esquerda, agarrou-o friamente pela mandíbula inferior, ao mesmo tempo que o puxava para baixo e para trás. Buck descreveu um círculo completo no ar, e metade de outro, e então caiu no chão de cabeça e peito.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Ele avançou uma última vez. O homem desferiu o golpe habilidoso que guardara para aquele momento, e Buck desabou, caindo completamente inconsciente.

Original English

For the last time he rushed. The man struck the shrewd blow he had purposely withheld for so long, and Buck crumpled up and went down, knocked utterly senseless.

Original Português

Pela última vez ele correu. O homem desferiu o golpe perspicaz que havia contido propositalmente por tanto tempo, e Buck desmoronou e caiu, totalmente desmaiado.

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B1 Português (simplified)

"Ele não é mole pra domar cachorro, isso eu digo," disse um dos homens em cima do muro, animado.

Original English

"He's no slouch at dog-breakin', that's wot I say," one of the men on the wall cried enthusiastically.

Original Português

"Ele não é desleixado em arrombar cães, é o que eu digo", gritou um dos homens na parede com entusiasmo.

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B1 Português (simplified)

"Prefiro domar cavalo bravo, e ainda dobro no domingo," respondeu o motorista, enquanto subia na carroça e punha os cavalos a andar.

Original English

"Druther break cayuses any day, and twice on Sundays," was the reply of the driver, as he climbed on the wagon and started the horses.

Original Português

"Druther quebra cayuses qualquer dia, e duas vezes aos domingos", foi a resposta do cocheiro, enquanto subia na carroça e dava partida nos cavalos.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Os sentidos de Buck voltaram, mas não as forças. Ficou deitado onde caíra, observando o homem do suéter vermelho.

Original English

Buck's senses came back to him, but not his strength. He lay where he had fallen, and from there he watched the man in the red sweater.

Original Português

Os sentidos de Buck voltaram a ele, mas não a sua força. Ele ficou onde havia caído e dali observou o homem de suéter vermelho.

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B1 Português (simplified)

"Atende pelo nome de Buck," disse o homem consigo mesmo, citando a carta do dono do bar que anunciara a chegada da caixa.

Original English

"Answers to the name of Buck," the man soliloquized, quoting from the saloon-keeper's letter which had announced the consignment of the crate

Original Português

"Respostas ao nome de Buck", solilóquio o homem, citando a carta do dono do bar que anunciava a remessa da caixa

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B1 Português (simplified)

"Tivemos nossa pequena briga, e o melhor agora é deixar isso pra trás. Você aprendeu seu lugar, e eu sei o meu. Seja um cão bom, e tudo vai correr bem. Seja um cão mau, e eu vou te bater direito. Entendeu?"

Original English

"we've had our little ruction, and the best thing we can do is to let it go at that. You've learned your place, and I know mine. Be a good dog and all 'll go well and the goose hang high. Be a bad dog, and I'll whale the stuffin' outa you. Understand?"

Original Português

"Tivemos nossa pequena confusão, e a melhor coisa que podemos fazer é deixar para lá. Você aprendeu o seu lugar, e eu conheço o meu. Seja um bom cachorro e tudo correrá bem e o ganso ficará alto. Seja um cachorro mau, e eu arranco tudo de você. Entendeu?"

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B1 Português (simplified)

Enquanto falava, acariciava sem medo a cabeça que espancara tão cruelmente. O pelo de Buck se eriçou ao toque, mas ele não protestou. Quando o homem lhe trouxe água, bebeu com avidez. Mais tarde, comeu depressa uma boa refeição de carne crua, pedaço por pedaço, direto da mão do homem.

Original English

As he spoke he fearlessly patted the head he had so mercilessly pounded, and though Buck's hair involuntarily bristled at touch of the hand, he endured it without protest. When the man brought him water he drank eagerly, and later bolted a generous meal of raw meat, chunk by chunk, from the man's hand.

Original Português

Enquanto falava, ele deu destemidamente tapinhas na cabeça que havia batido tão impiedosamente e, embora o cabelo de Buck se arrepiasse involuntariamente ao toque da mão, ele suportou isso sem protestar. Quando o homem lhe trouxe água, ele bebeu com vontade e mais tarde tirou da mão do homem uma generosa refeição de carne crua, pedaço por pedaço.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Estava vencido, e sabia disso, mas não estava quebrado. Compreendeu de uma vez que não tinha chance contra um homem armado de porrete. Nunca esqueceu essa lição. O porrete lhe mostrou o caminho da lei primitiva, e ele enfrentou plenamente aquele mundo áspero. A vida agora parecia mais perigosa, e ele a encarava sem medo, mas com a astúcia oculta de sua natureza desperta. Com o passar dos dias, mais cães chegaram, em caixas ou amarrados por cordas. Alguns vinham quietos, e outros gritavam e lutavam como ele fizera. Buck via a todos ficarem sob o controle do homem do suéter vermelho. Vez após vez, aprendia a mesma dura verdade: um homem com um porrete era um legislador, um mestre a ser obedecido, embora não sempre a ser agradado. Buck nunca tentou conquistá-lo, embora tenha visto cães espancados que faziam festa ao homem, abanavam o rabo e lambiam sua mão. Viu também um cão que não fazia nem uma coisa nem outra, e que acabou morto na luta pelo poder.

Original English

He was beaten (he knew that); but he was not broken. He saw, once for all, that he stood no chance against a man with a club. He had learned the lesson, and in all his after life he never forgot it. That club was a revelation. It was his introduction to the reign of primitive law, and he met the introduction halfway. The facts of life took on a fiercer aspect; and while he faced that aspect uncowed, he faced it with all the latent cunning of his nature aroused. As the days went by, other dogs came, in crates and at the ends of ropes, some docilely, and some raging and roaring as he had come; and, one and all, he watched them pass under the dominion of the man in the red sweater. Again and again, as he looked at each brutal performance, the lesson was driven home to Buck: a man with a club was a lawgiver, a master to be obeyed, though not necessarily conciliated. Of this last Buck was never guilty, though he did see beaten dogs that fawned upon the man, and wagged their tails, and licked his hand. Also he saw one dog, that would neither conciliate nor obey, finally killed in the struggle for mastery.

Original Português

Ele foi espancado (ele sabia disso); mas ele não estava quebrado. Ele viu, de uma vez por todas, que não tinha chance contra um homem com um porrete. Ele havia aprendido a lição e, em toda a sua vida, nunca a esqueceu. Esse clube foi uma revelação. Foi a sua introdução ao reinado da lei primitiva, e ele encontrou a introdução no meio do caminho. Os fatos da vida assumiram um aspecto mais violento; e enquanto enfrentava esse

aspecto sem se intimidar, ele o enfrentava com toda a astúcia latente de sua natureza despertada. Com o passar dos dias, outros cães vieram, em jaulas e nas pontas de cordas, alguns docilmente, e outros furiosos e rugindo como ele havia chegado; e, todos, ele os viu passar sob o domínio do homem de suéter vermelho. Repetidas vezes, ao observar cada atuação brutal, Buck aprendeu a lição: um homem com uma clava era um legislador, um mestre a ser obedecido, embora não necessariamente conciliado. Deste último Buck nunca foi culpado, embora tenha visto cães espancados que bajulavam o homem, abanavam o rabo e lambiam-lhe a mão. Também ele viu um cachorro, que não se conciliava nem obedecia, finalmente morto na luta pelo domínio.

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B1 Português (simplified)

De vez em quando chegavam estranhos. Falavam animadamente e tentavam negociar com o homem do suéter vermelho. Quando o dinheiro trocava de mãos, os estranhos levavam um ou mais cães. Buck se perguntava para onde eles iam, pois nunca voltavam. Mas ele temia o que poderia acontecer em seguida, e cada vez ficava aliviado por não ser escolhido.

Original English

Now and again men came, strangers, who talked excitedly, wheedlingly, and in all kinds of fashions to the man in the red sweater. And at such times that money passed between them the strangers took one or more of the dogs away with them. Buck wondered where they went, for they never came back; but the fear of the future was strong upon him, and he was glad each time when he was not selected.

Original Português

De vez em quando apareciam homens, estranhos, que falavam com entusiasmo, de forma persuasiva e de todos os modos, com o homem de suéter vermelho. E nessas ocasiões em que o dinheiro passava entre eles, os estranhos levavam consigo um ou mais cães. Buck perguntou-se para onde eles teriam ido, pois nunca mais voltaram; mas o medo do futuro era forte sobre ele, e ele ficava feliz cada vez que não era selecionado.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Por fim, chegou a sua vez, na forma de um homenzinho ressecado que cuspiam inglês quebrado e muitos gritos estranhos que Buck não conseguia entender.

Original English

Yet his time came, in the end, in the form of a little weazened man who spat broken English and many strange and uncouth exclamations which Buck could not understand.

Original Português

No entanto, sua hora chegou, no final, na forma de um homenzinho envelhecido que cuspiam um inglês ruim e muitas exclamações estranhas e grosseiras que Buck não conseguia entender.

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B1 Português (simplified)

"Sacredam!" gritou ele ao ver Buck. "Esse aí é um cão dos diabos! Hein? Quanto?"

Original English

"Sacredam!" he cried, when his eyes lit upon Buck. "Dat one dam bully dog! Eh? How moch?"

Original Português

"Sagrada!" ele gritou, quando seus olhos pousaram em Buck. "Aquele cachorro valentão! Eh? Quanto tempo?"

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B1 Português (simplified)

"Trezentos, e um presente também," disse na hora o homem do suéter vermelho. "E como é dinheiro do governo, você não tem nada a reclamar, hein, Perrault?"

Original English

"Three hundred, and a present at that," was the prompt reply of the man in the red sweater. "And seem' it's government money, you ain't got no kick coming, eh, Perrault?"

Original Português

"Trezentos, e ainda por cima um presente", foi a pronta resposta do homem de suéter vermelho. "E parece que é dinheiro do governo, você não vai se divertir, hein, Perrault?"

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B1 Português (simplified)

Perrault deu um sorriso largo. O preço dos cães tinha subido, porque muitos eram procurados, então o valor não era injusto para um animal tão bom. O Governo canadense não sairia perdendo, e suas mensagens viajariam mais depressa. Perrault entendia de cães, e quando olhou para Buck soube que Buck era um em mil - "Um em dez mil," pensou consigo mesmo.

Original English

Perrault grinned. Considering that the price of dogs had been boomed skyward by the unwonted demand, it was not an unfair sum for so fine an animal. The Canadian Government would be no loser, nor would its despatches travel the slower. Perrault knew dogs, and when he looked at Buck he knew that he was one in a thousand - "One in ten t'ousand," he commented mentally.

Original Português

Perrault sorriu. Considerando que o preço dos cães tinha subido às alturas devido à procura inusitada, não era uma quantia injusta para um animal tão bom. O Governo canadense não seria um perdedor, nem os seus despachos viajariam mais lentamente. Perrault conhecia cães e, quando olhou para Buck, percebeu que ele era um em mil - "Um em dez mil", comentou mentalmente.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Buck viu o dinheiro trocar de mãos e não se surpreendeu quando Curly, um Terra-Nova amistososo, e ele foram levados pelo homenzinho ressecado. Foi a última vez que viu o homem do suéter vermelho. Enquanto Curly e ele viam Seattle diminuir ao longe, do convés do Narwhal, foi também a última vez que viu o quente Sul. Perrault e François os levaram para baixo e entregaram-nos a um gigante de rosto escuro chamado François. Perrault era um franco-canadense e moreno, mas François, mestiço franco-canadense, era ainda mais escuro. Eram um novo tipo de homem para Buck, e ele encontraria muitos outros iguais a eles. Não os amava, mas logo aprendeu a respeitá-los. Percebeu rapidamente que Perrault e François eram justos, calmos e imparciais, e que sabiam demais sobre cães para se deixarem enganar por eles.

Original English

Buck saw money pass between them, and was not surprised when Curly, a good-natured Newfoundland, and he were led away by the little weazened man. That was the last he saw of the man in the red sweater, and as Curly and he looked at receding Seattle from the deck of the _Narwhal_, it was the last he saw of the warm Southland. Curly and he were taken below by Perrault and turned over to a black-faced giant called François. Perrault was a French-Canadian, and swarthy; but François was a French-Canadian half-breed, and twice as swarthy. They were a new kind of men to Buck (of which he was destined to see many more), and while he developed no affection for them, he none the less grew honestly to respect them. He speedily learned that Perrault and François were fair men, calm and impartial in administering justice, and too wise in the way of dogs to be fooled by dogs.

Original Português

Buck viu o dinheiro passar entre eles e não ficou surpreso quando Curly, um Terra Nova bem-humorado, e ele foram levados pelo homenzinho envelhecido. Essa foi a última vez que viu o homem de suéter vermelho, e enquanto Curly e ele olhavam para Seattle, que se afastava do convés do Narval, foi a última vez que viu a quente Southland. Curly e ele foram levados para baixo por Perrault e entregues a um gigante de rosto preto chamado François. Perrault era franco-canadense e moreno; mas François era um mestiço franco-canadense e duas vezes mais moreno. Eles eram um novo tipo de homem para Buck (do qual ele estava destinado a ver muitos mais) e, embora não desenvolvesse nenhuma afeição por eles, mesmo assim passou a respeitá-los honestamente. Ele aprendeu rapidamente que Perrault e François eram homens justos, calmos e

imparciais na administração da justiça, e sábios demais no trato com os cães para serem enganados por cães.

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B1 Português (simplified)

No convés inferior do Narwhal, Buck e Curly se juntaram a outros dois cães. Um era um grande cão branco de neve, de Spitzbergen. Um capitão baleeiro o trouxera, e depois ele viajara com uma expedição de levantamento geológico até os Barrens. Era amigável de um jeito perigoso, sorrindo para você enquanto tramava alguma peça. Por exemplo, roubou comida de Buck na primeira refeição. Quando Buck saltou para castigá-lo, o chicote de François bateu primeiro, e Buck teve de se contentar em recuperar o osso. Buck achou isso justo, e François subiu em seu conceito.

Original English

In the 'tween-decks of the _Narwhal_, Buck and Curly joined two other dogs. One of them was a big, snow-white fellow from Spitzbergen who had been brought away by a whaling captain, and who had later accompanied a Geological Survey into the Barrens. He was friendly, in a treacherous sort of way, smiling into one's face the while he meditated some underhand trick, as, for instance, when he stole from Buck's food at the first meal. As Buck sprang to punish him, the lash of François's whip sang through the air, reaching the culprit first; and nothing remained to Buck but to recover the bone. That was fair of François, he decided, and the half-breed began his rise in Buck's estimation.

Original Português

Nos conveses intermediários do Narval, Buck e Curly juntaram-se a outros dois cães. Um deles era um sujeito grande, branco como a neve, de Spitzbergen, que fora levado por um capitão baleeiro e que mais tarde acompanhara um Serviço Geológico até os Sertões. Ele era amigável, de um jeito meio traiçoeiro, sorrindo na cara enquanto meditava sobre algum truque dissimulado, como, por exemplo, quando roubou a comida de Buck na primeira refeição. Quando Buck saltou para puni-lo, o chicote de François cantou no ar, atingindo primeiro o culpado; e nada restou a Buck a não ser recuperar o osso. Isso era justo da parte de François, decidiu ele, e o mestiço começou a crescer na opinião de Buck.

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B1 Português (simplified)

O outro cão não fazia amizades e não queria nenhuma. Também não tentava roubar dos cães novos. Era triste e pouco amistoso, e deixou claro para Curly que queria ficar sozinho, e que haveria problema se não fosse deixado em paz. Chamava-se Dave. Comia, dormia ou bocejava, e não mostrava interesse por nada, nem mesmo quando o Narwhal atravessou o estreito de Queen Charlotte e balançou violentamente nas ondas. Quando Buck e Curly ficaram excitados e meio loucos de medo, Dave apenas erguia a cabeça como se estivesse incomodado, lançava-lhes um olhar apagado, bocejava e voltava a dormir.

Original English

The other dog made no advances, nor received any; also, he did not attempt to steal from the newcomers. He was a gloomy, morose fellow, and he showed Curly plainly that all he desired was to be left alone, and further, that there would be trouble if he were not left alone. "Dave" he was called, and he ate and slept, or yawned between times, and took interest in nothing, not even when the _Narwhal_ crossed Queen Charlotte Sound and rolled and pitched and bucked like a thing possessed. When Buck and Curly grew excited, half wild with fear, he raised his head as though annoyed, favored them with an incurious glance, yawned, and went to sleep again.

Original Português

O outro cão não fez avanços nem recebeu nenhum; além disso, ele não tentou roubar dos recém-chegados. Ele era um sujeito sombrio e taciturno e mostrou claramente a Curly que tudo o que desejava era ser deixado sozinho e, além disso, que haveria problemas se não fosse deixado sozinho. Chamava-se "Dave", e ele comia e dormia, ou bocejava nos intervalos, e não se interessava por nada, nem mesmo quando o Narval cruzava Queen Charlotte Sound e rolava, balançava e corcoveava como uma coisa possuída. Quando Buck e Curly ficaram excitados, meio loucos de medo, ele ergueu a cabeça como se estivesse aborrecido, lançou-lhes um olhar indiferente, bocejou e adormeceu novamente.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Dia e noite, o navio vibrava com o ronco da hélice. Cada dia era muito parecido com o anterior, mas Buck percebia que o clima ia esfriando cada vez mais. Por fim, certa manhã, a hélice parou. Havia agitação a bordo do Narwhal. Buck sentiu isso, e os outros cães também. Ele sabia que algo estava para mudar. François pôs coleiras neles e os levou ao convés. Ao primeiro passo de Buck no chão frio, suas patas afundaram numa coisa branca, macia, de aparência lamacenta. Ele deu um salto para trás, bufando. Mais daquela coisa branca caía do céu. Sacudiu-se, mas mais caiu sobre ele. Cheirou-a, depois lambeu um pouco. Queimava como fogo, e depois sumia. Não entendia aquilo. Tentou de novo, com o mesmo resultado. As pessoas que observavam riram muito, e Buck sentiu vergonha, embora não soubesse por quê. Era a sua primeira neve. ## CHAPTER II: The Law of Club and Fang

Original English

Day and night the ship throbbed to the tireless pulse of the propeller, and though one day was very like another, it was apparent to Buck that the weather was steadily growing colder. At last, one morning, the propeller was quiet, and the _Narwhal_ was pervaded with an atmosphere of excitement. He felt it, as did the other dogs, and knew that a change was at hand. François leashed them and brought them on deck. At the first step upon the cold surface, Buck's feet sank into a white mushy something very like mud. He sprang back with a snort. More of this white stuff was falling through the air. He shook himself, but more of it fell upon him. He sniffed it curiously, then licked some up on his tongue. It bit like fire, and the next instant was gone. This puzzled him. He tried it again, with the same result. The onlookers laughed uproariously, and he felt ashamed, he knew not why, for it was his first snow.

Original Português

Dia e noite o navio pulsava ao ritmo incansável da hélice e, embora um dia fosse muito parecido com o outro, era evidente para Buck que o tempo estava cada vez mais frio. Finalmente, certa manhã, a hélice silenciou e o Narval foi tomado por uma atmosfera de excitação. Ele sentiu isso, assim como os outros cães, e sabia que uma mudança estava próxima. François os amarrou e os trouxe para o convés. Ao primeiro passo na superfície fria, os pés de Buck afundaram em algo branco e mole, muito parecido com lama. Ele saltou para trás com um bufo. Mais dessa coisa branca estava caindo no ar. Ele se sacudiu, mas mais do que isso caiu sobre ele. Ele cheirou com curiosidade e depois lambeu um pouco na língua. Mordeu como fogo e no instante seguinte desapareceu. Isso o intrigou. Ele tentou

novamente, com o mesmo resultado. Os espectadores riram ruidosamente e ele sentiu-se envergonhado, sem saber porquê, pois era a sua primeira neve.

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The Law of Club and Fang

B1 Português (simplified)

O primeiro dia de Buck na praia de Dyea parecia um pesadelo. Cada hora trazia um choque. Fora tirado de repente do centro da civilização e jogado num mundo selvagem e antigo. Aquela não era uma vida fácil, sem nada para fazer. Não havia paz, nem descanso, nem segurança. Tudo era confusão e movimento, e a cada instante a vida e o corpo estavam em perigo. Ele tinha de ficar alerta o tempo todo, porque aqueles cães e homens não eram cães e homens de cidade. Eram selvagens. Não conheciam outra lei além da lei do porrete e da presa.

Original English

Buck's first day on the Dyea beach was like a nightmare. Every hour was filled with shock and surprise. He had been suddenly jerked from the heart of civilization and flung into the heart of things primordial. No lazy, sun-kissed life was this, with nothing to do but loaf and be bored. Here was neither peace, nor rest, nor a moment's safety. All was confusion and action, and every moment life and limb were in peril. There was imperative need to be constantly alert; for these dogs and men were not town dogs and men. They were savages, all of them, who knew no law but the law of club and fang.

Original Português

O primeiro dia de Buck na praia de Dyea foi como um pesadelo. Cada hora foi repleta de choque e surpresa. Ele foi subitamente arrancado do coração da civilização e lançado no coração das coisas primordiais. Esta não era uma vida preguiçosa e ensolarada, sem nada para fazer a não ser vadiar e ficar entediado. Aqui não havia paz, nem descanso, nem um momento de segurança. Tudo era confusão e ação, e a cada momento a vida e a integridade física estavam em perigo. Havia uma necessidade imperiosa de estar constantemente alerta; pois esses cães e homens não eram cães e homens da cidade. Eles eram selvagens, todos eles, que não conheciam nenhuma lei além da lei do porrete e das presas.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Nunca vira cães lutarem como aquelas criaturas lobunas lutavam, e sua primeira lição foi inesquecível. Na verdade, aprendeu-a vendo outro sofrer, senão não teria sobrevivido para aprender com ela. Curly foi a vítima. Estavam acampados perto do armazém de toras, e ela, gentilmente, se aproximou de um cão husky do tamanho de um lobo adulto, embora não tão pesado quanto ela. Não houve aviso. O cão saltou como um raio, os dentes bateram, depois pulou para trás com a mesma rapidez. O rosto de Curly ficou aberto, do olho até a mandíbula.

Original English

He had never seen dogs fight as these wolfish creatures fought, and his first experience taught him an unforgettable lesson. It is true, it was a vicarious experience, else he would not have lived to profit by it. Curly was the victim. They were camped near the log store, where she, in her friendly way, made advances to a husky dog the size of a full-grown wolf, though not half so large as she. There was no warning, only a leap in like a flash, a metallic clip of teeth, a leap out equally swift, and Curly's face was ripped open from eye to jaw.

Original Português

Ele nunca tinha visto cães lutarem como essas criaturas lupinas lutavam, e sua primeira experiência lhe ensinou uma lição inesquecível. É verdade, foi uma experiência vicária, caso contrário ele não teria vivido para lucrar com ela. Curly foi a vítima. Eles estavam acampados perto do depósito de toras, onde ela, com seu jeito amigável, avançou até um cachorro husky do tamanho de um lobo adulto, embora não tão grande quanto ela. Não houve nenhum aviso, apenas um salto para dentro como um relâmpago, um estalido metálico de dentes, um salto para fora igualmente rápido, e o rosto de Curly foi rasgado dos olhos ao maxilar.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Eles lutavam como lobos, atacando e recuando de um salto. Mas havia mais do que isso. Trinta ou quarenta huskies vieram correndo e formaram um círculo silencioso ao redor deles. Buck não entendia aquela vigilância silenciosa nem a maneira ávida com que lambiam os beiços. Curly avançou contra sua inimiga, que atacou de novo e saltou para o lado. Depois a golpeou com o peito e a derrubou de um jeito estranho. Ela não conseguiu se levantar de novo. Os huskies que esperavam viram isso e avançaram. Rosnavam e ganiam ao se fecharem sobre ela, e ela desapareceu sob a massa de corpos, gritando de dor.

Original English

It was the wolf manner of fighting, to strike and leap away; but there was more to it than this. Thirty or forty huskies ran to the spot and surrounded the combatants in an intent and silent circle. Buck did not comprehend that silent intentness, nor the eager way with which they were licking their chops. Curly rushed her antagonist, who struck again and leaped aside. He met her next rush with his chest, in a peculiar fashion that tumbled her off her feet. She never regained them. This was what the onlooking huskies had waited for. They closed in upon her, snarling and yelping, and she was buried, screaming with agony, beneath the bristling mass of bodies.

Original Português

Era a maneira de lutar dos lobos, atacar e saltar; mas havia mais do que isso. Trinta ou quarenta huskies correram até o local e cercaram os combatentes em um círculo atento e silencioso. Buck não compreendia aquela atenção silenciosa, nem a maneira ansiosa com que eles lambiam os beiços. Curly avançou contra seu antagonista, que atacou novamente e saltou para o lado. Ele enfrentou a investida seguinte dela com o peito, de uma forma peculiar que a derrubou. Ela nunca os recuperou. Era isso que os huskies observadores esperavam. Eles se aproximaram dela, rosnando e ganindo, e ela foi enterrada, gritando de agonia, sob a massa eriçada de corpos.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Aconteceu tão de repente que Buck ficou chocado. Viu Spitz mostrar a língua vermelha, do jeito que ele ria, e viu François correr para o meio da matilha com um machado. Três homens com porretes ajudaram a dispersar os cães. Terminou depressa. Dois minutos depois de Curly cair, os últimos atacantes já tinham sido afugentados a porretadas. Mas ela jazia fraca e morta na neve ensanguentada, quase despedaçada, enquanto o mestiço de pele escura ficava em pé sobre ela, praguejando terrivelmente. Buck muitas vezes reviu essa cena em seus sonhos. Então era assim que as coisas eram. Não havia jogo limpo. Uma vez que você caísse, estava acabado. Ele decidiu que nunca se deixaria cair. Spitz riu de novo, e a partir daquele momento Buck o odiou com um ódio profundo e duradouro.

Original English

So sudden was it, and so unexpected, that Buck was taken aback. He saw Spitz run out his scarlet tongue in a way he had of laughing; and he saw François, swinging an axe, spring into the mess of dogs. Three men with clubs were helping him to scatter them. It did not take long. Two minutes from the time Curly went down, the last of her assailants were clubbed off. But she lay there limp and lifeless in the bloody, trampled snow, almost literally torn to pieces, the swart half-breed standing over her and cursing horribly. The scene often came back to Buck to trouble him in his sleep. So that was the way. No fair play. Once down, that was the end of you. Well, he would see to it that he never went down. Spitz ran out his tongue and laughed again, and from that moment Buck hated him with a bitter and deathless hatred.

Original Português

Foi tão repentino e inesperado que Buck ficou surpreso. Ele viu Spitz mostrar sua língua escarlate como se estivesse rindo; e ele viu François, balançando um machado, saltar no meio da confusão de cães. Três homens com porretes o ajudavam a espalhá-los. Não demorou muito. Dois minutos depois do momento em que Curly caiu, o último dos agressores foi espancado. Mas ela ficou ali, mole e sem vida, na neve sangrenta e pisoteada, quase literalmente despedaçada, o mestiço moreno parado sobre ela e xingando horrivelmente. A cena muitas vezes voltava à mente de Buck para perturbá-lo durante o sono. Então esse foi o caminho. Não há jogo limpo. Uma vez caído, esse foi o seu fim. Bem, ele cuidaria para que nunca caísse. Spitz mostrou a língua e riu novamente, e a partir daquele momento Buck odiou-o com um ódio amargo e imortal.

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B1 Português (simplified)

Antes que Buck se recuperasse do choque da morte terrível de Curly, teve outro choque. François lhe prendeu um arreio. Era parecido com os arreios que vira colocar em cavalos, lá em casa. Depois Buck foi obrigado a trabalhar. Puxou François num trenó até a floresta na beira do vale e trouxe lenha de volta. Seu orgulho ficou ferido por ser transformado num animal de trabalho, mas foi sensato o bastante para não reagir. Trabalhou com afinco, mesmo que tudo fosse novo e estranho. François era rigoroso e exigia obediência imediata, usando o chicote para consegui-la. Dave, que conhecia bem o trabalho, mordiscava a garupa de Buck sempre que ele cometia um erro. Spitz era o líder e também experiente. Quando não conseguia alcançar Buck, dava avisos ríspidos ou usava o próprio peso nas tiras para empurrá-lo à posição certa. Buck aprendeu depressa, e com a ajuda dos dois cães e de François fez grandes progressos. Antes de voltarem ao acampamento, já sabia parar ao ouvir "ho", avançar ao ouvir "mush", fazer curvas largas e manter-se longe do cão de roda quando o trenó carregado descia disparado morro abaixo atrás deles.

Original English

Before he had recovered from the shock caused by the tragic passing of Curly, he received another shock. François fastened upon him an arrangement of straps and buckles. It was a harness, such as he had seen the grooms put on the horses at home. And as he had seen horses work, so he was set to work, hauling François on a sled to the forest that fringed the valley, and returning with a load of firewood. Though his dignity was sorely hurt by thus being made a draught animal, he was too wise to rebel. He buckled down with a will and did his best, though it was all new and strange. François was stern, demanding instant obedience, and by virtue of his whip receiving instant obedience; while Dave, who was an experienced wheeler, nipped Buck's hind quarters whenever he was in error. Spitz was the leader, likewise experienced, and while he could not always get at Buck, he growled sharp reproof now and again, or cunningly threw his weight in the traces to jerk Buck into the way he should go. Buck learned easily, and under the combined tuition of his two mates and François made remarkable progress. Ere they returned to camp he knew enough to stop at "ho," to go ahead at "mush," to swing wide on the bends, and to keep clear of the wheeler when the loaded sled shot downhill at their heels.

Original Português

Antes de se recuperar do choque causado pelo trágico falecimento de Curly, ele recebeu outro choque. François prendeu-lhe um conjunto de tiras e fivelas. Era um arreio, tal como ele vira os cavaleiros colocarem

nos cavalos em casa. E tal como tinha visto cavalos trabalharem, pôs-se a trabalhar, transportando François num trenó até à floresta que margeava o vale e regressando com um carregamento de lenha. Embora sua dignidade tenha sido gravemente ferida ao ser transformado em animal de tração, ele era sábio demais para se rebelar. Ele se esforçou com força de vontade e fez o melhor que pôde, embora tudo fosse novo e estranho. François era severo, exigindo obediência instantânea e, em virtude de seu chicote, recebendo obediência instantânea; enquanto Dave, que era um motorista experiente, beliscava os quartos traseiros de Buck sempre que ele cometia um erro. Spitz era o líder, igualmente experiente, e embora nem sempre conseguisse atingir Buck, de vez em quando rosnava uma reprovação severa, ou astuciosamente jogava seu peso nas correias para empurrar Buck para o caminho que deveria seguir. Buck aprendeu com facilidade e, sob a orientação combinada de seus dois amigos e François, fez progressos notáveis. Antes de retornarem ao acampamento, ele sabia o suficiente para parar em “ho”, seguir em frente em “mush”, girar bem nas curvas e manter-se afastado do veículo com rodas quando o trenó carregado descia ladeira abaixo em seus calcanhares.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Três cães muito bons," disse François a Perrault. "Esse Buck aí, ele puxa como um danado. Eu ensino ele rápido que nem nada."

Original English

"T'ree vair' good dogs," François told Perrault. "Dat Buck, heem pool lak hell. I tich heem queek as anyt'ing."

Original Português

"T'ree vão' bons cães", disse François a Perrault. "Dat Buck, heem pool lak hell. Eu tich heem queek como qualquer coisa."

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

À tarde, Perrault, que queria partir logo com suas mensagens, voltou com mais dois cães. Chamou-os de Billee e Joe. Eram irmãos e huskies verdadeiros, mas muito diferentes. O único defeito de Billee era ser bom demais, enquanto Joe era o oposto: amargo, calado, sempre rosnando, com um olhar cruel. Buck os recebeu como companheiros, Dave os ignorou, e Spitz atacou primeiro um e depois o outro. Billee abanou o rabo de forma amistosa e tentou recuar, mas Spitz o mordeu no flanco. Joe era diferente. Não importava como Spitz o atacasse, Joe se virava para enfrentá-lo, o pelo eriçado, as orelhas para trás, os lábios retorcidos, as mandíbulas batendo rápido, os olhos brilhando de medo feroz. Parecia tão perigoso que Spitz teve de deixá-lo em paz. Para esconder seu próprio incômodo, Spitz voltou-se contra o inofensivo e choroso Billee e o expulsou até a beira do acampamento.

Original English

By afternoon, Perrault, who was in a hurry to be on the trail with his despatches, returned with two more dogs. "Billee" and "Joe" he called them, two brothers, and true huskies both. Sons of the one mother though they were, they were as different as day and night. Billee's one fault was his excessive good nature, while Joe was the very opposite, sour and introspective, with a perpetual snarl and a malignant eye. Buck received them in comradely fashion, Dave ignored them, while Spitz proceeded to thrash first one and then the other. Billee wagged his tail appeasingly, turned to run when he saw that appeasement was of no avail, and cried (still appeasingly) when Spitz's sharp teeth scored his flank. But no matter how Spitz circled, Joe whirled around on his heels to face him, mane bristling, ears laid back, lips writhing and snarling, jaws clipping together as fast as he could snap, and eyes diabolically gleaming - the incarnation of belligerent fear. So terrible was his appearance that Spitz was forced to forego disciplining him; but to cover his own discomfiture he turned upon the inoffensive and wailing Billee and drove him to the confines of the camp.

Original Português

À tarde, Perrault, que estava com pressa de seguir a trilha com seus despachos, voltou com mais dois cães. "Billee" e "Joe", como ele os chamava, dois irmãos e ambos verdadeiros huskies. Embora fossem filhos da mesma mãe, eram tão diferentes como o dia e a noite. O único defeito de Billee era sua boa natureza excessiva, enquanto Joe era exatamente o oposto, azedo e introspectivo, com um rosnado perpétuo e um olhar maligno. Buck os recebeu de maneira camarada, Dave os ignorou,

enquanto Spitz começou a bater primeiro em um e depois no outro. Billee abanou o rabo de forma apaziguadora, virou-se para correr quando viu que a apaziguamento não adiantava e chorou (ainda de forma apaziguadora) quando os dentes afiados de Spitz marcaram seu flanco. Mas não importava o quanto Spitz circulasse, Joe girava sobre os calcanhares para encará-lo, com a crina eriçada, as orelhas caídas para trás, os lábios se contorcendo e rosnando, as mandíbulas se fechando o mais rápido que conseguia e os olhos brilhando diabolicamente - a encarnação do medo beligerante. Sua aparência era tão terrível que Spitz foi forçado a renunciar à disciplina; mas, para encobrir seu próprio desconforto, ele se voltou contra o inofensivo e choroso Billee e o levou para os confins do acampamento.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

À noite, Perrault trouxe outro cão. Era um velho husky, comprido, magro e desgastado, com o rosto marcado por muitas brigas e um olho só, que dava mostra de sua força. Chamava-se Sol-leks, que significa O Zangado. Como Dave, não pedia nada e não esperava nada. Quando entrou devagar no grupo, até Spitz o deixou em paz. Tinha um hábito estranho que Buck descobriu da pior maneira. Não gostava que se aproximassem pelo lado cego. Buck fez isso por acidente, e Sol-leks se virou na hora e rasgou-lhe o ombro até o osso, num corte de sete centímetros. Depois disso, Buck sempre ficou longe daquele lado dele, e não tiveram mais problemas. Como Dave, Sol-leks parecia querer apenas ser deixado em paz, embora Buck depois viesse a descobrir que cada um deles tinha outro desejo, ainda mais importante.

Original English

By evening Perrault secured another dog, an old husky, long and lean and gaunt, with a battle-scarred face and a single eye which flashed a warning of prowess that commanded respect. He was called Sol-leks, which means the Angry One. Like Dave, he asked nothing, gave nothing, expected nothing; and when he marched slowly and deliberately into their midst, even Spitz left him alone. He had one peculiarity which Buck was unlucky enough to discover. He did not like to be approached on his blind side. Of this offence Buck was unwittingly guilty, and the first knowledge he had of his indiscretion was when Sol-leks whirled upon him and slashed his shoulder to the bone for three inches up and down. Forever after Buck avoided his blind side, and to the last of their comradeship had no more trouble. His only apparent ambition, like Dave's, was to be left alone; though, as Buck was afterward to learn, each of them possessed one other and even more vital ambition.

Original Português

À noite, Perrault conseguiu outro cão, um velho husky, longo, magro e magro, com um rosto marcado por cicatrizes de batalha e um único olho que emitia um aviso de coragem que exigia respeito. Ele se chamava Sol-leks, que significa O Irritado. Tal como Dave, ele não pediu nada, não deu nada, não esperou nada; e quando ele marchou lenta e deliberadamente para o meio deles, até mesmo Spitz o deixou em paz. Ele tinha uma peculiaridade que Buck teve o azar de descobrir. Ele não gostava de ser abordado pelo seu lado cego. Buck foi involuntariamente culpado desta ofensa, e o primeiro conhecimento que teve da sua indiscrição foi quando Sol-leks se virou sobre ele e lhe cortou o ombro até ao osso, sete centímetros para cima e para baixo. Depois disso, Buck

evitou para sempre seu lado cego e, até o fim da camaradagem, não teve mais problemas. Sua única ambição aparente, como a de Dave, era ser deixado em paz; embora, como Buck descobriria mais tarde, cada um deles possuía uma ambição ainda mais vital.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

Glossary: New Words

Priority words from the simplified reading, selected by CEFR level, rarity and editorial usefulness. Each entry shows up to six real sentences from this book; every return link opens that exact sentence in the simplified version.

anger /'æŋgər/ (16 occurrences)

Português: raiva; ira; fúria

Simple English: To cause someone to feel strong displeasure or rage.

Example: *His rude comments never fail to anger her during meetings.*

Forms in this book: anger, angered

Uses in this book:

1. He meant to show his anger, and he thought that was enough. [Back to B1](#)
2. He opened his eyes, and in them was the wild anger of a king who had been kidnapped. [Back to B1](#)
3. Then he lay down in anger and let them load the crate into a wagon. [Back to B1](#)
4. Hunger hurt him less than the lack of water, which made him suffer badly and pushed his anger higher. [Back to B1](#)
5. For two days and nights he ate and drank nothing, and in that time his anger grew very strong. [Back to B1](#)
6. It was dangerous for anyone who angered him. [Back to B1](#)

announce /ə'naʊns/ (1 occurrence)

Português: anunciar

Simple English: To officially make plans or decisions known publicly others.

Example: *The company will announce its new products next week at the event.*

Uses in this book:

1. “Answers to the name of Buck,” the man said to himself, quoting from the saloon-keeper’s letter that had announced the crate. [Back to B1](#)

approach /ə'proutʃ/ (2 occurrences)

Português: abordagem; aproximação; aproximar

Simple English: To come close to a particular person, place, or situation.

Example: *As we approach the mountain, the view becomes more impressive.*

Forms in this book: approach, approached

Uses in this book:

1. He did not like being approached on his blind side. [Back to B1](#)

arms /ɑ:rmz/ (6 occurrences)

Português: braços; armas; armamento

Simple English: Weapons mainly used by military forces in battles.

Example: *The soldiers carried various arms to prepare for the conflict ahead.*

Uses in this book:

1. They growled and barked like ugly dogs, mewed, flapped their arms, and crowed like cocks. [Back to B1](#)

Ashamed /ə'ʃeɪmd/ (1 occurrence)

Português: envergonhado; vergonha; humilhado

Simple English: Feeling embarrassed or guilty about personal actions.

Example: *She felt ashamed for forgetting her friend's birthday party.*

Uses in this book:

1. The people watching laughed loudly, and Buck felt ashamed, though he did not know why. [Back to B1](#)

association (1 occurrence)

Português: associação; organização; ligação

Simple English: an organization or a connection between things

Example: *She belongs to a writers association.*

Uses in this book:

1. The Judge was at a meeting of the Raisin Growers' Association, and the boys were busy starting an athletic club on the night of Manuel's betrayal. [Back to B1](#)

beat /bi:t/ (8 occurrences)

Português: bater; vencer; batida

Simple English: The main rhythm or pulse of a musical piece or poem.

Example: *The beat of the song made everyone want to dance immediately.*

Forms in this book: beat, beating

Uses in this book:

1. Be a bad dog, and I'll beat you badly. [Back to B1](#)

beyond /bi'ɒnd/ (7 occurrences)

Português: além

Simple English: At or to the side that is further; exceeding a point.

Example: *Her talents go beyond just singing; she can also dance beautifully.*

Uses in this book:

1. He carried the Judge's grandsons on his back, rolled with them in the grass, and guarded them on their adventures to the fountain in the stable yard and beyond to the fields and berry patches. [Back to B1](#)

Blind /blaɪnd/ (4 occurrences)

Português: cego; cega; cegos

Simple English: Window covering that can be rolled up or down.

Example: *I pulled down the blind to block the sunlight in the room.*

Forms in this book: blind, blinded

Uses in this book:

1. He did not like being approached on his blind side. [Back to B1](#)

burn (6 occurrences)

Português: queimar; queimadura; gravar

Forms in this book: burned, burning

Uses in this book:

1. It burned like fire, and then it was gone. [Back to B1](#)

collapse /kə'ləps/ (1 occurrence)

Português: colapso; desmoronar; recolher

Simple English: A sudden drop in value, such as in stocks.

Example: *The market experienced a collapse, and many investors lost money.*

Uses in this book:

1. The man struck the clever blow he had saved until now, and Buck collapsed and fell, knocked completely unconscious. [Back to B1](#)

cottage /'kɒtɪdʒ/ (1 occurrence)

Português: chalé; cabana; casa

Simple English: A small house located in countryside or village areas.

Example: *They rented a cozy cottage by the lake for their vacation.*

Uses in this book:

1. There were large stables, many servants' cottages, outhouses, long grape arbors, green fields, orchards, and berry patches. [Back to B1](#)

crash /kræʃ/ (3 occurrences)

Português: acidente; bater; queda

Simple English: Accident in which a vehicle collides with something.

Example: *The crash caused a major traffic jam on the highway this morning.*

Forms in this book: crashed, crashing

Uses in this book:

1. Buck turned a full circle in the air, then crashed to the ground on his head and chest. [Back to B1](#)

creature /'kri:tʃər/ (11 occurrences)

Português: criatura

Simple English: Any living being that can move on its own.

Example: *The forest is full of strange creatures at night.*

Forms in this book: creature, creatures

Uses in this book:

1. He had never seen dogs fight like these wolfish creatures fought, and his first lesson was unforgettable. [Back to B1](#)

cure /kjuər/ (3 occurrences)

Português: cura; curar; curam

Simple English: A treatment that makes an illness go away.

Example: *Scientists are looking for a cure.*

Forms in this book: cure, cured

Uses in this book:

1. There's a famous dog doctor there who thinks he can cure him." [Back to B1](#)

demand /dɪ'mænd/ (1 occurrence)

Português: demanda; procura; exigir

Simple English: The desire or need for particular goods or services.

Example: *There is a high demand for electric cars in today's market.*

Uses in this book:

1. François was strict and demanded immediate obedience, using his whip to get it. [Back to B1](#)

Desire /dɪ'zaɪər/ (2 occurrences)

Português: desejo; deseja; vontade

Simple English: To feel a sexual or strong romantic attraction.

Example: *He felt a strong desire to be with her all the time.*

Uses in this book:

1. Old desires leap up like a wild animal. [Back to B1](#)

Dozen /'dʌzən/ (5 occurrences)

Português: dúzia; dezenas; doze

Simple English: A group of twelve items or units together.

Example: *I bought a dozen eggs for the cake I am baking.*

Uses in this book:

1. A dozen times he charged, and each time the club stopped him and knocked him down. [Back to B1](#)

fault /fɔ:lt/ (1 occurrence)

Português: culpa; falha; defeito

Simple English: Responsibility attributed for a mistake or misfortune.

Example: *It's not my fault that the meeting was canceled last minute.*

Uses in this book:

1. Billee's only fault was that he was too kind, while Joe was the opposite: sour, silent, and always snarling, with a cruel look in his eye. [Back to B1](#)

Forward /'fɔ:rwərd/ (18 occurrences)

Português: encaminhar; frente; avançar

Simple English: To send received email or message to another person.

Example: *Please forward the email to everyone on the team.*

Uses in this book:

1. Then the man came forward and gave him a cruel blow on the nose. [Back to B1](#)

fully /'fʊli/ (3 occurrences)

Português: totalmente; plenamente; inteiramente

Simple English: To the greatest possible extent or degree.

Example: *Please make sure to fully complete the application form before submitting.*

Uses in this book:

1. The club showed him the way of primitive law, and he met that harsh world fully. [Back to B1](#)

grab /græb/ (8 occurrences)

Português: agarrar; pegue; pegar

Simple English: To take someone or something suddenly or violently.

Example: *She decided to grab her bag and leave quickly.*

Forms in this book: grabbed, grabbing

Uses in this book:

1. The man met him halfway, grabbed him by the throat, and with a quick twist threw him onto his back. [Back to B1](#)

hearing /'hiəriŋ/ (2 occurrences)

Português: audiência; ouvir; escutando

Simple English: Ability to perceive sounds or voices through ears.

Example: *His hearing is so sharp that he can hear whispers.*

Uses in this book:

1. "Yes, he has fits," the man said, hiding his badly hurt hand from the baggage man, who had come over after hearing the struggle. [Back to B1](#)

hell /hɛl/ (5 occurrences)

Português: inferno; diabos; droga

Simple English: The location where sinners face eternal punishment according to Christianity.

Example: *Some believe that hell is a place of unimaginable pain and suffering.*

Forms in this book: hell, hells

Uses in this book:

1. "That Buck, he pulls like hell. [Back to B1](#)

hold /hould/ (8 occurrences)

Português: segurar; prender; apreensão

Simple English: To have something in your hand or arms.

Example: *Hold the baby carefully.*

Forms in this book: hold, holding

Uses in this book:

1. He leaped straight at the man with all his 140 pounds of fury, holding back anger from two days and nights. [Back to B1](#)

Hunting /'hʌntɪŋ/ (11 occurrences)

Português: caça; caçar; caçando

Simple English: Pursuing and killing wild animals for food or sport.

Example: *They went hunting for deer in the forest last autumn.*

Uses in this book:

1. He swam in the tank and went hunting with the Judge's sons. [Back to B1](#)
2. Hunting and other outdoor joys kept him fit and strong. [Back to B1](#)

immediate /ɪ'mi:diət/ (1 occurrence)

Português: imediata

Simple English: Happening or existing at the present instant.

Example: *There is an immediate need for help after the earthquake.*

Uses in this book:

1. François was strict and demanded immediate obedience, using his whip to get it. [Back to B1](#)

inch (7 occurrences)

Português: polegada; medida; unidade

Simple English: a unit of length equal to 2.54 centimetres

Example: *The shelf is twelve inches wide.*

Forms in this book: inch, inches

Uses in this book:

1. Buck did this by accident, and Sol-leks turned at once and slashed his shoulder down to the bone for three inches. [Back to B1](#)

load /ləʊd/ (22 occurrences)

Português: carga; carregar; carregamento

Simple English: To fill a space with items in an efficient way.

Example: *They need to load the boxes onto the truck for delivery today.*

Forms in this book: load, loaded, loads

Uses in this book:

1. Then he lay down in anger and let them load the crate into a wagon. [Back to B1](#)
2. Before they returned to camp, he knew to stop at “ho,” go ahead at “mush,” take wide turns, and stay clear of the wheeler when the loaded sled rushed downhill behind them. [Back to B1](#)

lower /'ləʊər/ (8 occurrences)

Português: inferior; abaixar; menor

Simple English: To make something smaller in amount, degree, or size.

Example: *The company decided to lower their prices to attract more customers.*

Uses in this book:

1. In the lower deck of the Narwhal, Buck and Curly joined two other dogs.

[Back to B1](#)

mass /mæs/ (3 occurrences)

Português: massa; missa; maciça

Simple English: Affecting a large number of people or things together.

Example: *The mass protest gathered thousands of people in the city center.*

Uses in this book:

1. They snarled and yelped as they closed over her, and she disappeared under the mass of bodies, screaming in pain. [Back to B1](#)

Master /'mæstər/ (13 occurrences)

Português: mestre; dominar; patrão

Simple English: Highly skilled person in an art, often historically recognized.

Example: *Vincent van Gogh is considered a master of post-impressionist painting.*

Forms in this book: master, master's, mastered, masters

Uses in this book:

1. Again and again, he learned the same hard truth: a man with a club was a lawgiver and a master to obey, though not always to please. [Back to B1](#)

means /mi:nz/ (1 occurrence)

Português: significa; meios; quer dizer

Simple English: A method, system, or object used to achieve a goal.

Example: *Education is one of the means to achieve a successful career.*

Uses in this book:

1. His name was Sol-leks, which means the Angry One. [Back to B1](#)

Mistake /mɪ'steɪk/ (4 occurrences)

Português: erro; engano; equívoco

Simple English: An action or judgment that is incorrect or wrong.

Example: *Learning from a mistake is often more important than getting everything right.*

Uses in this book:

1. Dave, who knew the work well, nipped Buck's hindquarters whenever he made a mistake. [Back to B1](#)

nightmare /'naɪtmɛər/ (2 occurrences)

Português: pesadelo

Simple English: A frightening or disturbing dream.

Example: *She woke up from a nightmare and felt scared and confused.*

Uses in this book:

1. Buck's first day on the Dyea beach felt like a nightmare. [Back to B1](#)

obey /oʊ'beɪ/ (5 occurrences)

Português: obedecer; obedecer; cumprir

Simple English: To follow rules, commands, orders given by authority.

Example: *Children must learn to obey their parents and teachers at school.*

Forms in this book: obey, obeyed

Uses in this book:

1. Again and again, he learned the same hard truth: a man with a club was a lawgiver and a master to obey, though not always to please. [Back to B1](#)

opening /'oʊpənɪŋ/ (3 occurrences)

Português: abertura; abrir; inauguração

Simple English: First public presentation of a play, movie, or entertainment.

Example: *The opening of the new play was attended by many celebrities.*

Uses in this book:

1. "Now, you red-eyed devil," he said when the opening was big enough for Buck's body. [Back to B1](#)

partly /'pɑ:rtli/ (3 occurrences)

Português: parcialmente

Simple English: To some degree; not completely or wholly.

Example: *The event was partly successful, but improvements are needed.*

Uses in this book:

1. The house stood back from the road, partly hidden by trees. [Back to B1](#)

power /'paʊər/ (4 occurrences)

Português: poder; potência; energia

Simple English: Energy obtained to operate machines or equipment.

Example: *Solar power is becoming a popular choice for renewable energy.*

Uses in this book:

1. He also saw one dog that would do neither and was finally killed in the struggle for power. [Back to B1](#)

praise /preɪz/ (4 occurrences)

Português: louvor; louvar; elogios

Simple English: To express admiration or approval toward someone or something.

Example: *The teacher will praise students who submit their projects on time.*

Forms in this book: praise, praised

Uses in this book:

1. Steamship and transport companies praised the find, and thousands of men hurried north. [Back to B1](#)

price /praɪs/ (3 occurrences)

Português: preço

Simple English: The amount of money something costs.

Example: *The price is too high.*

Forms in this book: price, prices

Uses in this book:

1. Dog prices had risen because so many were wanted, so the price was not unfair for such a fine animal. [Back to B1](#)

progress /'prɑ:grɛs/ (2 occurrences)

Português: progresso; andamento; progredir

Simple English: Gradual movement toward achieving a specific goal.

Example: *We need to keep track of our progress in the project each week.*

Uses in this book:

1. Buck learned quickly, and with help from the two dogs and François he made great progress. [Back to B1](#)

recover /rɪ'kʌvər/ (5 occurrences)

Português: recuperar

Simple English: To regain full health after illness, injury, or surgery.

Example: *She hopes to recover quickly after her surgery next week.*

Forms in this book: recover, recovered

Uses in this book:

1. Before Buck had recovered from the shock of Curly's terrible death, he got another shock. [Back to B1](#)

relief /rɪ'li:f/ (1 occurrence)

Português: alívio; relevo; socorro

Simple English: Comfort after something upsetting or worrying finishes or improves.

Example: *The relief I felt when the exam was over was incredible.*

Uses in this book:

1. The express messengers felt relief when they finally got him off the train at Seattle. [Back to B1](#)

round (2 occurrences)

Português: rodada; redonda; ronda

Uses in this book:

1. But each time it was only the saloon-keeper's round face looking in by the weak light of a candle. [Back to B1](#)

scream /skri:m/ (8 occurrences)

Português: gritar; grito

Simple English: To make a loud, sharp cry expressing strong emotion.

Example: *She couldn't help but scream when she saw the spider in her room.*

Forms in this book: scream, screamed, screaming

Uses in this book:

1. For two days and nights the express car was pulled behind loud, screaming engines, and Buck ate and drank nothing. [Back to B1](#)
2. Growling like a mix of bark and scream, he got up and jumped again. [Back to B1](#)
3. Some came quietly, and some screamed and fought as he had. [Back to B1](#)
4. They snarled and yelped as they closed over her, and she disappeared under the mass of bodies, screaming in pain. [Back to B1](#)

self (2 occurrences)

Português: self; eu; identidade

Simple English: a person's own identity or character

Example: *Writing helped her understand herself.*

Uses in this book:

1. He was proud, and a little self-centered, like some country gentlemen. [Back to B1](#)

sense /sens/ (8 occurrences)

Português: sentido; senso; sensação

Simple English: Natural ability to perceive touch, sight, taste, smell.

Example: *My sense of smell helps me enjoy food more.*

Forms in this book: sense, senses, sensing

Uses in this book:

1. Buck's senses returned, but not his strength. [Back to B1](#)

sensitive /'sensɪtv/ (1 occurrence)

Português: sensível; confidenciais; minúsculas

Simple English: Aware of others' feelings and responsive with care emotionally.

Example: *She is sensitive to how her friends feel during difficult times.*

Uses in this book:

1. He was also very sensitive, and the cruel treatment gave him a fever. [Back to B1](#)

servant /'sɜ:rvənt/ (1 occurrence)

Português: servo; serva; empregado

Simple English: A person employed to perform household tasks for others.

Example: *The servant cooked dinner and cleaned the house quickly.*

Uses in this book:

1. There were large stables, many servants' cottages, outhouses, long grape arbors, green fields, orchards, and berry patches. [Back to B1](#)

settle (4 occurrences)

Português: resolver; estabelecer; assentar

Simple English: to decide, arrange, or make a home

Example: *They settled the argument peacefully.*

Forms in this book: settle, settled, settles

Uses in this book:

1. When Buck jumped to punish him, François's whip struck first, and Buck had to settle for getting back the bone. [Back to B1](#)

Ship /ʃɪp/ (2 occurrences)

Português: navio; nave; barco

Simple English: A large boat.

Example: *The ship crossed the ocean.*

Forms in this book: ship, ships

Uses in this book:

1. Day and night, the ship shook with the propeller. [Back to B1](#)

Shock /ʃɑ:k/ (6 occurrences)

Português: choque; chocar; chocante

Simple English: To greatly surprise or upset someone unexpectedly.

Example: *The sudden news of the accident shocked everyone in the room.*

Uses in this book:

1. In midair, just before his jaws closed on the man, a shock stopped him and snapped his teeth together painfully. [Back to B1](#)
2. Again the shock hit him and smashed him to the ground. [Back to B1](#)
3. Every hour brought a shock. [Back to B1](#)
4. Before Buck had recovered from the shock of Curly's terrible death, he got another shock. [Back to B1](#)

shocked /ʃɒkt/ (4 occurrences)

Português: chocado; chocados; choc

Simple English: Very surprised or upset from something unexpected.

Example: *I was shocked to hear about the sudden cancellation of the event.*

Uses in this book:

1. It happened so suddenly that Buck was shocked. [Back to B1](#)

Stable /'steɪbəl/ (2 occurrences)

Português: estável; estábulo; estabilidade

Simple English: Farm building designed to house horses or livestock.

Example: *The horses live in a stable near the big red barn.*

Forms in this book: stable, stables

Uses in this book:

1. There were large stables, many servants' cottages, outhouses, long grape arbors, green fields, orchards, and berry patches. [Back to B1](#)
2. He carried the Judge's grandsons on his back, rolled with them in the grass, and guarded them on their adventures to the fountain in the stable yard and beyond to the fields and berry patches. [Back to B1](#)

step /step/ (13 occurrences)

Português: passo; etapa; pisar

Simple English: A flat surface used for moving up or down.

Example: *He fell down the step outside the front door.*

Forms in this book: step, stepped, stepping, steps

Uses in this book:

1. At Buck's first step on the cold ground, his feet sank into a white, soft, muddy-looking thing. [Back to B1](#)

strict /strɪkt/ (1 occurrence)

Português: estrita; rigoroso; rígidas

Simple English: Absolute rules that must always be obeyed.

Example: *The school has strict rules about student behavior during classes.*

Uses in this book:

1. François was strict and demanded immediate obedience, using his whip to get it. [Back to B1](#)

strike /straɪk/ (7 occurrences)

Português: Strike; greve; golpear

Simple English: To stop working to protest conditions at work.

Example: *Workers may strike if their pay is too low and unfair.*

Forms in this book: strike, strikes, striking

Uses in this book:

1. This was the kind of dog Buck was in the fall of 1897, when the Klondike gold strike drew men from all over the world to the frozen North. [Back to B1](#)
2. They fought like wolves, striking and jumping away. [Back to B1](#)

struggle /'strʌgl/ (15 occurrences)

Português: luta; lutar; esforço

Simple English: A great effort to fight back or break free.

Example: *He had to struggle against the strong current to swim back to the shore.*

Forms in this book: struggle, struggled, struggling

Uses in this book:

1. “Yes, he has fits,” the man said, hiding his badly hurt hand from the baggage man, who had come over after hearing the struggle. [Back to B1](#)
2. He bit it hard and struggled against it. [Back to B1](#)
3. He also saw one dog that would do neither and was finally killed in the struggle for power. [Back to B1](#)

survey /'sɜːrveɪ/ (1 occurrence)

Português: inquérito; levantamento; pesquisa

Simple English: To collect information by asking people questions.

Example: *We conducted a survey to understand customer preferences better.*

Uses in this book:

1. A whaling captain had taken him, and later he had traveled with a Geological Survey into the Barrens. [Back to B1](#)

tank /tæŋk/ (2 occurrences)

Português: tanque; reservatório; depósito

Simple English: Container holding fuel for a vehicle or machine.

Example: *The gas tank was nearly empty, so we stopped to refuel.*

Uses in this book:

1. There was also a pumping plant for the well and a big cement tank where Judge Miller's boys swam in the morning and cooled off on hot afternoons. [Back to B1](#)
2. He swam in the tank and went hunting with the Judge's sons. [Back to B1](#)

transport /'trænsˌpɔːrt/ (1 occurrence)

Português: transporte; transportar; dos transportes

Simple English: To carry people, goods, or items from one place.

Example: *They transport goods across the country using trucks.*

Uses in this book:

1. Steamship and transport companies praised the find, and thousands of men hurried north. [Back to B1](#)

Trouble /'trʌbəl/ (15 occurrences)

Português: problemas; apuros; sarilhos

Simple English: Situation causing difficulty or distress.

Example: *She was in trouble after forgetting to do her homework again.*

Forms in this book: trouble, troubled, troubles

Uses in this book:

1. Buck did not read newspapers, so he did not know that trouble was coming.

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2. He did not know, but he felt a heavy fear of some coming trouble. [Back to B1](#)

3. He was sad and unfriendly, and he made it clear to Curly that he wanted to be left alone, and that there would be trouble if he was not. [Back to B1](#)

4. To hide his own trouble, Spitz turned on harmless, crying Billee and drove him to the edge of camp. [Back to B1](#)

5. After that, Buck always stayed away from that side of him, and they had no more trouble. [Back to B1](#)

truly /'tru:li/ (5 occurrences)

Português: verdadeiramente; realmente; sinceramente

Simple English: In a sincere and genuine manner; with heartfelt honesty.

Example: *She truly believes that everyone deserves a second chance.*

Uses in this book:

1. Buck was truly a red-eyed devil. [Back to B1](#)

trust /trʌst/ (6 occurrences)

Português: confiar; confiança; fideicomisso

Simple English: To believe someone is honest or reliable.

Example: *I trust her completely.*

Forms in this book: trust, trusted

Uses in this book:

1. But Buck did not read newspapers, and he did not know that Manuel, one of the gardener's helpers, was a bad person to trust. [Back to B1](#)

2. This was not usual for him, but he had learned to trust men he knew and believe they were wiser than he was. [Back to B1](#)

unconscious /ʌnˈkɒnʃəs/ (2 occurrences)

Português: inconsciente; desmaiado; subconsciente

Simple English: Unresponsive and unaware of surroundings, usually from an injury.

Example: *He was unconscious after the fall and required immediate medical attention.*

Uses in this book:

1. His jaws closed on the man's hand and would not let go until Buck was choked unconscious again. [Back to B1](#)
2. The man struck the clever blow he had saved until now, and Buck collapsed and fell, knocked completely unconscious. [Back to B1](#)

wise /waɪz/ (4 occurrences)

Português: sábio; sensato; prudente

Simple English: Having deep knowledge and experience; capable of giving good advice.

Example: *My grandfather is wise; he gives the best advice based on his experience.*

Forms in this book: wise, wisely, wiser

Uses in this book:

1. This was not usual for him, but he had learned to trust men he knew and believe they were wiser than he was. [Back to B1](#)
2. His pride was hurt by being turned into a work animal, but he was wise enough not to fight back. [Back to B1](#)

wrap /ræp/ (2 occurrences)

Português: envoltório; embrulhar; enrole

Simple English: To cover an object in paper, fabric, or material.

Example: *I will wrap the gift carefully before the party starts.*

Forms in this book: wrap, wrapped

Uses in this book:

1. "You might wrap up the goods before you deliver them," the stranger said in a rough voice, and Manuel pulled a strong rope around Buck's neck under the collar. [Back to B1](#)

2. His hand was wrapped in a blood-stained handkerchief, and the right leg of his trousers was torn from the knee to the ankle. [Back to B1](#)