

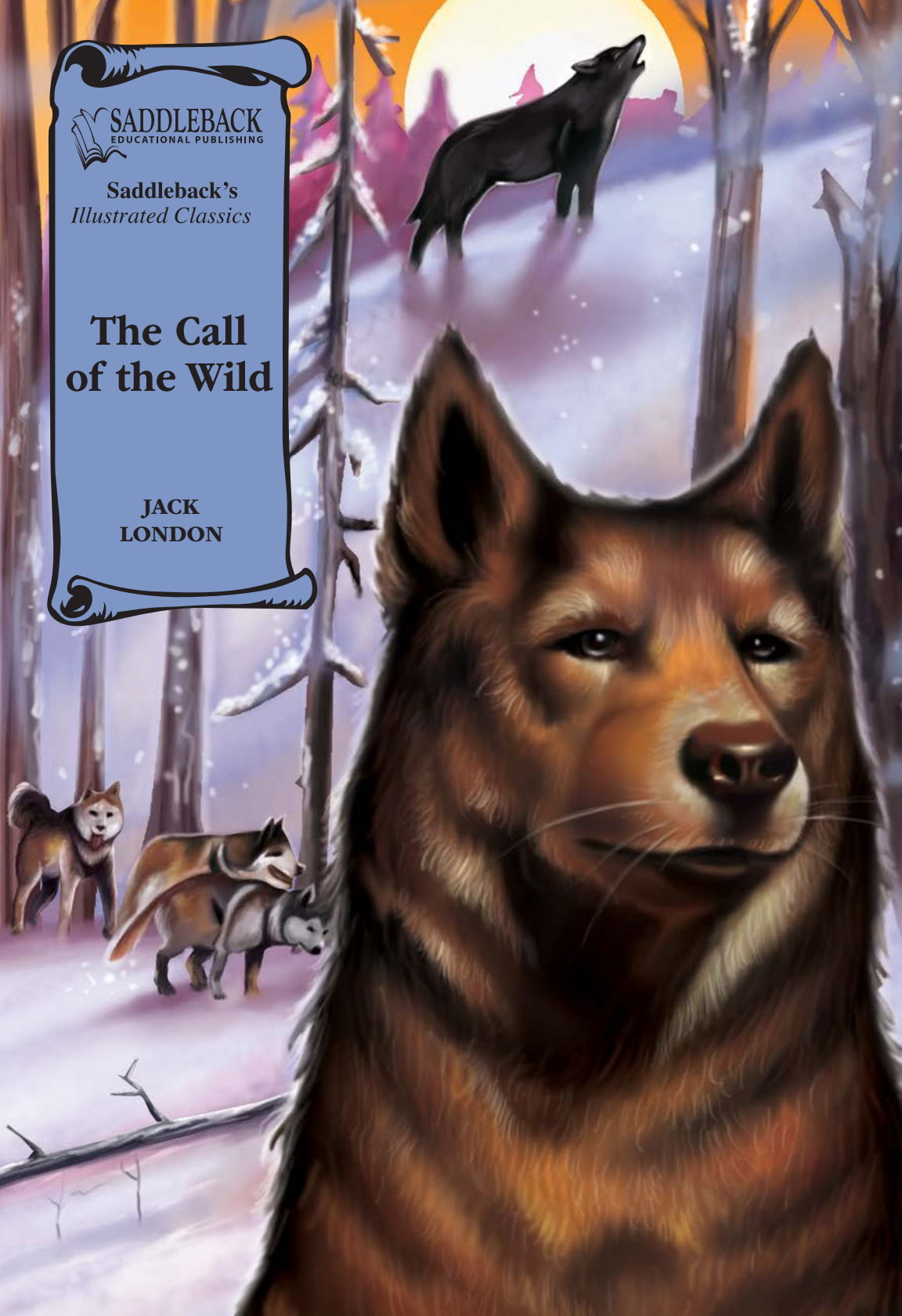


SADDLEBACK
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING

Saddleback's
Illustrated Classics

The Call of the Wild

**JACK
LONDON**



Jack London

The Call of the Wild



Perrault



Thornton



Buck



Spitz



Francois

Buck was stolen from his peaceful life in the sun-kissed valley of Santa Clara and carried away to the rough northern gold mining country where he had many masters. In the end, he would leave the world of humans and become a master himself, a master of the wolves of the wild North country.



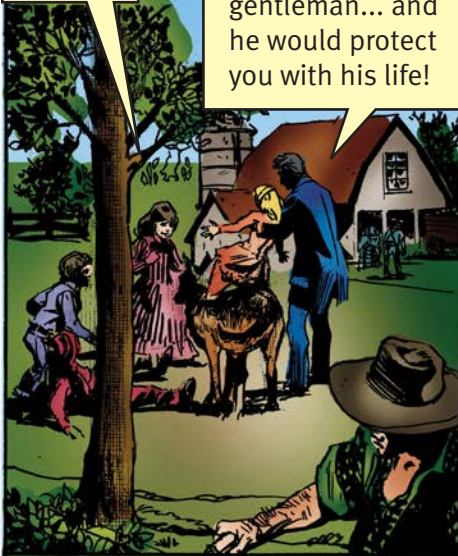
Buck was born to an easy life at the home of a wealthy judge in a sunny valley.

You're the ruler of my estate, Buck. Bigger than your St. Bernard father, smarter than your mother, Shep.



It's our turn, Daddy!

I'll always trust Buck when he's with you. He's a gentleman... and he would protect you with his life!



Gentle and protective with the Judge's children, Buck walked with his head high among the other animals, for he was king over all things at Judge Miller's.



In the fall of 1897, the Klondike gold strike dragged men from all over the world into the frozen North of Canada. Searching in the Northern darkness for gold, men wanted dogs...heavy dogs with strong muscles for work, and with furry coats for warmth.



I don't care how you get it, but find me a dog! A big one who can work and pull his weight. I'll pay plenty.

Give me part of the money now.



In California, Judge Miller's gardener, Manuel, needed money. He had a wife, many children, and loved to gamble.

When will you bring me the dog?

Tonight. The judge will be away. I'll bring the dog.





To Buck's surprise the rope was pulled tight around his neck, choking him.



Angry, he sprang at the man.



But he was met halfway, grabbed by the throat, and thrown over on his back.



The rope tightened cruelly. Buck fought, but his great strength was gone.



He is tiring just in time. Here comes the train.

Buck was thrown into a baggage car and hardly knew he was moving. He was in pain and his throat burned.



Then suddenly, with the uncontrolled anger of a kidnapped king, he sprang for the man.



His jaws closed on the stranger's hand, but the man held on to the rope...

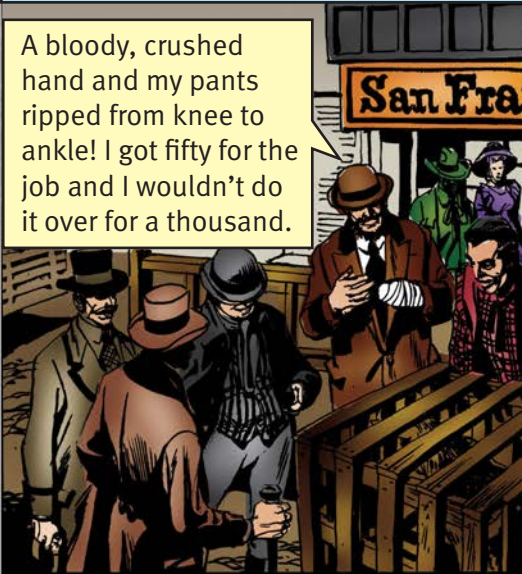


...and Buck again lost his senses.



Later, in a shed in the back of a saloon on the San Francisco waterfront, the stranger looked at his damages.

A bloody, crushed hand and my pants ripped from knee to ankle! I got fifty for the job and I wouldn't do it over for a thousand.



Angry and with hurt feelings— Buck began a long trip through many hands.



A truck next...



Then a ferry steamer...



...finally two days and nights in a noisy train.



When they took Buck off the train at Seattle, he was an angry beast.



Easy...we don't want this animal breakin' loose!

Buck was taken in the cage to a small yard with a high wall around it. Here he was to meet and learn to fear another man.



Now, you red-eyed devil...come on out!



He came flying out of the cage—140 pounds of anger, headed right for the man who had called him.

