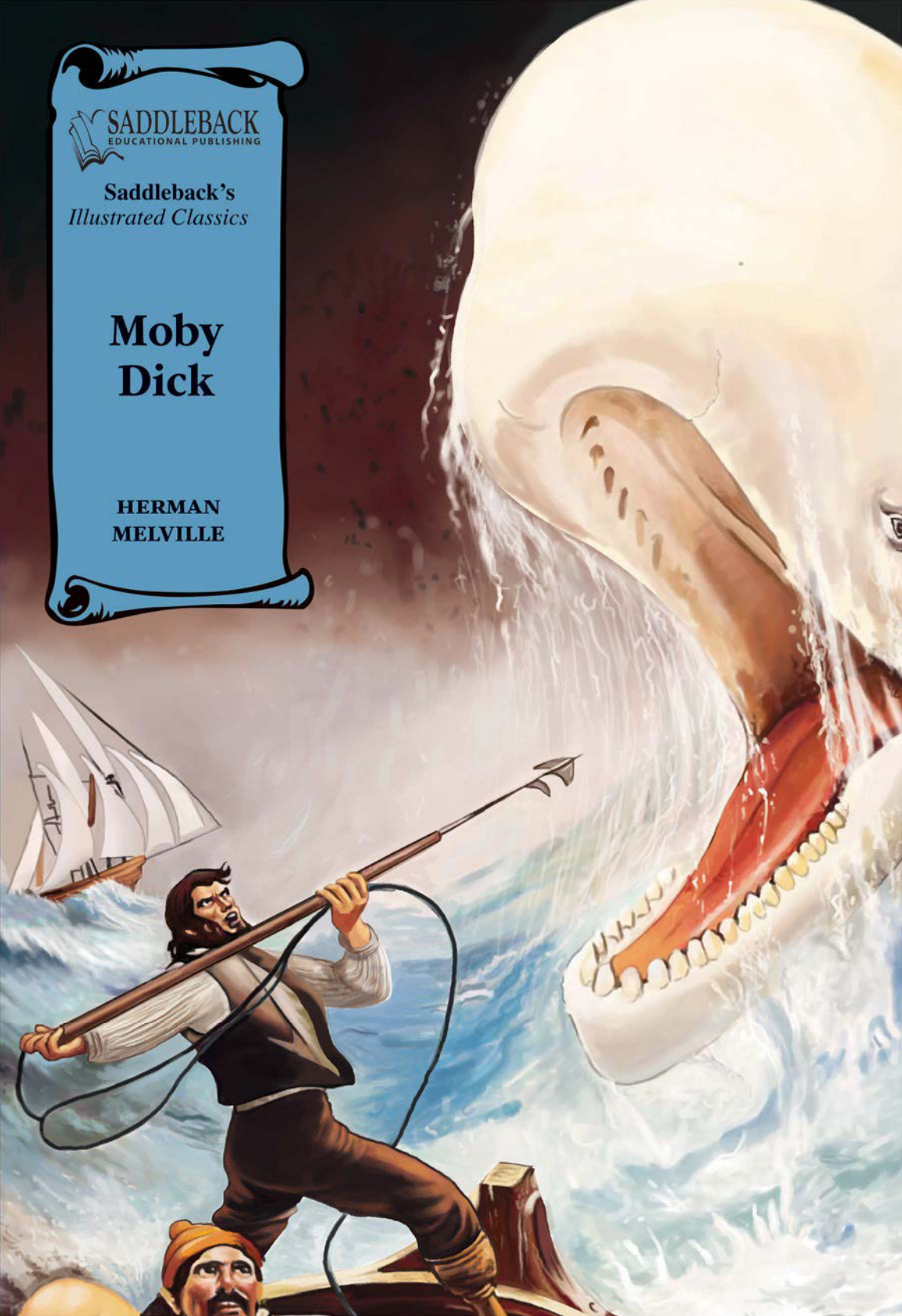




Saddleback's
Illustrated Classics

Moby Dick

HERMAN
MELVILLE



Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*



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Herman Melville

Herman Melville was born in 1819. His formal education ended in 1834 at age fifteen. For a time he was both clerk and school teacher, but the sea was his first love. He became a cabin boy on a merchant ship bound for England. Later, in 1841, Melville joined the crew of a whaling ship, the *Acushnet*, where he learned much of the background for *Moby Dick*.

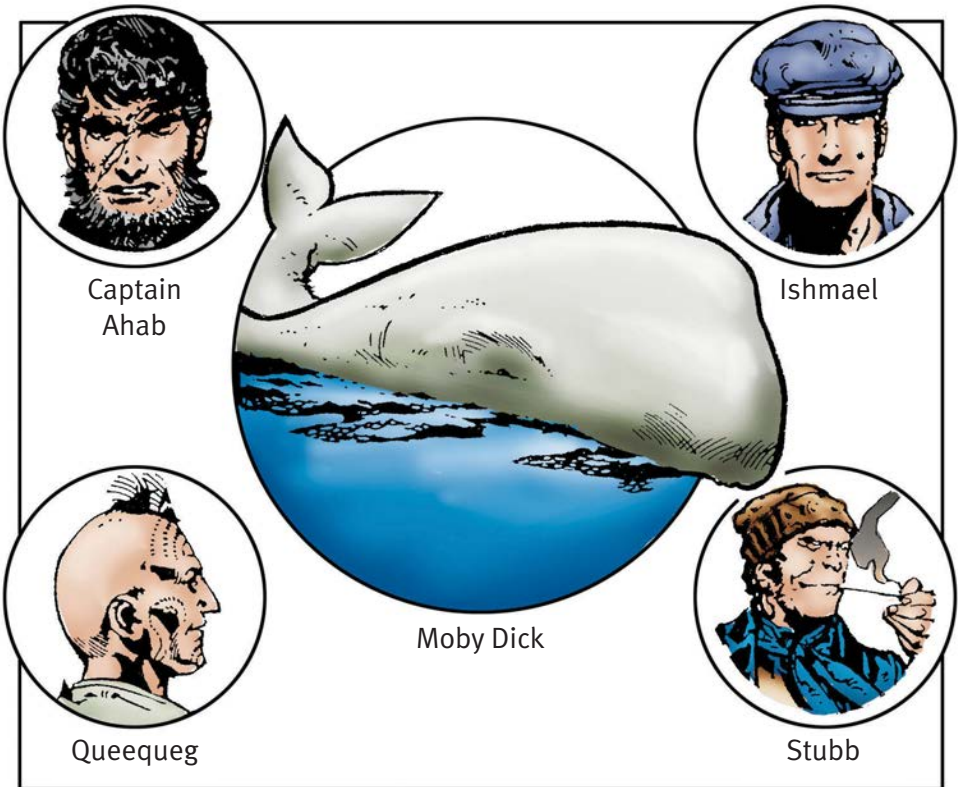
Melville was influenced by the writing of Nathaniel Hawthorne and dedicated *Moby Dick* to him. Melville felt that Hawthorne had an insight into human nature that few could surpass.


Melville, too, knew mankind mainly from living in many cultures. His life with the Taipis, cannibal natives, led him to write *Typee*. From a mutiny he experienced, he wrote *Omoo*. One of his later books, and most heartrending, is *Billy Budd*—the story of a young and severely abused seaman.

In spite of his unusual creative ability, Melville spent nineteen years of his life as a customs officer in the ports of New York City. Not until after his death was he truly appreciated as an author. Today, *Moby Dick* is considered to be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, American novels.

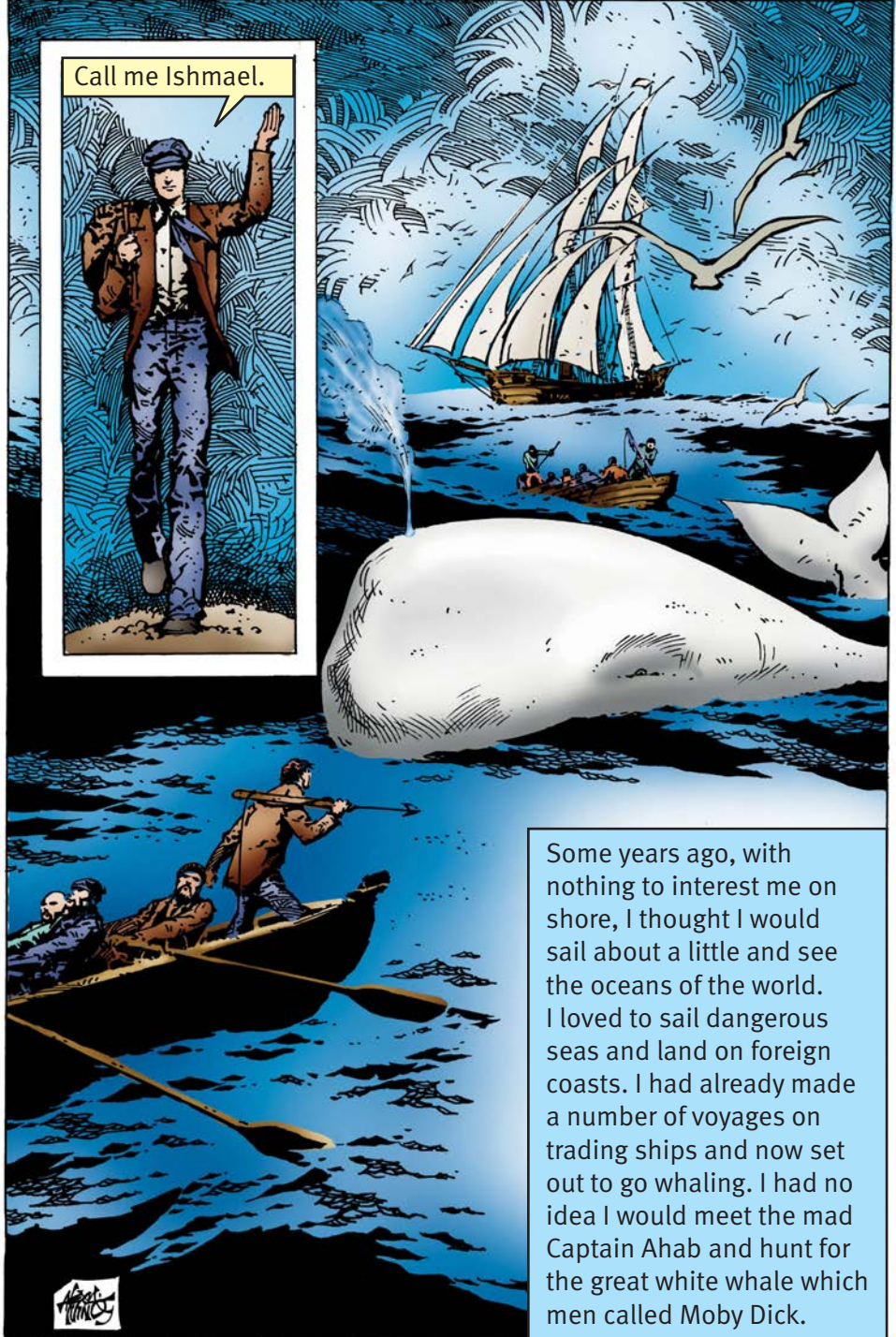
Herman Melville

Moby Dick





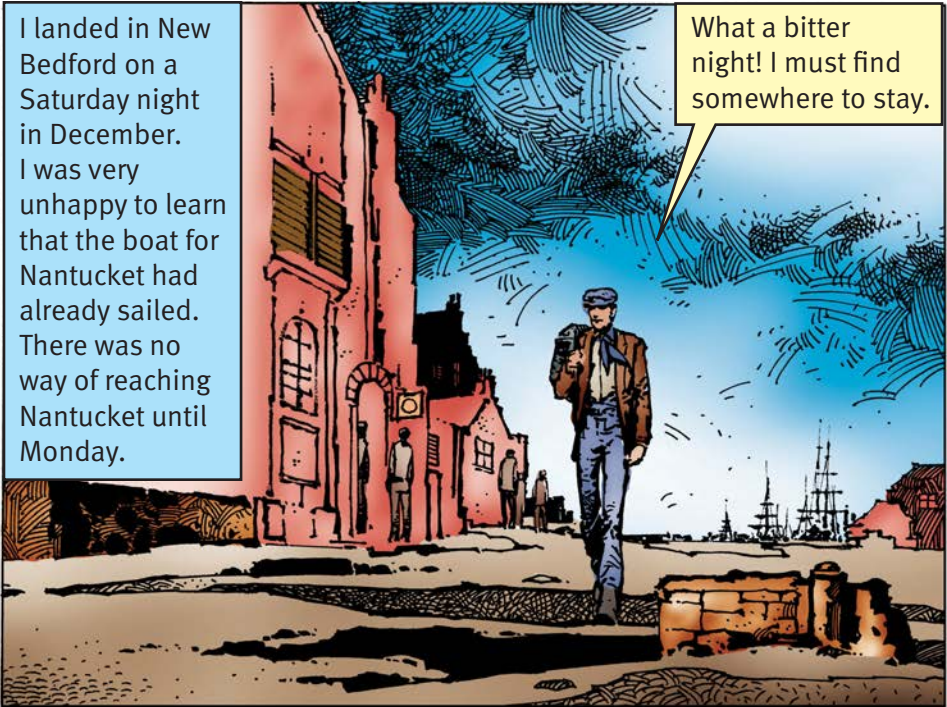
Call me Ishmael.



Some years ago, with nothing to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the oceans of the world. I loved to sail dangerous seas and land on foreign coasts. I had already made a number of voyages on trading ships and now set out to go whaling. I had no idea I would meet the mad Captain Ahab and hunt for the great white whale which men called Moby Dick.

I landed in New Bedford on a Saturday night in December. I was very unhappy to learn that the boat for Nantucket had already sailed. There was no way of reaching Nantucket until Monday.

What a bitter night! I must find somewhere to stay.



I soon came to an inn.

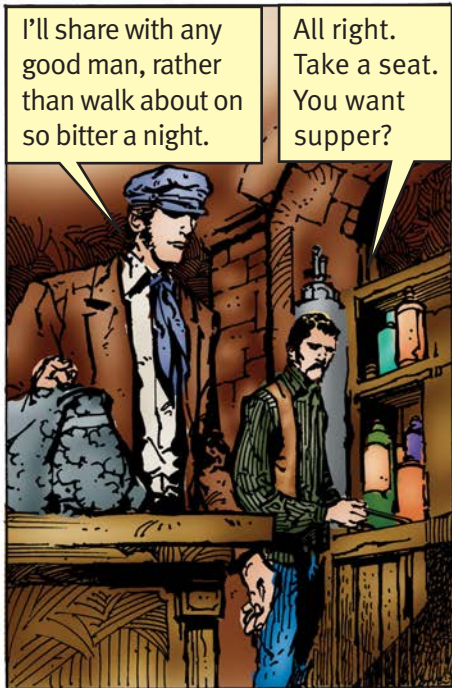
Spouter? Coffin! Rather evil sounding—but I'll risk it.



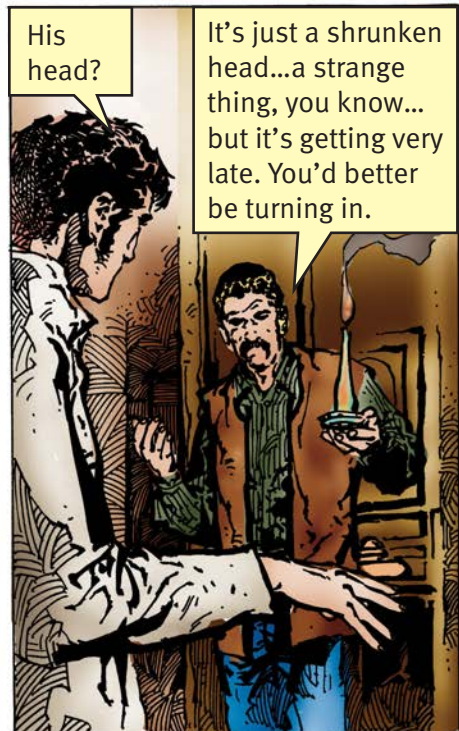
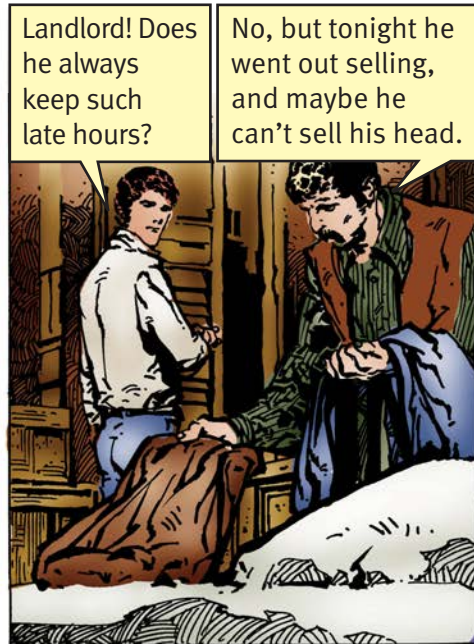
Inside, I found the landlord.

My house is full. But wait! You have no objection to sharing a bed with a harpooner, have you?





But at twelve o'clock the harpooner still hadn't come in.



I took the landlord's advice. But I had not been asleep long before I awakened and...



First he prayed to a stone god. Then, undressing, he lit up a tomahawk which he used as a pipe.



Putting out the lamp, he jumped into bed.

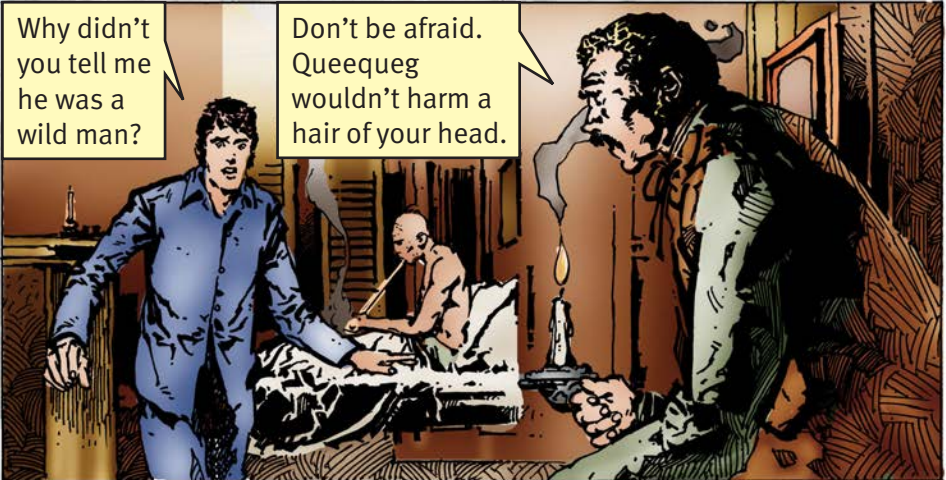
Who-ee
devil you?
Speak or
I kill!

Landlord,
save me!



Why didn't
you tell me
he was a
wild man?

Don't be afraid.
Queequeg
wouldn't harm a
hair of your head.



After some thought...

Why be upset? He's a human being, just as I am...and a whaling man. Better to sleep with a sober wild man than a drunken Christian.



If you'll just put that tomahawk away, or pipe, or whatever it is.

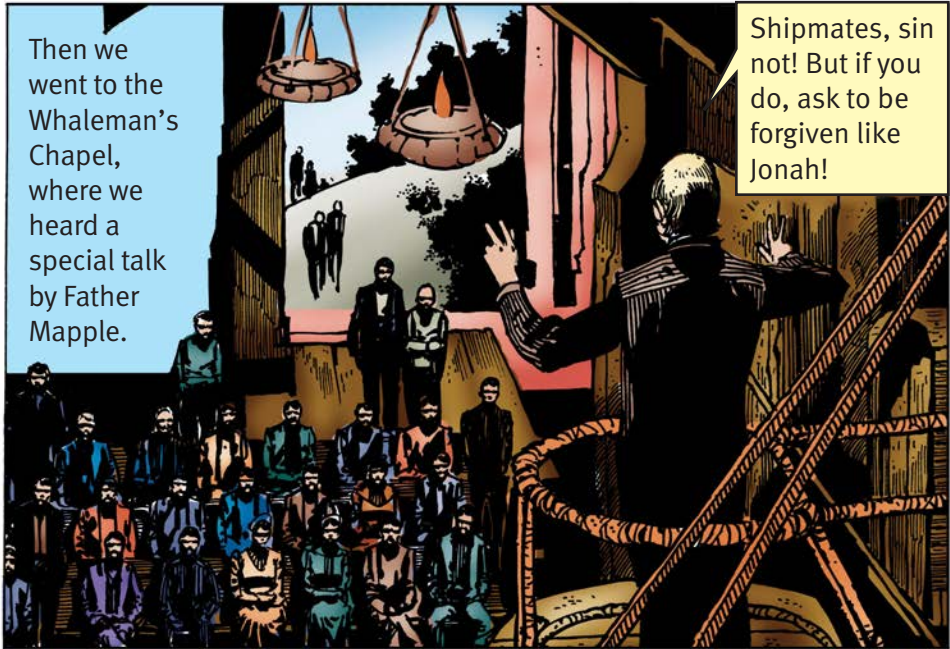
Me do... you get in.



I never slept better in my life. Next morning, we had breakfast.

No coffee and rolls for him...only beefsteaks, rare.



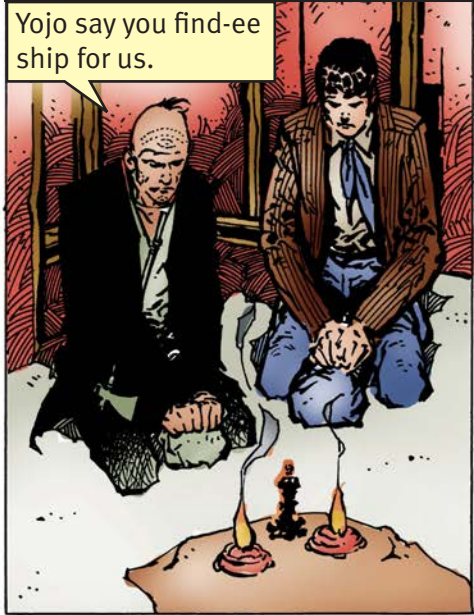


And so, on Monday, we took the boat to Nantucket.



In Nantucket, Queequeg asked his stone god, Yojo, for help.

Yojo say you find-ee ship for us.



And so I set out among the many ships. Of the ships in port, I picked the Pequod. On deck, in a tent supported by whale bone, I found Captain Peleg, a Quaker and owner of one of the boats.

Sir, I was thinking of going on a ship.

You were? What takes you a-whaling?

