

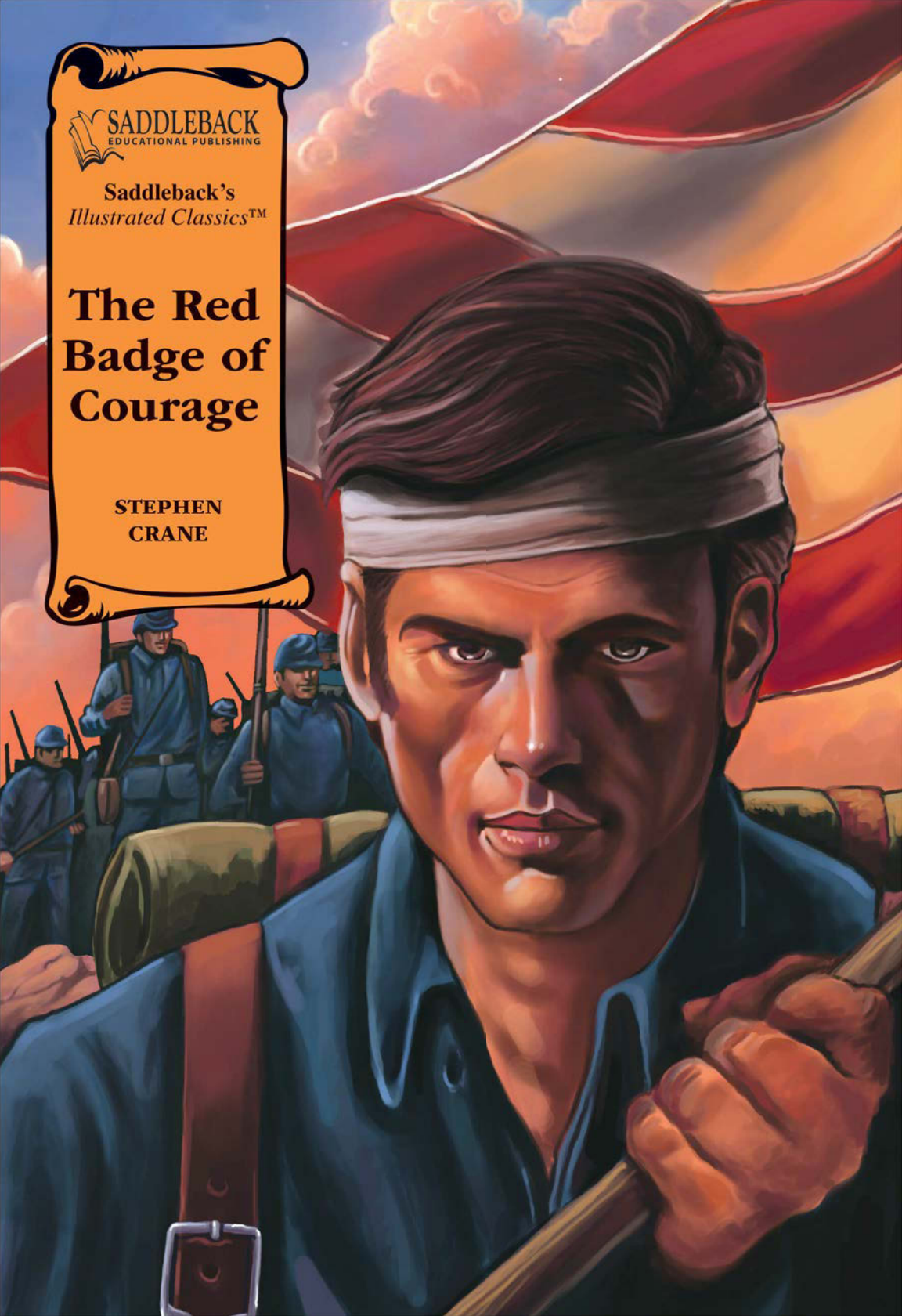


SADDLEBACK
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Saddleback's
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The Red Badge of Courage

**STEPHEN
CRANE**



Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*



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Stephen Crane

Stephen Crane, an American novelist, short-story writer, poet, and journalist, was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1871. The 14th child in his family, he briefly attended college but left to work as a newspaper writer in New York City.

Work as a war correspondent later took Crane to Greece, Cuba, and Mexico. On one trip his boat was shipwrecked, and he and his fellow passengers spent four days adrift at sea before they were rescued.

Like many writers, Crane drew on his experiences in his work. His observations of New York City's slums were the basis for his first novel. The frightening shipwreck episode became his great short story, "The Open Boat." But his most famous novel, *The Red Badge of Courage: An Episode of the American Civil War*, was based on conversations with war veterans, historic accounts of military battles, and his own vivid imagination. It was not until after it was published that Crane, the war correspondent, saw the horrors he had so movingly described.

Crane died of tuberculosis in 1900. Although he was only 28 when he died, he left a large and pioneering body of work.

Stephen Crane

The Red Badge of Courage



Mother



Jim Conklin



Wilson



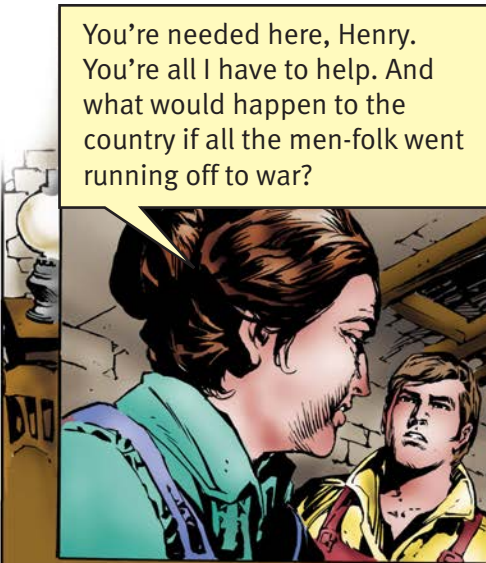
Henry Fleming



General



Less than a hundred years after the United States became a new country, there was a terrible war, bloody and horrible. Henry Fleming, a farm boy in New York State, dreamed of how he would join the army and become a great hero. This is the story of what happened to Henry's dreams.





Henry wondered: Was that all Ma was going to say? But when he was ready to leave for camp....



Do your duty, child. If there comes a time when you have to be killed or do a mean thing, why Henry, don't think of anything except what's right. The Lord will take care of us all.



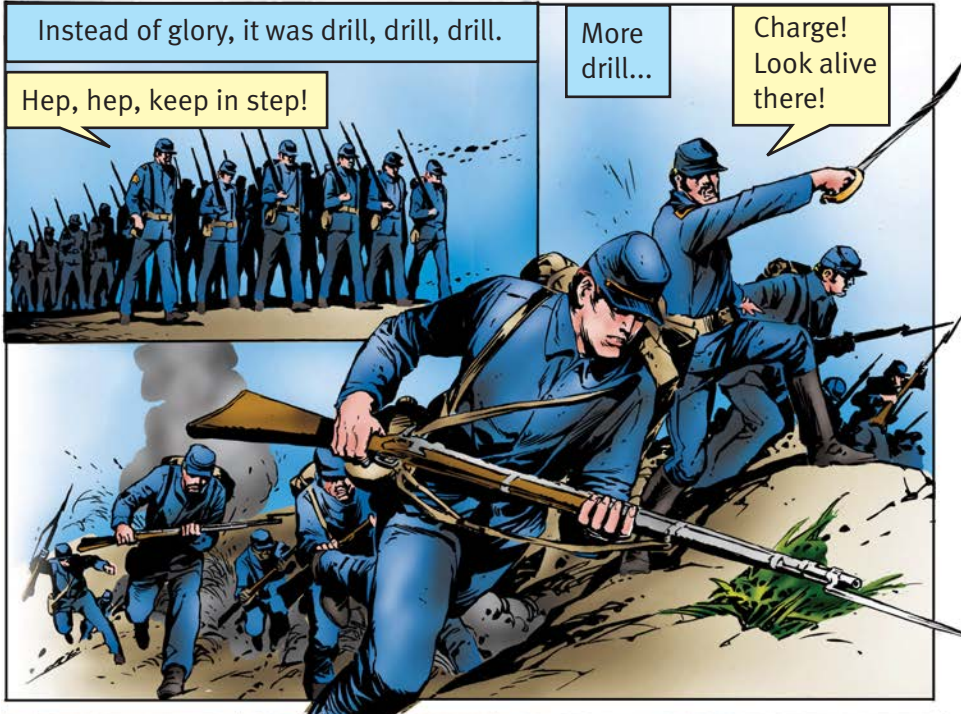
Don't forget the socks I knit you, and your shirts. I've put a cup of blackberry jam with your bundle because I know you like it above all things. Good-bye, Henry. Watch out, and be a good boy.

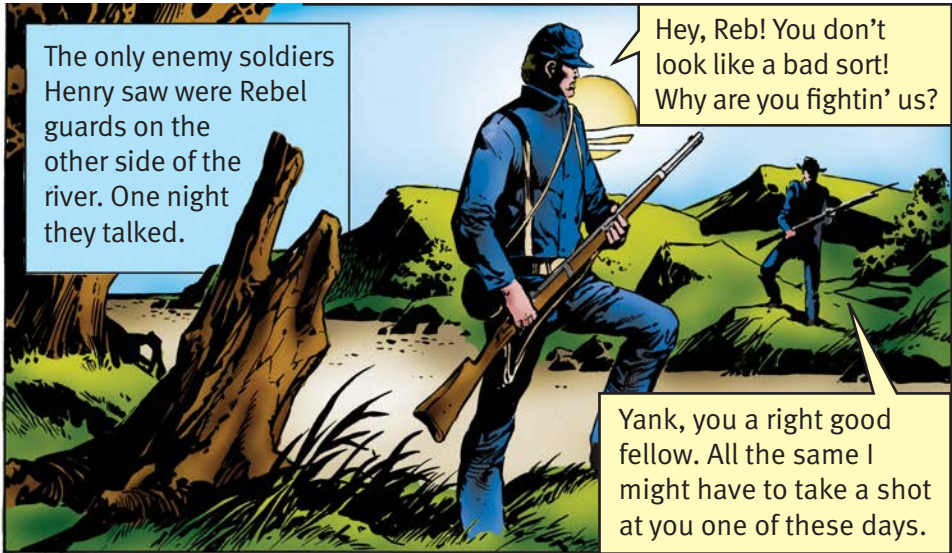


Good-bye, Ma.









Then after weeks of waiting...

I'll tell you, we'll be fighting tomorrow!

I'll believe it when I see it, Conklin!

Is there going to be a big battle, Jim?

Of course, one of the biggest! The cavalry left this morning, going to Richmond, while we fight here!



A terrible fear, a fear that had been growing in Henry for days took hold of him.

How will I act in battle? What if I run? What if I turn out to be a coward?



Jim! Think any of the boys will run?



Oh, a few maybe. But most will fight like anything after they get started.

Er...think you might run yourself, Jim?



Well, if a whole lot of the boys started to run, why, I suppose I'd run, too. But if everybody was standing and fighting, why I'd stand and fight. By gosh, I would.

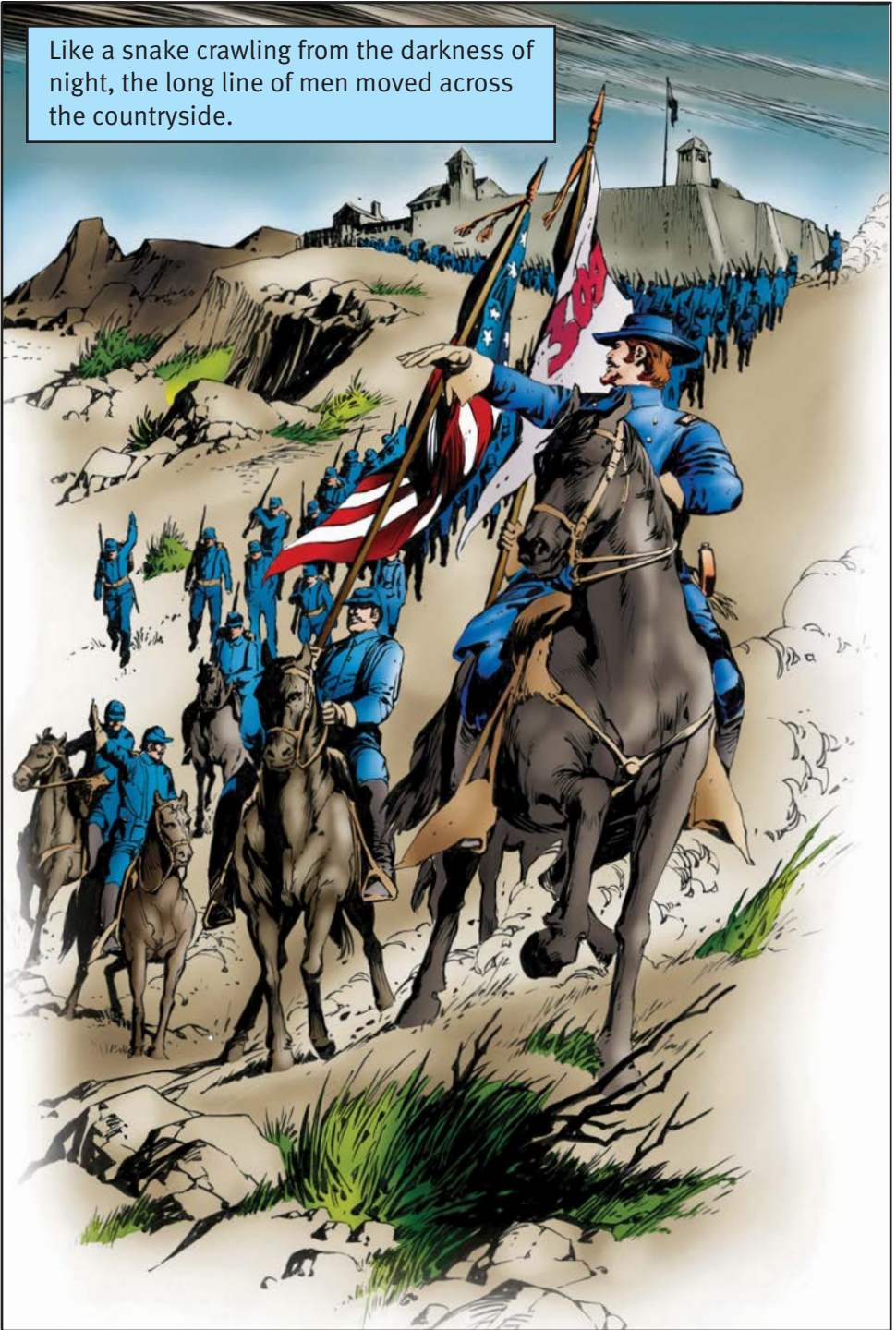
There was no battle the next day. But a few days after that...

Fall in! On the double!



Didn't I tell you? You'll get your bellyful of fightin' today!

Like a snake crawling from the darkness of night, the long line of men moved across the countryside.



As they marched, the men became happy.

Oh, we'll hang Jeff Davis from an old apple tree, we'll hang Jeff Davis from an old apple tree...



How can they laugh and sing just before a battle? Aren't they afraid?

And when they camped for the night...

You're looking very pale, Henry. What is wrong with you?



Oh, nothing, Wilson.

Cheer up, my boy!
This time we're in
for a big battle, and
we'll lick them good!

How do
you know
you won't
run when
the time
comes?



Run? Not me! I'll
never run! You can
bet on that!

Wish I
could be
so sure.



For days they
marched.

How long is this going
on? All we got is sore feet
and not enough food.



Then, one
morning...

Wake up,
Henry!
We're
moving
out...fast!



