



Learn English Through Stories

C Series

C27

Adopted and modified by

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1. White Fang

Chapter five: The Great Fight

When the first snows began to fall, Beauty Smith took White Fang on a boat up the Yukon to Dawson. He called White Fang "The Killer Wolf¹" and showed him to people for money. When White Fang slept, people woke him with a stick. They wanted to see an angry wolf.

White Fang was very angry, he hated everybody. He hated Beauty Smith because he hurt him all the time. Beauty Smith wanted an angry wolf because he wanted a fighter.

Sometimes, at night, Beauty Smith took White Fang into the woods outside the town. In the morning, a lot of people and a dog arrived. White Fang fought the dog.

Usually, he killed him. He was a better fighter than the other dogs.

After a time, the fights stopped because Beauty Smith could not find dogs for them. Then, in the spring, he suddenly took him to a fight. It was a fight with a very strange dog.

This dog was short and heavy. The people shouted to him, "Go to him, Cherokee! Eat him!"

But Cherokee did not really want to fight. Then a man began to stroke the dog's body from its bottom to its head. Suddenly, Cherokee felt angry and he began to run to White Fang.

White Fang quickly jumped on him and bit him behind his ear. The dog did not snarl. He turned and followed White Fang. Again and again White Fang jumped on Cherokee and bit him. Again and again Cherokee followed him. He planned to do something, but what? White Fang could not understand him. And he could not bite his neck below his head. Cherokee was too short, and his head was too large.

Again and again White Fang tried to push Cherokee onto the ground, but Cherokee was too short and heavy. Then White Fang pushed too hard and fell to the ground. Cherokee bit into his neck. White Fang jumped up and ran. Cherokee's teeth stayed in his neck. White Fang hated this. He hated being near the other dog. He ran around and around.

He only stopped when he was tired. Cherokee pushed him onto his back and sat

on top of him. His teeth did not leave White Fang's neck. Slowly, he moved his teeth up White Fang's neck. Beauty Smith began to kick White Fang angrily.

Suddenly, a tall young man pushed his way through the people to Beauty Smith. He was very angry and his Grey eyes were cold. He hit Beauty Smith in the face. Beauty Smith fell to the ground.

"Matt, come here," the young man called.

A shorter, older man went to him and they tried to pull Cherokee off White Fang.

"You can't pull him off, Scott," said Matt. "We have to open his mouth." Scott took out his gun and pushed it between Cherokee's teeth. Then he slowly opened the dog's mouth and Matt pulled White Fang's neck out from the dog's teeth.

White Fang tried to get up, but his legs were too weak. He fell back into the snow.

Beauty Smith got up slowly and came to him. He looked at him.

"Matt, how much does a good sled-dog cost?" Scott asked.

"Three hundred dollars."

"And how much for this dog now?"

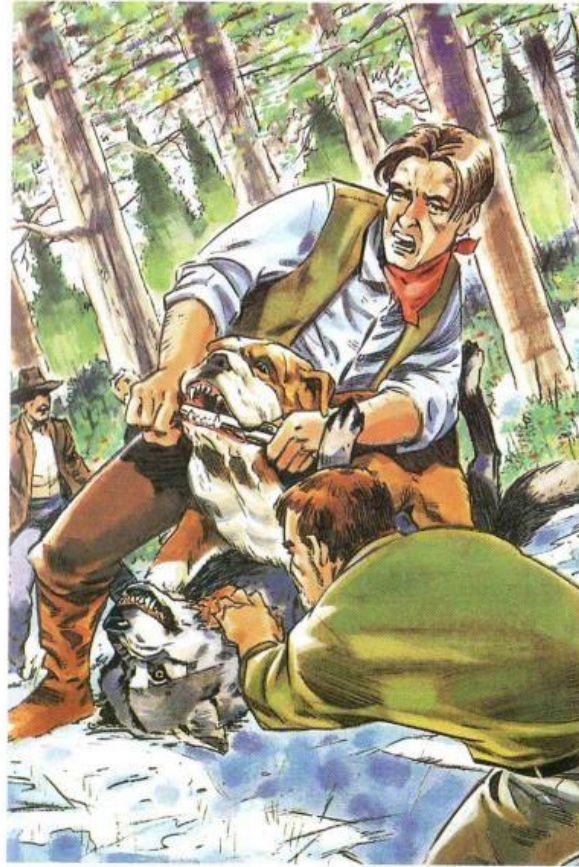
"Half of that."

Scott turned to Beauty Smith.

"Did you hear that? I'm going to take your dog, and I'm going to give you a hundred and fifty dollars for him." He took out the money.

"I'm not selling," said Beauty Smith.

"Oh yes, you are," said Scott. "Because I'm buying. Here's your money."



Matt pulled White Fang's neck out from the dog's teeth.

Beauty Smith put his hands behind him and moved away. Scott ran after him.

"Take the money or I'll hit you again," he said.

"All right," Beauty Smith said quickly.

"But I'm going to tell the police in Dawson." "Then you'll have to leave town. Do you understand?"

"Yes," answered Beauty Smith and moved away.

Scott turned his back on him and went to White Fang.

Chapter six: Love Begins

Weedon Scott sat outside his small house in the woods and looked at White Fang. White Fang snarled angrily at Matt's sled dogs.

"He's a wolf, and we can't change him," Scott said to Matt.

"Wolf or dog, he can pull a sled," said Matt. "Look at these lines on his back."

"Can he be a sled-dog again?" Scott asked. He was interested in this idea.

"Maybe. Let's see. Untie him." Scott looked at him.

"You untie him!" he said.

So Matt took a heavy stick and went to White Fang. He untied him. White Fang slowly walked away from him. He could not understand these gods. They did not hit him.

Scott went into the house and came out with some meat. He threw it to White Fang. White Fang jumped away from it and looked at it.

One of Matt's dogs jumped for the meat. Then White Fang jumped on him and bit him. The dog fell to the ground. Matt ran to him, but he was too late. The dog quickly died.

"We'll have to kill him," Scott said.

"Don't kill him now, Mr. Scott," Matt answered. "Maybe he'll change."

"I don't want to kill him," Scott said. "I want to be nice to him."

He walked to White Fang and started to talk to him quietly.

He moved his hand near White Fang. Suddenly, White Fang bit it. Scott cried out and White Fang moved away.

Matt ran into the house and came out with a gun. White Fang began to snarl loudly at him.

"Don't kill him! He knows that guns are dangerous!" Scott said. "He's very intelligent."

"All right," Matt said. He put the gun down and White Fang stopped snarling.

"You're right, Mr. Scott. He knows that a gun can kill," he said.

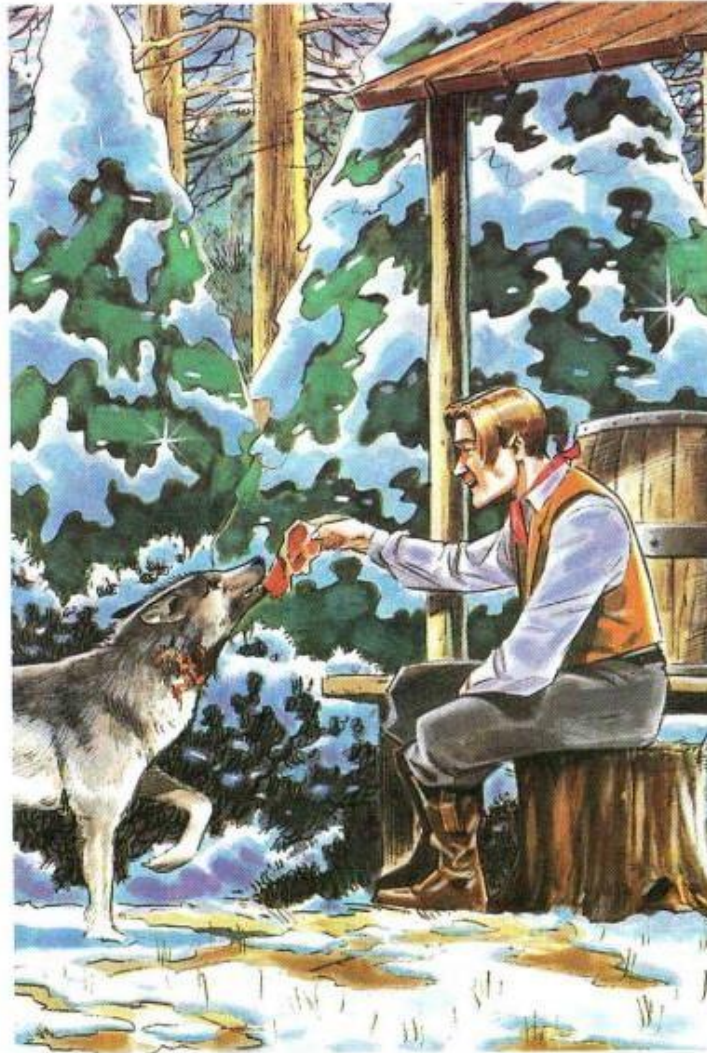
The next day, Scott sat outside the house. White Fang watched him. Scott began to speak. White Fang snarled, but Scott did not move. He spoke quietly for a long time. White Fang stopped snarling and listened to the sound of the god.

After a long time, the god got up and went into the house. When he came out, he sat down in the same place. He had some meat in his hand. White Fang's ears stood up and he looked at the meat. It was good meat, but he did not go near it. He was afraid of the god.

Then the god threw the meat on the snow at White Fang's feet. He smelled it carefully but he did not look at it. He watched the god. Nothing happened. The god did not get up, and he did not hit him. White Fang took the meat and ate it.

The god showed him some more meat in his hand, and again White Fang did not go to him. Again the god threw it to him in the snow. The god repeated this a number of times. But then he did not throw the meat to him. He only showed it to him in his hand. The meat was good, and White Fang was hungry. Slowly, he went near the hand and then he took the meat from it. His eyes never left the god's face, and the hair on his neck stood up. He ate the meat, but nothing happened.

He waited. The god talked again, quietly and warmly. Then he put his hand lightly on White Fang's head. White Fang felt very afraid, but he also felt happy. He hated the hand, but he liked the warm sound of the words. He snarled, but he did not bite the hand. The god stroked White Fang's head lightly again and again. White Fang began to like it.



Slowly, he went near the hand and then he took the meat from it.

In this way, White Fang's old life ended, and his new life began. Slowly, he learned new lessons and forgot old ones. He did not run away, because he liked this god. Then he began to really love him. Without him, he was very sad.

In the early morning, he did not run in the woods, but waited for the man outside the house for hours. At night, when the man came home, White Fang left his warm place under the snow. He wanted to see and hear the god. He wanted to be with him. White Fang did not show his love openly. He never ran to the god. Only his eyes showed his love.

In the late spring, the man suddenly went away. White Fang waited all night for him outside the house, but he did not come. Days came and went. The man did not come back. White Fang was sick for the first time in his life. Matt brought him inside the house. He wrote to Scott:

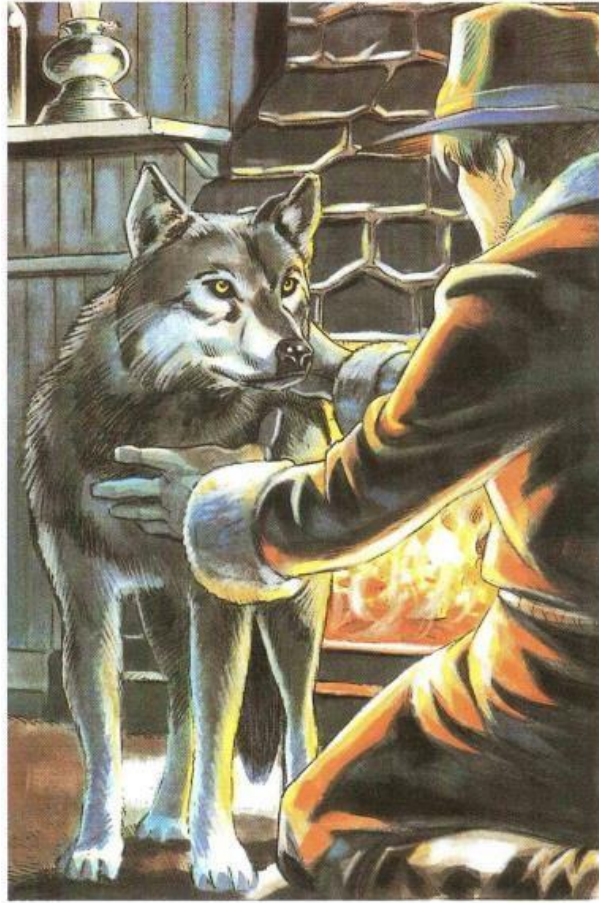
"The wolf can't work or eat. He wants you. He's going to die without you."

Then, one evening, White Fang suddenly made a quiet noise and got up. His ears stood up and he listened hard. The door opened and Weedon Scott came in. He spoke to Matt and then looked around the room.

"Where's the wolf?" he asked.

Then he saw him near the fire. He called him and White Fang came to him quickly. A strange light shone in his eyes. He never looked at me that way," said Matt.

Scott did not hear him. He was face to face with White Fang.



He stroked him, again and again, behind his ears, on his back .

He stroked him, again and again, behind his ears, on his back. White Fang felt a very strong love for him and suddenly he pushed his head between Scott's arm and body. It stayed there for a long time.

Scott looked at Matt. His eyes shone.

"I knew it! This wolf is a dog. Look at him!" said Matt.

White Fang felt better because he was happy again. A day later he left the house and went outside. The sled-dogs jumped on him and he fought them happily. He was well and strong and there was life in him again!

Chapter seven: The Southland

"Listen to that!" said Matt at dinner one night. Through the door came a quiet, sad noise.

"That wolf knows that you're leaving," said Matt.

"What can I do with a wolf in California?" asked Scott. A second sad noise came through the door.

"How does he know that you're going?" asked Matt.

"I don't know," answered Scott, sadly.

One morning, White Fang saw Scott's open bags on the floor of the house.

Scott and Matt came and went all day. Sometimes Scott put things in the bags. White Fang could not eat. That night he cried loudly outside the house. The next day he felt very afraid. He followed Scott everywhere.

Two Indians arrived and took Scott's bags. Scott came to the door of the house and called White Fang inside. He stroked white Fang behind his ears and spoke to him sadly.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm going a long way, and you can't come with me."

White Fang pushed his head between Scott's arm and body.

From the river came the sound of a boat. Matt and Scott got up and left the house quickly. They shut the front door and the back door, and they went down to the river.

"Be good to him, Matt," said Scott.

"Write and tell me about him."

"I will," said Matt.

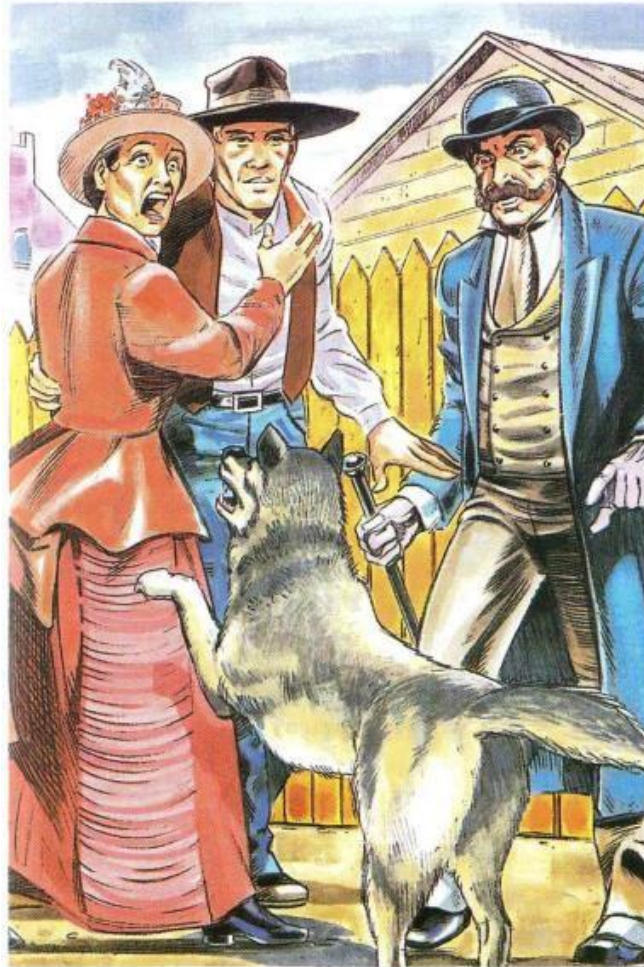
"Listen to him!"

White Fang cried loudly in the house behind them.

On the boat the two men said goodbye. Suddenly, Matt saw White Fang! He was on the boat!

The two men went to him and they found cuts on his face and body.

"We forgot to close the window. He jumped through it!" said Matt.



White Fang jumped at her and snarled angrily.

"Goodbye, Matt, old man. About the wolf—don't write. I—"

"What! You mean—?"

"Yes! I will write to you about him!"

Later, when White Fang arrived in San Francisco, he felt very afraid. There were a lot of people, and he could not look at them. The noise in the streets hurt his ears and the houses were very large. He stayed near his god all the time.

The god took him to a small room and left him there for a long time. The room was full of bags. When the god came back, they left the city. They were in a quiet country now.

A man and a woman came to his god, and the woman put her arms around his neck. She wanted to fight him! White Fang jumped at her and snarled angrily. His god stopped him.

"It's all right, Mother," Scott said. "He'll learn."

The woman laughed, but her face was white. She was afraid.

Scott spoke quietly to White Fang, and then more loudly: "Down! Down!" White Fang lay down.

Scott put his arms around his mother, and watched White Fang "Down! Down!" he repeated.

White Fang watched them. This time he did not jump up at the woman. The gods got into a carriage and drove away. White Fang ran behind them.

After fifteen minutes the carriage turned into a small road between two lines of trees.

Suddenly, a dog stood between White Fang and the carriage. Its eyes shone angrily. White Fang ran to it but stopped. He could not fight it because it was a she-dog. She was afraid of him so she jumped at him. She bit him, but he did not hurt her. He tried to move around her but she stopped him.

"Here, Collie!" called the strange god in the carriage. Weedon Scott laughed.

"It's all right, Father. White Fang will have to learn many things. He can start learning now."

The carriage drove away, but Collie did not move. White Fang ran around her and she followed quickly. Suddenly, he turned and pushed her to the ground. Then he ran after the carriage. She followed but she could not catch him.

The carriage stopped at a large house. When White Fang came to the house, a large dog suddenly ran to him very fast. It pushed him to the ground. White Fang jumped up and almost bit the dog's neck. But then Collie angrily jumped on him.

Again White Fang fell to the ground.

His god came and stroked White Fang. Another god called the other dogs to him. Under his god's hand White Fang felt better.

The carriage left and more strange gods came out of the house. Two of them

put their arms around his god's neck, but White Fang did not move.

The gods walked into the house. White Fang followed "Take Collie inside and leave Dick and your dog outside. They'll fight and then they'll be friends," said Scott's father.

"Dick'll be dead in two minutes!" answered Scott. "The wolf will have to come inside."

2. The Future Tense

You can also use the **simple present** tense to talk about things that have been arranged for the future.

1. The bus **leaves** in ten minutes.
2. The new supermarket **opens** tomorrow.
3. Jugga **moves** to the second grade next year.
4. The new school year starts on Monday.
5. Next month I **go** to summer camp.
6. We **have** a history test next week.
7. We **have** a lesson next Monday.
8. The train **arrives** at 6.30 in the morning.
9. The holidays **start** next week.
10. It **is** my birthday tomorrow.

We can use the **present continuous** for plans or arrangements:

1. I'm playing football tomorrow.
2. They are coming to see us tomorrow.
3. We're having a party at Christmas.

Will be ing form:

1. They'll be coming to see us next week.
2. I'll be driving to work tomorrow.

3. Picture Dictionary page

decrease
decreases decreasing decreased
verb
to become smaller.
The number of whales in the world is decreasing.
■ opposite **increase**

deep
adjective
going down a long way from the surface.



A deep well.
■ comparisons **deeper deepest**

deer
noun
a mammal with hooves that eats grass and leaves. A male deer is called a stag and has large, branching horns called antlers. A female deer is called a doe.



stag

defeat
defeats defeating defeated *verb*
to win a game or a battle against someone.
She defeated her brother at chess.

defend
defends defending defended *verb*
to protect or guard.
Birds stay with their eggs to defend them from attackers.
defense *noun*

define
defines defining defined *verb*
to describe accurately what something means.
definition *noun*

definite
adjective
certain and clear.
Are you definite about that?
definitely *adverb*

degree
degrees *noun*
1 a unit used to measure temperature and angles. The symbol for a degree is °.
2 a certificate awarded by a college or university.

delay
delays delaying delayed *verb*
to take place later than expected.
The airplane's departure was delayed for seven hours.
delay *noun*

delete
deletes deleting deleted *verb*
to remove something.

**Paris in the
the spring**
word deleted

deliberately
adverb
on purpose.
He deliberately pushed me.
deliberate *adjective*

delicate
adjective
easily broken or damaged.



Delicate butterfly wings.

delicious
adjective
tasting very nice.
The ice cream was delicious.

delighted
adjective
very pleased.



He was delighted with his birthday present.

deliver
delivers delivering delivered *verb*
to bring something to someone.



They delivered the new sofa this morning.
delivery *noun*

demand
demands demanding demanded *verb*
to ask someone for something firmly, not expecting them to refuse.
She demanded to know the truth.
demand *noun*

demolish
demolishes demolishing demolished *verb*
to destroy something.



They started demolishing the house yesterday.

demonstrate
demonstrates demonstrating demonstrated *verb*

1 to show someone how to do something.
He demonstrated the new food mixer.
2 to take part in a public rally or meeting to show that you feel very strongly about something.
The marchers demonstrated against the new highway.
demonstration *noun*

denim
noun

a type of strong, cotton cloth that is often dyed blue.



dense
adjective
thick.
A dense fog.

dent
dents *noun*
a hollow left in the surface of something after it has been hit or pressed.
The car had a dent in its hood.
dent *verb*

dentist
dentists *noun*
a person who examines and repairs your teeth.

