

MOBY DICK

Herman
Melville

Radio Shack
'reading-is-fun'



MOBY DICK

Herman Melville



ILLUSTRATED

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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 heart rending 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 novel.

**Herman
Melville**

MOBY DICK

Adapted by
IRWIN SHAPIRO

Illustrated by
ALEX NINO

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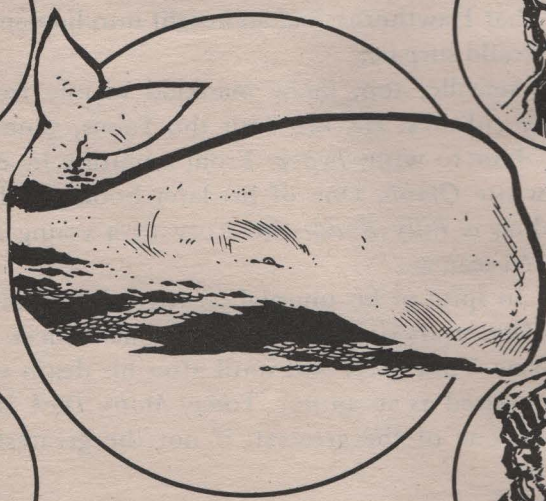
Captain
Ahab



Ishmael



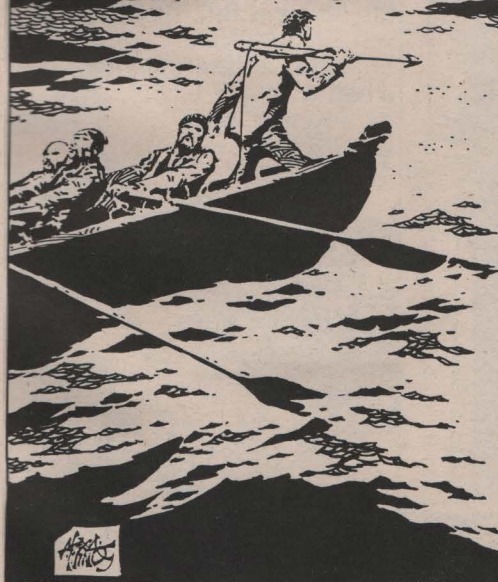
Queequeg



Moby Dick



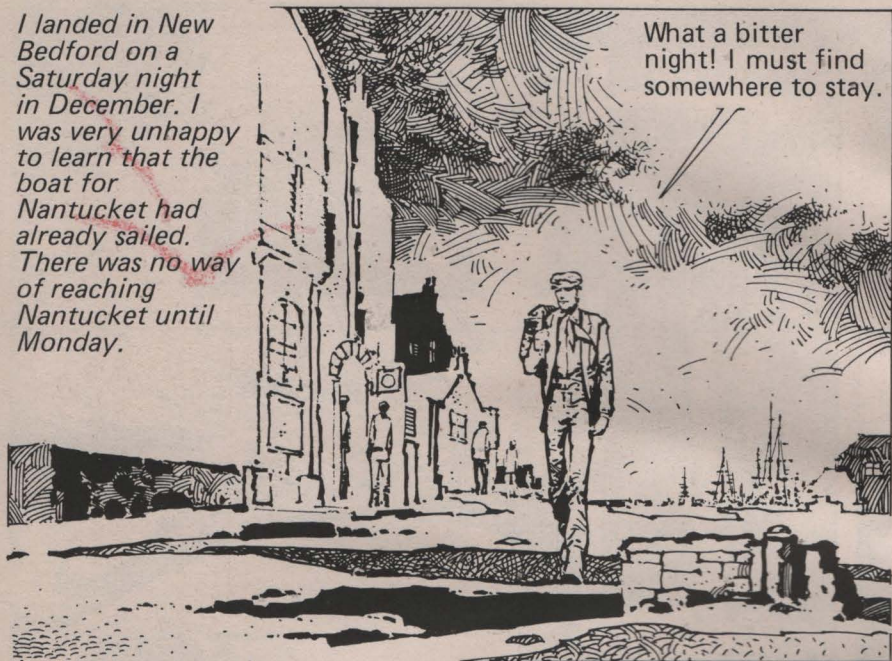
Stubb



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.



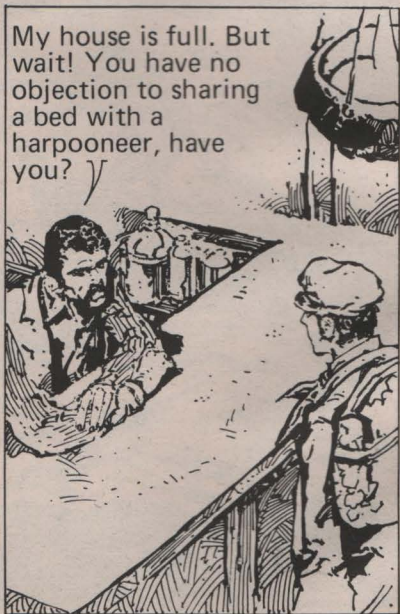
I soon came to an inn.

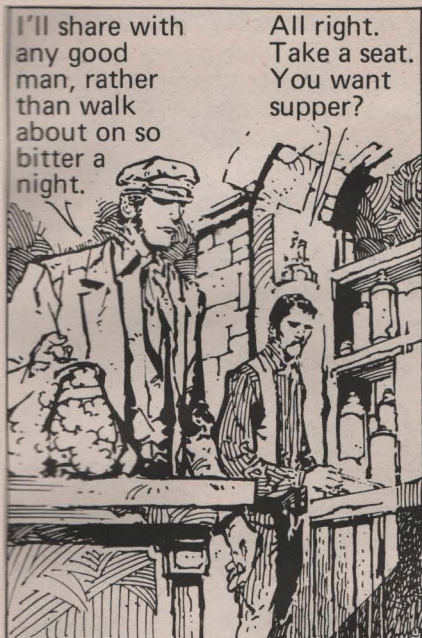
Spouter? Coffin! Rather evil sounding—but I'll risk it. ✓



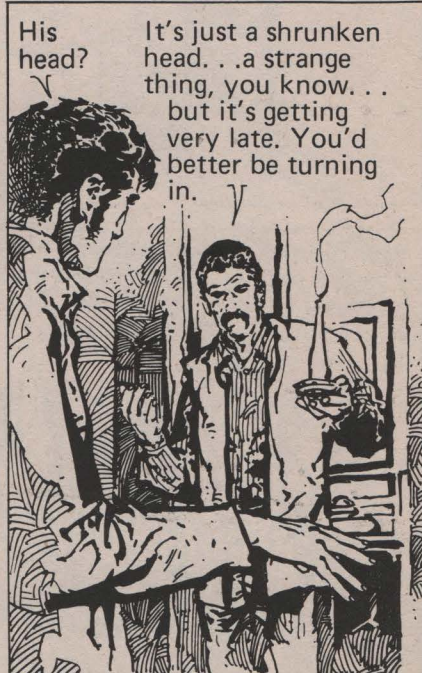
Inside, I found the landlord.

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





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



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



Lord save me!
The harpoon-
eer!

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.

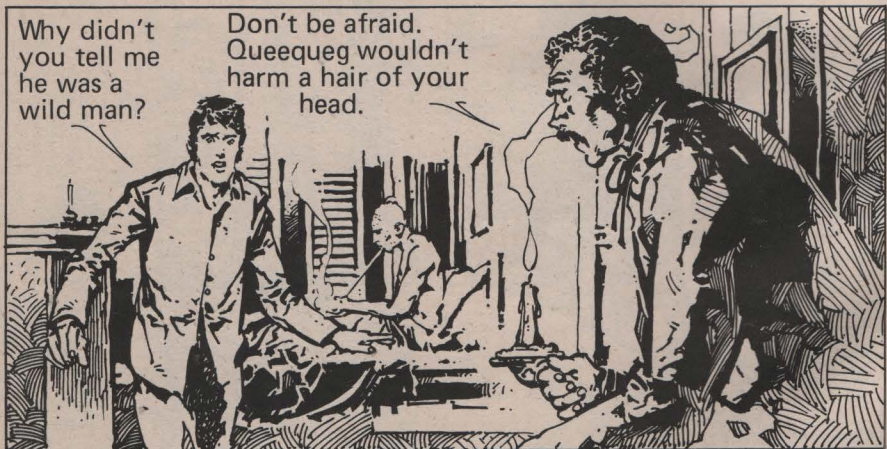


Who-ee
devil you?
Speak
or I kill!

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.



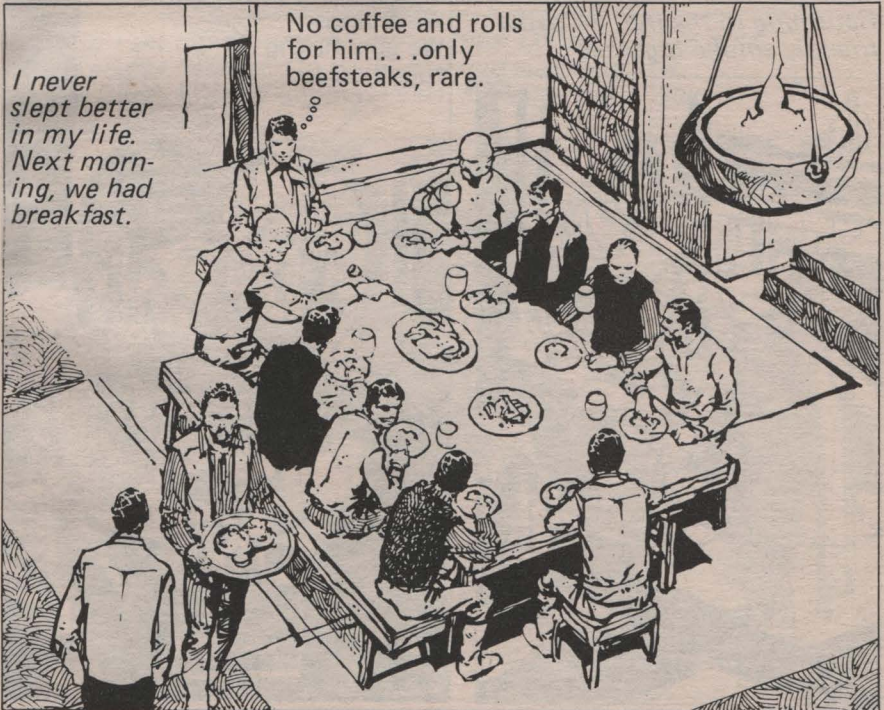
If you'll just put that tomahawk away, or pipe, or whatever it is.

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.



Then we went to the Whaleman's Chapel, where we heard a special talk by Father Mapple.



Shipmates, sin not! But if you do, ask to be forgiven like Jonah!

Returning to the inn, we had a friendly smoke together.



We friends.
We go whaling together.



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

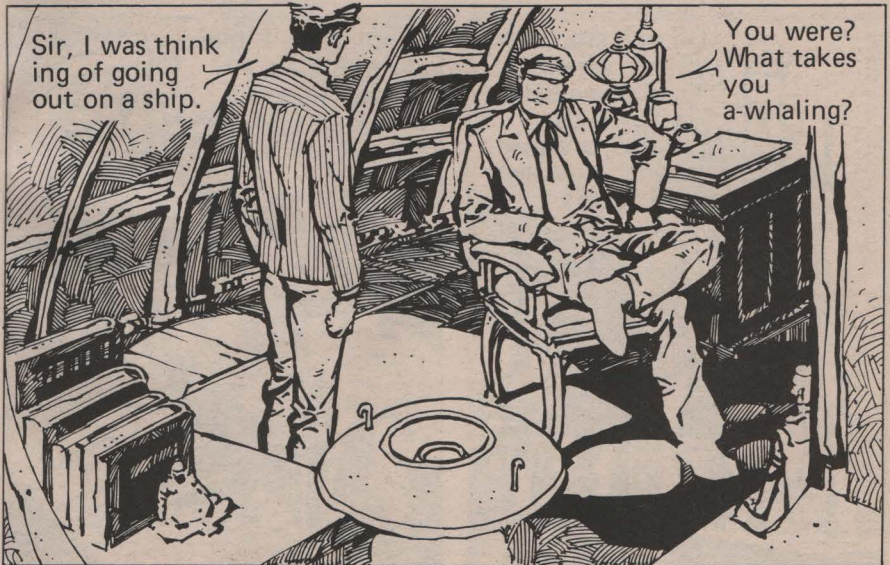


In Nantucket, Queequeg asked his stone god, Yojo, for help.



Yojo say you
find-ee
ship
for us.

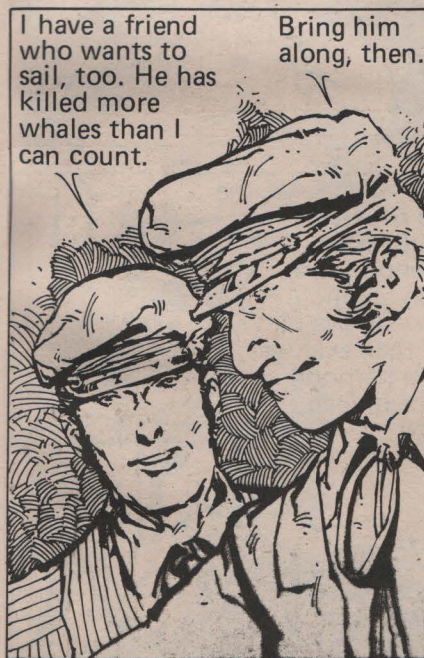
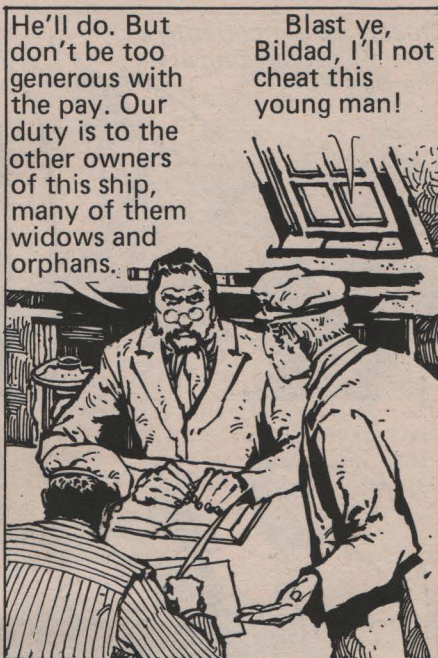
And so I set out among the many ships. Of the ships in port, I picked the Pequod. On deck, in a tent supported by whale bone, I found Captain Peleg, a Quaker and owner of one of the boats.



Sir, I was think
ing of going
out on a ship.

You were?
What takes
you
a-whaling?

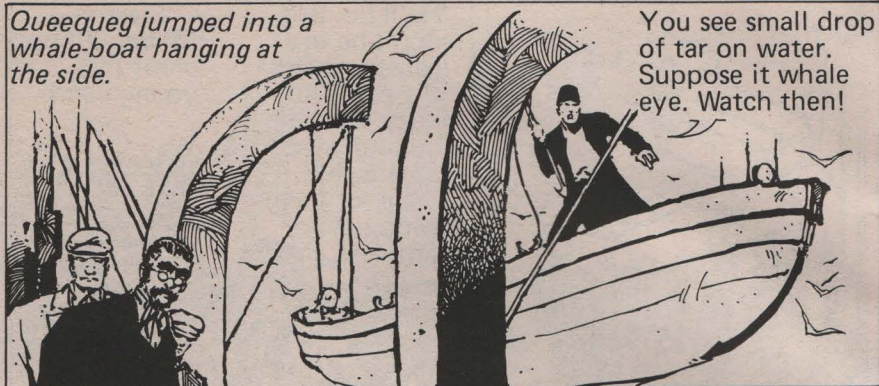




And so, the next day. . .



Queequeg jumped into a whale-boat hanging at the side.



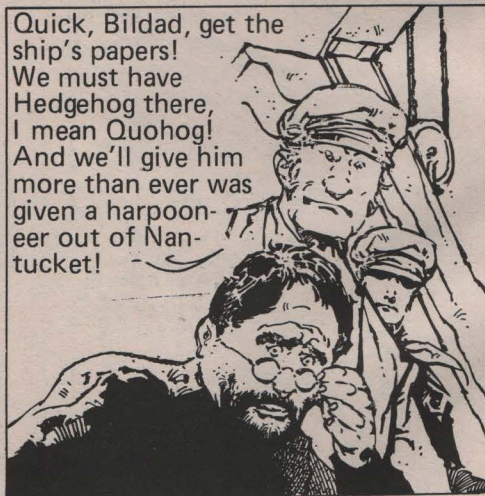
You see small drop of tar on water. Suppose it whale eye. Watch then!



If him whale eye—why, the whale dead!



Quick, Bildad, get the ship's papers! We must have Hedgehog there, I mean Quohog! And we'll give him more than ever was given a harpooner out of Nan-tucket!



As we left the ship we met an old sailor.

Have you signed up with that ship? And have you seen Captain Ahab?



We haven't. They say he's sick, but will soon be all right.

Ha! When Captain Ahab is all right, then this left arm of mine will be all right, not before!

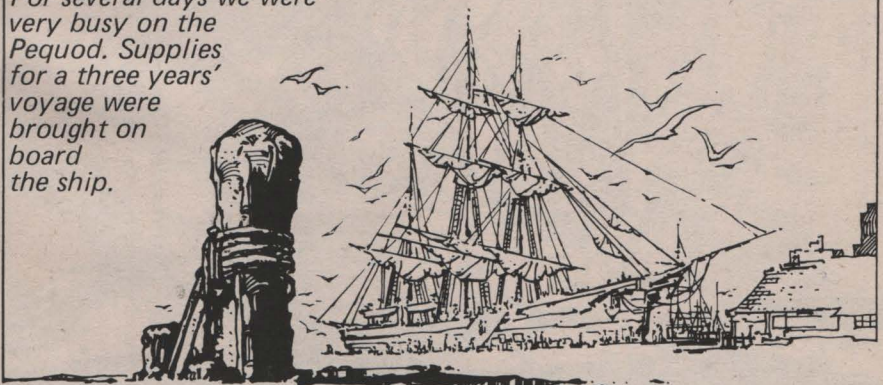


Come Queequeg. . . this fellow is crazy.

Morning to you, shipmates . . . and God pity you! God pity you!



For several days we were very busy on the Pequod. Supplies for a three years' voyage were brought on board the ship.



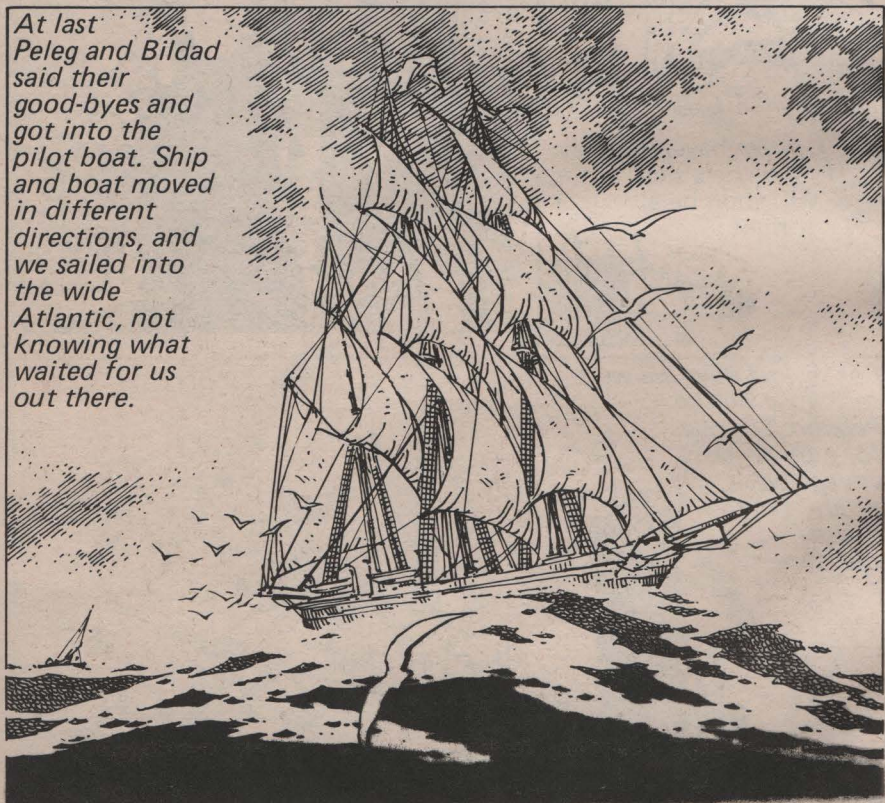
Then, on a cold Christmas day, we sailed, with Bildad and Peleg to lead us out of the port.

**Man the anchor!
Blood and thunder...
jump!**

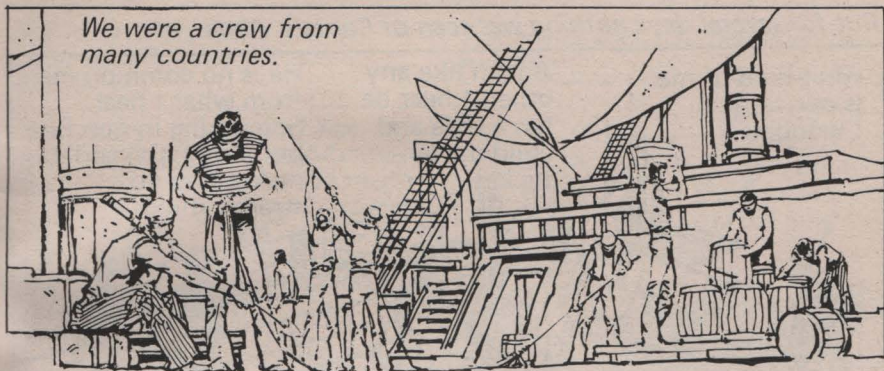
**Move it, you men! Pull and lift it, you men.
Heave, thou Quohog!**



At last Peleg and Bildad said their good-byes and got into the pilot boat. Ship and boat moved in different directions, and we sailed into the wide Atlantic, not knowing what waited for us out there.



*We were a crew from
many countries.*



*Our officers were Chief Mate
Starbuck — tall, and
careful. . . .*

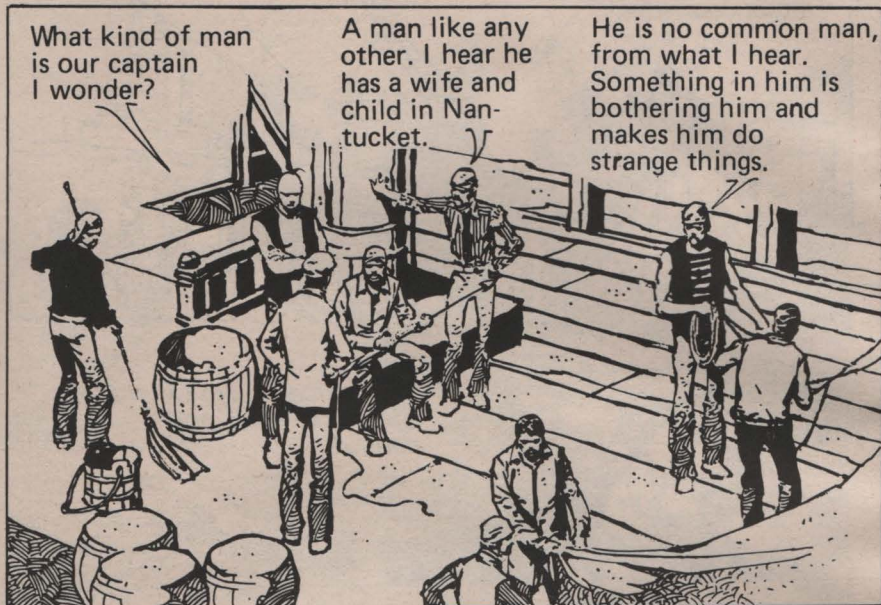


*Happy-go-lucky Stubb, the
Second Mate. . . .*

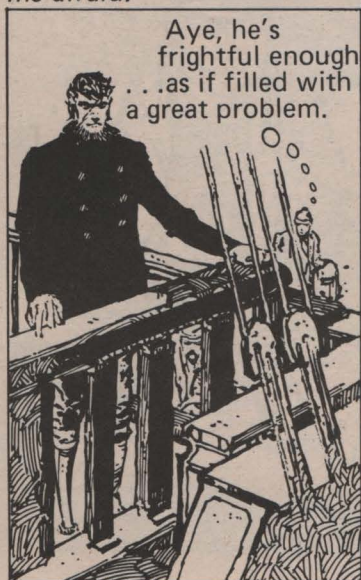


*And Flask, the Third
Mate, who lived to kill.*

But for several days nothing was seen of Captain Ahab.

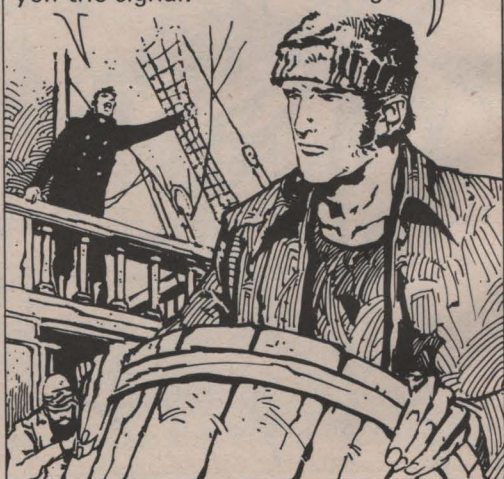


Then one day, I saw him on the quarter-deck. Something about him made me afraid.



You men on top of the mastheads, there! Look sharp ... there are whales around here! If you see a white one, yell the signal.

A white whale? ... there's something special in the wind, something strange!



Not long after, Ahab gave an order usually only for emergencies. . . .

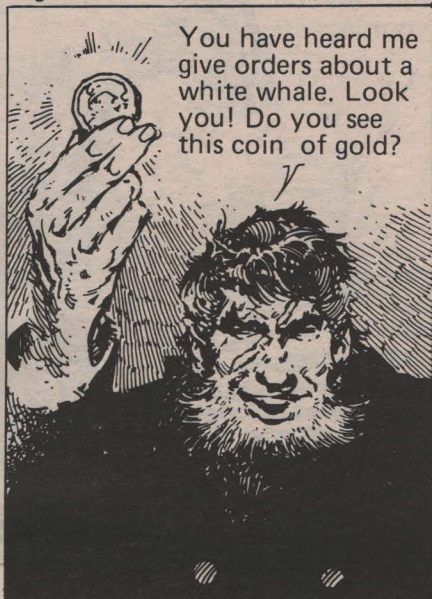
Send everybody to the rear!

Sir? Yes, sir, everybody to the rear.



The entire ship's company came together.

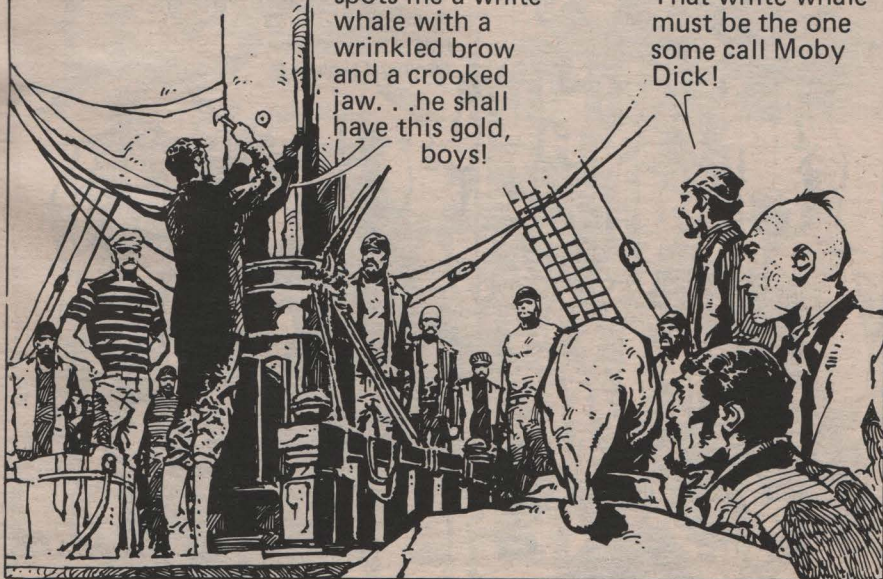
You have heard me give orders about a white whale. Look you! Do you see this coin of gold?

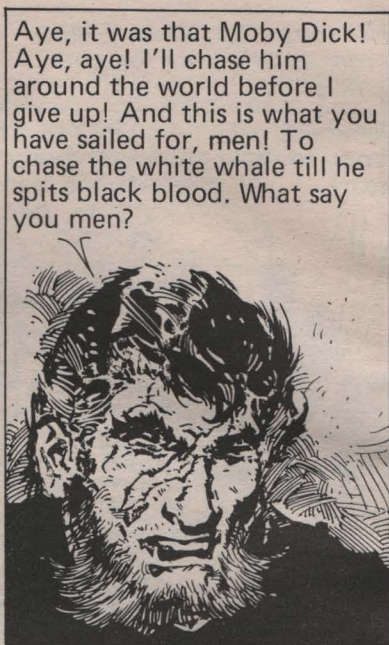


He nailed the coin to the main mast.

Whosoever of you spots me a white whale with a wrinkled brow and a crooked jaw. . . he shall have this gold, boys!

That white whale must be the one some call Moby Dick!



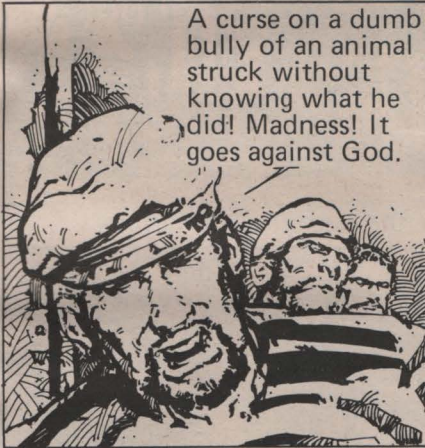


Aren't you going after Moby Dick, Mr. Starbuck?

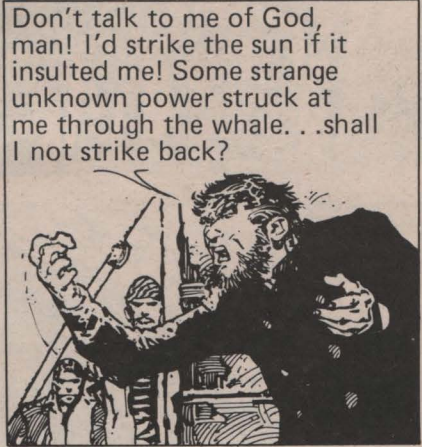


I am brave enough, Captain. But I came to hunt whales, not my captain's vengeance. How many barrels of oil will it give? What will it bring on the market?

A curse on a dumb bully of an animal struck without knowing what he did! Madness! It goes against God.

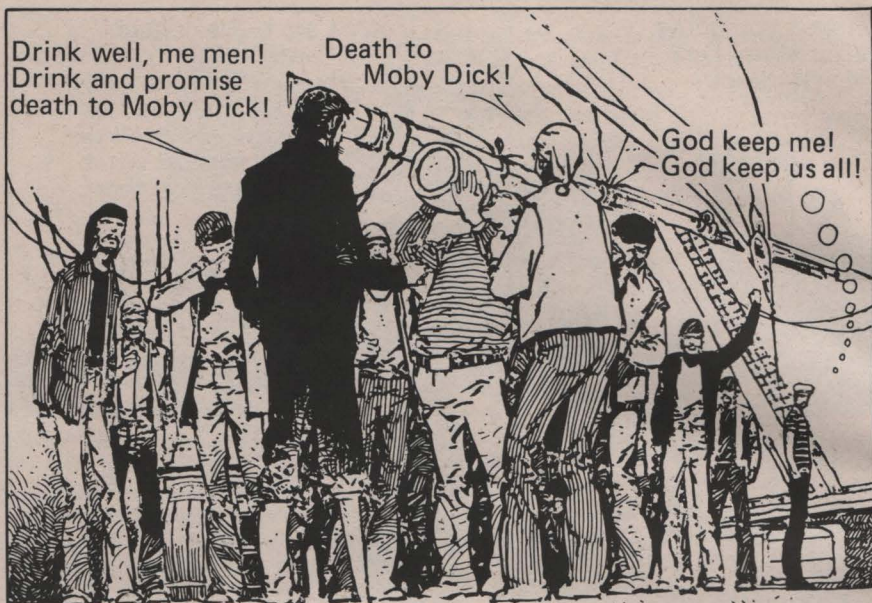


Don't talk to me of God, man! I'd strike the sun if it insulted me! Some strange unknown power struck at me through the whale. . .shall I not strike back?

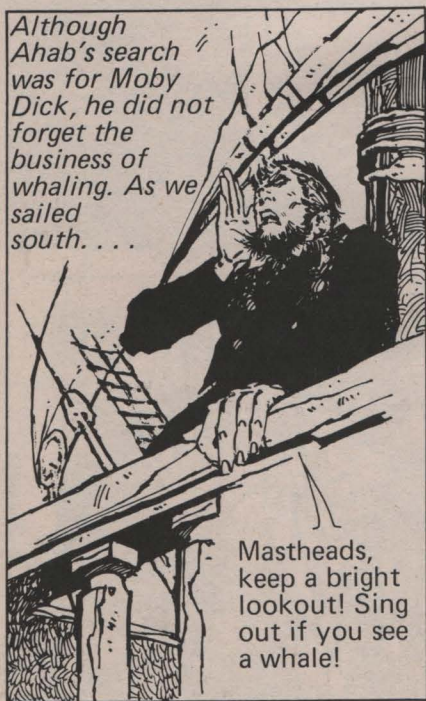


Ah, the barrel of rum! Drink men, and pass it on!

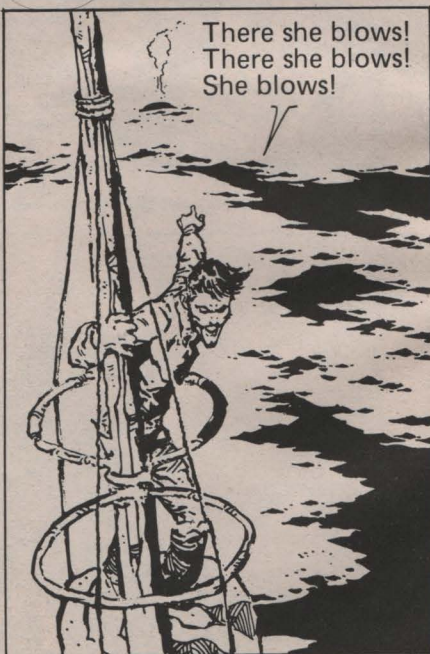




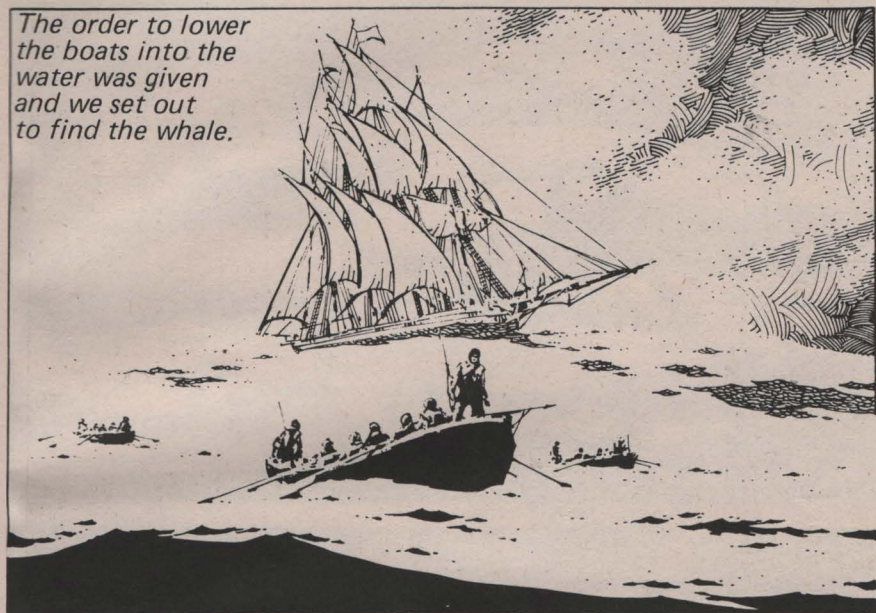
Although
Ahab's search
was for Moby
Dick, he did not
forget the
business of
whaling. As we
sailed
south. . .



And one cloudy afternoon. . .

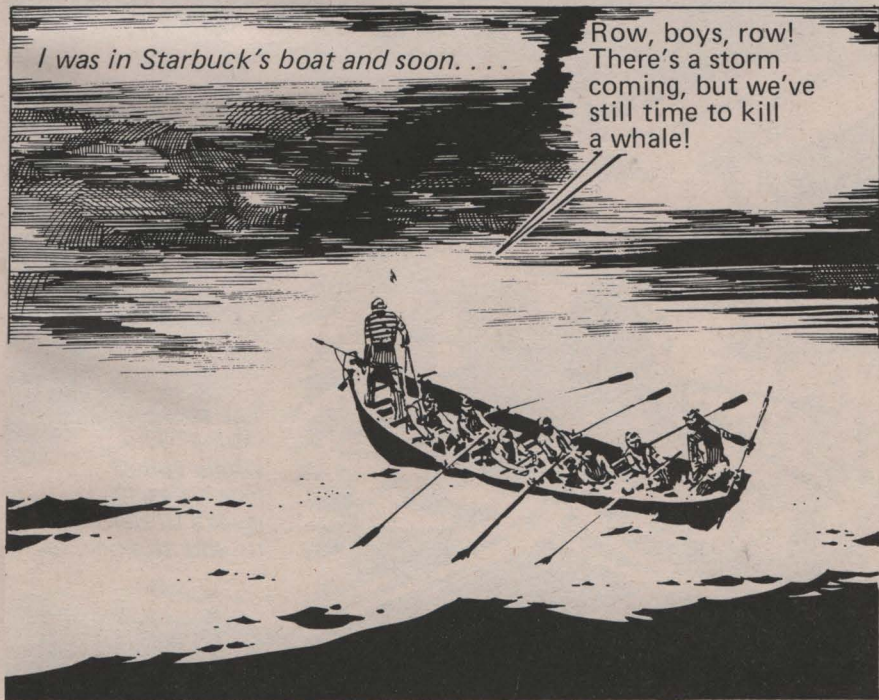


The order to lower the boats into the water was given and we set out to find the whale.

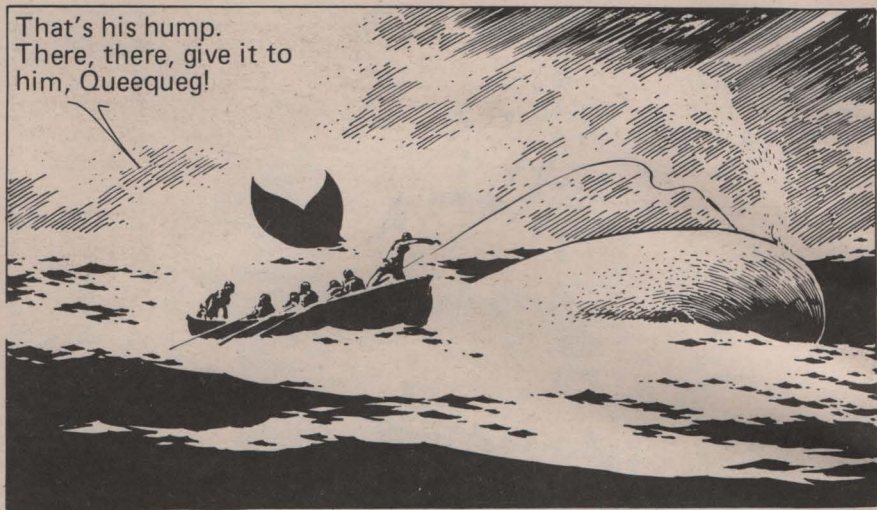


I was in Starbuck's boat and soon. . .

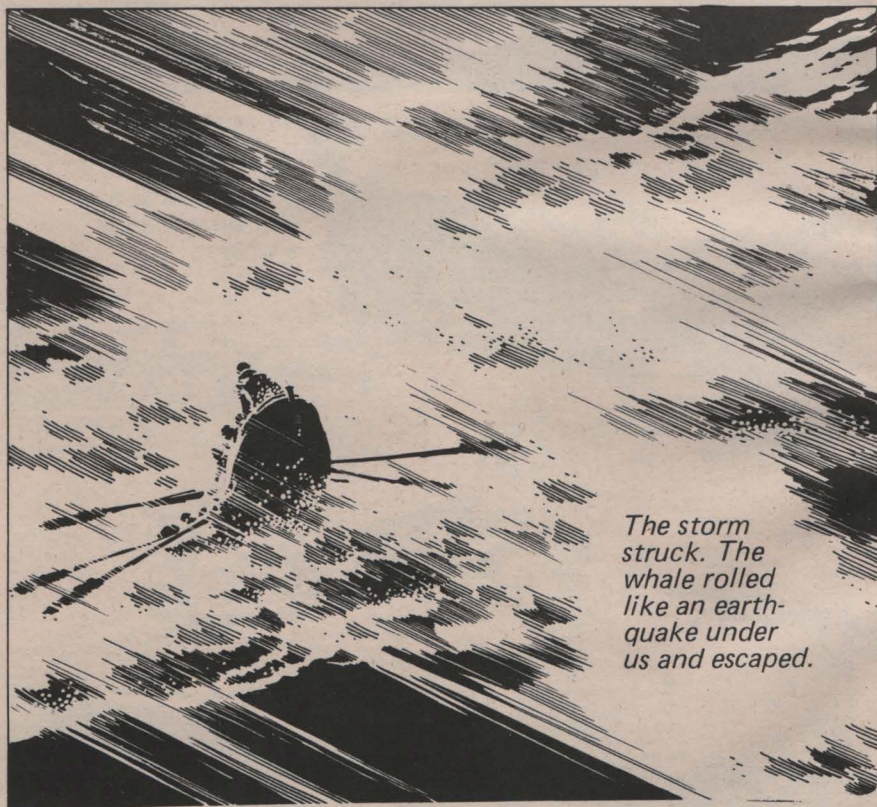
Row, boys, row!
There's a storm
coming, but we've
still time to kill
a whale!



That's his hump.
There, there, give it to
him, Queequeg!



*The storm
struck. The
whale rolled
like an earth-
quake under
us and escaped.*



*All night we
floated in our
water-filled
boat. . . .*



At dawn. . . .

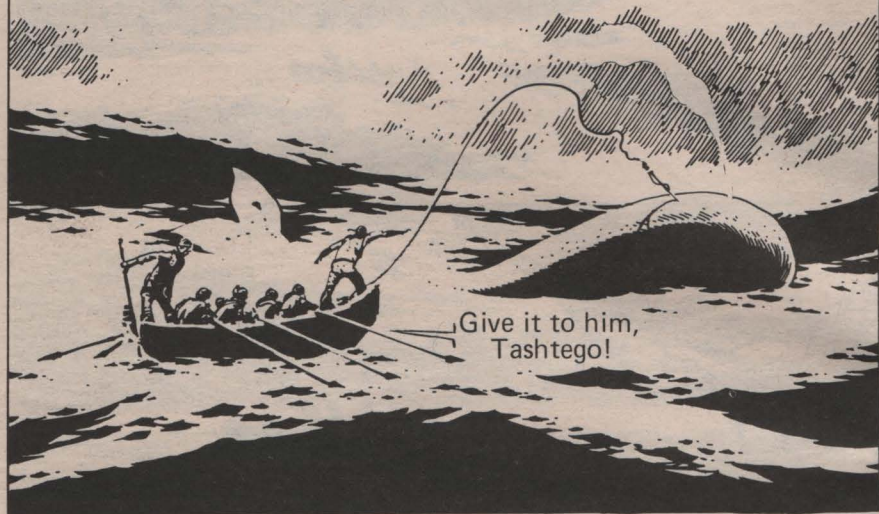
*Look out
men! Jump!*



*Our own ship had hit us in
the dark but we
were quickly
rescued.*



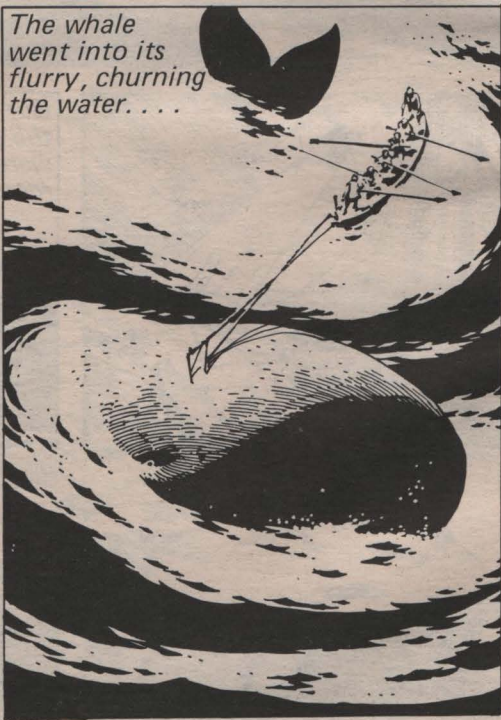
But there were other days, and other whales. On one chase, Stubb's boat led the rest.

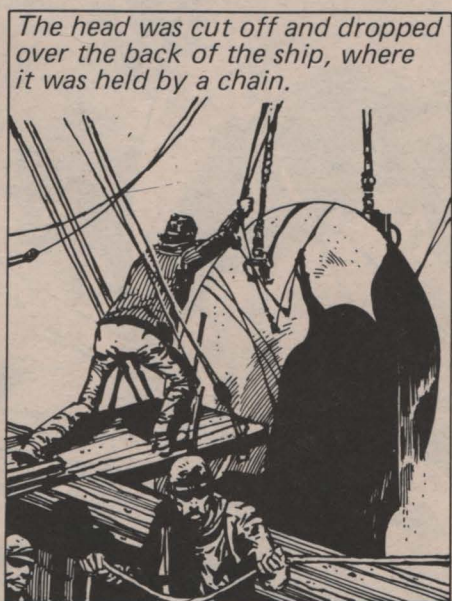
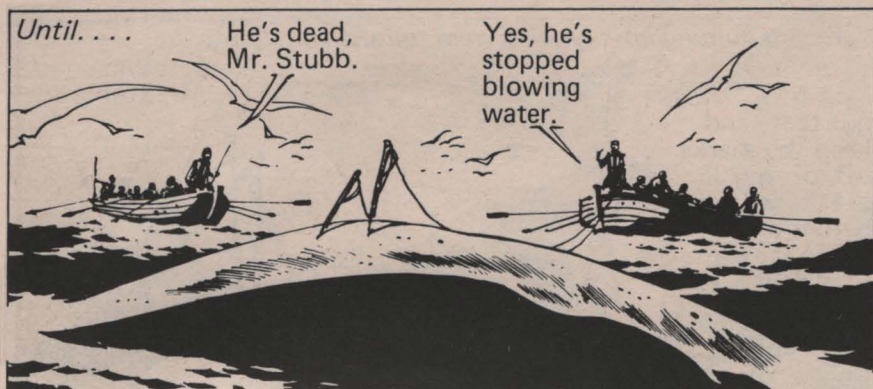


Changing places with the harpooner, Stubb dug his spear into the whale.



The whale went into its flurry, churning the water. . . .

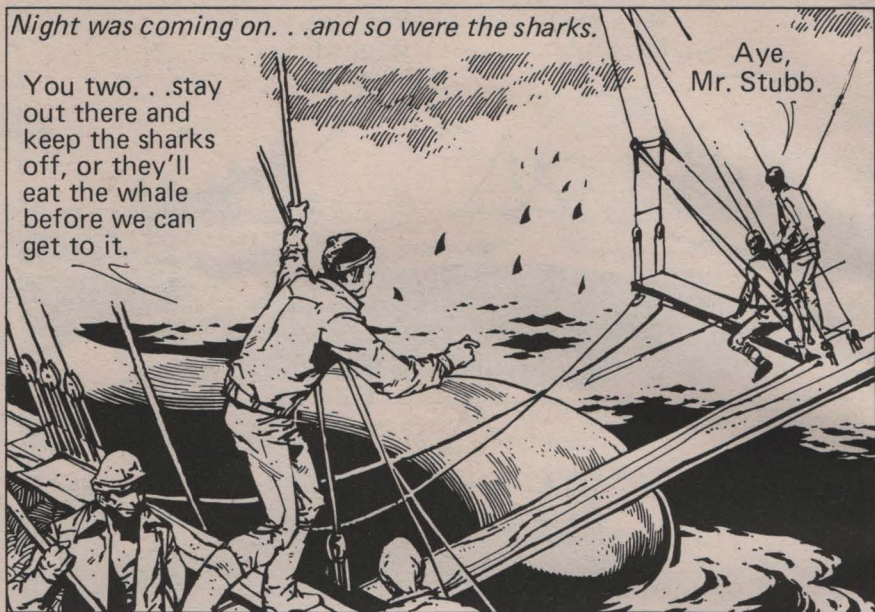




Night was coming on. . .and so were the sharks.

You two. . .stay
out there and
keep the sharks
off, or they'll
eat the whale
before we can
get to it.

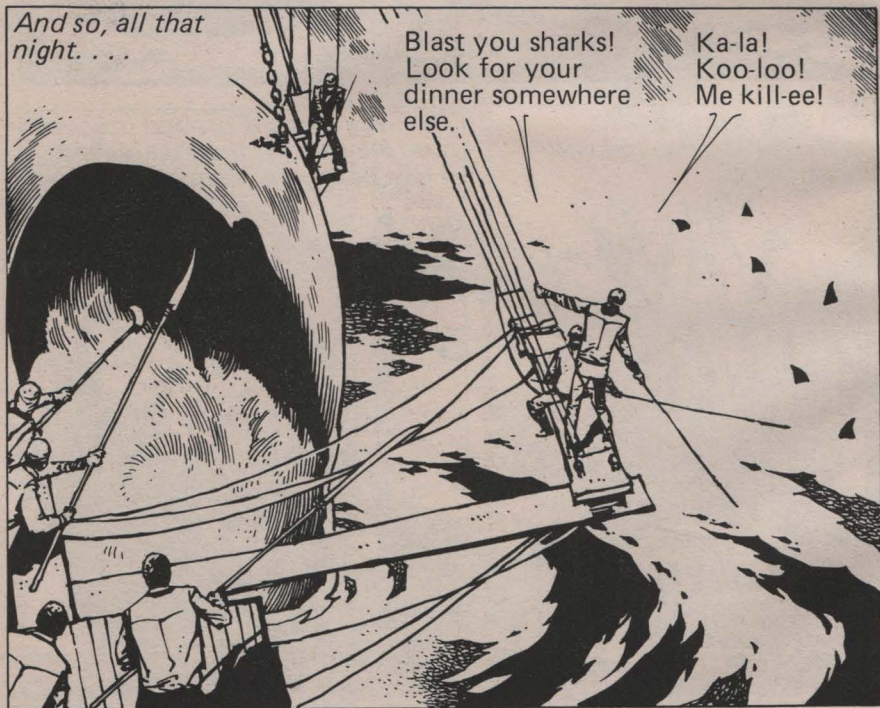
Aye,
Mr. Stubb.



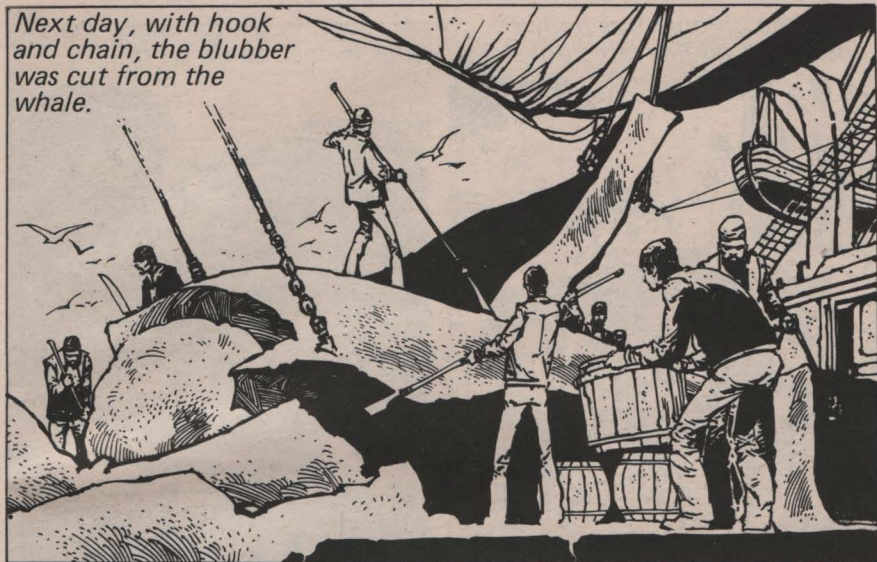
*And so, all that
night. . .*

Blast you sharks!
Look for your
dinner somewhere
else.

Ka-la!
Koo-loo!
Me kill-ee!



Next day, with hook and chain, the blubber was cut from the whale.

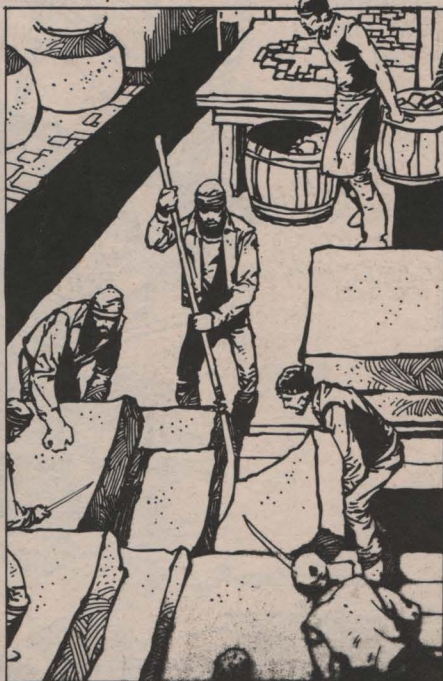


The peeled white body was cut loose and drifted away.



What a sad funeral for such a mighty animal!

The blubber was cut into smaller pieces!



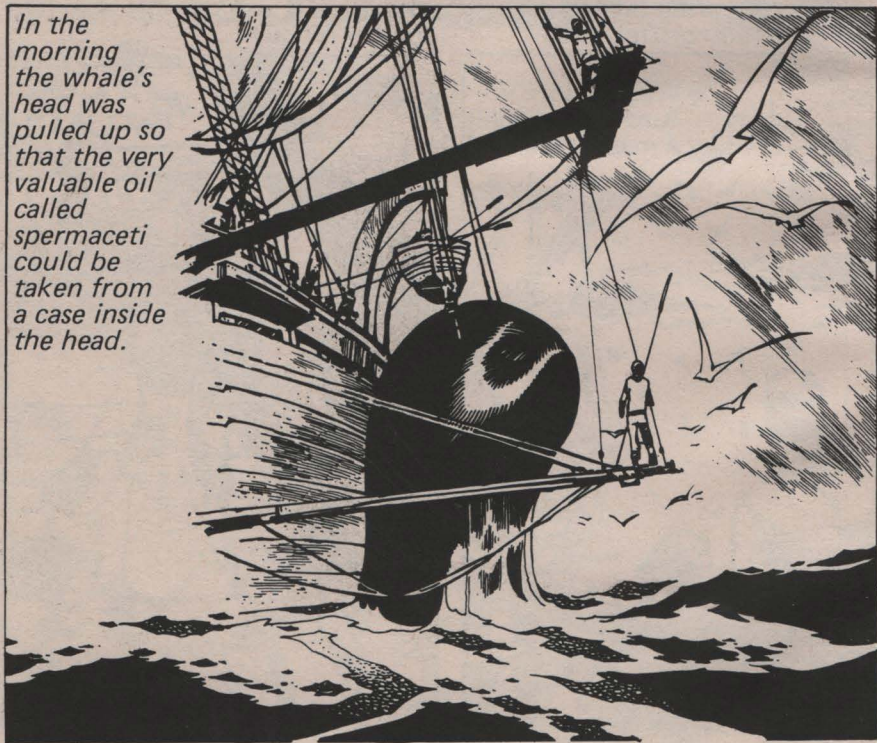
Then the blubber was boiled down into oil in a large pot.



At night, in the darkness, the ship seemed to be on fire.



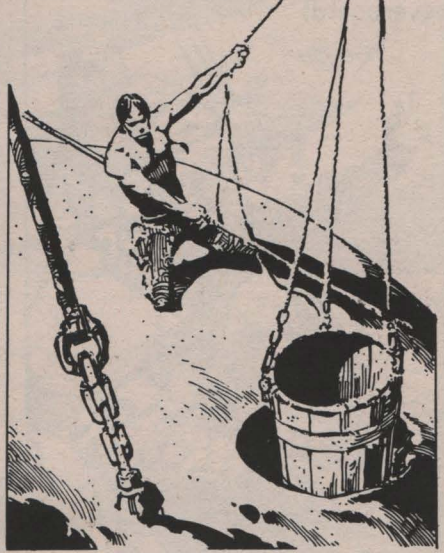
In the morning the whale's head was pulled up so that the very valuable oil called spermaceti could be taken from a case inside the head.



Tashtego climbed on top of the head and dug a hole with a sharp spade.



He pushed a bucket into the hole with a long pole.



Time and again the bucket was lifted up to the deck, where the oil was emptied into a tub.



Then... a slip of the foot... and....

H-help!





Man
overboard!

He fell into
the case!

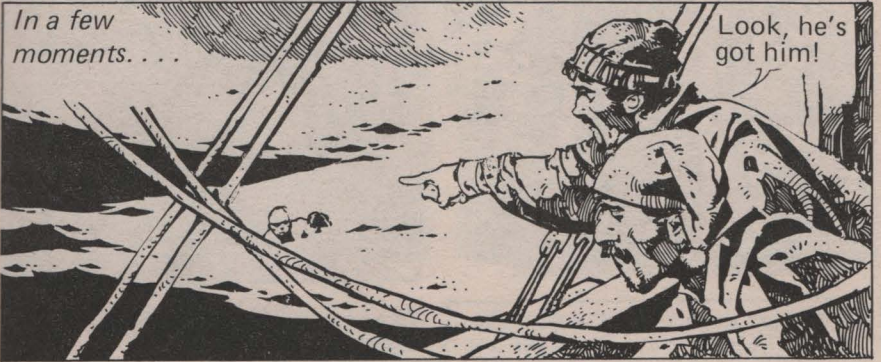
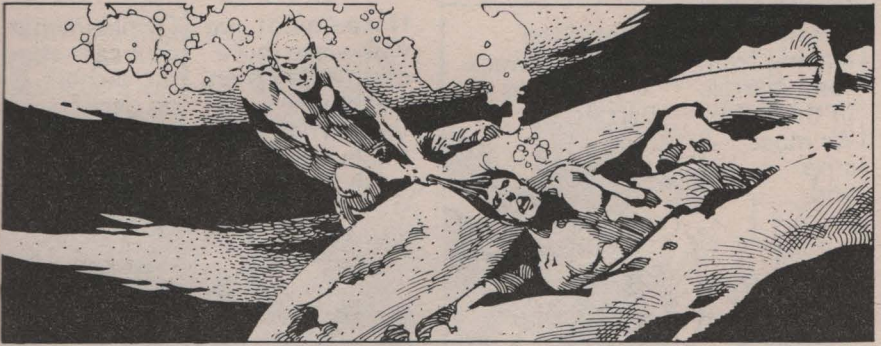
*The head tore from the hooks,
dropped, and slowly began
to sink into the sea.*



*But Queequeg
went to the
rescue.*

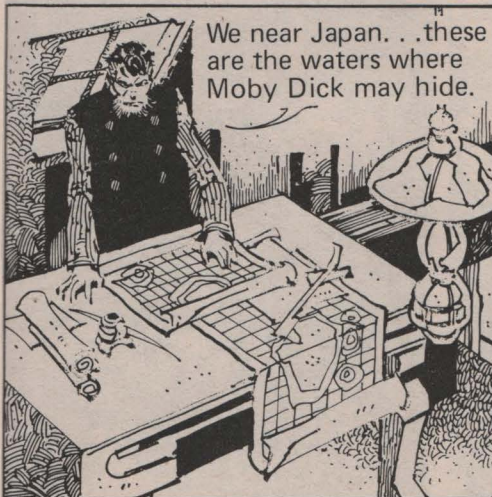


*Soon he was
under the
water.*

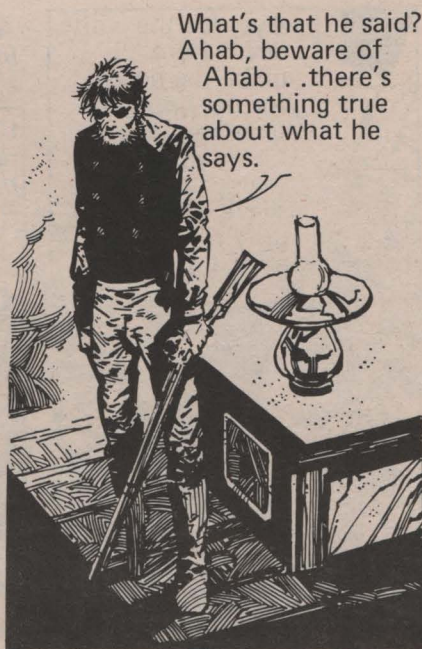
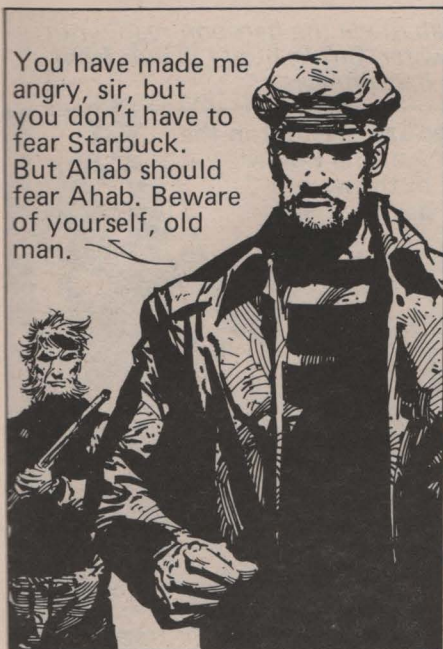


Many a whale did we catch as we sailed southward, but Ahab had only one thought.

He heard a footstep at the door, and. . . .



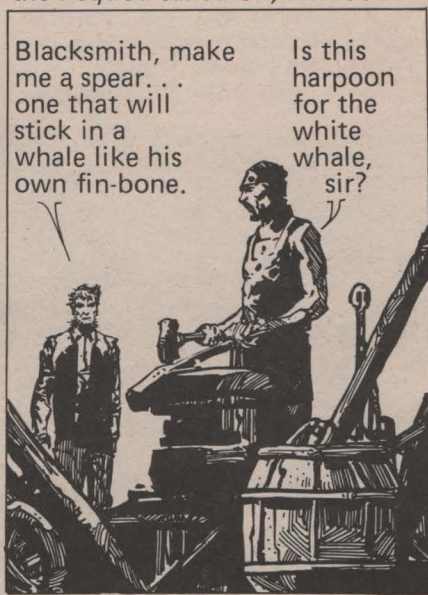


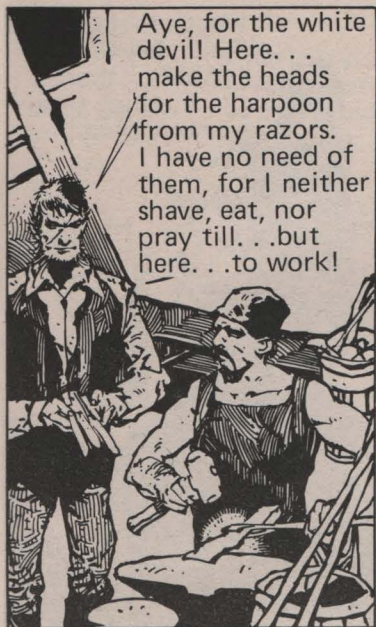


A little later on the deck. . .



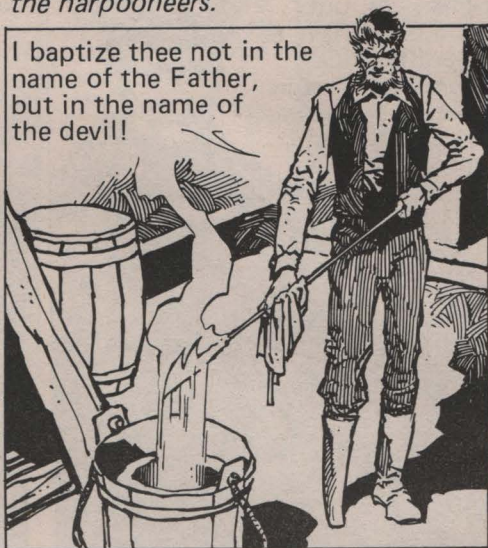
After the barrels were repaired the Pequod sailed on, and. . .





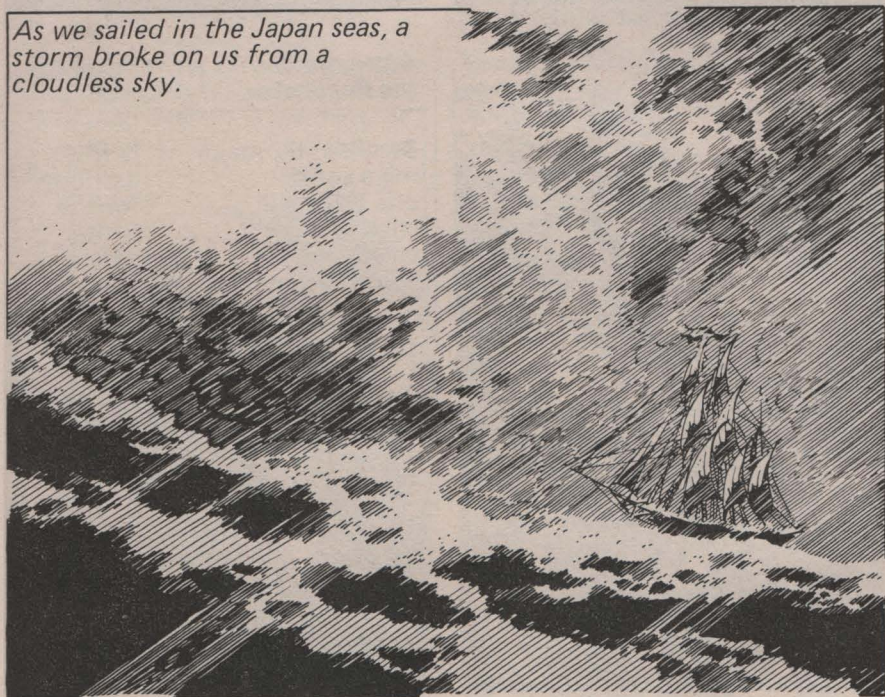
Aye, for the white devil! Here. . . make the heads for the harpoon from my razors. I have no need of them, for I neither shave, eat, nor pray till. . .but here. . .to work!

Ahab made the harpoon ready, not in water, but in blood drawn from the harpooners.



I baptize thee not in the name of the Father, but in the name of the devil!

As we sailed in the Japan seas, a storm broke on us from a cloudless sky.



By night, the ship's sails were torn. The sky and sea rocked with thunder and lightning.



As the men worked to save the ship. . . .



Who's there?

Old thunder! Ahab, the captain!



Look in the sky! Look at the sparks!

The metal and three pointed lightning rods on the masts glowed with a silent flame. Seamen called this the St. Elmo's fire.



Although the men had all seen this kind of thing before, they watched, frozen in their shoes.



Ahab held the chain of the main-mast lightning rod.



But Ahab held the burning harpoon!



All of you promised to hunt for the white whale with me. We will all hunt, do you hear! Look here. . . .

With one breath he blew out the flame.



Thus I blow out the last fear!

The storm ended, and some hours later Starbuck went to Ahab's cabin to report that new sails had been put up and the ship was again on course.



He sleeps within. Shall I wake him . . . to drag us all to our doom?

He would have shot me. . . with this very gun!



Shall I let this
crazy old man bring
us all to our
death? Would I
be a murderer if...
if...



*Then within the stateroom,
Ahab cried out in his
sleep.*

Stern all! Oh,
Moby Dick, I
hold your
heart at last!



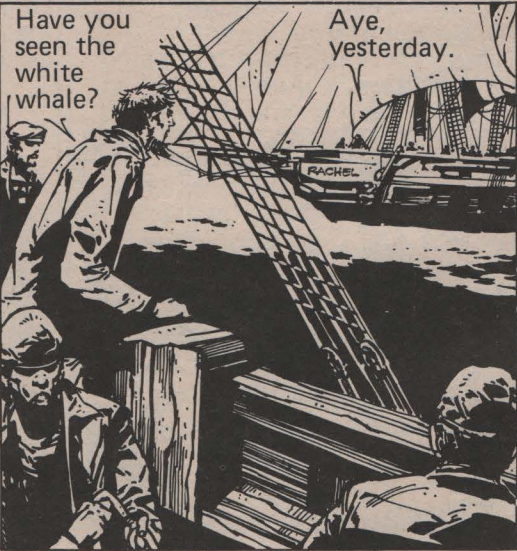
No...no, I cannot...
even though any day I
may sink with all the
crew to the bottom
of the sea.



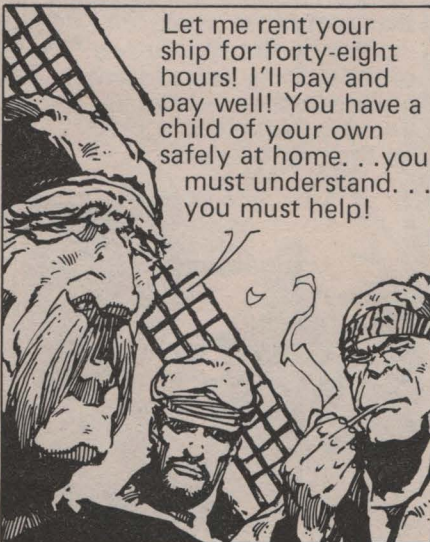
*Sailing on, the Pequod met the
Rachel, another whaler from
Nantucket.*

Have you
seen the
white
whale?

Aye,
yesterday.



The captain of the Rachel came aboard the Pequod.

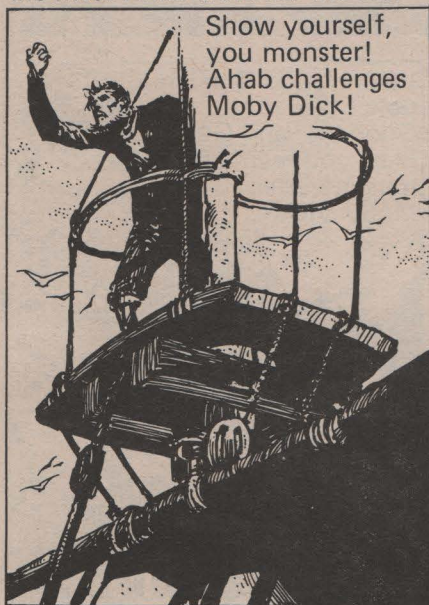


The captain went back to the Rachel, to continue the search. We watched her as she sailed swiftly away. . . .



They haven't found the lost boy. . . I doubt they ever will.

From his high seat on top of the mast Ahab watched the sea.



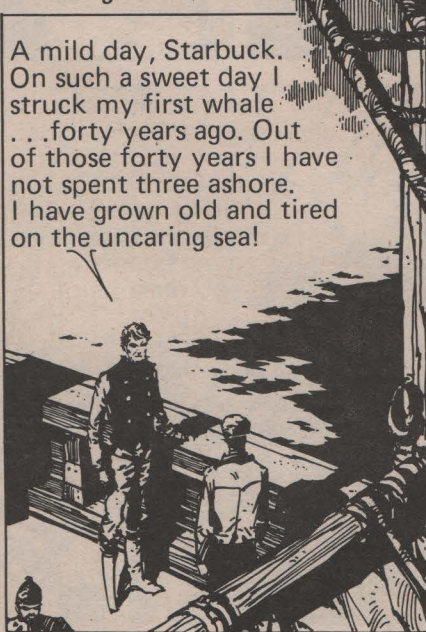
Show yourself, you monster! Ahab challenges Moby Dick!

A few days later. . .



Moby Dick is around here. I must have the first sight of him myself! Make me a seat and raise me to the masthead!

Not long after. . .



A mild day, Starbuck. On such a sweet day I struck my first whale . . . forty years ago. Out of those forty years I have not spent three ashore. I have grown old and tired on the uncaring sea!

So little time have I spent on land. . . my wife's been alone since I wed her. What a forty years' fool has old Ahab been!

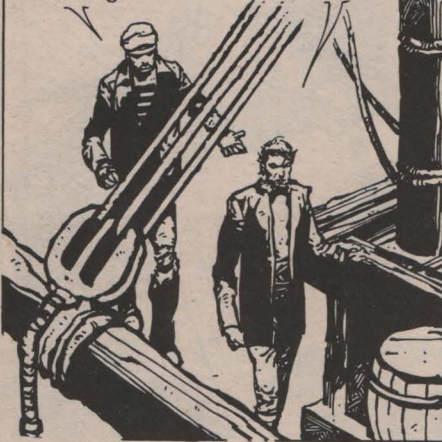


In your eyes, as in a magic glass, I see my home. . . and yours! Stay aboard the Pequod when Ahab gives chase to Moby Dick! The danger shall not be yours. You shall live to see home again!



Oh, my captain! Give up the chase of that hated monster! Let us turn back, and you, too, shall see home again!

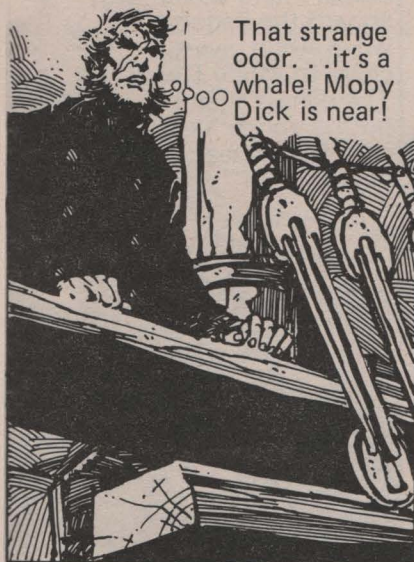
Some nameless thing keeps me here. Some hidden lord and master drives me on . . . I dare not turn back.



Silently, without hope, Starbuck slipped away.



That night, Ahab suddenly smelled the sea air. . . .



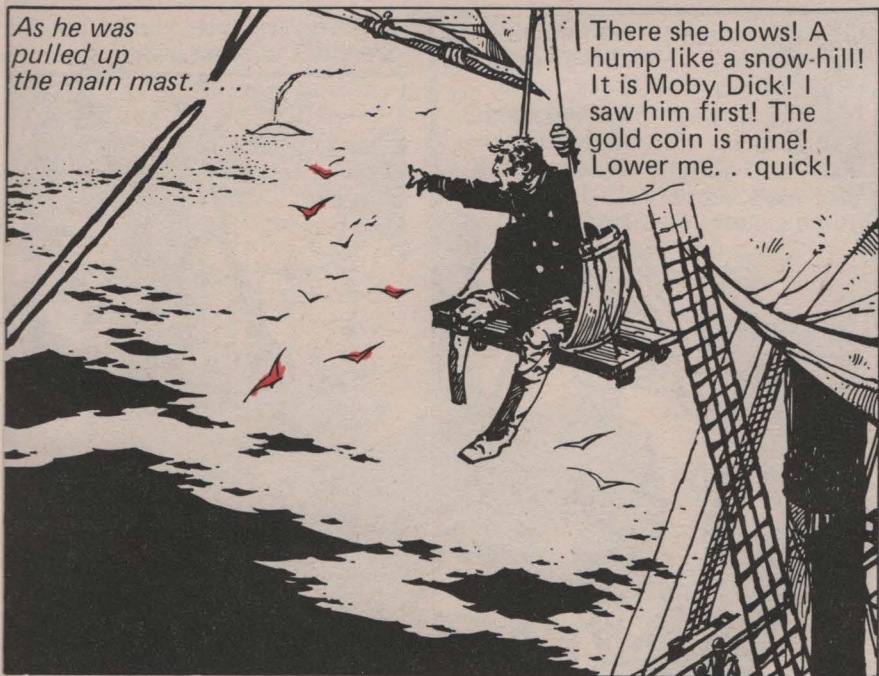
That strange odor. . . it's a whale! Moby Dick is near!

Next morning, he ordered all hands on deck.

See you nothing?
No sign of the white whale?
Pull me aloft!



As he was pulled up the main mast. . . .

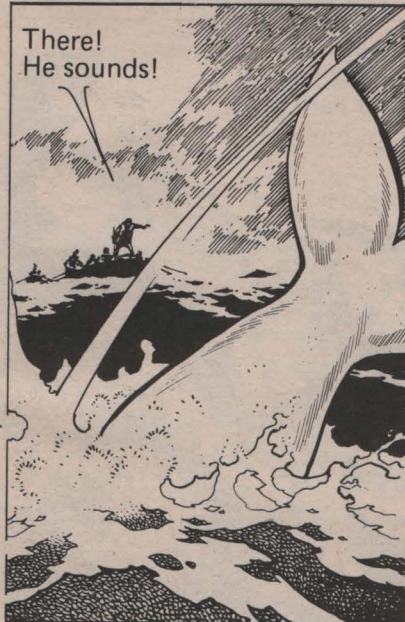


There she blows! A hump like a snow-hill!
It is Moby Dick! I saw him first! The gold coin is mine!
Lower me. . . quick!



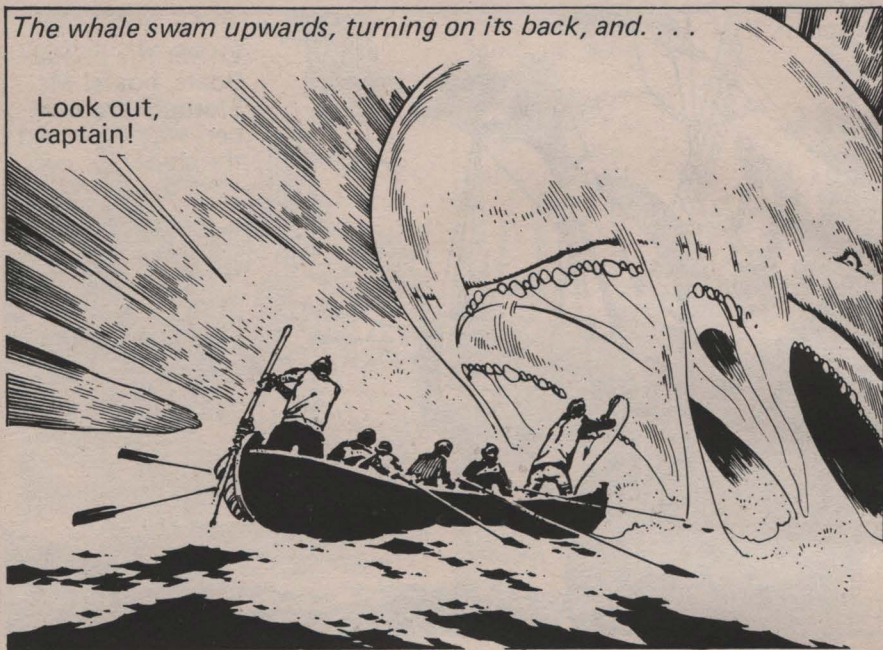
*As the boats raced toward
the monster. . . .*

*Changing places, Ahab went to
the bow and looked down.*

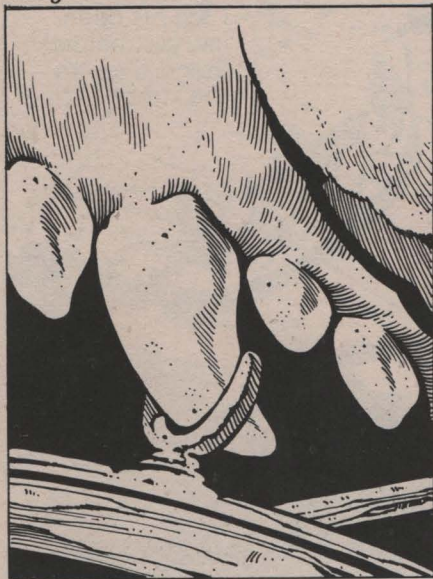


The whale swam upwards, turning on its back, and. . .

Look out,
captain!



His jaws slowly closed on the boat. . .but one of his teeth caught on an oarlock.

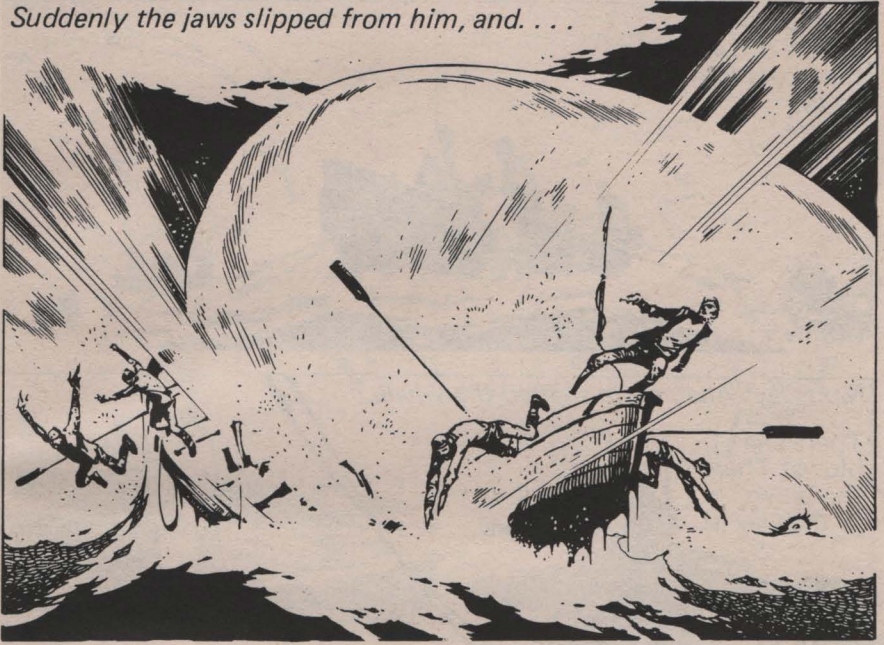


Ahab grabbed the long tooth trying to work it free.



Blast it, to hold
me helpless in
your very jaws.

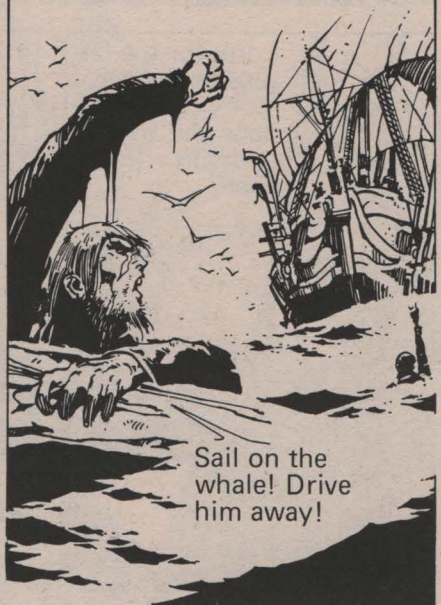
Suddenly the jaws slipped from him, and. . .



The whale caused the water to turn so that Ahab barely kept above it.



Then the Pequod, which had been standing by, sailed up.

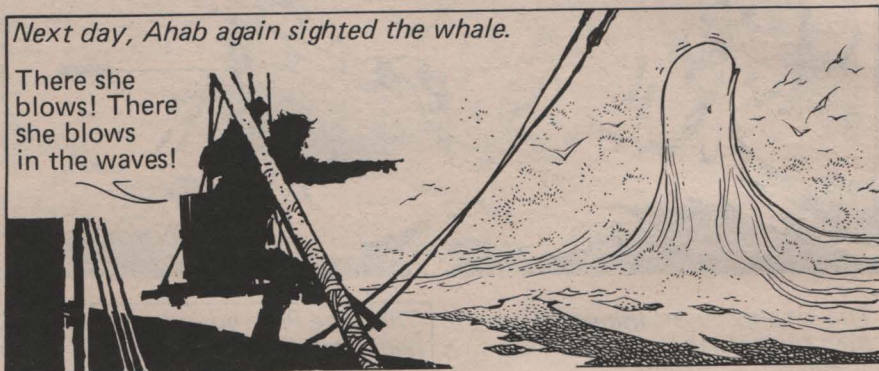


The whale was driven off, and the boats flew to the rescue.



Next day, Ahab again sighted the whale.

There she blows! There she blows in the waves!

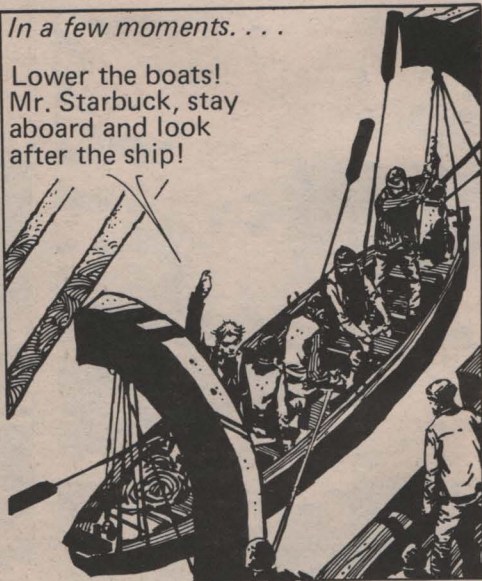


Look for the last time at the sun, Moby Dick! Thy hour and thy harpoon are at hand!



In a few moments. . .

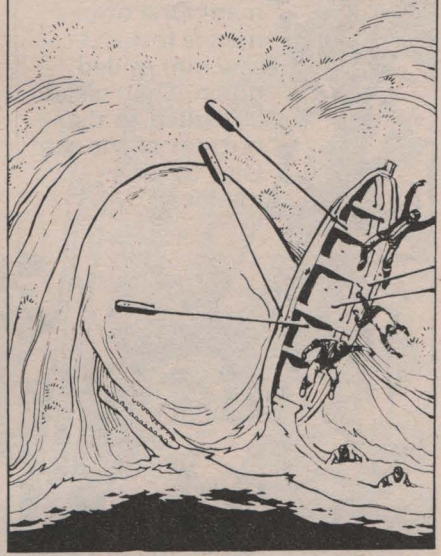
Lower the boats! Mr. Starbuck, stay aboard and look after the ship!



This time the whale rushed at the boats. . . .

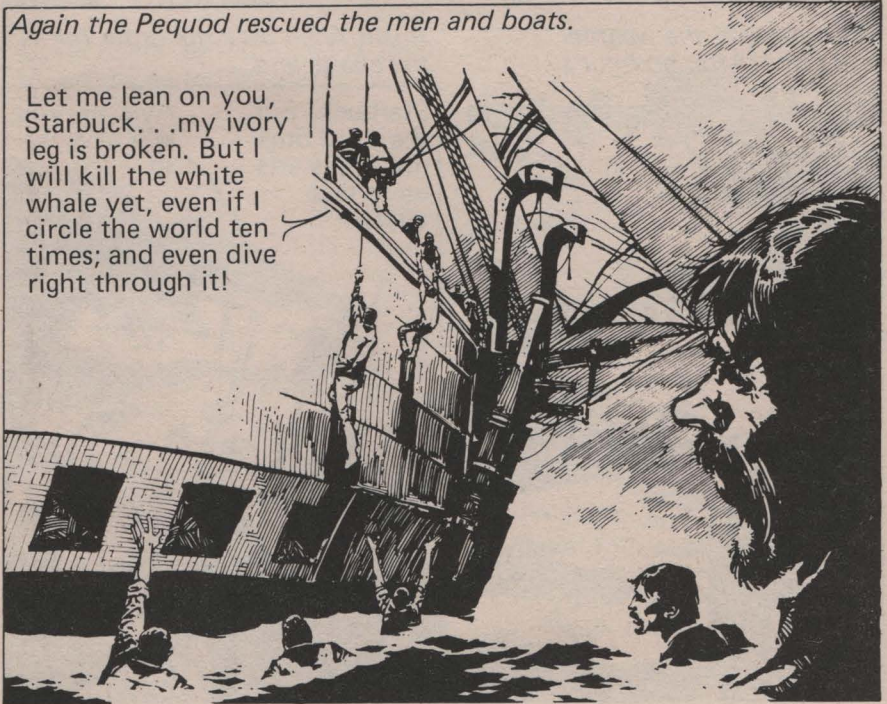


. . . .then dashed his head against the bottom of Ahab's boat.



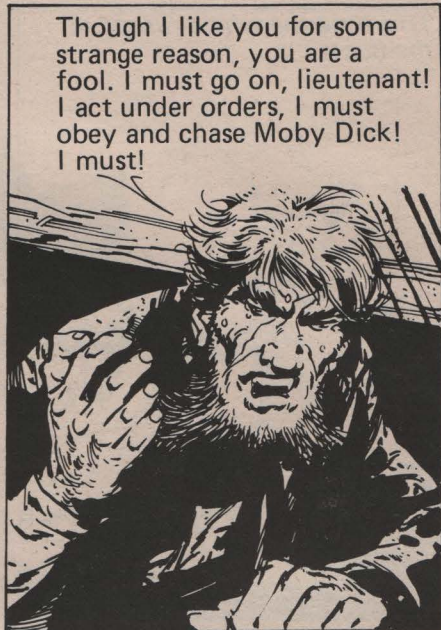
Again the Pequod rescued the men and boats.

Let me lean on you, Starbuck. . . my ivory leg is broken. But I will kill the white whale yet, even if I circle the world ten times; and even dive right through it!





Never will you capture him, old man! One of our men is lost. . . I saw him pulled down. Shall we all be pulled to the bottom of the sea? Give up this madness!



Though I like you for some strange reason, you are a fool. I must go on, lieutenant! I act under orders, I must obey and chase Moby Dick! I must!

The next day the weather was clear. After an hour's watching. . .



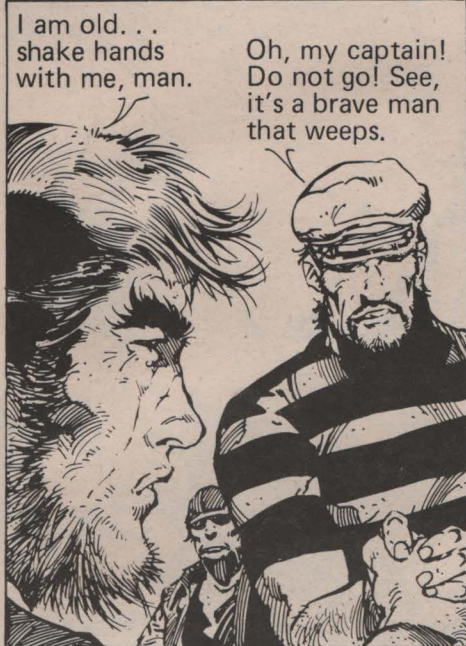
There! She blows! I meet thee, this third time, Moby Dick!

Again Ahab gave the order for the chase, and. . .

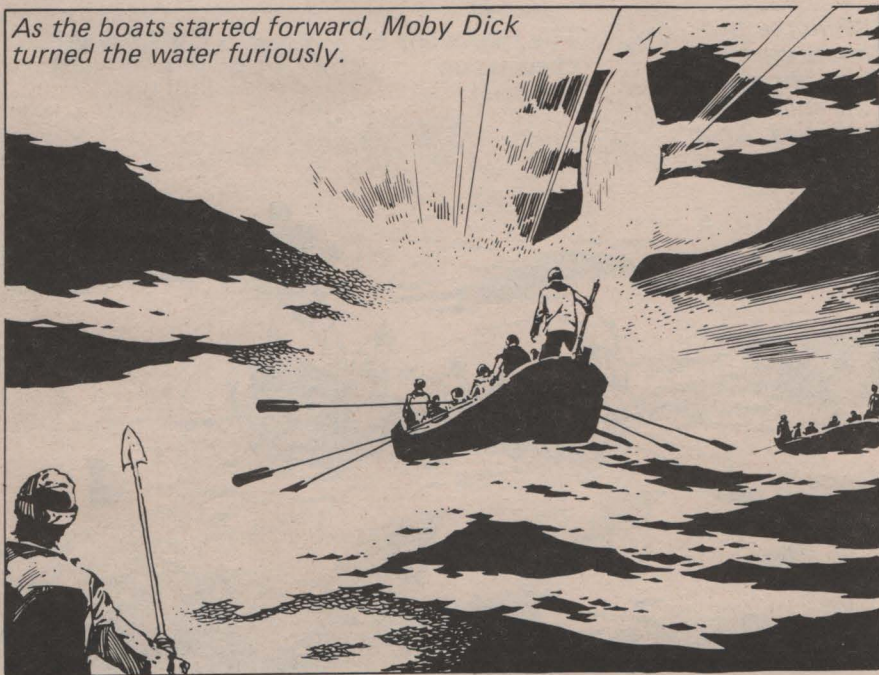


Starbuck! For the third time my ship starts upon this voyage!

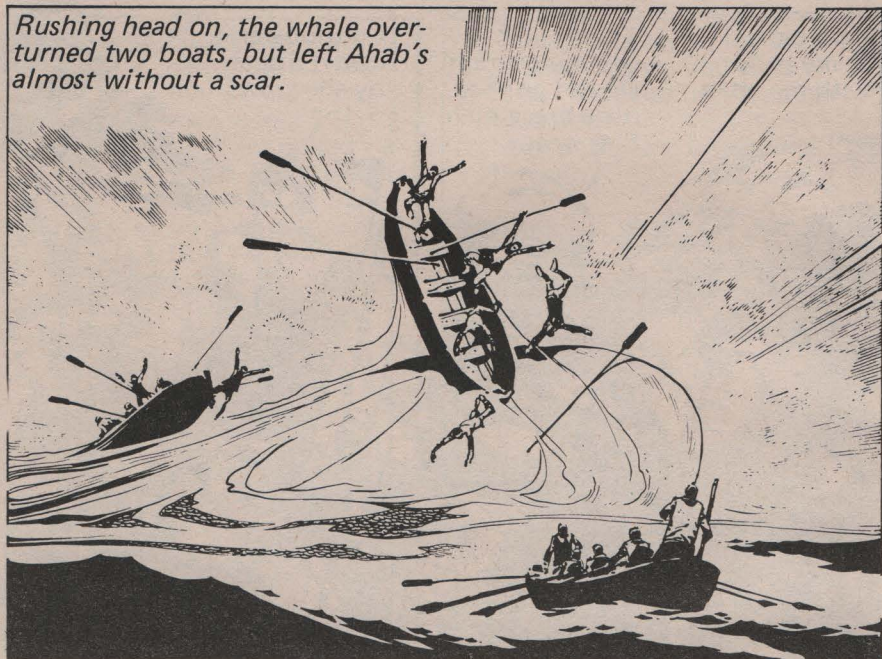
Aye, sir, you will have it so.



As the boats started forward, Moby Dick turned the water furiously.



Rushing head on, the whale overturned two boats, but left Ahab's almost without a scar.



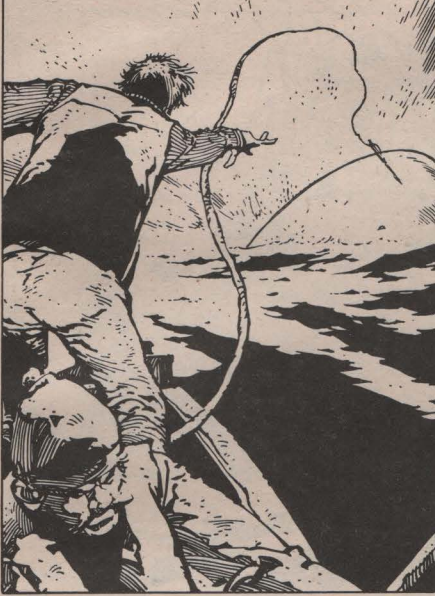
While the two boats were brought aboard the ship to be repaired, Ahab's boat, alone, chased the whale.

The sharks are chewing up the oars!

They will last long enough! Pull on!



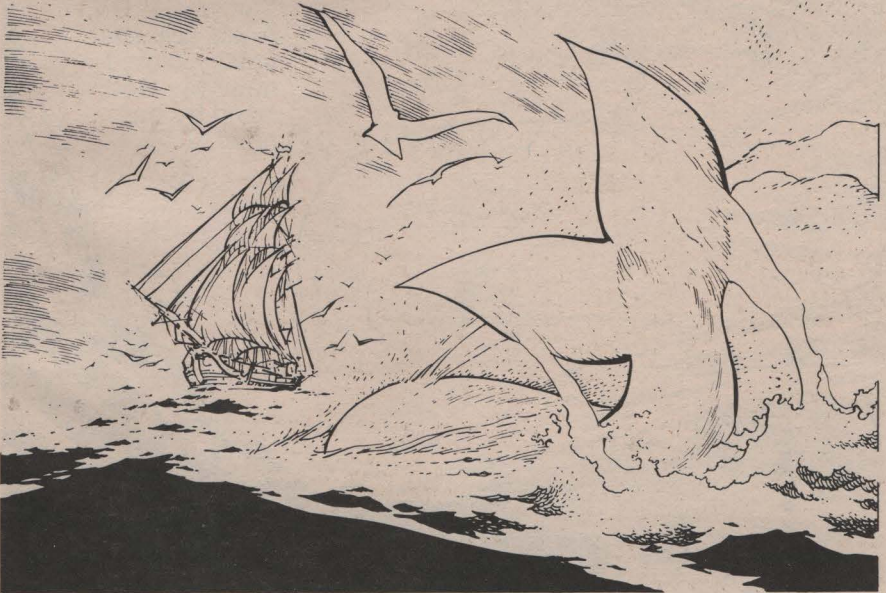
With a curse, Ahab threw the harpoon.



It sank deep, but the whale pushed on, and the line snapped.



Suddenly, as the Pequod sailed up, the whale turned toward the ship.



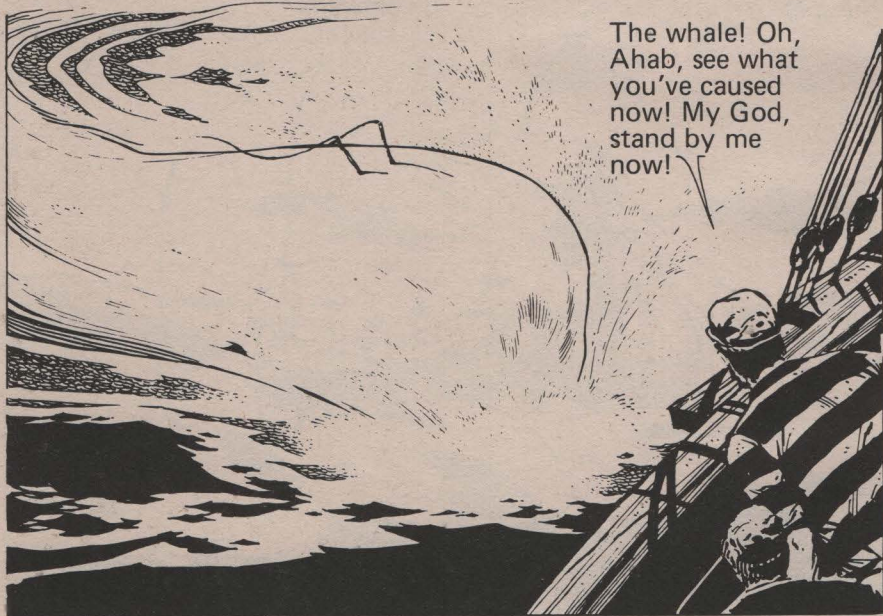
*As if it
were the
cause of all
his anger, the
whale headed
toward the
ship. . . .*

The ship! He's
going to ram it!



The men on the Pequod saw the monster coming at them.

The whale! Oh,
Ahab, see what
you've caused
now! My God,
stand by me
now!



Oars! On
men! Save
my ship!



*But it was too late, the
whale hit the ship, the
waters poured in. . . .*



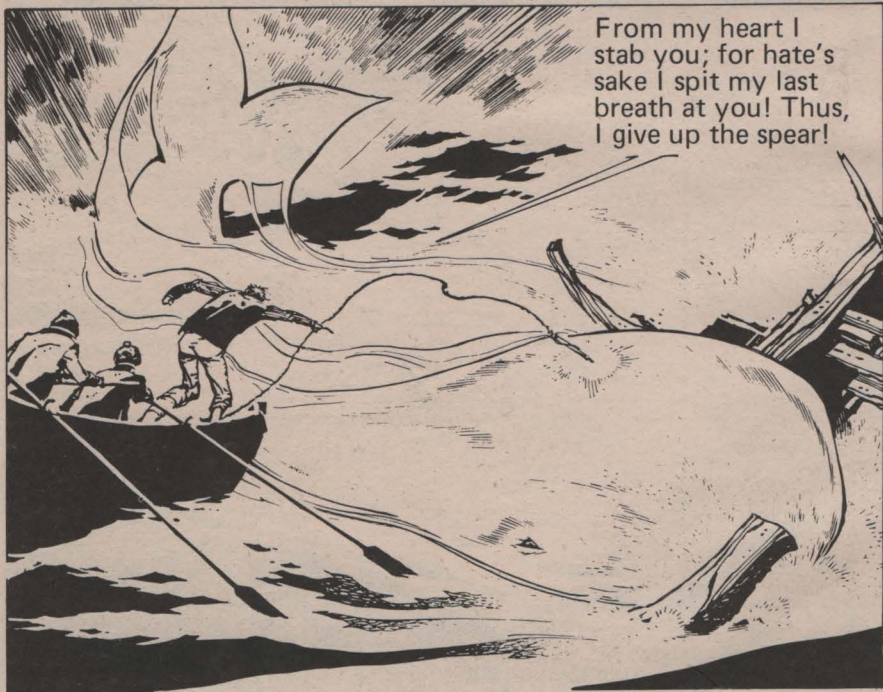
Death to my ship! Must she die?
And without me? Am I not able
to go down with my ship as is the
wish of all brave captains? Oh
lonely death after a lonely life.



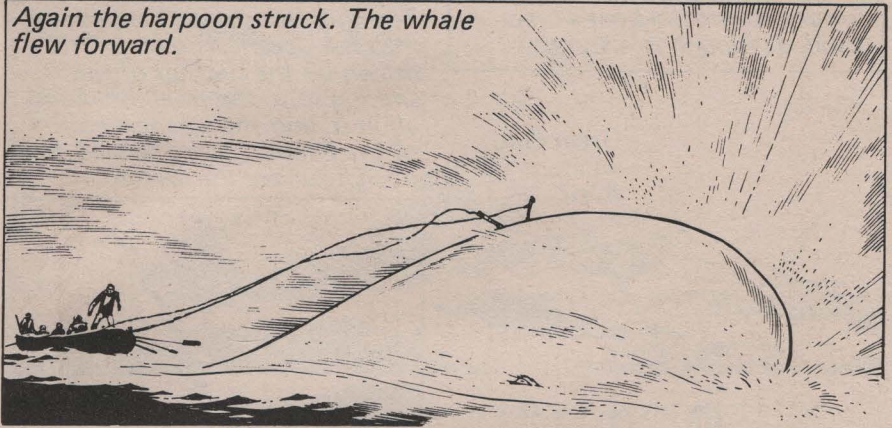
Ho! Towards you I come,
you monster whale. To
the end of my life I will
fight with you.



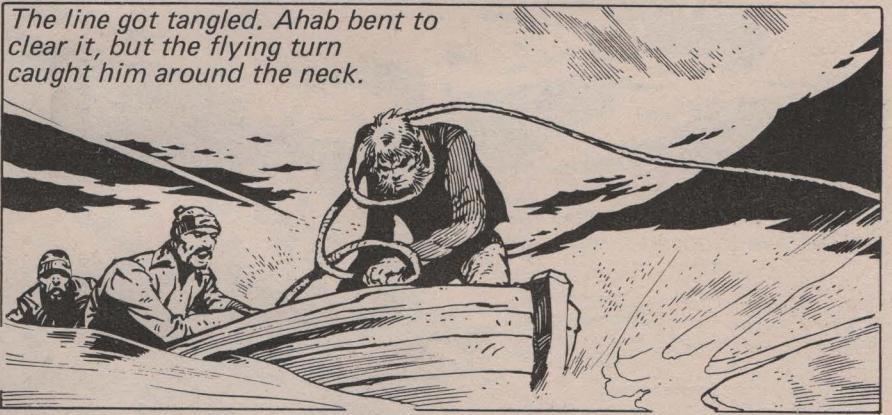
From my heart I
stab you; for hate's
sake I spit my last
breath at you! Thus,
I give up the spear!



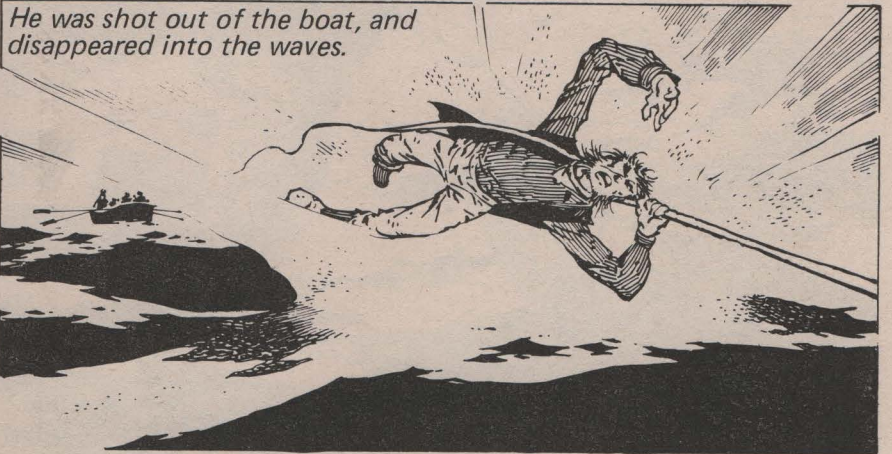
*Again the harpoon struck. The whale
flew forward.*



*The line got tangled. Ahab bent to
clear it, but the flying turn
caught him around the neck.*

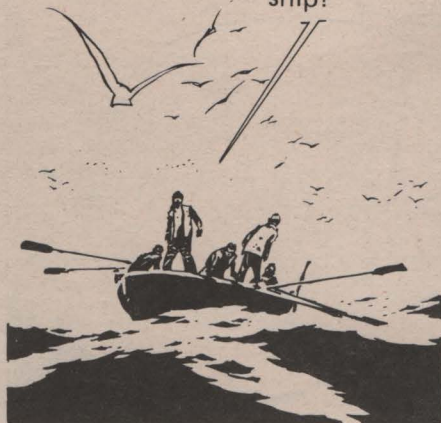


*He was shot out of the boat, and
disappeared into the waves.*



For an instant the boat's crew stood, as though in a trance.

Great God,
where is the
ship?



The ship, too, was disappearing into the ocean. And now drawn by the suction of the sinking ship, the small boat and all in it, and the smallest chip of the Pequod, were carried out of sight under the waves.



Then all was finished, and the great blanket of sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago.



The
story is
done. But
one did
live through
the wreck. . .
I, Ishmael.



On the second day, a sail drew near. It was the Rachel, that in her search after her missing children, only found another orphan.



WORDS TO KNOW

blubber
bow

harpooneer
stern

vengeance

QUESTIONS

1. Who tells the story of Moby Dick?
2. Why was Queequeg immediately hired as a harpooner on Ahab's ship?
3. Why did Ahab feel he had to catch the white whale?
4. Who tries to stop Ahab from chasing the white whale?
5. What was the prize Ahab offered to the first man to spot the white whale? Who spotted the whale first?
6. What became of Ahab's ship, the *Pequod*?
7. What is the name of the weapon actually used to kill a whale?
8. Why were whales hunted 100 years ago?
9. What is spermaceti?
10. Explain why you think Ahab was a good or a bad captain.

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