



White Fang

Jack London

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White Fang is part dog and part wolf, and the lone survivor of his family. In his lonely world, he soon learns to follow the harsh law of the North--kill or be killed. But nothing in White Fang's life can prepare him for the cruel owner who turns him into a vicious killer. Will White Fang ever know the kindness of a gentle master?

White Fang Details

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From Reader Review White Fang for online ebook

Jayanth says

Loved it! There was so much intense action and emotion in this book that reading it was exhilarating for the most part of it. The story is constructed very well, the simple and slick writing doing its part in making the book a joy to read. The initial build-up to the actual story, the story of White Fang, a wolf-dog, was amazing. I felt immersed in the world the author so wonderfully created.

This story mixes in a lot of dialogue and arguments that we generally come across when there is a discussion between people on the topic of animal rights. The author sort of plays on these arguments and sentiments as he weaves them into the story of wolves, their lives and their interactions with human species. There were a lot of moments which were profound in regards to the humans' relationship with wild animals. The author makes a curious and probably a symbolic choice of telling us that the wolves see humans as Gods, as in, humans are far more superior than themselves and that humans can do things the wolves dare not dream of. This choice makes a noticeable change in the effect the story has on the reader and for me personally, makes the underlying theme even deeper than it already is.

The story of White Fang itself, from its birth till the end, was a gruelling, touching and fierce journey and most of its trials and tribulations are a result of the insensitive cruelty of man, to whom he surrenders and gives his fealty. Many a time I found that someone around me was cutting onions, so I had to close the book and my eyes for some time before resuming. This story was as epic as it was endearing.

Heads-up to animal lovers: There is a lot of animal cruelty in this tale and it's painful to read. But the good thing is that it also shows, very beautifully, the special bond humans and dogs share - love and loyalty.

Frogy (Ivana) says

Ovo je jedna od retkih knjiga za koju je 5* nedovoljno da opiše koliko je priča savršena.

Ahmad Sharabiani says

White Fang, Jack London

White Fang is a novel by American author Jack London (1876–1916) — and the name of the book's eponymous character, a wild wolfdog. First serialized in *Outing* magazine, it was published in 1906. The story takes place in Yukon Territory and the Northwest Territories, Canada, during the 1890s Klondike Gold Rush and details White Fang's journey to domestication. It is a companion novel (and a thematic mirror) to London's best-known work, *The Call of the Wild*, which is about a kidnapped, domesticated dog embracing his wild ancestry to survive and thrive in the wild. Much of *White Fang* is written from the viewpoint of the titular canine character, enabling London to explore how animals view their world and how they view humans. *White Fang* examines the violent world of wild animals and the equally violent world of humans. The book also explores complex themes including morality and redemption.

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I think it is still an excellent book to help children identify with “the other,” to think about the lives of other creatures. It is an empathy building book.

Chrissie says

I just finished this and the ending is very, very cute. It bowls you over to such an extent that it feels necessary to calm down and think clearly. I love the ending because it is sweet and definitely overdone and exaggerated and sentimental. You see, because the ending is **so** sweet and because the earlier sections have been **so** heartrending, you do not want to think logically. It is nice to just let your heart overflow with happiness. There is even a touch of humor thrown in at the end.

I don't know how to rate this. I do know I love the ending.

This is a book good for both kids **and** adults. Why can't adults read a feel-good story once in a while too?

The book was first published in 1906, and is considered a classic. I wondered if it would be one of those classics that is hard to get through. Would the style of writing be antiquated? No, not in the least. It drags a little bit in the middle, but the beginning is very exciting and at the end you do not want to put it down. I was worried that what we know today about wolves would make what is said here out of date. This is not true either. I was in fact impressed with the accuracy of the knowledge imparted. We see how White Fang, who is one quarter dog and three quarters wolf, sees the world around him, learns how to survive and becomes tame. I liked how we see the world out through his eyes.

The audiobook is narrated by John Lee. I am giving the narration five stars. It is seamlessly performed; you never even stop to think you are being read too. The lines just float into your head.

Ok, I love the schmaltzy ending, but it is perhaps important to add that any hybrid is an animal that must be handled with caution. This doesn't come to the fore in this book.

This was an enjoyable read, and I don't regret in the least having picked it up. For a kid it could be worth four stars.

Loretta says

Although I did enjoy White Fang, I did not enjoy it as much as The Call of the Wild. Glad I finally read it though!

huzeyfe says

Jack London, Jack London, Jack London. Ne desem az gelecek biliyorum. Jack London neden Jack London olmu? bir kez daha anlamama neden olan bir kitap oldu Beyaz D??. Daha önce birkaç kere okumaya niyetlenmi?tim ama k?smet bu zamanaym??.

Normalde karla k??la pek aram yokktur ama Jack London'?n tasvirleri ile ta?? tara?? toplay?p Yükon

nehriñin kenar?na yerle?me iste?i olu?tu bende. Bir kere hikayenin örgüsü, ana konuya geçi? mükemmeldi. Ayr?ca karakterin derinlikleri, onlar?n hissiyat?n?n tamamen kendimizde hissetmemiz ise müthi?ti. Öyle ki, hümanist ve hayvansever birisi olarak kendimle çeli?ecek hissiyatlar beslememe neden olan bölümleri ?ahane i?lemi? Jack London. Zira hayvana vurduklar?, ho? vurma denmez ona, eziyet ettikleri yerlerde o adamlara ayn?s?n? yapma hissi kaplad? bütün vücudumu. Yer yer s?n?rden içim içimi yedi, yeri geldi hüzünden içim parçaland?. Bütün bu duygular? ise ya?ayabilmemizin yegane sebebi ise Jack London'?n harikulade üslubu.

Yer yer duygulandı?ran, yer yer sinirlendiren, bazen üzen, bazen de gülümseten ama mutlaka Beyaz D?? ile bütünle?ti?imiz müthi? bir kitap.

Lynne King says

I was reminded of Diana, the Huntress with her lop-eared hounds driving her chariot and her nymphs as her hunting companions when I read this book. And it is as that Goddess that I accompanied the wolf *White Fang* (the only survivor out of a litter of five puppies), on his incredible journey through life. I was the hidden onlooker basking in all the trials and tribulations that overcame him, be it through periods of famine, extreme brutality by human beings, his necessity and desire to hunt and to kill. Due to all of this he was hated both by man and dog. So having no kindness in his life how could he possibly ever like a person, never mind love him.

This isn't your ordinary wolf with a touch of dog thrown in for good measure, but a very intelligent creature who soon realizes from the time of being a puppy that it's a question of survival living in this harsh Canadian climate and where you have the choice of being the one who eats or ends up being eaten; it is indeed survival of the fittest. He soon finds out that he doesn't actually have a choice in the way that he can lead his life. He realizes the power of men, the "gods" as he calls them, and being faced with famine, he quickly realizes what direction his life has to take.

Incredible dogs are met such as Lip-lip, Collie, Dick the hound, White Fang's mother, Kiche, the reddish furred wolf-dog who had violent inclinations, and One-Eye the successful rival out of three fighting to be the object of her attention and desire, and ultimately the father of *White Fang*:

The battle began fairly, but it did not end fairly. There was no telling what the outcome would have been, for the third wolf joined the elder and together, old leader and young leader, they attacked the ambitious three-year old and proceeded to destroy him. He was beset on either side by the merciless fangs of his erstwhile comrades. Forgotten were the days they had hunted together, the game they had pulled down, the famine they had suffered. That business was a thing of the past. The business of love was at hand - even a sterner and crueller business than that of food-getting.

And in the meantime, the she-wolf, the cause of it all, sat down contentedly on her haunches and watched. She was even pleased. This was her day - and it came not often - when manes bristled, and fang smote fang or ripped and tore the yielding flesh, all for the possession of her.

I really loved *White Fang*, despite whatever he got up to because you as the reader were allowed to enter into his reasoning mind. That was so clever of the author and I often had tears to my eyes in parts and even a lump in my throat. One of those occasions showed *White Fang*, barking for the first time.

And what an incredible mix of individuals who blend in so well within the fabric of this book: The evil ones such as the Indian Gray Beaver, and Beauty Smith, who trained dogs to kill in blood sports versus the good individuals such as Judge Scott, Weedon Scott and his wife Alice and Matt, the dog-musher.

I defy anyone who will not be overwhelmed with the brilliance of this book by London. Once I had picked this book up, I could only quickly eat, and couldn't put it down until I had finished it.

Jack London through his magnificent descriptions has embraced life in the northlands during the Yukon Gold rush in the 1890's and shown such a graphic insight of the savagery of life then, with human beings, especially their violence towards their sled dogs. Nevertheless, he counters this by also demonstrating kindness and loyalty. But this author's incredible imagination keeps the reader hanging on with enthusiasm regardless of what happens. There was a sensational section with a man bent on revenge, to name but one of the different wonderful sections of this book and in several other cases, the men and women who came to realize the worth of *White Fang*.

In conclusion, this is one of those books that has to be read. As for future reading, I can see myself re-reading it many times in the future as this is an absolutely wonderful read and there's nothing more to be said!

Mike (the Paladin) says

One of my all time favorite books. Hard at times, bloody, but if you love the outdoors, and dogs, try it.

****The above was my original "minimalist" review of this book.****

Actually the book doesn't require much of a review beyond, "great book". However as a friend here noted she's just reading it my mind was drawn back to it.

As noted below I grew up on a small farm and didn't have access to a lot of novels. I had 4 my parents had given me as gifts over time and our school had a small library. There wasn't a public library nearby. I found this (and Call of the Wild) in the school library. I would have been about 11 I think.

I love dogs. I'd lost a couple of dogs by that time (country living was still more of a dose of reality then). *White Fang* is the story of a young half wolf from his birth on. (view spoiler) I grew to love this book. I read and reread it. Later I bought it and kept it on my shelves. I may have read the print off a few of its pages.

If I "liked" Call of the Wild I loved this book. It is the second novel in my life that I read over and over and I recommend that if you haven't read it you try it.

I'm not a dyed in the wool London fan, that said I like many of his outdoor tales (even if I don't agree with many of his views). Here I think is a masterful though simple book. I highly recommend it.

Henry Avila says

Can an animal part wolf, part dog, be rehabilitated and become a domestic pet? The exact opposite of, another Jack London novel, *The Call of the Wild*. So the premise is, in *White Fang*. A runaway former Indian bred she- wolf, Kiche, along with forty odd others, in a wolf pack, are following three men on a dog sled, two still alive. Famine grips the territory in the Yukon, during the Klondike Gold Rush, Canada, just

before the start of the Twentieth Century . The wild animals are starving, literally they're just skin and bones . Bill and Henry need to get to civilization quickly before the wolves have dinner. A dead man is on the sled, in a coffin (some kind of British nobleman, name never given), why such a person is here, the two live ones can't figure out, and never asked. Their job is to take him to a little remote town... (Strange goings on), Bill feeds the seven dogs with fish, at camp, but Henry tells his partner they have only six. Fires ring the fugitives from the law, of the survival of the fittest, the higher the flames arise, the better, how long the wood will last, is something the men don't want to think about. A dog disappears in the bitter cold , horrific night, at another stop another and , well you get the picture , no more dogs, or bullets. One gentleman is left, the hungry wolves come in....The wolf pack breaks up into smaller and smaller groups, the famine ends. Kiche the she-wolf, with some dog blood, takes a mate, One-Eye, an older animal. A litter of five, are born by the Mackenzie River, but only one cub, later named White Fang, reaches maturity. In the future, a vicious ninety pounds of anger, kill before they kill you is his way. He learned it early, to live is the only important thing. All else doesn't matter, nature is cruel, the brave, the strong prosper, the weak, fall down and stay down. Grey Beaver captures the cub, his late brother had owned his mother, Kiche, so he claims him as his. The tribe agrees, and takes him to the Indian village, later sells the valuable grown up wolfdog, to Beauty Smith (who brought the liquor bottles), while drunk, an alias that the white man doesn't deserve, not by a long shot, he is the ugliest man around. The beatings that White Fang received, from Grey Beaver, is increased greatly by Smith, he likes punishing the animal, it makes him feel brave and he is the biggest coward in Fort Yukon. His new owner has contests, dog fights, inside a cage, the crowd of men cheer on wildly,(humans, the real beasts), bet on their favorites, during the carnage, with any opponent fool enough to challenge White Fang . Turning the already brutal wolfdog, into a smart, perfect, killing machine. Until Weedon Scott, arrives, a kind man with political influence. The question, will Scott rescue the unloved wolfdog, who has never known gentleness from people, just whippings, and the club, on the head, or a kick to the body, get the salvation he desperately needs ? Probably Jack London's best book.

Paul Falk says

When I was in high school, this book was required reading. It was one of the first books that I could not put down - a timeless classic.

Jade says

not to treat animals,earth humans or anything with disrespect. We are all equal.

Animals and pets don't choose thier owners, we choose them.

Animals don't know if thier owner is mean, nice, neglective, they get good owners out of luck.

Anuradha says

Many years ago, as a young girl, during one of my gaming phases, I remember playing Age of Empires II. And I remember how the Aztecs, during their halcyon days succumbed to the power of the Spanish Conquistadors, merely because they though them Gods. Gods who carried guns and firepower. Gods who wore armour. Gods that they sacrificed people to pacify. Gods that ultimately caused their destruction. And

no, I'm not giving a history lesson; I'm trying to give an analogy. White Fang, a wolf-dog cross, also almost succumbs to *his* god; Man. White Fang is the splendidly woven, emotionally scarring tale of the eponymous canine (we'll call him a wolf for all intents and purposes, because he's more of a wolf than a dog anyway). I have read some, not too many, but some books where animals are the protagonists, but what makes White Fang different, is that it is narrated from the perspective of the wolf himself. Filled with lush prose, wonderful imagery, and a rather gripping story, White Fang successfully transports the reader to Canada during the gold rush. To a land where man ruled, and ruled without consequences.

Before we begin the strange and stupendous tale of our wolf, it would be good to acquaint ourselves with his parents, Kiche and One Ear. White Fang, due to circumstances beyond the control of any mortal that we can think of, barely got to know his parents. He thought of them, of his heritage, his inheritance, but spent little time with them. Kiche was a wonderful mother; loving, caring, affectionate, protective; she even keeps the father away from her cubs, because of the age old myth that he-wolves ate their children. She was gentle, yet firm in her motherhood. ***"But the Wild is the Wild, and motherhood is motherhood, at all times fiercely protective whether in the Wild or out of it..."*** Like all mothers, she fed her child, she cared for him, and she was willing to sacrifice herself for him. White Fang, likewise respected, and maybe even loved his mother. Of course, as was the scheme of things for him, and especially at the tender age of a few months, he probably did not realise that it was love, but it was. After having spent the whole day out of his mother's company, and out in the wild, the first thought that White Fang has is that he wanted, at that moment, his mother. And he wanted her more than anything in the world. White Fang respected, even revered her for her admonitions and her laws. ***"The cub entertained a great respect for his mother... His mother represented power; and as he grew older he felt this power in the sharper admonishment of her paw; while the reproving nudge of her nose gave place to the slash of her fangs. For this, likewise, he respected his mother."*** In fact, to a great extent, it is White Fang's undying loyalty and affection to his mother that gets him captured by Grey Beaver in the first place.

White Fang, as a wolf, and not a human *was not given to thinking— at least, to the kind of thinking customary of men. His brain worked in dim ways. Yet his conclusions were as sharp and distinct as those achieved by men. He had a method of accepting things, without questioning the why and wherefore. In reality, this was the act of classification. He was never disturbed over why a thing happened. How it happened was sufficient for him.* Further, *he did not reason the question out in this man fashion. He merely classified the things that hurt and the things that did not hurt. And after such classification he avoided the things that hurt, the restrictions and restraints, in order to enjoy the satisfactions and the remunerations of life.* White Fang lived almost his entire life abiding by the laws of nature. In his head, he formulated and developed these laws until he realised that he could live by these laws by sustaining minimum hurt. ***"...to life there was limitations and restraints. These limitations and restraints were laws. To be obedient to them was to escape hurt and make for happiness."***

White Fang leaves his cave, and moves towards the light. Not in a "close to death fashion", he literally moves towards the light, and for the first time, he experiences the Wild, the unknown. He feels hurt, and he learns fear. He learns not what these are, but the experiences that cause these emotions. He learns that the Wild is vast and scary. That there are things in the wild that fear him, and that there are other such things that he should fear. White Fang battles the dilemma of fear vs. growth; the former that keeps him cautious, and the latter that urges him forward to explore, to live.

From the moment White Fang was captured by Grey Beaver and his squaw though, his life was doomed. Here, for the first time, he had a master, a man-god. ***"He had never seen the man, yet the instinct concerning man was his. In dim ways he recognised in man the animal that had fought itself to primacy over the other animals of the Wild."*** He knew not what power the man-god yielded over him, yet he knew that he owed allegiance; complete and unfettered allegiance to this man-god. The man-god, despite his shortcomings, administered some sense of justice, a concept abstract to White Fang, but a concept he could

understand, nevertheless. He recognised it when Lip-Lip, his tormentor was punished for torturing him, and when he was defended by Grey Beaver for his actions. White Fang also, during his time with Grey Beaver, learned the meaning of humiliation, a sensation, an emotion he felt for many years to come. An emotion that came over him when the man-gods laughed at him. But respect them he must, after all *they were creatures of mastery, possessing all manner of unknown and impossible potencies, overlords of the alive and the not alive— making obey that which moved, imparting movement to that which did not move, and making life, sun-coloured and biting life, to grow out of dead moss and wood. They were fire-makers! They were gods.* During his life with Grey Beaver, White Fang knew not love. He knew respect and loyalty. But not love. Love was not an emotion showered on him; not by the man gods, and definitely not by his fellow dogs, who grew to resent him. Wrongdoing was punished, and doing good was rewarded; rewarded with meat, and with lack of punishment, but not with love. And thus, White Fang became a solitary, vengeful, terrifying creature. *"White Fang's was a service of duty and awe, but not of love. He did not know what love was. He had no experience of love. Kiche was a remote memory."*

His lowest point, perhaps came, when he was sold by Grey Beaver, to Beauty Smith, a man anything but beautiful, both in body and soul. As ugly as he was to look at, he was perhaps more deplorable a human being. Constantly cheating, always evil. As he trained, with clouts and beatings and humiliation, White Fang into a fighting dog, nay beast, White Fang lost all the natural happiness and goodness that he had in him. The little of it that was left in him. Grey Beaver may have hit him, punished him, sure, but he never did so out of spite or hatred. Beauty Smith, a man bred with spite, a man with contempt ingrained in him, turned White Fang into what would be the dogs' version of a psychopath. White Fang rampaged and killed. He growled and bit and fought. And fought unto death he did. He also won each time. Every time. Under the tutelage of the wonderful Beauty Smith, White Fang *now became the enemy of all things, and more ferocious than ever.* Soon, *He knew only hate and lost himself in the passion of it.*

However, luck finally changed for White Fang. He was rescued by Weedon Smith, miner, prospector, and all around wonderful human being. Weedon Smith cared for him, tended to his wounds, and fed him meat. He didn't hit him, despite being bitten by him. He showed him kindness and affection, emotions that were alien to White Fang. And finally, finally, White Fang learnt love. *"As the days went by, the evolution of like into love was accelerated. White Fang himself began to grow aware of it, though in his consciousness he knew not what love was. It manifested itself to him as a void in his being— a hungry, aching, yearning void that clamoured to be filled. It was a pain and an unrest; and it received easement only by the touch of the new god's presence. At such times love was joy to him, a wild, keen-thrilling satisfaction. But when away from his god, the pain and the unrest returned; the void in him sprang up and pressed against him with its emptiness, and the hunger gnawed and gnawed unceasingly."*

To say that White Fang's tragic beginnings ended on a happy note, a note that he deserved, would be an understatement. To his testament, I leave you with Elton John's melodious vocals. After all, it's the Circle of Life.

Nikoleta says

Δεν νομίζω να έχω διαβεί ?λλη αφήγηση ποτ?, που να μπαίνει τ?σο πολ? στην ψυχοσ?νθεση εν?ς ελε?θερου και ?γριου πλ?σματος. Εξαιρετικ?ς ο Τζακ Λ?ντον.

Councillor says

I can still remember the day I received the hardcover edition of this novel as a christmas present by my grandmother four or five years ago. At a time when I was still recuperating from the classics thrown at us in school with the pure result of me feeling disgusted by everything which has been published more than one hundred years ago, I decided *White Fang* to be a piece of literature I'd better not pick up. And so it rested on my book shelf for more than three years before I brought myself to open it again. The first of altogether five parts turned out to be arduous to read, since I expected an animal's viewpoint, but read a story about two men trying to survive in Canada's wilderness. I finally stopped reading at page forty or so and put it back on my shelves.

Then, one year ago, I returned to "White Fang", telling myself continuously it couldn't be that bad, and exactly at that point where Part Two began, I fell in love with this book. White Fang's story is told in such a magnificent way, you can't help yourself but root for his wolf, hope for his survival, suffer with him through everything he has to endure. Jack London's novel became one of the first classics I enjoyed, and although some time still had to pass before I would turn my attention towards other classics, it ultimately broke the ice between me and classics, a long lasting antipathy fabricated by my teacher's abilities to kill any interest in reading all those great books out there.

Highly recommended!

Jemima Pett says

I opened my ancient copy of this book with the excitement of reading an old friend. I know I originally read it when I was about 12 or 14. I would not recommend it to anyone under 14 now, and definitely not to anyone with the slightest tendency towards cruelty or bullying. On this reading I was alternately horrified by the beatings meted out to White Fang and other animals (and their justification), and discomforted by the discourse Jack London creates about the intentions, understandings and intelligences of the three-parts wolf named White Fang.

This is the story of White Fang and how he came to accept the life of an Indian camp over freedom in the wilds of Alaska and the Yukon. It tells how that life was taken away from him, and how, through trickery of white man to indian, he was turned into a ferocious fighting animal, used as a gambling medium. And it tells how he was rescued from that life and eventually rehabilitated.

I know when I first read this book, life, our culture, was different. Citizen science and social participation were in their infancy, life was full of strict rules of behaviour and it was difficult to imagine anything outside a very humdrum life. The 1960s started the change in all that. So reading Jack London now is a very different experience from reading him in the sixties. My 21st century sensibilities recoil at the ill-treatment of animals, even in the harsh world of the Alaskan tundra forest. I see so many reports of ill-treatment of animals now, that I fear whatever literature exists to support such actions should not be widely mentioned. Bullying appears to be rife, and this book is full of bullying – of animals. So much contemporary Middle Grade literature seems to deal with bullying from the perspective of the bullied standing up and overcoming the effects. What White Fang seems to do is glorify it again. Or, if not glorify it, to place it as a natural order of things, since Jack London writes interminably about the law of gods and men, and how animals must take their place in that natural law. I remember doing a course in Environmental Ethics and thinking of how the approach of man to his environment changes according to the fashion at the time, utilisation, mastery, stewardship, harmony, sustainable development. This is back in the mastery era.

Yes, the book finishes [spoiler alert]with White Fang being freed from cruelty and rehabilitated through kindness and care from liberal-minded but tough travellers. I skipped through the part where he went to California, as I seem to remember I always did in the past. The key events during that time are well-told, and in some ways, White Fang's rehabilitation is a blueprint for others who seek to retrain ill-treated animals.[/spoiler alert] It ends on a somewhat maudlin note.

It is a superbly written book, but I nearly put it down about two-thirds through. I had forgotten the sheer brutality of it. In some ways I can't believe I have kept this book with me all this time. I wonder whether I mixed the story up with Call of the Wild. I certainly haven't read it for years. I doubt whether I ever will again.

I don't recommend you read this book. If you want a good MG wolf story read Nashoga by Rebecca Weinstein.Nashoga

Debra says

I think I am one of the few who did not have this book as required reading in school.

White Fang chronicles the harsh realities of life. When this book begins, two men and trying to bring back the body of a third using their dog sled team. There has been a lack of food and night by night one of their dogs go missing. Finally, they see the culprit - a she wolf who is luring their dogs away. Food is scarce, and she is part of a wolf pack trying to survive. Soon the men are being hunted by the wolves and it becomes a battle to survive. Besides She-Wolf (half dog half wolf), an older wolf called one eye is with the pack. Eventually they mate, and White Fang becomes their surviving pup.

Initially life is good for White Fang. He is inquisitive and lets his instincts help him learn to explore and hunt. But one day he and his Mother come across men "Gods" and their lives change. Soon Mother and Pup are separated, and White Fang gets his introductions into the harsh realities of life. He learns the pains of separation, the pains of beatings and the pains of not fitting in with the other dogs and wolves. White Fang is sold and has an even more sadistic owner who turns him into a fighter. Eventually White Fang is saved and begins a new life where he eventually knows kindness and trust. He becomes part of a family again.

So now that I have told you the plot of the entire book, I will tell you that I really enjoyed this story. I liked how the story is mainly told through White Fang's POV. It gives the reader a great look at White Fang's impulses, instincts, personality, fears and thoughts. Well written and with a sweet ending. London captured the environment and elements brilliantly. I love when I read a book and feel as if I am right there during the action. I'm glad that I selected to read this as part of a group read.

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P?nar says

9/10

Lyn says

White Fang, Jack London's 1906 companion (and thematic mirror) story to his classic *The Call of the Wild* begins with an archetypal London setting, a scene of desperate survival in a harsh, cruel environment.

Following the growth of a hybrid wolf-dog as he grows and fights and survives in the frozen north, *White Fang* embodies and demonstrates many of the common themes of London's work such as survival of the fittest, isolation from society, and a primitive naturalism.

In the spirit of Joseph Conrad and Algernon Blackwood, London subtly personifies "the wild" until it is as much a character as one who gets a line of dialogue. Blackwood's novella *The Wendigo* is a close companion to *White Fang* in that the frozen, inhospitable and unforgiving northlands comes to add an antagonistic quality to the narrative.

In many ways *White Fang*, more brutal and less dramatic than *Call of the Wild*, is the more quintessential London novel, though my pick for best London book is still *The Sea Wolf*.
