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THE SEA-WOLF

CLASSICS
Illustrated

Deluxe

Jack London

Adapted by RIFF REB'S

PAPERCUT Z

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CROSSING SAN FRANCISCO BAY WAS ONLY A FORMALITY FOR ME. I LIKED TO MEET MY FRIEND CHARLEY FURUETH TO EXPOUND UPON NIETZSCHE OR SCHOPENHAUER IN A SUMMER COTTAGE UNDER THE SHADOW OF MOUNT TAMALPAIS...

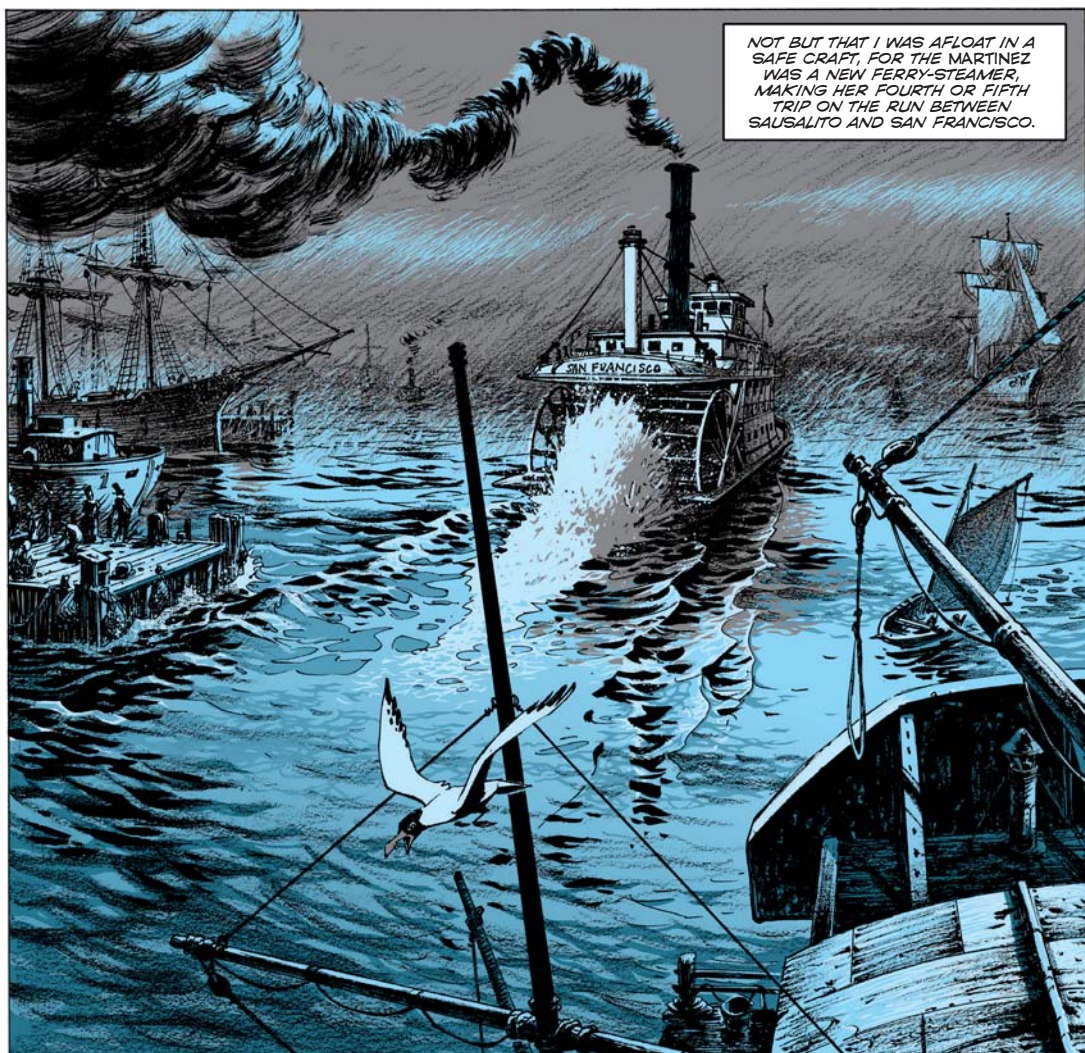


HAD IT NOT BEEN MY CUSTOM TO RUN UP AND SEE HIM EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND TO STOP OVER TILL MONDAY MORNING, THIS PARTICULAR JANUARY MONDAY MORNING WOULD NOT HAVE FOUND ME AFLOAT ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY.



HOW COULD I HAVE FORESEEN, AT THAT INSTANT, THAT A SIMPLE, ROUTINE VISIT WAS GOING TO RESHAPE THE VERY ESSENCE OF MY BEING?





NOT BUT THAT I WAS AFLOAT IN A SAFE CRAFT, FOR THE MARTINEZ WAS A NEW FERRY-STEAMER, MAKING HER FOURTH OR FIFTH TRIP ON THE RUN BETWEEN SAUSALITO AND SAN FRANCISCO.



THE DANGER LAY IN THE HEAVY FOG WHICH BLANKETED THE BAY, AND OF WHICH, AS A LANDSMAN, I HAD LITTLE APPREHENSION...



