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THE SEA-WOLF

CLASSICS
Illustrated[®]

Deluxe

Jack London

Adapted by RIFF REB'S

PAPERCUT Z

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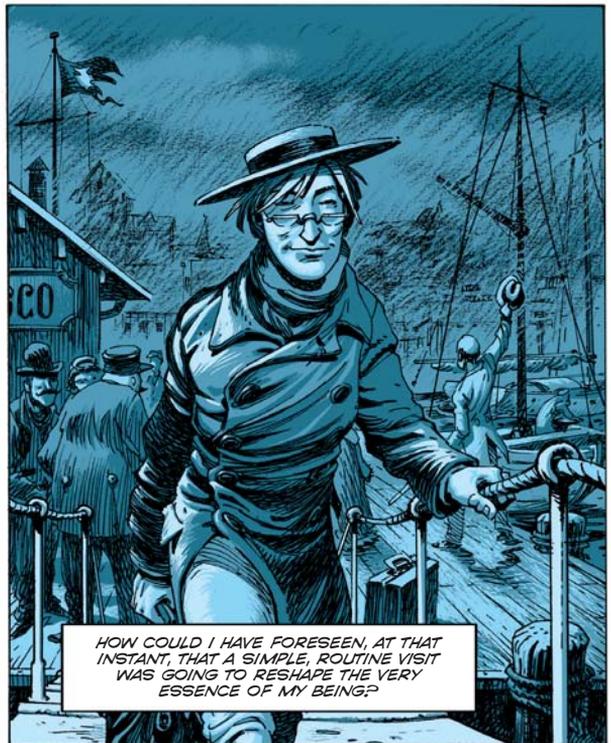
CROSSING SAN FRANCISCO BAY WAS ONLY A FORMALITY FOR ME. I LIKED TO MEET MY FRIEND CHARLEY FURURETH TO EXPOUND UPON NIETZSCHE OR SCHOPENHAUER IN A SUMMER COTTAGE UNDER THE SHADOW OF MOUNT TAMALPAIS...

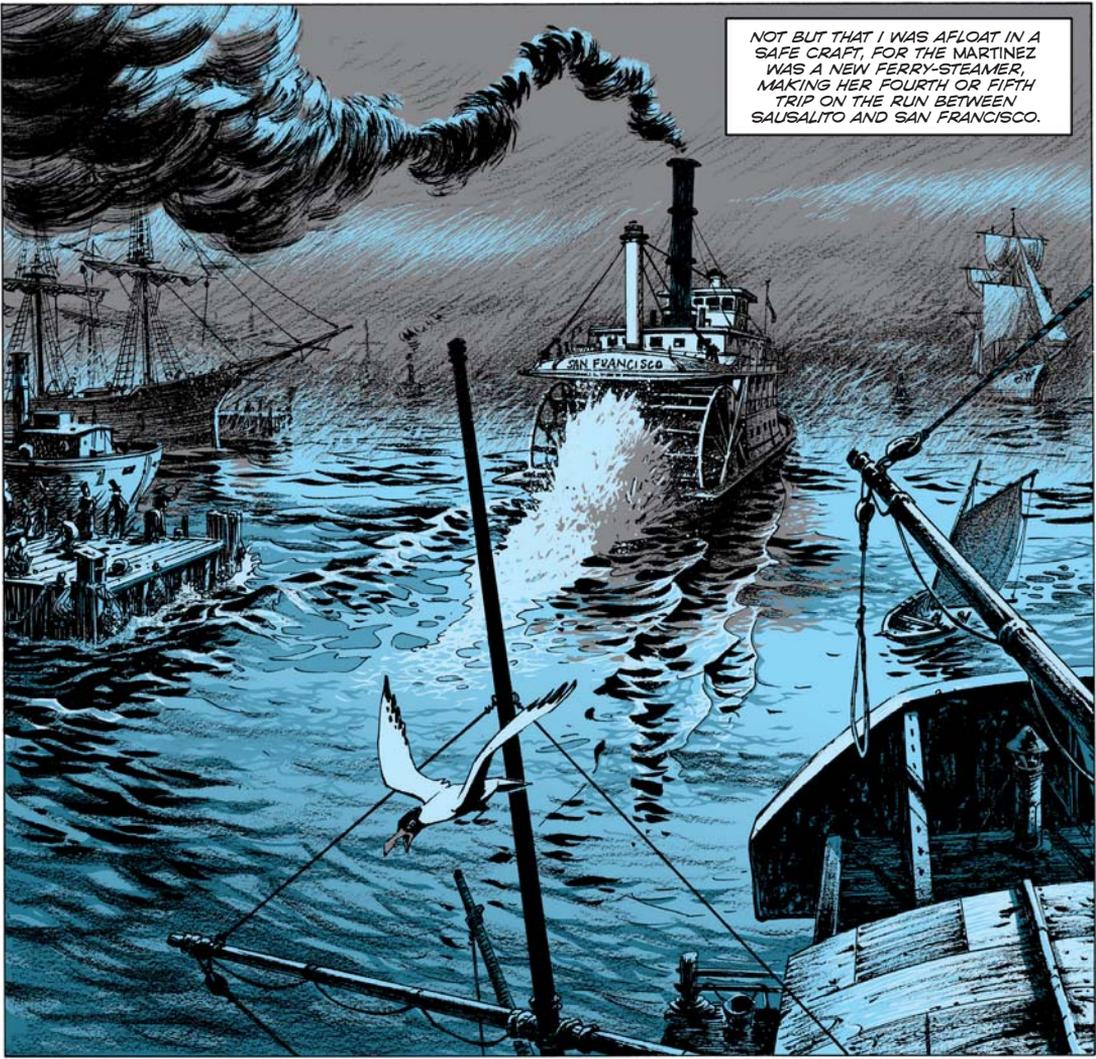


HAD IT NOT BEEN MY CUSTOM TO RUN UP AND SEE HIM EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND TO STOP OVER TILL MONDAY MORNING, THIS PARTICULAR JANUARY MONDAY MORNING WOULD NOT HAVE FOUND ME AFLOAT ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY.



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.

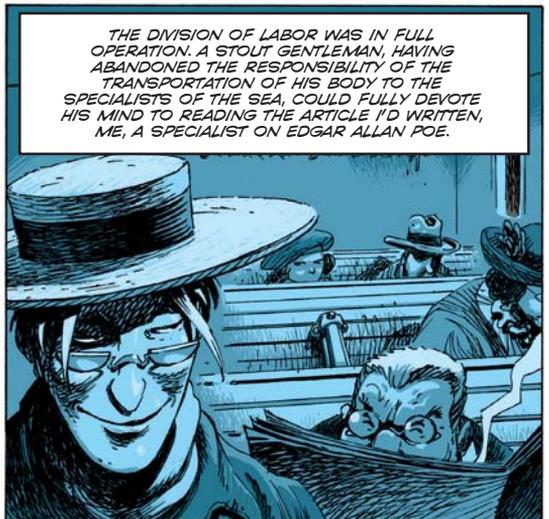


THE DANGER LAY IN THE HEAVY FOG WHICH BLANKETED THE BAY, AND OF WHICH, AS A LANDSMAN, I HAD LITTLE APPREHENSION...

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I REMEMBER THINKING HOW COMFORTABLE IT WAS, THIS DIVISION OF LABOR, ENTIRELY IGNORANT OF NAVIGATION, LIKE THE MAJORITY OF THE PASSENGERS, I ENTRUSTED MY LIFE TO THE PECULIAR KNOWLEDGE OF THE PILOT AND CAPTAIN.



THE DIVISION OF LABOR WAS IN FULL OPERATION. A STOUT GENTLEMAN, HAVING ABANDONED THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE TRANSPORTATION OF HIS BODY TO THE SPECIALISTS OF THE SEA, COULD FULLY DEVOTE HIS MIND TO READING THE ARTICLE I'D WRITTEN, ME, A SPECIALIST ON EDGAR ALLAN POE.

