

Directions

306034P

Read this story. Then answer questions 57 through 59.

That Spot had been purchased for sixty-five dollars by two men setting out to search for gold in the Klondike. They have now decided to sell him because, although he is a good-looking dog, he cannot be coaxed into working.

That Spot

by Jack London

But he was a good looker. At the end of the first week we sold him for seventy-five dollars to the Mounted Police. They had experienced dog-drivers, and we knew that by the time he'd covered the six hundred miles to Dawson he'd be a good sled-dog. I say we *knew*, for we were just getting acquainted with that Spot. A little later we were not brash enough to know anything where he was concerned. A week later we woke up in the morning to the dangdest dog-fight we'd ever heard. It was that Spot came back and knocking the team into shape. We ate a pretty depressing breakfast, I can tell you; but cheered up two hours afterward when we sold him to an official courier, bound in to Dawson with government despatches. That Spot was only three days in coming back, and, as usual, celebrated his arrival with a rough-house.

We spent the winter and spring, after our own outfit was across the pass, freighting other people's outfits; and we made a fat stake. Also, we made money out of Spot. If we sold him once, we sold him twenty times. He always came back, and no one asked for ~~their~~ money. We didn't want the money. We'd have paid handsomely for any one to take him off our hands for keeps. We had to get rid of him, and we couldn't give him away, for that would have been suspicious. But he was such a fine looker that we never had any difficulty in selling him. "Unbroke," we'd say, and they'd pay any old price for him. We sold him as low as twenty-five dollars, and once we got a hundred and fifty for him. That particular party returned him in person, refused to take his money back, and the way he abused us was something awful. He said it was cheap at the price to tell us what he thought of us; and we felt he was so justified that we never talked back. But to this day I've never quite regained all the old self-respect that was mine before that man talked to me.

When the ice cleared out of the lakes and river, we put our outfit in a Lake Bennett boat and started for Dawson. We had a good team of dogs, and of course we piled them on top the outfit. That Spot was along—there was no losing him; and a dozen times, the first day, he knocked one or another of the dogs overboard in the course of fighting with them. It was close quarters, and he didn't like being crowded.

"What that dog needs is space," Steve said the second day. "Let's maroon him."

30 We did, running the boat in at Caribou Crossing for him to jump ashore. Two of the
other dogs, good dogs, followed him; and we lost two whole days trying to find them. We
never saw those two dogs again; but the quietness and relief we enjoyed made us decide,
like the man who refused his hundred and fifty, that it was cheap at the price. For the first
time in months Steve and I laughed and whistled and sang. We were as happy as clams.
35 The dark days were over. The nightmare had been lifted. That Spot was gone.

Three weeks later, one morning, Steve and I were standing on the river-bank at
Dawson. A small boat was just arriving from Lake Bennett. I saw Steve give a start, and
heard him say something that was not nice and that was not under his breath. Then I
looked; and there, in the bow of the boat, with ears pricked up, sat Spot. Steve and I
40 sneaked immediately, like beaten curs, like cowards, like absconders from justice. It was
this last that the lieutenant of police thought when he saw us sneaking. He surmised that
there was law-officers in the boat who were after us. He didn't wait to find out, but kept us
in sight, and in the M. & M. saloon got us in a corner. We had a merry time explaining,
for we refused to go back to the boat and meet Spot; and finally he held us under guard of
45 another policeman while he went to the boat. After we got clear of him, we started for the
cabin, and when we arrived, there was that Spot sitting on the stoop waiting for us. Now
how did he know we lived there? There were forty thousand people in Dawson that
summer, and how did he *save* our cabin out of all the cabins? How did he know we were
in Dawson, anyway? I leave it to you.

Directions

906033P

Read this story. Then answer question 56.

Wolf

by Albert Payson Terhune

The collie is supposed to be descended direct from the wolf, and Wolf looked far more like his original ancestors than like a thoroughbred collie. From puppyhood he had been the living image, except in color, of a timber-wolf, and it was from this queer throw-back trait that he had won his name.

- 5 Lad was the Mistress' dog. Bruce was the Master's. Wolf belonged to the Boy, having been born on the latter's birthday.

- For the first six months of his life Wolf lived at The Place on sufferance.¹ Nobody except the Boy took any special interest in him. He was kept only because his better-formed brothers had died in early puppyhood and because the Boy, from the outset, had
10 loved him.

At six months it was discovered that he was a natural watch-dog. Also that he never barked except to give an alarm. A collie is, perhaps, the most excitable of all large dogs. The veriest trifle will set him off into a thunderous paroxysm² of barking. But Wolf, the Boy noted, never barked without strong cause.

- 15 He had the rare genius for guarding that so few of his breed possess. For not one dog in ten merits the title of watch-dog. The duties that should go with that office are far more than the mere clamorous announcement of a stranger's approach, or even the attacking of such a stranger.

- The born watch-dog patrols his beat once in so often during the night. At all times he
20 must sleep with one ear and one eye alert. By day or by night he must discriminate between the visitor whose presence is permitted and the trespasser whose presence is not. He must know what class of undesirable to scare off with a growl and what class needs stronger measures. He must also know to the inch the boundaries of his own master's land.

- 25 Few of these things can be taught; all of them must be instinctive. Wolf had been born with them. Most dogs are not.

¹ **sufferance:** patient tolerance

² **paroxysm:** sudden outburst

His value as a watch-dog gave Wolf a settled position of his own on The Place. Lad was growing old and a little deaf. He slept, at night, under the piano in the music-room. Bruce was worth too much money to be left at large in the night time for any clever dog-thief to steal. So he slept in the study. Rex, a huge mongrel, was tied up at night, at the lodge, a furlong away. Thus Wolf alone was left on guard at the house. The piazza was his sentry-box. From this shelter he was wont to set forth three or four times a night, in all sorts of weather, to make his rounds.

The Place covered twenty-five acres. It ran from the high-road, a furlong above the house, down to the lake that bordered it on two sides. On the third side was the forest. Boating-parties, late at night, had a pleasant way of trying to raid the lakeside apple-orchard. Tramps now and then strayed down the drive from the main road. Prowlers, crossing the woods, sometimes sought to use The Place's sloping lawn as a short cut to the turnpike below the falls.

For each and all of these intruders Wolf had an ever-ready welcome. A whirl of madly pattering feet through the dark, a snarling growl far down in the throat, a furry shape catapulting into the air—and the trespasser had his choice between a scurrying retreat or a double set of white fangs in the easiest-reached part of his anatomy.

The Boy was inordinately proud of his pet's watchdog prowess. He was prouder yet of Wolf's almost incredible sharpness of intelligence, his quickness to learn, his knowledge of word meaning, his zest for romping, his perfect obedience, the tricks he had taught himself without human tutelage³—in short, all the things that were a sign of the brain he had inherited from Lad.

But none of these talents overcame the sad fact that Wolf was not a show dog and that he looked positively underbred and shabby alongside of his sire or of Bruce. Which rankled at the Boy's heart; even while loyalty to his adored pet would not let him confess to himself or to anyone else that Wolf was not the most flawlessly perfect dog on earth.

Under-sized (for a collie), slim, graceful, fierce, affectionate, Wolf was the Boy's darling, and he was Lad's successor as official guardian of The Place. But all his youthful life, thus far, had brought him nothing more than this—while Lad and Bruce had been winning prize after prize at one local dog show after another within a radius of thirty miles.

³ tutelage: instruction

Name: _____ Class: _____ Date: _____

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Both Wolf and Spot face challenges in their lives. How are the challenges Wolf and Spot face similar? Discuss how the two dogs respond to these challenges. Use details from **both** stories to support your response.

In your response, be sure to

- describe the similar challenges that Wolf and Spot face in their lives
- explain how Wolf responds to these challenges
- explain how Spot responds to these challenges
- use details from **both** stories to support your response

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