footsteps through wild adventures down to the fountain in the stable yard, and even beyond, where the paddocks were, and the berry patches. Among the terriers he stalked imperiously, and Toots and Ysabel he utterly ignored, for he was king, king over all creeping, crawling, flying things of Judge Miller’s place, humans included. A stout man, with a red sweater that sagged generously at the neck, came out and signed the book for the driver. That was the man, Buck divined, the next tormentor, and he hurled himself savagely against the bars. The man smiled grimly, and brought a hatchet and a club. Jack London — The call of the wild. Stage 3. To the north Buck did not read the newspapers. He did not know that trouble was coming for every big dog in California. Men had found gold in the Yukon, and these men wanted big, strong dogs to work in the cold and snow of the north. Buck lived in Mr Miller’s big house in the sunny Santa Clara valley. There were large gardens and fields of fruit trees around the house, and a river nearby. He carried the grandchildren on his back, and he sat at Mr Miller’s feet in front of the fire in winter. But this was 1897, and Buck did not know that men and dogs were hurrying to north-west Canada to look for gold. And he did not know that Manuel, one of Mr Miller’s gardeners, needed money for his large family. "And beyond that fire … Buck could see many glistening coals, two by two, always two by two." See page 114. Copyright, 1903, By JACK LONDON. Set up, electrotyped, and published July, 1903. Norwood Press J.S. Cushing & Co. &© Berwick & Smith Co. Norwood, Mass., U.S.A. ILLUSTRATIONS. Page. (Warning: If you have a pet or if you are an animal lover it might prove extremely challenging to sail through many parts of the book). Just when Buck finally finds a master who he dearly loves and is loved, he hears a call, the ‘call of the wild’. He knows that he cannot ignore the call. This is a slim volume, can perhaps be read in one sitting if you have some time.