Preview

Connecting to the Literature

In “Up the Slide,” a young man sets out to do something simple that turns into a hair-raising, life-threatening adventure. Connect to the character’s experience by thinking of a time when you have gotten yourself into a situation that was more difficult to get out of than you thought it would be.

Background

The young man in Jack London’s story “Up the Slide” was one of many prospectors who traveled to the Yukon Territory in search of gold in the 1890s. The Yukon Territory is located in the northwestern corner of Canada. It is part of the subarctic zone where temperatures have been known to plunge to −80°F!
Literary Analysis

Conflict
A conflict is a struggle between opposing forces. In literature, the conflict may be between characters, within a character's mind, or between a character and nature. In "Up the Slide," the conflict is between Clay Dilham and the cold and snowy rock face of a mountain.

He clawed desperately with his hands, but there was little to cling to, and he sped downward faster and faster.

As you read, notice how natural elements are in conflict with Clay's plans.

Connecting Literary Elements
The way characters in a story deal with a conflict often depends on the historical context—the laws, beliefs, and expectations of the time period. In the late 1800s, people in the Yukon expected to live without the comforts of civilization, so Clay is not surprised that he must struggle to survive. A character from a modern city might have a very different reaction.

As you read, think about the following focus questions:
1. In what ways is Clay different from modern teenagers?
2. In what ways does the time period of the story affect the way Clay deals with the conflict?

Reading Strategy
Predicting
When you read an adventure story, you can sometimes predict, or make educated guesses about, story events. Predictions are usually based on one or both of the following factors:

- clues in the story that suggest a certain outcome
- your own experience in a similar situation

Use a chart like the one shown to record and check the accuracy of your predictions about events in the story.

Vocabulary Development
exhausted (eg zöst' ad) v. used up; expended completely (p. 157)

thoroughly (thur' ə le) adv. accurately and with regard to detail (p. 157)

manifestly (man' ef le) adv. clearly (p. 158)

exertion (eg zu' shan) n. energetic activity; effort (p. 160)

maneuver (ma nū' vər) n. series of planned steps (p. 161)

ascent (ə sent') n. the act of climbing or rising (p. 162)

descent (dē sent') n. the act of climbing down (p. 162)
When Clay Dilham left the tent to get a sled-load of firewood, he expected to be back in half an hour. So he told Swanson, who was cooking the dinner. Swanson and he belonged to different outfits, located about twenty miles apart on the Stewart River, but they had become traveling partners on a trip down the Yukon to Dawson to get the mail.

Swanson had laughed when Clay said he would be back in half an hour. It stood to reason, Swanson said, that good, dry firewood could not be found so close to Dawson; that whatever firewood there was originally had long since been gathered in; that firewood would not be selling at forty dollars a cord if any man could go out and get a sled-load and be back in the time Clay expected to make it.

1. Yukon (yʊkən) . . . Dawson (doʊ 'sən) The Yukon River is in the Yukon Territory of northwestern Canada, and Dawson is a town nearby.
Then it was Clay’s turn to laugh, as he sprang on the sled and *mushed* the dogs on the river-trail. For, coming up from the Siwash village the previous day, he had noticed a small dead pine in an out-of-the-way place, which had defied discovery by eyes less sharp than his. And his eyes were both young and sharp, for his seventeenth birthday was just cleared.

A swift ten minutes over the ice brought him to the place, and figuring ten minutes to get the tree and ten minutes to return made him certain that Swanson’s dinner would not wait.

Just below Dawson, and rising out of the Yukon itself, towered the great Moosehide Mountain, so named by Lieutenant Schwatka long ere the Yukon became famous. On the river side the mountain was scarred and gullied and gored; and it was up one of these gorges or gullies that Clay had seen the tree.

Halting his dogs beneath, on the river ice, he looked up, and after some searching, rediscovered it. Being dead, its weatherbeaten gray so blended with the gray wall of rock that a thousand men could pass by and never notice it. Taking root in a cranny, it had grown up, exhausted its bit of soil, and perished. Beneath it the wall fell sheer for a hundred feet to the river. All one had to do was to sink an ax into the dry trunk a dozen times and it would fall to the ice, and most probably smash conveniently to pieces. This Clay had figured on when confidently limiting the trip to half an hour.

He studied the cliff thoroughly before attempting it. So far as he was concerned, the longest way round was the shortest way to the tree. Twenty feet of nearly perpendicular climbing would bring him to where a slide sloped more gently in. By making a long zigzag across the face of this slide and back again, he would arrive at the pine.

Fastening his ax across his shoulders so that it would not interfere with his movements, he clawed up the broken rock, hand and foot, like a cat, till the twenty feet were cleared and he could draw breath on the edge of the slide.

The slide was steep and its snow-covered surface slippery. Further, the heelless, walrus-hide shoes of his *mukluk* were polished by much ice travel, and by his second step he realized how little he could depend upon them for clinging purposes. A slip at that point meant a plunge over the edge and a twenty-foot fall to the ice. A hundred feet farther along, and a slip would mean a fifty-foot fall.

He thrust his mitten hand through the snow to the earth to steady himself, and went on. But he was forced to exercise such care that the first zigzag consumed five minutes. Then, returning across the face of the slide toward the pine, he met with a new difficulty. The slope steepened considerably, so that little snow collected, while bent flat beneath this thin covering were long, dry last-year’s grasses.

The surface they presented was as glassy as that of his *mukluk*.
and when both surfaces came together his feet shot out, and he fell on his face, sliding downward and convulsively clutching for something to stay himself.

This he succeeded in doing, although he lay quiet for a couple of minutes to get back his nerve. He would have taken off his mukluks and gone at it in his socks, only the cold was thirty below zero, and at such temperature his feet would quickly freeze. So he went on, and after ten minutes of risky work made the safe and solid rock where stood the pine.

A few strokes of the ax felled it into the chasm, and peeping over the edge, he indulged a laugh at the startled dogs. They were on the verge of bolting when he called aloud to them, soothingly, and they were reassured.

Then he turned about for the trip back. Going down, he knew, was even more dangerous than coming up, but how dangerous he did not realize till he had slipped half a dozen times, and each time saved himself by what appeared to him a miracle. Time and again he ventured upon the slide, and time and again he was balked when he came to the grasses.

He sat down and looked at the treacherous snow-covered slope. It was manifestly impossible for him to make it with a whole body, and he did not wish to arrive at the bottom shattered like the pine tree.

He must be doing something to keep his blood circulating. If he could not get down by going down, there only remained to him to get down by going up. It was a herculean task, but it was the only way out of the predicament.

From where he was he could not see the top of the cliff, but he reasoned that the gully in which lay the slide must give inward more and more as it approached the top. From what little he could see, the gully displayed this tendency; and he noticed, also, that the slide extended for many hundreds of feet upward, and that where it ended the rock was well broken up and favorable for climbing...

So instead of taking the zigzag which led downward, he made a new one leading upward and crossing the slide at an angle of thirty degrees. The grasses gave him much trouble, and made him long for soft-tanned moosehide moccasins, which could make his feet cling like a second pair of hands.

He soon found that thrusting his mittened hands through the snow and clutching the grass roots was uncertain and unsafe. His mittens were too thick for him to be sure of his grip, so he took them off. But this brought with it new trouble. When he held on to a bunch of roots the snow, coming in contact with his bare warm hand, was melted, so that his hands and the wristbands of his woolen shirt were dripping with water. This the frost was quick to attack, and his fingers were numbed and made worthless.
Then he was forced to seek good footing, where he could stand erect unsupported, to put on his mittens, and to thrash his hands against his sides until the heat came back into them.

This constant numbing of his fingers made his progress very slow; but the zigzag came to an end finally, where the side of the slide was buttressed by a perpendicular rock, and he turned back and upward again. As he climbed higher and higher, he found that the slide was wedge-shaped, its rocky buttresses pinching it away as it reared its upper end. Each step increased the depth which seemed to yawn for him.

While beating his hands against his sides he turned and looked down the long slippery slope, and figured, in case he slipped, that he would be flying with the speed of an express train ere he took the final plunge into the icy bed of the Yukon.

He passed the first outcropping rock, and the second, and at the end of an hour found himself above the third, and fully five hundred feet above the river. And here, with the end nearly two hundred feet above him, the pitch of the slide was increasing.
Each step became more difficult and perilous, and he was faint from exertion and from lack of Swanson's dinner. Three or four times he slipped slightly and recovered himself; but, growing careless from exhaustion and the long tension on his nerves, he tried to continue with too great haste, and was rewarded by a double slip of each foot, which tore him loose and started him down the slope.

On account of the steepness there was little snow; but what little there was was displaced by his body, so that he became the nucleus of a young avalanche. He

exertion (eg zur' shən) n. energetic activity; effort

► Critical Viewing
What does this photograph reveal about the hardships endured by gold prospectors in the Yukon? [Connect]
clawed desperately with his hands, but there was little to cling to, and he sped downward faster and faster.

The first and second outcroppings were below him, but he knew that the first was almost out of line, and pinned his hope on the second. Yet the first was just enough in line to catch one of his feet and to whirl him over and head downward on his back.

The shock of this was severe in itself, and the fine snow enveloped him in a blinding, maddening cloud; but he was thinking quickly and clearly of what would happen if he brought up head first against the outcropping. He twisted himself over on his stomach, thrust both hands out to one side, and pressed them heavily against the flying surface.

This had the effect of a brake, drawing his head and shoulders to the side. In this position he rolled over and over a couple of times, and then, with a quick jerk at the right moment, he got his body the rest of the way round.

And none too soon, for the next moment his feet drove into the outcropping, his legs doubled up, and the wind was driven from his stomach with the abruptness of the stop.

There was much snow down his neck and up his sleeves. At once and with unconcern he shook this out, only to discover, when he looked up to where he must climb again, that he had lost his nerve. He was shaking as if with a palsy, and sick and faint from a frightful nausea.

Fully ten minutes passed ere he could master these sensations and summon sufficient strength for the weary climb. His legs hurt him and he was limping, and he was conscious of a sore place in his back, where he had fallen on the ax.

In an hour he had regained the point of his tumble, and was contemplating the slide, which so suddenly steepened. It was plain to him that he could not go up with his hands and feet alone, and he was beginning to lose his nerve again when he remembered the ax.

Reaching upward the distance of a step, he brushed away the snow, and in the frozen gravel and crumbled rock of the slide chopped a shallow resting place for his foot. Then he came up a step, reached forward, and repeated the maneuver. And so, step by step, foothole by foothole, a tiny speck of toiling life poised like a fly on the face of Mooschide Mountain, he fought his upward way.

Twilight was beginning to fall when he gained the head of the slide and drew himself into the rocky bottom of the gully. At this point the shoulder of the mountain began to bend back toward the crest, and in addition to its being less steep, the rocks afforded better handhold and foothold. The worst was over, and the best yet to come!

The gully opened out into a miniature basin, in which a floor of soil had been deposited, out of which, in turn, a tiny grove of pines had sprung. The trees were all dead, dry and seasoned, having long since exhausted the thin skin of earth.

Literary Analysis
Conflict  Which force appears to be winning the conflict?

How does Clay "brake" himself?
Clay ran his experienced eye over the timber, and estimated that it would chop up into fifty cords at least. Beyond, the gully closed in and became barren rock again. On every hand was barren rock, so the wonder was small that the trees had escaped the eyes of men. They were only to be discovered as he had discovered them—by climbing after them.

He continued the ascent, and the white moon greeted him when he came out upon the crest of Moosehide Mountain. At his feet, a thousand feet below, sparkled the lights of Dawson.

But the descent was precipitate and dangerous in the uncertain moonlight, and he elected to go down the mountain by its gentler northern flank. In a couple of hours he reached the Yukon at the Siwash village, and took the river-trail back to where he had left the dogs. There he found Swanson, with a fire going, waiting for him to come down.

And although Swanson had a hearty laugh at his expense, nevertheless, a week or so later, in Dawson, there were fifty cords of wood sold at forty dollars a cord, and it was he and Swanson who sold them.

Review and Assess

Thinking About the Selection

1. Respond: Do you think the risks that Clay takes are reasonable or foolish? Why?

2. (a) Recall: How long does Clay say he will be gone collecting firewood? (b) Recall: What is Swanson’s reaction to Clay’s estimate? (c) Apply: Why do you think London begins his story with the description of the two men’s disagreement?

3. (a) Recall: How old is Clay? (b) Deduce: How is Clay’s age reflected in his actions?

4. (a) Infer: Identify three specific skills Clay possesses that aid his survival. (b) Deduce: How do these skills save his life? (c) Contrast: Which of his actions endanger his life? Explain.

5. (a) Recall: What does Clay find after reaching the top of the slide? (b) Draw Conclusions: How does this discovery reward him for his dangerous climb? (c) Make Judgments: Is the discovery worth the risks Clay takes?

6. (a) Infer: What lesson does Clay learn from his experiences? (b) Generalize: What lesson does the story hold for readers who will never visit the Yukon?

7. Connect: What risks today are not worth taking in spite of potential millions?

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ascent (a sent’) n. the act of climbing or rising

descent (đe sent’) n. the act of climbing down

Jack London

(1876–1916)

Jack London was the most popular novelist and short-story writer of his day. His exciting tales of adventure and courage were inspired by his own experiences.

At age seventeen, London sailed with a seal-hunting ship to Japan and Siberia. After two years, London returned to high school, vowing to become a writer.

In 1897, London journeyed to the Yukon Territory in search of gold. Although he did not find it, he did find inspiration for his writing.

London’s best-known works depict strong characters facing the powerful elements of nature—from Buck, the dog in The Call of the Wild, to the ruthless Wolf Larson in The Sea-Wolf.
Literary Analysis

Conflict
1. In a diagram like the one shown, show three instances of nature in conflict with Clay.

2. Explain how elements of nature oppose Clay's efforts to find firewood.
3. How is the conflict between Clay and forces of nature resolved?

Connecting Literary Elements
4. In what ways is Clay different from modern teenagers?
5. In what ways does the time period of the story affect the way Clay deals with the conflict?
6. Complete an organizer like the one shown to compare and contrast the way Clay deals with the conflict to the way a contemporary character might deal with it.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Clay</th>
<th>Contemporary Teenager</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Usual daily activities</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How food is obtained</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kinds of transportation used</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Reading Strategy

Predicting
7. What clues at the beginning of the story could lead you to predict that Clay's task may take him longer than he expects?
8. What clues might lead you to predict that Clay will survive?

Extend Understanding
9. Career Connection: Based on his actions in the story, for what kinds of jobs do you think Clay is suited? Why?

Quick Review

Conflict in a story means a struggle between the main character and either another character or some force of nature. To review conflict, see page 155.

The historical context of a story includes the laws, beliefs, and expectations of the time period. To review historical context, see page 155.

Predicting means making educated guesses about story events based on clues that suggest a certain outcome.

Take It to the Net
www.phschool.com
Take the interactive self-test online to check your understanding of the selection.
Integrate Language Skills

Vocabulary Development Lesson

Concept Development: Forms of exhaust

Exhausted is a form of the verb exhaust, meaning “to use up” or “expend completely.” Other forms of exhaust include exhaustion, exhaustive, exhausting, and exhaust.

Copy these sentences and fill in the blanks with the correct form of the word exhaust. Use the suffixes -ion, -ing, and -ive where necessary.

1. It was ____ to climb the mountain.
2. The hiker collapsed from ____ when he reached the top.
3. They had made an ____ study of the trail map.
4. She fell asleep from sheer ____.
5. The ____ from the car choked us.

Fluency: Definitions

Match the vocabulary words in the left column with their definitions in the right column.

1. manifestly a. energetic activity
2. descent b. expended completely
3. maneuver c. with regard to detail
4. exhausted d. act of climbing up
5. exertion e. act of climbing down
6. thoroughly f. clearly
7. ascent g. series of planned steps

Spelling Strategy

The long o sound is occasionally spelled ough, as in thoroughly and although. Correctly complete these sentences with thoroughly or although.

1. We were ____ exhausted by the journey.
2. ____ it was still light, we went to bed.

Grammar Lesson

Principal Parts of Regular Verbs

Every verb has four principal parts. A regular verb forms its past and past participle by adding -d or -ed to the base form. The following chart explains the principal parts of regular verbs.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Principal Part</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Examples</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Base Form:</td>
<td>basic form</td>
<td>listen, care</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Past:</td>
<td>adds -ed or -d</td>
<td>listened, cared</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Present Participle:</td>
<td>adds -ing</td>
<td>listening, caring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Past Participle:</td>
<td>adds -ed or -d</td>
<td>listened, cared</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

For more practice, see page R32, Exercise A.

Practice On your paper, write the principal parts of each verb.

1. look 3. invite 5. subtract
2. trap 4. compel

Writing Application On your paper, write sentences about the story, using each verb in the principal part indicated, using each verb in the principal part indicated, using each verb in the principal part indicated. Add helping verbs where necessary.

stare (past)
listen (base)
long (present participle)
end (past participle)
Writing Lesson

Yukon Description

Write a description of the Yukon Territory based on the details you learned in the story.

Prewriting

Decide on the main impression you want to convey. Think about the kind of words and phrases that could contribute to that impression. Then, write a statement conveying this main impression. The model shows two different main impressions of the Yukon.

Model: Creating a Main Impression

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>mean and heartless: The brutal</th>
<th>beautiful but cruel: The crystal</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>force of the Yukon can break a person's neck in a sudden, thundering avalanche.</td>
<td>mountains of ice and snow can sweep away the life of anyone standing in the way.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Drafting

Begin by stating a main impression in your introduction. Supply specific examples and details that contribute to your main impression. Organize related details about weather, landscape, or size.

Revising

Use a thesaurus to consider alternatives to words you have used more than once. Replace overused words such as good and great.

Prentice Hall Writing and Grammar Connection: Chapter 6, Sections 2, 3, and 4

Extension Activities

Listening and Speaking

With a group, analyze the effects of language choice and delivery on listeners.

1. Choose a passage from the story.
2. Take turns reading it aloud. Each reader should try something different with the speed, loudness, or tone of voice.
3. After each reader, discuss how the delivery affected listeners. Discuss also London's word choices and how they influenced the effect of the reading.

Research and Technology

Write a résumé for Jack London that shows why he is qualified to write an adventure column for a magazine.

1. Use details from his author biography and other sources as details of his experience.
2. Find sample résumés and résumé guidelines online. Use a word-processing program to develop a standard résumé format.
3. Include details about London's life experiences as well as his writing experiences.

Take It to the Net

www.phschool.com

Go online for an additional research activity using the Internet.
Look at the literature of almost any time period, and you will find writers who specialize in adventure stories in which a character struggles to survive in a harsh natural setting. Classic writers like Jack London and contemporary authors like Gary Paulsen and Jean Craighead George are known for their novels and stories that take place outside of civilization, far from cities and towns. These authors show nature in a realistic way: They love nature's beauty, but they also respect nature's power.

How a character reacts to a conflict with nature depends on the character's personality and background and the historical period in which the conflict takes place. The character of Clay in Jack London's “Up the Slide” lives in the late 1800s—before television, air travel, computers, and microwaves. To Clay, going out to collect firewood, hiking from one place to another, and cooking food over a fire are just part of everyday life. In Gary Paulsen's contemporary novel Hatchet, Brian, a young man about Clay's age, lives in the late twentieth century. He is used to telephones, automobiles, and air conditioning. Yet, through an accident, Brian finds himself alone in a natural setting, needing to collect firewood, hike from one place to another, and cook his food over a fire. As you read the excerpt from Hatchet, compare and contrast the way Brian and Clay confront their conflicts with nature. Think about how the circumstances of their individual time periods affect the way they react.

from Hatchet
Gary Paulsen

What had he read or seen that told him about food in the wilderness? Hadn't there been something? A show, yes, a show on television about air force pilots and some kind of course they took. A survival course. All right, he had the show coming into his thoughts now. The pilots had to live in the desert. They put them in the desert down in Arizona or someplace and they had to live for a week. They had to find food and water for a week.
For water they had made a sheet of plastic into a dew-gathering device and for food they ate lizards.

That was it. Of course Brian had lots of water and there weren't too many lizards in the Canadian woods, that he knew. One of the pilots had used a watch crystal as a magnifying glass to focus the sun and start a fire so they didn't have to eat the lizards raw. But Brian had a digital watch, without a crystal, broken at that. So the show didn't help him much.

Wait, there was one thing. One of the pilots, a woman, had found some kind of beans on a bush and she had used them with her lizard meat to make a little stew in a tin can she had found. Bean lizard stew. There weren't any beans here, but there must be berries. There had to be berry bushes around. Sure, the woods were full of berry bushes. That's what everybody always said. Well, he'd actually never heard anybody say it. But he felt that it should be true.

There must be berry bushes.

He stood and moved out into the sand and looked up at the sun. It was still high. He didn't know what time it must be. At home it would be one or two if the sun were that high. At home at one or two his mother would be putting away the lunch dishes and getting ready for her exercise class.

He shook his head. Had to stop that kind of thinking. The sun was still high and that meant that he had some time before darkness to find berries. He didn't want to be away from his—he almost thought of it as home—shelter when it came to be dark.

He didn't want to be anywhere in the woods when it came to be dark. And he didn't want to get lost—which was a real problem. All he knew in the world was the lake in front of him and the hill at his back and the ridge—if he lost sight of them there was a really good chance that he would get turned around and not find his way back.
So he had to look for berry bushes, but keep the lake or the rock ridge in sight at all times.

He looked up the lake shore, to the north. For a good distance, perhaps two hundred yards, it was fairly clear. There were tall pines, the kind with no limbs until very close to the top, with a gentle breeze sighing in them, but not too much low brush. Two hundred yards up there seemed to be a belt of thick, lower brush starting—about ten or twelve feet high—and that formed a wall he could not see through. It seemed to go on around the lake, thick and lushly green, but he could not be sure.

If there were berries they would be in that brush, he felt, and as long as he stayed close to the lake, so he could keep the water on his right and know it was there, he wouldn't get lost. When he was done or found berries, he thought, he would just turn around so the water was on his left and walk back until he came to the ridge and his shelter.

» Critical Viewing
What difficulties might Brian face in a natural setting such as this one? [Connect]
Simple. Keep it simple. I am Brian Robeson. I have been in a plane crash. I am going to find some food. I am going to find berries.

He walked slowly—still a bit pained in his joints and weak from hunger—up along the side of the lake. The trees were full of birds singing ahead of him in the sun. Some he knew, some he didn’t. He saw a robin, and some kind of sparrows, and a flock of reddish orange birds with thick beaks. Twenty or thirty of them were sitting in one of the pines. They made much noise and flew away ahead of him when he walked under the tree. He watched them fly, their color a bright slash in solid green, and in this way he found the berries. The birds landed in some taller willow type of undergrowth with wide leaves and started jumping and making noise. At first he was too far away to see what they were doing, but their color drew him and he moved toward them, keeping the lake in sight on his right, and when he got closer he saw they were eating berries.

He could not believe it was that easy. It was as if the birds had taken him right to the berries. The slender branches went up about twenty feet and were heavy, drooping with clusters of bright red berries. They were half as big as grapes but hung in bunches much like grapes and when Brian saw them, glistening red in the sunlight, he almost yelled.

His pace quickened and he was in them in moments, scattering the birds, grabbing branches, stripping them to fill his mouth with berries.

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**Connecting Literature Past and Present**

1. Where does Brian get his knowledge of the wilderness?
2. Brian and Clay each study the place they are going to travel through before beginning their journeys. What does each character notice? What do the details that each one notices tell him?
3. What is each character thinking about as he makes his journey?
4. How confident is each character that he will survive his conflict with nature?
5. What is each character’s greatest concern, worry, or fear during his conflict with nature?
6. How does the time period in which each character lives affect the way he deals with his conflict with nature?

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**Gary Paulsen**

(b. 1939)

Painfully shy as a child, Gary Paulsen ran away and joined a traveling carnival at the age of fourteen. He has since worked as a teacher, an electronics field engineer, an army sergeant, an actor, a farmer, a truck driver, a singer, and a sailor. However, as he says, writing remains his passion: "I write because it's all I can do. Every time I've tried to do something else, I cannot." Paulsen's love of reading began one cold day when he went into the library to get warm. To his surprise, the librarian handed him a library card. "When she handed me the card, she handed me the world," Paulsen says.

Paulsen has written more than 175 books and has won three Newbery Honor Awards—for his books *Hatchet*, *Dogsong*, and *The Winter Room*.

Connections: *Hatchet*