

PRE-READING ACTIVITIES

Vocabulary

- 1** The following adjectives are used to describe either people, places or the weather. Put each word into a group. Some of the adjectives can be used more than once. Use your dictionary to help you.

blue • anxious • damp • rainy • ~~sad~~ • cheerful • curious
wild • disappointed • afraid • astonished

People	Places	Weather
<i>sad</i>		

- 2** *Moby Dick* is about the search for a great white whale across the world's seas. Here are some words which you will find in this story. Which of them are used to talk about ships and the sea and which are used to talk about whales and whaling? Use your dictionary to help you.

~~deck~~ • masthead • waves • seasick • drown • mast • harpoon •
seawater • hull • stern • sink • crow's nest • harpooner •
rope • hunt • sail • oil • hump • spout • bow

ships/the sea	whales/whaling
<i>deck</i>	

Writing

- 3** Write four sentences using the words from the previous two exercises (and any other necessary words).

Sailors aren't afraid of feeling seasick because they're used to high waves and rainy weather.

- 1
- 2
- 3
- 4

Vocabulary

- 4** These are words you will find in the first chapter. Match each word to the correct definition. Use your dictionary to help you.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| 1 <input type="checkbox"/> purse | a to sing a tune quietly, with closed lips, not using any words |
| 2 <input type="checkbox"/> dismal | b a religious leader |
| 3 <input type="checkbox"/> ominous | c type of tool or weapon similar to a small axe first used by Native Americans |
| 4 <input type="checkbox"/> embalmed | d the noise a person makes every time they breathe when they are sleeping |
| 5 <input type="checkbox"/> tomahawk | e sad, gloomy, depressing |
| 6 <input type="checkbox"/> to snore | f when a dead body is preserved by using chemicals or spices |
| 7 <input type="checkbox"/> sermon | g suggesting that something bad is going to happen |
| 8 <input type="checkbox"/> chaplain | h to make something from a piece of wood by repeatedly cutting or slicing it |
| 9 <input type="checkbox"/> to whittle | i a talk on a moral or religious subject usually said by a religious person |
| 10 <input type="checkbox"/> to hum | j small bag made of leather for carrying money |

Planning the Voyage

- ▶ 2 Call me Ishmael. Some years ago – it isn't important exactly when – I had very little money and nothing to do so I decided to sail around the world. Traveling makes me feel healthy. Whenever I feel sad, whenever it feels like a damp, rainy November in my soul, I know it's time to get to sea as soon as possible.

Now, when I say that I am in the habit of going to sea whenever this bad mood occurs, I do not mean to say that I ever go as a passenger. To go as a passenger means you must have a purse, and a purse is no good unless you have something in it. Besides, passengers get seasick. They fight with each other, they don't sleep well at night and do not enjoy themselves very much. No, I never go as a passenger. I always go to sea as a sailor, especially because I am paid for it. Passengers are never paid a single penny that I have ever heard of. Another reason I go to sea as a sailor is for the healthy exercise and the clean air around me.

The most important of my reasons for going to sea however, is the incredible idea of the great whale itself. Such an important and mysterious monster makes me extremely curious. The wild and distant seas where this gigantic creature swims – I am tormented with a constant desire for these far-away places. I love to sail in dangerous seas, and land on wild coasts. For all these reasons, the whaling voyage was very exciting.



I packed a shirt or two, and an extra pair of trousers into my old suitcase and went to New Bedford, in Massachusetts. It was a Saturday night in December when I arrived. I was disappointed at the news that I had missed the last ferry to Nantucket Island, the place where the most important and best whaling ships departed from. Since there would not be another boat to that famous old island until Monday, I had a night, a day and still another night to spend in New Bedford. Finding a place to eat and sleep soon became a serious concern. It was a very dark and dismal night, bitterly cold and cheerless, and I knew no one in the place. With slow steps I walked up and down the streets, looking for accommodation. I passed a few inns that looked too expensive. Then at last I saw a dim light, not far from the docks and, looking up, saw a sign over the door with the name The Spouter-Inn: Peter Coffin. It seemed a rather ominous name to me. “Spouter? Coffin?” Coffins are for dead people, but it’s a common name in Nantucket. It seemed an odd sort of place, but it didn’t look expensive so I went in.

As I entered, I found a group of young seamen sitting around a table. I looked for the landlord¹ and told him I wanted a room. He told me that his inn was full – there wasn’t a bed unoccupied. “But look, if you have no objections to sharing a room with another sailor, you can stay here. If you’re going sailing, you’ll have to get used to that sort of thing.” I told him that I never liked to sleep two in a bed; that if I did, it would depend completely on who the harpooneer might be but if he (the landlord) had no other room for me, and the harpooneer wasn’t horrible, I would put up with sharing the room. “I thought so,” said the landlord. “All right, take a seat. Supper? – you want supper? Supper will be ready directly.”

1. landlord: 房東



After a while, four or five of us men went to supper in the room next door. It was as cold as Iceland – no fire at all – the landlord said he couldn't afford it. We had to button up our jackets and hold cups of boiling tea with our freezing fingers. There was a lot of food though – not only meat and potatoes but dessert too!

It was now about 9.00pm and I wanted to go up to my room. No man likes to sleep two in a bed, and when it comes to sleeping with an unknown stranger, in a strange inn, in a strange town, and that stranger is a harpooneer, then your objections multiply. The more I thought about this harpooneer, the more I hated the idea of sleeping with him. It was fair to presume that being a harpooneer, his clothes would not be the cleanest and certainly not the finest. I began to shake all over. "What kind of man is this?" I asked the landlord. It was now 12 midnight and he hadn't returned. "Generally he's an early bird," said the landlord, "but tonight he went out to sell his head." "Sell his head?" I asked, "Are you telling me this man is actually trying to sell his head around the town?" "That's precisely it," replied the landlord, "but I told him he couldn't sell it here, the market's overstocked." "With what?" I shouted. "With heads to be sure; aren't there too many heads in this world?" the landlord replied. "Landlord," I said, "you must stop teasing me, who and what is this harpooneer?" "Well, this harpooneer has just arrived from the South Seas, from New Zealand where he bought a lot of embalmed, human heads to sell here. He's not a dangerous man," the landlord told me. I was so exhausted that, despite my fears, I decided to go upstairs to my room.

I had just managed to fall asleep when I was awakened by the sound of heavy footsteps entering the room. Lord save me, I thought,



as a tall, dark-skinned man walked into the room, holding a New Zealand head. At first I couldn't see his face, then suddenly he turned round. What a sight, such a face! It was dark purple in color, with some yellow parts, completely covered in tattoos! I had never seen a face like that before. Ignorance is the parent of fear and I was so afraid of him that I didn't have the courage to say anything. He began to get undressed; I saw the same colored tattoos covering his arms and chest. He didn't see me however, and when he got into bed, he suddenly felt me lying there next to him. "Who the devil are you?" he said, "You no speak, I kill you!" He grabbed his tomahawk and began waving it at me. "Landlord, landlord, Peter Coffin, help me!" I screamed as I jumped out of the bed. "Speak-ee, tell-ee me who you are," shouted the cannibal¹, again waving his tomahawk in the air. At that moment, thank God, the landlord came into the room, carrying a light.

"Don't be afraid now," the landlord said with a laugh, "Queequeg won't hurt a hair on your head." "Stop laughing," I yelled, "why didn't you tell me that my room-mate was a cannibal?" "I thought you'd have known, once I told you he was walking around the town, selling heads!" He turned to Queequeg, the cannibal, and said, "Do you understand, this man sleeps with you, understand?" "I understand, plenty," said Queequeg, who was smoking a pipe and sitting in the bed. "You get in," Queequeg said, motioning me to the bed with his tomahawk and throwing his clothes to one side. He did this in a very civil way, he was also really kind and charitable. I looked at him for a moment. For all his tattoos, he was, on the whole, a clean, decent looking cannibal. What's all this fuss I've been making, I thought to myself, the man's a human being just as I am: he has just as much reason to fear me as I have to be afraid of him. Better to sleep with a

1. cannibal: 食人族



sober cannibal than a drunken Christian. I got into bed, turned over and never slept better in my life.

When I woke up in the morning, Queequeg was still sleeping. I felt trapped in the bed – if I moved, he would wake up. I had to get up however, so I tried to shake him. “Queequeg!” but his only response was a snore. I kept calling his name and moving my arms and legs until finally he woke up. He rubbed his eyes and looked at me, as if he didn’t completely remember how I came to be there. When at last he understood the situation, he got out of bed quickly and using gestures in a kind of sign language, made me understand that he would dress first and then leave me to dress, in private. He is treating me with great respect, I thought, while I have been rudely staring at him. You don’t find a man as polite and respectful as Queequeg every day. I decided this was going to be a very interesting voyage.

Later I decided to take a walk around the town of New Bedford. The night before, seeing a man like Queequeg, with tattoos from head to toe and dressed in strange clothes, had been astonishing, but that was only the beginning of astonishing sights in this seaside city. There were people from all around the world – Mediterranean mariners whistled at frightened ladies, sailors from Malaysia and Bombay walked the streets and actual cannibals stood chatting at street corners. All of this made a stranger like me stare.

But New Bedford isn’t just famous for its people. It’s famous for whales! Had it not been for whalers like myself, New Bedford might have been forgotten, but thanks to whale hunting, thanks to the quest for precious whale oil, it was a very important and expensive place to live.





New Bedford also has a chapel – a Whalemens' Chapel. All men who are planning to go whale hunting make a Sunday visit to the chapel. After returning from my morning walk, I again went out, this time to go to a sermon. I saw a small group of sailors, sailors' wives and their widows¹, sitting in the church. The chaplain had not yet arrived but there was silence everywhere. Everyone was waiting for Father Mapple, who had once been a sailor and a harpooneer himself. I sat next to the door and was surprised to see Queequeg near me. The pulpit² was the strangest I had ever seen – it was very high like most pulpits, but instead of having a wooden ladder to get to the top, there was one made of rope – just like those you find on a ship! When Father Mapple arrived, he grabbed the rope and climbing hand over hand, went straight up into the pulpit of his 'ship'!

Father Mapple started his sermon, it was all about Jonah and how he was swallowed by a whale. I understood why he was telling us the story, but it frightened me quite a lot.

After the sermon, I returned to the Spouter Inn and found Queequeg there, sitting on a bench by the fire, whittling on his little wooden idol and humming to himself in his devilish way. I sat watching him with much interest. Even though he was a savage, with his face ruined – at least to my taste – by his tattoos, he had an agreeable, friendly appearance. You cannot hide the soul. Despite all his pagan³ tattoos, I thought I saw the traces of a simple honest heart. He looked courageous and honest. Perhaps it is ridiculous but his face reminded me of George Washington – he was George Washington turned into a cannibal.

I sat down with him and we tried to talk as best we could about all the sights to see in New Bedford. I began to feel the warmth of a

1. widows: 寡婦
2. pulpit: 講道壇

3. pagan: 異教的



new friendship, and even though a man of my closed, reserved world would have thought it too soon to become friends, with this man those old rules did not apply.

Queequeg told me about himself. He was from an island in the South Pacific, an island far away to the West and South. His father was a High Chief, a King, his uncle a High Priest. His mother and his aunts were related to noble warriors, there was royal blood in his veins¹. He wasn't interested in being a king however – he wanted adventure, he wanted to be a whaler and visit Christian lands. He didn't want to be a Christian though, he had learned they could be just as bad as the people they tried to convert!



1. veins: 血管

AFTER-READING ACTIVITIES

Reading Comprehension

1 Answer the following questions about Chapter One.

- 1 Who is the narrator of the story?
- 2 Where is he going?
- 3 Why does he decide to leave?
- 4 Who is the cannibal?
- 5 In what way does the narrator's opinion about Queequeg change?

Word Formation for FIRST

2 Read the text below. Use the word in capitals at the end of each line to form a word that fits the gap in the same line.

The whale Moby Dick is not a normal character because we cannot know its thoughts, feelings or (1) **INTENT**

It is an (2) force which has been considered in many different ways by literary experts. Moby Dick might be a religious symbol which is all powerful and (3) or a metaphor which represents the **PERSONAL**

(4) aspects of life. Ishmael tells us he cannot see the whale because it swims under the water. The reader doesn't know much about Ishmael either. We know he goes (5) when he feels sad, but we never learn what has caused his **MYSTERY**

(6) The story of Moby Dick is very (7) but not everything makes (8) sense. **HIDE**

SAIL

HAPPY

ROMANCE

LOGIC

Grammar for FIRST

3 Put the correct form of the verb *to choose* or the noun (*choice*) into each sentence.

Ishmael, the narrator of *Moby Dick*, made an important (1) when he decided to go to sea on a whaling ship. In Chapter one he told us that he (2) whaling because he needed to change his life. He could have (3) something else such as becoming a soldier, but instead he (4) a very dangerous job as a sailor. What would you have (5) if you had been Ishmael? The (6) of whaling means Ishmael will travel all around the world, but he won't be comfortable and he could be in danger. If he had (7) to be a soldier, he wouldn't have been any safer.

4 Countable or uncountable nouns. Underline the correct option.

- 1 Can you please give me some *informations* / *information*?
- 2 Ishmael hasn't got any *luggage* / *luggages*.
- 3 The whalers went on some *tour* / *tours* in the South Pacific.
- 4 Starbuck gives Ishmael *an* / *some* advice about whaling.
- 5 Luckily they heard *a* / *some* news about the bad weather before sailing into the storm.

PRE-READING ACTIVITY

Vocabulary

5 Match the correct word from the list on the left to the definition.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 <input type="checkbox"/> <i>Ahoy There!</i> | a A statement that tells what will happen in the future. |
| 2 <input type="checkbox"/> To hire | b A kind or forgiving attitude towards a person who has done something bad. |
| 3 <input type="checkbox"/> Mercy | c To employ someone for a job or period of time. |
| 4 <input type="checkbox"/> Prophecy | d A phrase used by sailors to get the attention of other sailors. |



Moby Dick

pages 6-7

- 1** **People:** sad, anxious, cheerful, curious, blue, disappointed, afraid, astonished
Places: sad, wild, curious
Weather: damp, rainy, wild
- 2** **ships/the sea:** deck, masthead, waves, seasick, drown, mast, seawater, hull, stern, sink, crow's nest, rope, sail, bow
whales/whaling: harpoon, harpooneer, hunt, oil, hump, spout
- 3** Personal answers
- 4** 1 j, 2 e, 3 g, 4 f, 5 c, 6 d, 7 i, 8 b, 9 h, 10 a

pages 16-17

- 1** 1 Ishmael, 2 Nantucket Island, 3 He decides to leave because he has very little money and nothing to do. He feels sad and travelling makes him feel better.
4 Queequeg, a harpooneer from New Zealand is the cannibal.
5 At first Ismael is afraid of Queequeg, but then he realises he has no reason to fear him and he feels a new friendship is about to start.
- 2** 1 intentions, 2 impersonal, 3 mysterious, 4 hidden, 5 sailing, 6 unhappiness, 7 romantic, 8 logical
- 3** 1 choice, 2 chose, 3 chosen, 4 chose, 5 chosen, 6 choice, 7 chosen
- 4** 1 information, 2 luggage, 3 tours, 4 some, 5 some
- 5** 1 d, 2 c, 3 b, 4 a

pages 25-26-27

- 1** 1 F, 2 F, 3 T, 4 T, 5 T, 6 F, 7 DS, 8 T, 9 F, 10 F, 11 F, 12 F
- 2** Personal answers
- 3** 1 in, 2 we, 3 explains/says, 4 pay, 5 When, 6 join, 7 who, 8 when/as soon as
- 4** 1 d, 2 e, 3 f, 4 a, 5 b, 6 c
- 5** 1 - 6 - 3 - 2 - 7 - 4 - 5
- 6** 1 D, 2 A, 3 C, 4 C, 5 B

pages 35-36-37

- 1** 1 appearance, 2 bone, 3 quarterdeck, 4 rocking movement, 5 impressed, 6 spoke, 7 gestures, 8 unhappy
- 2** Personal answers
- 3** 1 had made it from, 2 used to walk, 3 It is difficult, 4 such a surprising, 5 accused Ahab of being, 6 were both obsessed about
- 4** 1 h, 2 e, 3 d, 4 f, 5 g, 6 i, 7 c, 8 b, 9 a
- 5** 1 sleeping, 2 attacking, 3 doing, 4 going, 5 watching

pages 45-46-47

- 1** 1 They are faster, bigger, more ferocious and fearless than other whales.
2 Moby Dick was larger in size, he had a strange snow-white forehead and a tall hump shaped like a pyramid. The rest of his body was lined and spotted with a strange, whitish colour. He also had an injured lowered jaw.