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Flight pdf steinbeck

In John Steinbeck's journey we have the theme of innocence, adulthood, flexibility, hardship, struggle, escape and loss. Taken from his Long Valley collection the story tells in the third person by the unnamed narrator and after reading the story the reader realizes that Steinbeck may explore the transition from innocence to masculinity. Baby while he is at Mama Torres' farm lives a life that many associate with that nineteen-year-old boy. Pepe has some responsibilities but there is nothing for him to do that is excessive or difficult taxation. Only when he leaves the farm to get the medicine changes life dramatically for Pepe and makes the transition from boyhood to masculinity. It may also be important that Pepe loves carrying his father's knife. As symbolically Steinbeck may be tying the knife with masculinity. Although Pepe may consider himself just like his father when he was carrying a knife. The reality is for most if not all the story. The knife is pepe's playing tool until he kills a man apparently in self-defense, and at this moment Pepe rules himself as finally a man. It knows that those in power will not view what happened as an accident or a matter of self-defence. She also knows that she has lost her son forever, although she makes sure that he is well prepared for what life might give him. In many ways not only Mama Torres is being practical but it's being flexible. She knows she has a young family to take care of and the best she can do is help Baby escape. If Bibi doesn't run away, it's only a matter of time before he's arrested or shot. That might be the point steinbeck was trying to make, perhaps he was suggesting that life at the time was difficult for families who were barely able to reach it. If it wasn't for her children, Mama Torres wouldn't have been able to run her farm. It became clear to the reader that the fact that Mama Torres was struggling was because she lost her husband. Losing (Baby) will make things more difficult to prepare the story is also interesting as the terrain that Baby faces is in many ways another obstacle to Pepe. A person needs to be at his best to travel through the mountains. Something is not the case when it comes to baby. It also has limited supplies and there is no particular direction to follow. Very overwhelming is a setting that everywhere seems the same. With Pepe sometimes struggling to move up more than a hundred yards at a time. The fact that Pepe also got rid of his father's coat may also be some great symbolism as Steinbeck may be suggesting that through pepe's difficulties he is beginning to become A man in his right. Similarly all that Pepe faced poses a threat to him as are also the men who are chasing Pepe. It's as if there's no comfort to Bibi. Everything is difficult. Bibi in a short period of time has left the comforts of his home and his life with his family, and is ageing very quickly. It may also be important that Pepe never give up. This not only indicates that mama like Tori Pepe is flexible but it may also be a case that Pepe is fully aware of what will happen to him if he gives up his desire to escape. In fact Pepe has no choice but to keep running. Even if he was injured and his body started to let him down. If anything is literally a matter of life and death for Pepe. Even if Bibi's actions were a matter of self-defence, his escape from the crime scene would be considered in the eyes of those in power as an admission of guilt. At no stage will it be taken into account that Pepe was just a boy. Unfortunately for Pepe he now lives in a very different kind of world. A world where it is difficult to survive. Not only does Bibi fight to stay far from what his life was like with his brothers and sisters. If anything two people would be hard in the story. Mama Tori because she lost her son and Pepe because he also loses his life. In fact, there are no real winners in the story. Steinbeck probably suggests that for some life it will always struggle. Site Post McManus. Dermot. John Steinbeck's Journey the Sitting Bee Bee, May 12. 2018. Web. Related posts: Journey is a short story by American writer John Steinbeck, first published in his collection Long Valley. It appears in the ledger under the title Hunt Man. The story identifies a young man, Pepe, who is sent to the city by his mother. She says he is not a man yet and while he is gone, Bibi kills a man, and after returning, he is forced to flee. The plot story opens up to the Torres Family Mexican Indian, who live on a poor farm beside the ocean 15 miles below Monterrey, California. The family consists of Mama Torres and their three children: her eldest son Bibi, 19, Pinky, 14, and Emilio, 12. The mother has been a widow for ten years since her husband accidentally tripped and bitten her by a snake. The two younger children help their mother by hunting but Baby is lazy. He ameased himself by throwing his father's folding knife at another. His mother sends Pepe to the city to buy some medicine and salt, but can't have anything. He can eat and sleep at her friend's house, Mrs. Rodriguez, tonight's house. Baby's on her mission. The next day he returns and admits that in Mrs. Rodríguez, he had stabbed a man who had called him names, and had stabbed him. Now he must escape. Put his father's saddle on a new horse, he He takes his father's hat, coat and gun 38-56, along with a water bag and some jerky beef. As Pepe flees to the mountains, his mother screams in pain - because she knows he will not return or survive. As he rides on the trail day and night, a traveler passes him going in the opposite direction. He loses his father's hat after stopping at a spring to water his horse and rest at night. As he rode along the trail, he killed his horse from a shotgun; A return shot leads part of the granite stone to his hand. Although he removes the projectile, his hand swells and hurts - the wound injures his arm badly. tired, exhausted and thirsty, he ignored his father's coat. While he escapes from tracking dogs and sse on horses, he also loses a gun. It makes it up the hills just to find the desert and more hills. Hearing the dogs, he rises on a big rock on the hills and ssdd against the morning sky looking down. A bullet hit him on his feet, and a second bullet hit him in the chest. He falls forward towards a little valley he came from in an avalanche. Baby comes to rest at the bottom of the edge and the stones cover his head. External trip linked this short story -article a stub. You can help Wikipedia by expanding it.vie retrieval from (Steinbeck_story)&oldid=979067378 John Steinbeck's journey about fifteen miles under Monterey, on the land coast, the Torres family had their farm, a few acres of cliff-off that fell on the brown reefs and into the white waters of the ocean. Behind the farm the stone mountains stood against the sky. Agricultural buildings like mencling on mountain skirts, perched low on the ground as if the wind had blown them into the sea. The little cottage, the rotting barn, was biting gray with sea salt, and struck by the wet wind until it was taken on the color of granite hills. Two horses, a red cow, a red calf, half a dozen pigs and a lord of lean multicolored chicken were stored in it. A little corn was lifted on the sterile slope, grew short and thick under the wind, and formed all the cooces on both sides of the land from the stems. Mama Torres, a dry and lean woman with old eyes, had ruled the farm for 10 years, ever since her husband stumbled over a stone in the field and fell full length on a snake. When one is bitten on the chest there is not much that can be done. Mama Torres had three children, two small lions of twelve and fourteen, Emilio and Wardy, whomama continued to hunt on down the farm when the sea was kind and when the officer was absent in a remote part of Monterey County. There was Pepe, a tall smiling son of nineteen, a cute boy, affectionate, but very lazy. Pepe had a tall head, pointed at the top, and from the height of his coarse black hair he grew down like straw everywhere. On his small smiling eyes Mama cut a straight bang so he could see. Bibi had sharp Indian cheekbones and an eagle's nose, but his mouth was sweet and shaped like a girl's, and his chin was fragile and cracked. He was loose and yang, both legs, feet and wrists, and he was very lazy. My mother thought he was okay and brave, but she never told him. She said: Some lazy cow must have entered your father's family, otherwise how can I have a son like you. She said: When I carried you, the lazy coyote came out of the brush and looked at me one day. That must have made you like this. Pepe smiled superstitiously and was stabbed to the ground with his knife to keep the blade sharp and rust-free. It was his legacy, that knife, his father's knife. The long heavy blade folded back into a black handle. There was a button on the handle when Pepe pressed the button, the blade jumped ready to use. The knife was always with Pepe, because it was his father's knife. On one sunny morning when the sea was under the cliff whispering blue and white surfing cream on the coral reefs, when the mountains looked gently stone, called Mama Torres from the cottage door, Baby, I have a lake work. There was no answer. My mother listened from behind the barn and heard an explosion of laughter. She lifted her full long skirt and walked in the direction of the noise. Baby was sitting on the floor with his back on a box. His white teeth glittered on his sides and stood too black, tense and predictable. 15 feet away the redwood function was set to the ground. Pepe's right hand was laid limping in his lap, and in the palm sedated large black knife. The blade was closed in the handle and Pepe looked smiling in the sky. Suddenly Emilio cried, hey! Baby's wrist flick sits like a snake's head that the blade seems to fly open in the air, and with a powerful blow the point is drilled into the redwood function, and the black handle trembles. The three burst into excited laughter. Rosie ran to the mail and pulled the knife and brought it to Bibi. Close the blade and carefully settle the knife in his palm without any restriction again. He smiled consciously in the sky. Hey, i don't know heavy knife shaft out and sank in another again. My mom moved forward like a ship and scattered the play all day i was doing stupid things with a knife, like a toy kid, stormed. Get up on your huge feet that devour shoes. Get up! I took it from one loose shoulder and lifted it in his face. Baby smiling with a fairy tale came to his feet. See! My mother cried. Big lazy, you must pick up the horse and put on your father's saddle. You must ride to Monterrey an empty medicine bottle. There's no salt. Go now, peanuts! Catch the horse. A revolution occurs in a relaxed personality of Bibi. To Monterrey, me? Alone? C. Mama. I've been interested in him. I don't think, big sheep, that will buy candy. No, I'll just give you enough for medicine and salt. Baby smiled. Mama, you're going to put the hat on the hat? Yes, Baby. You can wear a hat. His voice grew insinuating. And green napkins, Mama? Yes, if you go fast and come back with no problem, you will go green silk napkin. If you make sure you take off a napkin when eating it you may not spot it on it. C, Mama. I'll be careful. Hey you? Man? You're peanut art. He went to the dilapidated barn and came out with a rope, and walked gracefully enough up the hill to catch up with the horse. When he was ready and fastened to the door, he stowed on his father's saddle, which was so old that the oak frame showed through the torn skin in many places, then mama pulled out a round black hat with a fitted leather band, and reached the top and held a green silk napkin around his neck. Baby's blue jeans coat was much darker than his jeans, because it was washed much less often. Mama delivered a large bottle of medicine and this silver ware for the medicine, she said, for salt. That's for a candle to burn for the little ones, our friend Mrs. Rodriguez will give you dinner and maybe a bed for the night when you go to church, just say ten abomer and twenty-five ave marias. Oh! I know, a big wolf you've been sitting there fluttering your mouth over Avis all day while you look at candles and sacred pictures. This is not a good sincerity to stare at beautiful things. The black hat, which covers the high pointed head and baby's black straw hair, gave him dignity and age. The horse Ranji sat well. Mama thought how handsome, dark, gaunt and tall. I won't send you now alone, you little one, except for the medicine, she said quietly. It is not good to have medicine, for anyone who knows when toothache will come, or sadness in the stomach. These things are. Adios, Mama, Baby cried. I'll be back soon. You can send me often alone. I'm a man. You're the art of a foolish chicken that straightened his shoulders, flipped the brakes on the horse's shoulder, and walked away. He turned once and saw that they were still watching him. Emilio, Rosie and Mama smiled proudly and happily and lifted a tough backskin horse to the trot. When he had fallen out of sight on a little dip in the road, Mama turned to black ones, but she spoke to herself. He's almost a man now, she said. It would be nice to have a man at home again. Her eyes sharpened on the children go to the rocks now. The tide will bloom there will be abalones5 that can be found. Iron hooks put in their hands and saw them down a steep trail to the coral. I brought the smooth stone6 to the entrance and sat grinding the corn to the flour and sometimes looked at the road on which Bibi went. It came afternoon and then afternoon, when the little ones hit the aperitifs on a rock to make it tender and mama patted the tortillas to make it thin. They had dinner while the red sun was sinking towards the ocean. They sat at the doorsteps and saw a large white moon coming over the mountain tops. He's now at our friend Mrs. Rodríguez's house, my mother said. She'll give him nice things to eat and maybe a gift. Emilio said, one day, I too, will ride to Monterrey for medicine. Does Baby come to be a man today? Mama wisely said: A boy becomes a man when a man is needed. Remember this thing. I knew 40-year-old boys because there was no need for a man: shortly afterwards they retired, mama in her large oak bed on one side of the room, Emilio and Rosie in their hay-filled boxes and sheep's eyes on the other side of the room. The moon went over the sky and the waves floated on the rocks. The roosters shouted at the first call. Surfing retreated to a whisper wave against the reef. The moon fell towards the sea and the roosters cried again. The moon was near the water when Pepe rode a winding horse to his apartment at his home. His dog bounced and circled around the horse, yelping with pleasure. Baby slipped from the saddle to the ground. The little cottage that was overtaken by his square shade was black to the north and east. Against the east the mountains were piling misty with light, and their peaks melted into the sky. Baby walked wearily up the three steps and to the house. It was dark inside. There was a rustel in the repellent. Baby, are you? C, Mama: Do you get the medicine? C, Mama, okay, go to sleep, then. I thought you'd be sleeping at Mrs. Rodríguez's house. Pepe stood silently in the dark room. Why are you standing there, Baby? Did you drink wine? C, Mama, well, go to bed and then sleep out the wine. His voice was tired and patient, but very firm. 'Candle light, Mama. I have to go far in the mountains. What is this, Baby? You are crazy. Mama hit the match of sulfur and held a little blue bors until the flame spread up the stick. She put the light on the candle on the floor beside her bed. Now, Baby, what is this you are saying? She looked anxiously at him. He's changed. The fragile quality seemed to have gone from his chin. His mouth was less full than it was, and the lip lines were straighter, but in his eyes the biggest change occurred. There was no more laughter in it, no complacency. She was sharp, bright and purposeful. Tell her in a tired monotony, tell her everything as it happened. A few people came to Mrs. Rodríguez's kitchen. There was wine to drink. Baby drink wine. The little quarrel – the man started towards Pepe and then the knife – went almost by itself. she flew, darted before Pepe knew it. As he spoke, Mama's face grew firm and seemed to grow more lean. Baby's done. I'm a man now, Mom. My mother nodded her head. Yes, you are an art man, my poor little baby. You're a man's art. I've seen it coming on The Yen. I've seen you throw the knife in another, and I've been scared. For a moment her face had been tempered, but now grew stern again. Come! We have to get you ready to go. Wake up Emilio and Rosie. Go fast. Bibi climbed into the corner where his brother and sister slept among the sheepskin. He leaned down and shook her gently. Come on, Rosie! Come on, Emilio, the mother says she should grow up. Young blacks sat and opened their eyes by candlelight. My mother was out of bed now, her long black skirt on her nightgown. Emilio, I screamed. Go catch Pepe's other horse fast, now! Quickly. Emilio put his legs in his cabinet and stumbled sleepily outside the door. Did you hear anyone behind you on the road? My mother asked. No, Mom, no, I listened carefully. Mama darted like a bird around the room. From a nail on the wall she took a canvas bag and threw it to the floor. She stripped a blanket of her bed, rolled into a narrow tube and tied the limbs to a thread. From the box next to the fireplace lifted a half-full delicate bag of jerky black chain. Your father's black coat, Baby. Here, put it on. Pepe stood in the middle of the ground watching her activity. She reached behind the door and pulled out the gun, a long 38-56, wearing a shiny barrel length. Bibi took it from her and held it in a crook's elbow, mama brought a small leather bag and counted the cartridges in his hand. There are only 10 left, she warned. They shouldn't get lost. Put on the saddle of the other horse. Fasten on a blanket. Here, the jerky link to the saddle trumpet. Pepe still stood silently watching his mother's hectic activity. His chin looked hard, and his sweet mouth was drawn and thin. His little eyes followed mama from the room almost suspiciously, and Rosie asked quietly, where does Baby go? My mother's eyes were protectors. Baby goes on a trip. He's a man now. He has something a man to do. Pepe

straightened his shoulders, changed his mouth until he looked a lot like a mama. In the past the setting has been completed. The loader horse stood outside the water bag door dripping the moisture line down the bay shoulder. The moonlight was weakening from dawn, and the great white moon was near the sea. The family stood next to the cottage. My mom confronted Baby. Don't stop until it gets dark again. Don't sleep even if you're tired. Take care of the horse in order that he may not stop tired. Remember to be careful with bullets there are only ten. Do not fill your own stomach with jerky or it will make you sick. Have a little jerk and fill her stomach with grass. When you come to the high mountains, if you see any of the men watching the darkness, do not go near them or try to talk to them. And forget about your lack of prayers. She put her lean hands on Baby's shoulders, stood on her toes and kissed him solemnly on both cheeks, and Baby kissed her on both cheeks. Then he went to Emilio and Wardy and kissed both of their cheeks. (Baby) returned to my mom he seemed to be looking for a little softness, a little weak in her. His eyes were looking, but my mother's face remained violent. Go now, she said. Don't wait to be caught like a chicken (Baby) pulling himself into the saddle he said: I'm a man. The first dawn was when he rode the hill towards the little valley which allowed a trail to the mountains. The moonlight and daylight fought together, and the two warring qualities made it difficult to see. Before Pepe went a hundred yards, the outline of his character was blurry, but long before he entered the valley, he became gray, shadowy/definite. My mother stood firmly before her doorstep, and on her sides stood Emilio and Wardy. They cast subtle glances at mama every now and then. When the gray shape of his father melted at the foot of the hill and disappeared, Mama softened. Began high, whining eager to wait to death. We have a beautiful -- our courage, she cried. Our protector, our son Emilio and Rosie have been there since we've had a beautiful. It was the solemn whining and rose to a high piercing whining and calmed down to the whining. My mother lifted it up three times and then turned around and entered the house and closed the door. Emilio and Rosie, wondering at dawn, they heard mama grumbling at home, going out to sit on the cliff above the ocean. When did Baby come to be a man? Emilio asked last night, rosie said. Last night in Monterrey the ocean clouds turned red with the sun that was behind the mountains. Emilio said we're not going to get breakfast. Mama wouldn't want to cook. Where did Baby go? He asked. Rosie looked around. he. She drew her knowledge from the quiet air he went on a trip. He'll never come back. Is he dead? Do you think he's dead? Rosie looked back at the ocean again. little steamer, drawing a line of smoke, and sat on the edge of the horizon. Rosie explained that he was not dead. Not after (Pepe) rested the big gun through the saddle in front of him let the horse walk up the hill and did not look back. The stone slope took on a coat of brush so short that Pepe found the entrance to the trail and entered it. When he came to the opening of the valley, he once swung into his saddle and looked back, but the houses were swallowed in a hazy light. Baby jerked forward again. The high shoulder of the valley closed it. His horse stretched his neck and sighed and settled down the path. It was a path of palatia, a soft dark ground of a paper mold filled with broken pieces of sandstone. trail rounded the shoulder of the valley and fell sharply into the stream bed. In the shallow water the water ran smoothly, glittering in the first morning sun. The small round stones at the bottom were as brown as rust with sun algae. In the sand along the edges of a tall stream, the mint grew rich wild, while in the same water Chris, old and difficult, had gone to the heavy seeds. The path went to the stream and emerged on the other side. The horse went down in the water and stopped. (Bibi) dropped his bridle and let the monster drink running water soon became the sides of the steep valley and the first giant redwood guard guarding the trail, large round red trunks bearing green foliage and lacey as ferns. When Baby was among the trees, the sun was gone. Scented and purple light lies in the pale green of the lower brush. Gooseberry bushes, blackberries and tall ferns are lined stream, overhead met redwood branches and cut the sky. Bibi drank from the water bag, reached the flour bag and came out with a black chain of jerking. His white teeth nibbled into the chain until the hard flesh parted. He chewed slowly and sometimes drank from the water bag. His little eyes were sleep and fatigue, but his facial muscles were hard. The land of the trail was black now he gave up a hollow sound under the hoofbits walking the current dropped more sharply. Small waterfalls sprayed on stones. Ferns with five fingers hanging over the water and dropped a spray from their fingertips. Pepe rode half on his saddle, hanging one loose leg. He picked a bay leaf from a tree by the road and put it in his mouth for a moment for a dry jerky flavor. He carried the gun loosely across the pommel suddenly squared in his saddle, the horse swung from the trail and kicked him hastily behind a large redwood tree. Pull up tight reins against the bit to keep the horse from righting. His face was his intended little trembling. The hollow bombardment fell on the path, and a knight, a fat man with red cheeks and a white beard rode. His horse dropped his head and went down the road when it came to where Pepe was gone. When the last sound of hoofs died away, Pepe returned to the trail again. He no longer rests in the saddle lifting a large gun and swinging the lever to throw a shell into the room, then he let down the hammer to half the. The effect increased very sharply now the redwood trees were smaller and their peaks were dead, bitten dead as the wind reached them. The horse plodded on, but the sun slowly went overhead and began down towards the afternoon. The current came out of the side valley, leaving it behind. Pepe alighted, watered his horse and filled his water bag. As soon as the path parted from the stream, the trees disappeared and only the thick fragile sage, manzanita and shabalar, strayed from the path. The soft black earth also disappeared, leaving only the broken rock of the light tan to see the trail. Lizards scampered away at the brush as the horse shook on the little stones. Pepe turned in his saddle and looked back. He was out in the open now: he could have seen it from a distance. As he ascended the country's trail grew more rough, terrible and dry. The way the wound around the bases of the large square rocks. Small gray rabbits left in the brush. A bird make high monotonous squeaks. To the east were the bare rocky mountain peaks pale and dry under the falling sun. The horse plodded up and up the trail towards the little fifth in the hills that was a pass. Pepe looked suspiciously back every minute or so, and his eyes sought to the hilltops in front of us. Once, spurred by a barren white, he saw a black figure for a moment, but he quickly looked away, for he was one of the dark observers. No one knows who the observers are, nor where they live, but it would have been better to ignore them and not show interest in them. They did not bother anyone who stayed on the trail and thought of his own work. The air was corroded and filled with light dust from the breeze from the eroded mountains. Baby drank mama from his bag and corked it tightly and hung it on the horn again. Move the corridor to the top of the dry rock hill, avoid rocks, drop under the cracks, climb ing in and out of old water scars. When he reached a small pass he stopped and looked back for a long time. It was not possible to see any of the dark observers now. The effect behind it was empty only the high peaks of redwoods indicated where the current flowed. (Bibi) rode through the corridor his little eyes were almost closed with fatigue, but his face was stern, relentless, and shaking. High mountain wind off the coast sighed through the pass and zero on the edges blocks of broken granite. In the air, a red-tailed hawk sailed near the edge and shouted angrily. Pepe went slowly through a rough broken pass and looked down on the other side. The trail fell rapidly, spectacularly among the broken rocks. At the bottom of the slope there was a dark crease, thick with a brush, and on the other side of the little flat crease, which grew an orchard of oak trees. A scar of green grass cuts across the apartment. Behind the apartment is another mountain rose, desolate with dead rocks and hungry little black bushes. Pepe drank from the bag again, the air was so dry that he stacked his nose and burned his lips. I put the horse down the road slid hoofs and struggled on the steep road, starting with small stones that rolled into the brush. The sun disappeared behind the western mountain now, but still glowed brilliantly on the oaks and on the grassy flat. Rocks and hills continue to send waves of heat from the sun today. Pepe looked up the next dry hills that stowed. He saw a dark form against the sky, the character of a man standing above a rock, and quickly glanced not curious. When a moment later he looked again, and went figure. The bottom of the track was quickly covered. Sometimes the horse flops to the foot, sometimes he lay sledded a little. They finally came to the bottom where the dark Chaparral was above Pepe's head, raising his gun on one side and arm on the other to protect his face from the sharp, fragile brush fingers. up and out of the knee-mounted crease, and to the top of the little cliff. The grassy apartment was in front of him, and the oaks were comfortable round. For a moment he studied the trail down which he had come, but there was no movement and no sound of it. Finally he rode on an apartment, to a green line, and at the top end of the damp he found a little spring leaking from the ground and falling into a drill basin before leaking on to the apartment. Pepe filled his bag first, then let the thirsty horse drink from the pool. The horse led to a mass of oaks, and in the middle of the orchard, somewhat shielded from sight from all sides, took off the saddle and bridle and placed it on the floor. The horse stretched his jaws sideways and yawned. Pepe held a lead rope around the horse's neck and tied it to a seedling between the oaks, where he could graze in a fairly large circle. When the horse was starving in the dry grass, Pepe went into the saddle, took a black series of jerky from the bag and wandered into an oak tree on the edge of the orchard, through which he could see the trail. He sat in crisp dry oak leaves and automatically felt for his large black knife to cut jerky, but he had no knife. He leaned back on his elbow and nibbled in a tough strong His face was empty, but it was a man's face. The bright evening light washed the eastern hills, but the valley was blackened. Doves flew from the hills to spring, and quail came running out of brush and joined them, clearly calling to each other. From the corner of his eye Pepe saw a shadow growing from the crease of Pushy. He turned his head slowly. A large wild cat seen crawling towards spring, belly to the ground, moving like a thought. Pepe seduced you with his rifle and the quilt slowly muzzled around her. Then he looked apprehensively up the trail and dropped the hammer again. From the ground beside him he picked an oak bough and threw it towards the spring. Quail with a roar and whistling doves flew away. The big cat stood, but couldn't have anything. For a long moment he looked at Pepe with cold yellow eyes, and then walked fearlessly back to the Gulch. Dusk quickly gathers in the deep valley. Pepe muttered his prayers, put his head on his arm and immediately went to sleep. The moon came and filled the valley with cold blue light, and the wind swept the swish down from the peaks. Owls work up and down the slopes looking for rabbits. down in a brush of a rushed wolf gulch. Oak trees whispered quietly in the night breeze. Pepe started, listening. His horse had taken the moon, slipping behind the western edge, leaving the valley in the dark behind him. Pepe sat nervously holding his gun. From afar up the trail he heard the answer wright and crash the lousy hoofs on the broken rocks. He jumped to his feet, ran to his horse and led him under the trees. He threw on the saddle and cinched it tight for a steep trail, caught the unwilling head and forced a bit in the mouth. Feel the rouge to make sure there is a water bag and a jerky bag. Then he rose up and climbed up the hill. He was velvety and found the horse the entrance to the trail where he left the apartment, and began to rise, stumbling and sliding on to the rocks. Baby's hand rose to his head. His hat disappeared as he left it under an oak tree the horse had struggled away the trail when the first change of dawn came into the air, and the steely gray as the light was perfectly mixed with darkness. Gradually a steep, faltering edge of the hills stood above them, the rotten granite tortured and eaten by the winds of time. Pepe had dropped his reins on the horn, leaving the direction to the horse. I grabbed the brush in his legs in the dark until one knee was torn from his jeans. Gradually the light flows down over the edge. The hungry brush and rocks stood in half the light, strange and lonely in high perspective. Then there came warmth in the light. He drew Bibi and looked back, but he couldnot see anything in the dark valley below. The sky turned blue over the coming sun. In the waste of the mountainfoot, the poor dry brush grew only Feet high. Here and there, large granite surfaces stood unstained like rotting houses. Baby's a little relaxed. Drink from the water bag and bite a piece of jerky. One eagle flew up, high in light. Without warning Pepe's horse screamed and fell on his side. It was almost projected before the sound of the crash echoed from the valley from a hole behind the struggling shoulder, pumping a stream of bright scarlet blood and stopping, pumping and stopping. Hoof on the floor baby lay half stunned beside the horse. He looked slowly down the hill. A piece of sage cut off beside his head and shatter another echo from side to side of the valley. Pepe frantically tossed himself behind the bush. crawled up the hill on his knees with one hand. His right hand put the gun off the floor and pushed it in front of him. moved with the instinctive care of. Quickly he wormed his way towards one of the large granite outcroppings on the hill above him. Where the high brush was multiplied and ran, he ran, but where the lid was slight he rippled forward on his stomach, pushing the gun in front of him. In the last small distance there was no cover at all. Baby prepares and then rushes across space and flashes around the corner from the rock. He leaned gasping against the stone. When his breath came easier he moved along behind the big rock until it came to a narrow split that offered a thin section of vision down the hill. Put Pepe on his stomach and push the barrel of the gun across the slit and wait. The sun has now warmed the western hills already as the sizzling was settling towards where the horse lay. A small brown bird scratched in dead sage leaves directly in front of a gun muzzle. The coastal eagle flew back towards the sunshine. Pepe saw a small movement in the brush much less. His fist tightened on the gun stepped a little doe brown daintly on the trail and crossed it and disappeared into the brush again. Baby waited a long time. Much less he could see a small apartment and oak trees and pieces of green. Suddenly his eyes flashed back into the trail again. A quarter of a mile down there was a quick movement in chaparral. The gun swings the front scene located in the fifth of the rear view. Baby studied for a moment and then raised the rear view degree. The small movement in the brush came back. settled on that sight. (Bibi) pulled the trigger the explosion fell down the mountain and over the other side, and Haz came again. The whole side of the mile grew after. No more movement then a white line cut into the granite of the slit and a bullet woneaway away and the crash looked from the bottom. Bibi felt a severe pain in his right hand. A piece of granite was sticking out among his first and second joints and protruding point It's a good thing. Carefully he pulled a piece of stone. The wound bled evenly and gently. The vein or artery has not been cut. Pepe looked at a slightly dusty cave in the rock and collected a handful of spider web, pressed the mass into pieces, and glued the soft net into the blood. The flow stopped almost simultaneously. The gun was on the ground. Baby picked it up, raising a new shell into the room. Then he slipped into the brush on his stomach to the right crawl, then up the hill, moving slowly and carefully, crawling to the cover and resting and then crawling again. In the mountains the sun is high in its arc before it penetrates the Gorges. The hot face looked over the hill and brought instant heat with it. The white light pulsed on the rocks and reflected them and got up trembling from the ground again, and the rocks and bushes seemed to tremble behind the air. Baby crawled in the general direction of the top of the hills, winding the lid. deep cut between his joints began to flicker. He crawled near the snake before seeing him, and when he lifted his dry head and made a smooth start spiral, he retreated and took another way. The quick gray lizards flashed in front of him, lifting a small line of dust. He found another mass of spider web and pressed it against his flickering hand. Pepe was pushing the gun with his left hand, and now he ran small drops of sweat to the ends of his coarse black hair and rolled down his cheeks. His lips and tongue were growing thick and heavy. His lips writhing to draw saliva in his mouth. His small dark eyes were uncomfortable and suspicious once when a gray lizard stopped in front of him on the paperfloor and turned her head sideways, and he crushed flat with a stone. When the sun slipped last noon he had not gone a mile. Exhausted yards past he crawled into a patch of high sharp manzanita, a desperate crawl, and when the patch was reached he rippled in between the tough stumps with a jar and dropped his head on his left arm. There was a little shade in the meager brush, but there was a cover and safety. Pepe went to sleep as he lay down and the sun hit his back. A few small birds jumped close to him and looked and jumped away. Bibi was raised in his sleep and raised and repeatedly dropped his wounded hand. The sun set back behind the peaks and the cold evening came and then the darkness of a wolf stunned from the hill. Pepe began awake and looked about with misty eyes. His hand was swollen and heavy, and his swelling was. A small thread of pain ran up inside his arm and settled into the pocket in his armpit. Then he peered over and stood, for the mountains were black and the moon had not yet risen. Baby stood in the dark. His father's coat pressed on his arm. His tongue was so swollen that he almost filled his mouth. He writhed out the coat and dropped it into the brush, and then he up the hill, falling on the rocks and tearing his way through the brush. The gun hit the stones as he went. The slightly dry avalanches of gravel and crushed stone went whispering down the hill behind him. After a while the old moon came and showed the summit of coarse peaks in front of it. By baby moonlight, travel more easily. He leaned forward until his throbbing arm hung away from his body. The arduous journey was made in dashes and comforts, frantic rush up to a few yards and then rest. wind coast down the slope, shaking dry stems from the bushes. The moon was in longitude when Pepe finally came to the sharp spine of the top of the peaks. On the last hundred yards of height no soil was clung under the wear-wind. The road was on hard rock. I climbed up and looked down on the other side there was drawn like the past under neath it, misty with moonlight, brushed with dry sage struggling and chaparral. On the other side the hill rose sharply and on top showed the rough rotten teeth of the mountain against the sky. At the bottom of the pieces the brush was thick and dark. Baby stumbled down the hill. His throat was almost thirsty closed at first he tried to escape, but he fell instantly and rolled. Then he went more carefully. The moon was disappearing behind the mountains when it came to the bottom crawling into the heavy brush, feeling his fingers to the water. There was no water in the stream bed, just wet ground. Pepe put his gun down, scooped a handful of mud and put it in his mouth, then scattered and scraped the floor from his tongue with his finger, because of the mud that was drawn to his mouth like a punch. He dug a hole in the bedbed with his fingers, dug a small water-fishing tub, but before he was too deep his head fell forward on the damp floor and he slept. Dawn came and the heat of the day fell to the ground, and Pepe still slept. late in the afternoon his head jerked. He looked slowly around us. His eyes were cracks of fatigue. Twenty feet in a heavy brush a large mountain lion stood looking forward to him. She waved a tall thick gracefully, but her ears were erect with interest, not put back dangerously. The lion squatted on his stomach and watched him. Pepe looked at the hole he dug into the ground. Half an inch of muddy water has been collected at the bottom. He tore the sleeves of his hurting arm, with his teeth torn a small box, soaked in water and put it in his mouth. Again and again he filled the cloth and sucked it. The lion still sat down and watched him. The evening came down but there was no movement on the hills. No birds visited the dry bottom of the pieces. Bibi sometimes looked at the lion. The eyes of the yellow beast drooping as if it were about to sleep. yawning and his long red thin tongue curled. Suddenly his head is jerky And his gills tremble. His big tail struck a stop and saged like a tuanic shadow in the thick brush. A moment later Pepe heard the sound, and the distant, faint crash of horse hooves on the gravel. He heard something else, a dog-type dog screams, Pepe took his gun in his left hand and slipped into the brush almost as quietly as the lion was. In the dark evening he crouched up the hill towards the following hills. Only when the darkness came he was standing. His energy was short and once the darkness had fallen over the rocks and he slipped on his knees on a steep slope, but he moved on and up the hill, climbing and scrambling over the broken hills. When he was away towards the summit, he lay down and slept for a short time. The moon, shining on his face, awakened him. stop and go up the hill. Fifty yards later he stopped and went back, for he forgot his gun. He walked heavily down and poked about the brush, but could not find his gun. At last he lay to rest. Pocket pain in his armpit has grown more severe. His arm seems to swell and fall down with every heartbeat. There was no lying position as the heavy arm did not press on his arm. With a monster effort hurting, Pepe got up and moved back towards the top of the edge. He was carrying his swollen arm away from his body with his left hand. Even the steep hill pulled itself, a few steps away and rest, and a few more steps. At last he was approaching the top. The moon showed an uneven sharp back from it against the sky. Baby's brain spun into a large spiral up and away from him. slipped to the ground and lay still. The top of the rock was only 100 feet above the moon moved over the sky baby half turned on his back. His tongue tried to make words, but only a thick hesiter came from among his lips. When dawn came, Pepe pulled himself. His eyes were sane again, he drew his big swollen arm in front of him and looked at the angry wound. The black line ran from his wrist to his armpit. He automatically arrived in his pocket for a large black knife, but she was not there. His eyes looked the ground he picked up a sharp blade of stone and scraped into the wound, and sawn into the proud flesh and then squeezed the green juice into large drops. immediately he threw his head back and sined like. His right side trembled from pain, but the pain wiped his head. In the gray light he struggled up the last slope to the edge and crawled over and lay behind a line of rocks. Beneath it the deep valley lay just like the past, not watery and desolate. There was no flat, no oak trees, not even a heavy brush at the bottom of it. On the other side stood a sharp, thin brushed chain with a starving sage, littered with broken granite. Strewn over the hill there were giant outcroppings, and on top of granite teeth out against the sky. The new day was light now the sun's flame came over the edge and fell on Pepe where he was lying on the ground. His coarse black hair was full of twigs and parts of the spider's web whose eyes had fallen to his head. between his lips the back of the tip of his black tongue. He sat down and dragged his great arm into his lap and took care of it, shook his body and moaned in his throat. He threw his head back and looked at the pale sky. A large black bird flew almost out of sight, and away to the left another was sailing near. He lifted his head to listen, to get a familiar voice had come to him from the valley he had ascended from, but he was crying crying from the catch, excited and feverish, on the trail. Pepe leaned his head quickly. He tried to speak quick words but only hes thick violin from his lips. He drew a shaky cross on his chest with his left hand. It was a long struggle to reach his feet and crawled slowly and mechanically to the top of a large rock on the top of the hills. Once there, he grew up slowly, swaying to his feet, stopping erect. much less that he could see the dark brush where he slept. Get ready his feet and stop there, black against the morning sky. There was a shattered sound at his feet, a piece of stone flew and a drone bullet flew into the next gorge. hollow crash echoed from below. Pepe looked down for a moment and then pulled himself straight back. His body returned his left hand fluttering helplessly towards his chest. The second incident appeared from below. Baby swung forward arid toppled from the rocks. His body was struck and rolled over and over again, starting a little avalanche. When he finally stopped against a bush, the avalanche slowly slipped and covered his head. 1. Mana: Small insects that live on their plants and juices. 2. Dulces: Sweets 3. Ten fathers: Ten repetitions of prayer are riba. 4. Avi Marias: Prayers to the Virgin Mary, the beginning of Mary's Hail. 5 abalones: Large oysters 6 metate: Stone is used in the southwestern United States to grind 7 grain seeds. 'Ki 'st'l caballo: Here is the horse (Spanish slang) 8 chris (or watercress): an edible flowering white plant that grows in clear running water. 9. Manzanita: Shrubs. 10. chaparral: forest of shrubs, thorny shrubs, or dwarf trees. Trees.

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