



When breakfast was over, I decided to take a walk around the town. Both the rich and the poor filled the streets. Sailors from all parts of the world, dressed in every type of clothing, walked side by side with wealthy visitors from the nearby states of Vermont and New Hampshire. It was a Sunday, and I heard a preacher telling about Jonah and the Whale. That was not what I wanted to hear just before I went on my whale hunt!



## A New Friend

When I returned to *The Spouter Inn*, I found Queequeg alone, quietly humming a tune and whittling the face of the wooden doll he called Yojo. I watched him for a while. There was a kindness in his eyes which must have come from inside his soul. He had a proud look. I thought that he must be a man of honesty and courage.

We talked a little, and I offered to help him understand a book he had taken off the shelf. He seemed thankful for my kindness and offered me a smoke. As we passed the pipe back and forth in the warmth of the small fire burning in our room, a change took place in our hearts. When our



smoke was finished, Queequeg pressed his forehead to mine and told me that we were now to be lifetime friends. He even said he would die for me if ever he had to.

The following morning it was time to find a ferry to Nantucket. I paid the bill for the stay at the inn and borrowed a wheelbarrow into which we loaded our things. The landlord was surprised to see the new friendship between Queequeg and me as he watched us heading off together for the dock.

We paid for our trip on the *Moss*, a small ship headed for Nantucket, and loaded our things on board. The breeze filled the small ship's sails. The salt air licked against my face. My thoughts turned to the sea. I took one last look at the land behind us.