



Ahab

While Ahab remained hidden in his cabin below the deck, the three mates ran the ship. Starbuck, Stubb, and Flask took their turns at keeping watch for whales as we fought our way south through a freezing wind. But as we sailed farther south, the weather began to turn warmer.

It was on a cloudy morning just before noon that Ahab finally appeared. I was on deck at the back of the ship. I looked over my shoulder and then looked again. Sure enough, there he stood. Shivers ran all through me. His skin was a dark, bronze color, and his head was a mass of long, gray hair. Winding out of his hair and right



down one side of his face and neck was an ugly white scar.

I stared at this face for several moments, unable to move my eyes from it. It was only after I began to believe what I saw that I noticed the rest of him. As my eyes ran down his body, I saw that leg I had already heard about. A slender, white stump stuck out from one of Ahab's trouser legs. It was a piece of ivory taken from a whale's jaw. A hole had been drilled on each side of the ship's deck to match the size of the leg's bottom tip. Ahab's false leg rested in one of those holes as he stood there like a statue, his eyes never leaving the open seas ahead of us.

Before long, this strange-looking man turned away and disappeared into his cabin. It was several days before we would see him again, but as the days became less gloomy he came on deck more often. Still, he said not a word to the crew.

The days had become sunnier, and the night skies twinkled with a million stars. The waves caught the light from the heavens, and the water was a flashing, glittering carpet of blue and silver stretching before us.

Ahab spent some time on deck nearly every





day, and most nights. The crew could hear the tapping and thumping of that ivory leg as he paced back and forth above their bunks. We began to wonder when he got any sleep, or if he slept at all.

One night, Stubb asked him to return to his cabin so the rest of us could get some sleep. Ahab became angry, called him a dog, and charged at him with a most terrible look in his eyes. Poor Stubb was scared to death and ran back to his cabin. Our captain was full of a restless anger of some kind. I thought it might be a hatred toward the whale that had chewed his leg off.