Dark spruce forest frowned on either side the frozen waterway. The trees  
had been stripped by a recent wind of their white covering of frost, and  
they seemed to lean towards each other, black and ominous, in the fading  
light. A vast silence reigned over the land. The land itself was a  
desolation, lifeless, without movement, so lone and cold that the spirit of it  
was not even that of sadness. There was a hint in it of laughter, but of a  
laughter more terrible than any sadness —a laughter that was mirthless as  
the smile of the sphinx, a laughter cold as the frost and partaking of the  
grimness of infallibility. It was the masterful and incommunicable wisdom  
of eternity laughing at the futility of life and the effort of life. It was the  
  
Wild, the savage, frozen-hearted Northland Wild.  
  
White Fang  
Jack London