

Now everybody started shouting: "Man missing in 32! In 32!"

The assistant gang boss from 32 and another fellow shot off to look in the repair shop. The men in the crowd were asking who it was and what it was all about. Shukhov heard it was that short dark Moldavian. Which one of them did they mean? The one they said was a Romanian spy, a *real* one?

There were five spies in every gang. But it was all phony. It said they were spies in their records but it was just they'd been POW's. Shukhov was that kind of spy.

But the Moldavian was a real one. The chief of the escort looked at his list and his face turned black. If a spy'd gotten away he'd really be in for it. Shukhov and the whole crowd got mad too. Who did he think he was, this goddamn skunk, the sonofabitch, the fucking bastard! It was dark already and the moon was up, the stars were out, and the night cold was getting fiercer, and now this sonofabitch had to go and get

lost. Was the working day too short for him, the fucker, with only eleven hours from dawn to sundown? Maybe the judge'd give him a little more!

Even Shukhov thought it was funny for somebody to go on working like that and not hear the signal to knock off.

He'd clean forgot how he'd kept on working himself a little while back and gotten mad because people were going over to the guardroom too early, but now he was standing there freezing and bitching along with the others. And if that Moldavian kept them hanging around here another half-hour, he thought, and the escorts handed him over to the crowd, they'd tear the goddamn bastard to pieces like wolves.

The cold was getting into them now. Nobody could stand still. They stomped their feet on the ground or edged back and forth.

Some guys were asking if the Moldavian could've gotten away. If he'd beat it in the daytime it was one thing, but if he was hiding out now and waiting for the guards to leave the watchtowers he had another guess coming—they'd never leave without him. If there was no mark under the wires to show where he'd gotten away they'd search the compound for three days and keep the fellows up there on the watchtowers till they found him. For a whole week if need be. That was the rule and every old camp hand knew it. If anybody got out it was hell on the guards and they were kept on the go without food or sleep. It made 'em so mad they often didn't bring the fellow back alive.

By what techniques has the author built up the atmosphere in the passage?