

which looked barely cooked.

Once we'd eaten, Queequeg lit his pipe and made his way to the lounge room, and I decided to go for a stroll. I returned to the inn after lunch and found the harpooner sitting in front of the fireplace, polishing a small wooden figure. Not wanting to spend the rest of the day by myself, I pulled up a chair and sat down beside him.

"Are we going to share a room again tonight?" asked Queequeg, without looking up.

"Yes," I said.

"In that case, we are brothers," he said, extending a hand to shake mine.

I smiled and shook his hand. We spent the rest of the day talking and getting to know one another better. Queequeg told me that he was a native of the South Pacific island of Rokovoko. His father had been the king of his tribe and Queequeg was next in line to take his place. But young Queequeg wanted adventure, so, one day, he hid on

board a whaling ship that had anchored briefly at his island. Queequeg managed to persuade the angry captain to keep him on board and teach him the business of whaling. In no time at all, Queequeg became an expert harpooner, known for his skill and accuracy.

"I want to see more of the world," he said. "That's why I'm here. I want to go on a whaling trip."

"Really?" I asked with delight. "I am also going to Nantucket to find a whaling ship."

"We'll go **together**," said Queequeg and smiled broadly. "After all, we are brothers now."

After supper, we returned to our room and Queequeg gave me thirty silver dollars, half his fortune. Of course, I told him I couldn't take it, but he wouldn't listen to me. In his culture, he said, it was customary to share one's belongings with one's family members.

I felt extremely touched by Queequeg's kindness and generosity; it felt good to make a new friend.

