

view by streaks of grey fog. As we approached the *Pequod*, I thought I saw five dark figures gathered on the deck. I assumed that they were sailors, but when we boarded the ship, we saw there was no one around except for an old man who was sound asleep.

By sunrise, the *Pequod* was noisy with crew members carrying boxes and unpacking their things. We were later informed that Captain Ahab had boarded the ship the night before and that he planned to remain in his cabin. Finally, the anchor was pulled up, and the *Pequod* set off across the icy ocean.



## CHAPTER 3

**B**Y THE END OF THE FIRST WEEK AT SEA, I HAD MET MOST OF the members of my crew, including the mates. The mates are the men responsible for captaining the whaleboats, which are lowered into the sea once a whale has been sighted. Each whaleboat crew consists of a mate, a harpooner and four oarsmen.

The chief mate of the *Pequod* was a tall, thin, thirty-year-old man from Nantucket named Starbuck. He was courageous and practical, and was highly respected by the crew. Starbuck chose Queequeg to be his harpooner. The second mate was a friendly, easygoing man named Stubb. When he wasn't catching whales, Stubb spent most of his time puffing on his pipe. His harpooner was an Indian named Tashtego, who had long, dark hair, high cheekbones, and large eyes. The third mate was a short and stout man named Flask. His harpooner was Daggoo, an extremely tall African who wore gold hoop earrings.

Several days passed before Captain Ahab finally made his appearance on the quarterdeck, a section of the ship's upper deck. I was so surprised to see him that I had to pinch myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming. Ahab was a tall, impressive-looking man, and as he stood motionless on the quarterdeck, surveying his sailors below, he reminded me of a solid bronze statue. His hair was streaked with grey, and I noticed a lightning-shaped scar running down the side of his face and neck. Whether he'd been born with that scar, or it

