The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

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brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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TO MAX PERKINS

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

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TO MAX PERKINS

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But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

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The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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TO MAX PERKINS

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AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as

the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

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TO MAX PERKINS

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and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

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TO MAX PERKINS

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the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff

was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money. "

The Old Man And the Sea

TO CHARLIE SCRIBNER

AND

TO MAX PERKINS

The Old Man And the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had

gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been

with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the

old man was now definitely and finally salao, which is the worst form of unlucky, and

the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty

and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and

harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour

sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. (Note: The skill of the introduction

of the old man should be noted. He is both in time and timeless. The numbers mentioned are significant.)

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The

brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on

the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face

and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords.

But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless

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