

White Fang (from screenshot)

WITHOUT PUNCTUATION

PART I

CHAPTER I—THE TRAIL OF THE MEAT

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

but there was life abroad in the land and defiant down the frozen waterway toiled a string of wolfish dogs their bristly fur was rimed with frost their breath froze in the air as it left their mouths spouting forth in spumes of vapour that settled upon the hair of their bodies and formed into crystals of frost leather harness was on the dogs and leather traces attached them to a sled which dragged along behind the sled was without runners it was made of stout birch—bark and its full surface rested on the snow the front end of the sled was turned up like a scroll in order to force down and under the bore of soft snow that surged like a wave before it on the sled securely lashed was a long and narrow oblong box there were other things on the sled—blankets an axe and a coffee-pot and frying-pan but prominent occupying most of the space was the long and narrow oblong box

in advance of the dogs on wide snowshoes toiled a man at the rear of the sled toiled a second man on the sled in the box lay a third man whose toil was over—a man whom the Wild had conquered and beaten down until he would never move nor struggle again it is not the way of the Wild to like movement life is an offence to it for life is movement and the Wild aims always to destroy movement it freezes the water to prevent it running to the sea it drives the sap out of the trees till they are frozen to their mighty hearts and most ferociously and terribly of all does the Wild harry and crush into submission man—man who is the most restless of life ever in revolt against the dictum that all movement must in the end come to the cessation of movement

HINT:

THERE WERE 23 FULL STOPS, 28 COMMAS, 0 OPEN OR CLOSED BRACKETS, 0 COLONS, 4 SEMICOLONS, 0 QUESTION MARKS, 0 EXCLAMATION MARKS, 0 QUOTATION MARKS IN THIS TEXT.