

Hatchet

By Gary Paulsen

Read the excerpt below and then answer the questions.

He could not at first leave the fire. It was so precious to him, so close and sweet a thing the yellow and red flames brightening the dark interior of the shelter, the happy crackle of the dry wood as it burned, that he could not leave it. He went to the trees and brought in as many dead limbs as he could chop off and carry and when he had a large pile of them he sat near the fire-- though it was getting into the warm middle part of the day and he was hot -- and broke them in small pieces and fed the fire.

I will not let you go out, he said to himself, to the flames -- not ever. And so he sat through a long part of the day, keeping the flames even, eating from his stock of raspberries, leaving to drink from the lake when he was thirsty. In the afternoon, toward evening, with his face smoke smeared and his skin red from the heat, he finally began to think ahead to what he needed to do.

He would need a large woodpile to get through the night. It would be almost impossible to find wood in the dark so he had to have it all in and cut and stacked before the sun went down. Brian made certain the fire was banked with new wood, then went out of the shelter and searched for a good fuel supply. Up the hill from the campsite the same windstorm that left him a place to land the plane--had that only been three, four days ago? -- had dropped three large white pines across each other. They were dead now, dry and filled with weathered dry dead limbs.

(from pages 94-95)

1. How do you think Brian felt because of the fire? _____

2. Which sentence was most useful in helping you to figure that out?

a. "I will not let you go out, he said to himself, to the flames -- not ever."

b. "He would need a large woodpile to get through the night."

3. Why was that sentence useful in drawing an inference about how Brian felt? _____

4. Find and quote a sentence that helps you to understand how Brian got to where he is.
