



8강: 노인과 바다

The Old Man and the Sea

- Ernest Hemingway

About the book

: "The Old Man and the Sea" is a short novel Hemingway wrote in Cuba. It is a story about an old fisherman who shows the indomitable spirit of man.

About the author

: Ernest Miller Hemingway (1899~1961) was an American journalist and writer, whose writing style is simple, direct, and undecorated. He received the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1954, two years after he released The Old Man and the Sea.

Summary

: An old fisherman named Santiago has not caught a fish for 84 days. To change his luck, he takes his skiff far out into the deep waters and hooks a giant marlin. With all his experience and strength, he struggles with the fish for three days. He finally kills the fish and ties it to his boat. However, his bleeding fish now draws in sharks.

Vocabulary

astern	선미쪽으로, 배의 뒤쪽으로
chop	썰다, 자르다
rip	찢다
ram	들이받다
harpoon	작살
jaw	턱
mush	곤죽

resolution	다짐, 결심
malignancy	악의, 적의
lash	채찍(질하다), 후려치다
plow	쟁기(질하다), 물살을 헤치다
shiver	떨다
snap	부러지다, '딱' 소리를 내다
mutilate	(신체를) 훼손하다

[Read It Yourself]

The shark closed fast astern and when he hit the fish the old man saw his mouth open and his strange eyes and the clicking chop of the teeth as he drove forward in the meat just above the tail. The shark's head was out of water and his back was coming out and the old man could hear the noise of skin and flesh ripping on the big fish when he rammed the harpoon down onto the shark's head at a spot where the line between his eyes intersected with the line that ran straight back from his nose. There were no such lines. There was only the heavy sharp blue head and the big eyes and the clicking, thrusting all-swallowing jaws. But that was the location of the brain and the old man hit it. He hit it with his blood mushed hands driving a good harpoon with all his strength. He hit it without hope but with resolution and complete malignancy.

The shark swung over and the old man



saw his eye was not alive and then he swung over once again, wrapping himself in two loops of the rope. The old man knew that he was dead but the shark would not accept it. Then, on his back, with his tail lashing and his jaws clicking, the shark plowed over the water as a speedboat does. The water was white where his tail beat it and three-quarters of his body was clear above the water when the rope came taut, shivered, and then snapped. The shark lay quietly for a little while on the surface and the old man watched him. Then he went down very slowly. "He took about forty pounds," the old man said aloud. He took my harpoon too and all the rope, he thought, and now my fish bleeds again and there will be others. He did not like to look at the fish anymore since he had been mutilated. When the fish had been hit it was as though he himself were hit. But I killed the shark that hit my fish, he thought. And he was the biggest dentuso that I have ever seen. And God knows that I have seen big ones. It was too good to last, he thought. I wish it had been a dream now and that I had never hooked the fish and was

alone in bed on the newspapers.

"But man is not made for defeat," he said. "A man can be destroyed but not defeated." I am sorry that I killed the fish though, he thought.

Quest

: Could the old man bring the fish to the harbor safely driving away sharks? Find out what happens to his fish while reading.