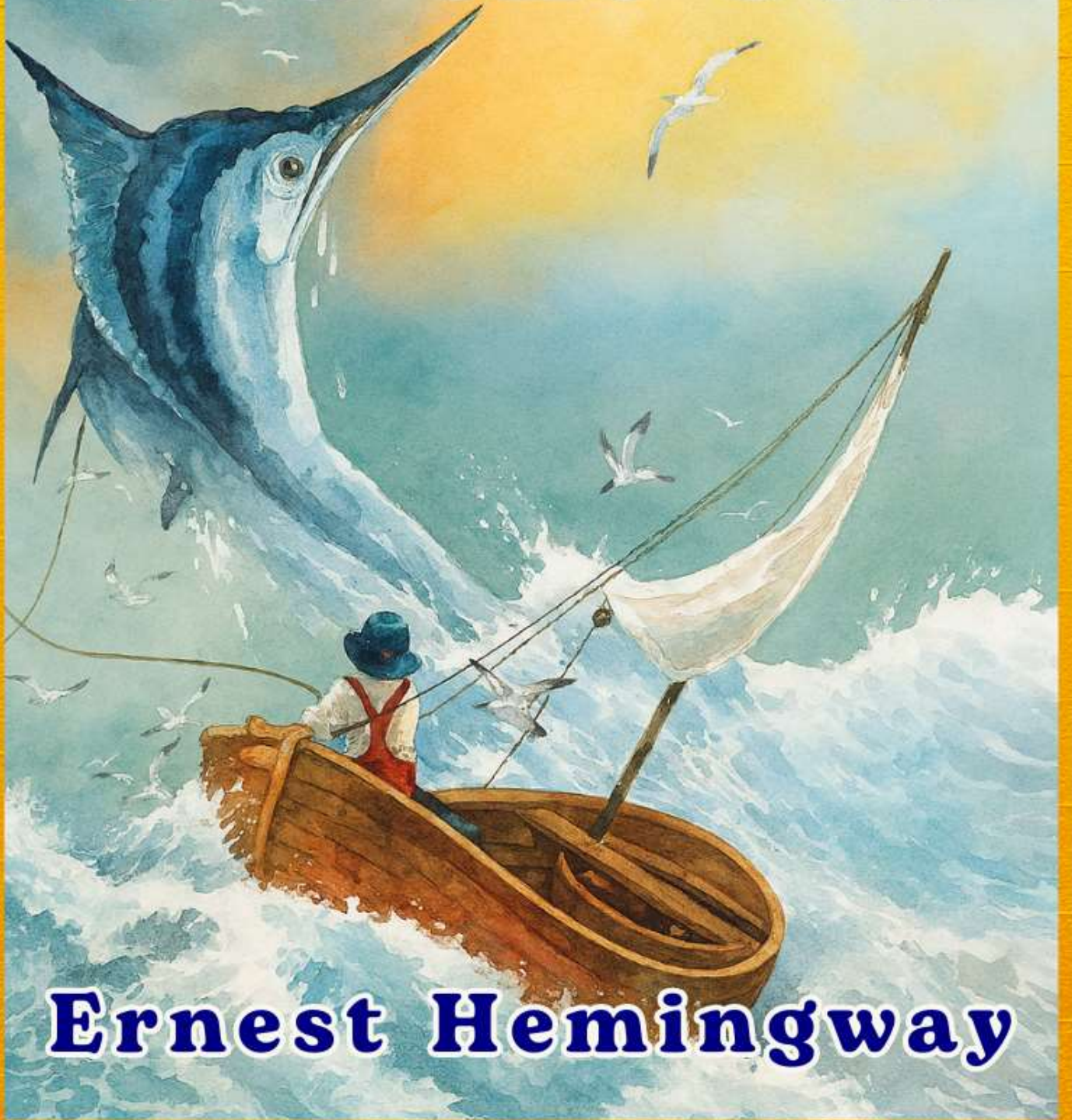


# **The Old Man and the Sea**



**Ernest Hemingway**

Learn English Through Story

# The Old Man and the Sea

By Ernest Hemingway

Level 1

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## Chapter One

### The Old Man and the Boy

Santiago is an old man. He lives in a small house near the sea. He is thin and has many wrinkles. His hands are strong but have deep cuts from fishing. He has not caught a fish in eighty-four days.

But every morning, Santiago wakes up before the sun rises. The sky is still dark, full of stars. The soft wind from the sea touches his face. The smell of salt is in the air. When the sun begins to rise, the sky turns pink and orange. The waves are calm, and the world is quiet. Santiago looks at the sea and smiles.



"This sea is beautiful," he thinks. "She is like a woman—sometimes kind, sometimes angry."

A boy named Manolin loves the old man. The boy used to fish with him, but his parents said Santiago is unlucky. They told Manolin to fish with other men. Still, the boy visits Santiago every day. He brings food and talks with him.

One evening, the boy helps the old man carry his fishing gear. They walk near the sea. The water shines under the setting sun. They sit down and talk.



"You haven't caught a fish in many days," the boy says.

"No," Santiago answers. "But tomorrow will be a lucky day."

"I hope so," says the boy. "You are the best fisherman."

Santiago smiles. He loves the boy like a son.

"Do you remember when we caught the big fish?" the boy asks.

"Yes," the old man says. "It was many years ago."

They laugh and talk about baseball and great players. Santiago loves a player named Joe DiMaggio. He says DiMaggio plays well even with pain. Santiago wants to be strong like him.

Before the boy leaves, he brings the old man some food. Santiago thanks him.

"Tomorrow I will go far into the sea," says Santiago. "There, I will find a big fish."

"I believe in you," the boy says.

That night, Santiago lies in his small bed. The moonlight shines through the window. He sleeps and dreams. He dreams of lions on a beach in Africa. He saw them many years ago when he was young and working on a ship. The dream makes him happy. He smiles in his sleep.

## Chapter Two

### A New Day on the Sea

The next morning, the world is still dark. The sky is full of quiet stars. The soft wind touches Santiago's face like a whisper. The sea sleeps under the sky, calm and wide.

Santiago wakes early, before the sun. He drinks a small cup of coffee. The warm cup feels good in his hands. It reminds him of many mornings like this — mornings full of hope.

The boy, Manolin, comes to help. He carries the fishing gear to the small boat.



“Good luck, old man,” the boy says.

“Thank you, my boy,” Santiago answers with a smile.

He pushes his boat into the water and starts to row. The boat moves softly over the dark sea. It glides like a bird on the water. Santiago passes other fishermen, but he wants to go farther. He wants to go where no one else goes.

The sky slowly turns pink and gold. The sun rises from the sea like a warm coin. The water sparkles. The wind is gentle. Santiago feels strong. His heart is full of courage.



He puts his fishing lines into the water. Each line has a hook and a small bait fish. The lines go deep into the blue sea. Santiago watches them carefully. He listens to the sea.

“You are kind,” he says. “You give and you take. We know each other well.”

A small bird flies close to the boat. Its wings touch the air like soft hands.

“You are my friend,” Santiago says to the bird. “Are there fish near?”

The bird circles one spot in the sea. Santiago rows there. He looks into the water. The water is clear and deep. He sees silver shapes moving fast.

Tuna.

He catches one small tuna and smiles.



“You will help me catch something greater,” he whispers.

Time passes. The sun is high. The heat is strong. The sea shines like glass. Santiago is alone on the water. But he is not afraid.

Suddenly, one of the lines moves. Then again. Slowly, strongly — something big is pulling. Santiago stands and holds the line carefully. His hands feel the weight.

“Yes,” he whispers. “You are here. You are the one I came for.”

The fish is deep, deep in the sea. It does not jump. It moves with power. It pulls the boat gently away from the land.

Santiago does not fight. He waits. He holds the line. He talks to the fish in a low voice.

“I will not lose you,” he says. “You are my big chance. I will go with you as far as you go.”

The land becomes a small shadow behind him. Only the sea, the sky, and the fish remain.

## Chapter Three

### The Fight with the Fish

The big fish is still pulling the boat. Santiago holds the line with both hands. His hands hurt, but he does not let go.



"He is a strong fish," the old man says. "He is smart too."

The fish pulls the boat all day. Santiago eats the small tuna he caught. He drinks some water from a bottle. He is tired, but he keeps holding the line.

The sun goes down. Now it is night. The stars shine in the sky. Santiago talks to the fish.

"You are my brother," he says. "We fight with respect."

The fish jumps out of the water. It is huge and silver. Santiago sees its long body and big tail.



"You are a marlin," he says. "You are the biggest I have ever seen."

The fish goes deep again. It pulls the boat slowly across the sea. Santiago is cold and his hands bleed.

"I must not sleep," he says. "If I sleep, I may lose him."

He ties the line to his shoulders. He stays awake all night. He remembers the boy. He remembers lions he saw in Africa long ago.

In the morning, the fish is still swimming. Santiago is still fighting.

"Come up, fish," he says. "Let us end this fight."

But the fish does not stop. It is strong and proud—like Santiago.

## Chapter Four

### A Memory from the Past

Santiago is very tired. His hands hurt. The big fish is still pulling the boat. Santiago does not want to sleep. So he remembers a story from long ago.

He was a young man. He was strong and brave. He lived in a small village near the sea. One night, he went to a café with other fishermen.

A big man was there. The man liked to arm-wrestle. He beat many people. Everyone called him “the strong one.”

Santiago looked at the man and said,

“I want to try.”

People watched. They smiled. They sat at a table. Both men put their elbows on the table. They held hands. The match began.

One hour passed. Two hours passed. The big man smiled. But Santiago stayed quiet. He did not move. He did not stop.



His arm hurt. His hand was tired. But Santiago waited.

He was calm. He was strong inside.

After many hours, the big man's hand moved. Santiago pushed more.

Then—he won! Everyone cheered. People called him “The Champion.”

Now, on the boat, Santiago smiles.

“I was strong then,” he says.

“I am still strong now.”

The memory gives him power. He holds the line. He is ready to fight the big fish.

## Chapter Five

### The Big Catch

Santiago is weak and tired. His back hurts. His hands are sore and bleeding. But he does not give up. The fish begins to swim in small circles. It is getting tired too.

“Now is the time,” Santiago says.

Slowly, he pulls the line in. The marlin comes closer to the boat. Santiago holds the line with all his strength. Sweat runs down his face. His arms shake.

The fish jumps again. Water flies everywhere.



“You are a great fish,” Santiago says. “But I must catch you.”

He grabs his harpoon. When the marlin comes close, Santiago puts all his power into one strong throw.

The harpoon hits the fish. The marlin jumps, then falls. It is still. Santiago has won.

He ties the fish to the side of his small boat. The fish is longer than the boat. It shines silver in the sun.



“Thank you, fish,” he says. “You gave me a great fight.”

Santiago is happy, but also very tired. Now he must go home. He starts to sail back.

But then he sees a shark. The shark smells the blood from the marlin. It swims fast toward the boat.

“No!” Santiago cries. He takes his harpoon and waits.

The shark comes close. Santiago hits it hard. The shark dies, but more sharks are coming.

“I will fight them,” Santiago says. “I will fight until the end.”

## Chapter Six

### The Return Home

Santiago sails back to shore. The big marlin is tied to the boat. Santiago feels tired, but also proud.

Then, more sharks come. They smell the blood from the marlin. Santiago has no harpoon now. He uses a knife tied to an oar. He fights the sharks. He kills some, but more come.

“Go away!” he shouts. “Leave my fish!”

The sharks bite the marlin again and again. They eat its meat. Santiago keeps fighting, but he is very tired. His hands are hurt. His back hurts. The sea is dark now.

By the time he reaches the shore, only the bones of the marlin are left.

“They beat me,” he says.

“No,” he thinks. “I went far. I fought well.”

Santiago is so tired that he can hardly walk. He carries his gear to his small home. He lies down on his bed and falls into a deep sleep.



In the morning, the boy comes to see him. He sees the old man's hands—cut and bleeding.

“They didn't deserve this,” the boy says sadly.

He sees the big skeleton of the marlin near the boat. Other fishermen look at it in surprise. It is the biggest fish they have ever seen.

“He is still the best fisherman,” one man says.

The boy brings Santiago food and coffee.

“I want to fish with you again,” the boy says.

“We will,” says Santiago.

He smiles. Then he sleeps again. He dreams of lions on a beach in Africa.

— THE END —

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