

Old Man and the Sea
By
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Novel Analysis

For eighty-four days old Santiago had not caught a single fish. At first a young boy, Manolin, had shared his bad fortune, but after the fortieth luckless day, the boy's father told his son to go in another boat. From that time on Santiago worked alone. Each morning he rowed his skiff out into the Gulf Stream where the big fish were. Each evening he came in empty-handed. The boy loved the old fisher and pitied him. If Manolin had no money of his own. He begged, and stole to make sure that Manolin had enough to eat and fresh bait for his lines. The old man accepted his kindness with humility that was like a quiet kind of pride. Over their evening meals of rice or black beans they would talk about the fish they had taken in luckier times or about American baseball and the great DiMaggio. At night, alone in his shack, Santiago dreamed of lions on the beaches of Africa, where he had gone on a sailing ship years before. He no longer dreamed of his dead wife.

On the eighty-fifth day Santiago rowed out of the harbor in the cool dark before dawn. After leaving the smell of land behind him, he set his lines. Two of his bats were fresh tunas the boy had given him, as well as sardines to cover his hooks. The lines went straight down into deep dark water. As the sun rose he saw other boats in toward shore, which was only a low green line on the sea. A hovering man-of-war bird showed him where dolphins were chasing some flying fish, but the school was moving too fast and too far away. The bird circled again, this time Santiago saw tuna leading in the sunlight. A small one took the hook on his stern line. Hauling the quivering