The Summary of the Old Man and the Sea

There is an old man fisherman, Santiago in Cuba who has gone eighty four fays without a catch. He is thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck and his hands had deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords. But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in fishless desert. Santiago’s lack of success, though, does not destroy his spirit and he has cheerful and undefeated eyes. He has a single friend, a boy named Manolin, who helped him during the first forty days of his dry spell. After forty days, though, Manolin’s parents decide the old man is unlucky and order their son to join other boat. Despite this, though, the boy helps the old man to bring in his empty boat every day.

After earning money on to other bat, Manolin asks Santiago if he can turn the old man’s service. Santiago refuses the boy, telling him to mind his parents and stay with the successful boat. Manolin offers to fetch sardines for the old man, an offer which Santiago first refuses and then accepts. Hemingway tells us that “He was too simple to wonder when he had attained humility. But he knew he had attained it and he knew it was not disgraceful and it carried no loss of true pride”.

Santiago tells Manolin that tomorrow he will go out far the Gulf to fish. Manolin responds that he will try to keep his own ship near Santiago’s so that he can help the old man pull in his catch. The two gather Santiago’s thing from his boat and go to the old man’s house. His house is very simple with a bed, table and a chair on a dirt floor. There are also religious pictures and a tinted photograph on the wall, relics
of his wife. At the house the two rehearse a nightly ritual of speaking about factious rice and a net. Santiago then pulls out a paper and the two discuss baseball, peaking with great enthusiasm of Joe DiMaggio. Manolin leaves the house and Santiago asleep.

When Manolin return, he wakes Santiago. The two eat food the boy has brought. During the course of the meal, the boy realize the squalor in which the old man lives and reminds himself to bring the old man a shirt, shoes, a jacket, and a blanket for the coming winter. The two talk baseball again, focusing as usual on Joe DiMaggio. Speaking about great baseball stars, the boy calls the old man the greatest fisherman. Santiago accepts the compliment but denies the truth of Manolin’s statement, remarking that he know better fisherman than himself. The boy than leaves to be woken in the morning by the old man. Santiago sleeps.

Santiago dreams of Africa, where he traveled as a shipmate in his youth. “He lived along that coast now every night and in his dreams he head the surf roar and saw the native boats come riding through it. He dreamed of places now and lions on the beach. The old man wakes and retrieves the boy from his house. The two take the old man’s supplies from his shack to his boat and enjoy coffee at an early morning place that serves fisherman. The boy leaves to fetch the sardines for the old man. When he returns, he whishes the old man luck and Santiago goes out to sea.

Santiago leaves shore early in the morning, before sunrise. “He knew he was going far out and he left the smell of the land behind and rowed out into the clean early morning smell of the ocean. Soon, Santiago rows over the great well a sudden drop of seven hundred fathoms where shrimp, bait fish and squid congregate. Moving
along, Santiago spots flying fish and birds, expressing great fine as those sea swallows when the ocean can be so cruel. She is kind and very beautiful but she can be so cruel.

We are told that while other fisherman, those who used boys and motor boat, thought of the sea as a masculine competitor or enemy, Santiago always thought of her as feminine and as something that gave or withheld great favors, and if she did wild or wicked things it was because she could not help them.

Santiago keeps pressing out, past the great well where he has been recently unsuccessful. He travels out where school of bonito and albacore are, hoping there might be a big fish with them. Before light, Santiago casts his bait fish out but does not let them drift with the current. He wants to know exactly where he hooks are. Santiago says of this, “I keep them with precision. Only I have no luck anymore. But who knows? Maybe today. Every day is a new day. It is better to be lucky. But I would rather to be exact. Then we luck comes you are ready.”

Santiago sees a man of war bird overhead and notices that the bird has spied something in the water. The old man follows the rows near the bird, and drops his own lines into the area, hoping to capture the fish the bird had been seen. There is a large school of dolphin traveling fast, too fast either the bird or Santiago to capture. Santiago moves on hoping to catch or stray or perhaps even discover a marlin tracking the school.

A Portuguese man of war bird approaches the boat and receives Santiago’s ire. The old man recalls being stung by the man of war before and happily recalls watching their destruction. As he says, “The iridescent bubbles were beautiful. But
they were the falsest things in the sea and the old man loves to see the big sea turtles eating them.” Having worked on a turtle boat for years, Santiago expresses his sympathy for turtles. He says most people are heartless about turtles because a turtle’s heart will beat for hours after he has been cut up and butchered. I have such a heart too and my hands and feet are like theirs.

Santiago notices the bird again, and suspects that he has found fish again. Soon after, the old man sees a tuna leap from leap the water and the bird diving to catch the bait fish stirred up by the tuna’s jump. Santiago gently moves toward the school and soon feels the bite. He pulls the albacore in the boat and clubs him to death. The old man realizes that he is talking to himself. “It was considered a virtue not to talk unnecessarily at the sea and the old man had always considered it so and respected it. But now he said his thoughts aloud many times since there was no one that they could annoy. Santiago recalls himself from such as thinking saying “now is the time to think of only one thing. That which I was born for.” Soon, there is a strong bite on one of the lines Santiago east out earlier.

Santiago notices a bite on his hundred fathom deep line. The first bite is hard, and the stick to which the line is connected drops sharply. The next tug was more tentative, but Santiago knew exactly what it was. “One hundreds fathoms down a marlin was eating the sardines that covered the point and the shank of the hook where the hand-forged hook projected from the head of small tuna.” Encouraged by a bite at so deep a depth so far out in the Gulf, Santiago reasons that the fish much be very large.
The marlin nibbles round the hook for some time, refusing to take the bait fully. Santiago speaks aloud, as if to cajole the fish into accepting the bait. He says, “Come on … make another turn. Just smell them. Aren’t they lovely? Eat them good now and the there is the tuna. Hard, cold and lovely. Don’t be shy fish. Eat them.”

After many false bites, the marlin finally takes the tuna and pulls out a great length of line. Santiago waits a bit for the marlin to swallow to hook and then pulls hard on the line to bring the marlin up to the surface. The fish is strong, tough and does not come up. Instead he swims away, dragging the old man and his skiff along behind. Santiago wishes he had Manolin with him to help. Alone, though, he must let the fish take the line it wants or risk losing it. Eventually, the fish will tire itself out and die. “But for hours later the fish eats still swimming steadily out to sea, towing the skiff and the old man was still braced solidly with the line across his back.”

As the sun went down, the marlin continued on in the same direction, and Santiago lost sight of land altogether. The result is a curious stalemate. As Santiago says, “I can do nothing with him can do nothing with me … not as long as he keeps this up.” He wishes for the boy again and muses that no one should be alone in their old age.

Santiago decides that he must sleep some if he is to kill marlin. He cuts up the dolphin he had caught to prevent spoiling and eats some of it before contriving a way to sleep. Santiago wraps the line around himself and leans against to bow anchor himself, leaving his left hand on the rope to wake him if the marlin lurches. Soon, the old man is sleep, dreaming of a school of porpoises, his village house and finally of the lion of his youth on the African beach.
The line rushing furiously through his right hand and awakes Santiago the marlin leaps out the water and it is all the old man can do to hold into the line, now cutting his hand badly and dragging him down to the bottom of the skiff. Santiago finds his balance, though and realizes that the marlin has filled the air sacks on his back and cannot go deep to die. The marlin will circle and then the endgame will begin. At sunrise, the marlin begins a large circle. Santiago holds the line strongly, pulling it in slowly as the marlin goes around. At the third turn, Santiago sees the fish and amazed by its size. He readies the harpoon and pulls the line more. The marlin tries desperately to pull away. Santiago, no longer able to speak for lack of water, thinks, “you are killing me, fish … but you have a right to. I have never seen a greater, or more beautiful, or a calmer or more noble thing than you, brother. Come on and kill me. I do not care who kills you. Then the fish came alive, with his death in him, and raised high out of the water showing all his great length and width and all his power and his beauty. Santiago says, “I am a tired old man. But I have killed the fish which is my brother and now I must do the slave work.

Having killed the marlin, Santiago lashes its body along side his skiff. He pulls a line through the marlin’s gills and out its mouth, keeping its head the bow. Santiago draws the sail and lets trade wind push him toward the southwest.

A school of sharks appear at sunset and Santiago only has a club with which to beat them away. He does not kill the shark, but damages them enough to prevent their return. Santiago then looks forward to nightfall as he will able to see the lights of Havana, guiding him back to land. He regrets not having cleaved off the marlin’s sword to use a weapon when he had the knife and apologizes again to the fish.
In the night, the sharks return. He fought and this time he knew the fight was useless. They came in pack and he could only see lines in the water their fins made and their phosphorescence as they threw themselves on the fish, he clubs desperately at the fish, but the club was soon taken away by the sharks. Santiago grabs the tiller breaks. That was the last shark of the pack that came. There was nothing more for them eat.

Santiago sailed lightly now and he had neither thoughts nor any feelings of any kind. He concentrates purely on steering homewards and ignored the sharks that came to gnaw on the marlin’s bones. When he arrive the harbor, everyone was asleep. Santiago steps out of the boat, carrying the mast back to his shack. He started to climb again and at the top he fell and lay for some time with the mast across his shoulder. He tried to get up, but it was too difficult and he sat there with the mast on his shoulder and looked at the road. When he finally arose, he had to sit five time before reaching home. Arriving at this shack, Santiago collapsed on his bed and feel asleep.

Mandolin arrives at the shack while Santiago is still asleep. The boy leaves quickly to get some coffee for Santiago, crying on his way to the Terrace. Mandolin sees fisherman gathered around the skiff, measuring the marlin at eighteen feet long. When Manolin returns to the shack, Santiago is awake. The two speak for a while, and Manolin says, “Now we will fish together again,” to which Santiago replies, “No I am not lucky. I am not lucky anymore.” Mandolin objects, “the hell with the luck …I’II bring the luck with me.” Santiago acquiesces and Manolin leaves to fetch food and a shirt.
That afternoon, there are tourists on the Terrace a female tourist sees the skeleton of the marlin moving in the tide. Not recognizing the skeleton, she asks the waiter what it is. He responds in broken English “shark,” thinking she wants to know what happened. She comments to her partner that he didn’t know sharks had such beautiful tails. Meanwhile, back in Santiago’s shack, the old man “was still sleeping on his face and the boy was sitting by him watching him. The old man was dreaming about lions.
Biography of Ernest Hemingway and His Works

Ernest Miller Hemingway was born at eight o’clock in the morning on July 21, 1899 in Oak Park, Illinois to Dr. Clarence and Grace Hemingway. He was the second of six children to be raised in the quite suburban town by his physician father and devout, musical mother. In doing so, he also created a mythological hero in himself that captivated not only serious literary critics but the average man as well. In a word, he was a star. Hemingway was raised with the conservative Midwestern values of strong religion, hard work, physical fitness and self determination; if one adhered to these parameters, he was taught, and he would be ensured of success in whatever field he chose. As a boy he was taught by his father to hunt and fish along the shores and in the forest surrounding Lake Michigan. The Hemingway had a summer house called Windermere on Walloon Lake in northern Michigan, and the family would spend the summer months there trying to stay cool. Hemingway would either fish the different stream that ran into the lake, or would take the row boat out to do some fishing there. He would also go squirrel hunting in the woods near the summer house, discovering early in life the serenity to be found while alone in the forest or wading a stream it was something he could always go back to through out his life, wherever he was.

Hemingway’s aptitude for physical challenge remained with him through high school, where he both played football and boxed. Because of permanent eye damage eye contracted from numerous boxing matches, Hemingway was repeatedly rejected from service in World War I. boxing provided more material for
Hemingway’s stories, as well as a habit of likening his literary feats to boxing victories.

Hemingway also edited his high school newspaper and reported for the Kansas City Star, after reading a year to his age, after graduating from high school in 1917. After this short stint, Hemingway finally was able to participate in World War I, as the driver of an ambulance for the American Red Cross. He was wounded on July 8, 1918 on the Italian front near Fossealta di Piave; during his convalescence in Milan, he had an affair with nurse Agnes von Kurowsky. Hemingway was given two considerations by the Italian government, and joined the Italian infantry.

Fighting on the Italian front inspired the plot of *A Farewell to Arms* in 1929. Indeed, war itself is a major theme in Hemingway’s work. Hemingway would witness firsthand the cruelty and stoicism required of soldiers he portrayed in his writing when covering the Greco-Turkish War in 1920 for the Toronto Star. In 1937, he was a war correspondent in Spain; the events of the Spanish Civil War inspired *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

Returning briefly to the United States after World War, Hemingway worked for the Toronto Star. He lived for a short time in Chicago. There, he met Sherwood Andersen and married Hadley Richardson in 1921. On Andersen’s advice the couple moved to Paris, where he served as foreign correspondent for the Star. As Hemingway covered events on all of Europe, the young reporter interviewed important leaders such as Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Mussolini.

The Hemingways lived in Paris from 1921-1926; this time of stylistic development for Hemingway reaches its zenith in 1923 with the publication of *Three

In Paris, Hemingway used Sherwood Anderson’s letter of introduction to meet Gertrude Stein and enter the world of ex-patriot author and artists who inhabited her intellectual circle. The famous description of this loses generation, was born of an employee’s remark to Hemingway and became immortalized as the epigraph on his first major novel, The Sun Also Rises.

This lost generation both characterized the postwar generation and the literary movements produced. In the 1920’s, writer such as Anderson, F. Scott Fitzgerald, James Joyce, Ezra Pound and Gertrude Stein decried the false ideals of patriotism that led young people to war, only to the benefit of materialistic elders. These writers’ tenets that the only truth is reality and thus life could be nothing but hardship, strongly influenced Hemingway.

The late 1920’s were a time of much publication for Hemingway. In 1926, The Torrents of Spring and The Sun Also Rises were published by Charles Scribner’s son. In 1927 Hemingway published a short story collection, Men without Women. So too, in that year he divorced Hadley to key West, where sons Patrick and Gregory were born, in 1929 and 1932. 1928 was a year of both success and sorrow for Hemingway; in this year, A Farewell to Arms was published and his father committed suicide. Clarence Hemingway had been suffering from hypertension and diabetes. This painful experience is reflected in the pondering of Robert Jordan in For Whom the Bell Tolls.
In addition to personal experiences with war and death, Hemingway’s extensive travel in pursuit of hunting and other sports provided ample material for his novels. Bullfighting inspired *Death in the Afternoon*, published in 1932. In 1934, Hemingway went on safari in Africa, which gave him new themes and scenes on which to base *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* and *The Green Hills of Africa* published in 1935. As mentioned before, he traveled to Spain as a war correspondent in 1937, the same year as *To Have and Have Not*, a writer, the couple toured China before setting in Cuba at Finca Vigia, or lookout farm. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was published this year.

During World War Two Hemingway volunteered his fishing boat and served with the U.S Navy as a submarine spotter in the Caribbean. In 1944, he traveled through Europe with the Allies as a war correspondent and participated in the liberation of Paris. Hemingway divorced again in 1945, and married Mary Welsh, a correspondent for Time Magazine, in 1946. They lived in Venice before returning to Cuba.

In 1950 *Across the River* and *Into the Trees* was published; it was not received with the usual critical acclaim. In 1952, however, Hemingway proved the comment *Papa is finished* is wrong, as *The Old Man and the Sea* won the Pulitzer Prize in 1953. In 1954 he won the Nobel Prize for Literature.

In 1960, Hemingway moved to Ketchum, Idaho, where he was hospitalized for uncontrolled blood pressure, liver disease, diabetes and depression.
On July 2, 1961 he died of self-inflicted gunshot wounds and was buried in Ketchum. He was both legendary celebrity and a sensitive writer, and his influence, as well as unseen writings, survived his passing. In 1964 *A Moveable Feast* was published in 1969, *The Fifth Column* and *Four Stories of the Spanish Civil War*; in 1970, *Islands in the Stream* published; in 1972, *The Nick Adams Stories* in 1985, *The Dangerous Summer* and in 1986 *The Garden of Eden* were published.