
THE OLD MAN
AND
THE SEA



ISBN

978-605-2220-74-0

Academic Director

Nevin Öztürk

Retold by

Pınar Tankut

Illustrated by

Mehmet Akif Kaynar

Designed by

Emel Erbaş

YDS PLAZA

Küçükbakkalköy Mh.

Şerifali Yolu Cd.

Çetin Sk.

No: 11 34750

Ataşehir / İstanbul

Tel: 0850 288 35 00

Faks: 0850 288 35 09

www.ydspublishing.com

Tüm yayın hakları

YDS Yayıncılık Ltd.

Şti.'ne aittir. Yazılı izin

alınmadan kısmen

ya da tamamen alıntı

yapılamaz, hiçbir

şekilde kopya edilemez,

çoğaltılamaz ve

yayımlanamaz.

info@ydspublishing.com

ydspublishing

Basım Yeri: ERTEM BASIM YAYIN DAĞITIM SAN. TİC. LTD. ŞTİ.

Başkent Organize Sanayi Bölgesi 22. Cadde No: 6 Malıköy-Sincan/Ankara

Sertifika 16031 Basım Tarihi: 2019

CONTENTS

Chapter 1	4
Activities	14
Chapter 2	16
Activities	26
Chapter 3	28
Activities	40
Chapter 4	42
Activities	51
Chapter 5	54
Activities	64
Chapter 6	66
Activities	71
Glossary	72
About the Author	76

CHAPTER 1

He was an old man who fished alone in the Gulf Stream. He had gone eighty-four days now without catching a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been with him, but after forty days without a fish, the boy's parents had told him that the old man was extremely unlucky, so the boy was told to go on another boat which caught three good fish the first week. The boy was sad to see the old man come in empty-handed every day, and he always went down to help him carry his fishing equipment.

The old man was thin and bony with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. There were brown blotches on his face made by the reflection of the sun on the tropic sea and deep scars from handling heavy fish on the cords. The scars were old. Everything about him was old except his eyes, which were the color of the sea and were cheerful and **undefeated**.

'Santiago,' the boy said to him as they climbed the bank. 'I could go with you again. We've made some money.'

The old man had taught the boy to fish, and the boy loved him.

'No,' he said. 'You're working on a lucky boat now. Stay with them.'

'It was my father who made me leave. I am a boy, and I must obey him.'

'I know,' the old man said. 'It is quite normal.'

'My boss doesn't have much **faith**.'

'No,' the old man said. 'But we have. Haven't we?'

The boy offered the old man a drink, so they went to the Terrace.

Many of the fishermen made fun of the old man, but he was not angry. The older fishermen looked at him and were sad. They spoke politely about the sea and the good weather and of the things they had seen. The successful fishermen of the day were in and had taken the marlin¹ to the fish house, where the ice truck came to carry them to the market in Havana. Those who had caught sharks had taken them to the shark factory. There, their livers were removed, their fins were cut off, and their flesh was cut into strips for salting.

‘Santiago,’ the boy said. ‘Can I go out to get sardines for you tomorrow?’

‘No. Go and play baseball. I can still row, and Rogelio will throw the net.’

‘I would like to go. If I cannot fish with you, I would like to help you in some way.’

‘You bought me a drink. You are already a man.’

‘How old was I when you first took me in a boat?’

‘Five. You were nearly killed when I brought the fish in too soon and he nearly destroyed the boat.’

‘I remember. I remember everything from the day when we first went together.’

The old man looked at him with his sun-burned, confident and loving eyes.

‘If you were my boy, I’d take you out on my boat. But you are your father’s and your mother’s, and you are in a lucky boat.’

‘May I get you sardines? I’ll get you four fresh ones.’

‘One,’ the old man said.

‘Two,’ the boy said.

‘Two,’ the old man agreed. ‘You didn’t steal them?’

¹ marlin: a long fish with a pointed top jaw shaped like a spear

‘I bought them.’

‘Thank you,’ the old man said. ‘Tomorrow is going to be a good day with this current.’

‘Where are you going?’ the boy asked.

‘Far out. I want to set out before it is light.’

‘I’ll try to get my boss to work far out. Then if you hook something very big, we can come to your **aid**.’

‘Your boss does not like to work too far out.’

‘No,’ the boy said. ‘But I will see something that he cannot see such as a bird, and I will get him to come out after dolphin. His eyes are bad.’

‘It is strange,’ the old man said. ‘He never went turtle-ing. That is what kills the eyes.’

‘But you went turtle-ing for years and your eyes are good.’

‘I am a strange old man.’

‘But are you strong enough now for a really big fish?’

‘I think so. And there are many tricks.’

‘Let us take the stuff home,’ the boy said.

They picked up the **gear** from the boat. The old man carried the **mast** on his shoulder, and the boy carried the wooden box with the lines, the **gaff** and the **harpoon**.

They walked up the road together to the old man’s **shack** and went in through the open door. The old man leaned the mast against the wall and the boy put the box and the other gear beside it. The shack was made of the guano tree, and in it was a bed, a table, one chair, and a place on the dirt floor to cook with charcoal. On the walls there were several religious pictures. These used to belong to his wife. There used to be a photograph of his wife on the wall, but he had taken it down because it made him too lonely to see it.



The old man carried the mast on his shoulder, and the boy carried the wooden box with the lines, the gaff and the harpoon.

‘What do you have to eat?’ the boy asked.

‘A pot of rice with fish. Do you want some?’

‘No. I will eat at home. Do you want me to make the fire?’

‘No. I will make it later.’

There was in fact no pot of rice and fish and the boy knew this.

‘I’ll go get the sardines for tomorrow. Will you sit in the doorway?’

‘Yes. I will read the baseball in the paper.’

‘I’ll be back when I have the sardines. I’ll keep yours and mine together on the ice and we can share them in the morning. When I come back you can tell me about the baseball.’

The old man brought out the paper from under the bed.

‘When I come back you can tell me about the baseball,’ said the boy.

‘The Yankees cannot lose.’

‘But I fear the Indians of Cleveland.’

‘Have faith in the Yankees my son. Think of the Great DiMaggio².’

‘You study it and tell me when I come back,’ the boy said. ‘Keep warm old man. Remember we are in September.’

‘The month when the great fish come,’ the old man said. ‘Anyone can be a fisherman in May.’

‘I go now for the sardines,’ said the boy.

When the boy came back, the old man was asleep in the chair and the sun was down. The boy took the old army blanket off the bed and spread it over the old man’s shoulders. They were strange shoulders, still powerful although very old, and the neck was still strong too. His shirt had been patched so many times that the patches were faded many different shades by the sun. The old man’s head was very old.

² the Great DiMaggio: the legendary baseball player who played for the Yankees and is regarded as the best player in baseball history

The newspaper lay across his knees. He was barefooted.

The boy left him there, and when he came back the old man was still asleep. The old man opened his eyes and for a moment he was coming back from a long way away.

‘We’re going to have supper,’ said the boy.

‘What are we eating?’

‘Black beans and rice, friend bananas, and some stew.’

The boy had brought them in a two-decker metal container from the Terrace. The two sets of knives and forks and spoons were in his pocket.

‘Who gave this to you?’

‘Martin. The owner.’

‘I must thank him.’

‘I thanked him already,’ the boy said.

‘I’ll give him the belly meat of a big fish,’ said the old man. ‘Should we eat?’

‘I’ve been asking you to, said the boy. ‘I was waiting for you to be ready.’

‘I’m ready now. I only needed time to wash.’

‘Where did you wash?’ the boy thought. The village **water supply** was two streets down the road. ‘I must have water here for him,’ the boy thought, and soap and a good towel. ‘Why am I so thoughtless? I must get him another shirt and a jacket for the winter and some sort of shoes and another blanket.’

‘Tell me about the baseball,’ the boy asked.

‘In the American League it is the Yankees as I said,’ the old man said happily.

‘They lost today,’ the boy told him.

‘That means nothing. The Great DiMaggio is himself again.’

‘They have other men on the team.’

‘Naturally. But he makes the difference. I would like to take the Great DiMaggio fishing,’ the old man said. ‘They say his father was a fisherman. Maybe he was as poor as we are and would understand.’

‘Who is the greatest manager, Luque or Mike Gonzalez?’ asked the boy.

‘I think they are equal.’

‘And the best fisherman is you.’

‘No. I know others who are better.’

‘There are many good fishermen and some great ones. But there is only you.’

‘Thank you. You make me happy. I hope no fish will come along so great that he will prove us wrong.’

‘There is no such fish if you are still strong as you say.’

‘I may not be as strong as I think,’ the old man said. ‘But I know many tricks, and I have **resolution**.’

‘You ought to go to bed now so that you will be fresh in the morning. I will take the things back to the Terrace.’

‘Good night then. I will wake you in the morning.’

‘You’re my alarm clock,’ the boy said.

‘Age is my alarm clock,’ the old man said. ‘Why do old men wake so early? Is it to have one longer day?’

‘I don’t know,’ the boy said. ‘All I know is that young boys sleep late and hard. Sleep well old man.’

The boy went out. The old man took off his trousers and went to bed in the dark. He rolled his trousers up to make a pillow, putting the

newspaper inside them. He rolled himself in the springs of the bed.

He was asleep in a short time, and he dreamed of Africa when he was a boy and the long golden beaches and the white beaches, and the high capes and the great brown mountains. He lived along that coast now every night and in his dreams he heard the waves roar and saw the native boats come riding through them. He smelled the smell of Africa that the land breeze brought morning.

He no longer dreamed of storms, nor of great occurrences, nor of great fish, nor of fights, nor of his wife. He only dreamed of places now and of the lions on the beach. They played like young cats in the dusk, and he loved them as he loved the boy.

* * *

He woke up, looked out the open door at the moon and unrolled his trousers and put them on. Then he went up the road to wake the boy. He was **shivering** with the morning cold.

The door of the house where the boy lived was unlocked, and he opened it and walked in quietly barefoot. The boy was asleep on a cot and the old man could see him clearly with the light that came in from the dying moon. He took hold of one foot gently and held it until the boy woke.

The old man went out the door and the boy came in after him. He was sleepy, and the old man said, 'I am sorry.'

'Why? It is what a man must do,' the boy said.

When they reached the old man's shack, the boy took the line and the harpoon, and the old man carried the mast on his shoulder. They put the gear in the boat and then had coffee at an early morning place that served fishermen.



*He only dreamed of places now and of the lions on the beach.
They played like young cats in the dusk.*

‘How did you sleep old man?’ the boy asked.

‘Very well, Manolin,’ the old man said. ‘I feel confident today.’

‘So do I,’ the boy said. ‘Now I must get your sardines and mine and your fresh **bait**.’

He walked off to the ice house where the bait were stored.

The old man drank his coffee slowly. It was all he would have all day, and he knew that he should take it. For a long time now, eating bored him, and he never carried lunch. He had a bottle of water in the **skiff**, and that was all he needed for the day.

The boy was back now with the sardines and the two bait wrapped in a newspaper, and they walked down the trail to the boat and slid her down into the water.

‘Good luck, old man.’

‘Good luck,’ the old man said.



ACTIVITIES

A. Match the nouns with the pictures.

1. mast _____

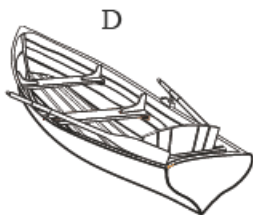
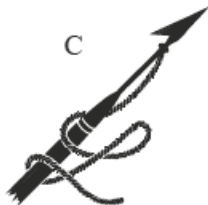
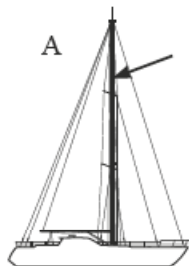
2. gaff _____

3. harpoon _____

4. shack _____

5. bait _____

6. skiff _____



B. Mark the words in column B as synonyms (S) or antonyms (A) of the words in column A.

A	B	
1. undefeated (adj)	losing ____	beaten ____
2. faith (n)	belief ____	distrust ____
3. aid (n)	help ____	support ____
4. gear (n)	equipment ____	instrument ____
5. supply (n)	source ____	lack ____
6. resolution (n)	courage ____	fear ____
7. shiver (n)	shake ____	quake ____

C. True or False?

- _____ 1. Many of the people in town think Santiago is unlucky and make fun of him.
- _____ 2. Manolin has been with the old man all his life.
- _____ 3. The old man believes that the Yankees are successful because of DiMaggio.
- _____ 4. The old man does not have faith in himself.

D. Discuss the following questions.

1. Why does Manolin not work with Santiago anymore?
2. Santiago's house tells us that he is a lonely man. What are some clues that suggest this?
3. Why does the boy want to help Santiago?
4. What does the old man like to tell the boy about?
5. Where had the old man gone in his youth that he dreams about every night?

GLOSSARY

Chapter 1

aid (n) help that is given to a person; assistance, rescue

aid (v)

bait (n) food put on a hook to catch fish or in nets, traps, etc. to catch animals or birds

breeze (n) light wind

faith (n) confidence or trust in a person or thing

gaff (n) pole with a hook on the end used to pull large fish out of the water

gear (n) the equipment or clothing needed for a particular activity

harpoon (n) a weapon like a spear that you can throw or fire from a gun and is used for catching large fish

mast (n) a tall pole on a boat or ship that supports the sails

resolution (n) determination and courage to do or not to do something

scar (n) mark that is left on the skin after a wound has healed

shack (n) a small building, usually made of wood or metal, that has not been built well

shiver (v) to shake, tremble with cold, fear, excitement

skiff (n) a small light boat for rowing or sailing, usually for one person

undefeated (adj) triumphant, not beaten, always the winner

defeat (v)

water supply (n) source of water provided or available to be used

supply (v)

Chapter 2

current (n) the movement of water in the sea or a river

bow (n) the front part of a ship

delicate (adj) needing careful treatment, especially because easily damaged; fragile

dip (v) to go down into a liquid, such as water, for a short time

dip (n)

endure (v) to experience and bear something difficult, painful, or unpleasant

harbor (n) an area of water next to the coast, often protected from the sea by a thick wall, where ships and boats can shelter

immune (adj) protected against or not affected by something harmful

immunity (n)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ernest Hemingway (1899-1961), famous author and journalist, was born in Chicago. As a young man, he was interested in writing; he started his career as a writer in the Kansas City Star newspaper at the age of 17. During World War I, he worked as an ambulance driver in Italy. He was wounded and was awarded the Italian Silver Medal of Bravery for his service. After he returned to the United States at the age of 20, he became a reporter for Canadian and American newspapers. He was soon sent back to Europe as a foreign correspondent.

During the 1920s, Hemingway lived in Paris, where he met the great writers and artists of his generation, such as F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ezra Pound, Pablo Picasso, and James Joyce. He wrote about his experiences in *The Sun Also Rises* in 1926 and *A Farewell to Arms* in 1929. Hemingway was a reporter during the Spanish Civil War in 1937. He wrote about this experience in his novel *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940). Among his later works, perhaps the famous one is the short novel, *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952), the story of an old fisherman's journey.

Sources

<https://www.nobelprize.org/prizes/literature/1954/hemingway/biographical/>
<http://www.hemingwaypreservationfoundation.org/ernest-hemingway-a-short-biography.html>