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White Fang

By Jeanne Rosenberg

[Indistinct Voices]

Give it some slack.

[Growling]

Careful, boy!

You could be his breakfast.

[Laughing]

[Barking]

- Hey, don't do that.

- Why not?

He's mine.

Shipped him all the way
from San Francisco.

He was a family dog.

I'm gonna teach him to fight.

Good fightin' dog can make
a lot of money up here.

- Hey, you up here for the gold?

- You got that right.

It's out there just waitin'
for somebody to pick it up.

These are friends of mine...

Luke, Tinker.

Didn't get your name.

- Jack.

- Jack.

What's your hurry?

You guys ever heard of
a man named Alex Larson?

- Alex Larson? He's my old pal!

- Practically brothers.

Why, Beauty here
saved Alex's life.

- He'd do the same for me.

- Back off!

You fellas don't really
know Alex Larson, do you?

You can't fool these city boys.

Nah, we don't know him.

But we could find him.

If he's a gold man...

and who ain't up here...

he'd be on his way

up the golden staircase.

- Golden staircase?

- Chilkoot Pass.
About 2, 3 miles
outside of town.
- You'll need help hauling your gear
to the top. - I said, back off!
Easy. Sorry.
We don't mean to crowd you.
- Good luck to you, Jack.
- See you later.
[Laughing]
Hey!
Hey!
- I've been robbed.
- Welcome to the Yukon.
How high is that
golden staircase?
About a mile,
but it'll seem like more.
I can make it up that far.
I'll sell you a map of
a place where there's gold.
Keep moving, you men.
Kid, move it!
Hey, do you know where
I can find Alex Larson?
Yeah.
Over there.
- Are you Alex Larson?
- Depends who's asking.
I sent you a letter.
Anybody who knows me
knows I can't read,
so they don't write.
Anybody who writes me,
I figure I don't know him.
I'm Jack, Scott Conroy's son.
I'm looking for somebody
to take me to my father's claim.
- Who's in there?
- Name's Dutch.
My father sent me his maps
before he died.
And he sent something else.
He sent me gold.

There was gold dust
in the envelope.
If you take me to his claim,
I'll cut you in.
- What's so funny?
- Everybody finds a little gold dust.
That's what keeps you digging.
But you have to strike it.
And your father didn't.
Go home and find a regular job.
You wouldn't last a day out here.
I'm a good worker
and I just want what's mine.
- Skunker.
- Damn, what is it?
Alex, I was dreamin'
you, me and Dutch...
- was livin' it up in Frisco.
- Get the dogs ready.
I hope Dutch
appreciates this ride.
He should've died at the digs!
And saved us a trip back.
Are you going
near my father's claim?
- Scott Conroy's boy.
- What?
Let me see that face, kid.
My God, Alex, he's the spittin' image
of his old man.
- I knew your pa well. Clarence Thurston.
- Jack Conroy.
- You throwin' in with us?
- I'd like to.
No!
- No?
- No?
You're taking him
and you're not gonna take me?
- He looks half dead already! No offence.
- Hey!
Give me a stick of that gum,
and I'll forgive ya.
It's hard to get it up here.

- It makes my breath smell real fresh.

- Yeah.

Don't worry about him.

He's just tired.

Or he knows there's gold
and wants it for himself.

Whoa, boy! You got
the harness on the wrong dog.

If you don't want to take me,
I'll go by myself.

I'll get rich by myself too.

I think he's crazy
enough to do it, Alex.

You know he doesn't
stand a chance.

Come on, Alex.

He's Scott's boy!

Look at him!

How much trouble could he be?

All right.

I'll take you as far as Klondike.

Fall behind,
and I'll leave you...

where you drop.

- Understand?

- Yes, sir.

- I'm going to regret this.

- Nah, Alex.

Pull, Digger. Come on, boy!

Attaboy, Digger. Pull!

Mush, mush.

Come on, boys.

Good boy, good boy.

Whoa.

Alex?

I got a loose harness on Blue.

[Skunker] Okay, mush!

Come on, Fritz.

Attaboy.

Mush.

Pull, Digger. Come on, boy.

Attaboy, Digger. Pull!

Mush, mush! Come on, boys.

Whoa!

- Are you all right, kid?

- I saw something.

In the woods.

Wolves. They've been
trailing us for a couple hours.

Game's scarce.

They must be starving.

After us?

The dogs.

Wolves won't jump a man,
unless hunger's got them
totally crazed.

[Gunshot]

- Let's get going.

- Brrr! Wolves be the devil on earth.

Kid, give me a piece
of that gum again.

It calms me.

I'll carry it for ya, okay?

Come on!

Mush, Digger, mush!

Come on, boys, pull!

Mush. Let's go.

Come on, pull.

Quit playing around.

Mm-mmm!

Got that tarp a little close
to the fire, don't you?

I don't want to freeze to death.

What's he doing?

Cleaning his teeth.

How'd they get dirty?

Oh, Jesus!

Watch it!

Oops.

I know it's a little fishy,
but you can put your head
at the other end.

I told you,

too close to the fire.

[Chuckling]

Nice weather.

- What are you doing?

- Only things my dogs drag...

are things we need.
That's my property!
You want 'em?
You carry 'em!
Hold it, I'm gonna
feed the dogs, fellas.
You're not gonna kill each other
while I'm gone, are ya?
We'll wait
till you come back.
Here comes the fishes.
They smell good too.
You guys know who loves you.
Here you go.
Here's some fish for you.
Ow! Don't bite
the hand that feeds ya.
##[Mouth Harp]
7 fish for 7 dogs,
and you didn't get any.
What are you mumbling about?
I had 7 fish for 7 dogs,
and Digger didn't get fed.
I swear there was a wolf
in with the dogs!
- And I fed the damn thing.
- How would a wolf get in?
He's dreaming again.
[Howling]
Relax.
The fire's going.
They will keep their distance.
Alex, I ever tell you...
my uncle was a wolfer
down in Montana?
When I was little,
he used to lower me in the hole,
and have me shoot the
cub puppies for the bounty.
I hated doing that.
Get some sleep, Skunker.
Whoa!
- We gonna go around?
- Nah, the dogs can handle that.

Just go slowly
and stay to the left.
Help me balance this.
Let's keep it nice and slow.
Oh, oh.
Easy! Oh!
- My books!
- Forget the books!
Look out!
Hang on, kid. I gotcha.
Hold on. Stand up.
Dig your feet in.
Just stand up.
Get your feet up.
I got to get
the rope untangled.
Stay.
Come on, Jack.
You can do it, kid.
Reach up there.
Kick clear!
Kick clear of the sled, Jack.
[Laughing]
Jack, stay right there.
Don't move on that ice.
Don't move.
I'll get the ammo.
Jack! Jack!
[Cracking]
[Scream]
Hurry up! Help me.
I told you not to move.
Help!
Hold on.
Help me! Take this rope.
All right. Come on, kid.
Attaboy.
Aaaah!
Jack, get these clothes off.
That's it. Keep moving.
Take it easy.
Attaboy.
I'll get the blanket.
He's turning blue.

We'll get you warm soon enough.
Get a fire going
before he freezes to death.
Hurry up!
Take your shirt off. Help me.
It's going to be too wet.
Come on!
Keep moving. That's it.
Books!
Keep moving! That's it.
That's it. Come on.
Now we're cookin'.
Get him over here, Alex.
Sit down there, boy.
- Put your hands under your arms.
- Keep your fingers moving.
Let's get the rest
of these wet clothes off.
That's starting to feel good, huh?
I'm sorry, Alex.
I was trying to get the ammo.
Stop talking and drink this.
Drink it.
It's pine-needle tea.
It tastes like hell...
but it keeps the heart pumping.
I'll get Dutch.
- What's left?
- Three cartridges.
Damn. It's like
being naked out here.
"He's Scott's boy.
How much trouble could he be?"
- [Whining]
- [Howling]
We've got company.
Shield the firelight
from your eye. Look hard.
Let's get the dogs safe.
- George, Digger.
- Fritz, Fatty.
Settle down. Settle down!
[Skunker]
Get down in there!

Look!

It's a female, Alex!

- That bitch is part dog.

- That's why she isn't afraid of the fire.

She's a decoy.

She draws the dogs out
so the pack can eat them.

Digger, come back here!

- Digger.

- Digger!

Damn! Come back!

Come back

or I'm gonna whup you!

Digger! Come back here!

Digger, Digger, come here.

Damn you! Don't be fooled!

Get over here.

Digger.

- Come back.

- Digger!

I know where one

of these bullets is goin'.

- He's my best dog.

- Skunker!

Skunker, come back!

- Digger, get out of the way.

- Don't waste the bullets!

My God.

Digger!

- Digger, come back.

- Stay put!

- Skunker!

- Digger!

[Alex]

They are right behind you.

- Skunker!

- [Snarling]

[Gunshot]

[Gunshot, Screaming, Snarling]

[Whining]

He's gone.

Nothing we can do.

[Whimpering]

[Whimpering, Whining]

Shh-shh-shh.

Sorry, Skunker.

We didn't have a chance
to say goodbye.

Go to sleep.

[Howling]

Help me. Come on.

Let's pack up.

- [Growling]

- Aaah!

[Gunshots]

- Hey, you all right?

- Yes.

How did you find us?

- Saw the smoke from your fire.

- Thank God.

You saved our lives.

[Whimpering]

[Whimpering]

[Whimper]

[Howling]

[Howling]

[Whimpering]

[Whistle]

[Whistle]

[Barking]

What chance would a wolf cub
have of surviving on his own?

None without the pack.

[Whining]

[Yapping]

[Bark]

[Whimpering]

Come on, come on.

Whoa.

Is there any good reason
why we can't bury him here?

I don't think

he'll know the difference.

I gave him my word.

Okay!

Okay.

[Whining]

[Speaking Athabaskan]

Look... the white fang.
This wolf is part dog.
[Yapping]
[Speaking Athabaskan]
I'm glad Dutch is dead,
'cause I'm ready to kill him.
Whoa, whoa!
Look, you old weasel!
Look at that!
You're home! You're home!
Home!
Okay, okay!
Come on.
Let's move out.
Klondike is still
a good two days away.
You gonna say anything?
- You know what?
- What?
I never really
liked the bastard.
- [Boy] Come, come.
- [Speaking Athabaskan]
Come here. Good, good.
Over here.
Looks like he's gonna be
a good working dog.
- Come on.
- Okay, Harry.
- Hi, Joe.
- Hi, Alex.
- Take good care of them.
- Sure will.
Okay?
What are you going
to do for money?
Well, I got \$50.00 in my boot.
You'll be all right.
You can get a dry bed
and breakfast at the edge of town.
Tell Dave I sent you.
He'll give you a good rate.
Okay.
Where are you going?

To see a friend.

- Okay.

- Listen,

- get yourself a partner.

- Yeah, sure.

Don't go off on your own.

Don't worry about me.

Good luck.

Thanks.

Okay, do I look all right?

Heather, sit on my lap

and give me a kiss.

- Shut up, Clyde, I'm working.

- Why don't you put on a pretty dress?

'Cause I couldn't do this.

Don't you love me

any more, Heather?

It's a miracle

how beautiful you really are.

Oh.

Who's that?

He's Scott Conroy's son.

I brought him up here.

How remarkable.

He even looks like Scott.

- Belinda Casey.

- Jack Conroy.

- Nice to meet you.

- Nice to meet you.

Do you work here?

- I own the place.

- Oh, great.

- Would you like a drink?

- Yeah, I'd love one.

Shouldn't you be at Bradford's?

Yeah.

A pleasure meeting you.

Bye, Alex.

Bye.

Coming through!

- Miss Casey!

- Oh, Jack, hi.

- Can I get that for you?

- You certainly can.

- Got it?
- Yeah.
- Did you find some place to stay?
- Yeah, I did.
Do you know anybody else here?
- Just you and Alex.
- Would you like to join us for dinner?
- Yeah, I'd love to.
- Good.
- Come by in an hour.
- Okay.
- You heard they made Alcatraz into a prison?
- When I lived there,
it was used for immigration.
Now they've got federal
prisoners there,
soldiers that deserted,
and some Indians from Arizona.
Indians?
Oh, that's horrible!
I'll get some dessert.
- Would you like some coffee?
- No, thank you.
Get out of here. Now.
- Take me where I want to go.
- No.
Then I'm staying.
I'll think about it...
if you get out of here
in two seconds.
- You're not leaving?
- Yes, ma'am.
Thank you for dinner.
It was delicious.
Can I borrow that book?
I promise I'll return it.
Good night, Alex.
Good night.
You know, I think
he really likes you.
And how about you,
my dear Belinda?
The lines are wrong.
What makes you the expert?

Experience.

It'll be hard for us to control.

Does that mean we're partners?

It means that I will take you
to your father's mine.

That's all it means.

Oy-yoy.

- I'll miss you.

- I'll miss you too.

Next year we'll have
that hotel in San Francisco.

Come on, Alex, kiss her.

I won't look.

This time.

You'll see.

- See ya!

- Belinda.

Feed the dogs.

Boy, you're a romantic,
aren't you?

[Speaking Athabaskan]

Who are they, Alex?

They are Han Indians.

I know the Chief.

We'll stop here for the night.

We've come to see Grey Beaver.

Good to see you,
my friend.

And you.

It's been a long time.

Jack, this is Grey Beaver.

[Speaking Athabaskan]

The boat is taking water.

We have to re-tar it.

Fine.

- What's his name?

- Mia Tuk.

What does that mean?

White Fang.

Hi, Mia Tuk.

Can I pet you?

- No.

- I just wanted to pet him.

Dogs are for work.

Maybe they'd work harder
if you were more friendly.
We make fire.
Kill with sticks.
Cause stones to fly.
We are their gods!
That is why they obey,
not because we're friends.
Mia Tuk.
[Barking]
[Growling]
You boys want a stick of gum?
Well, here you go.
Thank you for dinner.
It was very good.
[Speaking Athabaskan]
[Jack] I can't sleep
when it doesn't get dark.
You'll get used to it.
They never let you forget.
[Howling]
[Jack]
Listen, it's not food.
You're supposed to chew it,
not swallow it.
All right?
Aaah!
Aaah!
[Growling]
I won't forget you.
Thank you so much.
[Speaking Athabaskan]
You're here.
Your father wanted to
be buried on the claim.
When I was younger,
I used to think he was a hero.
My mother would
tell me stories...
about where he was
and what he was doing.
I never knew what was true.
He said he wanted
to give us a better life.

All we wanted
was for him to stay.
What took you so long
getting up here?
It's been a year.
My mother got sick.
She pull through?
Nah.
Sorry.
I know you want to keep moving,
but I've got to try it here,
settle in here.
The gold is further north.
Why don't you try it here,
Alex?
There must be gold here.
I know we can find it.
It's not a bad spot.
I'll get you started.
[Barking]
[Barking]
Holy biscuits!
Look at that dog.
That ain't no dog.
That's a wolf.
Come on. Let's go!
Take him down there.
Let's see what happens.
All right, come on.
- [Growling]
- Go get him!
Go on!
[Whining]
Damn!
I want that animal.
- Get Buck out of there.
- Buck!
Easy, boy. Easy, Buck.
Get back.
Sorry.
I'm overstocked as it is.
[Beauty]
Down, boy. Sit.
- Sit! Easy.

- [Snarling]

Mia Tuk, no!

[Speaking Athabaskan]

Is he yours?

Look what your wolf

done to my dog.

Who's gonna pay

for the damages?

You know it's illegal

to bring wolves into town?

Luke, go find us a Mountie.

He'll straighten this out.

Wait.

Here.

- Not interested in furs, Chief.

- [Growling]

But I'll take that wolf

off your hands.

No, it's not for sale.

That's too damn bad,

'cause now you're gonna spend

some time in jail.

- Go find him, Luke.

- No!

How much?

You know something, Chief?

You're shrewd.

Come on!

This wolf's gonna make us

a lot of money.

Get in there!

- [Whining]

- Looks like he's takin' to the place.

Come on.

I'll buy you a drink.

[Snarling]

I don't believe this!

Hey, wolf.

Hey, wolf.

Show those teeth!

Go!

[Rumbling Noise]

[Coughing]

My hands hurt.

My head hurts. My feet hurt.
Let's get some dynamite and blow
the whole damn mountain up.
- Huh? What do you say?
- That would be too easy.
What's the story in that one?
It's about this man.
He builds a machine...
that takes him into the future.
I can teach you to read.
You teach me to read,
I'll make you a miner.
Deal.
[Snarling]
All right, wolf.
Let's see what you've got.
Come on, wolf! Come on!
That's it! Come on, wolf.
Come on, wolf! Hold him!
Come on, wolf! Come on.
Let's see what you've got.
Come on!
Come on, wolf!
Come on, wolf. There you go.
That's it, that's it!
Yeah! Ow! Oh.
I think he's ready.
Wolf, don't you let me down.
Get mad!
Get in there and kill him.
You understand? Come on!
Come on. Come on.
- Come on, get mean.
- [Whine]
Let's get mad.
Come on! Let's get him!
Get over here. Come on!
Gentlemen, on three.
One...
two... three!
Tear him up, wolf.
Get in there, wolf!
Yes, yes!
Yes!

[Whimpering]

Come on, come on!

Come on, wolf. You did good.

It's a pleasure taking
your money, Sykes.

I'll be back.

Next time bring a live dog.

[Whining]

Okay, wolf,

I want you to get mad.

I want you to get in there and win,
understand me?

All right, on three.

One... two... three!

Come on, quick!

Quick! Yeah!

Yes.

One, two... three!

[Whining]

[Footsteps]

- [Snarling]

- Easy, boy.

You done good tonight.

I brought you something extra.

Take it easy. Here you go.

You just keep on hatin' me, wolf.

[Whine]

[Alex]

"It took days for the boys...

to reach the se...

secluded...

hideaway.

No one had set foot

into the housie... "

- House.

- "For years... "

- Not housie, house.

- House.

- House.

- House.

"For years, when

the door was finally...

opened and...

the fou... fo... "

Foul? Like the birds?
No. Foul like the birds
is f-o-w-I.
This is f-o-u-I. Foul.
Like a bad smell. Like rotten.
Like your socks smell foul.
I wash them.
Well, use some soap, would ya?
If you'd spend as much time
digging as washing...
I do more than my share
around here.
That's a laugh.
Who does all the cooking?
You definitely do.
And with the way you cook,
- I'm lucky to still be alive.
- Then do your own damn cooking!
I'm not your wife!
That's for sure.
You're too damn ugly.
That's u-g-I-y.
Maybe we ought to head
into town tomorrow.
We need supplies anyway.
A good idea.
I tell you,
that wolf's unbeatable.
[Snarling]
Get away from that cage!
You want your hand, buddy?
Mr Sykes.
Step aside, gentlemen.
What have you brought
for us today?
[Growling]
Where's the rest of him?
- That's a bulldog.
- He's pretty.
- They're killers. Look at them jaws!
- Shut up!
It's Cherokee.
I've seen him fight.
Your dog's unbeatable, right?

I've got \$5,000 that says
he won't be after today.
What's the matter, Smith?
Too rich for your blood?
Let's do it.
Gentlemen, on three.
One... two... three!
Get him!
Get him!
Come on, wolf!
Cherokee!
- Come on!
- Come on.
Aw! Damn!
Flip him over!
Come on, wolf. Get up, get up!
Come on! Kill him!
- Hey, that's White Fang.
- Stay out of this.
- It's over!
- Not yet it ain't.
Come on, wolf.
Get up and fight!
Will somebody
give me a hand here?
- Get this dog off of here.
- I'll help you, son. I got him.
- Don't break those teeth!
- Let go, dog.
- Mounties! Mounties!
- Hey, kid! Hey!
- Kid, that's my wolf!
- He was.
I paid for him when you robbed me
in Skagway, remember?
- Oh, yeah.
- Easy.
You stay.
Hey, keep an eye out for me.
This ain't finished yet!
[Whine]
He's lost a lot of blood.
At least he won't have
to fight any more.

[Belinda]

Good night, Jack.

I remember the good old days...

when dogs used to pull men.

He needs to be in the cabin

so I can take care of him.

I'm not sleeping

in the same room with a wolf.

- [Growl]

- You're wasting your time.

- He was tame once. You saw him.

- He was.

He's not any more.

[Whimpering]

Don't give up on me,

you hear?

Congratulations.

You've got a healthy wolf

on your hands.

Now get him outside.

I can't do that by myself.

Hold out a piece of meat.

I'll unhook him.

[Snarling]

Look at him watching my hand.

They beat him bad.

There is no taming him now.

He was taught to hate.

All he needs is

a little bit of kindness.

[Growling]

- Try it without the wood.

- You try it...

without the wood.

[Growling]

Easy.

[Growling]

- You're crazy.

- No, I know what I'm doing.

I hope.

[Growling]

Just gonna untangle this.

Here we go.

Turn him loose.

He belongs in the woods.
I know you don't want to hurt me.
You're right.
I shouldn't have done that.
I shouldn't have tried
to force you.
I don't know what they did,
but everybody's not like that.
I promise.
It's gonna be all right.
You come on out
when you're ready.
You forgot something.
Just wait.
Now what?
You hungry, boy?
Of course, you're hungry.
You're always hungry.
Where you going?
Looks pretty good, huh?
Hey, White Fang.
See, that was pretty good, huh?
Hey, hey!
It's not so bad, huh?
Want a little more, maybe?
Hey, hey! Come on, boy.
It's not so bad.
I'm a pretty nice guy.
Maybe a little more?
Hey?
Come on. Hey!
White Fang, hey, look at this.
A little more, maybe?
Hey, hey!
Come on, boy.
Listen, hey, hey.
Yeah, not so bad.
Don't tell me you're not hungry.
Here you go.
Moving slow.
Come here.
Huh? Huh? I'm sorry.
Huh? A little more?
Here you go.

Ain't nobody gonna hurt you.
It's not so bad.
It's all right.
We're gonna be okay.
Hey, hey, hey!
That fool.
Watch out!
Put the rifle down!
He won't hurt me.
See?
You scared the hell out of me.
I told you he was intelligent.
All right, come on, come on!
Up... come on, get it.
Oh! Hey, hey!
Whoa, whoa, get back here.
I'm gonna get one more load.
Don't. It's late.
Come on, boy.
[Rumbling]
Jack! Jack!
[Whimpering]
- Jack?
- Alex, help!
- Jack?
- Alex, Alex!
Hey, buddy.
- Are you all right?
- [Sigh]
The sky never looked so blue.
- No, it can't be.
- What?
Holy mackerel!
We're rich. Aren't we?
- It's like we dreamed.
- It's gold, all right.
If the quality is bad,
it won't be worth much.
No sense getting crazy...
just yet.
You're sure you don't want
to take him with you?
No. There'll be
too many people.

Okay. Bye-bye.

[Whimpering]

[Alex] Don't get caught up
in anything there.

Just get in, get it tested,
and get back here.

As soon as I can.

What are you
going to do without me?

I'll yell at the wolf.

I guess he's coming with me.

I'll pick up a new window.

How you doing?

I'd like to have this tested.

I'm on claim #7,
right below discovery
on Blue Creek.

[Assayer] I assume you want to
deposit this with our bank.

- [Growling]

- Yes. You assume correct.

What is it, huh?

I hope he's been fed.

Here it is.

Fee and deposit.

Paid for by Scott Conroy
in his name and his son's.

- You Jack Conroy?

- Yeah, that's me.

I'd also like you
to add Alex...

- Alexander Larson's name.

- It's your gold.

[Belinda]

He's completely recovered.

We got to get going.

- You just got here.

- We've got things to do.

- Don't forget what you came for.

- Oh, right.

- Come on, White Fang.

- Take care. Be careful.

- I will. Bye-bye.

- Come on.

- What did they say?

- Who?

The assayer, who else?

What's wrong with you?

Well, read for yourself.

"The...

qual... ity...

of gold found at the claim...

of Jack Conroy and Alexander... "

"Larson, tested and weighed...

by the assayer at Klondike City

on the 11 th of August, 1898,

is found to be 98% pure. "

We're rich.

We are rich!

Very rich.

That's what the guy says.

He says we are filthy,

stinkin' rich!

[Chuckling]

While you were gone,

I did some thinking.

I'd like you to come back

with us to San Francisco...

to be part owner of our hotel.

What do you think?

I think it sounds

like a good idea.

I'll name it after your father,

the Royal Scott Hotel.

To your father.

Good friend.

Dream on, boys.

[Footsteps]

There's something on the roof.

You must have been followed.

- I was careful, Alex. I did what you...

- [Gunshots]

White Fang, get under here.

Come on!

They stuffed the pipe!

Stay down!

Put this over your head.

It will help you breathe.

They can't stay in there
much longer.
Hold your fire
till they come out.
Maybe they're dead.
[Mouth Harp]
That's "Coming 'Round
The Mountain," ain't it?
I hate that song.
That'll keep them guessing.
They ain't takin' the hint.
Let's move in.
Get in there, Tinker.
Well, earn your keep!
Get him off!
Get him off of me!
Hey!
Easy, easy, easy.
Easy, easy.
[Miner]
Well, will you look at this now.
- Go get us the Mounties, would ya?
- Yes, sir!
Come on, everybody.
Free drinks.
- Come on in.
- Free drinks?
[Heather]
Free drinks on Alex Larson.
Don't ask me twice.
- Come on! Here we go!
- Don't shove now!
If we are going to catch
that boat in Skagway,
we've got to leave soon.
You know you can't
take him with you.
He'd be miserable
in the city.
He has to run free.
That's his magic.
He thinks you are a wolf.
[Sigh]
Come here. All right.

Take care of yourself,
all right?
All right, go on.
You're free. Go on.
Go on. Get outta here!
Listen to me. Go, go!
Go!
Go.
Go on! Go!
Listen to me. Go!
- [Whine]
- Get outta here. Go!
Go on!
- [Whine]
- Get outta here.
[Whining]
Go on!
Oh, here he is, Alex.
Where's the wolf?
I let him go.
Bye, Heather.
- Don't let them get away with anything.
- I won't.
[Boat Whistle]
I can't believe
this is actually happening.
Alex, I gotta tell you something.
I can't leave.
Not yet.
I'm going to go back to the claim.
Miss Casey.
So long.
Your father
would be proud of you.
- I'll keep an eye on your gold for you.
- You better.
- And leave a room open for me.
- I have to.
You're part owner.
[Whistle]
[Thunder]
White Fang!