

# THE STORY OF AN EYEWITNESS ESSAY

*In The Story of an Eyewitness, journalist Jack London gives readers a vivid first- person account of the terrible aftermath of the earthquake in San Francisco.*

Day was trying to dawn through the heavy smoke. The telephone and telegraph systems were disrupted. The smoke-pall itself, viewed from beneath, was a rose color that pulsed and fluttered with lavender shades. Then it turned to mauve and yellow and dun. He went on a two-year road trip and ended up in Alaska. Day was trying to dawn through the smoke-pall. Not in history has a modern imperial city been so completely destroyed. However, in their views of love, namely the loss and mourning of beautiful women, they differ greatly. A rain of ashes was falling. The earthquake shook down in San Francisco hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of walls and chimneys. Beeves Slaughtered and Roasted On Mission Street lay a dozen steers, in a neat row stretching across the street just as they had been struck down by the flying ruins of the earthquake. I stood at the corner of Kearney and Market, in the very innermost heart of San Francisco. Nothing remains of it but memories and a fringe of dwelling-houses on its outskirts. It had been hauled here into what was considered safety, and the horses had been taken out. Your narrator was Doug Johnson. He didn't have any contact with his parents in all of that time. They held onto these the longest. Thousands of them had gone to bed on the grass. And so dawned the second day on stricken San Francisco. San Francisco, at the present time, is like the crater of a volcano, around which are camped tens of thousands of refugees. At the Presidio alone are at least twenty thousand. Another fire had broken out further uptown, and now from three sides conflagrations were sweeping down. Nothing remains of it but memories and a few homes that were near the edge of the city. Krakauer included comments from people that said McCandless was crazy, and his death was his own mistake. Sometimes a whole family was harnessed to a carriage or delivery wagon that was weighted down with their possessions. Its business section is wiped out. You have lived with a person who you completely trusted and now you have to live without that person. Chris is an intelligent college graduate. Through analysis of the two poems, the reader observes that whom Poe had chosen for a speaker, the tone and the sound effects are all factors in both poems that make two poems with a similar theme contrast. Listen to its tone. Government tents had been set up, supper was being cooked, and the refugees were lining up for free meals. At half past one in the morning three sides of Union Square were in flames. Jack London was an oyster pirate. There was no organization, no communication. Than it there was no better exhibit of the destructive force of the earthquake.