

Life of pi analysis essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Life of Pi Part 2/3 Questions (37) Chapter starts with “ The ship sank. ” Jesus, Mary, Muhammad and Vishnu, how good to see you, Richard Parker! “ I woke up to what I was doing. I yanked on the rope.

Let go of that lifebuoy, Richard Parker! Let go, I said. I don't want you here, do you understand? Go somewhere else. Leave me alone. Get lost. Drown!

Drown! (38) Ship Left: June 21st, 1977 Drowned: July 2nd, 1977 Ship drowned on its 1 lath day at sea Sailors threw Pi into the safety boat which was strange (39) Zebra was next to join them on the boat, a male Grant (40) Richard parker gets into the boat, Pi jumps out, Comes back in because of shark 41) Pi was surprised that the zebra was still alive, “ It was on its side, facing me, its head and neck awkwardly propped against the boat's side bench.

It had badly broken a rear leg. The angle of it was completely unnatural. Bone protruded through skin and there was bleeding.

Only its slim front legs had a semblance of normal position. They were bent and neatly tucked against its twisted torso.

“ Hyena was found on the sailboat. “ Sailors had thrown me into the lifeboat. They weren't trying to save my life. That was the last of their concerns. They were using me as fodder. They were hoping that the hyena would attack me and that somehow I would get rid of it and make the boat safe for them” (42) Orange-tang made it to the ship floating on bananas Pi made the “ Stupid” mistake of not taking any bananas and just taking the net they were in (43) A ship would appear on the horizon.

A gun would be found to kill the hyena and put the zebra out of its misery. Perhaps Orange Juice could be saved. I would climb aboard and be greeted by my family. They would have been picked up in another lifeboat.

I only had to ensure my survival for the next few hours until this rescue ship (45) The zebra's broken leg was missing. The hyena had bitten it off and dragged it to the stern, behind the zebra " There was something else about Orange Juice that was remarkable: she was uninjured. And she had her back turned to the hyena, as if she felt she could safely ignore it.

And how exactly was I supposed to get the morphine into his system? I could remotely conceive surprising him once, for an instant, the way his mother had been when she was captured-but to surprise him long enough to give him six consecutive injections? Impossible. All I would do by pricking him with a needle would be to get a cuff in return that would take my head off.

Plan Number Three: Attack Him with All Available Weaponry. Ludicrous. I wasn't Tarzan. I was a puny, feeble, vegetarian life form. In India it took riding atop great big elephants and shooting with powerful rifles to kill tigers.

What was I supposed to do here? Fire Off rocket flare in his face?

Go at him with a hatchet in each hand and a knife between my teeth? Finish him off with straight and curving sewing needles? If I managed to nick him, it would be a feat. In return he would tear me apart limb by limb, organ by organ. For if there's one Plan Number Four: Choke Him. I had rope.

If I stayed at the bow and got the rope to go around the stern and a Page Ann Marten: Life of Pi noose to go around his neck, I could pull on the rope

while he pulled to get at me. And so, in the very act of reaching for me, he would choke himself. A clever, suicidal plan. Plan Number Five: Poison Him, Set Him on Fire, Electrocute Him. How? With what? Plan Number Six: Wage a War of Attrition.

All I had to do was let the unforgiving laws of nature run their course and I would be saved. Waiting for him to waste away and die would require no effort on my part. I had supplies for months to come. What did he have? Just a few dead animals that would soon go bad. What would he eat after that? Better still: where would he get water? He might last for weeks without food, but no animal, however mighty, can do without water for any extended period of time.

I must say a word about fear. It is life's only true opponent (57) Sound made by Richard Parker; Present is the quietest of tiger calls, a puff through the nose to express friendliness and harmless intentions " I had to tame him" (58)

A solar still is a device to produce fresh water from salt water. It consists of an inflatable transparent cone set upon a round lifebuoy-like buoyancy chamber that has a surface of black rubberier canvas stretched across its centre. The still operates on the principle of distillation: sea water lying beneath the sealed cone on the black canvas is heated by the sun and evaporates, gathering on the inside surface of the cone. (60) Mumbled the words of a Muslim prayer (61) Tried fishing for the first time in his life (62) Pi was able to collect drinking water for Richard (63) I survived 227 days (64) Mother nature made things difficult for pie.

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Salt (65) I found out later that I traveled a narrow road, the Pacific equatorial counter-current. (66) With time and experience I became a better hunter. I grew bolder and more agile.

I developed an instinct, a feel, for what to do. Lord, to think that I'm a strict vegetarian. To think that when I was a child I always shuddered when I snapped open a banana because it sounded to me like the breaking of an animal's neck. I descended to a Pi didn't sleep much, Richard slept a lot 1.

Choose a day when the waves are small but regular.

You want a sea that will put n a good show when your lifeboat is broadside to it, though without capsizing your boat. 2.

Stream your sea anchor full out to make your lifeboat as stable and comfortable as possible. Prepare your safe haven from the lifeboat in case you should need it (you most likely will). If you can, devise some means of bodily protection. Almost anything can make a shield.

Wrapping clothes or blankets around your limbs will make for a minimal form of armor. 3. Now comes the difficult part: you must provoke the animal that is afflicting you. Tiger, rhinoceros, ostrich, wild boar, brown bear-no matter the beast, you must get its oat.

The best way to do this will most likely be to go to the edge of your territory and noisily intrude into the neutral zone.

I did just that: I went to the edge of the tarpaulin and stamped upon the middle bench as I mildly blew into the whistle. It is important that you make a consistent, recognizable noise to signal your aggression. But you must be careful.

You want to provoke your animal, but only so much. You don't want it to attack you outright. If it does, God be with you. You will be torn to pieces, trampled flat, disemboweled, very likely eaten.

You don't want that. You want an animal that is piqued, peeved, vexed, bothered, irked, annoyed-but not homicidal. Under no circumstances should you step into your animal's territory. Contain your aggression to staring into its eyes and hurling toots and taunts. 4.

When your animal has been roused, work in all bad faith to provoke a border intrusion. A good way of bringing this about in my experience is to back off slowly as you are making your noises. **BE SURE NOT TO BREAK EYE CONTACT!** AS soon as the animal has laid a paw in your territory, or even made a determined advance into the neutral territory, you have achieved your goal. Don't be picky or legalistic as to where its paw actually landed. Be quick to be affronted.

Don't wait to construe-misconstrue as fast as you can. The point here is to make your animal understand that its upstairs neighbor is exceptionally persnickety about territory. 5. Once your animal has trespassed upon your territory, be unflagging in your outrage.

However slight you are, however large your lifeboat, you will be amazed at the difference this will make.

I assure you, in no time you'll have your lifeboat rocking and rolling like Elvis Presley. Just don't forget to be blowing your whistle all the while, and mind you don't make your lifeboat capsize. 7. You want to keep going until the animal that is your burden-your tiger, your rhinoceros, whatever-is properly green about the gills with seasickness. You want to hear it heaving and dry retching. You want to see it lying at the bottom of the lifeboat, limbs trembling, eyes rolled back, a deathly rattle coming from its gaping mouth.

And all the while you must be shattering the animal's ears with the piercing blows of your whistle.

If you become sick yourself, don't waste your vomit by sending it overboard. Vomit makes an excellent border guard. Puke on the edges of your territory.

8. When your animal appears good and sick, you can stop. Seasickness comes on quickly, but it takes a long while to go away. You don't want to overstate your case.

No one dies of nausea, but it can seriously sap the will to live. When enough is enough, stream the sea anchor, try to give shade to your animal if it has collapsed in direct sunlight, and make sure it has water available when it recovers, with anti-seasickness ablest dissolved in it, if you have any.

Dehydration is a serious danger at this point.

Otherwise retreat to your territory and leave your animal in peace. Water, rest and relaxation, besides a stable lifeboat, will bring it back to life. The

animal should be allowed to recover fully before going through steps 1 to 8 again.

9. Treatment should be repeated until the association in the animal's mind between the sound of the whistle and the feeling of intense, incapacitating nausea is fixed and totally unambiguous. Thereafter, the whistle alone will deal with trespassing or any other untoward behavior. Just one shrill blow and you will see your animal shudder with malaise and repair at top speed to the safest, furthest part of its territory.