

Moby Dick

By

Herman Melville

Chapter 122: Midnight Aloft--Thunder and Lightning

The Main-top-sail yard – Tashtego passing new lashings around it.

“Um, um, um. Stop that thunder! Plenty too much thunder up here. What’s the use of thunder? Um, um, um. We don’t want thunder; we want rum; give us a glass of rum. Um, um, um!”