



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Robinson Crusoe (Short Book)

Daniel Defoe

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Chapter 1: The Shipwreck of Robinson Crusoe

After living in Brazil for almost four years and thriving on my plantation, I not only learned the language, but also built friendships with fellow planters and merchants in St. Salvador, our port. In my conversations with them, I often reported on my two trips to the Guinea coast, how I traded there, and how easy it was to sell small items such as beads, toys, knives, scissors, axes, pieces of glass, and the like. I bought gold dust, Guinea grains, and elephant tusks to take back to Brazil.

They listened very attentively to my trading stories. At the time, trading was not a craft that was practiced very much.

The next morning, a few merchants and planters came to me. They had thought long and hard about what I had told them and had a secret proposal to make. I had to swear to keep the secret. They told me that they planned to sail to Guinea with a ship. The question was whether I would like to manage the trading part on the Guinea coast. I would then get a settlement there with a good stock of goods.

I, who was born to take on challenges, could not resist the offer. I told them shortly and sweetly that I was going with all my heart if they would take care of my plantation during my absence. Even if I were to die. They all agreed, and an agreement was put in writing. I made a formal will to dispose of my plantation and belongings in the event of my death. I made the captain of the ship that had saved my life my heir. In case of my death, he would be obliged to send half of my possessions to England and keep the other half.

In short, I took all possible precautions to preserve my possessions and maintain my plantation when I went on my journey. Of course, if I had really been careful, I would never have left such a prosperous venture to make a dangerous sea voyage.

But I was always restless and blindly obeyed my fantasies instead of my reason. So when the ship was ready, I went aboard at a dark hour. I departed on September 1, 1659.

Our ship weighed about 120 tons, carried six cannons, and fourteen men, in addition to the captain, his mate, and myself. We had no large cargo on board, only toys suitable for our trade, as well as beads, pieces of glass, shells, and other small items. But also handy items such as knives, scissors, and axes.

On the day I boarded the ship, we set sail to the north with the plan to follow the entire African coast. Everything seemed to be going well. We had very good weather, although it was extremely hot. At the height of Cape St. Augustino, we lost sight of land and navigated as if we were headed to the island of Fernando de Noronha. We crossed the equator in about twelve days, when a violent tornado took hold of us. The wind was so terrible that we could only go with the wind for twelve days. Our fate was where the fury of the wind would take us. Of course, during these twelve days, I expected to be swallowed by the sea every day. Nobody expected to leave the ship alive.



In addition to the terror of the storm, we had more bad luck. One of our men had died, and a man and a boy were swept overboard. Around the twelfth day, when the weather improved slightly, the captain made an observation as best he could. He discovered that we had arrived on the coast of Guyana. The captain consulted with me about which course to follow. The ship was leaky and damaged, and the captain wanted to return immediately to the coast of Brazil.

I did not agree with that plan. While we studied the maps of the American coastline together, we concluded that there was no inhabited land where we could take refuge until we reached the circle of the Caribbean islands. We decided to skip Barbados and stay at sea, hoping to sail to the next destination in about fifteen days. Our journey to the African coast could not continue without help.

With this change of course, we tried to reach one of our English islands where we

could repair the ship. But our journey was determined differently; because a second storm came over us. This storm carried us to the west with the same violence. So we did not come close to the areas where we wanted to trade. We would be lucky if our lives were spared, and we would ever return to our own country.

In this emergency, while the wind still blew hard, one of our men called out one morning, "Land in sight!" We had just run out of the cabin to look outside, hoping to see where we were in the world, when the ship hit the sand, and in a moment, the sea broke over the ship. It happened in such a way that we expected to all be killed immediately. We did our best to protect ourselves from the foam and spray of the sea.

It is not easy for someone who has not been in the same situation to describe or understand the fear and anxiety of people in such circumstances. We didn't know where we were. And we didn't know if it would be an inhabited or uninhabited island. Since the wind was still very strong, we could not wait much longer. The ship could break in a few minutes unless the wind miraculously turned immediately. In short, we looked at each other and waited for death to strike at any moment. We tried to prepare ourselves for another world, if we even knew how to do that. But the ship was not yet broken, and the captain said the wind was beginning to decrease.

Although we thought the wind had died down a bit, we found ourselves in a terrible state because the ship had run aground and could no longer leave. We could do nothing but try to save our lives as best we could. We had another boat on board, but getting it into the water was doubtful. However, there was no more room for discussion, as we thought the ship would break up into pieces every minute. We had to hurry.

In this emergency, the helmsman of our ship grabbed the boat and with the help of the rest of the men, they tossed it over the side of the ship. When we had everything in the boat, we let go and went out into the wild sea. Because although the storm had diminished considerably, the sea was still terribly high along the coast. You could call it a wild sea, as the Dutch say.

Our situation was very grim. For we all saw clearly that the sea was so high that the boat could not escape, and we would inevitably drown. As for the sails, we didn't have them, we couldn't make them, and it wouldn't have made a difference anyway. So we rowed with one oar towards the land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to the gallows. We all knew that when the boat approached the coast, it would be smashed to pieces by the force of the sea.

We didn't know whether the coast was rocky or sandy, steep or shallow. Our only hope was that we would end up in a bay or at the mouth of a river. There we

would have a good chance of being able to sail our boat into the shelter of the land. But as we got closer and closer to the coast, the land looked more terrifying than the sea.

After rowing about a mile and a half, a raging wave, like a mountain, came rolling towards us. In short, the boat capsized in one fell swoop and we were separated from the boat and from each other by the enormous wave. We were all swallowed up by the sea.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thoughts I felt as I sank into the water. For although I swam very well, I couldn't free myself from the waves to take a breath. Until a wave had driven me to the coast and left me, after the wave had rolled away, on the land. Almost dry, but half-dead from the water I had ingested. I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath, that I saw I was closer to the mainland than I had expected. I stood on my feet and tried to go to the land as fast as I could, before another wave would come back and pick me up again. But I soon found out that it was impossible to avoid this. I saw the sea coming after me and I had no means or strength to fight it. My only task was to hold my breath and keep myself afloat, if possible. So by swimming and holding my breath, and steering myself as possible towards the coast, my greatest concern now was that when the wave came up, it wouldn't bring me back to the sea.

The wave that came at me buried me immediately twenty or thirty feet deep in the sea. I felt that I was being carried to the shore with tremendous force and speed. I held my breath and tried to swim forward with all my strength. I was about to burst from holding my breath when I felt myself rising, and to my immediate relief, I noticed that my head and hands were above the water surface.

It was only two seconds, but it gave me breath and new courage. I disappeared under water for a while again, but not for long, and I made it. Then I discovered that the water was becoming calmer. I felt ground again with my feet. I stopped for a few moments to catch my breath, and then I pushed off with my heels and ran, with the strength I still had, further towards the shore. But this would not free me from the anger of the sea, which came after me again. I was lifted by the waves two more times. The last of these two had almost been fatal to me; because the sea slammed me against a piece of rock. This was so hard that it made me unconscious. I was completely helpless, but fortunately, I recovered a little before the waves returned. I held on to a piece of the rock and was able to withstand the waves. Because the waves were not as high as before, and because I was closer to the land, I took a run that brought me even closer to the shore. And with a last bit of running, I reached the mainland, where I could climb the cliffs and sit on the grass to my great relief, completely out of reach of the

water.

I had now landed and was safely ashore. A few minutes earlier, I had not dared to hope for that.

I walked around on the shore and I thought of all my comrades who had drowned, and that not one soul was saved except myself. There was no sign of them anymore except for three of their hats, a cap, and two shoes.

I tried to see the stranded ship, which was barely possible, so far away and with so many foaming waves.



After I had comforted myself with the fact that I was still alive, I began to look around to see what kind of place I was in. But after my joy of being rescued, fear set in. I was wet, had no clothes to change into, no food or drink, or anything else as comfort. I saw no other prospect than that I would starve to death or be devoured by wild beasts. It tormented me terribly that I had no weapon to hunt an animal and kill it for my livelihood or to defend myself. In short, I had nothing but a knife, a tobacco pipe, and a little tobacco in a box. That was all. I was so afraid that I almost went crazy. When night came, I began to think with a heavy heart about what my fate would be if hungry beasts were in that land, as they always come out at night for their prey.

The only solution was the idea to climb up a thick, bushy tree, like a thorny fir. I decided to sit there the whole night and consider what kind of death I would die the next day, because I saw no prospect of life. I walked a long way from the coast to see if I could find fresh water to drink, which I was delighted to find. After drinking and putting a little tobacco in my mouth to appease my hunger, I went to the tree. I sat in it so that I wouldn't fall out if I fell asleep. After cutting a short stick as a weapon for my defense, I took shelter in the tree. I was extremely tired and quickly fell asleep.

Chapter 2: Alone on a deserted island

When I woke up, it was a clear day and the storm had calmed down, so the sea was not as raging as before. But what surprised me the most was that the ship had been lifted out of the sand where it had been thrown by the turning of the tide. It had been almost as far away as the rock I had been hit against by the wave.

When I came down from my tree and went out, the first thing I found was the boat. It lay, as the wind and the sea had thrown it, on the land. I walked as far as I could on the shore to get to the boat. I was determined to get to the ship.

In the afternoon, I found the sea very calm and the tide ebbed so far that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. To my great sorrow, I saw that if we had stayed on board, we would all have been safe. That is, we would all have been safely on shore. And I would not have been in such a miserable state as now, totally without any comfort and without any company. I got tears in my eyes again as I thought about it, but there was nothing more to be done. So I decided to go to the ship. I took off my clothes - because it was very hot - and went into the water. But when I got to the ship, it was very difficult to get on board.

I swam around the ship twice, and the second time I saw a small piece of rope hanging low on the front chains, which I just managed to grab. Using the rope, I climbed into the forepart of the ship.

You understand, of course, that I immediately started looking for anything I could use. First, I discovered that all the provisions on the ship were dry and unaffected by the water. I was very hungry, so I went to the bread room and filled my pockets with biscuits and ate some biscuits right away. Then I searched for other things, because I had no time to lose.

I also found some rum in the great cabin, of which I took a big swig. I needed something to pep me up for the times to come. Now I wanted nothing more than a boat.

But it was wasted time to sit still and wish for what could not be obtained. So I made a plan. We had several extra yards, and two or three large round timbers,



and one or two extra topmasts in the ship. I decided to work with them. I threw as much as possible overboard, and tied them all together with a rope so they wouldn't float away.

When this was done, I went along the side of the ship and pulled them towards me, tied four of them together at both ends and placed planks across them. So I had built a raft. I found that I could walk very well on it, but it could not carry a great weight. So I went to work again and with a saw I cut the spare topmast into three pieces and added them to my raft with great difficulty. It was a very difficult task, but the hope that I would be able to save myself with it encouraged me.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next concern was how to load it and how to protect whatever I put on it from the sea's waves.

I first put all the planks on it and then three of the sailor's chests, which I had opened and emptied. The first I filled with provisions such as bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat meat, and a small leftover of European corn.

There had also been some barley and wheat, but to my great disappointment, I found that the rats had eaten everything. As for strong drink, I found several cases of bottles from our skipper.

As I did this, I noticed that the tide was again beginning to flow. I had left my coat and shirt on the sand to go swimming, wearing only my pants. So I went looking for some clothes but took no more than I needed. Tools were more important.

After much searching, I discovered the carpenter's chest. This was very useful and much more valuable than a shipload of gold would have been at that time. I brought it to my raft without wasting any further time.

My next concern was ammunition and weapons. There were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin and two pistols. I also found some powder-horns and a bag of shot, and two rusty old swords. I also found two barrels of gunpowder. With my arms full, I came to the ship. I was now reasonably well loaded, but had to think about how to get ashore without sail, oar or rudder. The slightest breeze would already take me off course.

But three things gave me courage: first, a smooth calm sea; second, the tide rose and fell towards the coast; third, the little wind there was, blew me towards the land. After finding two or three broken oars that belonged to the boat, I also found two saws, an axe, and a hammer. My raft went very well for about a mile, but I found it drifting a little far from the place where I had landed earlier. I also noticed an inflow of water, so I hoped to find a creek or river there that I could

use as a harbor to get my cargo ashore.

And so it was. A small opening in the land appeared before me, and I found a strong tide flow in it. I led my raft as best I could to the middle of the current.

But unfortunately, I suffered almost a second shipwreck. This would have truly broken my heart. Finally, I arrived at the mouth of a small river with land on both sides. Quickly, before the tide came in, I searched for a good place to come ashore. I finally saw a small cove on the right bank and led my raft there with great pain and effort. But going ashore on the steep bank would put my cargo in danger again. The only thing I could do was wait until the tide was at its highest and then try to get to the shore. As planned, I managed to stick the raft in the ground with two broken oars and bring my cargo safely to shore.



My next task was to explore the land and find a suitable place for my dwelling. There I could also safely store my goods. I didn't know where I was, it could be the mainland or an island, inhabited or uninhabited, with or without the danger of wild beasts. There was a hill not more than a mile from me that rose steeply and high above a number of other hills. I took one of the bird catchers and one of the pistols and a powder horn; I went exploring to the top of that hill. There I saw my fate, a great calamity: I was on an island surrounded on all sides by the sea. There was no land in sight except for some rocks and some other smaller islands.

I also discovered that nothing grew on the island. And it seemed to be uninhabited, except for wild animals, though I didn't see any. I saw an abundance of birds, but I didn't know their species. When I killed them, I didn't know which ones were suitable for food and which were not. Then I shot a large bird that I saw sitting on a tree on the side of a large forest.

I believe it was the first gun fired there since the creation of the world. I had just fired when an innumerable amount of birds of many kinds rose from all parts of the forest, making a confused noise and howling, each in its own tone. As for the creature I killed, I thought it was a kind of hawk, its color and beak were like it, but it had no talons. Its flesh was carrion and not suitable for anything.

After this discovery, I returned to my raft and went to work bringing my cargo

ashore, which took up the rest of the day. I still didn't know how I was going to spend the night. I also didn't know where, because I was afraid to lie on the ground. A wild beast could devour me. Later, it turned out that I didn't need to be afraid.

But as well as I could, I barricaded myself with the chests and planks that I had brought ashore and made a kind of hut for that night. I also didn't know where I could get food except that I had seen a few hares running in the woods where I had shot the birds earlier.

I began to think that there were still many things on the ship that could be useful to me, especially some of the rigging and sails. So, I decided to make another trip aboard the ship, if possible. And since I knew that the first storm that blew would necessarily break the ship to pieces, I decided that other things could wait until I had retrieved everything from the ship.

In the same way as before, I boarded the ship and prepared a second raft. With my previous experience, I did not overload the raft and brought useful things such as bags of nails, a large mortar, axes, and a whetstone. I also brought gunpowder and bullets.

In addition to these items, I took all the men's clothes I could find, a spare foresail, a hammock, and some bedding. With these, I loaded my second raft and brought it all safely to shore.

During my absence from the land, I was somewhat afraid that my provisions would be consumed by a beast. But when I returned, I found no trace of a visitor. There was only a sort of wild cat on one of the crates, which, when I approached her, ran away a little and then stood still. She sat very calmly and unconcerned, and looked me straight in the face as if she had the spirit to get to know me. I offered her my gun, but she didn't understand and didn't worry about it. She didn't run away either, so I threw her a cookie, although I didn't have much. She went to the cookie, sniffed it, ate it, and looked for more. I thanked her for her visit but could not spare any more, so she marched away.

After I had brought my second load ashore, I set to work making a small tent with the sail and some poles. In this tent, I placed everything that I knew would spoil from rain or sun. And I piled all the empty boxes and barrels in a circle around the tent to fortify it against any sudden attack, be it from man or beast.

When I had done this, I blocked the tent's door with a few planks on the inside and an empty crate that stood upright. I spread one of the beds on the ground, and placed my two pistols next to my head and my rifle beside me. So, for the first time, I went to bed and slept all night very peacefully, for I was very tired.

But I was still not satisfied, for while the ship still lay upright, I thought I should

retrieve everything from the ship that I could use. So, every day at low tide, I went aboard and brought something back. But especially the third time I went, I brought as much of the rigging as I could, as well as all the small ropes. In short, I removed all the sails to use as pieces of canvas.

But what comforted me even more was that, although I had made five or six such trips with this ship, I found more than I had thought. I found a large barrel of bread, three large barrels of strong drink, a box of sugar, and a barrel of fine flour. This was a great surprise to me, as I did not expect to find any more provisions. I soon emptied the barrel of bread and wrapped each loaf in pieces of canvas that I cut out. I safely brought all of this to shore.

The next day, I made another trip and after plundering what was portable and useful on the ship, I began with the cables. I managed to get two cables and a hawser and all the ironwork to the shore on a large raft. So, I departed with all the heavy goods.

But my luck began to leave me now, as this raft was so unwieldy and so overloaded that, after I had entered the small inlet, it became unmanageable. It overturned and all my cargo fell into the water. As for myself, it was not a problem, since I was close to the shore. But a large part of my cargo was lost, especially the iron, which I thought would have been of great use to me. However, when the tide turned, I got most of the pieces of cable to shore. After this, I went aboard every day and brought back what I could get.

I had now been ashore for thirteen days and had been aboard the ship eleven times. If the weather had remained calm, I could have taken everything off the ship. But when I prepared to go aboard the twelfth time, I noticed that the wind was increasing. Nevertheless, I went aboard at low tide and discovered another small chest of drawers. In one of them, I found two or three razors and large shears, a dozen good knives and forks. In another drawer, I found about thirty-six pounds worth of money, a European coin, some Brazilian money, and some gold and silver.

I smiled to myself when I saw this money. "Oh happy money!" I exclaimed out loud, "where are you good for now? You are worth nothing to me - no, one of those knives is worth a whole lot. I can't use you money in any way, so just stay where you are and sink to the bottom, like a creature whose life is not worth saving."

Upon reflection, I picked up the money again and wrapped it all in a piece of canvas. Then, I began to think about making another raft. When I was preparing for this, I saw that the sky was getting cloudy and the wind was picking up. Within fifteen minutes, a fresh wind was blowing from the coast. Soon, I realized that it was pointless to make a raft with the wind off the coast. It was now my

business to be away before the tidal wave began, otherwise, I might not be able to reach the shore at all. Therefore, I lowered myself into the water and swam across the channel that lay between the ship and the sand. This cost me a lot of effort, partly due to the weight of the things I had around me, and partly due to the roughness of the water. Because the wind picked up very quickly and before it was high tide, it became a storm.

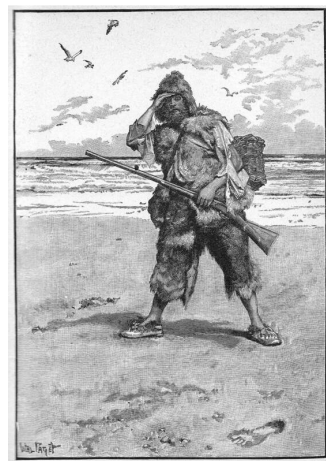
But I had arrived home in my small tent, where I lay very safely with all my wealth around me. It had blown very hard all night and in the morning, when I looked outside, there was no ship to be seen! I was a little surprised, but was glad that I had not lost any time and had worked hard to get everything off the ship that could be useful to me.

Chapter 3: Building the Boat

Now that I had trained my mind to accept my fate and make the best of it, I no longer constantly scanned the sea for a ship, but instead tried to find a way of living that would make things as easy for me as possible.

My dwelling consisted of a tent beneath the side of a rock. I had built a sort of turf wall around it on the outside. Later, after a year and a half, I covered it with reeds and branches from the trees, which helped to keep out the rain, which could be very heavy at certain times of the year.

I had already seen how I could bring all my goods here and store them in the cave that I had made behind me. Everything took up a lot of space, and I had no room to turn around. So I wanted to enlarge my cave by digging further into the earth. It was a loose sandy rock, so digging was possible. When I discovered that I was reasonably safe from wild animals, I started using the entrance and exit as well as the store-room.



Now I began to focus on making some necessary things, especially a chair and a table. Without them I could not write, eat, or do various other things. So I got to work. Any man can become a master of any mechanical art over time, if he uses his mind. I had never used tools in my life, yet over time, through practice and ingenuity, I discovered I could work with them. I made an abundance of things, even without tools. But if, for example, I wanted a plank, I had no other way than to chop down a tree, place it in front of me, and chop it flat on both sides with my axe, until it was as thin as a plank. This required a lot of patience and time,

but I had plenty of time anyway.

So I first made a table and a chair from the short planks that I had brought with me on my raft from the ship. Then I made shelves on the wall to put all my tools, nails, and ironwork on. I also hammered pieces into the rock wall to hang my guns on. This way I had everything at hand, and I could easily find everything I needed from my supplies.

I also started keeping a diary of my daily activities. In the beginning, I was in a hurry with my work, but I was also very desperate. My diary would be filled with this, day in and day out.

You understand that I often thought about the land I had seen from the other side of the island. I secretly wished that I would go ashore there and that it was the mainland and that it was inhabited, and that I could escape in that way.

I did not take into account the dangers of such an enterprise. I could fall into the hands of savages or lions and tigers. I could be killed and eaten. I had hardly anything to defend myself with. I only thought about an escape plan later. At first, I was very happy with the idea of an escape.

I wished I still had my boat and the dinghy, but this was in vain. I went to look at the dinghy of our ship. It was almost where it used to be, but now against a high ridge of rough sand. If I had been strong enough to push it back into the water, I could use the boat. But I had no chance of doing so. I went to the forest and chopped off levers and rollers and brought them to the boat, determined to try what I could. I thought to myself that if I could repair the damage, it would be a very good boat to use at sea.

For three or four weeks, I worked as hard as I could, but I couldn't get the boat loose and push it into the water. I didn't have enough strength. I gave up hope for the boat. But my desire to go to the mainland grew stronger.

Finally, I began to think whether it was possible for me to make a canoe myself, as the natives did, without tools. This didn't seem impossible to me and even a great idea. The only thing that would be difficult was getting the canoe into the water by myself, once it was ready. Then I found the tree, which I had cut down with great effort, hollowed it out from the inside, and made a boat out of it, but then I was not able to get the canoe into the water. That would be a huge disappointment.

But during the making, I did not think further about this. My thoughts were focused on the sea voyage. But the journey overland might be even more difficult than the journey by sea...

I worked on this boat, it was perhaps the most foolish thing I, as a man, ever did. I was satisfied with the design and thought, "I'll make the boat first, then I

guarantee myself that I will find a way to get it in the water."

This was perhaps a strange way of thinking, but my imagination had taken over. I cut down a very large thick cedar tree. I was working on this for twenty days. Then I worked on the branches for another fourteen days. Then it took me a month to get a model in it. I needed three months for the interior. I worked only with my hammer and chisel. Then I had a boat, big enough for twenty-six people, so certainly big enough for me and my cargo.

I was enormously happy when I had done this work. The boat was larger than any canoe I had ever seen. If I could get it in the water, this would be the most unlikely journey anyone has ever undertaken.

But all my attempts to get the canoe into the water failed. I didn't get further than a hundred meters into the water. To keep my spirits up, I decided to dig earth and make a slope. This work hurt my arms, but for a release, I would do anything. But still, I didn't get any movement in the boat. Then I came up with the plan to make a channel so that the water could flow to the boat. But it would take ten long years for me to succeed. So, reluctantly, I gave up this plan too.

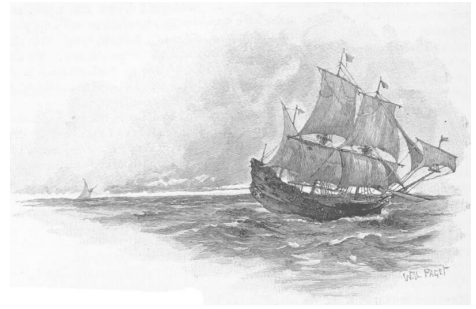
This made me very sad; I saw, too late, the foolishness of my plan.

Thus, my fourth year in this place ended, and I celebrated my birthday in the same way and with the same little comfort as in previous years.

I was indeed far removed from all the evil of the world in this place. But I also missed human contact and a purpose to live for. At the same time, I had nothing else to desire. I was the lord of my mansion, and if I wished, I could proclaim myself the king or emperor of my land. There were no enemies. No one could command me. I grew exactly what I needed. I had an abundance of turtles. I had enough wood to build a whole fleet of ships.

Everything I had, I could use and was therefore valuable. I had enough to eat to meet my needs. If I killed more meat than I could eat, a dog or other vermin had to eat it. If I sowed more grain than I could eat, it would soon spoil. If I cut down more trees, they would lie on the ground and rot. I could only use them for fuel. Eating and clothing myself were the only things left for me to do.

In one word, this experience and the nature of things taught me, after some time of contemplation, that all the good things of this world are only as good for us as we can use them. And that whatever we gather for others, we can only enjoy what we can use, and not more. Even the most miserable person in this world would know no more greed if he were in my shoes. I possessed infinitely more than I could ever use.



Chapter 4: The Footprint of a Man in the Sand

It would have brought a smile to my face if I could have seen myself sitting at the table with my little family. There was His Majesty, the Prince and Lord of the whole island. I had the lives of all my subjects under my absolute command. I could hang them, set them free, or have them killed, as I pleased. It was also wonderful to see myself dine like a king, all alone, but accompanied by my servants! Poll, my dog, was the only one allowed to talk to me. He had grown old, and he always sat at my right hand. And two cats, one on either side of the table, always sat waiting for something tasty. Despite the presence of all this and the abundant way in which I lived, it must be said that I would have preferred it to be different. But that would change soon enough....

I was simply impatient, as I had noticed with my boat. I didn't want to take any more risks, but I still thought of ways to get the boat over the island. But at other times, I was content as it was. Yet I felt a strange urge in my mind to go to the point of the island. This urge increased every day, and eventually, I decided to travel there, along the edge of the coast. So I set out, as I had said. But if anyone in England had met a man like me, they would either have been afraid or would have laughed at me. I had to smile at the idea that I would travel through Yorkshire dressed like this:

On my head, I wore a high, shapeless hat made of goat skin, with a flap that hung down to protect my neck from both the sun and the rain.

I also wore a short jacket made of goat leather, with long flaps down to my thighs. I wore breeches with open knees made of the skin of an old goat with long hair. I had also made stockings and shoes from goat skin, but they flapped around my legs.

I hung a sword and a dagger, a small saw and an ax, from a wide belt made of goat skin. I had made another belt that could go over my shoulder. My gun and

powder hung from that. On my back, I carried my basket and my gun. I wore a kind of large, clumsy, ugly umbrella made of goat skin on my head. So I had everything that was really necessary with me. As for my face, it didn't have the color you would expect from someone living so close to the equator. I had cut my beard quite short with a big mustache and wild sideburns. All in all, I looked frightening.

But it didn't matter. I couldn't see myself, and no one who saw me. In my new outfit, I set out on a journey that would last five or six days. I first traveled along the coast, straight to where I had first anchored my boat. But now I went over land, close to the sea. I was surprised to see how smooth and still the sea was. There was no lapping, no movement, no current, nothing at all.

It was difficult to understand, and I decided to spend some time figuring out how this could be. Later, I was convinced that the ebb tide from the west had to converge with the flow of water from a large river on the coast. That had to be the reason for the water's stagnation. Depending on the wind from the north or west, this current was further away or closer to the coast. When I went to check again in the evening, I saw that the current had returned to its previous location but was now half a mile offshore.

This discovery convinced me that all I had to do was observe the tide. I would then easily be able to get my boat back across the island. But when I thought more about how to execute this in practice, I became afraid, after what had happened last time. I made a more difficult but safer decision. I would build another canoe. Then I would have a boat on both sides of the island.

You must understand that now, as I can call it, I had two settlements on the island. My small fort, or actually a tent, under the rock. I had enlarged the cave behind me to have multiple apartments. The largest and driest one I filled with large earthen pots and baskets full of provisions. The trees around my home had grown so large and the walls so overgrown that there was nothing to see of the house.

Near this home, a little further inland and on lower ground, lay my two plots of cultivated wheat. The land yielded me a decent harvest. And I could always take a new piece of land.

In addition, I had my country residence. I had my arbor here, surrounded by a hedge. There was always a ladder on the inside. I also chopped down trees here and there to give the other trees room to grow into thick sturdy trees that would provide a lot of shade. In the middle of this, I always had my tent, a piece of sail spread over poles. Underneath it, I had made a bed of the skins of all the animals I had killed. I had a coat of skins as a blanket. Whenever I could get away from my main residence, I took refuge in my country home.



Adjacent to this, with much diligence, I had made enclosures for my goats or else the goats would run away. I tried to make it as comfortable as possible for the goats and to ensure that they could not run away. I found maintaining this breed very important. These tame creatures provided me with meat, milk, butter, and cheese for the foreseeable future. Who knows, it might be necessary for the next forty years. Along the fence, I let my grapes grow. I was dependent on them for my winter stock of raisins. These were the best and most pleasant delicacies in my entire diet. In addition to being tasty, they were also medicinal, beneficial, and nourishing.

I often stayed here because this place was exactly halfway between my other house and my boat. I also made sure that the boat remained in order. Sometimes I would get in the boat, but I would no longer make dangerous journeys. I was too afraid that I would be swept away again by the current or wind or would die in an accident.

But now I come to a new chapter in my life....

It happened one day, around noon, as I was walking towards my boat. I was extremely surprised to see the imprint of a barefoot man in the sand. I stood still, struck by lightning, as if I had seen a ghost. I listened, looked around, but heard and saw nothing. I climbed up the rocks to see further and went back and forth along the coast. But I couldn't find any other footprints than that one. I went back to see if there were any more, and to see if it was something else, but it was really a footprint.

I didn't know how the footprint got there, and I couldn't think of how it could

have happened. Completely confused by all my thoughts, I finally made it back home. I was terrified, looking back and around every two or three steps. Every bush and tree I saw looked like a man. In my fearful imagination and fantasy, everything around me became dangerous.

When I reached my home, I fled inside like someone being chased. I can't even remember whether I went in through the ladder or through the hole in the rock. I didn't sleep that night. Although I was far from the footprint, my fear only grew. That's how it is with things you think about when you're scared. Sometimes I even thought it must be the devil in human form, because what else could it be?

Or had it been a ship that brought them? What other traces were there? And how could a man get there? But it didn't seem very likely that the devil would take on a human form in such an uninhabited place. The devil could have made me afraid in many other ways, but the chance of me seeing his footprint was very small. The sea would have erased it with the first wave, or it would have disappeared in the hard wind.

I came to the conclusion that it must be a more dangerous being. Perhaps someone from the other side, who was canoeing across the sea, had reached the island and set foot on it, wanting to attack me.

While these thoughts were spinning through my head, I was very grateful that I wasn't near when he came ashore, and that they hadn't seen my boat. Then they would have known that the island was inhabited and might have looked for me. Yet I thought again that they might have seen my boat after all, and would come back in great numbers to devour me. And if they didn't find me, they would find the fence. They would then destroy all my grain and take away my herd of tame goats. I would surely perish from hunger. I decided that it would be better if I had enough grain for the next two or three years so that there would always be enough bread.

While I was pondering all of this, the idea came to me that all of this could be just a figment of my own imagination. And that this footprint could be the imprint of my own foot when I landed from my boat. This cheered me up a bit, and I began to convince myself that it was all a delusion; that it was nothing more than my own foot. Of course, I could not say that for sure because I did not know exactly where I had walked and where I had not.

Now I began to regain my courage and look outside again. I had not left my house out of fear for three days and nights, and I was getting hungry. I also realized that my goats needed to be milked after such a long time. So I went outside to milk my herd, but I still looked back often and was always ready to run away.

I went down like this for two or three days, and because I had seen nothing, I

began to become a little bolder and to think that there was really no other danger. But I would only be sure if I went to the coast to measure the footprint with my own foot. But when I got to the spot, it became clear that when I landed my boat, I could not have gone ashore anywhere nearby. Secondly, when I measured with my own foot, I noticed that my foot was not as big. These two things filled my head with new fantasies and made me very scared again, and I even trembled with fear. I quickly went home, convinced that a man or men had been on the shore or that the island was actually inhabited. I did not know which course to follow to be safe.

Oh, what terrible thoughts people have when they are possessed by fear! The first thing I thought of was to tear down my fence and let all my domesticated animals run wild in the woods. After all, otherwise, the enemy would find them, and then they would visit the island regularly for a similar bounty. Then I thought I would plow up my two fields of corn, otherwise, they would find my grain and then come back to the island. Next, I would tear down my tent so they would not find any traces of inhabitants.



I thought about all of this the first night after I returned home. But the fear of danger is far greater than the danger itself. I could not find any way to calm my mind and only fell asleep towards morning. When I woke up, I felt rested and could think calmly again. I came to the conclusion that this pleasant, fertile island, not so far from the mainland, was not as completely abandoned as I had thought. While no inhabitants lived there permanently, boats did pass by. I had lived there for fifteen years without seeing anyone. If there were people, they had been driven there against their will by a storm and would stay no longer than a night on the island.

For my safety, I decided to build a second fort exactly where I had planted a double row of trees about twelve years before. I would thicken my outer wall with pieces of wood and make openings to place muskets in. In case of emergency, I could fire seven cannons in two minutes. It took me many months to complete the work, and until it was done, I was never safe.

When it was finished, I planted the entire ground around my dwelling with young willow sticks that would grow. I left a space between the ground and the wall from where I could see my enemy if they tried to approach the outer wall.

After about five years, I had a thick forest in front of my dwelling that became so thick and strong that it was completely impassable. No human being would ever

imagine that there was anything there, let alone a dwelling. I entered and exited through two ladders because I did not want to make a path. I would bring in and break down the ladders. Now no living person could come to me without doing themselves harm.

So, for my own safety, I took all the measures that could be imagined. And it will eventually be revealed that this was not without reason and that my fear was not unfounded...

Chapter 5: Friday Rescued from the Man-eaters

One morning I was surprised when I saw five canoes on my side of the island. The people from the canoes were all on land, but out of my sight. I didn't know what to think of this and whether I should take measures because each boat could hold six men, so there could be thirty men on the island who wanted to attack me and I was alone. Therefore, I kept quiet and felt very uncomfortable. However, I did position myself well in case of an attack. I was ready for action at all times. After waiting for a long time to hear any sound, I eventually placed my guns at the foot of my ladder and climbed to the top of the hill, via my two staircases. I stood in such a way that my head did not show above the hill, so that they could not see me in any way. There, with the help of my perspective glass, I saw that they were thirty men, they had lit a fire, and they were roasting meat. I didn't know how they had done that or what kind of meat it was, but there were many figures dancing around the fire in their own way.

As I watched, I saw that two men who were in miserable condition were pulled out of the boats, and then, as it seemed, were laid on the land to be killed. I noticed that one of them immediately fell to the ground and was hit with a club, which is the way they work. The other victim remained standing until it was his turn. At that very moment, when this poor man knew that his freedom was about to be taken away, nature inspired him. So he ran at incredible speed across the sand towards me, at least to that part of the coast where my abode was.

I have to admit that I was terribly afraid when I saw him running towards me, and especially when I thought he would be chased by the men. However, I remained in my position, and my spirit began to recover from the shock when I discovered that only three men were chasing him. I gained even more courage when I discovered that he could run much faster than they could. If he could keep it up for half an hour, he would gain ground and get reasonably far away from them.

There was a creek between them and my home. There, I unloaded my cargo from the ship that landed. I saw that it was imperative that he swim across the

creek, or they would catch him. When the escaped savage man came to the creek, he dived in and swam through it in about thirty strokes. He climbed back on land and ran on with extraordinary strength and speed.

When the three pursuers arrived at the creek, I discovered that two of them could swim but the third could not. He looked on from the other side but did not continue and soon turned back. I saw that the two who could swim took more than twice as long to cross the creek as the man they were pursuing.

The irresistible thought that it was now time for me to have an assistant or companion came to me. It seemed that I was clearly called to save the life of this poor creature. I immediately ran down the ladders with all my equipment and grabbed my two guns, which were ready at the foot of the ladder. I hurried to the top of the hill, crossed to the sea, and placed myself in the path between the man and the pursuers by taking a very short route. I greeted the man who was fleeing, who, while looking back, was initially perhaps as afraid of me as he was of them.

I beckoned him to come back, and in the meantime, I walked slowly towards the two pursuers. Then I ran immediately to the front one and knocked him down with my weapon. I hated the idea of starting a fire and did not want the other men to hear it or see smoke and come after us. After I had knocked this man down, the other who was pursuing him stopped as if he was scared, and I walked towards him. But as I got closer, I soon realized that he had a bow and arrow and was going to shoot at me. Then I had no choice but to use my gun. I killed him with the first shot.

The poor man who was fleeing remained frozen, scared by the fire and sound of my weapon, even though his two enemies were dead on the ground. I greeted him again and made gestures for him to come forward, which he understood, and he came a bit closer. Then he stopped again, and then he came a bit closer again, and this went on for a while. I noticed that he was trembling, as if he had been captured and had just been sentenced to death.

I beckoned him again to come to me and gave him all the signs of encouragement I could think of. He came closer and knelt in front of me, as a sign of gratitude for saving his life. I smiled at him and looked kindly back. Then he kissed the ground, laid his head on the ground, and said that he would help me with anything.

But there was other work to be done first, as I noticed that one man whom I had knocked down was not dead. He was only stunned by the blow and was now starting to come around. I pointed out to the refugee that the man was not dead. He spoke a few words to me, and although I did not understand them, I still found them pleasant to hear. They were the first sounds of a man's voice that I

had heard, except for my own, in over twenty-five years.

The wild man who had been knocked down had recovered enough to sit on the ground. I noticed that my refugee was starting to become afraid. When I saw that, I pulled out my other weapon as if I was going to shoot him. My man made a gesture to borrow my sword, and I did. He took it and ran to his enemy and with one blow, killed him.



He took his bow and arrow and came back. I gestured for him to follow me. He then gestured that they had to be buried with sand so that they would not be seen by others. I signaled that it was okay. He immediately went to work and in no time he had dug a hole in the sand with his hands, big enough for both men. So they were both buried. Then he came with me to my cave on the other side of the island. Here, I gave him bread and raisins to eat, and a sip of water. I noticed that he was very thirsty from running. Then I gestured for him to lie down to sleep.

He was a strong man, not too tall, about twenty-six years old. He had a kind face and did not look wild and fierce like a savage. His hair was long and black, and he had lively, sharp eyes. His skin was the color of an olive, and his teeth were as white as ivory.

After he had slept for about half an hour, he woke up and came out of the cave to me. I was milking my goats at the fence. He expressed his gratitude again with a lot of gestures. I understood that he wanted to help me as long as he lived.

We went to the top of the hill to see if the enemies were gone. With my perspective glass, I could clearly see where they had been, but they were nowhere to be seen, and I couldn't see their canoes either. They had left and had simply abandoned their two comrades.

We went back to our cave, and I got to work for "Friday". First, I gave him some linen robes that fit him well with a small adjustment. Then I made him a goat-skin jacket and a hare-skin cap. He looked really fashionable! However, he was initially a bit awkward in these clothes and had to get used to them.

The next day, I began to consider where to house him. I wanted to make sure he was comfortable, but I also wanted to be at ease myself. So, I made a small tent for him in the empty space between my two settlements at the cave. I made a formal door frame with a door in the entrance of the cave so that "Friday" couldn't just come to me anytime. Above the ladder hole, I placed a kind of

hatch that would fall down with a lot of noise if someone tried to enter from the outside.

At night, I kept my weapons with me just in case, but I didn't actually need any of these precautions. I had never seen a more loyal, loving, and honest person than "Friday". He loved me like a child loves his father. I even dare to say that he would have sacrificed his life to save mine on any occasion. All the events up to this point dispelled all my doubts and quickly convinced me that I didn't need to take any precautions for my own safety.

I was very happy with him and made it my task to teach him everything that was necessary, useful, and handy. But above all, I taught him to talk to me. He was the smartest student ever and was also diligent and cheerful. He was so happy when he could understand my words at a given moment. And for me, it was so nice to talk to him. Now my life was finally becoming so easy that I could say to myself that I didn't care if I had to stay in this place forever.

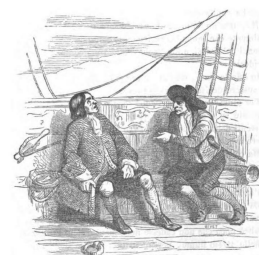
Chapter 6: Rescued

After being on the island for twenty-seven years, an English ship finally arrived. The ship was taken over by robbers, but Robinson Crusoe rescued the captain and two of the crew members including the helmsman, and seized the ship's boat. He also took several robber prisoners.

We planned to take the ship and leave the island. We started our preparations. First, we lifted the boat with all our strength so that it would not float away at high tide. The water had already made a hole in its bottom that was too big to stop the water quickly. As we pondered what to do next, we heard a ship firing a cannon and waving its flag as a signal to come on board, but no boat moved in our direction.

They fired several times and gave other signals. Finally, when all their signals and fires proved fruitless and they discovered that the boat was not moving, we saw another boat being hoisted from the ship and rowed towards the coast. We discovered, as they approached, that there were no less than ten of the robbers, and they had firearms with them.

We had a good and complete view of them as they came, we could even clearly see their faces. The captain knew the people and characters of all the men in the boat, of whom three were certainly very honest.



When they landed, they ran first to their other boat. It was clear to see that it was a big surprise for them to see how the boat was, with a large hole in it. After considering it for a while, they let out two or three loud cries to let their imprisoned companions know that they were there. But it was all in vain. Then they all came closer and fired a volley with their small arms. We heard this well because the echoes rang through the forest, but we were sure that the prisoners in the cave could not hear it. They decided to all go back on board their ship and let them know that all the men had been killed and that the boat had been abandoned.

But then we saw them all come back ashore. Three men were left in the boat, while the rest went ashore to look for their comrades.

This was a great disappointment for us because now we did not know what to do since it would not be an advantage for us to grab those seven men ashore if we let the boat escape. They would surely row to the ship, and then the rest would certainly sail away, and so the saving of the ship would be lost. However, we had no other solution but to wait and see what would happen. The seven men came ashore, and the three who stayed in the boat anchored it at a decent distance from the shore to wait for them. It was impossible for us to reach them by boat. Those who came ashore stayed close together and marched to the top of the small hill under which my dwelling lay. We could see them clearly, but they could not see us.

It would have been nice if they had come closer to us, so that we could shoot at them, or if they had been farther away so that we could come out. But when they reached the top of the hill, they shouted and yelled until they were exhausted. It didn't seem like they wanted to venture far from the coast or from each other because they sat down together under a tree to think about what to do next. If they had decided to sleep there, they would have made it easy for us. But they were too afraid of danger to sleep, even though they didn't know what danger to fear.

We became very anxious when we saw them, after much discussion, all marching towards the sea. It seemed that the danger of this place had dawned on them and that they had decided to return to the ship. They gave up their companions as lost and wanted to continue their planned journey with the ship.

As soon as I saw them heading towards the coast, I thought my suspicions were coming true. That they had indeed given up their search and were going back. As soon as I told the captain my thoughts, he lost heart. But I came up with a plan to bring them back. I ordered Friday and the captain to go over the little creek to the west. As soon as they came to a bit of rising ground, about half a mile away, I told them to shout "hello" as loud as they could and wait until they noticed that the robbers heard them. Once the robbers responded, they would

respond as well. Then they would make a circuit, still calling out "hello," to lure them as far as possible into the island's woods and then come back my way, out of sight.

They were just getting into the boat when Friday and the captain shouted "hello," and soon they heard them and shouted back and ran along the coast to the west, in the direction of the voice they heard. Then they stopped at the creek, where, because the water was high, they could not cross, and called for the boat to come and ferry them across. Just as I had indeed expected. When they lay down, I saw that the boat had gone quite far up the creek and had gone into a kind of harbor, leaving only one man in the boat after they had tied it to the stump of a small tree. This was what I wanted, and leaving Friday and the captain of the ship to their task, I took the rest with me. Crossing the creek out of their sight, we surprised the two men before they knew it - one of them was on land, the other was in the boat. The man on land was dozing. The captain walked up to him and knocked him down, and called on him to surrender or die.

It was not difficult to force a single man to surrender when he saw five men coming towards him and saw that his comrade had been knocked down. Moreover, this was one of the three men who were not as bad as the rest of the crew. He could therefore easily be persuaded not only to surrender but also to join us afterwards. Meanwhile, Friday and the helmsman had arranged their affairs so well that the rest followed them, calling out "hello" and answering each other. They went from one hill to another, and from one forest to another, until they were tired. Eventually they just stayed where they were because they couldn't get back to the boat before dark. We now had nothing to do but watch them in the dark and wait for them to be attacked so that they would definitely work with us.

After Friday returned to me, it was several hours before they returned to their boat. We could hear them answering and complaining about how crippled and tired they were, and that they were unable to run faster. That was very welcome news for us. They finally reached the boat; but it is impossible to express their confusion when they found the boat stuck to the ground in the creek and their two men were gone. We could hear them calling to each other in a very pitiful way, telling each other that they had landed on an enchanted island. And that there were either inhabitants, and they would all be killed, or that there were devils and spirits, and they would all be carried off and devoured. They called out "hello" again and called their two comrades by name but never got an answer. After a while, we could see them running around, wringing their hands like men in despair, and sometimes sitting in the boat to rest, then coming back to land and walking around again.

My men would have liked me to give them permission to attack them

immediately in the dark. But I planned to use them, so I wanted to spare them and kill as few of them as possible. But above all, I was not willing to take the risk of anyone being killed, knowing that the enemy was very well armed. I decided to wait and see if they didn't split up. So I brought my ambush closer to them and ordered Friday and the captain to crawl on hands and knees as close to the ground as they could before firing.

They hadn't been in that position for long when the boatswain, who was the main leader of the mutiny, and who now showed himself to be the most depressed and discouraged of the rest, came walking towards them, with two more of the crew. The captain wanted to have this chief scoundrel in his power so much that he could hardly wait to let him get close enough to catch him for sure. But when they really got closer, the captain and Friday rushed at them. The boatswain was killed on the spot. The next man was shot in the body and fell down next to him, although he only died an hour or two later.

At the sound of the gunfire, I immediately advanced with my entire army, which now consisted of myself, Friday, the captain and his two men, and the three prisoners of war whom we had taught to handle weapons. We met them in the dark so that they couldn't see how many of us there were. I took the man they had left in the boat hostage to see if I could negotiate with them. And that worked. In their condition, they were eager to surrender.



Our next task was to repair the boat and figure out how to take possession of the ship.

The next morning, I sent the captain to them to see if they could be trusted to board the ship and surprise it. He spoke to them about the harm that had been done to him, about the condition they had been brought to, and that, although the governor had given them a quarter of their lives for their current action, they would all be hanged if they were sent to England. But that if they were to join in the attempt to get the ship back, they would be granted clemency by the governor. Anyone can guess how easily such a proposal would be accepted by men in their condition; they fell on their knees before the captain and promised to be faithful to him to the last drop, and that they would owe him their lives and go with him all over the world.

"Well," said the captain, "I must go and tell the governor what you say, and see what I can do to get him to agree."

So he reported to me what he found and that he really believed they would be faithful. But to be sure, I told him to go back one more time and choose five as hostages for the other five men. If they proved unfaithful, the five hostages would be hanged alive on the coast. This made an impression and convinced them that the governor meant it. They had no choice but to accept it, and it was now the task of the prisoners, as much as of the captain, to persuade the other five to do their duty.

Our manpower for the expedition consisted, first of the captain, then his mate and passenger, and secondly, the two prisoners of the first gang, to whom I had given their freedom and entrusted weapons. Thirdly, the other two whom I had so far confined in my bower, but had now been released on the captain's orders. Fourthly, these five were finally released, making a total of twelve. We kept the hostages in the cave.

When I showed myself to the two hostages, it was with the captain, who told them I was the person the governor had ordered to take care of them, and that the governor was pleased that they would not move anywhere else unless I gave orders. If they did, they would be brought to the castle and put in chains. The captain had no trouble now in manning his two boats. He appointed another captain, and they did as they were instructed. They arrived at the ship around midnight. As soon as they reached the ship, Robinson greeted them and told them they had taken the men and the boat away. He chatted with them until they reached the side of the ship. When the captain and the helmsman entered first, they were immediately knocked down with the butt of their guns. They tied up the rest of the men on the main and aft decks and closed the hatches to imprison them. Then the other boat arrived with the men who tied up the forepart of the ship and found the prisoners there.

After everything was secure on deck, the captain ordered the helmsman and three men to break into the roundhouse, where the new mutinous captain lay, who had risen. He and two men and a boy had firearms. When the helmsman opened the door, the new captain and his men shot and wounded the helmsman with a bullet, breaking his arm. Two other men were also injured. The helmsman, who called for help, ran into the roundhouse and, though wounded, shot the new captain in the head with his pistol. The rest surrendered, and the ship was successfully taken without any more loss of life.

Once the ship was secured, the captain ordered the cannons to be fired, which signaled me of his success. I was certainly very happy to hear this. After hearing the signal, I lay down and slept soundly until I was startled by the sound of a gun. When I got up, I heard a man calling me by name, "Governor! Governor!" and recognized the captain's voice. Then he climbed to the top of the hill, pointed to the ship, and embraced me.

"My dearest friend and savior," he says, "there is your ship. She is all yours, and so are we, and everything that belongs to the ship."

I glanced at the ship, which was anchored just over half a mile from the shore. They had anchored it just at the mouth of the little creek, and as the tide rose, the captain brought the boat near the place where I first landed with my rafts.

At first, I was full of surprise, for I did indeed see my redemption nearby, a large ship ready to take me wherever I wanted to go. For a time, I was unable to answer him, and when he had taken me in his arms, I held on to him, or I would have fallen to the ground.

He noticed my surprise and immediately took a bottle out of his pocket and gave me a sip of lemonade, which he had brought especially for me. After drinking it, I sat down on the ground; and although it brought me back to myself, it took me a long time to speak a word to him. All that time the poor man was in as great an ecstasy as I was, only not as surprised as I was. He said a thousand kind and tender things to me, to bring me back to myself. But the flood of joy in my breast confused my whole mind. At last I burst into tears, and shortly after regaining my speech, I embraced him in turn and we shared the joy together.

After we had talked for a while, the captain told me that he had brought me some refreshments and that the ship had not been plundered. He then shouted loudly to the boat, ordering his men to bring ashore the things that were for the governor. And indeed, it was a gift as if I were someone who was not going with them, but as if I were still going to live on the island.

First, he had brought a chest of bottles full of excellent hot water, six large bottles of Madeira wine, two pounds of excellent good tobacco, twelve good pieces of ship's beef, pork, a bag of peas, and about a hundredweight of biscuits. He also brought me a box of sugar, a box of flour, a bag full of lemons and two bottles of lime juice, and a whole lot of other things. But what was a thousand times more useful to me were six new clean shirts, six good neckcloths, two pairs of gloves, a pair of shoes, a hat, and a pair of stockings, and a very good suit that had been little worn. In short, he dressed me from head to toe. It was a very nice and pleasant gift, as anyone can imagine, for someone in my circumstances, but never was anything in the world so unpleasant and uncomfortable to wear as these clothes were for me.

Then we began to discuss what to do with the prisoners we had. It was worth considering whether we should risk taking them with us or not, especially two of them, whom he knew to be real villains. These villains would certainly have to be handed over to the authorities at the first English colony he could reach. I noticed that the captain himself was very concerned about this. So I said to him that if he wished, I would arrange for the men to be left on the island.

"I would genuinely be very happy with that," said the captain. "Okay," I said, "I will have them come and talk to them." So I made sure that Friday and the two hostages, who were now released because they had kept their promise, went to the cave and brought the five bound men to the arbor, where they were held until I arrived. When I arrived in my new clothing, I was again called the governor. I had the men brought before me, and I told them that I had given a full report of their behavior to the captain.

I let them know that I had seized the ship on my orders, and that they would see that their new captain had received the reward for his treachery, and that they would see him hang from the yardarm. I asked them what they had to say for themselves and why I shouldn't execute them as pirates.

One of them answered on behalf of the rest, saying that they had nothing to say except that they humbly begged for mercy. But I told them that I didn't know what mercy to give them. As for myself, I had decided to leave the island with all my men and had arranged with the captain for the crossing to England. As for the captain, he had no choice but to take them as prisoners to England to be tried for mutiny and piracy. They had to know that the consequence was the gallows. I could not say what was best for them unless they were planning to accept their fate on the island. If they wanted to, because I had the freedom to leave the island, I tended to let them keep their lives. They seemed very grateful and said they would much rather risk staying there than be taken to England to be hanged. So I left it at that.

The captain, however, seemed to have some trouble with this, as if he didn't dare to leave them behind. I got a little angry with the captain and told him that they were my prisoners, not his; and that since I had granted them so many favors, I would also keep my word. If he did not agree, I would release them and then he could capture them again himself. They seemed very grateful for this, so I set them free and ordered them to withdraw into the forest, to the place they had come from. I would give them some firearms, some ammunition, and some instructions on how to live. After that, I got ready to go aboard the ship; but I told the captain that I would stay on the island that night to get my things ready, and asked him in the meantime to go aboard and make everything ready on the ship and to send the boat for me to shore the next day. I also ordered him to hang the new captain who had been killed from the yardarm so that these men could see him.

When the captain left, I had the men come to my apartment and talked seriously with them about their circumstances. I told them that I thought they had made a good choice because if the captain had taken them away, they would surely have been hanged. I showed them the new captain hanging from the yardarm of the ship and told them that they could expect no other fate.

When they all declared that they wanted to stay, I told them that I would let them into the story of my life there, and help make it easy for them. Then I told them the whole history of the place and my coming there. I showed them my fortifications, the way I made my bread, planted my corn, dried my grapes, in short, everything that was necessary to make it easy for them.

I left my firearms and three swords behind. I explained to them how to care for the goats and how to make butter and cheese. In short, I let them share in my life. I also gave them the bag of peas that the captain had brought me and asked them to sow and multiply them.

After I had done all this, I left them the next day and went on board the ship. We immediately prepared to sail. The next morning, two of the five men swam to the side of the ship and begged to be taken on board because they would be killed. The captain pretended he had no power without me. After some discussion, and after their solemn promises of improvement, they were taken on board and turned out to be very honest and quiet men.

The next time the boat was sent to the shore with boxes and clothes for which they were very grateful. I encouraged them that if I could send a boat, I would not forget.

When I said goodbye to this island, I wore, as a souvenir, the large goat-leather hat I had made and my umbrella. And I took one of my parrots on board. I also did not forget to take the money that had been unusable with me for so long that it had become rusty and could hardly pass for silver.

And so I left the island on December 19, 1686, after having been there for twenty-eight years, two months, and nineteen days. I was freed from this captivity on the same day of the month that I first attempted to escape in the sloop. In this ship, after a long journey, I arrived in England on June 11, 1687, after being absent for thirty-five years.

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