

Daniel Defoe  
*Robinson Crusoe*



*Retold by Robert Jackson*

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C Z Y T A M Y

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## Chapter I

# *“Wanderlust”*



I was born in the year 1632 in York, a large city in northern England. I received a good upbringing from my parents. My father was originally from Germany and had made his money in buying and selling before settling down in York and marrying my mother, whose surname was Robinson. This is why my first name is Robinson. My father's name was Kreutznaer, but this was difficult for English people to pronounce so it was changed to Crusoe. I had two elder brothers; one who died in the English army. I never knew what happened to the other, just as my mother and father would never know what was to happen to me.

My father had wanted me to think about a career in law, but from an early age I had thoughts of adventure at sea. No advice could possibly ever change this. When I told my parents about my wishes to travel, they tried to persuade me not to do so. I tried asking my mother to speak with my father and persuade him to allow me just one voyage. I promised that if this journey was unsuccessful, I would



return home and not think of the life at sea anymore. My mother tried, but she made no progress with my father, and no agreement to my travel was given. My father explained that travel was only for the very poor, who had nothing to lose, or for the very rich, who could afford to risk their money on adventure. Middle-class boys should be happy with a life of work. My father begged me so much, even crying openly, that I tried to forget about my wishes for adventure and continue living at home. A year later, however, I could stand it no longer, and one day, while I was at the docks in Hull talking with sailors, I met up with a friend who was going to London by sea. Without thinking about what I was doing, without asking for my parents' permission or even money, I decided to join him. Together we boarded the ship on September 1, 1651 and left the harbour on the north eastern coast on course for London.

My bad luck started immediately. The sea was very rough, and I began to wish I had never left home. I could now understand

what a comfortable life my father had lived and just how wrong I had been with my own thoughts. I prayed to God to let me make it to land and I promised to him, in return, that I would go back to Hull, and from there home to my family.

However, after several days of terrible seasickness, the sea became calm again. The other sailors joked about the terror I had felt. The storm, they explained, had been very small compared to others they had experienced. By the next day, the storm had stopped completely and my promises about returning to Hull faded away. I began enjoying life at sea, watching the sun set and rise over the water, and once thought, with joy in my heart, that it was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen.

Within a few more days, however, the wind began blowing strongly once again, and a truly violent storm began. Again I prayed to God to allow me to change my mind and return home. The storm caused panic and destruction on the boat, and the

sailors fired their guns as a signal of trouble. Never having heard guns before, I fainted on the deck and was kicked aside by my mates. When I awoke, I saw everyone jumping off the ship into a smaller boat. Seeing that it was my only way of surviving, I quickly did the same and we sailed away safely. I watched over my shoulder as the ship, which we had left only moments earlier, sank to the bottom of the ocean.

We arrived at Yarmouth, on the eastern coast of England, and the authorities gave us comfortable accommodation. At this point I had to decide whether or not to continue to London, or return to Hull. My friend was quick to point out that what had happened on my first voyage was a clear sign that the sea life was not for me. This made me very angry and so I made my decision to travel to London by land. I was too ashamed to go home and would certainly be laughed at by my friends and colleagues.

I travelled to London on foot. When I arrived I decided to look for a voyage, and



I had the good fortune of getting to know the captain of a ship sailing to Guinea, on the west coast of Africa. He invited me along and I accepted. The voyage, apart from the seasickness, went very well. I had bought many things in London that I was able to sell to the people of Guinea. This whole experience created within me, not only an addiction to travel, but also to doing business with the local people of this part of the world.

Since non-Westerners did not value gold in the same way as Westerners did, we were able to receive much more gold for our goods than we would back home. I loved it, and after I returned to London, with a fortune beyond my dreams, I immediately wanted to sail out again. It was, however, with great sadness that whilst in Guinea, the captain caught a tropical disease, fell terribly ill and died. And so it was, under these sad circumstances, I decided to take his ship and continue the business in which I had had my first trading success.

## Chapter II

### *'Captured by pirates'*



I decided to go on the same journey as I had been on with my friend the captain, and so I set sail once again, with a shipmate who had also been on the previous voyage to Africa. I was now captain of the ship and this turned out to be one of the unhappiest voyages I would ever make. I took only 100 pounds of my new-found wealth, leaving 200 pounds with the widow of the captain.

On a course towards the Canary Islands, we were attacked by Turkish pirates. After a short battle, where many died by gunfire, we were taken prisoners into Salée, a Moorish port. I was now to become the personal slave to the leader of those who took me prisoner. My new master made me do hard and boring work around his home. For the next two years I wanted to escape and the opportunity finally came when my master sent me, along with some Moorish boys, to catch some fish. In preparation I secretly stored some provisions and guns on the ship.



We set out to fish. I managed to convince Ismael, the sailor controlling the boat, that we would find more fish further out to sea. When we were far enough out to sea I approached him from behind and threw him off the boat, saying that he should swim for shore because I was determined to be free. I explained to the other boy, called Xury, that he must be faithful or he too would be thrown overboard. Xury said he would do this and also be happy to go with me on my voyages. I was keen to get as far away as possible so we sailed for five days without stopping.

Eventually we dropped anchor in a river near a strange looking area of coastline and I immediately became worried about who or what might be living on it. Each night that passed was filled with awful noises of wild creatures on the shore. During one of this nights animals started swimming towards the boat and so I fired my gun to stop them from coming any further. We had no idea what these animals were and

although we were scared, we needed water, so in the morning we took our empty jars and together we went ashore, knowing that we would either live or die.

The land looked uninhabited, though I was sure that it might well be home to cannibals. When we landed to search for water, however, Xury and I saw no signs of human life. Xury shot a rabbit-like creature which provided a very good meal, and we also found a source of fresh water.

I felt sure we were on the Canary or the Cape Verde Islands and was hopeful there might be an English trading vessel that would take us on board. Despite this hope, we continued along the coastline for some time. We were forced to go on land several times in search of fresh water and on one occasion I shot a hungry lion which we skinned and took with us.

After about ten days of continuing southward we discovered the land was in fact inhabited by men and women. I was terrified that these naked black people

might be cannibals, but as we got closer to the shore I saw they had left food at the water's edge.

I succeeded in communicating with them, indicating with sign language that Xury and I were looking for food. When the people replied they had food, I was worried I had nothing to give in return, but at this very moment two leopards appeared on the scene. I raised my gun, shot one and the other ran away. The people were extremely thankful and gave us the food we so badly needed.

After eleven more days of travel along this coastline, Xury spotted a ship, one that I identified as being Portuguese, and we set off trying to catch it up. Eventually I fired a gun to get their attention.

On reaching the ship, I was delighted to learn that not only would the captain allow us upon his ship but he would also not ask for any money for a passage to Brazil, where the ship was sailing.



The Portuguese sea captain was extremely kind. He bought my boat, all my worldly goods, and even Xury. At first I did not want to part with my servant friend, but the captain promised to let him go in ten years if he became a Christian. As Xury did not seem to find this a problem, I allowed the exchange to take place.

The voyage to Brazil went well and when we arrived the captain told a friend of his, a good and honest man, that I might be useful to him. I lived with this man on his plantation for a while, and I saw how rich the farm owners were becoming. I decided to become a farmer myself, and started to buy land with the money the captain had given me.

Once I began planting, I got to know Wells, my Portuguese neighbour. Together, we slowly started to farm more and more different things. At this point, however, I wished I had not sold Xury. I was in a business I knew nothing about, and I had no one to talk to other than my new

neighbour. However, I could not complain too much about my situation as the money I was making was providing me with more than I could ever need to have a comfortable life.

One day the Portuguese sea captain returned and suggested I give him a letter, signed by me, so that he could bring me half of the fortune and other things I had left with the English captain's widow. A few weeks later the captain brought me these things, which I immediately sold. British goods were more valuable in Brazil and with the money I was able to buy a slave and a servant. I was becoming very rich, and yet I was still attracted to a life of adventure.

I was now becoming aware I was approaching the middle-class status that my father had strongly suggested I follow earlier. I was confused. If I had gone through all this trouble and suffering at sea, just to end up where my father had wanted me to be, what was the purpose

of this safe and comfortable life? I found myself becoming very sad, and desperate for excitement once more.

Having mad some friends during these four years in Brazil, I had talked a lot with my neighbours about the excitement of trading with people from other continents. I had explained in particular the opportunities that trade provided to buy gold at an incredibly cheap rate. I also mentioned the possibility of buying Negro servants for plantation work. Three businessmen came to me and explained they wanted to buy Negroes for their own plantations and asked if I would join the business and help with the trading on Guinea.

I hesitated for a moment, only to think that it might mean financial disaster, but in the end, as a born adventurer and ignoring the inner voice of my father, I agreed to the trip. I boarded the ship from Brazil to Africa on September 1, 1659, eight years after I had first run away from home.

## Chapter III

### *'Shipwrecked'*



At sea, the hot dry weather lasted for a while, but then turned stormy. One man died of sickness; a little boy fell over the side of the ship. After twelve days it was clear that, due to a massive leakage, the ship was not going to make it to its destination. We decided to try and make it to Africa, where we could get help. For fifteen days the eleven of us continued sailing, and then another massive storm came.

There was land in the distance, but we were afraid it might be inhabited by cannibals. Suddenly, as we got closer the ship crashed into the seabed. Rowing towards land in a lifeboat we were deeply upset since we knew as soon as we touched land, the boat would be smashed into pieces and we would surely drown in the violent sea. We had to at least try and swim. As soon as we jumped into the sea, I had the good fortune of being helped to shore by a wave. I ran for the shoreline but the sea continued to chase me. I felt very weak but fought with every muscle against the force



of the sea and was finally able to make it to land safely. I thanked God for having saved me in this frightening experience.

I looked around the beach and saw nothing to help me in my terrible situation, and began running around in panic until eventually I climbed into a tree and fell asleep since I was afraid of the animals and even the men who inhabited this land.

When I awoke it was a calm and sunny day. The sea was still and I was now able to see that if I had stayed on board, the ship would have made it to land without being smashed. But the rest of the ship's crew was dead, and this made me extremely upset.

I swam out to the ship and took a few pieces of wood to build a raft. Onto this I loaded food, drink and other useful items such as guns, money, knives and books. I decided to return to the ship several more times to gather supplies like tools, clothes, a hammock and a spare sail.

I made eleven voyages between the beach and the ship over the following weeks and



brought back everything I could. I was also happy to have been able to save some pen and paper, three Bibles, two cats and a dog.

Then the storm started again and I was forced to remain on land. The following morning the ship had disappeared. It was under the sea with my ten friends.

After a while I decided to look around for a good place to set up home and store my supplies. Upon exploration of the landscape, I became more worried than ever. I was on an island. Moreover, it appeared deserted. There were no people, only wild animals. A tent served as a roof above my head. I provided myself with a door to my tent and brought the provisions inside.

At this point I started to worry that I would end my days on this island, a thought that produced tears when I contemplated it for too long. I also started to doubt my faith as I could not believe God would leave me so helplessly, leaving me in such a horrible place, under such impossible conditions. I even found it hard to be thankful that my

life had been saved. However, I always managed to avoid total misery when I remembered about the other ten sailors who had died in the sea. When I thought that I had been the only one to avoid death, and that I had been able to save many things from the ship, I felt fortunate.

After I had been on the island about ten or twelve days, I realised I might completely lose my memory of time and might even forget important religious dates. To stop this from happening I cut lines into a large square post, and also the words I came on shore here on September 30, 1659. Every day I cut a line with my knife, and every seventh line marked a week, and every first day of the month was marked by a line still longer. In this way I kept my calendar.

In an attempt to make myself feel better I made a list of all the advantages and disadvantages about being shipwrecked on the island, and thought of them as the evils and the goods of my life on the island. Among the evils, I listed:

*The impossibility of my recovery.*  
*My isolation.*  
*My lack of enough clothes.*  
*My inability to defend myself against wild animals.*  
*The lack of people to speak with .*  
Among the goods were:  
*I am alive.*  
*The possibility that if I can survive a shipwreck,*  
*I might one day be rescued from the island.*  
*I am not hungry.*  
*I have not seen any really wild animals yet.*  
*I was able to get supplies from the ship.*

More importantly, I decided I could be happy because God had saved my life and provided for me.

Having cheered myself up with these thoughts, I began learning how to build things that I previously did not know how to make. The work on my home would be impossible without proper tools, but I was able to be inventive and improvise. After all, I had nothing else to do. I began thinking I could learn to make or do anything if I needed to.

## Chapter IV

# 'Forces of Nature'



I started to build a wall around my home. After about a year and a half, I would have a proper house. I realised there was nothing I wanted that I couldn't make and so I went further by making an entrance and an exit to my home, chairs, and a table that I might truly enjoy writing and reading upon. I also began my diary, in which I started writing about my initial unhappiness, and all the tasks and duties I had completed in getting used to life on the island.

*September 30, 1659*

*I, poor, unhappy Robinson Crusoe, was shipwrecked during a terrible storm on a horrible unfortunate island. I was the only survivor from the ship's company.*

*October 1*

*I discovered the location of the shipwreck.*

*October 1-24*

*I went back and forth to save what I could from the ship.*

*October 25*

*It rained heavily and the ship broke into pieces.*

*October 26*

*I looked for a place to put my tent.*

*October 26-30*

*I set up my tent and stored my things inside.*

*October 31*

*I killed a goat for food.*

*November 1*

*I spent the first night in the tent in a hammock.*

*November 4*

*I began my daily routine.*

*November 5*

*I killed a wild cat and preserved its skin.*

*November 6*

*I finished making my table.*

*November 7-12*

*I completed my chair.*

*November 14-16*

*I made boxes for storage.*

*November 17*

*I began to dig in the rock behind my tent to make more storage room.*

*November 23*

*For the next 18 days, I widened and deepened my cave so that it formed a warehouse area, a kitchen,*

*a dining-room, and a cellar.*

*December 10*

*A large amount of dirt fell in from the roof of the cave.*

*December 11*

*I fixed the cave's ceiling.*

*December 17-20*

*I began to furnish my house more interestingly and designed a dressing table.*

*December 27*

*I killed a goat and injured another which I brought home and helped to recover. I began thinking about the idea of breeding animals so I might have another source of food when my current supply finishes.*

*January 3*

*I began work on building a wall to protect my living area. I was now sure that if visitors came to the island, they would not be able to recognise my building as a man-made home.*

And so I had a routine for my hunting and building. I kept the skins of every animal I killed and hung them as decoration. I made



big boxes to store food, as well as tools. When there were problems, I generally succeeded in fixing them. Storage shelves kept the place tidy inside. I took frequent walks and found pigeons a very good source of meat.

During this time the darkness became my greatest annoyance and so I decided to make candles from the fat of the dead goats.

And then a wonderful thing happened. While emptying bags from the ship, I shook out some pieces of corn. After the rain fell, barley, through no work of my own, began to appear. I was delighted and I took this as a sign from God that I had not been forgotten and gave thanks.

On April 14 I finished my wall, not with a door, but with a ladder to climb over it, just to make absolutely sure that it did not appear to be the gateway to a home. But just after this, the ceiling of the cave began to fall in, and I found myself in the middle of a violent earthquake. I stood terrified and watched landslides



all around. This horrific experience was followed by another when a terrible storm began and I was forced to stay in my cave, even though I was afraid another earthquake might bring it down on my head. I decided at this point to move my home from the cave to somewhere that was out from under the earth, so that if an earthquake happened again I would be in a less dangerous position. It would be a huge job and I was not keen to begin it. I made a grindstone to help make the necessary tools for the construction job. And then, in the middle of this work, I noticed that the recent hurricane had caused the ship to come closer to shore. I could now see it clearly and was even able to walk out to it. I began taking it to pieces, keeping the wood, iron and lead for future projects. I worked on the shipwreck until June 15. A few days later I started to feel ill and then on June 21 I became very ill and prayed to God for the first time since the storm I experienced on leaving Hull.

In my illness, I had terrible visions of a huge man coming down from a rain cloud, shaking the earth as he stepped closer towards me. The man said that because I had not said sorry for my adventurous ways and not listening to my father I would die. The man lifted a spear to kill me and I was horrified. I began thinking about the lack of thought about my own life I had shown up to this point. I thought about how I had not been truly thankful when I was rescued by the Portuguese captain. I also thought that while I had been thankful for my initial survival on this island, these feelings had changed into a simple happiness to be alive. There was no recognition that God had been responsible. I felt guilty for becoming too comfortable on this island. My sickness was making me think about God again and so I prayed directly to him, asking for his help. The following evening, while eating my turtle supper, I found myself saying grace for the first time in my life.

I decided that God must have put me on the island for a reason, which led me to ask the question: why has God done this to me? I decided that my unhappiness was a punishment for running away from home and rejecting a middle-class life. Before going to bed that night, I chewed on homemade medicine for my illness in the form of rum, tobacco and water, something I had learned from the Portuguese. I also said, for the first time, a prayer before going to bed.

When I awoke, I felt much better. I continued the treatment with tobacco and alcohol and as I began to recover, I started to worry that if God had saved me, what had I done to give thanks? I knelt down and thanked God out loud. The next morning I began reading the New Testament. Where before I had prayed to be saved from my isolation on this island, or from my sickness, I now prayed to be saved from the guilt that I had for not living my life as I should have done.



As I began to recover, I was determined to get a better knowledge of the island. I decided I would explore the rest of the island. I was pleased to find tobacco growing. In the forest there was a lot of fruit, and even a fresh water spring.

I brought the fruit back to my home, but I continually found myself away for such a long time that when I returned it was too old to eat. Returning home on one occasion, I discovered that some of my grapes had been stepped on. I thought there must be wild animals around and so I decided the best solution would be to hang the grapes to dry them into raisins.

I developed such a love for the wilder part of the island that I began thinking of having a new home. I decided to simply build another one and have two homes: a sea coast house and a country house. I finished the new place in time for the next rainy season.

## Chapter V

*'Am I really alone?'*



The one year anniversary of my arrival came and I felt very unhappy. Again I prayed to God.

So far on the island I had learned how to make the best out of the rainy season and the dry season, and how to plant rice and corn. They grew well, so I farmed more and more. I kept myself busy with this farming and with making more useful household items, such as baskets. I moved frequently between my two homes. My greatest wish at this moment was for a smoking pipe.

One clear day, looking out to sea, I was able to see a line of land, but could not be sure where it was. I was sure, however, that if anyone lived there, they would be cannibals. On my walks around the island I discovered more wild animals. Many times I chose to sleep outdoors in trees, to protect myself from them. When I returned home, however, I was always very happy to see my parrot and young goat.

The rest of the year passed without anything bad happening and on the second

anniversary of my time on the island, I thanked God for the good fortune I had had, the amount of food, and my ability to make a comfortable life for myself. I thanked God for easing my moments of isolation. I truly began to think my isolated life was in fact happier than the life I had previously had in normal society. I thought that where previously I had walked about the island thinking of how lonely I was, I now started to feel it was more possible to be happy here than it was in a civilised society. I actually began thanking God for bringing me to the island.

In my third year on the island I mainly read the Bible, in three separate sittings a day, searching for food every morning for three hours, and preserving and cooking the animals I had shot, or fruits and vegetables I had collected. I was constantly working on my corn and barley, improving my methods of protecting them from hungry birds.

I taught myself how to make bread and could not believe how complicated it was. In fact, I

spent six months making the tools I needed to make the grain into flour and to make the corn ready for the preparation of a loaf.

I also taught myself to make pots and I improved upon the system by making a kiln, after which I could make as many pots as I wanted. I was now able to make a stew. I seemed always to be doing something.

At this time, my pet parrot Poll, who I had spent time teaching how to speak its name, actually did so. This was the first word I'd heard since landing on the island.

I was now growing interested in the land on the other side of the island. I believed from there I might be able to spot a mainland and therefore escape. I missed Xury and the boat in which we had sailed. I decided to try and repair the wrecked ship's boat, but it kept sinking.

I then decided to build my own boat, though I was unsure of how I would be able to get the boat off land. Wrongly I chose to worry about this later, since although the boat was well-made, I was unable to get it to



the water's edge because of its weight. The only way was to build a canal to the ocean, which would surely take a long time.

I chose to observe the fourth anniversary of my arrival respectfully and was still surprised that there were no evils here at all. All the money I had was worthless and I still wished for a tobacco pipe. I thought a lot about the good fortune I had had, and spent much of my time remembering the important dates in my life.

At this point, though my clothes started falling apart, I did manage to use the skins of animals I had killed to keep me warm. The skins kept me very dry in the rain, and so I decided to make an umbrella from the same material.

I then decided to make another boat, small enough that I could get it to the water, and in the sixth year of my captivity, I set out on a voyage around the island. The sea was rough and actually took me away from the island. I began to worry that I would not be able to return. Slowly, however the wind changed,



and I was able to make it back to shore. I dropped to my knees and gave thanks to God. By night I was able to reach my country house and became terribly frightened when I heard a voice calling my name, asking where I was. It was Poll, my parrot.

For the next year I lived a quiet life. I perfected my skills in making things and was able to do more and more to further my building projects. I had less and less gunpowder however, so I began setting traps to catch goats and breed them.

At this point eleven years had past. From the goats I had milk, from which I was able to make butter and cheese. I now ate like a king. I still wished to sail around the island, but I was afraid of being carried away by the sea, and so I decided to have a boat on both sides of the island.

After several more years had passed, while visiting one of my boats, I looked down and noticed a man's footprint in the sand. I was extremely frightened as thought it must have been made by a cannibal from nearby lands. I wondered if they were on the island, and if it was perhaps even the mark of the devil.

My faith in God was being challenged. I chose to let God decide. If I was not be saved from evil, that was the way it would have to be.

## Chapter VI

### *'Friday'*



I began thinking that I might have made the footprint myself. This made me feel a little braver and I went out again to milk my goats. However, as I walked I was always afraid and often found myself turning around to look behind me. I decided to check the footprint against my own. It was much bigger. I thought that since I had not seen anyone in fifteen years, that people must have come from abroad in boats. I wanted to hide myself even more, so I made the walls stronger and planted lines of trees in front of my home. I moved my goats further away and divided them into two groups. I walked down to the shore opposite the one on which I had landed, and my fear of cannibals being on the island was confirmed when I found it covered in human bones.

I thanked God that I myself had not been eaten and that I was not as bad as these horrible cannibals. As time passed I became more comfortable with these recent events, although I was certainly



more worried about firing my gun. I also found myself caring more for my goats, so I would not have to hunt. As well as this, I set my mind on other tasks, such as learning to make beer.

I was not scared of cannibals, but I did wish to get revenge for the deaths of their victims. I wanted the chance to hurt these cannibals and save who they killed. Over and over I thought about the best way of attacking them. I went about picking the best places from which I could take aim at these disgusting men. I began a daily tour to look out for ships and then started to wonder if it was in fact my duty to take revenge on people who had not done me any personal harm, and who are most likely killing prisoners of war.

I thought repeatedly and decided that maybe it would be better to leave the cannibals in the hands of God. In this way I continued my isolated life and gave thanks to God that he had kept me alive. Occasionally I became frightened by

strange sounds close to my home, and I always stayed ready for action. I kept telling myself that if I was not able to face these evils now, I would not have been able to have lived twenty years alone on this island. Time continued to pass and I spent most of my time with my parrot and the other animals.

Then one day, I was stunned to see a fire on my side of the island. The cannibals were back. From a lookout point I could see they had two canoes, but I did not dare get any closer. Later they left the island, allowing me to investigate. I was horrified to discover the bones of human beings on the shore and once again found myself making a promise to kill these cannibals when they returned.

Around this time was the twenty-fourth anniversary of my time on the island, and this was marked by spotting the wreck of a Spanish ship. I was hopeful that there might be a survivor on board and so I hurried to my boat and rowed out to the



wreck. Apart from a dog, however, I found no survivors. I took the dog, together with some alcohol, clothing and money, and rowed back to the island.

And so I resumed my quiet steady life always thinking about my good fortune. At night however, I had nightmares about cannibals and during this time I began thinking that if I could save the life of a prisoner, or indeed a cannibal, I might be able to make him my companion and make an escape from the island. I began to realise just how lonely I had been. I waited patiently, and after a year and a half I finally saw five full canoes arrive on the shore.

Against twenty or thirty men, I wondered how I would fight. I saw two unfortunate men being pulled from the boat. While one was being beaten and cut open for the feast, the other managed to run away, in my direction. I took my two guns and went to save his life. I managed to shoot the two men running after him. The prisoner then knelt down and rested his head on my foot.

He could not believe his enemies were now dead. It seemed he had never seen a gun. Together we buried the bodies and I gave the man bread, raisins and water.

Exhausted, he then fell asleep. He was a good-looking young man, about twenty-six years old, but did not speak any English. When he woke up I managed to tell the man that his name would be "Friday", the day we first met, and that he should call me "Master".

Later, when we went out to make graves for the two men, Friday made signs that we should eat the bodies. This made me very angry and I was forced to make him understand that he himself would be killed if he ate other men. We then went together to the cannibals' bonfire, where we found the bones of the other three victims. I made Friday collect all the bones and burn them.

I then decided I would make a tent for Friday between my two homes. I did not fear Friday sleeping in my own home.



On the contrary, I found him to be the most gentle and loving man I could have possibly imagined. Friday became a loyal servant and I felt that he thought of me as some kind of father figure.

Our relationship was indeed very loving and I made it my aim to turn Friday into a civilised human-being with everything from his eating habits to religion. I taught him how to use guns and roast goats. I had discovered a wonderful reason for living.

The year continued in a most pleasant way. I was able to teach Friday a little English and in this way I was able to learn that we were in fact close to the Caribbean, but that we would need a much bigger boat if we were to return to civilisation.

I decided to teach Friday about the Christian God, although Friday found it difficult to understand why the Devil could not be beaten if God was stronger. It was my aim to make him understand that everybody, if they had done wrong, should be given the chance to change themselves



and be forgiven. This increased my faith in God by making my own ideas about Him clearer.

Friday told me that there were white men living in peace on his native land. When the weather was clear, Friday was very happy at being able to see his homeland in the distance. However, it worried me that he might try to return there and start his old habits again, although he assured me that he would only return so that he could teach the others. He even said that I would have to come with him, or he would not be able to leave. He could not even stand the idea of me sending him away as we had now been living happily together for three years. Together we had managed to build a big boat and I planned our adventure to Friday's homeland for the post-rain months of November and December.

## Chapter VII

### *'Homeward bound'*



The dry season came and we prepared to set sail. At that very moment, just before we could begin our journey, Friday saw three canoes arriving on the island. He could not hide his panic so I gave him some rum, and we took our weapons. I was not worried. They were naked, unarmed and inferior.

At first, I wanted only to scare these cannibals so I gave Friday a knife, and took a sword and a gun for myself. My plan was to scare them away with the sound of gunfire. As we got closer, however, I was disgusted to see they were eating the cooked flesh of one of the prisoners. I decided to kill the cannibals and told Friday he must do the same. I gave Friday three guns.

The next victim was a white man. We started shooting down from our hiding spot at the cannibals. They began running around, hurt and covered in blood. We ran down to free the man and some of the cannibals escaped in their canoes.

I untied the man and discovered he was Spanish. I gave him some bread and drink

as well as a gun. He immediately jumped up and started trying to kill any cannibals who remained. The three of us killed 21 cannibals, almost the entire group, except the few who had escaped in the canoe. I was then surprised to find, lying in the bottom of one of the other canoes, another victim, tied up but alive. Friday was ecstatic. It was his father. The reunion was wonderful, and I was very touched by this human emotion. We gave the prisoners bread and water. Friday and I made them some beds. I was very happy that my island could now be thought of as populated and myself the rightful ruler of this land.

Talking with the Spaniard, whose name was Christianus, I learnt that more of his men were living with the cannibals, but in peace. I would have liked to join these Europeans, but I feared becoming a prisoner myself. Christianus seemed so impressed with my island that he wanted to bring the rest of his men here to live. To prepare for this, we all worked hard to

increase the farming and breeding and in October, Christianus and Friday's father went back in the canoe to get the men.

As Friday and I waited for their return, we saw a long boat coming near the shore and further out to sea we were able to see a ship which appeared to be English. I was very excited but could not understand why they were coming here. We watched from the top of a hill for some time until the boat landed on the shore.

Nine men left the boat whilst two stayed inside. Six of the nine men had guns and began exploring parts of the island close to shore. The three other men stayed on the beach like prisoners. They were not tied up but looked scared and worried.

It was mid-afternoon and I had wanted to wait until darkness to make my move but then realised the men were all now sleeping under the trees. I came up to the prisoners with caution and asked what they were doing here. At first the men believed I had been an angel sent by God and they



began crying. I told them I was in fact an Englishman and I asked if I could help.

One man explained with terrible fear in his eyes that he had been captain of the ship but that his men had mutinied, taken him prisoner, and instead of killing him, they wanted to leave him, the first mate and a passenger on the island to die.

I explained I would try to save them on two conditions; that they swear loyalty to me, and that they take Friday and myself to England. It was agreed. I had asked if all the men were bad to which the Captain replied that there were just two in the group who were truly evil. By this time I had given the men guns and when the battle began, the two evil men were shot dead. The rest of the men survived the attack and were taken prisoner.

The captain and I told each other our stories and I gave him and his men food and drink.

The following morning we pulled the boat up onto the beach and made a hole

in it so it could not be taken by the other sailors. What's more, it could be used as an alternative form of escape if my plan was unsuccessful. As the captain had thought might happen, some men came from the ship to investigate why the other men had not returned. Ten men with guns arrived on the beach and the captain identified another two within this party who were truly evil. Seven men began looking for their fellow mutineers whilst three stayed in the boat. I knew they would be unable to find their friends, since we had tied them up and hidden them in my home.

After examining the broken boat, shouting for their friends and firing their guns, it seemed they might return to the ship and sail away, which would have been a disaster. Just as the men were about to leave, I instructed Friday and the first mate to shout from an area just within my sight. The men ran back to the shore but two stayed in the boat. At this moment we surprised the two men on the boat and took

them captive. The other men continued searching for the cries which were to keep them lost until dark. When they returned to the boat, they were shocked to find the other two men gone. We approached this group of men and the captain shot dead the main mutineer, injuring another who died shortly afterwards.

Once the captain had won his boat back by killing the new captain and those who were still on board the ship, he told me that the boat and his men were now mine. I could not believe my good fortune. He even gave me brand new clothes.

I then set the rest of the prisoners free upon the island, having given them the choice to return to England where they would be hanged, or to remain there. I explained to the men some of my secrets of survival, and left a letter for Christianus explaining what had happened.

And so I left the island on December 19, 1686; 28 years, 2 months, and 19 days after I had landed there. I chose to take my cap



made of goatskin, the umbrella I had made and my parrot Poll.

I arrived in England on June 11, 1687, 35 years after I had left it. My parents were now dead. My only relations were two sisters and the two children of one of my brothers. I found myself with little money and so decided to go to Portugal see if my plantation still existed.

I found the old Portuguese captain in Lisbon and was able to get in contact with the old plantation partners. I discovered at this point that I had become extremely wealthy through my farming so I decided to sell the plantation and settle in England.

I was now able to provide for my sisters and also the education of their children and that of my brother's children. I myself got married and had three children. It was a happy life but when my wife died, I decided to go on a voyage with my nephew to the East Indies. It was then that I saw that my island was doing very well, the Spaniards having arrived by the invitation of Friday's

father and Christianus, the first Spaniard who had landed there. There were women and young children as well as men. I look in on the inhabitants of the island from time to time.

Many more exciting things have happened in my life but these stories will have to wait.



*Notes*

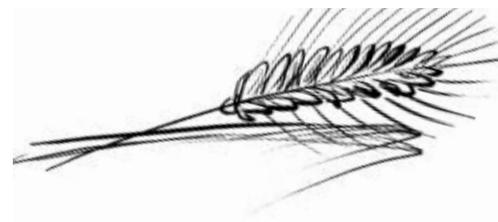
*Glossary*

to accept – przyjmować, akceptować  
accommodation – zakwaterowanie  
addiction – poświęcenie się, nałóg  
advantage – korzyść  
adventure -przysługa  
advice – rada  
to afford to – pozwolić sobie na coś  
agreement – zgoda  
to allow – pozwalać  
alternative – alternatywny, inny  
anchor – kotwica



anniversary – rocznica  
annoyance – strapienie, kłopot  
to appear – pojawiać się  
approach – dostęp, bliskość, przystępność  
army – wojsko  
ashamed – zawstydzony

ashore – ląd, brzeg  
to assure – zabezpieczać, ubezpieczać  
attempmt – próba, usiłowanie  
authorities – administracja, władze  
barley – jęczmień



battle – bitwa  
to beg – błagać  
beyond – dalej, za, poza  
bonfire – ognisko, ogień



bottom – dno  
to breed – wypielęgnować, wyhodować

calm – spokojny  
cannibal – kanibal  
captive – na uwięzi, ujęty, więzień  
captivity – niewola  
career – kariera  
cave – jaskinia



certainly – pewno, na pewno  
challenge – wyzwanie, próba sił  
chase – gonitwa, pogoń  
cheer – nastrój  
circumstance – okoliczność, ewentualność  
coastline – linia brzegowa  
comfortable – wygodny  
companion – towarzysz  
to compare – porównywać  
conditions – warunki  
confuse – zmieszany, zażenowany  
constantly – stale, trwale

contemplate – rozważać, zastanawiać się  
to continue – kontynuować  
contrary – przeciwny, odwrotny  
to convince – przekonać  
deepen – pogłębiać, zgłębiać  
delight – zachwyt  
despite – mimo, pomimo  
destination – cel, miejsce przeznaczenia  
destruction – zniszczenie  
to determine – ustalać, zdecydować  
developed – rozwinięty, rozbudowany  
disadvantage – niekorzyść  
to disappear – znikać, zanikać  
disaster – katastrofa  
to discover – odkryć  
disgusting – obrzydliwy, wstrętny  
distance – odległość, dystans  
dock – port  
duty – obowiązek, cło  
earthquake – trzęsienie ziemi  
edge – brzeg, krawędź  
elder – starszy  
enemy – wróg, wrogi, nieprzyjacielski  
to enjoy – cieszyć się

excitement – podekscytowanie  
exhausted – strudzony, wyczerpany  
experience – doświadczenie  
to explain – wyjaśniać  
exploration – badanie  
extremely – nadzwyczajnie, niezwykle  
to faint – zemdleć, zasłabnąć  
faithful – dokładny, wierny  
footprint – ślad stopy



further – dalszy, późniejszy  
to gather – zbierać, gromadzić  
goat - koza



grain – ziarno, zboże  
gunfire – wystrzał  
habit – zwyczaj, przyzwyczajenie  
hammock – hamak



harbour – port  
helpless – bezradny, nieporadny  
to hesitate – wahać się  
horrific – straszny, straszliwy  
hurricane – huragan  
illness – choroba  
immediately – natychmiast  
impossible – niemożliwy  
to improvise – improwizować  
inability – niezdolność, niemożność  
increase – wzrost, zwiększenie  
incredible – niesamowity  
indeed – naprawdę, rzeczywiście  
to indicate – wskazać, wykazać  
inferior – gorszy, niższy

inhabitant – mieszkaniec, obywatel  
inhabited – zamieszkanym  
initial – początkowy, wstępny  
to instruct – kształcić, nauczyć  
inventive – wynalazczy, pomysłowy  
to investigate – badać, dochodzić  
to invite – zapraszać  
jar – słoje, słoiki



lack – brak, niedostatek  
landslide – osuwisko, obsunięcie się ziemi  
leakage – przeciekanie, cieknięcie  
lifeboat – łódź ratunkowa  
mainland – ląd stały, kontynent  
to manage – zdołać, podołać  
massive – masywny, solidny  
to mention – wspominać, napomknąć  
middle-class – klasa średnia  
muscle – mięsień, mięsień

mutineer – buntownik  
mutiny – bunt, rewolta  
neighbour – sąsiad  
noise – hałas, wrzawa  
northern – północny  
to observe – obserwować, przyglądać się  
on foot – pieszo  
opportunity – sposobność, okazja  
parents – rodzice  
parrot – papuga



particular – szczególny, szczegółowy  
permission – zgoda  
personal – osobisty, prywatny  
to persuade – przekonywać  
plantation – plantacja  
to populate – zaludniać, zamieszkać

pot – naczynie, sagan, doniczka



to pray – modlić się

to prepare – przygotowywać, szykować

previous – poprzedni

prisoner – więzień

proper – właściwy, odpowiedni

to provide – dostarczać, akceptować

provision – zaopatrzenie, prowiant

punishment – kara

purpose – cel, zamysł, zamiar

raft – tratwa



raisin – rodzynek

to reject – odrzucać

to repeat – powtarzać

to respect – respektować, przestrzegać

responsible – odpowiedzialny

to rest – odpoczywać

risk – ryzyko

rough – szorstki, chropowaty

sadness – smutek

sailor – marynarz



savage – dziki

seasickness – choroba morską

servant – służący

to settle down – osiedlać się  
several – poszczególny  
shipmate – towarzysz rejsu  
shipwreck – wrak



shore – wybrzeże  
sickness – choroba  
to sink – tonąć  
slave – niewolnik  
to smash – niszczyć, rozbić  
society – społeczeństwo  
source – źródło, pochodzenie  
spare – niepotrzebny, zbędny  
spot – punkt, miejsce  
square – kwadrat, plac  
storage – przechowywanie, magazynowanie

storm – burza  
to stun – ogłuszać, oszalać  
to suffer – cierpieć  
sword – miecz  
task – zadanie  
tools – narzędzia  
trade – zawód, zajęcie, handel, fach  
treatment – traktowanie, podejście do kogoś  
tropical disease – choroba tropikalna  
trouble – kłopot  
uninhabited – bezludny, niezamieszkały  
unsuccessful – nieudany, bezowocny  
upbringing – wychowanie  
upset – zaniepokojony, zmartwiony  
valuable – wartościowy, kosztowny  
value – wartość, cena  
victim – ofiara  
violent – gwałtowny  
voyage – podróż  
to wave – machać  
wave – fala



wealth – majątek, bogactwo  
weapon – broń



whilst – podczas gdy  
widen – poszerzać, rozszerzać  
widow – wdowa  
worldly – doczesny, materialny, ziemski  
worthless – bezwartościowy

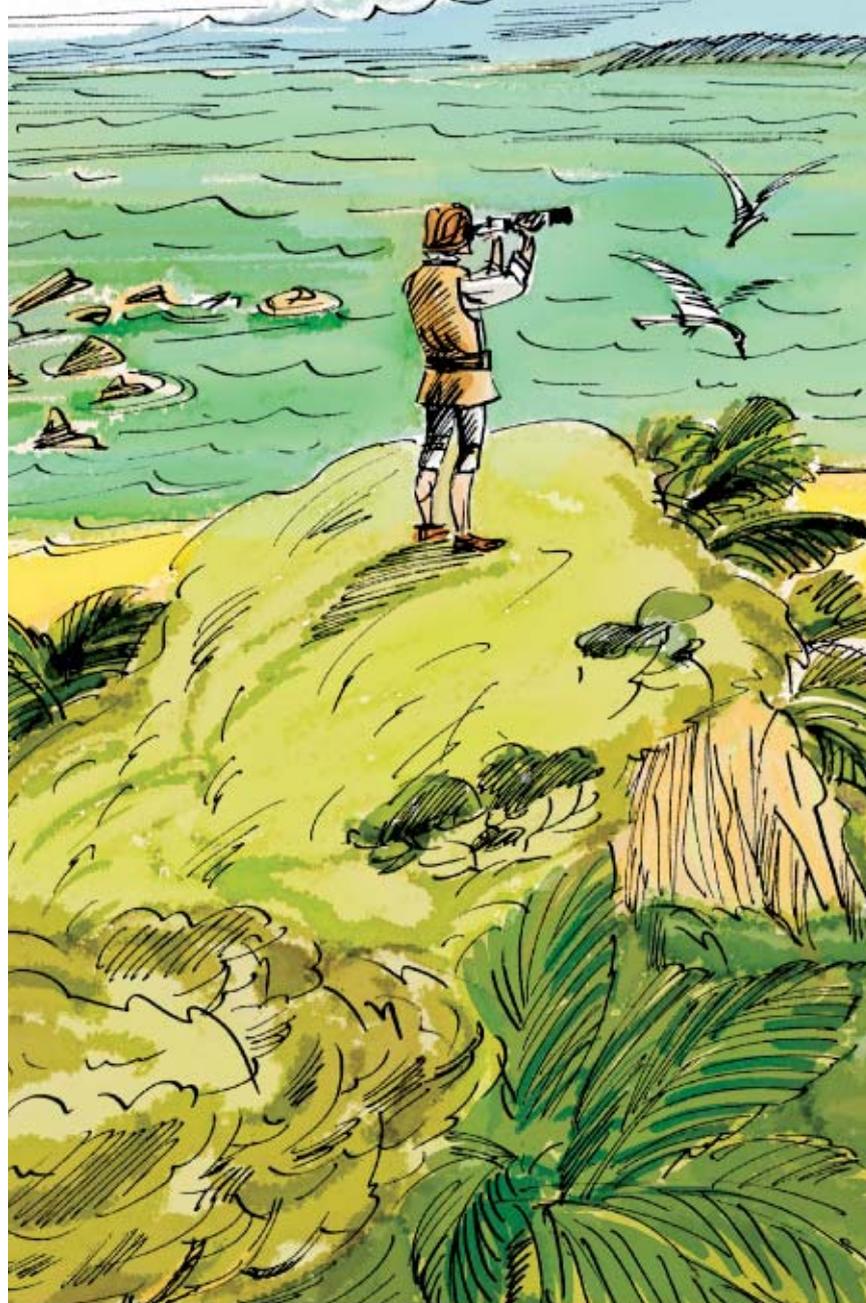
## Contents

|  |    |
|--|----|
| Chapter 1 – <i>Wanderlust</i>          | 3  |
| Chapter 2 – <i>Captured by Pirates</i> | 11 |
| Chapter 3 – <i>Shipwrecked</i>         | 21 |
| Chapter 4 – <i>Forces of Nature</i>    | 29 |
| Chapter 5 – <i>Am I really alone?</i>  | 41 |
| Chapter 6 – <i>Friday</i>              | 49 |
| Chapter 7 – <i>Homeward bound</i>      | 61 |
| <i>Glossary</i>                        | 73 |

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