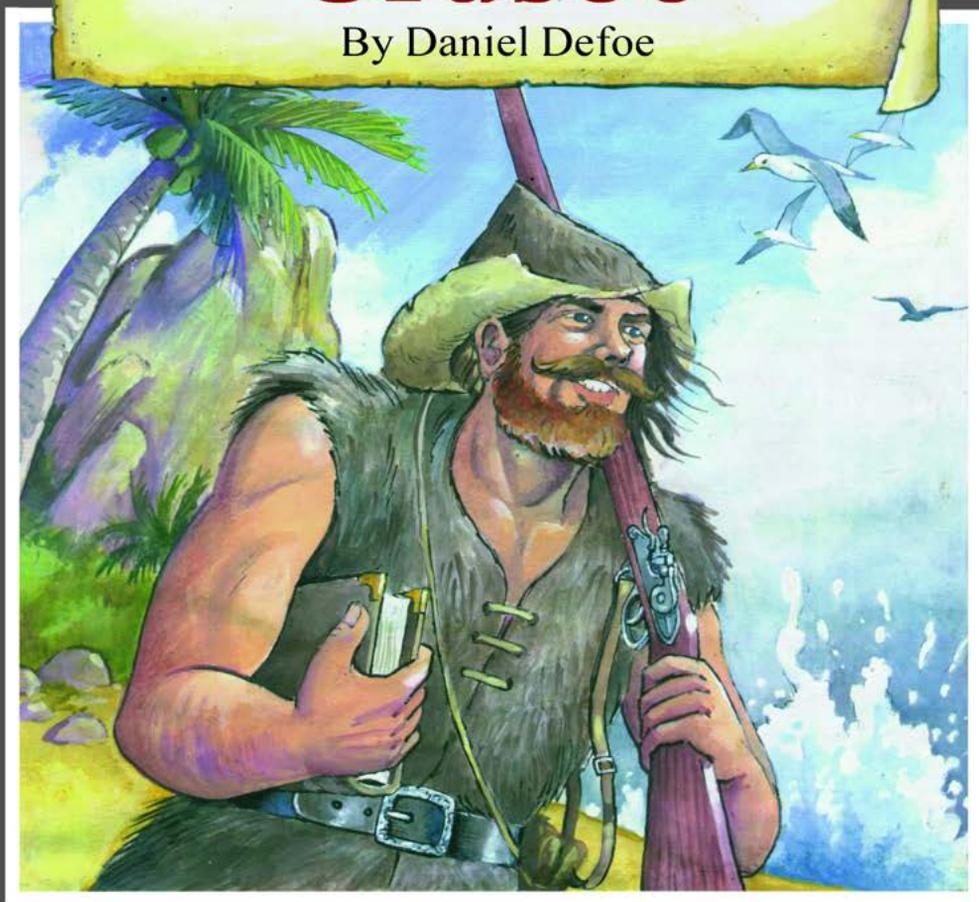


easy english stories

uses
800
words

Robinson Crusoe

By Daniel Defoe



Easy English words by David McKay

Pictures by Kevin McKay

easy english stories

Robinson Crusoe

By Daniel DeFoe



Easy English words by David McKay
Pictures by Kevin McKay

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About the Book and its Writer

Robinson Crusoe was first printed in 1719. The company that printed it said that it was a true story. When the book started to sell well, other companies printed it, making the first company angry. At this time it was not easy to stop other companies from robbing a story like this.

Daniel Defoe, the writer of the story, used the book to teach people that God can feed and protect us in any problem. Most of his other writings were to teach people the things that he believed about

God and about leading countries. Some of the companies that robbed the story from him tried to cut out the teachings about God, and this made Defoe angry too.

At the time that Defoe was writing, many people believed that good writers should use beautiful language when writing. They said that his book was an interesting story, but it was not good writing because his language was not beautiful. Today, almost 300 years later, most people who use English know this story.

Robinson Crusoe in 'Easy English'

'Easy English' books use words from the 900-word list in the Easy English Word Book. The Easy English Word Book has a picture for each word in the list, to help you understand it. Words in this book that are not in the Easy English word list are in another list at the back of this book. Many of the words have pictures beside them to help you understand them better. The list at the back of this book has Easy English words in it that are new to this book too. Before reading this book, you should read the Easy English books that come before this one.

This book uses 800 different words. Each 'Easy English' book has a number on the cover to say how many words you must know to read that book. Start with the easiest books and work your way through to the most difficult ones.

Look for the name "McKay" on Easy English books to know if they are true 'Easy English' books. These books are all easy to read.

1. My First Trip on a Ship

My name is Robinson Crusoe. I was born in the town of York in the year 1632, of a good family. My father wanted me to learn to work in the courts, but I wanted to sail in ships. My parents tried to stop me from my plan, but I stayed with it.

One morning my father asked me to come to his room and there he asked my reasons for wanting to live on a ship. He said that, by working hard in the courts I would be able to live a happy and safe life in Britain. He said that poor people work on ships because they have no other way to live. And very rich people often travel to other countries on ships because their easy lives are boring. Together these people meet with many dangers and very difficult times in their travels.



My father was very smart, and he said that the happiest people on earth are people in the middle group between the very rich and the very poor. They do not have the worries or the feelings of pride that very rich people have; and they do not have the sicknesses and problems of not having enough food that the very poor people have.

He said that my oldest brother was like me. Years earlier he had said that he wanted to join the army. My father had argued that he should stay in school or start a company, but he disagreed and joined the army. In a short time he was killed when fighting in a war.

My father said he would pray for me if I did not do what he was telling me to do, and if I started working on ships. But he said that he did not believe God would make me happy if I would not listen to what he was saying.

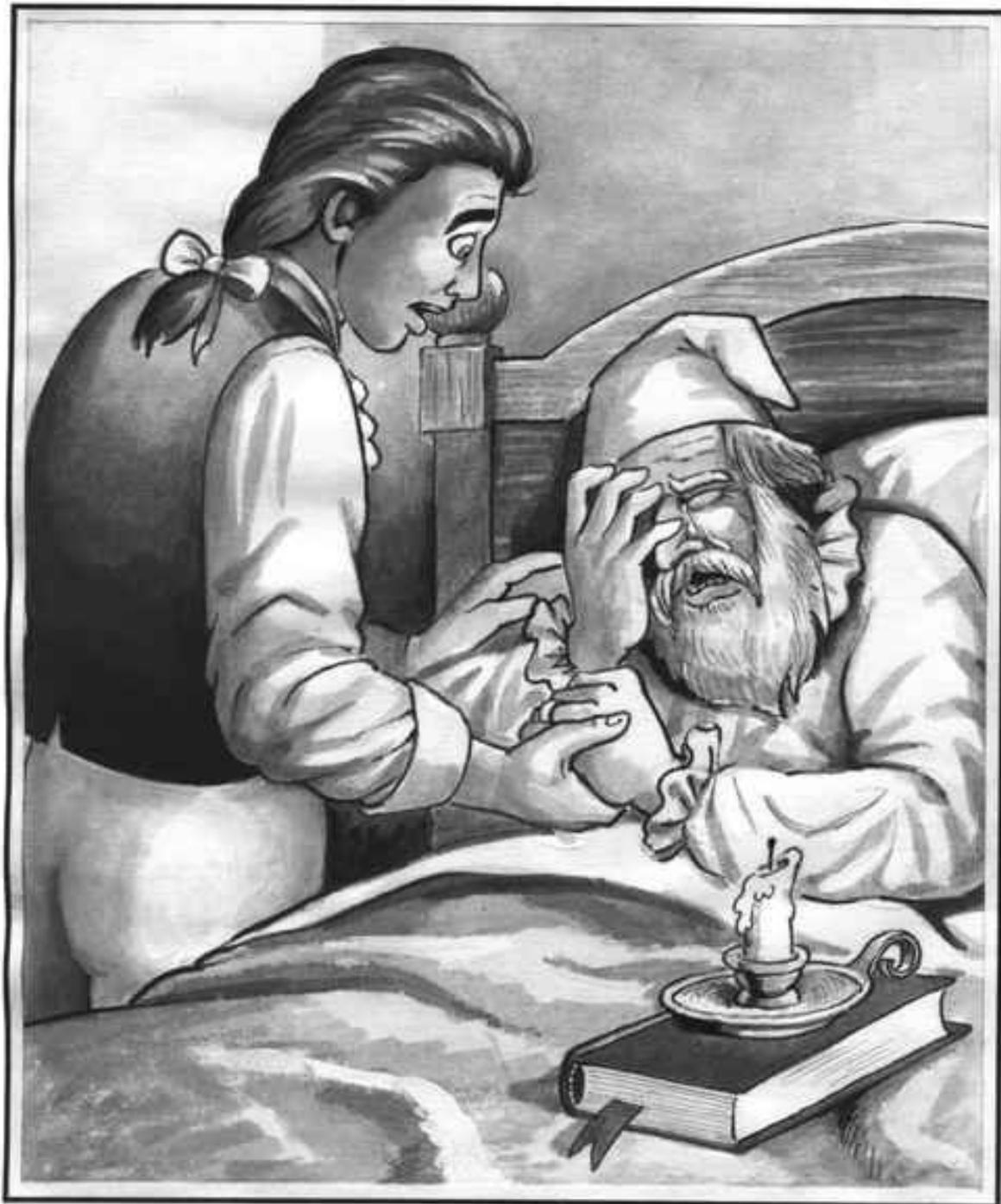
He cried as he said I would know in the future how right he was. He said I would have a long time to think of the truth in what he said, but I would have no one to help me with my problems. His crying was strongest when he talked of my dead brother. It forced him to stop talking, leaving me free to go away and think about what he had said.

My heart was moved by his words, and for a few days I had a strong feeling to forget about my plans. But the feeling quickly melted away, and, in short, to protect myself from another meeting with my father, I asked my mother to encourage him to agree to my working on a ship. I said that, at 18, I was young enough to go on one trip and return to do what he wanted if I was not happy with life on the ocean.

My mother said that my father would not change his thinking, and she could not go against him or agree to something that would bring me into much danger. For almost a year I stayed with my family. But I did not stop thinking about sailing in ships.

One day I was in Hull with a friend whose father owned a ship. He said I could come with them to London for free. Without asking my parents, or sending a letter to tell them that I was leaving, and without thinking about what God would want me to do, I started my first trip on a ship on September 1, 1651.

And what a start it was! As quickly as the ship moved out into the ocean, the wind started to blow, and the waves started to grow. Because this was my first trip, I was very sick, and full of fear. I started to think about my actions. God was punishing me for leaving my parents. I remembered my father telling me not to go. And I remembered him crying. I remembered my mother asking me to listen to my father. It was very clear to me that my actions were wrong, and I hated myself for being cruel to them.



I remembered my father telling me not to go; and I remembered him crying.

Each time the boat dropped down between two high waves, I prayed to God, telling him that I would return to my father if he would stop the waves from drowning me. I was able to see how right my father was about the dangers of the ocean and the happy life of people who are not too rich and not too poor. My thinking was very clear about this when the wind was blowing, and for some time after it stopped. But on the following day the ocean was at rest and I was not as sick. By the end of that day I was thinking how beautiful the ocean is with the sun going down behind it. From that time on the weather was perfect and I was no longer sick. My plan to return was not as clear now. My friend helped me to forget my promise to God by making drinks for himself and me. The alcohol added to the good feeling of the quiet ocean and I started to think of my praying as part of the sickness, and something I must fight against in future. Each time I started to think seriously

about God or my parents, I would shake myself away from it by drinking or by laughing and talking with my friends. In five or six days I was able to forget all of my promises.

After six days, we stopped at Yarmouth Roads because the wind was against us. Many other ships were waiting at the mouth of the river for a change in the wind.

We waited eight days before another storm, much bigger than the first one, put us in much danger. The other workers were not afraid at all in the first storm and they laughed at my fear. Because of this, I was hiding in my room trying not to show my fear or think about the danger. But after a short time I could see that the other workers were afraid this time too. Many of them were praying, and they all agreed in the end that they had not travelled in a worse storm.



Map of Britain.

When I looked out at the ocean, I could see waves like mountains breaking on the ship. The workers asked the owner of the ship to cut away the timber pieces holding up the sails. At first he was against destroying them, but when they said that the wind would push the whole ship over and we would lose it all, he agreed.

Many of the workers were talking about the ship “breaking”. In the middle of the night, with all of us waiting for the ship to go down, a worker shouted that water was coming in through a hole in the bottom. I was needed to help take water out. I worked very quickly, knowing that I would die if I did not.

As I worked below, the owner of the ship was shooting a gun above, as a sign to other ships that we were going down. One ship was kind enough to send a small boat to help us. With much work, we were able to leave our ship and all squeeze into the boat. Less than half an hour after leaving our ship, we watched it go down. The truth is that I was not able to watch much of anything because I was too sick from fear.

By this time the wind had become too strong for those of us travelling in the small boat to make our way to the other ship. We were forced to ride with the wind, waiting for it to stop. We stayed as close to the beach as we were able, and after some time, coming to a place where the beach had a sharp curve that protected it from most of the wind, we worked together to bring the boat to the beach and to put our feet on solid land again. We walked from there to Yarmouth, where the people helped us with food, a place to sleep, and money to go on to London or to return to Hull.

I know now that I should have returned to Hull. My father would have learned about the ship going down, and been very worried. If I had returned, he would have been very happy and would have showed his happiness by forgiving me and buying much food for all of the family to eat. At times I was able to see this clearly. But something in my thinking, that I do not understand, was pushing me to go on with my plan, and I would not listen to all of the good reasons for returning.

My friend, who had been trying to talk me into working on ships, stopped encouraging this action. He showed me to his father, the owner of the ship, saying that I was thinking of using my life working on ships. “Young man,” said the owner, “you should see from this trip that God is telling you not to work on ships.”

“If one very bad storm is a sign that I should not work on ships,” I asked, “is it a sign that you too should not work on ships?”

“Working on ships is now my job,” he said. “You were coming on this trip to see if you should choose this as your life’s work. The storm was a sign for you, but not for me. It could be that you are the real reason for the accident with the ship, like Jonah*. I will not step into a boat if you are in it in future.” [*A Bible story tells about Jonah running away from God on a ship, and God making a very big storm to stop him. The storm stops after the other people on the ship throw him into the ocean.]

The owner talked with me for a long time, encouraging me to obey my father and promising me that many problems would follow me if I did not.

QUESTIONS ON PART 1

1. Who did Robinson Crusoe's father think were the happiest people on earth? (page 5)
2. Was Robinson's Crusoe's family happy for him to work on ships? (page 5)
3. How old was Robinson Crusoe when he started his first trip on a ship? (pages 5 and 6)

4. When the storm started on his first trip, what did Robinson Crusoe say he would do if God would protect him from the waves? (page 8)
5. What happened to the ship that Robinson Crusoe was in when a second storm hit? (page 10)
6. The owner of the ship believed that the storm and what followed was a sign to Crusoe. What did he think the sign was telling Crusoe? (page 11)

2. I Become a Prisoner

I did not argue with the owner, but I did separate from him and go on to London. On the road, I did some thinking about returning to my father. But I was afraid that my friends would laugh at me, and my pride stopped me.

It is interesting to me when I think of it now, that pride will lead us to do things we should not be proud of, and it will stop us from fixing those same foolish actions – something that we could rightly be proud of later.

In London for some time I did not know what I wanted to do. Over time I was able to forget the dangers of sailing. I started thinking seriously about going on a ship again. I think now that it would have been good for me to work on ships, to learn the secrets of sailing; but I was always choosing the wrong thing, and at this time I had enough money to sail without doing the hard work.

It happened that I joined up with a man who owned a ship that was on its way to North Africa. He agreed to take me with him on a future trip, saying that, if I wanted to take things to sell, I could. By writing to my family I was able to get £40 from them. I used this to buy toys and other little things that he said the people in Africa would like.

I must say that, of all my trips, this was the one trip that was safest. On the way I learned much from my friend about sailing and I was able to sell the toys in Africa for almost £300 in gold powder. But this easy wealth filled my head with greedy plans to make more money.

My friend died a short time after we returned from the trip, but I agreed to travel with the new owner, using almost £100 of my money for toys this time.

The wife of the dead owner agreed to hold the other £200 for me. And I started on the saddest trip of my young life.



The wife of the dead owner agreed to hold the other £200 for me.

When our ship was between the Canary Islands and Africa, another ship started to follow us. We could see that it was a ship full of robbers and we tried to sail away from it, but it was too fast for us. About 60 robbers jumped on our ship, and three of our men died fighting them before we stopped fighting and agreed to go with them as prisoners.

The leader of the robbers made me his special prisoner, because he could see that I was young and strong. I was thinking that, if I stayed on the ship with him, one day we would try to rob a ship from Spain or Portugal and find the other ship too strong. At that time I would swim to the other ship and be free. But he did not take me on the ship. He put me in his house in a town in Morroco, where I was forced to look after the plants and do little jobs around the house.

One day I was a rich man. A day later, I was a prisoner and the poorest of workers. I looked back at the saying of my father... that I would find a time when I had many problems and was without anyone to help me. I was thinking that this was the time. Little did I know that my problems now were much smaller than ones I would have on a future trip!

I wanted to run away, but I did not have any other person to help me with a plan*. All of the other prisoners were far away, working for the king. For two years I looked for a way to leave, but I could not find any. At the end of two years some things happened to help with my plan.

[*The police in Morroco at that time would have stopped a prisoner from leaving his or her owner.]

At this time my owner was living at his house between trips. He often asked me and a young Muslim boy to go with him in a boat to fish. I was very good at catching fish. Because of this, on days when he was too tired to fish, he would send me with his brother and the Muslim boy to fish for him.

One day my owner planned to take some important friends out in the boat, to fish and to shoot some birds. He said that I should put enough food and drink on the boat for all of them, three guns, and some powder and bullets for the guns. I did this, and was waiting for him in the morning when his brother walked up and said that the friends had some other plans and would not be coming. He said that I should go with him and the young boy to catch fish for his brother. I was very happy to do this.

QUESTIONS FOR PART 2

1. What stopped Crusoe from returning to his father? (page 13)
2. On his trip to Africa, Crusoe did not need to do hard work. How was he able to travel without working? (page 13)
3. Who did Crusoe leave £200 with, on his second trip to Africa? (page 13)
4. How did the second trip to Africa end? (page 15)
5. Who would have stopped Crusoe if he had tried to run away from Morocco? (page 15)
6. What did Crusoe become very good at doing when he was in Morocco? (page 16)

3. I Run Away

I could see that the time was right for me to run away. I said to the owner's brother that we would need bread and water for ourselves, because it would not be right for us to eat the owner's expensive food and drink. When he was going for the bread and water, I robbed some tools, string, and material for making candles, and put these in the boat too.

When we sailed away from the town, with my owner's brother, the town police smiled at us, thinking we were going to fish for my owner! They could not know what I was planning.

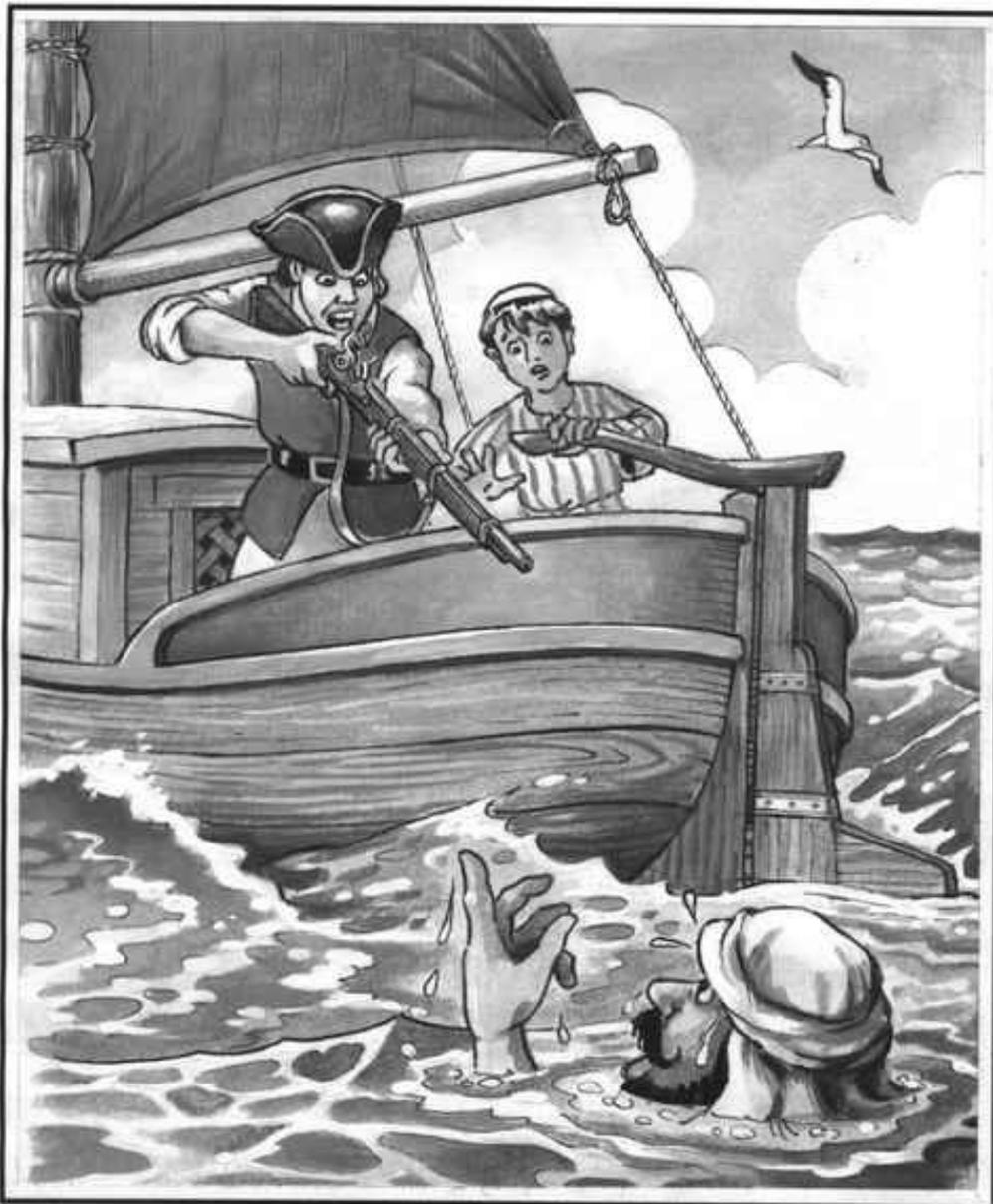
When we were one mile away from the town, we started to fish. I had been wanting to sail north to Spain, but the wind was against us. By this time I was not interested in the direction. All I wanted was to sail away from Morroco. I did not pull my fish in when they were on my line, making my owner's brother think the fishing was bad in this place. He agreed to sail to another place and see if the fishing was better there.

When the sails were up, I walked up behind him and pushed him strongly, forcing him into the ocean. He was a good swimmer and the boat was not moving very quickly. I lifted a gun and pointed it at him.

“You are a good swimmer,” I said. “I will not shoot you if you turn and swim to the beach. But if you come closer to me, I will shoot you in the head.”

He turned and started swimming toward the beach. I am confident that he was able to easily finish his swim without problems.

I said to the Muslim boy, whose name was Zuri, “If you follow me, I will help you to become an important man.



"If you come closer, I will shoot you in the head!"

But if you will not touch your face (that is, if you will not promise by God) to follow me, I will throw you into the ocean.” The boy smiled, touched his face, and happily agreed to sail all over the earth with me.

For as long as we were able to see the owner's brother swimming, we sailed into the wind, moving north. He would tell my owner that I was sailing toward Spain, and they would come in their fast ships to stop me. But after a time, we turned and moved very quickly with the wind to the south. In one day I think we would have covered 150 miles. By this time, we were away from Morroco. But we were away from all friendly people too. All that is south of Morroco are dangerous animals and wild people.

For five days I sailed without stopping, for fear of the robbers finding me. When the wind changed and was against us, I was thinking that it was safe to stop, because it would be against them too if they were following.

I had been following the beach; and coming to the mouth of a river, we pulled into it. It was almost night time, and we were planning to leave the boat when it turned dark. But when it was dark, we could hear loud noises from wild animals. Zuri was full of fear, and asked me to wait for morning before leaving the boat. I agreed, but I said that people can be more dangerous than lions, and people would come out when it was light. "We give them the shoot gun," said Zuri, "make them run away." Zuri's English was not very good, but he was right about the gun and he was happy that I agreed with him.

We were not able to sleep well, because in the dark we could hear animals coming to the water to drink.

In the morning Zuri said he would go to get water and I could stay in the boat. I asked what his reason was for this.

His answer made me see what a good friend he was: "If wild mans come, they eat me. You go 'way."

"We will go together," I said. "And if wild mans come, we will kill them. They will not eat you or me."

We each carried a gun and a water container when leaving the boat. I looked up the river for water without salt in it, as Zuri was running off to a low place about a mile away. Late in the morning Zuri returned with a dead animal over his shoulder. It was like a rabbit with long legs. He said clean water was in the place where he had been looking, but I had more than enough clean water from the river. We did not see any signs of people living in this place. People from Morroco do not live in the land south of their country, because too many lions live there.

From my other trip to this part of the earth, I remembered that the Canary Islands and the Cape Verde Islands were close to the border of Africa. English ships travel to these islands. I believed that, if I followed the border as I moved south, I would meet another ship on the way. Because I did not have the tools that are needed to sail by the stars I was not able to move far from the beach.

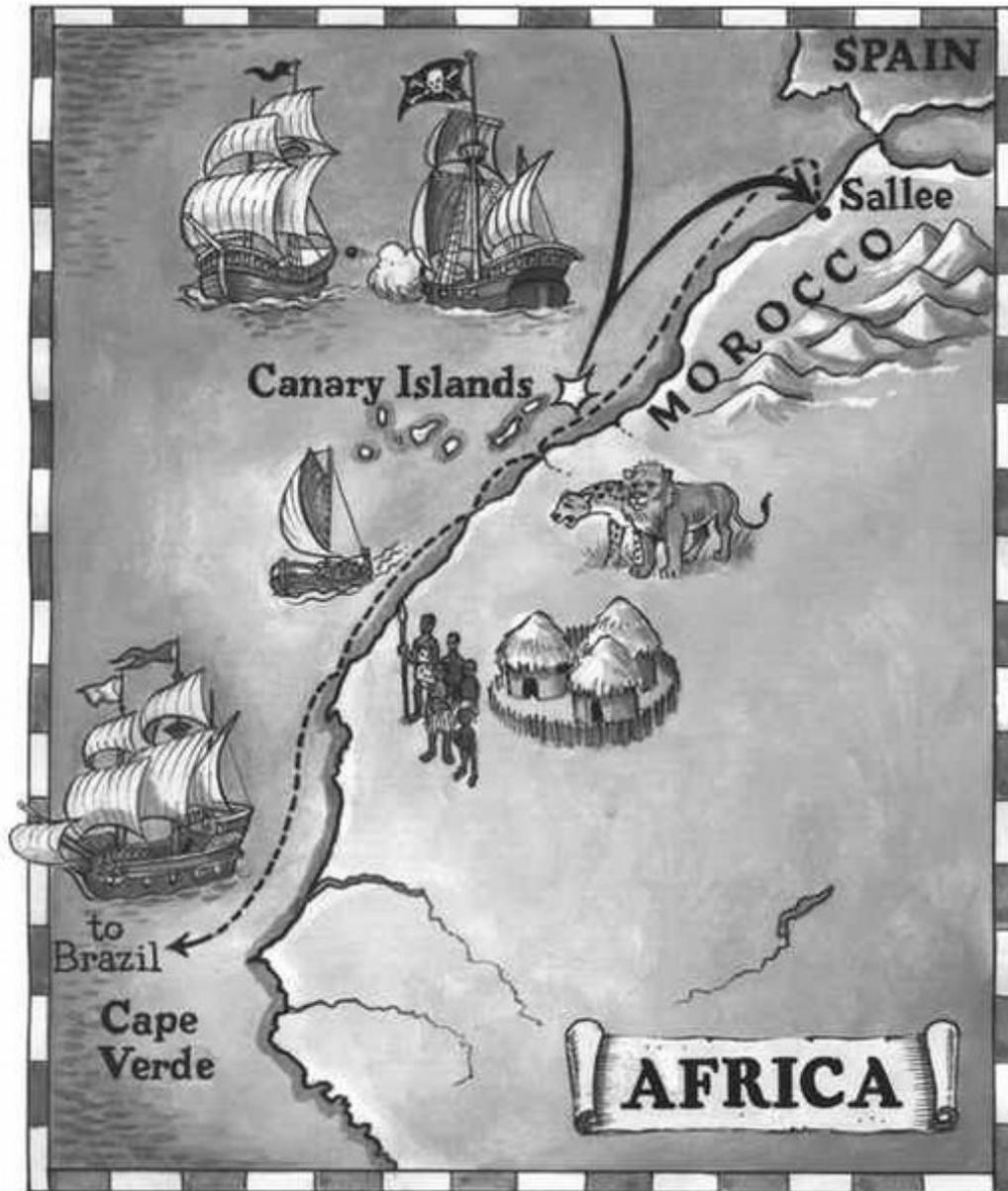
We sailed for many days, going to the beach each time that we needed water. One day when we were moving toward the beach to get water, Zuri, whose eyes were better than my eyes, said, "Leave, Robinson. Very big lion."

On a hill was a very big lion. It was sleeping.

"Do not be afraid, Zuri. You can kill it," I said.

"Me no kill! He eat me at one mouth," he answered in fear.

“I will show you,” I said, and I put two bullets and much powder in our biggest gun. I put two more bullets in another gun. And in the last gun I put five small bullets. With the first gun I tried to shoot the lion in the head. But he was sleeping with one leg in front of his head, and the bullet hit his leg at the knee. He jumped up, but was not able to step on his leg.



Map of Europe and North Africa

He made a very loud and very angry noise and started to walk away on the other three legs. I used the second gun and this time I hit him in the head. He did not make much noise, but moved in pain on the ground.

Zuri was full of confidence now and jumped into the water holding the last gun above his head. Coming to the beach, he walked up to the lion, put the gun to the big animal's ear and finished it off.

It was an interesting game, but we were not able to eat the lion. It was a foolish way to use our few bullets. Thinking that we could use the lion's skin, Zuri and I worked the whole day taking it off. We dried it in two days, and after that, I used it to sleep on.

Because we had not been able to find any other ships, and because our food was almost finished, we moved south, looking for Cape Verde, where many ships come close to the land. After 10 or 12 days of sailing, when we needed food and water, we planned to go up on the land; but on the beach we could see black people looking at us. One was carrying a spear, and Zuri said we should not go close to them. The people were running after us on the beach but they were making friendly movements with their hands.

I showed with my hands that we needed food. They asked us, through movements with their hands, to stop the boat. We stopped and two of them moved off into the trees. In half an hour they returned with dried meat and grain. We were afraid to come to them and they were afraid to come to us. But they fixed the problem by leaving the food on the beach and moving far away from it, to wait for us to come and get it. We did this, and when we returned to the boat with the food, they returned to the beach.

We were thinking about doing something kind for them in return when the people quickly separated in all directions for two leopards who were running toward the water. I do not know if the leopards were playing or fighting or if it is how a male leopard acts toward a female. But Zuri and I quickly filled the guns and I used one to shoot the first leopard in the head when it was swimming close to the boat. It tried to swim to the beach but died on the way. The other animal returned to the trees after hearing the noise from my gun. The black people who had been hiding returned slowly to the beach when they could see the danger was over. I was able to find the dead leopard by the blood in the water, and I tied a rope around it for the people to use to pull the animal to the beach.

They were very happy to have the animal because they used it for meat. They asked me to take some of the meat, but I did not take it. I asked for the skin, and they cut it off with sharp pieces of timber faster than we could cut with a knife. I asked for water, and they carried big containers of water and food to the beach for us to take with us.

With this food and water we were able to sail for 10 or 11 days more. When the food was almost finished, we looked out to see land projecting far into the ocean. I could see islands on the other side of it.

"It must be Cape Verde," I said to myself. Crossing open ocean to go to the islands would be dangerous for our little boat. I was thinking about how to do this when Zuri shouted, "A ship with a sail!" The foolish boy was afraid that the ship was from Morocco, come to punish us. But when I looked, I could see it was from Portugal. We moved quickly to be close enough for the ship to see us when going by, and I started shooting a gun to show that we needed help. In a short time we were safe on the ship.

I promised to give all that I had to the owner of the ship for helping us, but he said he would take nothing from me. "I am going to Brazil," he said. "You will be far from your own country, and you will need all that you have to start a new life in Brazil."

The owner liked my boat too, and agreed to buy it from me for a good price. He asked to buy Zuri to be his worker, and I wanted to be kind to the owner and kind to Zuri too.

The owner agreed that Zuri could be free after ten years, and Zuri was happy to go with him when he learned that.

QUESTIONS FOR PART 3

1. Who was with Crusoe when he was leaving Morocco, that stopped the police from coming after him? (page 17)
2. How did Crusoe make his owner's brother think he was going to sail to Spain after leaving him? (page 19)
3. What were the two dangers that Crusoe said he faced by sailing south, around Africa? (page 19)
4. What was Crusoe's reason for sailing toward the Canary Islands and the Cape Verde Islands? (page 20)
5. What did Crusoe do with the lion that he killed? (page 22)
6. What did Crusoe give to the people who helped him with food? (page 23)
7. Zuri was Crusoe's good friend. But he was happy to be owned by the new ship owner. What was the reason for this? (page 24)

4. I Learn to Grow Sugar-Cane

The trip to Brazil was a good one. The owner of the ship did many kind things for me. He agreed to pay for the leopard skin and the lion skin and any other things I wanted to sell. By doing this, he was giving me enough money to start a new life in Brazil.

I stayed for a time with a man who grows sugar-cane. From him I learned that there is good money in growing sugar-cane. Using most of the money I had I was able to buy a piece of land. The owner of the land beside my land was like myself. His parents were from Britain, and he too was starting to grow with very little money. For two years we used most of our time to grow food for ourselves. The following year we were able to use some land to grow tobacco, planning to start growing sugar-cane the year after that.

It was clear by this time that it had been foolish for me to sell Zuri, because I needed him to help me with the work. Good workers would make my job much easier, and with them I would be able to make the land bring in much more money.

I was coming to the place where my father had encouraged me to stay in Britain; I was moving into the middle group of people (between the rich and the poor) after a few years of being very poor. "If I had listened to my father, I would be living like this in Britain, and not be 5,000 miles away, living with people I do not know," I often said to myself. I had the feeling that I was living like a man on an island, with no family or other friends around to help him. I now see that God must listen to people who think life is difficult for them, and make their lives more difficult to teach them that they should have been happy with what they had when they had it. The truth is, my life was very



good there in Brazil. If I had not tried too quickly to become richer, I would have been a rich man in a few short years.

The friendly owner of the ship that carried me to Brazil had agreed that, when he returned to Portugal, he would send for £100 of the money that the woman in Britain was holding for me. He used it to buy tools, to pay a worker who had agreed to stay with me for six years, and to buy many other things from Britain. He returned to Brazil with these things at a time when I most needed all of them to grow my sugar-cane. In the things that he carried for me there were many things that I did not need too. I was able to sell them at a very good price, giving me enough to pay for two more workers on top of the worker from Europe.

Some people do not know how to be rich, and I think I must be one of them. With the help of my workers I had been able to grow more than 5,000 pounds of tobacco in the first year, enough to fill my head with bigger plans for making bigger money in the following years. The problem is that my plans were growing faster than my ability to carry them out, and this is what destroys many rich people. I had lived almost four years in Brazil. By this time I could talk the language. I had many friends, and I often talked to them about the easy money to be made by selling things like toys, knives, and pieces of glass to people in Africa. I said that the people there pay in gold powder, but they will pay by giving prisoners as workers too. In Brazil you cannot sell people as prisoners without a special paper from the leaders of the country. This paper is difficult to get. Farm owners will pay a very big price for the few black workers that are in the country. Because of this, some rich men in the town listened greedily when I talked of giving toys and receiving black workers from Africa in return. The following morning three of these men talked to me secretly about sending a ship to Africa to get workers for them without a paper from the leaders of the country. They agreed to give me workers for my farm if I would go on the ship to buy the workers in Africa for them. At this time my farm was starting to bring in good money. By staying there I would have quickly become rich. To leave on a trip like this at this time was the most foolish thing that I could do.

But that is what I did.

QUESTIONS FOR PART 4

1. How did Crusoe get money to buy land in Brazil? (page 25)
2. What did Crusoe need, to make his work easier and to make more money from the land that he had? (page 25)
3. What did Crusoe say was God's reason for making life more difficult for people who think their life is difficult to start with? (page 26)
4. What did Crusoe plan to get in Africa? (page 27)
5. What was his reason for keeping his plans secret in Brazil? (page 27)

5. A Bad Day to Start a Trip

I was doing again what I did to my father. I was closing my ears to the truth and running after the good feeling of doing things that are different, interesting, dangerous, and often very wrong. I

agreed to go on the trip if the rich men in Brazil would help to work my land for the time that I would be away. I made papers saying that, if I died, my land would go to the kind ship owner from Portugal.

My friends quickly made an agreement with the owner of a ship in Brazil to go to Africa. The ship carried 11 workers plus the owner and his boy. I joined them in the ship on a very bad day... 1 September, 1659. And we started to sail that same day. This was the day, eight years earlier in Hull, that I had started my first trip, leaving my family to worry about me from that day to this.

For a few days we moved north, following the border of South America. The way ships travelled in those days was to move north of the equator before turning east and sailing toward the top of Africa. The weather was good, but hot.

After 12 days we crossed the equator. We were almost to the point of turning when a very strong storm, like they often have in that part of the earth, hit our ship. We were not able to do anything to control the ship, and for 12 days we moved in any direction that the storm moved, thinking each day that it would be our last. In these 12 days, one worker died from a sickness and another worker and the boy drowned after being pushed off the ship by the waves.

When the storm stopped, we learned that we were above the top of South America. Our ship was too broken to travel to Africa, and the owner was thinking about returning to Brazil. I was against this, and, after studying the maps, I asked if we could try for Barbados.



Map of the top of South America

He agreed, and said that, with good weather we would be there in 15 days. But good weather for 15 days is not easy to find in these waters. A second storm hit us, forcing us far to the west, away from the roads that most ships used. One morning, with the wind blowing strongly, a worker shouted "Land!" A short time later the ship hit roughly against a sand bar. It was not able to move, and the waves hitting sharply against the side promised to break the ship into pieces in a very short time. At first we waited in fear, knowing that we would all die when the waves had finished their work. We had no way to move off the sand bar, and the beach was about five miles away, through very high waves.

One of our boats had been destroyed in the first storm, but when the wind died down a little, we all worked together to put the other boat into the water. Eleven of us squeezed into it, knowing that the boat was not strong enough to make the trip. The waves hitting against the beach would break it into a thousand pieces. We most seriously prayed for God to be kind to us as we started toward our death.

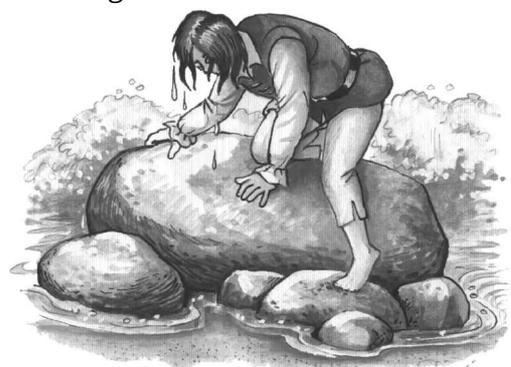


We prayed for God to be kind to us as we started toward our death.

The wind quickly pushed us toward the beach, and we helped the boat to move in that direction as we were able. We covered more than four miles of the distance before a wave like a mountain hit us on the side, turning the boat over and separating us from each other and from the boat. I was a very good swimmer, but I could not breathe under the big wave as it carried me quickly toward the beach. It dropped me in shallow water, but I was half dead from the water in my lungs. I tried to run through the water toward the beach, but I turned to see another mountain of water coming toward me. I was quickly buried in the middle of it, but I used all my strength to get to the top.

My lungs were about to explode when I could feel my head and hands shoot out through the top of the water. I had one short taste of air before the waters covered me again.

When I could feel the wave moving back toward the ocean, I touched the bottom with my feet and used all my strength to stop myself from going with it. Again I started running toward the land in the short rest between waves.



Two more times this happened, and each time I moved closer to the beach. But the last of these two waves almost killed me by throwing me against a big rock. All air was forced out of my lungs, and I would have drowned if another wave had come quickly after it.

When another wave did come, I hugged the rock and waited for the wave to leave. From here I was able to run close enough to the beach that the following waves were not able to carry me away. One more run was enough to take me to dry land.

I could see by that time that I was safe, and I looked up to shout my happiness to the sky. Words cannot say what people feel when they know that they are dying and something happens to give life back to them again. I walked around the beach, lifting up my hands and saying with my whole body that I was happy to be alive.

When the waves were not too high, I could see the ship. It was very far away, and I asked myself how I had travelled all that distance without drowning.

But my feelings were mixed, because I could see that not one of the others was alive. After a time of happiness about being alive, I started looking around at the place I was in. I was alive, but my problems were many. I had no food or water, no weapon, and no dry clothes. Night was coming, and I was afraid that wild animals would kill me.

I was able to find drinking water not far from the beach and, after drinking enough, I cut a stick for a weapon and fixed a place in a tree, where I was able to hide from wild animals all night. I was very tired, and in a short time I was asleep.

QUESTIONS FOR PART 5

1. Crusoe said that he had been closing his ears to the truth when he agreed to make another trip to Africa. What was the good feeling that made him want to go? (page 28)
2. About how far from the beach was the ship when it hit roughly against a sand bar? (page 30)
3. How many storms did the ship go through before Crusoe landed on the island? (pages 28 and 30)
4. How many people on the ship died on the trip from Brazil to the island? (pages 28, 30, and 32)
5. Where did Crusoe sleep on his first night on the island? (page 33)

6. I Bring Many Things from the Ship

In the morning the weather was clear, the wind had stopped, and the ocean was flat. I was most surprised to see that the ship had moved away from the sand. The waves had pushed it almost up to the same rocks where the waves had almost killed me the day before. The ship was now less than a mile from the beach. I tried to think of a way to go to it to find things to use on the island.

Coming down from my place in the tree, I could see the little boat too. It had washed up on the beach, about two miles west. I walked toward it, but was stopped by a neck of water about half a mile across. Thinking that it was more important to go to the ship, I returned without the boat.

By the middle of the day the ocean was at its lowest, and I could walk most of the way out to the ship. I could see that if we had stayed in the ship, we would have all been alive, for it would have been easy to swim from the ship to the beach after the waves had stopped.

After swimming out to the ship, I pulled myself up to the floor by a piece of rope that was hanging down the side of it. The front of the ship was full of water and sand, but the back was high up out of the water. All that was in it was dry.

I filled my pants with bread and poured myself a good drink from the ship's wine. After eating and drinking, I started making a raft to carry things from the ship to the land. I used a saw to cut big pieces of timber from the ship, tied ropes to them, and pushed them over the side.

Down in the water I was able to tie these pieces together to make a raft that was strong enough to stand on. I added more and more pieces of timber to make it stronger. It was difficult work, but it was very important for me to get all that I could from the ship before another storm washed it away.

Knowing this, added to my strength and enthusiasm. The first thing I put on the raft were some big strong boxes. I filled these with bread, rice, cheese, and dried meat. I carried clothes, big containers of wine, and a box of tools down to my rough boat too. I added four guns, two swords, and some gun powder and bullets before returning to the beach.

On the way to the beach I was forced to go with the wind and the soft movement of the water. Together these pulled me a short distance to the east, to the mouth of a very small river. I tried to hold the raft in the middle of an ocean channel leading to the river, but at one point the front of it pushed up on a big rock and the containers started to move. I pushed against them from the end of the raft that was in the water, holding them with all of my strength for almost an hour, before the water coming in from the ocean lifted us off the rock.

I moved the raft into the little river, and, seeing a flat piece of land on the right side, I waited for the time when the water was deepest and pushed the raft up over that piece of land without any containers falling off. When the height of the water dropped, the raft and boxes were safe and dry.

It was time to study where I was, to learn if I was on an island or on part of South America, and to find the best place to put my things. A mile away was a tall, steep hill. Taking two guns with me for weapons, I travelled to the top of that hill, where I learned that the ocean was on all sides of me.

Two small islands were about ten miles to the west. I could see no sign of other people living on the island I was on, and birds of many colours and sizes and two or three rabbits were all the animals I was able to see on this trip.

I finished the day by bringing the boxes up to higher ground and using them to make a little wall around myself, because I was afraid that wild animals would eat me in the night. Later I learned that I did not need to fear the animals on this island.

The following day I could see that I must make as many trips to the ship as I was able, getting as many things as I could before a storm destroyed it. The raft was too big to pull out to the ship, but I was smarter this time and, after swimming to the ship, I made a smaller raft to carry fewer things. Some of the things I carried on the second trip were bags of nails, a round stone to make tools sharp, a telescope, three long strong metal bars, more guns, bullets, and clothes, a sail, blankets, and a bed that hangs between two trees.

When I returned to the land, a small wild cat was on one of my boxes. Seeing me, it moved a short distance away and looked at me without any sign of fear. I put a piece of dry bread on the ground. The cat walked up to it and smelled it before happily eating it. It waited for a time for more, but I did not have enough for myself and it walked away in the end.

I used the sail to make a big tent, and carried all of the things that needed to be dry in under it. The empty boxes I put in a circle around the tent. I put blankets on the ground and two guns beside me before going to sleep. That night I had a very good rest for the first time, after two days of very hard work.

For many more days I made a trip to the ship each day, bringing ropes and sails and any other pieces that I was able to cut away. After five or six trips I was surprised to find three big containers of bread, sugar, and flour. I

covered each piece of bread in a piece of the sail to keep it dry before bringing them all to land.

A few days later, in a room on the ship, I uncovered a box with knives, forks, scissors, and many coins. I smiled at the money and said, "You drug! What good are you here? One knife is more help than all of you. I will leave you here and you can go to the bottom like the nothing that you are." But in the end I carried the coins to land with the other things.

On one of the last trips I cut as many big pieces of the ship as I could to make a very big raft. On this I put some of the heaviest ropes and metal pieces of the ship. This was the most difficult raft to control. When it was in the river, close to the place where I put the other things, one end lifted, throwing me and all of the things on it into the river. But when the water was down I was able to swim to the bottom and bring many of the pieces of rope and some of the metal pieces up to the land.

If a storm had not come I would have been able to bring the whole ship to land, piece by piece. But 23 days after falling on the island, when I was on the ship again, the wind started to grow, and the sky turned dark. There was no time to take the raft. I jumped into the water and started swimming quickly to the beach. By the time I finished my swim, the waves were very big.





One end lifted, throwing me and all of the things on it into the river.

I was happy to be in my tent with my wealth around me that night. All that night the winds were blowing and big waves were breaking on the island. In the morning I could not see the ship. I was not surprised, but I was happy that I had finished most of my work before the storm.

QUESTIONS FROM PART 6

1. If the men had stayed in the ship, what would have happened to them? (page 34)
2. What did Crusoe use to carry things from the ship to the island? (page 34)
3. What helped Crusoe to lift the raft over a piece of sand, and to put it down on the dry land where he wanted to stop? (page 35)

4. Where did Crusoe go to see if there was ocean on all sides of the island? (page 35)
5. What animals did Crusoe see on his second day on the island? (page 36)
6. What did Crusoe find in a box with knives and scissors, that was of no good to him on the island? (page 37)
7. How many days was Crusoe on the island before the ship was destroyed by another storm? (page 37)

7. I Build My House

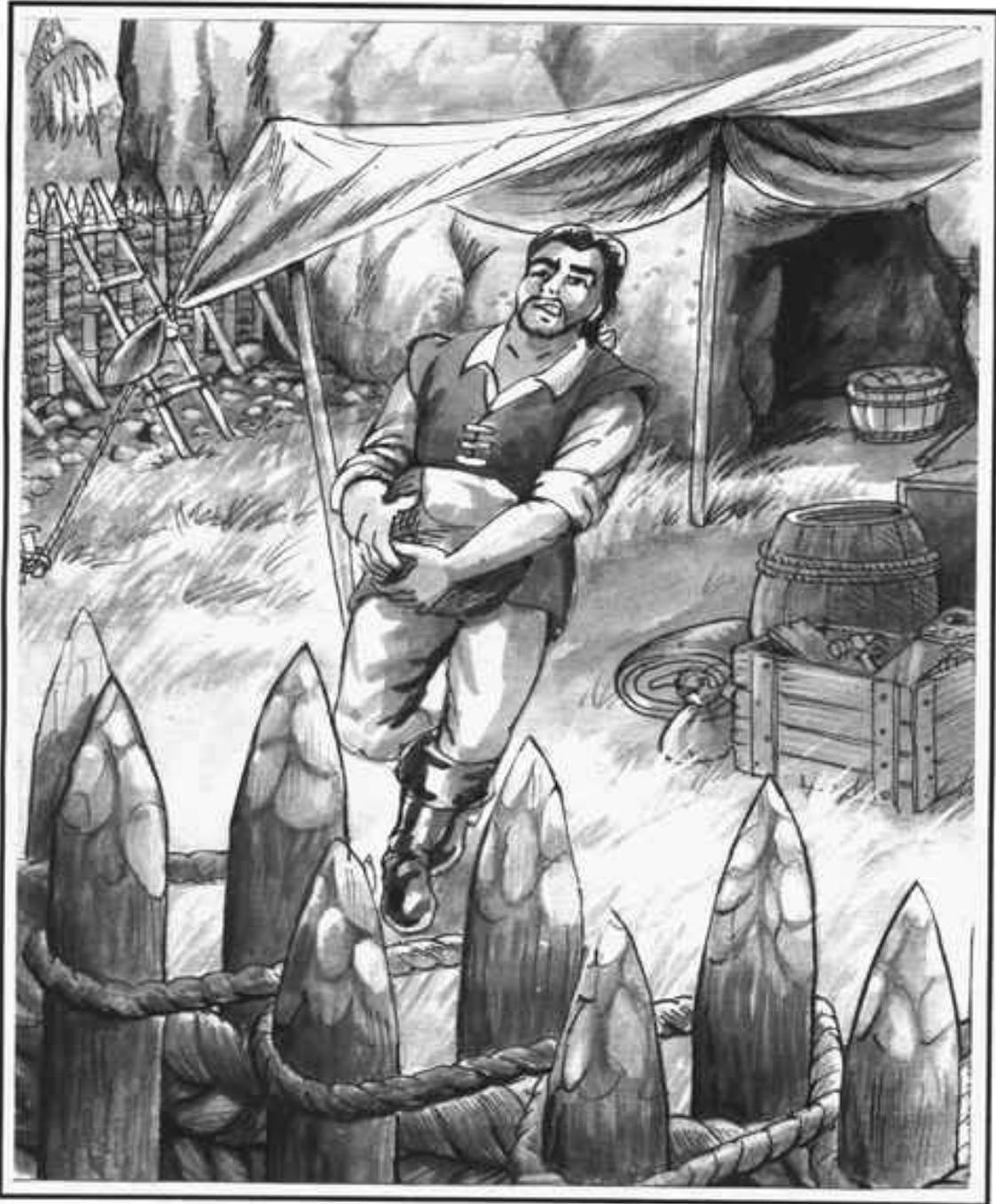
My thinking now was all on making a house. I wanted to be in a place where I would be safe from dangerous animals and people and from the heat of the sun, but able, too, to see if a ship happened to come that way.

On the northwest side of a hill near the beach was the perfect place. I could build and plant on a big flat piece of ground on that side of the hill without people seeing me from the beach. The hill protected me from the sun for most of the day. That side of the hill was too steep for people or animals to come down on me from above, but I was able with ladders to go up the cliffs to a place where I could see over the hill to the ocean.

A shallow hole projected into the side of the cliff.

Piece by piece I carried all my wealth into a very big half circle that I made on the ground around this hole in the side of the cliff. I made a big tent from the sails, to protect it all from the rain. Under this tent I made a second tent, and put up the rope bed between two strong vertical sticks in the ground.

In time, I hammered long sticks with sharp points on the top of them into the ground on each side of the half- circle line on the ground. In the narrow space between these two fences I put the heaviest ropes from the ship, line on line, up to the height of a man. Inside the circle, at an angle to this fence, I put strong short sticks to give more strength to the fence. I did not put a door in the fence. In the place of a door I made a ladder, that I was able to pull over after me when I was inside. In this way, I was perfectly safe at night.



I put stones from my digging against the inside of the fence.

The stone in the cliff was like sand. With hard work I was able to make the hole deeper. After working for a few weeks, I had another room in the side of the cliff. I put all the dirt and stones from my digging against the inside of the fence, making it stronger.

I was almost a year finishing all of this work, and in the middle of the job a big storm hit the island. Lightning hit very close to me and the first thing I remembered when it happened was the gun powder. I was thinking that if lightning were to hit the powder it would all be destroyed in one big explosion. I was more worried about not having powder to shoot animals for food than about dying in the explosion. When the storm finished, I separated the powder into more than 100 different containers, hiding them in different places where an explosion from one would not start an explosion in any others.

From the start I would go out for a few hours each day looking for food. I learned that many wild goats lived on the island; but they were very shy. It was difficult to move close enough to shoot them. But by studying them I learned that they do not look up. If they are above me on the hill, they see me coming from below and run away; but if I come down on them from the top of the hill, it is easy to move close enough to shoot.

After I had been on the island 10 or 12 days, I started thinking that I would not remember months and years if I did not list the days in some way. I put up a very big piece of timber on the beach and cut these words into it: "I started living here on 30 September, 1659."

I cut a mark for each day with my knife, making a longer mark after each seven days. In this way, I was able to count up the number of weeks, months and years that I was there.



I have said how I made a strong fence around my house in the first year on the island. In time I put long, strong branches from the fence to the cliff and covered them with smaller branches to make a roof on my big house. And I made the hole in the cliff bigger, to give me more room.

With my house finished, I was able to work on making anything I needed to put in it. I learned that with hard work and the right tools (and often without the right tools) a person can learn to make almost anything.

If I wanted a flat piece of timber, I would cut down a tree and cut it flat on each side with an axe. It was slow work, but in time I made myself a table and a chair and long shelves down one whole wall

of the big room in the cliff. On the shelves I was able to put all of the things I owned, in a way that it was easy for me to find anything.

What I needed most were digging tools and tools for joining cloth together. In the end, I used a piece of timber and a heavy metal bar for digging. It was very slow work, but I had more than enough time to do it in.

In the boxes I carried to the island were many things. Some of them I used and some I did not. I had pens, ink and paper, some tools for telling the direction, maps, three Bibles and some other books. The pens and ink were the most important to me at this time. When my house was almost finished, I started to have time for other things. One of the first things I did was to make a list of what I did each day and to put these together in a book. In all my time on the island I tried many times to make ink but did not learn how to make it, and because of this, when the ink was almost finished I stopped writing each day. After this I put nothing more than the most important things that happened each year in my writings.

I will take time here to say what I was thinking at this time.

The storm pushed us hundreds of miles away from the ocean roads that most ships use. Because of this, I believed no ship would come this way, and one way or another I would die on the island. I often cried when thinking about it. At times I would think that God was very cruel to leave me here without anyone to help me.

But one day Truth argued with me (inside my head), saying “It is true that you are in a difficult place. But think about this: Where are the other ten people who were with you in the boat? Is it better to be here or to be with them?” I started to think about some of the things that happened to make my life better. If the ship had not landed close to the beach and stayed there for many days, I would not have guns, tools, clothes, a tent, or many of the other things that were making life easier for me now. The right thing for me to do was to make the best of the life I had.

To help me in times when I would feel sad or angry about my problems, I made a list, showing the good points and the bad points of my life.

<i>Bad Points</i>	<i>Good Points</i>
I am a prisoner on this island.	But I am alive and not drowned like the others.
I am away from all other people.	But I have food enough to live.
I have no way to make more clothes.	But the weather is warm enough that I do not need clothes.
I have little to protect me from wild animals.	But I see no dangerous animals on this island.

This list shows that we can always find some good in the middle of any problem.

My story this far jumps around from one time to another. I will now print the book I was writing about my life in the first years on the island, before my ink was finished. It will tell again some of what I have said up to this point.

QUESTIONS FOR PART 7

1. Crusoe wanted to be able to see far out in the ocean from his house. Where did he build his "house" to be able to do this? (page 40)
2. What did he build around his house to protect it? (page 40)
3. How was Crusoe able to move close enough to the goats to shoot them for food? (page 42)
4. What did Crusoe use to remember days and weeks and months? (page 42)
5. What was one of the first things that Crusoe did after he finished making his house? (page 44)
6. What did Crusoe make to help him through the times when he would become sad or angry about the problems that faced him? (page 45)

8. The Book

September 30, 1659.

I, Robinson Crusoe, started my life on this island that I will name "The Island of Sadness". All of the other men from the ship I was travelling on drowned.

October 1.

In the morning I looked up to see our ship had moved much closer to the island. The storm was over and I was able to swim out to the ship.

October 1-24.

Made many trips to the ship, bringing things to the island on rafts. The weather was quiet, but it rained most days.

October 20.

The raft turned over, with all that it carried going to the bottom. But the water was shallow and I was able to bring most of the things to land, piece by piece.

October 25.

A storm started and washed away the ship. Used the day to cover all that I had carried from the ship before it was destroyed.

October 26.

Walked almost all day looking for a place to put my house. Toward the end of the day I marked out a half circle on the ground in front of a cliff where I was to build.

October 27-30.

Carried all that I owned to the place where I was planning to build.

October 31.

Started looking for food on the island and was able to kill a goat.

November 1.

Put up two strong timber pieces to hang my rope bed from, and put up a very big tent above it from the ship sails.

November 2.

Made a rough wall around my bed with the boxes, timber pieces, and other containers from the ship.

November 3.

Killed two birds like ducks. Started to make a table, using timber from the ship.

November 4.

Started a plan for my day, with time for building, time for catching food, and time for a rest in the hottest part of the day.

November 5.

On the beach I watched many different birds and two or three seals.

November 7-12.

Finished the table and made a chair. I pulled it to pieces many times before I was happy with it.

November 13-16.

A lightning storm made me afraid that my gun powder would all explode. I made 100 little boxes to put the powder in and put them in places very separate from each other.

November 17.

Started digging a room into the wall of the cliff with a metal bar, but I needed a spade to lift the dirt and a basket to carry it.

November 18-22.

Finding a tree with timber that was almost as hard as metal, I was five days shaping a spade from a big branch of this tree. I was not able to make baskets at this time, but I used a flat piece of timber to carry dirt on.

November 23-December 9.

Made the hole in the cliff big enough to live in.

December 10-16.

Having made the room too big, a very big piece of stone and dirt dropped from the roof and one wall, giving me much fear. I used these days to clean up the dirt and to put strong timber pieces up against the roof to protect me in future.

December 17-19.

Put up shelves in my new room and hammered nails into the wall. Now I have a place for each thing and my house is very neat.

December 20-23.

Made another table and more shelves. Have used up most of the timber from the ship.

December 24-26.

Rain day and night. Was not able to leave my house.

December 27-31.

Too hot to work in the sun. Stayed in my room each day, going out at night to look for food.

January 1-2.

Going more into the middle of the island I learned there were many more goats. Tried to catch one or two alive, but was not able.

January 3.

Started my half-circle fence. (I will leave out much about the fence because I said it earlier in this book. But I will say that I worked from January 3 to April 14 on it, with rain often making my work difficult for weeks at a time. In the end I had a fence much stronger than I needed to protect me from any danger.)

I Throw Away Some Grain

In the first few months, I was without candles because I had nothing to make them from. But I learned to keep the fat from goats and put it in a little dish with a piece of string hanging from it. The light from this was not very good, but it was better than nothing.

One day when looking through my things, I was surprised to find an empty bag that looked like it would be good for something. On another trip I think the bag had been filled with grain; but it was empty now. A mouse had finished off almost all of the grain, and on the bottom were the hard seed coverings and some dirt. Shaking out the dirt and hard coverings on one side of the ground by the fence, I used the bag for some other job.

This happened a short time before the rains started, and about a month later I was surprised to see 10 or 12 small green plants coming through the ground. I watched these for a few weeks. Little by little some of them started to look like rice plants and others were becoming perfectly like our English grain plants. I did not remember the bag at the time, and, because of this, I believed that what happened could not have happened without help from God.

Before this time, my thinking about God had always been very shallow. I believed that things happened because people make them happen and God has little or no part in it. But I started to think that God had put these plants here as a special way to help me. For a time I was very happy about this, and I cried a little when first seeing my "plants from God".

But, after looking around my part of the island and finding that these plants do not grow in any other place, I remembered earlier shaking the bag out in that place.

I must say that my love for God dropped when I learned that I had a part in making the plants grow. But it was not right that my love should change, because God played a part in stopping the mouse



from eating the last few grains; and he played a part in having me shake the bag out in the right place and at the right time (a few days before the rains started). If this had not happened the plants would have died without me finding them. When the plants had finished growing (at the end of June), I put each grain into a container to be used to plant again. I did this for four years before I was able to keep some of the grain for food.

Now I will return to what I was writing each day in my book. I had finished my fence on April 14, and after this I made a ladder to go over it without using a door.

The Worst Storm Hits

April 16. When I was working behind my tent, a surprising thing happened, giving me a very strong fear. First the top of the hole in the cliff and part of the hill outside started to fall, breaking some of the strong timbers I had put up inside my room. I used my ladder to go quickly over the fence, thinking that the hill would fall on me. Stepping down on the ground on the other side of the fence I could feel that the ground itself was shaking. The shaking was strong enough to destroy the strongest building and this shaking happened three times in about half an hour. Part of a hill about half a mile from me was destroyed with a very loud noise.

The movement of the earth made my stomach sick like often happens to people sailing on the ocean. When the hill was destroyed, I believed my hill would be destroyed too. I stayed for a long time outside the fence, thinking that all my work and all that I owned was going to be destroyed. In all of this I did not think of God at all.

As I was sitting on the ground, dark clouds moved in above me, and the wind started to grow. In less than half an hour the wind was strong enough to push over very big trees.

Seeing the storm made me understand that the shaking of the earth was finished and the storm was its effect. I returned quickly to my room to hide from the wind. It was very strong for three hours. In two more hours it had all stopped and the ocean was quiet.

This was followed by very heavy rain through the night and part of the following day.

April 17-21.

Thinking that more storms like this would come in the future, I started plans to build a house in a safer place, away from the hill.

April 22-27.

My first problem was that my axes were not sharp now, because of all the work I did with them to make my first house. I had a big, heavy stone wheel to use to make them sharp, but I was not able to turn it and hold a tool against it at the same time. I worked on this problem for five days before building a machine with a rope and wheel that made me able to turn the stone with my foot at the same time that my hands were free to hold a tool against it.

April 28-29.

Used two whole days to make all my tools sharp. My machine is working very well.

April 30.

My bread is low. From now on I will eat no more than one cake each day.

May 1.

In the morning I could see part of the broken ship projecting up out of the water. The beach was changed by the shaking of the earth enough to give me a way to walk to the ship when the water was low. This put an end to my plans to move my house. It was more important for me to get timber from the ship.

May 2-June 15.

Going each day to the ship when the water was low, I was able to cut pieces of timber away and push them on the low water to the beach. I carried away many heavy pieces of metal too. Little by little I carried away enough to build a ship myself. But the sad truth is that I did not know how to build a ship.

June 16.

Killed a big turtle on the beach, the first I have come across. (Later I learned that hundreds of these turtles live on the north side of the island.)

June 17. Used the day to cook the turtle. In it were 60 eggs. After more than eight months of goat meat and birds, I was thinking that this was the most beautiful meat I had tasted in my whole life.

I Become Sick and Afraid

June 18.

Rained all day. The weather was hot, but I stayed in my room, feeling cold.

June 19.

Very sick, and shaking.

June 20.

No rest all night. Strong pains in my head. My body very hot.

June 21.

Very sick and very much afraid of dying.

Prayed to God for the first time after my trip from Hull. Do not know what I said. My thinking is not clear.

June 22.

A little better.

June 23.

Sick again. Cold and shaking with much pain in my head.

June 24.

Much better.

June 25.

Strong hot and cold changes in my body through the day.

June 26.

Feeling strong enough to take my gun and look for food. Killed a goat and used all my strength to bring it to the house and cook it.

June 27.

Sickness returned, stronger than before. Too weak to leave my bed. Did not eat or drink all day. Prayed again, but did not know what to say. For two or three hours all I was able to say was "God, help me!" before falling to sleep. In the middle of the night my sleeping stopped for a short time and at this time I was feeling very good, but weak. When I returned to sleeping, I had a strong dream.

In my dream, I was sitting on the ground outside my fence, where I was sitting when the earth was shaking. A man covered with fire dropped from a big black cloud. The light from the fire was too strong for me to look at, and the ground started to shake again (as it had in real life) when he put his foot on it.

He walked toward me with a spear in his hand, planning to kill me. He shouted in anger, "You have not learned from all that has happened to you. You have not turned to follow me. Now you must die!" He lifted the spear to kill me.

I cannot say with words how strong the fear was in me. Here was God Himself coming to punish me for my bad life. And the feeling of fear that covered me in the dream did not leave when I was awake.

All of the teaching about God that I had received from my father had melted away in eight years of travelling and living with people who do not think or talk about God. In all that time I do not think I looked up to God one time. I did not try to be good or worry about being bad. I had no fear of God in dangerous times or love for Him in good times. I had lived like an animal, fighting to stay alive, but not at any time thinking about a life after death.

It is true that when I was washed up on the beach I was filled with happiness, but this is not the same as loving God for his part in giving me my life, and asking him what he wanted me to do in return. All who travel on ships are happy when they live through a dangerous storm. But they quickly forget it with a bottle of wine, and they return to living without thinking about what God wants from them. When I had food enough that my life was easy, I too did not think about the reason for my being alive.

The growing of grain, as I said earlier, was the closest thing to bringing me to God. But in it I was looking for a magician more than for a God who I must follow and obey. I think this is the god that most people in all religions look for.

The shaking of the earth, too, did not bring me to think about God.

But in the slow action of sickness, and in the long days of waiting for death, God was able to open my heart to some truth. In the first few days I started to think that the wrong actions of my life were part, if not all, of the reason for the pain I was going through at that time. In the middle of this I cried out to God; but I cannot say that it was true praying. I was a child crying in fear.

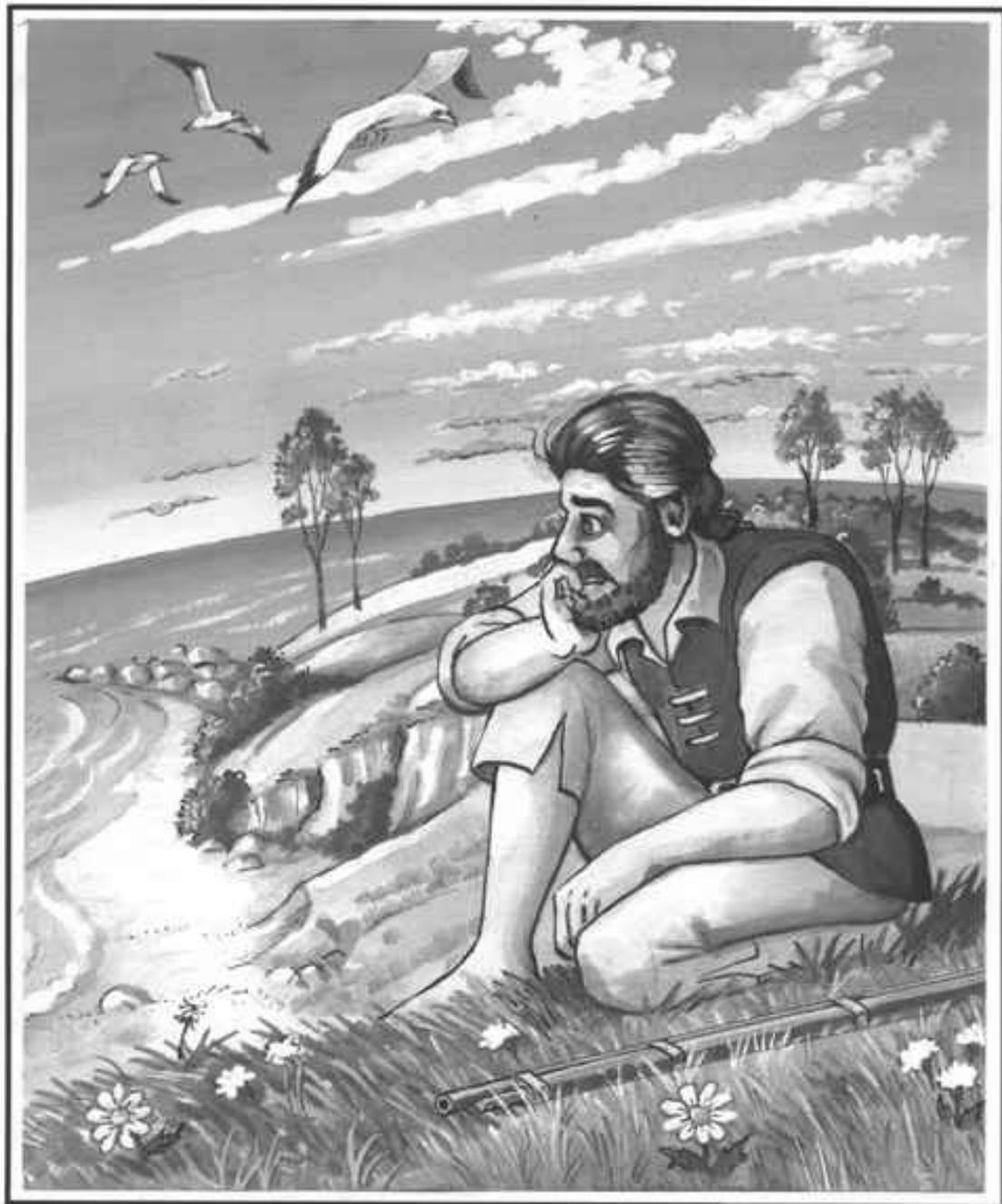
At this time I started to think about the words of my father, who had said that God would not make me happy if I did not obey him, and that in the future I would have a long time to think about the truth of this without any other person to help me. I could see now that his words were very true. My problems were many and I was without another living person to turn to. I seriously prayed for the first time in many years, "God, I ask you to help me, because I need you very much. I want to work together with you."

June 28.

The feeling of fear from my dream was very strong, but I forced myself to fill a bottle with water, thinking that if my sickness returned I would need water. I cooked another piece of the goat, but was not able to eat much of it. At night I cooked three of the turtle eggs, and asked God to use it to give me strength to live a new life of following him. It was the first food I can remember praying over in my whole life.

I tried to walk, but was very weak. It was almost too difficult to carry the gun that I always carried with me when leaving the house. I walked to the beach and, sitting on the ground, looked out at the ocean.

“What is the earth and the ocean that covers it?” I asked myself. “What am I and the other people and animals that cover the earth? Where did we come from?”



“What am I? Where did we come from?”

It is easy to see that some force made us all. But who or what is it?

The answer is God. And if he was able to make us all, he is able to lead us. And nothing happens without him knowing about it and controlling it. If this is true, he must know about me being here, and he must have planned for me to be here.

From this, I quickly asked the question, "What could be the reason for my being here in this sad place?"

As quickly as I asked the question, my heart stopped me.

"How can you ask this question?" it said. "Look at your life and all the wrong things you were doing and ask how it is that you are not dead now? You should ask the reason God did not leave you to drown in the storm in Britain, or to be killed in the fight with the robbers from Morroco, or to be destroyed by the lions in Africa, or to be drowned here with the other men? It is because God is too kind to you."

I had no answer to these words, and I strongly believed that they were from God. Standing up, I walked quietly back to the house. Thinking that my sickness would return, I remembered that people in Brazil often take a piece of tobacco for their sicknesses. I remembered putting some tobacco in a box with some other things and I started looking for it. I can see now that God was leading me, because with the tobacco were the books from the ship.



Three of them were Bibles. After mixing some tobacco with wine for medicine, I opened one and started to read . The first words I turned to said, "Cry to me in the day of many problems and I will help you, and you will follow me."

The words were the right ones for me at that time. I was thinking that I needed a ship to take me away from the island. But later I received a better understanding of what I needed. Before going to bed that night, on my knees beside my bed, I asked God to keep his promise to me, for I believed that it was God Himself talking to me through these words.

When I finished praying, I tried to drink some of the medicine. It made my head sore at first, but I was able to sleep through the night and for a long time into the following day. By the sun it was after the middle of the day when I was awake again. I was feeling stronger and happier and my stomach was better. This day was June 30. I finished the day with more medicine, but on July 1, I was not as well as I wanted to be.

July 2.

Used more medicine.

July 3.

The sickness ended for good from this day. (But it was some weeks before my full strength returned.) I had been thinking much about the promise that God would help me in my problems. I

had been thinking that he would give me a way to leave the island. But on this day I started to understand that God's help comes in different ways for different problems. Being on the island was not as bad as being sick, and here I was over the sickness by God's help. I should be happy for that before asking for more help.

Going down on my knees, I prayed out loud to God, telling him how happy I was about being over the sickness, and how happy I was for his help in bringing me this far. July 4. In the morning I opened the Bible and started reading the teachings of Jesus. From this day I made time to read each morning and night. Not long after, I remembered the words of the dream saying that I had not turned to follow God. I seriously asked God to show me how I could do this when I turned to these words: "Jesus is a King and a Helper, leading people to follow God and forgiving them when they are wrong." I put down the book, lifted my heart and hands to God, and shouted, "Jesus, my King and Helper, lead me to follow God, and forgive my wrong actions."

From this time on I was confident that God could hear me praying and he was my Helper. I started to understand that his best help is to take away the cruel feeling of being bad.

The island was a prison that I wanted to be free from, but my wrong actions were a worse prison. What he wanted to do most was to free me from my wrong actions. I was able from this time to see how bad my life without God had been and how important it was for me to live my life following God. I know now that it is much better (and we will be much happier) to do what God wants us to do than to have many friends or to be rich and healthy.

I Study the Island

I will leave this part of my story and return to what was happening each day.

I was much happier at that time, knowing that I was in God's hands, and because of this, my days were easier.

From July 4 to 14, I walked around a little more each day as my strength slowly returned.

On July 15 I started looking for new parts of the island to study. I was feeling confident by this time that no other people or dangers were on the island. I walked up the little river about two miles before coming to an end of the salt water. The water there was very good to drink, but there was very little of it in the dry time of year.

Beside the water were many plants that I did not know.

In one place was some wild sugar-cane. I returned to my house for the night and the following day made a longer walk up the river to a place where the water stopped. Here were many grapes growing on different trees. I remembered that people from Britain have died from eating grapes in other countries. But when I later dried the grapes in the sun, I learned that they were very good to eat.

I stayed the night in that place, sleeping in a tree. In the morning I travelled four more miles north before coming to a beautiful place with a water hole and many orange and lemon trees.

I carried as many grapes, oranges, and lemons back to my house as I was able, but after two days of walking, the fat grapes were destroyed from the rough trip.

On July 19 I returned to the place where the fruit was with two bags. I tried hanging grapes on tree branches to dry, and filled my bags with oranges and lemons to carry back to my house.

After this trip, I started thinking about moving my house to that beautiful place. In the end I could see that I must stay near the beach if I wanted to leave the island.

If a ship did come to the island when I was away, I would not see it. But I stayed by the water hole and the fruit trees for much of July, building a tent and a covering of branches to sleep under. I made a strong fence around the place by pushing branches into the ground. And I made a ladder to use for going in and out as I did at my beach house. Now I had two houses—a beach house and a farm house.

By the time I finished the farm house, the rains started, and I returned to the beach house, where the room in the cliff was better in wet weather than a tent. But before the rains started, from August 3 to 14, I carried more than 200 branches of dry grapes to the beach house to eat when I needed them through the year.

It rained most days from the middle of August to the middle of October, and I stayed much of the time in my room in the cliff. I used the time to make the room bigger, slowly digging a channel from it that would go through the cliff and become a door at the far side of the fence. It was not as safe to have an opening like this that an animal could come through, but I could come and go without lifting the ladder now, and I was not as afraid as I had been before.

On September 30 I marked the end of my first year on the island with a day of quiet time with God. On that day I seriously remembered how he helped me all through the year and I asked him to do what was best for the future. I was not able to know what the days of the week were, but I started from that day to use one day each week for a quiet time with God and a rest from my work.

It was about this time that my ink was almost finished and I started writing nothing more in my book than the most important things each year.

QUESTIONS FOR PART 8

1. What did Crusoe use to make a spade? (page 48)
2. What did he use for a candle? (page 49)
3. What happened with some plants that made Crusoe start thinking about God? (pages 49 and 50)
4. What happened to make Crusoe think the hill he lived in would fall on him? (page 51)
5. What was it that made Crusoe pray for the first time after leaving Britain? (page 53)
6. What words did Crusoe use for the god that he said most people in all religions look for? (page 55)
7. What did Crusoe find in the box with the tobacco, that helped him more than the tobacco? (page 58)
8. What did God most want to do for Crusoe? (page 59)

9. What plants did Crusoe find, that he could use for food, when he walked more deeply into the island? (page 60)

9. I Plant My Grain

After the first year, I started to learn the times when the rains would start and when they would stop. My timing for the first planting of grain from the seeds that had been growing near the fence was very wrong. A dry time followed and not one of the grains was able to grow. It is good that I did not use all of the seeds in the first planting. I was able to plant again in February of the second year. The rains in March and April helped these seeds to grow well, giving me many more seeds for the following planting. I learned that I could plant (and receive grain) two times each year.

In the month of November, when the rains were finished, I walked out to my farm house where I learned that the branches I had pushed into the ground to make a fence were growing new branches from being in the ground. By cutting and shaping the new branches I was able, in three years, to make them grow together over the top of the big circle in the middle of this fence of trees. In the hot, dry time of the year it was always cool under these branches.

After this, I planted many of these branches in a half circle around the fence at my beach house. It made a very good covering for the fence. Later I did other things with them, but I will not write of that now.

I separated the months not into hot and cold months, but into wet and dry months.

This is how I separated them:

February, March, April - wet.

May, June, July - dry.

August, September, October - wet.

November, December, January - dry.

By good planning I was able to put enough food into my beach house in the dry months that I was able to live a very easy life in the wet months.

In the wet months I worked on making things that I needed to make life easier. One of these was baskets. As a boy I had watched basket makers near our house in York.

I had asked questions to learn about their work. From this I was able to make baskets; but I had no material to make them with. All of the thin branches by the beach were too hard. When I tried to bend them, they would easily break. After trying many things, I remembered the branches growing on the fence around my farm house.



When I tried these, they worked perfectly. With an axe I cut hundreds of them, dried them in the circle at the farm house, and carried them to the beach house to use for making baskets in the wet months.

QUESTIONS FOR PART 9

1. How many times a year did Crusoe plant grain? (page 63)
2. What happened to the branches that Crusoe had pushed into the ground to make a fence at his farm house? (page 63)
3. True or False: Crusoe separated the months into hot and cold months. (page 63)
4. What had Crusoe learned to make from watching workers when he was a boy in Britain? (page 64)

10. I Go to the Far Side

of the Island I had travelled as far into the island as my farm house, but I wanted to see the beach on the other side. With this plan in my head, I put together bread, dry grapes, an axe, gun powder, and my gun and started walking across the island.

At the top of a very big hill on the other side of the farm house I was able to see to the ocean to the west. It was a very clear day and I could see a very big piece of land about 60 miles away in that direction, on the other side of the two islands I had looked at on my second day here. I was thinking that it must be the part of South America where wild people who eat other people live. Because I was at rest with God now, I did not worry myself with plans to go from my safe island to a worse place.

I walked on closer to the north side of the island, finding the land filled with flowers and trees and birds. I liked the parrots very much and was able to catch a young one to bring with me when I returned to my beach house. After some years I was able to teach it to say a few words.

In the low places before going down to the beach were wild animals very much like rabbits and foxes, but I did not try to eat them. I was happy with the food that I had—turtles, goats, birds, and dry grapes.

On this trip I covered no more than two miles each day. But I walked much more than this by going in all directions from the line that I was following. Each night I put up a little fence to protect myself from wild animals.

I was surprised to see, when coming to the beach, that hundreds of turtles lived there, and very many different birds. This side of the island was better in many ways, but I did not feel like moving here because I liked my place on the south side very much by this time.

I walked east on the beach for about 12 miles before putting up a big piece of timber for a mark. I was thinking that in the future I could walk from my house straight to the marker, and go east from there to see more of the beach. I tried walking across the island from this marker to make a shorter return trip, but after going into a part of the island covered with hills, I was not able to keep my direction. For a few days low clouds made it difficult for me to see the sun and in the end I returned to the north beach where I followed my first way back to the farm house and from there to the beach house.

Finding a young goat with a broken leg on the way, I carried it to the farm house and put a stick and cloth on the leg. I had been thinking about keeping goats in a fence. In this way I would have meat when my gunpowder was finished. Leaving the goat there I returned to my beach house. I cannot say how happy I was to be back and to have my bed to sleep in again. The trip was too long and too difficult, and I promised myself that I would not make a trip as long as that again.

I rested for one whole week. In this time I worked at making a cage for my parrot. At the end of the week I remembered the young goat at the farm house. It was very weak when I returned, but after giving it food and water it started to see me as a friend. It followed me back to the beach house and from that time on it lived with me and the parrot there.

It was time for the rains again, bringing me to the end of my second year on the island. On September 30 I used the whole day to talk with God and to think about all the good things I had received from him. I think it was from this day that I seriously started to believe that my life was happier now than it was in the past when I did not think of God.

In the past two years I had, at times, the feeling that I was a prisoner on the island and it would make me cry like a child. At other times I would stop in the middle of my work and breathe deeply and sadly, thinking the same things. At these times I would sit and look at the ground for an hour or two. These times were worse than the times when I cried, because after crying the strong sad feeling stopped.

But after this time of talking with God, that marked two years on the island, I started exercises to change my thinking. When a sad feeling would start to come on me, I would open the Bible and start reading. One morning when this happened, I turned to these words: "I will not at any time leave you or forget you."

"This is God talking to me," I said to myself. "If God is with me, it is not important if all others leave me. And if I had all that I wanted, but did not have God, my life would be too difficult to live."

From this time on I believed that I was closer to God here than I would be in any other place. I started to tell God that I was happy that he had put me on the island, but something stopped me before I finished it.

"How can I say I am happy about this when I know that I would be much happier not to be here?" I asked myself.

In the end I could not say that I was happy to be there, but I could say that I was happy that God had used it to open my eyes to his love. And each time I opened the Bible I was happy that God had made one of the workers on the ship put it in with his clothes and other things, for me to find.

QUESTIONS ON PART 10

1. What did Crusoe think the piece of land was that he could see about 60 miles west of his island? (page 65)
2. What animal did Crusoe bring back with him when he returned to his beach house from his first trip to the far side of the island? (page 65)

3. What animal did he bring back when he returned from his second trip? (page 66)
4. What did Crusoe do to mark the end of two years on the island? (page 67)
5. After two years on the island, what exercise did Crusoe start doing each time he would start feeling sad? (page 67)

11. I Have Many Things to Do

With this feeling of happiness I started a new year on the island.

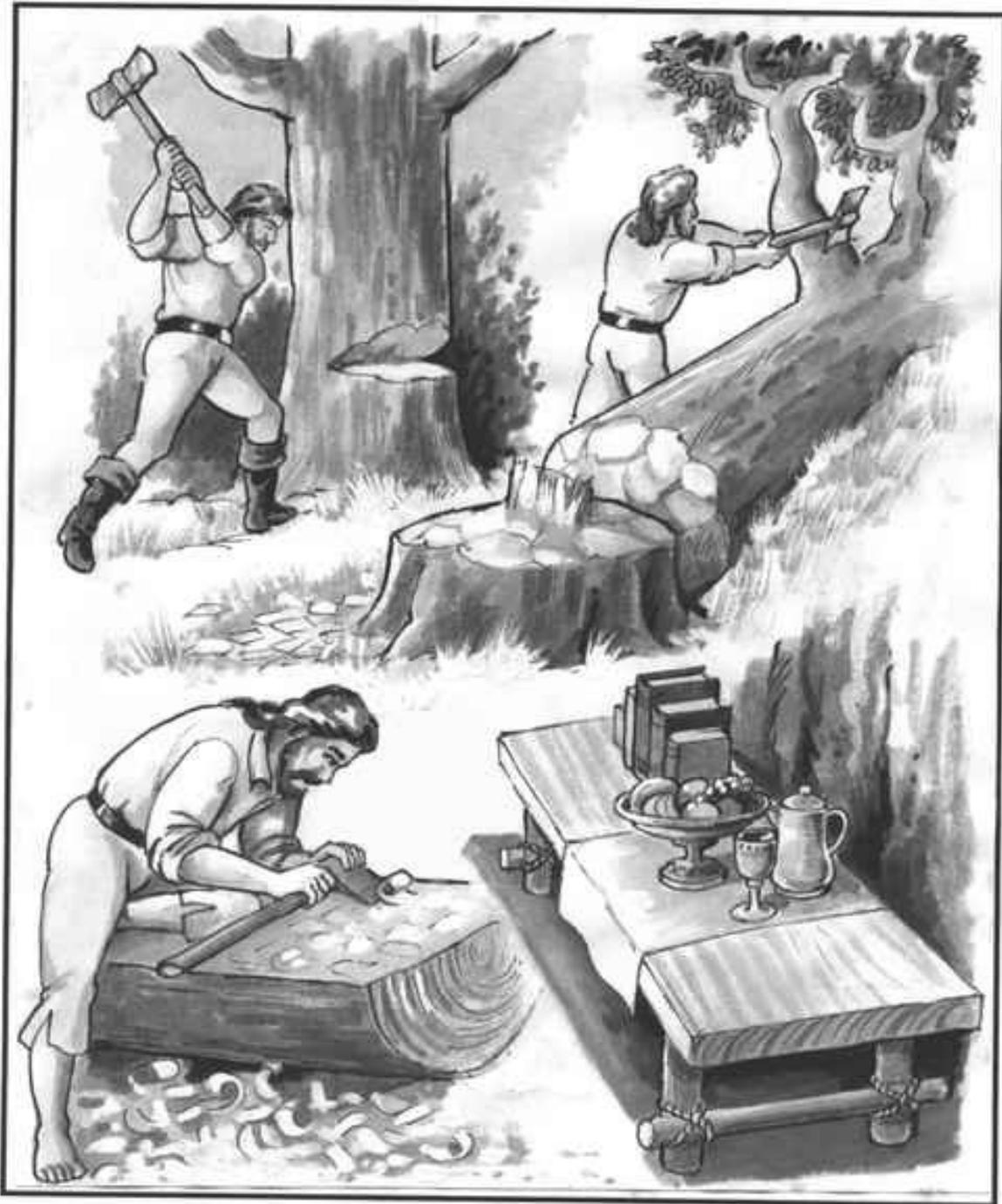
I have not covered my actions as closely in the second year as I did in the first, but I have said enough to show that I had many things to do.

I had a plan for each day, putting God first with a time of Bible reading in the morning and at two other times in the day. Each morning when it was not raining, I looked for food with my gun, taking about three hours for this. After this I cooked what I had killed. In the middle of the day it was too hot to work, but for about four hours each day before it was dark the weather was not too hot. I used this time to do my work. At times I would work in the morning and look for food at the end of the day.

My time for work was short, but the work that I did was often very difficult, because I did not have helpers, the right tools, or much understanding of what I was doing. To make one long flat piece of timber for a shelf I worked 42 days, when a worker with good tools and a helper could make six pieces like it in half a day.

I will tell how slowly my work moved on one job: Because I wanted a wide shelf, I needed a big tree. I was three days in cutting the tree down and two days taking off the branches. The other 37 days I used to cut little pieces off one side and, after turning it, off the other to finish with a long, wide, flat piece of timber about three inches thick and smooth on each side.

By working slowly like this, I was able to make, one by one, all the important things that I needed.



To make one long, flat piece of timber, I worked 42 days.

In November, when my grain plants were growing well, goats and wild rabbits started to eat them. I was forced to work very quickly to build a strong fence to keep them out. Because the size of the land for the plants was very small, I was able to finish a good fence in three weeks. In the three weeks that I was building it, I used my gun to make the animals go away too.

But in December another problem happened. When grain started to take shape on the plants, birds from all parts of the island started coming to taste these new seeds. Seeing them on my plants one day I started shooting and they all separated in different directions.

But when I turned to go, I could see them waiting for me to leave. By hiding behind a tree I was able to kill three of them when they returned. I put the bodies of these three birds on ropes that had

tied above the plants. It had the effect I was looking for: all of the other birds were filled with fear and did not return to my plants or, in truth, to any plants in that part of the island after that. By the end of December it was clear that I would receive much from this small planting. I did not have a tool for cutting the plants, but I used a sword from the ship. I filled five very big baskets with grain from these plants. I could see that, after one more planting, I would have enough grain to eat for myself.

But with the grain would come other problems: I had no way to break it to make flour; I had no way to clean dirt from the flour; and after making flour, I did not know how I would be able to make bread from it. I had six months before I would have grain for myself and I planned to use much of that time to work on each of these problems.

I learned from this exercise that we often use things without thinking of all the work that goes into making them. For a little thing like bread I first needed special help from God to receive the seeds. I was forced to make a spade from timber to turn over the dirt for planting. I made a fence and killed birds to protect the growing plants. Now I had the problems of breaking it, cleaning it, and cooking it.

But first I needed to dig up a very big piece of land for the new planting. I worked for a week to make another timber spade. After digging up the ground and planting the seeds, I put up a very good fence around this land, using the branches that grow easily when put in the ground. A living fence like this would not easily break. I was three months working on these jobs, partly because of the rains that were falling at this time.

When it was wet I worked in my house. And when I was in the house I talked to my parrot. I named it Poll and that is the first word it learned to say.

From the start I needed containers for many reasons.

You readers would laugh to see the many things I made as I tried to teach myself to make clay containers. My first job was to find the clay to make them with. After finding some, I was able to make dishes and little containers very easily. But I needed big containers too.

I made many big ugly things that I cannot say were really containers. Some of them were falling in before I finished making them, and some were falling out from being too heavy and too soft before they had time to dry in the sun.

Some were broken by the heat of the sun and others would break in pieces when I tried to lift them after they were dry. After two whole months of working on this I had two big containers that did not break. I made baskets to protect them and I put dry grass between the baskets and the clay. I would use one of these containers for the grain, and one for the flour after I had broken the grain.

I had not been able to cook in any of the containers I made, and they could not hold water; and this was what I needed most. But it happened that one day when I was putting out a big fire that I used to cook my meat, a piece of one of my broken containers was in the fire. I could see that the fire had melted the clay a little. It was very hard and very red. I said to myself that, if the fire could do this to a piece of a container, it could do it to a whole container.

I put some of my little containers together in a group and made fires on all sides of them. I put much timber on the fire and watched the containers in the middle become red hot without breaking. Some melted a little, and I made the fires smaller when this happened. I watched them all night and by morning I had containers that could hold water and that I could use for cooking!

I was too happy to wait any longer, and before they were cool I filled one with water and put it on the fire with some meat in it. I was very happy with myself when it worked. From that time on when I needed a container for anything I was able to make one myself.

My second job was to find a stone to break the grain with. For many days I looked for a big stone that I could make a hole in, but most stones on this island were of sand and not strong enough for the job. And the few hard stones that I was able to find were too big to move. In the end I cut a very big piece of the hardest timber on the island and used an axe and fire to make a smooth hole in it to put the grain in. I shaped another piece of hard timber to use to push down on the grain in the hole and break it.

Another job was to make a tool for separating the dirt and hard seed coverings from the flour itself. After thinking about it for some time I remembered some cloth in one of the boxes from the ship. I put small holes in the cloth for the flour to go through and the dirt stayed in the cloth.

To cook bread from the flour I made a shallow clay container that was very big around. I made flat square pieces of clay to put on the ground and I made a fire on them. When the pieces of clay were very hot, I pushed the burning coals to the sides and put my big container on the hot clay pieces, with hot coals around the border of it.

I used much of the year making all these things for cooking bread. When I was not making them, I was planting grain and bringing in new grain from what I had planted. I had more than 40 big baskets of grain in the end. I learned that it was more than enough for me for a year. After that I did not plant as much each year.

QUESTIONS ON PART 11

1. How long did it take to make one long, flat piece of timber for a shelf? (page 69)
2. How did Crusoe stop the birds from eating the grain? (page 71)
3. What did he need to break, clean, and cook before he could have bread? (page 72)
4. What did he need to do to his clay containers before they would hold water? (page 73)
5. What material did he use to break the grain? (page 73)
6. How did Crusoe cook his bread? (page 74)

12. I Make Myself a Boat

At many times in this year my thinking had turned to the far side of the island. I was thinking that it would be good to live over there, where I could see the big piece of land to the west, that I believed was part of South America. I was thinking, too, that, if I lived on that side of the island, I would, in time, see a ship out in the ocean north of me, or find another way to leave my island.

In all of my thinking I did not remember that this part of South America had very wild people and some of them eat other people. My interest in leaving the island was too strong to think of dangers like that.

I remembered the boat that I had travelled in with Zuri. After this I remembered the boat that had been washed up on the beach the morning after I had been washed up on the beach. It was big enough to make the trip to South America in quiet waters, but it was bottom end up on the sand now, and much too big for me to turn over without other people to help. A very big wave had put it far up on the beach away from the water. I worked for weeks digging under it and using long branches to make it turn, but it dropped into my hole without turning and I was not able to get under it again, or to move it closer to the water.

At this point my thinking changed to making a boat from a very big tree, like the people of South America do. If they could do it without tools, I said to myself, I could do it much more easily with an axe. But I was forgetting one very important difference: I was one person, without any others to help me carry the boat to the water.

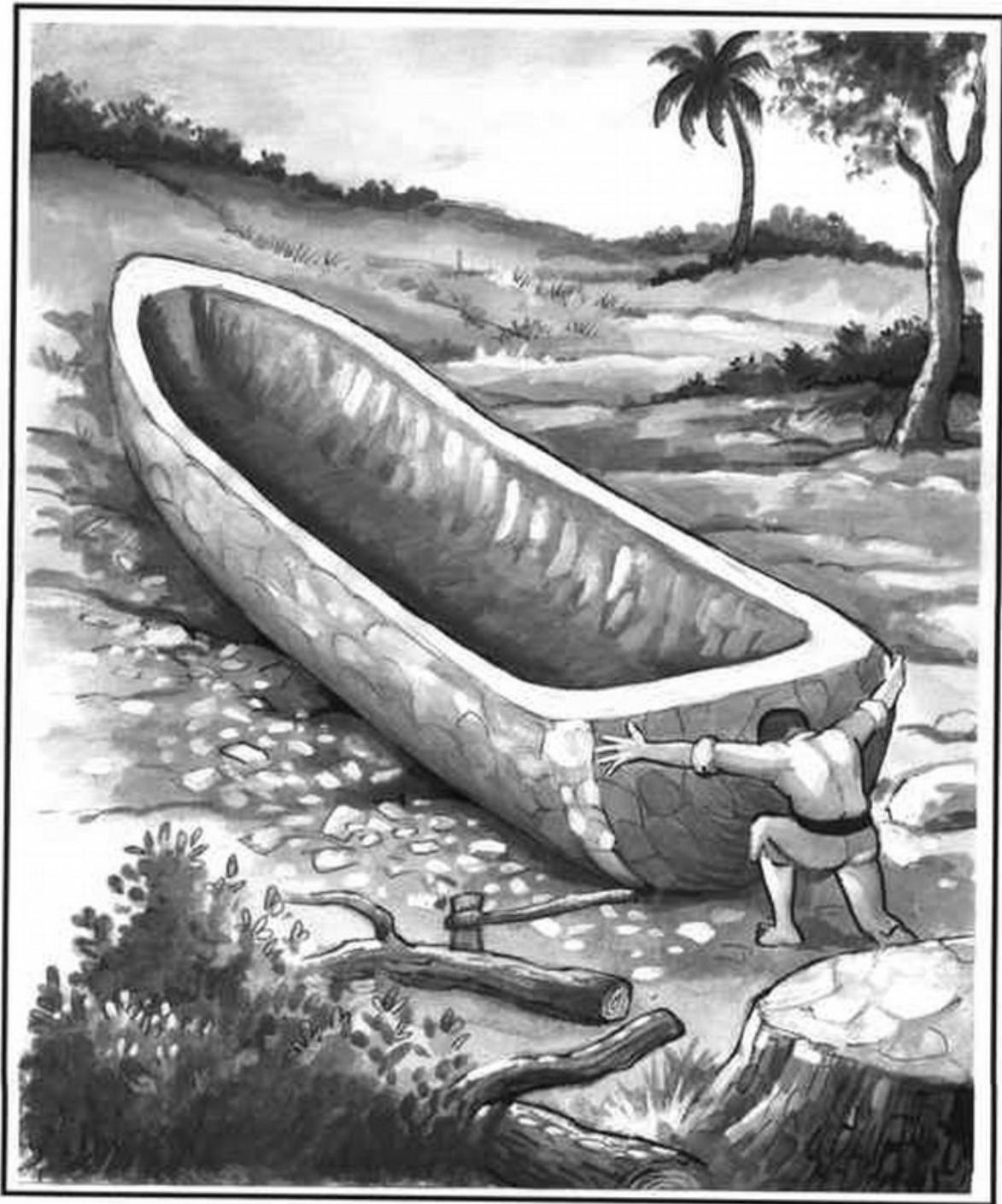
It is difficult to believe that I worked for six months on this boat without thinking about the problem that waited for me when it was finished. At the start I was too enthusiastic to think clearly about any future problems, but the truth is that, after this, I often turned my thinking to the problem of moving the boat when it was finished. But my answer to this was always the same: "I will find a way when the time comes. For now I must work on finishing the boat."

It was very foolish of me, but it is what I did. I started by finding a tree that was as wide at the bottom as the height of a man. I worked for 20 days cutting at the bottom of this tree to make it fall. When it was on the ground, I worked for another 14 days cutting off the top and all of the branches.

I was one month shaping the outside of it to look like a boat that would not turn over in the water. And for three more months I worked on digging out the timber from inside the boat, using a hammer and chisel. And when I finished I had a beautiful boat, big enough to carry me and 25 other people. It was bigger than the boats most people from South America make, and one thing was all that stopped me from leaving for South America that same day. That one thing was a way to carry the boat to the water.

The distance between the boat and the water was no more than 100 steps, but the first part was up a hill. I started by trying to dig a channel to push the boat through, but with or without a channel it was too heavy to push.

My enthusiasm pushed me on to find another way. I measured the distance and added up the time it would take me to dig a channel from the river through the hill, to give the boat water to move in. I learned that, by the number of hands I had to do the work (my own and no others), I would be 10 or 12 years moving the boat in this way.



I would be 10 or 12 years moving the boat in this way.

In the end I learned how foolish it is to start a job before you count up how much is needed to finish it.

In the middle of this job I finished four years on the island and used that day again to think about how God had helped me. Looking back at the past year, I could see that my thinking about life on earth away from my island had changed.

It was like people away from the island were on another planet and their life and feelings were separate in all ways from my life and feelings.

Here on my island I had no other person to argue with or to fight with over the things that I needed. I had no problems thinking about women. I had no leaders to follow or followers to lead. In any

other country I would be thinking about making money by getting more and more things; but here I had no reason to make or grow or kill more than I needed for myself. I learned that, without money and without people to buy from you, nothing is important if you cannot use it. In a word, on my island there was no need for greed. And I think there is no need for greed in all the earth, but greedy people make us think there is.

I had a container full of gold coins, but I did not need them for anything on the island. I would be happy to give all of them for one small container of carrot seeds, or a bottle of ink and a few beans. If I had had a box full of diamonds, they, too, would not have been of any use to me.

But without money God had filled my life with good things. I often had deep feelings of happiness when looking at the food I was planning to eat. To think that God had made all of this for me, and he did it all without money.

Here on this island I learned that God is able to feed all of his people if we will learn to stop being greedy.

I could see that much of the sadness in the earth comes from people wanting more and not being happy with what God gives them. It is far better to think about how your life would be if you had less. I used whole days thinking about where I would be if the ship had not been washed closer to the beach. If this had not happened, I would not have had tools and weapons at this time.

And without these, my meat would have been turtles and fish. I would have been forced to live like the wildest of animals, cutting the meat with my finger nails and teeth, and eating it without a fire to cook it on.

Another way of thinking that helped me to be happy with what I had was to think about how little reason God had to give me anything. My father and mother had tried hard to teach me about God, but I had not listened, and I had lived my life without thinking about him. My friends helped to laugh all serious thinking out of my head, and I did not take time to talk with anyone who had any fear of God in them. I had been in many dangerous places, but each time that I had been able to leave the danger behind, I did not stop to think that it was God who had helped me. When I remembered how bad I had been in the past, and looked at all that God was giving to and doing for me in the present, I was very happy. I could see that he was being kind and loving and very forgiving to me when I had not been a friend to him at all.

By the end of four years on the island I could see that, if I had to be away from other people, no other place on earth could be as good as this place was for me. I had no worries at all about dangerous animals or people in this beautiful place, and all that I needed for food and for making a house was here.



Some of the things I carried from the ship were now used up or almost used up. As I said before, my ink was almost finished. I added water to the last of it, but this made it difficult to read. By this time, I had not had dry bread for a year; but now I had grain from my own planting that I could use to make bread.

I did not have many clothes by this time, but I did not need much in the heat. All I needed were shirts to protect my skin from burning in the sun, and I had enough shirts in the boxes from the ship for a few more years. I needed a hat too, and I used dried goat skins to make a very good hat. I put the hair on the outside to hold off the rain. I was very happy with my hat and after this I made a little coat from the skins too.

I was a very long time in making an umbrella. I had watched them being made in Brazil where many people use them to protect their bodies from the sun. It was not too hard to make an umbrella to open up, but it was very difficult to make one to close when I wanted to put it away. In the end I was able to make one that opened and closed, and I covered it, too, with animal skins.

With all of these things I was able to live a very easy life. My biggest problem was not having anyone to talk to. But it was very easy to talk to God here on the island, and I would often ask myself if there could be anyone better to talk to than God himself.

For five years after this my life did not change much at all. I worked on drying grapes and growing grain, and in the time between I made another boat. It was not as big as the first one, and it was not as close to the water. But it was in a place where I was able to dig a channel to bring it to the river, and from the river to the ocean.

It was not big enough to carry me to South America, and because of this I stopped thinking about leaving the island. But my boat was big enough to take me around the island, and I made enthusiastic plans for a trip like this. I put in a sail, cabinets for food and gun powder, and places for my gun and umbrella. I made a few short trips out into the ocean to build up my confidence in the boat and my ability to sail it, and when I was happy with it, I started to fill the boat with the things I would need on a longer trip.

On November 6, 1664, I started my trip. The island was not very big, but the trip was longer than I had planned, because at the east end of the island a line of rocks projected out about six miles into the ocean, with some rocks above the water and others below. At the end of the rocks was another mile or two of sand above the water. I would be forced to go far out into the ocean to get around the point.

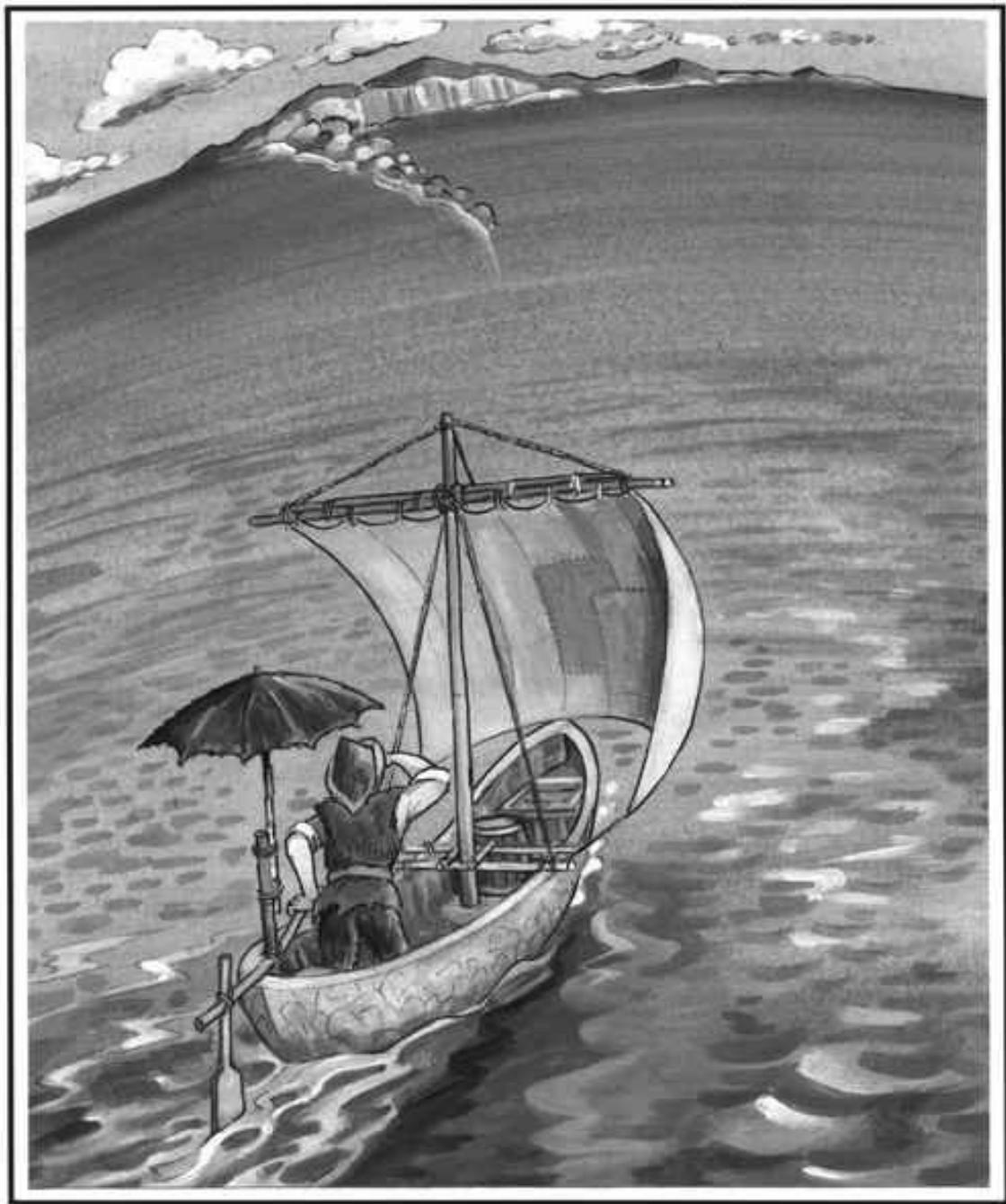
At first I was afraid to go out, and I stopped my boat where the rocks started and walked to the top of a hill to see better. I could see a very strong and dangerous line far out in the ocean to the south, where water was moving very quickly to the east. This line moved in close to the end of the point and I could see that when I turned the corner at the end of the point it would be easy to fall into this movement and be carried far away from the island. Another line of very fast movement was far out in the ocean on the north side of the point too. And I believed that these two lines joined together far out in the ocean to the east. But I could see a curving movement in the water, coming in toward the beach on the north side of the point. If I moved my boat into this part of the water I would easily return to the beach after going around the point.

I waited three days for the wind and the water to be at rest before sailing out to the point. I stayed very close to the sand at the end, but the water was much too fast and too strong for me here and it quickly pulled me out away from the sand. It was moving too quickly and the best I could do was to hold my boat on the north side of this movement, waiting for an opening to break away from it. I believed that this line of movement would join the other line in a short time and together they would push me too far out into the ocean to see my island again.

I looked at the island with my hands projecting toward it and I cried for it. The place that had been my prison a few years earlier now was the island that I had learned to love. I hated myself for having had any bad feelings toward it in the past, and I would give all that I had to return to it now. I used all my strength to hold my boat to the north, and in the middle of the day a wind started to push me in the direction I wanted to go. I was a very long distance away from the island and if a cloud had come between me and the island at that time, I would not have been able to find it again. I put up my sail to catch the wind that was pushing me north and west. In a short time I could see rocks projecting out of the water.

The two lines of water movement were breaking on these rocks and they were forcing some water movement back toward the beach.

What a happy surprise as my life returned to me! I moved quickly into this part of the water; and the wind in the sail and the water movement together pushed me quickly toward the island. In four hours I was close enough to the beach on the north side of the island to be out of danger.



The wind and water together pushed me toward the island.

When I was back on the land I prayed to God, promising him that I would not at any time try to leave the island again in my little boat.

I stayed the night on the beach, and in the morning I started a plan to return to my side of the island. Because it was too dangerous to return around the point, I followed the north beach toward the west, looking for a safe place to leave my boat. On the way I sailed by the big timber marker that I had put on the north beach on my earlier trip across the island. Finding a good place in a little river where I could tie the boat, I put it there. All that I carried with me from the boat were my gun and umbrella.

From here it was an easy walk to my country house, where I was too tired to do anything but go over the ladder and fall quickly asleep.

Think about what a surprise I had when in my sleep I could hear a person saying my name. “Robin! Robin Crusoe! Poor Robin Crusoe! Where are you? Where have you been, Robin?” I was sleeping deeply and at first I believed that it was a dream. But when I was fully awake I looked up to see Poll sitting on the top of the fence. I do not know how she was able to find this place or if she had been waiting here for me for a long time, but it was good to see her again. She was using the same words that she had learned from me after many hours of teaching.

I put her on my arm and together we walked back to the beach house like two old friends.

QUESTIONS ON PART 12

1. What stopped Crusoe from being able to use the small boat that had been washed up on the beach? (page 75)
2. After he made a boat from a very big tree, what stopped Crusoe from using that boat? (page 76)
3. Finish this: "I learned that God is able to feed all of his people if we will learn to stop _____. (page 78)
4. If he had not been able to bring tools from the ship, how did Robinson Crusoe believe he would have been forced to cut his meat? (page 79)
5. How was the second boat that Crusoe made different from the first one? (page 82)
6. What did Crusoe find at the east end of the island, that made his trip longer than he had planned? (page 83)
7. What almost happened to Robinson Crusoe when he was trying to sail around the long line of rocks to the east of the island? (page 84)
8. Who said Robinson's name when he was sleeping at his farm house in the middle of the island? (page 86)

13. My Abilities Grow

I had had enough of boat travel for a time. Over the following days I had time to think of the danger I had put myself in. I wanted to have my boat on the south side of the island, but there was no easy way to do it. The two lines of very fast water made the east end of the island too dangerous to travel around, and I believed that they were on the west side too.

For almost a year I lived happily without a boat. And in this time I worked on making many things. My abilities were growing each time I made something new. My clay containers were looking better, and in the end I made a wheel to turn the clay on. After this, my containers were perfectly round.

My baskets, too, were better now. I made big deep baskets to put the grain in, and smaller baskets for bringing meat or fruit to the house from any place where I was able to get it.

My gun powder was low and I had no way to make more of it. When it was finished I would have no way to shoot animals for food.

At one time I had been keeping a goat as a friend at the house. I was not able to find another goat to mate with it and it died, leaving me without a way to grow my own meat.

I had now been living on the island for more than ten years and it was time for me to think seriously about growing my own goats. I made strings to hide on the ground and catch them, but it was not strong enough to hold them after they stepped into it.

After this I started digging holes to catch the goats. I covered them with branches and put grain around the holes and on the covering. At first the covering was too strong and they were able to eat the grain without falling into the holes. But after some more work on the coverings I was able to catch three young goats, one male and two females.

I tied them together and was able to lead them to my beach house where I planned to grow very many other goats from them.

They quickly learned not to be afraid of me and to eat the food I would bring to them. But I could see that I would have problems if my goats mixed with the wild goats. I needed a piece of ground with a fence around it to separate them from the wild ones.

It was a big job. First I looked for a piece of ground with water for them to drink, plants for them to eat, and some covering from the sun. Finding a very big piece of ground with all of this and more, I started to make a two-mile fence around it. People who know much about growing goats will know how foolish this was, because on a piece of ground as big as this my goats would be as wild as the others, and I would not be able to run them down to catch them.

I had finished a very short piece of the fence when I started to see this myself. I turned the fence at this point and finished up with a piece of ground the size of a cricket ground. I planned to make other little fences in the future, where the goats could move when they needed more food.

I was three months building the first fence, and I put the young goats on ropes near me as I worked. By teaching them to eat food from my hands I was able to make friends of them. They often followed me asking for food.

In a year and a half I had 12 goats. In two more years I had more than 40 above what I killed for meat. I made five fences, with doors from one piece of ground to another.

After that, I had all the meat I needed. I had milk too, something I did not think I could have here. After trying many things that did not work, I was able to make butter and cheese too. How good of God to give me all this food in a place where my first fears said I would die without food! I was king of my island and all that it needed to make it a perfect place was other people. I did not know that, in a short time I would have too many other people.

Off and on I would think about my boat on the other side of the island. Often I had a feeling to return to the hill at the east point and look for a safe way around it. After many days of thinking about this, I started walking there.

On the way I looked at myself and laughed at how I would look if I was in Britain. I had a goat skin hat with a piece at the back to stop rain from going under my coat. My coat was of goat skin too. It ended half way down to my knees. Under the coat I was wearing short pants made from the skin of

a very old goat. The long hair on it was hanging down to my knees. I had no shoes, but I had made something to put around the bottom part of my legs, with strings to hold them on. I had a belt from goat skin that ended in thin pieces that I tied together. Hanging from the belt were a saw on one side and a little axe on the other. Another belt was hanging over my shoulder with two small bags on it for gunpowder and bullets. On the other shoulder was my gun. On my back was a basket. Over my head was my big ugly umbrella made from goat skin too. My beard was very long at times, but at this time I had cut it short. My moustache was long – not at all the way men cut them in Britain.



I looked at myself and laughed at how I would look if I was in Britain.

But how I looked was not important at all now, because no other person was on the island to look at me.

I walked for five or six days following the beach to the point. At the point I walked to the top of the hill where I had looked out before. When I looked out this time I was surprised to see that the ocean was very quiet and the lines of dangerous water movement were not there.

To understand this better I stayed there all day and watched the lines change with the height of the ocean. I learned that when the ocean was going up, the lines were not there, and when the ocean was going down, the lines returned. I believed that the reason for this was that the lines were coming from a very big river in South America, on the west side of the island. When the ocean was going down, the river pushed far out into the ocean, making water move very quickly around the island. When the ocean was going up, it stopped the movement of the river and the lines stopped. Winds would move the lines north and south, bringing them close to the point (as they were on the day that I sailed), or far from the point on other days.

From these watchings I believed that I could safely bring the boat back around the point if I travelled at the right time. I returned to my house with this understanding. But when I remembered the dangers of the last trip, I shaped another plan and that was to make another boat, giving me one boat for the north side of the island and one for the south.

By this time I had made a few rooms inside the cliff at my beach house, and one room was filled with baskets of grain. The branches that I had pushed into the ground were all strong trees by this time, covering my house and the land around it well. Near the house on lower ground were two pieces of ground where the grain was growing.

At the farm I had goats and grapes. My farm "house" was a piece of sail over a bed of many animal skins, a blanket, and a big heavy coat from the ship. I always cut the tree fence to the right height for the ladder, and the fences around the goats were more like a wall because I planted very many branches very close together and when they started to grow there was no way to squeeze a hand between them. In the end I was forced to pull some of them out of the ground to give space for the others.

Because the farm house was half way between my beach house on the south, and the boat on the north, I would rest there on trips between the two places. I often crossed the island to make little trips in the boat. But I always stayed close to the beach for fear of another accident.

And now I come to a new part of my life.

QUESTIONS ON PART 13

1. What was the reason that it was important, after a few years on the island, for Robinson Crusoe to start growing his own goats for food? (page 88)
2. What was wrong with Crusoe's plan to build a two-mile fence around his goats? (page 89)
3. Of what material were Crusoe's coat, hat, and pants? (page 90)
4. What did Crusoe believe the dangerous ocean movements at the east end of the island were coming from? (page 92)
5. Where would Crusoe rest on trips from his beach house to the boat on the north side of the island? (page 93)

14. I Find the Mark of a Person's Foot

It happened one day that, as I was going toward my boat on the north side of the island, I was surprised to see the mark of a person's foot in the sand. I was too surprised to move. I listened. I looked around me. I could not see or hear a thing. I walked up and down the beach looking for more foot marks but was not able to find one. I returned quickly to the other side of the island looking behind me after each two or three steps, and thinking each bush or tree at a distance was a person.



I was not able to sleep that night. When I should have been feeling safer at a distance from the foot mark, the opposite was true: My feeling was one of stronger fear. At one time I started to think it was a mark from the devil, because no other marks were there. But after thinking about it more, I could see that the devil had better ways to make me afraid. And if it was not the devil, it must be from one of the wild people of South America. This had the effect of giving me more fear than when I believed it was the devil. In time I started to believe that some wild people had stopped at the island for a short time before returning to South America. After that I worried that they could have come across my boat when they were here, and learned from the boat that I must be on the island. I believed that they were going to bring others with them to find me and kill me.

The effect of this was that the confidence I had in God melted away. How easily I stopped remembering how he had helped me in the past!

Fear changed my thinking on other things too. I started to think it was foolish not to have grain enough for two or three years. This feeling that there is a need for more and more things to be safe is, I think, a sign that a person has stopped thinking about God's help.

And how difficult it must be for God to make people happy when the thing we love and want one day we fear and hate the following day. In all my time on the island I had been thinking the one thing I needed most was another person. But with the first sign of another person being on the island, I turned away from God and my heart filled with fear.

After my first surprise, I could see this was wrong. God could do what he wanted with me and I would not have a good reason to argue with him, because of my bad past life. When I agreed in my spirit to God punishing me, it was a little step on from this to think that God was able to protect me too. It was up to God to choose what he would do.

Over the following months I worried at many times about what plan God would choose. But three days after seeing the foot mark, when I was thinking about this in my bed one morning, I remembered the words I had received from God in the past: "Cry to me in the day of many problems, and I will help you and you will follow me." These words encouraged me to pray seriously for help from God. After praying, I opened the Bible to read these words: "Wait on God and be encouraged, for he will give you strength. Wait, I say, on God." I put down the book and my fears stopped (that is, they stopped at that time) and I faced the day with a happier spirit.

Because of my fear I had been hiding in my house for three days. My goats needed milking and I was now encouraged to go to them. But I did not stop looking behind me as I walked, and it was easy to see that I was holding on to some of my fear.

Fear destroys all reason and we can do the most foolish things when we are afraid. My first plan was to destroy all my fences, dig up all my plants, and free the goats, thinking that anyone finding them would know that I was on the island and would come looking for me. I know from this that fear of danger is 10,000 times worse than the danger itself.

I was forgetting the truths I had used in the past to bring rest to my spirit. I did not think to pray as I should, or to go through the list of ways that God had helped me in the past. But after a night of fear I started to think more clearly in the morning. I could see that I had been living on the island for 15 years without seeing one sign of another person. If people had been coming to the island, they had not come looking for me. It must be that they had stayed no more than one day before leaving again. My biggest real danger was that these people would come to my side of the island and see me by accident. If this happened, what I needed most was a safe place to hide as I waited for the people to leave.

From this I could see that it had not been smart of me to make a door in the cliff going out on the other side of my strong wall. To fix this, I planted about 20,000 sticks in the ground on the far side of the door, and in five or six years trees were growing all over that side of the hill, hiding the door and the wall. The trees were too close together for a person to squeeze between them without knowing my secret way through them. If I did not want to walk through the trees, I could use ladders to go over them by going up the side of the cliff to a shelf above the trees.

At the same time that I was doing this, I was thinking about my goats. Because I had my own meat, I did not use gunpowder now and I did not need to use many hours looking for food. It would be very bad if I were to lose these goats to other people. I could think of two ways to keep the goats safe. One was to build a place under the ground where they could sleep at night, and another was to make two or three other little fences and keep a few goats in each place. In this way, if some of the goats were destroyed, I would have others to use to start again.

For days I looked for secret places to build fences for the goats. The first place was in the part of the island where I was not able to find my way after crossing the island the first time. In less than a month I had finished a fence well enough to bring ten young female goats and two males to it. I worked much longer on making it stronger after they were safely inside.

For two years I worked on jobs to protect me and the things I owned from other people; and all of this action was the effect of one foot mark in the sand and the fear that it put in me. Another effect of that fear was a change in my feelings toward God. I prayed to God, but I prayed in fear and not in rest. My fear forced me to think about myself more than about God. It cannot be said that I was following God at this time, because I was trying too hard to get God to follow me, because all of my thinking was to do things that my fears said I needed.

QUESTIONS ON PART 14

1. What did Crusoe see on the beach on the north side of the island, that surprised him, and filled him with fear? (page 94)
2. How could wild people landing on the north beach have learned that Crusoe was on the island? (page 94)
3. What did Crusoe say was "a sign that a person has stopped thinking about God's help"? (page 95)

4. Fill in the missing words: Crusoe could see that it was up to God to choose between _____ him for his past, or _____ him. (page 95)
5. What was Robinson Crusoe's first plan to stop people from finding him? (page 96)
6. How did Crusoe hide the door through the cliff that he had made? (page 96)
7. What did he do to make his goats safe? (page 97)
8. Fill in the missing word: Robinson could see that, at this time, he was controlled more by his _____ than by God. (page 97)

15. I See Bones on the Beach

After finding one place for my goats, I looked over the whole island for another place. Moving more to the west than I had in the past, and looking out at the ocean, I could see something a long distance away on the ocean. I did not have my telescope with me and without it I could not say if it was a boat. I planned after that to carry my telescope with me on all my walks around the island. Coming down the hill to the beach on the southwest point of the island I was made sick by what was waiting there for me. On the beach were the heads, hands, feet, and other bones of people. In one place was a hole in the ground where a fire had been made to cook the bodies of the people these animals had been eating. I was too angry and too sick to feel fear for some time after seeing this. After my sickness pushed all that was in my stomach out on the ground, I quickly walked back toward my beach house.



On the way I stopped and looked up to God. My eyes were wet from crying, as I said how happy I was that I had been born in a country where people do not act toward each other in this cruel way.

With more understanding about what I should fear, my fears became smaller. The wild people had not come to the island looking for people or for things. I had, by this time, been there almost 18 years, and I had not come across more than one foot mark away from that beach.

If I did not go looking for them, they were not going to come looking for me. My job was to hide myself from them when they were on the island. If I did this, I would be safe.

For almost two years I stayed in my place, that being the beach house, the farm house and the little hiding place for goats northeast of the farm house. In time, I returned to moving around with less fear. I often looked behind me and I did not shoot my gun for fear that others would hear it. I started carrying my big gun over my shoulder and a sword and two more little guns in my belt when I was out walking, thinking that they would protect me from wild people if I happened to meet any.

Apart from these weapons I looked more and more happy and confident as I walked about the island. But my thinking was filled with angry feelings toward cruel people who would eat other people. I would often think of myself coming with weapons or tricks to protect the people that the others were going to eat. I made many plans to do this, but each one had weak points in it. One plan was to put gun powder under the place where they make their fire. One problem with this was that I did not have enough gun powder to use in this way.

Another problem was that I did not know if they would make a fire in the same place each time. And the last problem was that the explosion would do little more than make them afraid.

My best plan was to find hiding places in trees near the place where the people do their killing. I would have all my guns with me and shoot as many as I could before they were able to see me. When the guns were empty, I would run after them and kill the others with my sword.

I did many things to make this plan work. I filled my guns with powder and bullets and I looked for the best trees to hide behind. Each day for months I walked to the top of a hill to look for boats coming on the ocean, waiting for the day when I would kill them all.

But, after months of looking without seeing one boat, my interest in killing slowly dropped. When my emotions were not as strong, I was able to think more clearly. I started to think that God had not killed them or stopped them in some other way from killing each other. I do not know God's reasons for this, but my plan to kill them was not very different from their plans to kill each other.

They kill and eat other people in the way that we kill and eat goats or other animals. And the people doing the killing one day can easily be the people being killed the following day. What side was I to take in their arguments? All of Europe was angry with people from Spain for killing many thousands of people in South America without a good reason. And here I was thinking of doing much the same thing. If they had been trying to kill me, I think I would feel right about killing them to protect myself. But they were not trying to kill me.

After thinking about it I could see that my plan to kill them was the best way to be killed myself. If I was not able to kill them all, those who were able to return to South America would come with others to kill me, and they would have a good reason to do it too.

In thinking about the spiritual side of my plan I could see that I was acting from a proud feeling that I was better than them, and my pride had quickly changed to hate. By thinking about how cruel they were I was able to forget how bad I was. I asked God to forgive me for this spirit, and from that time my interest in looking for them stopped. My job was to stay in my place and not go looking for a fight with other people.

QUESTIONS ON PART 15

1. How did it happen that Robinson first travelled to the west end of the island? (page 99)
2. What did he find on the southwest beach that made Robinson Crusoe sick? (page 99)
3. What was Crusoe's job, if he wanted to be safe from the wild people who had been coming to the island? (page 100)
4. What did Crusoe think about doing to the wild people for a few months after seeing the bones? (pages 100 and 101)
5. Of the reasons below, what one was not a reason that Crusoe listed for dropping his plans to kill the wild people?

(a) God had not stopped them, and he was not better than God;

- (b) killing them was not very different from them killing each other;
- (c) the people being killed one day could easily be doing the killing the following day;
- (d) they were not trying to kill Crusoe;
- (e) Crusoe could easily be killed himself in trying to kill the others;
- (f) Crusoe's plans did not come from love, but from hate;
- (g) he could be put in prison in Britain for killing the people.

16. I Stay in My Place

For almost a year after that I did not go to look for boats on the hill. I did not want to start thinking again about killing the wild people. But I did do one thing to make my life safer: I moved my boat up to the northeast end of the island, hiding it in a safe place where they would not find it.

All that year I stayed in my beach house between trips to the goats. I would often think about how easily I could have been killed if I had been walking in the wrong place at the wrong time in all the years I had lived on the island. For I believed that people had been on the island many times over the years and it was God who had protected me from meeting up with them in my many walks.

This started me thinking about times when I had had plans to do one thing and a quiet push in my heart had made me do another. I think that, without knowing it is God, we often change plans in a way that God is leading us to do for our own good. We cannot know of all the dangerous things God has protected us from in this way.

I stopped many of the plans I had for making things in this quiet time when I was hiding from the wild people. I was afraid to hammer a nail or hit a piece of timber with my axe because of the noise it would make. And I was always worried when making a fire that a wild person would see the smoke and come running to kill me.

I did most of my cooking near the hiding place for the goats. It was here that I was to find an interesting hole in the ground. The opening to this hole was at the bottom of a big rock. I would say that it was by accident if I did not believe God had been leading me. I was cutting branches near this hole when I pulled a big branch away from in front of it.

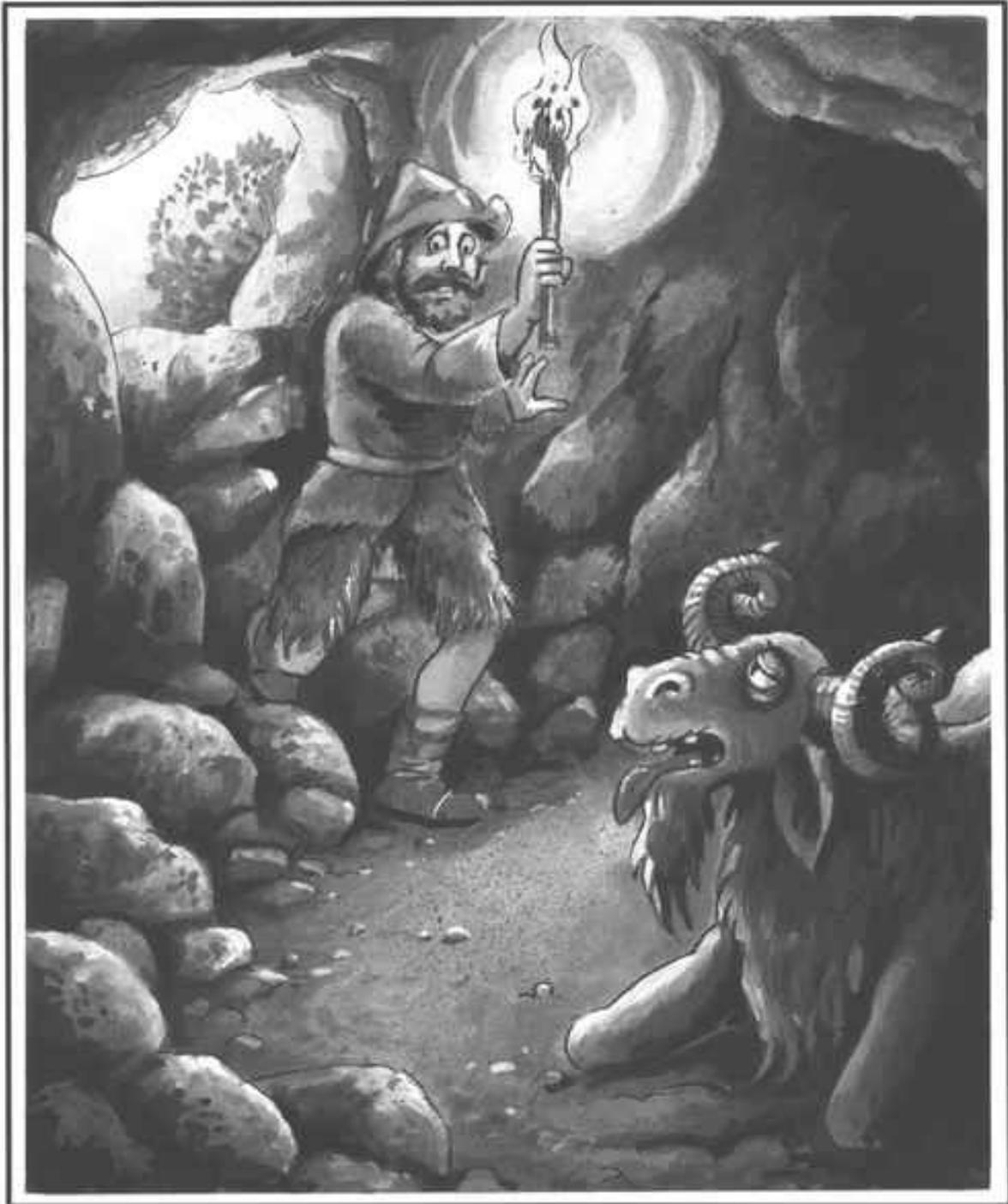
First I should tell my reason for looking for branches. I would start branches burning here where it was safe and after they were burning, I would cover them with earth to make coal. Later I could burn the coal in my beach house without it making very much smoke.

Now, I will return to my story about the opening to the hole: It was difficult for me to squeeze through the opening, but inside, it was big enough to stand in.

When I was standing up straight, I could see two big eyes looking at me like stars in the dark. I can tell you that I squeezed through the opening on my way out more quickly than I had squeezed through on my way in! I did not know if it was a devil or a person or an animal. But after thinking about it, I said to myself, "No animal on this island is dangerous, and I am a Christian now. I should not be afraid of the devil."

With a burning stick in my hand I moved slowly into the hole. On my way through the narrow part I could hear a long sad breathing sound and a sound like a person trying to say something. I stopped and started to move backward. The hair on my neck was standing up from fear. But I encouraged myself by remembering that God was with me to protect me; and I moved slowly forward again. When I was inside, I could see on the floor by the light of the burning stick a very big ugly old male goat that was dying from being too old. I tried to get him out, but he was not able to move.

Leaving the goat, I looked around the hole. The biggest part of it was two times as long as a person, but it had no shape like a room. On the far side was another very small hole, but I needed a candle to go through it on my hands and knees.



I could see two big eyes looking at me, like stars in the night.

The following day I returned with six candles that I had made myself from the fat of goats. I carried a fire burning in a metal box too. I moved on all fours through the low hole, not knowing how long it was or where it was leading. At the end of the hole was a very big room.

Light from the candle returned from a thousand different places on the walls where diamonds or gold or some beautiful metal was in the stone. The floor was covered with small stones and was not wet or cold.

It was a perfect place to hide all the gun powder and weapons that I did not need at the beach house. Over the following days I moved all of these things to this new hiding place. The goat died on the second day. The ground was soft, and it was easier to dig a hole and bury him there than to pull him out through the opening.

I had been living on the island more than 22 years by this time, and if it was not for my fear of the wild people, I could have been happy to live my whole life there and die like the old goat in the hole in the rock, with no other person to cry over me.

By this time my parrot was able to talk very well. I had two other parrots and they were able to say my name, but not much more. I cut the wings of some ocean birds that I was able to catch, and these lived by my house too. Two or three young goats finished off my happy little family. As I said above, I would have been happy to finish my life on the island if I could be safe from the wild people.

But this was not to be the way for me. I had learned from a number of happenings in my life that the thing we most fear is often the thing God uses to help us. And this is how it happened for me at this time too.

It was in December, at the time when I must bring the grain in from where it is growing. One morning, before the sun was up, I was going out very early to bring in some grain when I was surprised to see a light from a fire on the beach. It was at a distance of about two miles toward the west.

This was dangerously close to my house. I returned to the house, pulled the ladder over the wall, and filled all the guns I had with bullets and powder. I had put them at different places around the wall, where I had cut holes for each of them for a time like this. For two hours I waited without knowing what was happening outside.

Growing tired of waiting, I put ladders up the side of the hill that was away from them, and with my body flat on the top of the hill, I pulled out my telescope and looked at them. I counted nine of them sitting around a fire. It was not difficult to know the reason for the fire, because they did not need it for heat.

They had two boats on the beach and I was thinking that they would wait for the water to come up to the boats before leaving. After eating, they danced for an hour or more and when the water was high enough it happened as I had been thinking: they sailed away in their boats.

When the beach was empty again, I quickly carried my guns to the hill that I had watched the west beach from before, and here I could see three more boats sailing away.

When I walked down to the beaches I could see blood and bones and other pieces of bodies that they did not eat. My emotions were very strong again and I wanted to kill them all for what they did.

It was 15 months before they returned, and in that time fear and hate filled much of my time... time that should have been used to do better things.

I would often think about how to kill them all, believing that they would again separate into two groups and make my job easier. But I did not think that after killing one group or two groups, on another day I would need to kill another, and another after that, making me a worse killer than them. In May of 1683, after 23 and a half years on the island, they did return, and I will tell you what happened after I tell of something that happened a year before that.

QUESTIONS ON PART 16

1. What did Crusoe do to stop the wild people from finding his boat? (page 103)
2. What was he afraid to do for a time, because he did not want the wild people to hear him? (page 103)
3. What did Crusoe make in the middle of the island, that he could use for cooking in his beach house without it making much smoke? (page 104)
4. Crusoe could see two big eyes in the dark in the hole in the ground. Who or what was it? (page 104)
5. What did Crusoe hide in the big room under the ground? (page 106)
6. What did he see very early one morning in December on the beach about two miles west of his beach house? (page 107)
7. Did Crusoe have a fight with the wild people at that time? (page 107)

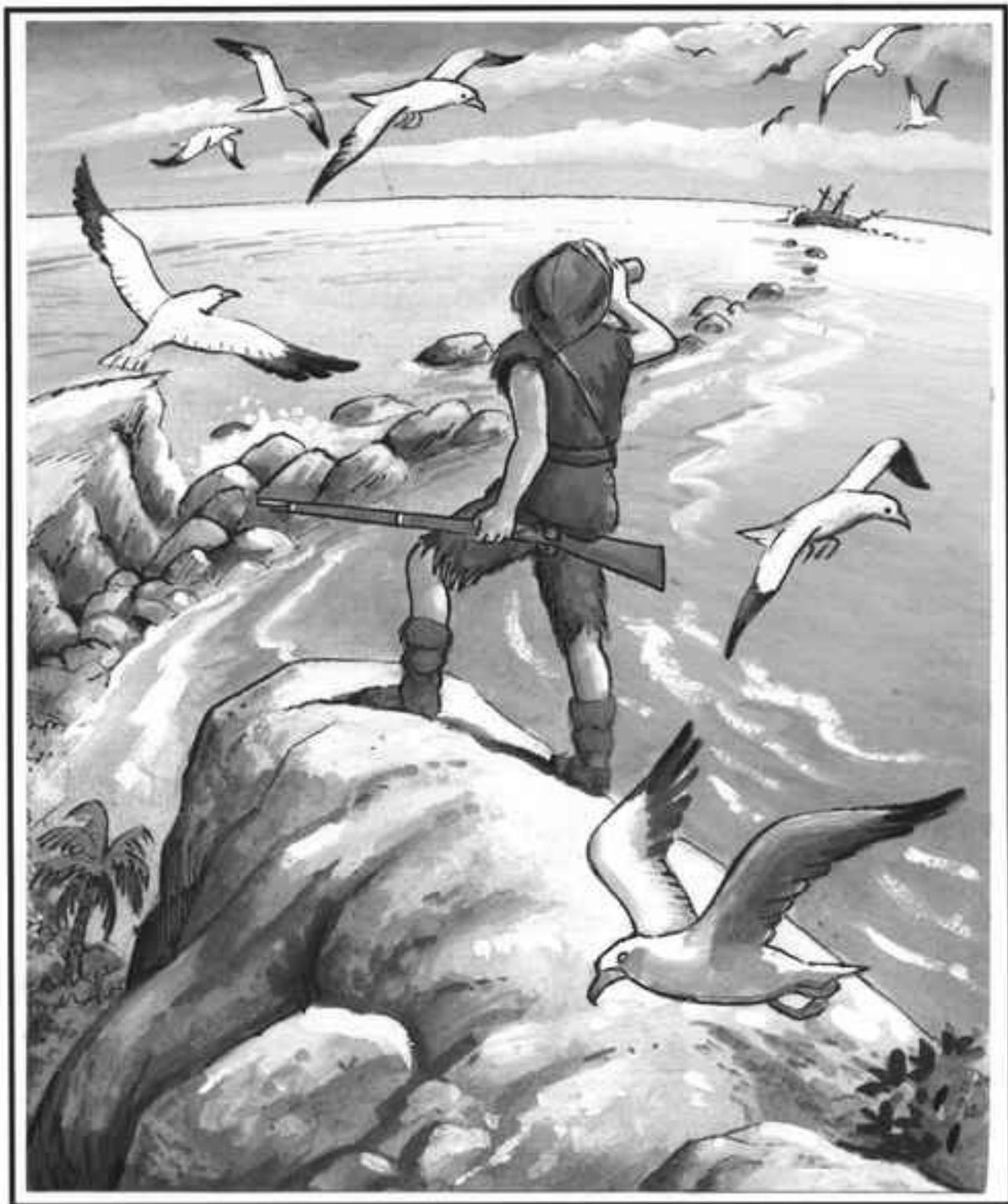
17. Another Ship is Destroyed

It was in the middle of May, 1682, that a very big storm hit the island. I was in my room reading my Bible when the sound of a gun shooting surprised me. It was coming from the direction of the ocean.

I quickly put my ladders up the side of the hill and looked out at the storm on the ocean from the top of the hill. I waited and listened for a short time before hearing another explosion from a gun. It was coming from far out in the ocean, where my ship had hit the sand 22 and a half years earlier. From this I believed that another ship was on the sand and was shooting a gun to ask a ship travelling with it for help.

There was nothing that I could do to help, but I wanted them to know that I was on the island. I put together all of my dry timber and started a big fire for them to see. I believe they did see it too, because after the fire started the gun started shooting many times. I believe they were asking me for help. I could do nothing, but I put more timber on my fire and watched it through the night.

In the morning I could see a very small shape far off to the southeast. I quickly carried my telescope to the point at that end of the island where I had almost been carried away in my little boat many years earlier. From there I could see that the ship had hit on rocks below the water line, far out where the two lines of dangerously fast water movement joined.



I could see that the ship had hit on rocks below the water line.

I did not know what had happened to the people on the ship, but I was thinking about a number of different things that could have happened. They could have tried to come to the island on a boat and been drowned as the men on my boat had. They could have been helped by another ship travelling with them. Or they could have tried to leave in their boat and been pulled far out into the ocean by the same water movement that almost pulled me away from the island.

As I was thinking about them it made me think again how happy I should be to be alive and safe here on the island. But I had a sad feeling to think that other people had come very close to me and

now they were not there. I wanted very strongly to find one or two people who could be my friends on the island.

But that was not to happen, and apart from the body of one boy that washed up on the beach, I did not know for a few more years what had happened to the people on the ship.

By this time the storm was over and I had a very strong feeling to go out to the ship. On it I would find things to use, but more important, I could see if anyone was alive on the ship. I had been afraid of those rocks and that part of the ocean for a few years now, but the feeling was strong enough to make me think God was leading me to go to the boat.

With this strong feeling in my heart, I carried food and water to my boat on the northeast side of the island and started moving in it toward the point where the ship was. Coming to the end of the island, my heart filled with fear as I looked at the dangerous water. I stopped my boat at the end of the island to sit on the land and think about my plan.

I started to think that it would be smart to take more time to study the ocean's movements here, to see what I could learn about them.

I walked to the top of a hill and watched as the height of the ocean dropped. At this time, the dangerous water was close to the island on the south side. Later, when the water was becoming deeper, the water moved back toward the island on the north side. From this I could see that I needed to go out when the height of the water was dropping, and return to the north side of the island when the ocean was becoming deeper.

After sleeping in my boat that night, I started out to the ship the following morning. With help from the water movement, I was at the ship in two hours. The back part was destroyed by the waves, but the front part was together between two big rocks. When I was close to the ship I could see a dog in it crying to me for help. It jumped into the ocean to swim to me. I lifted him into the boat and could see he was almost dead from being without food and water. He was very happy to drink some of my water and eat some of my food.

When I pulled myself up to the ship, the first thing I could see were two men who had drowned hugging each other. I believed that they had stayed in the ship and drowned from the waves coming over them too quickly to give them time to breathe between waves.

I did not see much in the ship that I could use, but I put two boxes into my boat without looking to see what was in them; and I carried a big container of wine to my boat. I was happy to find some tools and metal cooking containers that I had needed for a long time. With these and the dog I returned to the island without any problems.

Because it was late and I was very tired I did not take time to empty the boat before going to sleep in it. In the morning I emptied the boat and opened the boxes before taking it all to my hiding place in the hole in the rocks. In the boxes were a few things that I needed: some shirts, some very good bottles, and some shoes. Three bags of money were in them too, but they were not important to me.

When all of these things were safely in the hole in the rocks, I returned to my boat and moved it to the place where I had been hiding it before this trip. From there I walked back to my beach house and returned to my way of life.

QUESTIONS ON PART 17

1. What did Robinson hear in the middle of a storm in May, 1682? (page 109)
2. What did he do to make the people in the storm know that he was on the island? (page 109)
3. Where was the ship on the following morning? (page 109)
4. What did Robinson Crusoe do to find the best time to sail to and from the ship? (pages 111 and 112)
5. What did Crusoe find on the ship, that he had been needing for a long time? (page 112)
6. What did Crusoe find in the boxes from the ship, that he said was not important to him? (page 113)
7. Where did he put the things from the ship? (page 113)

18. I Hear the Voice of Another Person

I lived like this for almost two more years; but seeing another ship had started me thinking again about leaving the island. My whole life should teach others that it is best to be happy with what we have and not to try for more. Each time I tried to change my life, it changed for the worse.

This problem of not being happy with what we have happens most to young people. But I was much older by this time, and I had not stopped wanting to change my life. It all started one night in March of 1683. It was raining and I was in my rope bed. I was awake and healthy but not able to sleep for most of the night. I was thinking back over my life, before coming to the island and after coming to the island. I could see that I had been happy in the first years of living on the island; but from the time that I had learned about the wild people I had been very much afraid. My dangers were no more now than before, but (I was thinking) knowing about the dangers had now made my life too difficult to live. I was able to see that God had been kind to me in not showing the danger to me for the first 18 years that I had been on the island. But now that I could see the danger, I started to believe that it was right for me to not be happy with my life, and to think of a way to make it better.

I started to think that if the wild people could travel between the island and South America, I could do the same. I did not think about what I would do after going to South America; how I would protect myself from all of the wild people living there; how I would feed myself; and in what direction I would travel after crossing the water. I was thinking of no more than the first step, and I was telling myself that it was better to die crossing the water than to live in fear on the island.

All of this thinking had started because of my trip to the broken ship. It had the effect of destroying the good thinking I had received from God over the years. I had been thinking about crossing the ocean to South America for a few hours before falling into a very deep sleep.

In this sleep I had a dream. In the dream some wild people had come to the island with one man that they wanted to kill and eat. This man jumped away from them, running to hide in the trees in front of my fence.

Seeing him there, I showed him the way over my fence, where he would be safe from the others. Because I helped him, he loved me and followed me after that.

The first thing I was thinking in the dream when this happened was that I now had a wild person as a friend; he could show me how to get to South America, and where to go after getting there. I cannot say with words how happy I was at this part of the dream. But it was at this point that the dream ended. When I was awake, my happiness changed to sadness because it was not real. After that dream, I believed my best way to leave the island would be to make a friend of one of the wild people.

The best way to do that would be to help one that the others were going to eat. I would need to kill all of the others to do it, and I did not know if this was right, because I had been thinking earlier that killing was as wrong for me as it was for them. In the end I argued that my life was in danger now, and I could kill to protect myself.

For a year and a half I walked each day out to the west end of the island to see if boats were there. I was becoming very tired of making these trips without seeing any boats or people, but I did not stop planning to help a wild person by killing the others if one should happen to come by.

About one and a half years after I started this plan, I was surprised one morning to see five boats on the beach together on my side of the island. This was more boats than I had planned for and I did not believe I could kill that many people. I could not see the people at this time, but I believed that 20 or 30 of them had come in the boats.

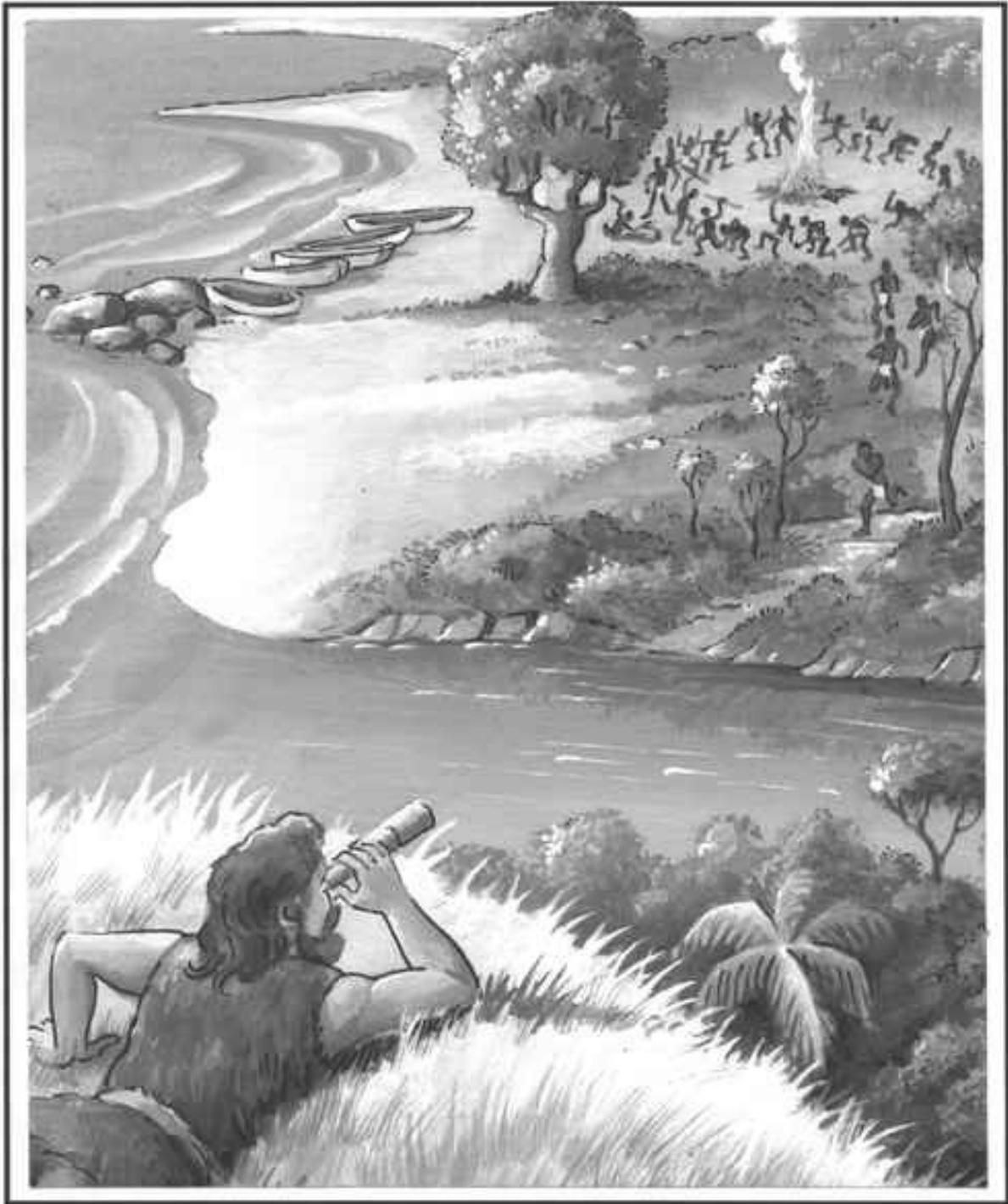
For a time I waited quietly in my house, not knowing what to do. At last I used the ladders to go up to the top of the hill and look at them through my telescope. I could see more than 30 people eating and dancing by a fire.

As I was looking, they pulled two more men from the boats. They quickly killed one and were cutting him open to cook him when the other started running in my direction.

At first I was very much afraid that he would bring all of the others to my part of the beach. But as I watched no more than three men followed after him, and he looked to be a faster runner than them all. Coming to the little river between them and my part of the beach, he jumped in and showed himself to be a very fast swimmer too. One of the other runners was not able to swim, and he stopped at the river. The other two were slow swimmers and were far behind him when they had finished crossing the river.

From my dream and from what was happening, I now believed strongly that God was leading me to help this man.

I quickly returned to the house for my guns and started running out on the beach between the man who was running away and the two who were running after him.



I could see more than 30 people eating and dancing by the fire.

I shouted very loudly, showing with my hands that I wanted to help the man who was running away. At first, I think he was more afraid of me than of the other two. Coming to the first of the other two runners, I hit him with the handle of my big gun, forcing him to fall to the ground. We were a long distance away from the group that was dancing and eating, but I did not want to shoot my gun for fear that they would hear it. The second runner was carrying a spear and he started to throw it at me. This forced me to shoot him. He died from the first bullet.

The man who had been running away could now see that the others were down. I encouraged him with my hands to come to me. He moved slowly and in fear, not knowing if I would kill him too, or make him a prisoner; but he showed signs that he was able to understand that I had helped him by stopping the other two runners. When he was close to me, he dropped to the ground, put his head in

the sand, and lifted my foot to put it on his head. I think he was saying that he would follow me because I had stopped the others from killing him. He said things that I could not understand, but I was very happy to hear another person's voice for the first time in almost 25 years.

I lifted him up and encouraged him, but I had more work to do before we could take time for each other. The first runner was not dead, and he was starting to move. I pointed my gun at this man, but my new follower made signs for me to give him the sword that I carried in my belt. I did this, and he walked over to the man and cut off his head with one strong hit of the sword. He returned to give me the sword and the head.

He was very interested in how I was able to kill the first man from a long distance. He studied the body and the hole from the bullet for a short time before asking by signs if he could bury the bodies to stop the others from finding them.

He quickly buried them in the sand, and after this I showed him to my hole in the rocks at the other end of the island. I believed that this was the safest place for him. Food and water were here, and when he had finished eating and drinking he was able to sleep without fear.

QUESTIONS ON PART 18

1. What did Crusoe say had happened each time he had tried to change his life? (page 114)
2. What did wild people coming to the island make Robinson Crusoe think he could do? (page 114)
3. What did a dream make him think would be his best way to leave the island? (page 115)
4. What happened when a group of wild people were killing one of their prisoners? (page 116)
5. Robinson did not want to use his gun. What did one wild man do that forced him to shoot? (page 118)
6. What did the wild man do to show he would follow Robinson Crusoe? (page 118)
7. Where did Robinson take the wild man to hide? (page 119)

19. I Name Him Friday

He was a strong, tall man, and I believe he was about 26 years old. His smile was kind, and his eyes were full of life. His hair was long and black.

When he had finished sleeping, he walked out of the hole to find me milking the goats. Running to me, he again put his head on the ground and my foot on his head, showing that he would follow me because I had stopped the others from killing him.

I named him "Friday", and said my name was "Robinson". He quickly learned to say my name and to say words like "yes" and "no".



We stayed there that night, but the following morning I returned with him to the beach house. When we were going by the place where he had buried the other men, he made signs that we could dig them up and eat them. I showed him that I was angry at this, and made signs to show that I would be sick at eating these men. He did not ask again to eat them, but he followed me to the house.

At the top of the hill I looked through the telescope to see that the boats were not on the beach. I wanted to take a closer look. Giving Friday the sword and one of the guns to carry, I walked with him down to the part of the beach where the men had been.

My blood turned cold on seeing heads and hands and other pieces of bodies on the beach; but Friday made nothing of it. By signs, Friday was able to make me understand that the people had killed and cooked three other people, and he was to be the last one. His people had been fighting a war with another very big group of people and many of his people had been made prisoners. The other group had separated into smaller groups with each group taking some prisoners to different places to eat them.

I showed Friday that he should put all the body pieces together in one place and burn them. I could see that he was wanting to eat some of the pieces himself, but I showed that I was very angry and very sick at any plan to do this, and I would punish him very strongly if he tried. By this I was able to teach him to control his taste for eating people. After finishing this, we returned to the beach house and I worked on making some clothes for Friday, who had no clothes. It was not easy for him to wear clothes at first, but he was happy to learn, because he wanted to look like me.

At first I put up a tent for Friday outside the fence, and I put timber across the door to stop him from coming into my room through the hole in the cliff. I put all of the weapons in my room with me because I was afraid that he would try to kill me when I was sleeping. But I did not need to do this.

For he was always very loving toward me, like a son to his father, and he showed me over and over that he would die for me if needed.

This made me question the reason God hides the truth about his love from some people like these wild people when they are as able and willing (No, they are more willing!) to learn from him to do good and to show love as we who have the Bible are. It made me think that we who have all these teachings from God do not use them near enough.

At times I think I pushed too far in questioning God, and trying to tell him what is right. In the first place, if God is loving and kind to all people, he must have a way to teach these people; and he must judge them by, and ask them to follow, rules that we do not know. And in the second place, we did not make God, and we cannot say how he should do things. If he chooses to help some people and destroy others he does not need to ask us before he can do that.

I started teaching Friday all that I believed was important for him to learn if he was to work with me. The most important job was to teach him to talk to me in English. I liked doing this because he was a very happy, hard-working, and enthusiastic student. He was most happy when he was able to understand what I was saying, or when I was able to understand what he was saying. With Friday as a friend, I was happy to stay on the island. But I could not stop my fear of wild people returning to kill us.

Two or three days after returning to the beach house with Friday, we were out walking when I said for him to watch me. I could see a female goat with two young goats, and I pointed my gun at one of the young ones before shooting it. Friday did not understand that I had been shooting at the goat, and the sound of the gun filled him with fear.

He lifted his coat to see if I had put a hole in him like I did to the other wild man, and he dropped to the ground in front of me, hugging my knees and saying many things in his own language to ask me not to kill him.

I lifted him by the hand, laughed, and pointed to the dead goat. He walked over to the goat and studied it to see how it had died. A short time later I pointed to a big bird in a tree and with signs showed Friday that I was planning to kill it with the gun. He watched the bird this time and could see it fall after the explosion from the gun. He was afraid again, but this time he started talking to the gun. I later learned that he believed the gun was able to choose who should live and who should die, and he was asking it to not kill him.

We returned to the beach house to cook the goat in some water and to eat it together. Friday liked the meat, but could not understand my reason for putting salt on it. He said with signs that the salt was not good to eat. He put a little in his mouth and showed that he hated the taste. I did the same with a piece of meat that did not have salt on it, but I could not teach him to like salt.

The following day we cooked some of the goat on an open fire, the way that the wild people cook other people. When Friday tasted the goat meat cooked in this way he was very happy with the taste and made signs to tell me that he would not eat meat from people again because the goat meat was better.

Friday quickly learned how to make flour from the grain, and bread from the flour, making my work easier by doing this for me.

I planted a bigger piece of ground with grain seeds and Friday could see from this that more work was needed for two people, and he was happy to do his part.

QUESTIONS ON PART 19

1. What name did Robinson Crusoe give his new friend? (page 120)
2. What did Friday want to do with the bodies that he had earlier covered with sand? (page 120)
3. What was Friday happy to do, because it made him look like Robinson? (page 121)
4. True or False: Friday was always very loving toward Robinson, like a son to his father. (page 121)
5. What did Crusoe believe it was most important to teach Friday first? (page 122)
6. What did Friday believe about Robinson's gun? (page 123)
7. What did Friday learn to do, that made Robinson's work easier? (page 123)

20. We Make Another Boat

My first year with Friday was the happiest year of my many years on the island. He learned to talk well and to understand the names of most things that I needed and most places where I needed to send him.

It was a good feeling to talk to another person after all these years; but it was better with Friday because he would always say the truth about what he was thinking. I learned to love him very much, and I think he loved me too.

I wanted to know if he was planning to return to his own people and I asked him many questions about them. At one time I asked him if his group wins any wars.

Friday: My country win much.

Robinson: How win? If your country wins, how were you a prisoner?

Friday: Other people more many in that place. My country over win in far place. Take many thousand.

Robinson: Did your people try to help you when you were a prisoner?

Friday: My people have no boat in that place.

Robinson: What do your people do with prisoners? Do you carry them away and eat them?

Friday: My people eat mans too, eat all up.

Robinson: Where do they carry them?

Friday: Go to other place.

Robinson: Do they come here?

Friday: They come here to other place. [Points to the west side of the island.]
By this I learned that it had been Friday's people who had been coming to the west side of the island.

I asked how far it was from our island to the big piece of land where he lived and if they lose some of the boats on that trip. He said there was no danger in making the trip, that the wind and the water moved one way in the morning and another way in the second half of the day.

I later learned that this was because of movement from the very big Orinoco River in South America, 60 miles away. When the height of the ocean goes down, the river moves far out into the ocean. When the height of the ocean goes up, the ocean moves far up into the river. And the biggest of the two islands I had looked at earlier was the island of Trinidad at the north border of the Orinoco River mouth. I liked this part of our talking together very much, because it made me feel that we could one day leave the island and go to South America.

I did much to teach Friday about God. I asked him who made him, but he could not understand the question. He was thinking that I had asked about his father. I changed my line of questions and asked him who made the ocean and the hills. He said it was old Benamuckee. Benamuckee, he said, is very old, and all things say "Oh!" to him. He said that when people die, they go to where Benamuckee is.

From this I started to teach him more about God. I said that God is able to hear us when we talk to him, and his Son, Jesus, had come to teach us that God loves us. He liked hearing about Jesus and he said that God must be better than Benamuckee, because his people cannot talk to Benamuckee without going to the mountain where he lives.

I asked if he talked to Benamuckee on the mountain and he said young men cannot go to the mountain. A few special old men talk to Benamuckee and return to tell the other people what Benamuckee wants them to know.

I could see from this that in all religions a “few special old men” control the people by teaching that they know secrets that others cannot know.

I said to Friday that the spirit these men talk to is a bad spirit, and I said that they do not tell the truth. This started us talking about the devil. I said he is a very bad spiritual force that tries to make people do bad things, and he tries to make us turn away from God.

It was easy for him to see that a very strong very smart force made the earth. But it was not as easy to see a reason for believing that the devil is real.

One time I was telling Friday that God is very strong and he hates bad actions. “He can easily destroy us all in one hour,” I said.

“You say God is very strong,” answered Friday. “Is he much strong as the devil?”

“He is very much stronger than the devil,” I said with enthusiasm. “He wants us to ask Him for help in fighting the devil.”

I was surprised with his answer to this, and I did not have an answer for him when he asked, “If God much strong as the devil, what reason God no kill the devil, make end of bad things?”

After thinking for a time, I said, “God will destroy the devil at the end.”

“At the end?” asked Friday. “Me no understand. What reason God no kill devil now?”

Again I was forced to think for a time to find an answer. At last I said, “If God killed the devil now, he should kill us now too, because we are bad too. He loves us and does not kill the devil, because he wants us to be free to choose between doing bad and doing good.”

But Friday showed that I was not at all a good teacher of religion, because his answer cut through the weak parts of my argument: “That very good! God love you and me. God love devil. We all go live with God!”

I ended our talk at that point by standing up and asking Friday to get some things for me. After this I prayed seriously for help in teaching Friday what he most needed to know to be right with God.

When Friday asked to talk about God again, I talked about Jesus coming to forgive us for the wrong things we do and to teach us how to follow God. At times I talked about things that are of no interest to a person like himself, but when I did this I learned from it to know what are the most important spiritual things. If Friday was not learning from my teaching, it encouraged me to know that I was learning from it. And I prayed that I would say things to lead Friday to know and love

Jesus as I did. I was very happy that God could be using me to lead a wild man to become a Christian.

In three years together on the island my happiness when talking with Friday was as close to perfect as it can be on earth, and in that time Friday changed to become a better Christian than me.

We had the Bible to teach us, and God's Spirit was as close to us on the island as it could be in Britain. From this we could see that all of the arguments between different religions have nothing to do with being a real Christian. You are a real Christian when you believe that God loves you and forgives you; when you turn away from following greed, hate, and fear; and when you try to obey the things that Jesus teaches. But some people are more interested in arguing over who is best. And these people make religions.

When Friday was able to understand me, I talked to him about my past, about Britain and Europe, and about how I had landed on this island. I made him a belt to carry a little axe in, and showed him how to shoot a gun. I showed him the boat on the beach that was too big for me to move and he studied it for a time without saying a word. I asked him what he was thinking and he said, "Me see boat like this come to place at my country." I asked more and he said the boat was washed up on a beach in a storm.

"We stop the white mans from drowning," he said. He showed with his fingers that there were 17 white men in the boat.

"What happened to the white men?" I asked.

"They live at my country."

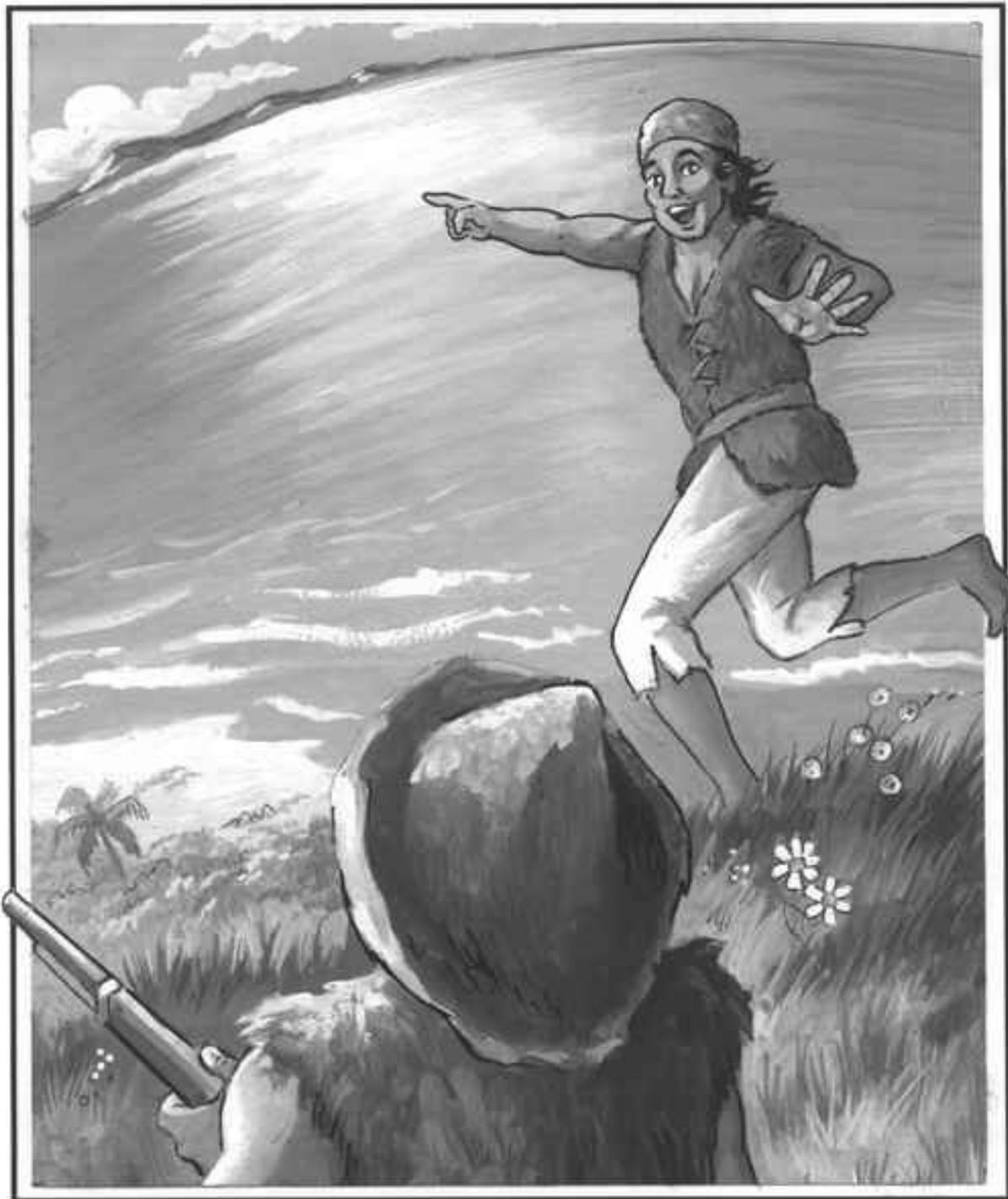
I started to think that these were men from the ship that was destroyed on the rocks at the east end of the island.

Friday said the men had lived with his people for four years, and his people had helped them with food.

"Your people did not eat them?" I asked.

"No. They make brother with them. We no eat mans when not making fight."

On a very clear day we were on the hill where I had earlier been able to see all the way to South America. Friday looked seriously in that direction and started dancing and shouting, "Oh happy! Oh happy! There see my country!" I could see the happiness and enthusiasm in his eyes as he shouted, and this made me believe that, if he returned to his country, he would forget about God and forget about me. But he would tell them about me, and I was afraid that they would return with him to feed on me. For a few weeks after this, I was not as open to Friday, thinking of him more as a wild man again.



“Oh happy! Oh happy! There see my country!”

But I was very wrong, as I learned after asking him many questions to learn what he was planning. One day I said, “Friday, do you want to be in your country?”

“Yes, I be much happy in my country.”

“Would you become wild again, and eat people?”

He looked very serious when I said this. “No, no! Friday tell them to live good, pray God, eat bread, milk, and animal meat, no eat man again.”

“If you teach that,” I said, “they will kill you.”

“No, they no kill me. They want learn love.” He said that they learned some good things from the white men in the boat.

I asked if he wanted to make a boat to use to return to his people. He said he would go if I would go with him.

“I cannot go,” I said. “They will kill me.”

“No, no!” he argued. “Me teach them much love you.

They kind to other white mans. Be kind to you too.”

From this time my feelings toward Friday were much better, and I started to think about going with him to join the other white men in his country. Taking Friday to my secret boat on the north side of the island I asked him if he could go to his country in it. He said it was too small.

The following day I showed him the big boat that I had made many years earlier, but had not been able to move to the water. He said it was big enough; but after all these years the timber was dried and broken from the sun. I said we could make another like it and he would be able to return to his country in it.

“No be angry with Friday,” he said, with a look of fear on his face. “No send Friday away.”

“But you said you wanted to go to your people,” I argued. “Not go without Robinson,” he answered.

“But what can I do there?” I asked. I was interested to know more about his feelings toward me and toward his people.

“You do much good. You teach wild mans to be good, to pray to God, to live new life.”

“But I am not a teacher,” I said.

“You good teacher. You teach Friday. You teach Friday’s people. If you no go, Friday no go.”

From this I learned to stop being afraid of Friday turning from me or from God. He had more Christian love for his people than I had. And his love for me was stronger than his love for his people.

Friday helped me to find the right tree to use for making another boat, and we worked together for a month on cutting it out and shaping it. We worked another two weeks moving it little by little to the water.

When it was in, we were happy to see that it could easily carry 20 people.

Friday was able to control the boat very well, but I wanted to add a sail and a piece on the bottom for turning the boat. The pieces of sail I had cut from my ship were 26 years old, and most were not good enough to use now. But I was able to find two good pieces that I joined together to make one sail with three corners.

And I tried many different things before I was able to make a good turning piece for the bottom of the boat.

We were almost two months putting these and other finishing touches to the boat. And when we were finished, I started teaching Friday how to use a sail to move the boat where he wanted to go. He was a good student and quickly learned all that he needed to know to control it well.

At this time I marked the end of 26 years on the island, believing that I would not be living there for more than one more year. It was the wet time of year, and I planned to make our trip to South America in November and December.

We pulled the boat up on the land by the little river, where I first put my raft 26 years earlier, and we waited for good weather.

QUESTIONS ON PART 20

1. What was the happiest year of all the years that Robinson Crusoe was on the island? (page 125)
2. What is the name of the very big river in South America that had been making the strong water movements around the island? (page 126)
3. What was Friday's name for God? (page 126)
4. What difficult question did Friday have about the devil? (page 127)
5. Finish this: "All of the arguments between different religions have nothing to do with being a _____." (page 128)
6. What did Robinson learn about the men who had been in the ship that was destroyed near his island? (page 129)
7. What three things did Friday say he wanted to teach his people? (page 131)
8. What did Robinson and Friday work together for a month to make? (page 132)

21. We Fight Against Some Wild People

When the wet weather was coming to an end, I started filling our boat with food, water, and other things for the trip, planning to leave for South America in a week or two.

I was doing some work in the house one morning when Friday, who had been to the beach looking for a turtle, jumped over the fence and started crying, "Oh, Robinson! Oh, Robinson! Oh, sadness! Oh, bad!" "What is the problem?" I asked.

"On the beach," he said. "One, two, three boats. One, two, three!"

He was full of fear, believing that the people in them were coming to kill and eat him. I tried to encourage him, and said that we must fight together and not be afraid. I poured some wine for

Friday, to quiet his emotions, and we filled our eight guns with powder and bullets. I had my sword, and Friday had his little axe.

After doing this, I had a look from the top of the hill with my telescope at what was happening. I could see 21 people plus three prisoners. They were closer to the little river this time, in a place where many trees grow close to the beach.

I asked Friday if he would go with me to fight them, and, feeling more confident now, he said he would fight and die at my side.

I put a small bottle of wine in my pants and handed a bag of gunpowder and bullets to Friday to carry.

We each put a hand gun in our belts, and three long guns over our shoulders, and walked up into the island, planning to cross the little river and move down close to the beach through the trees on the other side without them seeing us.

As we walked, I was thinking again about how wrong it was for me to kill people who were from a different country, living by different rules, and not fighting against me. I could see that Friday had a reason to kill them because he was one of them, and they had tried to kill him in the past; but it was not right for me to start a fight with them. In the end I said to God that I would not start a fight. I would go to look, and leave it to God to show me what I should do.

When we were at the border of the trees I looked through my telescope to see that they were eating the meat of one man and another man with clothes on was tied on the sand. He was a white man, and Friday said he was one of the men from the boat that had landed in his country. Now it was clear to me that I must act to help one of my own people.

By moving behind some bushes we were able to get to a big tree that was much closer to the beach. We needed to move quickly now, because two of the wild men were going toward the white man to kill him. The others were sitting very close together by the fire. I quietly said for Friday to watch me and do all that I was going to do. Putting our other long guns on the ground beside us, we each pointed one long gun at the group by the fire.

“Now!” I said, and the two guns exploded, with bullets killing three of the men in the circle by the fire.

We each dropped our empty guns and lifted another. The men by the fire did not know where to run, and if we were fast enough, we would be able to shoot again before they separated. The second guns were filled with many small bullets that separate in different directions when you shoot them.

“Now!” I said again, and this time many more people were hit with the small bullets. Most were not hurt badly, but two more were dead when we put those guns down and lifted the last two long guns.

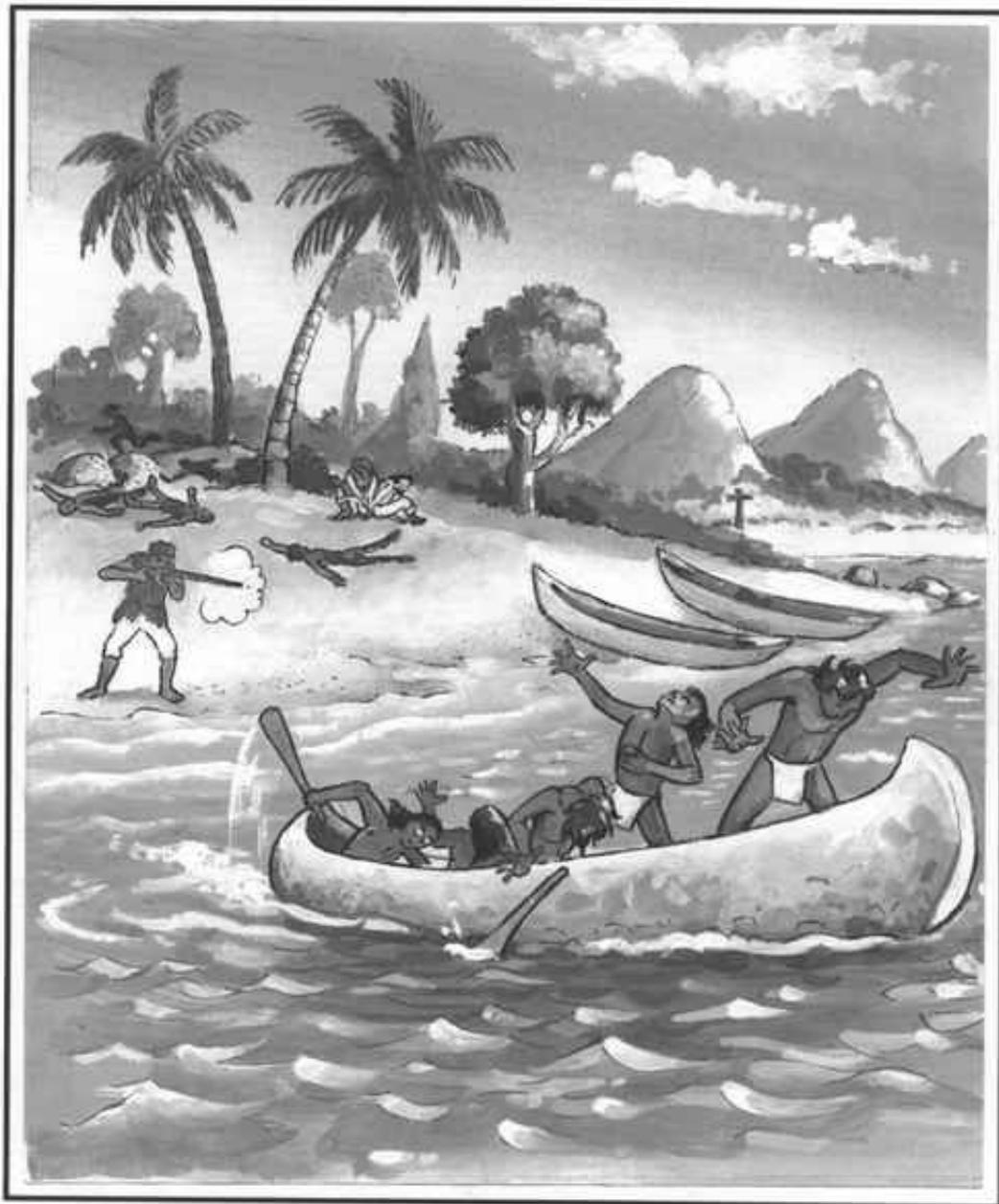
“Now follow me,” I said to Friday, and we jumped out from behind the tree, shouted for all of them to see, and started running toward the prisoner on the sand. The two men who had been planning to kill him had run to the boat when we first started shooting. Now three others were running to the boats too.

As I was running to cut the ropes on their prisoner, I shouted for Friday to shoot at the men in the boat. He moved up closer to the water before shooting and it looked like he killed all five men,

because they all dropped after hearing the explosion. But two of them were quickly up again, and another was badly hurt but alive.

I lifted the prisoner and put my bottle of wine by his mouth. From his words I could tell that he was from Spain. He was very weak and it was difficult for him to stand or talk, but after a short drink he was happy to take the sword and hand gun I handed to him. He quickly used the sword to kill two more wild men.

I now had one long gun to protect myself with, and I shouted for Friday to bring the powder and empty guns from behind the tree.



It looked like he killed all five men, because they all dropped after hearing the explosion.

As this was happening a wild man used one of their timber swords to hit the sword from the hand of the man from Spain, who was very tired by now. But he used his hand gun to kill the wild man before I could come to help him.

Friday dropped the gun and powder at my feet and used his little axe to kill three more men who were not able to run away because of sores from the first shooting.

With new powder and bullets in the guns we were able to kill four of the five other men on the beach, but we were not able to stop the last one from swimming to join the three in the boat. We tried shooting at the boat from the beach, but they were too far away in a very short time. In the end we counted no more than four of the 21 who were able to leave the island alive.

Friday wanted to use one of their boats to go after and kill the other four. Because I was afraid they would return with hundreds of others to kill us, I quickly agreed. But as we were getting into the boat, we were surprised to find another prisoner, tied with a rope behind his back from his neck to his ankles. He was almost dead and not able to stand after I cut the rope. I think he believed we were coming to kill him, and I asked Friday to tell him we were friends.

When Friday looked into the face of the prisoner, his face filled with surprise. He stopped talking and hugged the man, kissed him, cried, laughed, shouted, danced up and down, and started singing and hitting his head with his hands to show his happiness. It was some time before he was able to tell me that the reason for his happiness was that this prisoner was his own father! It was beautiful to see the love that he showed to his father.

He was in and out of the boat many times, between his times of dancing and singing, to hold his father and to rub the sore hands and feet where the ropes had been. All of this put an end to following the other boat, and it is good that it happened this way, because that night a storm started and it was a very bad one. I could not believe that the other men were able to live through it. After some time with his father, Friday started running as fast as he could up the beach to our house. He returned in a short time with a big container of water and some bread. The water was what his father needed most, and it was what the man from Spain needed too.

He was flat on the ground under a tree and not able to stand after all of the fighting. Friday poured drinks for the two of them and rubbed the ankles of the man from Spain. He carried him to the boat and put him softly down beside his father before pushing the boat out into the water and taking it up the beach to our house.

I walked up the beach behind them, and as I was coming to our place by the little river, Friday was running toward me. He stopped to tell me that he was returning to bring the other boat, before running off to get it. I was tired from the fighting, but he was full of enthusiasm from seeing his father.

The two men were not able to walk, and we were not able to carry them over the fence. We made them a tent from old sails and branches and beds of dry grass and blankets in the space between the trees and the fence.

At last my island had people living on it, and four very different people we were too. I was very happy to be the leader of all these people, and I wanted them all to live together as friends.

QUESTIONS ON PART 21

1. What filled Friday with fear, a week or two before they planned to leave for South America?
(page 134)

2. On his way to fight against the people on the beach, what was Robinson Crusoe thinking about? (page 135)
3. What did he see that changed his thinking? (page 135)
4. What country was the prisoner from? (page 136)
5. How many of the 21 men did Robinson, Friday, and the prisoner kill? (page 138)
6. Who was the second prisoner, that was tied up in the boat? (page 138)
7. How did Friday move the two men to the beach house? (page 139)

22. We Plan our Trip to South America

I quickly made food for us all and did what I could to encourage the men. The man from Spain did not know English, but he had lived with Friday's people long enough to know their language. Because of this, Friday was able to tell his father and the other man what I was saying.

The following day I asked Friday's father if we were in danger from the four men who had run away from us. He believed that they could not have lived through the storm; but if they did, he believed that they would tell their people that they had been hit by lightning or some other weapon from God, and they would have believed that Friday and I were angels or devils. This is because they had no way of understanding how we could kill them from a distance with the guns.

He was right in this, because I later learned from others that the men in the boat had lived through the storm to tell their story; and all wild people stopped coming to the island after this. They believed that God lived there and would destroy with fire all who tried to land on his island.

I learned from the man from Spain that life had been very difficult for the 17 of them who had been living with Friday's people in South America. Five of the men were from the ship that was destroyed on the rocks near my island. The others were from a second ship that was destroyed close to South America later that night. They had no gun powder or clothes or other things to make their life easier. They had often talked of leaving the place, but they had no tools or boat.

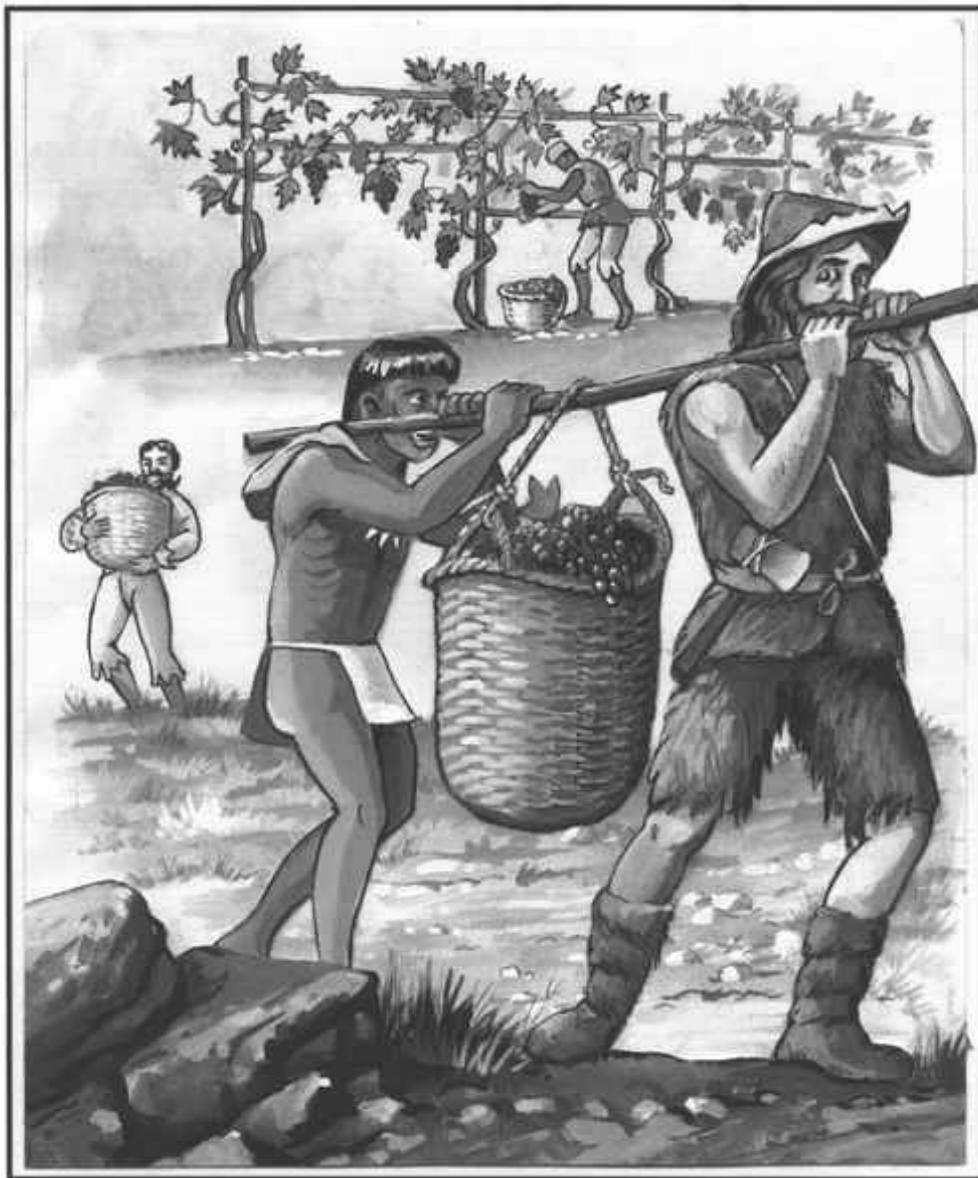
We talked about bringing them to my island, and working together to make a boat big enough to take us all to Brazil or to one of the islands north of us.

At this time people from Spain were killing many people who were not from their religion, and I was afraid that the men would turn against me after I had helped them. But my new friend said that he believed the men would do all that they could to protect me if I helped them. He agreed to go to them with the old man and tell them my plan. He would make them agree before God to follow me to any country where I should choose to lead them. He finished by promising to fight to his death to protect me if the others turned against me after leaving the island.

But he said that it would not be smart for him to leave the island too early. I had to agree with the reasons for his argument. He could see that I had more than enough food for myself and Friday, but it was very little for the four of us. If the others were to join us, we would not have enough at all. We needed to plant much more grain and wait for it to grow before we could bring others to the island.

In a month, the four of us were able to plant out a very big piece of land with as many seeds as we were able to take from the grain that we needed to feed ourselves. When the grain was planted, we used the months of waiting to cut down trees and make very long, flat pieces of timber for building a ship. At the end of six months we had 12 very big pieces of flat timber.

After this we worked on finding more young wild goats to add to the other goats for meat. Two of us would go out each day looking for mother goats. After killing the mother, we would take the young goat and add it to my goats. In this way, we were able to add 20 more goats to the group.



We worked together to hang many grapes in the sun to dry.

We worked together to hang many grapes in the sun to dry too. These, together with the meat and grain, would be enough to feed all the men who would come to work with us. The man from Spain was very good at making baskets, and in the time that he was on the island we made a few hundred of them to hold all of the grain from our planting. When all these jobs were finished, and when I had now been on the island for more than 27 years,

Friday's father and the man from Spain made plans to leave in one of the boats made by the wild people. We filled the boat with enough bread and dry grapes for these two and for all of the men to

eat for more than a week on their return trip. Each of the men had one gun and a little powder. I was happy about sending them off, because I believed that I was now making an important step toward returning to Britain.

QUESTIONS ON PART 22

1. How was Robinson able to talk to the man from Spain? (page 141)
2. What stopped the wild people from returning to the island? (page 141)
3. What did Robinson plan to do with the help of the men from Spain? (page 142)
4. What was the first thing they needed to do before they could bring the other men to the island? (page 142)
5. What are some other things they did before going to get the other men? (pages 142 and 144)
6. Who travelled to South America to get the other men, and what boat did they use? (page 144)

23. We Stop a War on a Ship

We had waited for more than a week for the others to return, when something happened that changed all of our plans.

I was sleeping in my room one morning when Friday started shouting, “Robinson, they are come! They are come!”

I jumped out of my bed and in my enthusiasm did not remember to take my gun with me as I do at other times. When I was out on the beach I could see, about four miles away, a boat with a small sail coming in from the southeast. It was the wrong direction for anyone coming from South America, and the boat that Friday’s father and the man from Spain had used did not have a sail.

I shouted to Friday to come and hide with me, because these were not the men we had been looking for, and we needed to learn more about them before we showed ourselves.

From the top of the hill I could see a ship in the ocean about seven miles south-southeast of the island. And I could clearly see that it was an English ship. My emotions were mixed at this point. After more than 27 years on this island, here was a ship from my own country. I was very happy to think I could leave with friendly people from the ship. I should be running out to meet them. But I had a bad feeling about this ship. What good reason could it have to be in these waters? The weather was quiet and had not pushed it off the roads that most ships use. I said to myself that we would wait a little longer before we showed ourselves to these people.

The men in the boat were looking for a little river to pull their boat into; but they stopped on the beach about half a mile east of us, before seeing our little river. And it is good for us that they did, because if they had come up our river, they would have been close enough to see and kill us.

I counted 11 men in all. Three of them had no weapons and they were tied. Friday said to me, “Robinson, I see English mans eat people too.”

“No, Friday,” I said. “English mans often kill people, but I am confident that they will not eat them.”

I could not understand what was happening, but I was thinking that the three men would be killed. One of them was very humble in asking for them not to hurt him. But one man cruelly lifted a sword above his head to show that he was thinking of hitting him. (He did not use it.)

After they landed, six of the men walked away from the prisoners. I think they wanted to see some of the island now that they were here. Two of the men stayed in the boat drinking. In a short time they were asleep.

After a short sleep, one of them looked out to see that the water was going out and their boat would not move. He shouted for the others to come running and help him, but together they were not able to move the boat.

“Leave it for now, Jack,” said one of them. “We can go when the water is up again.”

At this they all returned to looking at the island.

The prisoners stayed tied together, not showing any signs of trying to break away. They had moved to the cover of a tree a short distance away from the boat, and were resting on the ground.

If they were going to wait for the ocean to be at its highest again, it would be dark before they were off the island.

I filled all our guns with powder and bullets. My first plan was to wait for night and try to help the prisoners when it was dark. But in the hottest part of the day all of the others were away to different parts of the island. I believed that they must all be sleeping. It was a good time to talk to the prisoners.

With two guns over my shoulders and two in my belt and Friday following at a distance, I moved very close to the prisoners before they could see me. When they did see me, they were very surprised.

“Do not be afraid,” I said. “I can help you.”

“You must be from God,” one of them said, “because no one but God can help us now, and in this place.”

“All help is from God,” I said. “But you must tell me the reason that you are here.”

“Are you a real man or an angel?” asked one of the men, who was quietly crying from happiness.

“If I was an angel,” I said, “I would have better clothes than these, and other weapons too. I am afraid that I am no more than a man from Britain like you yourselves; and I have one friend,” I said, pointing to Friday. “We have guns and we want to help you. But first, what is your story?”

“Our story is too long to tell now,” said one of them. “In short, I am the owner of that ship out there, but the workers on the ship have started a war against me. This is my helper and a friend who was travelling with us.

Some of the men wanted to kill us, but others said they would leave us here on this island. Five of the men are sleeping over there behind the bushes and I do not know where the other three are. You will be in much danger if they see you.”

I quickly cut their ropes and moved with them into the trees. The leader said that the men sleeping in the bushes had two guns and another gun was in the boat.

He did not want to kill them. He said that two leaders were very bad, but he believed the other six would help us if we could stop the leaders.

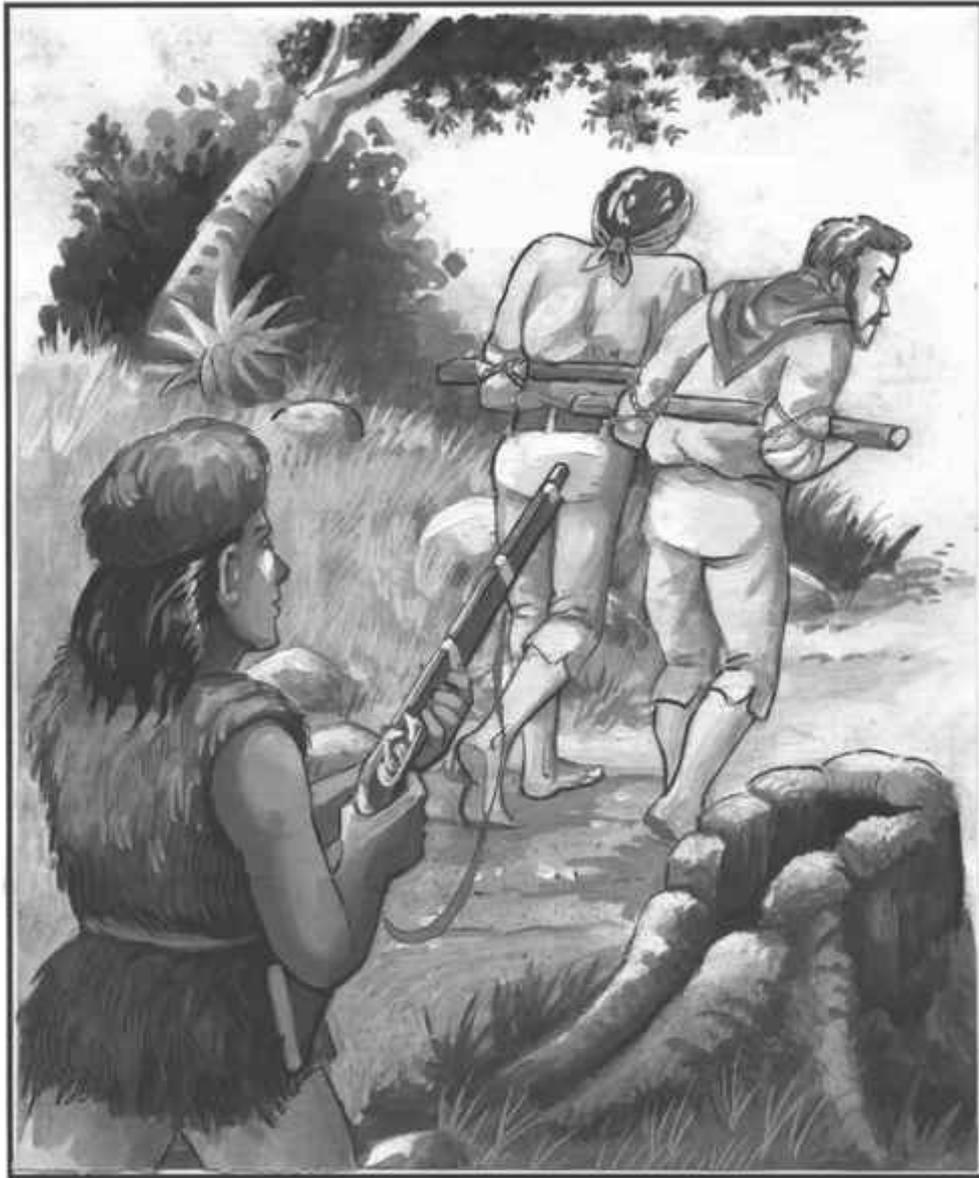
If the leaders were able to return to the ship, he said, they would bring an army of other men against us. I handed my guns to the three of them and said it was up to them to kill the two worst men, who were in the group sleeping in the bushes.

As we were talking, two men in the group of sleepers jumped to their feet and looked around for their prisoners. They moved away from the other three. Now the two most dangerous men were asleep with one other man.

“God has put the worst men in a place for you to kill them with little danger to the others,” I said. As the men with me moved over to the bushes, one of the men who was awake turned to see them and shouted. But it was too late; those who had been prisoners quickly killed the two leaders, and pointed the last gun at the others. The men asked the ship’s owner not to kill them, and he said they must promise to help him take control of the ship again. They quickly agreed, but I said that we must tie them up to be safe.

In a short time the other three men were running from where they had been resting, to see what the shooting was about, and we quickly made them our prisoners too.

Two of the six prisoners were less friendly than the others, and I asked Friday and the owner’s friend to take these two to my secret hole in the rocks in the middle of the island. Their arms were tied with pieces of timber.



Their arms were tied with pieces of timber.

When we were near the boat, we could hear shooting from the ship as a sign that they wanted the men to return. (From this distance they could not know that we were different people.) When the boat did not move out to the water, I could see by my telescope that the ship was sending another boat with ten men in it, and they were all carrying guns. When the boat was close to the beach, the owner studied the faces of the men in it through the telescope. He said that he believed three or four of them were good men who were afraid of the others. I believed that the seven of us were equal to these men if they tried to fight us.

When the men landed on the beach, they looked at the boat and were surprised to see a hole in it. They shouted for the other men, and when they received no answer, they used their guns to make a bigger noise. Again they received no answer. They were close to returning to the ship, believing the others were all dead, when they changed their thinking. Three men stayed in their boat, taking it a safe distance out in the ocean, and the other seven moved into the island to look for their friends.

If we acted now, the three in the boat would sail to the ship and tell the others. All we could do was wait.

The seven who were on the island were clearly afraid, and they stayed close together. They walked to the top of the hill near my house, where they were able to see into the island. They shouted again from there. When they had no answer, they did not move on. Because the men in the boat could not see them, they agreed to rest there, with the others thinking they were looking through the island. They stayed there for a long time before starting to walk back toward the beach.

I had a plan, and I acted quickly. Friday and the owner's helper were to run through the island to the other side of the little river and start shouting from there, moving away from the seven men on the hill each time they returned the shout. When the men on the island were about to leave, Friday and his helper started shouting. The men returned the shout and moved up the beach, toward the little river. At the little river the men on foot shouted for the men in the boat to come and help them across. My plan was working perfectly.

The boat moved up into the river and carried the men across. One of the three men in the boat joined with the men going after Friday. A second man waited on our side of the river, where it was easier for him to rest. One last man was in the boat, tying it to a tree on our side of the river when five of us surprised them. The owner pushed the man on the beach to the ground, and shouted that the man in the boat would be a dead man if he did not come with us. It turned out that this was one of the more friendly men, and he quickly agreed to join with us in fighting for control of the ship.

Friday and the owner's helper had made the other men very tired by leading them from hill to hill far into the island with their shouts. Running back to us, they said that it would be dark before the men returned.

A few hours later we could hear them coming toward the boat talking angrily about how tired they were. They were surprised to see the boat empty and on dry land (because the water height was down again). They shouted to their friends and looked around in the dark for them.

My men wanted to fight, but I wanted to take them alive if I could. We moved closer in the dark, and when one of the leaders walked toward the owner, he opened fire with his gun, killing the leader and one of the men with him.

At the sound of shooting, I moved up with the others. We were eight in all: Friday, myself, the owner, his two men, and three prisoners who were fighting with us now. They could not see us in the dark. I made our newest soldier, the man from the boat, shout out to them by name.

"Tom! Tom Smith!" he shouted.

Smith answered: "Roberts, is that you?"

"That it is. Throw down your weapons. We have a new leader," he said, talking about me. "He has 50 men. They have killed Will Frye and your leader. I am their prisoner." "Will they go easy on us if we put down our weapons?" he asked.

Roberts said he would ask the owner, who shouted for himself now: "I will be kind to all but Bill Atkins!"

At this, Bill Atkins, the other leader, shouted: "Do not be cruel to me. I am no worse than the others!" But this was not true, because he had been the first one to take the owner prisoner when the war started.

The owner said that he would leave it to me, the king of the island, to say what should happen to Bill Atkins if they all put down their weapons. They quickly agreed, and three of my men moved out of the dark to tie them all up before three more joined in leading our prisoners away. I did not show my face to them.

The owner talked with the prisoners and said that the island that they had believed had no people on it was controlled by a man from Britain, who believed that the right thing to do was to hang Bill Atkins in the morning, and to send all of the other men to the courts in Britain, where they would be killed for starting a war on an English ship. The men were very much afraid, and they all asked that the owner ask the king of the island to change his plan for them.

QUESTIONS ON PART 23

1. How did Robinson Crusoe know the boat Friday was shouting about was not the one that Friday's father had used to go to South America? (page 145)
2. What happened that stopped the men in the boat from being able to return quickly to their ship? (page 146)
3. Who were the three prisoners from the boat? (page 147)
4. What happened to the two worst leaders in the group of six who were against the owner of the ship? (page 148)
5. What did Friday do with two of the less friendly men who had been fighting against the ship's owner? (page 148)
6. How many men were in the boat that was coming to look for the first six men? (page 151)
7. How did Crusoe get the men in the boat to a place where they could not quickly return to the ship? (page 152)
8. In the dark, how many men did the bad men believe Robinson Crusoe had in his "army"? (page 153)

24. We Take Control of the Ship

I now believed that we could use these men to take control of the ship. In the dark they had not been able to see my face when we made them our prisoners. By sending one of my men to tell the owner that "the king wants to talk with you," I was able to make them think I was in another part of the island with my army of 50 men. I talked with the owner about my plan, and he believed that it would work.

First we moved Bill Atkins and two of the worst men to the hole in the rocks where the other bad men were. Friday and the owner's two friends did this. We moved the other five men plus the two prisoners from the first boat to the farm house.

The owner talked to the men at the farm house, telling them that the king of the island had agreed to forgive them for their actions if they would help the owner to take the ship. They were very happy

about this plan and showed much enthusiasm about doing all that they could to help, in return for their lives.

To make the agreement stronger, the owner returned to talk with them after talking with me, and he said that the king wanted to keep two of them plus the men he was holding in the “prison” (the hole in the rocks) on the island when the others returned to take the ship. If they were not able to take control of the ship, the king would hang all of the prisoners in chains on the beach. By doing this, we were able to make the prisoners themselves push each other to do their best in helping us.

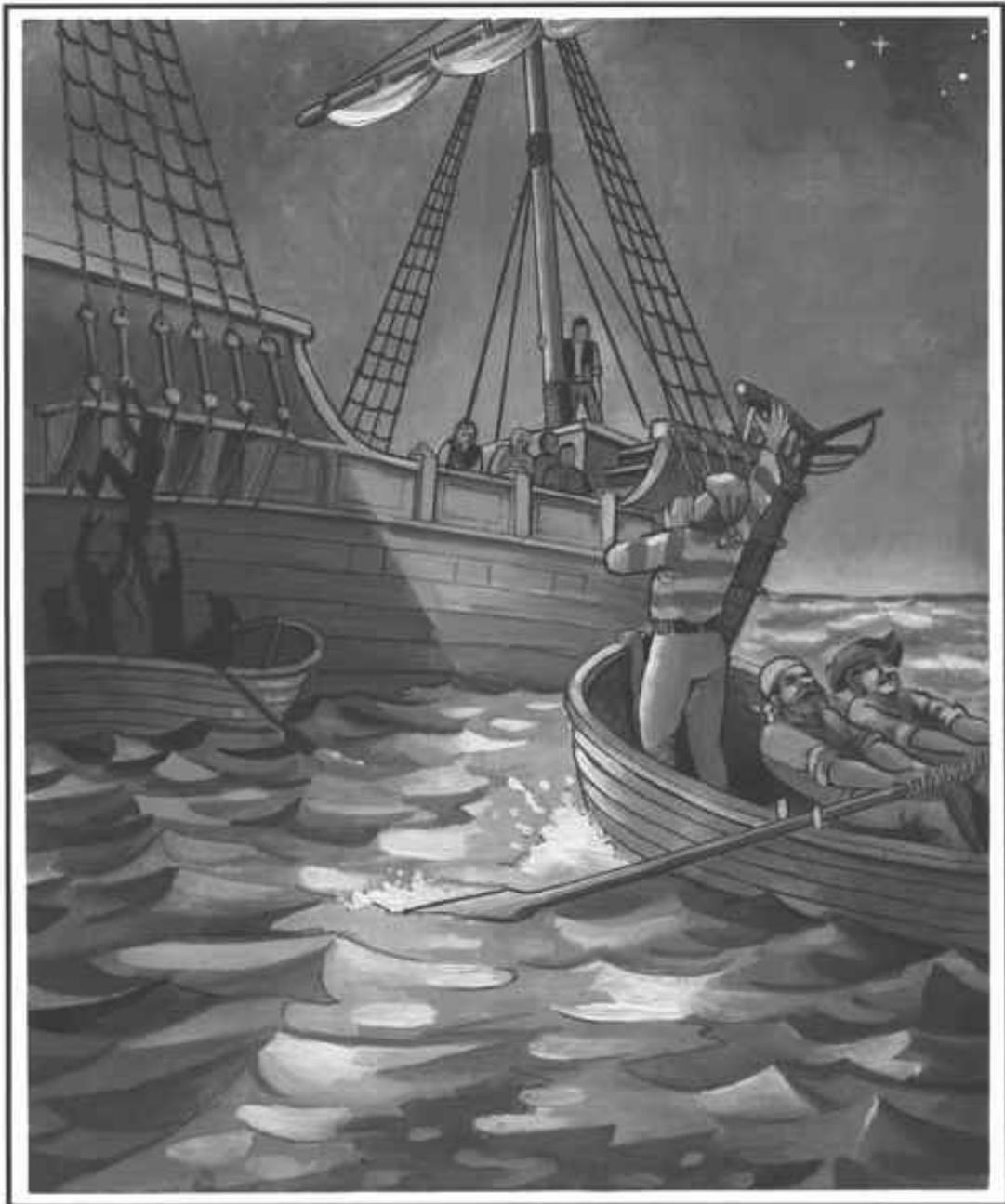
By this time, the owner had 11 men. I said it was not our fight, that Friday and I should stay and watch the prisoners when he and his men were taking the ship. We would wait for a sign from him if he was able to take the ship. He agreed to that.

He showed me to the prisoners at the farm house, saying that I was working for the king, and the king had made it my job to watch them. I talked about the “king” and the “prison” as if the island had many people living on it, to make the prisoners afraid to fight against me. Some of the men had fixed the hole in the boat, and in the middle of the night all 11 of the owner’s men sailed out to the ship, where most of the people on the ship were sleeping by now.

When they were close to the ship, Roberts shouted to the men on watch that they were returning with all of the men after taking all day to find them. As he was telling his story, the owner and his helper moved up the side of the ship and hit the men on watch with the handle of their guns. They tied them up and after this moved quietly around the ship, locking doors to the people below, and tying up those who were sleeping above.

The new leader of the ship was sleeping in his room. Some of the owner’s men forced the door open. On hearing the noise, the new leader pulled out a gun, shooting the owner’s helper in the arm before the owner’s helper killed him with a bullet through the head.

When they had control of the ship, the owner had his men shoot seven guns as a sign we had earlier agreed on to show that the fight was over. On hearing this I was able to sleep deeply after a very long and tiring day and night.



Roberts shouted to the men on watch as the owner moved up the side of the ship.

I was sleeping well the following morning when the noise of a gun surprised me.

“Good morning, King,” said the ship’s owner, with a big smile, as he pulled me up out of my bed and hugged me.

“My friend and helper,” he said, “I have come to give you your ship.”

The ship had been moved close to the little river, and the owner had come on a boat to my door. I was not able to talk for some time. After all these years, here was the ship that would take me back to Britain. The owner could see that my emotions were very strong at this point, and he pulled a bottle of wine from his pants. After a drink from it, I was a little better, but it was some time before I was able to talk.

The owner too was very happy and he said many kind things to me. I hugged him again and started to cry with happiness. When I was able to talk, I said that I believed God had used the owner's problems to help me, and my problems to help him. I remembered to tell God, too, that I was very happy for his help, to bring me through these many years and now to give me a way to return to my own country.

After some talking, the owner had his men bring new clothes for me to wear, and we started to talk about what we should do with the prisoners. The two prisoners from the farm house were free now, and I asked Friday to take them with him to help bring the five prisoners from the hole in the rocks to the farm house, where I would talk with them.

I was wearing my new clothes and looking more like a king when I joined with the prisoners at the farm house. I started by telling them that I had plans to leave the island and return on the ship to Britain. The owner, I said, wanted to take them to Britain too, where they would be hanged for their actions. I said that I was happy for them to live on my island if they wanted to stay there. They were very happy to do that, but the owner argued that he did not want to leave them there. I acted like I was angry with the owner and said, "They are my prisoners and not yours! If you are not happy with my plan, I will put them on the beach where I made them my prisoners, and you can take them again if you can catch them."

They were happy to join with me in my plan, and I showed them a place to hide on the island, with a promise that I would give them weapons and bullets before leaving. After sending the owner to the ship, I stayed on the island another day. I showed the men my houses, my goats, and my grain, and said what I could about making bread, drying grapes, planting grain, and making butter and cheese.

I made them understand that 17 men from Spain could be coming to the island and they must all work together as equals. And I put all of this in a letter to the men from Spain too.

When I was finished, I sailed out to the ship, where we waited the night before starting our trip to Britain. In the morning, when we were about to leave, two of the five men were at the side of the ship asking us to take them and do with them what we wanted, because the other three were trying to kill them. They said the owner could take them to Britain to be hanged, that it would be better than dying at the hands of the other three.

The owner said he could not act without asking me. I made them promise seriously to change their actions, and I had two men hit them many times with a whip and put salt in the cuts to punish them for their actions. After this, they were changed men, and we did not take action against them through the courts in Britain.

I had carried with me on the ship my umbrella, my hat, one of my parrots, and the money that had been of no use to me for all of the time that I had been on the island. I sailed away on December 19, 1686, after 28 years, two months, and 19 days as its prisoner. And we landed in Britain on June 11, 1687, after 35 years away from the country of my birth.

I do not know if it was right to say that it was my country, because I was more like a wild man myself after living the way I had for all those years.

The woman who had been holding my money for me for 35 years was now very old and poor. I did not ask for the money from her, but I did give her a little from the money that I had.

I returned to York, but my parents and two brothers were now dead. I was able to find two sisters and two children of one of my brothers. Because my parents had believed that I was dead, they did not leave any money for me.

I was helped by the owner of the ship that landed on the island and by some of the companies that used the ship. Together they agreed to give me £200 for my help in returning the ship to the owner. This was not enough to make me rich, but it was enough to take Friday and me to Portugal, where we could learn what had happened to my farm in Brazil.

QUESTIONS ON PART 24

1. Friday did not look like a "king" in his goat skin clothes. How was he able to make the men believe he was a king? (page 155)
2. What was to happen to Crusoe's prisoners if the other men were not able to return control of the ship to the ship's owner? (page 155)
3. One person was killed when the owner returned to the ship. Who was it? (page 156)
4. What was the sign to Robinson that the owner had control of the ship again? (page 156)
5. When Robinson talked to his prisoners in the morning he was dressed more like a king. Where did he get his clothes? (pages 158 and 159)
6. What did Crusoe do to make his five prisoners think he was their friend? (page 159)
7. How many years had Crusoe lived on the island? (page 160)
8. After going to Britain, where did Friday and Robinson go to learn about his farm in Brazil? (page 160)

25. I Learn that I am Very Rich

The owner of the ship that had carried me from Africa to Brazil was now very old, and living in Portugal. His son was on a ship going to Brazil now. The old man had not been to Brazil for nine years, but he could tell me that the rich men who had been holding my land for me were now dead.

The rules of Brazil were that, if they could not show clearly that I was dead, the land should be separated into three parts, with one part going to the leaders of the country and two parts going to a Christian group that helps poor people. The land was to be returned to me if I turned out to be alive. The Christian group had used the land well, and it was now making very much money each year.

The ship owner said that the rich men who had made an agreement with me had worked the land for 10 or 12 years up to the time that the rule of the country was put into effect, and their sons were holding a very big sum of money that they had received from the land in those years. But, for six years before this, they had been sending money from the land to the ship owner as I had asked in the agreement that I made before leaving Brazil.

He said he would like to be able to give this money to me now, but that his ship had been destroyed in a storm about 11 years after I started on my trip away from Brazil, and he had used the money to become, with his son, half-owner in a ship with another man. He pulled some gold out of an old bag for me and made a paper saying that I could have his part of the ship if he did not return all of the money to me in a short time.

I was moved in my spirit by how kind the old man was, and I returned half of the gold to him, saying that, if I had my farm in Brazil and if it was making as much money as he said, I would need nothing more from him.

In truth, God, who had been giving me all that I needed when I lived on the island, was now showing me that he was able to give me more than I needed now. Like Job in the Bible, I now had much more than I had before I started on the trip that God had used to lead me to himself.

The old man asked me to stay with him to wait for word from Brazil about my land. I agreed and we made up letters and papers to send by ship to the people who were holding my money in Brazil. In seven months the same ships returned with about £5,000 in things to sell from the people in Brazil. With this money I was able to give back to the old man the money I had received from him, and to send £100 each to my two sisters and to the old woman in London.

When I had lived in Brazil before, I had said that I followed the religion of the country, because I did not have any real religion myself. The religion of the country was now killing people who did not agree with what they were teaching, and I could not agree to this. Because of this, I was not enthusiastic about returning to live in Brazil. In the end I made plans to sell my farm to the children of the rich men who had been my friends there. They quickly agreed to this, and eight months later I received the money from selling the farm, making me a very rich man.

I returned to Britain, where I did more to help the old woman from London. The husband of one of my sisters was dead, and I asked her and her two sons to live with me. One son was interested in starting a company, and I helped him in this way. But the other son wanted, like me, to work on ships. I helped him to find a job on a ship where he would learn much more than I had before he travelled far away from Britain. In the end, this boy encouraged me to travel more myself.

But first I married and had three children (a daughter and two sons) before my wife died.

In 1694, after listening to many happy stories from my sister's son when he returned from a trip to Spain, I joined a ship going to the Americas. I had an agreement with the owner to stop at my island to see how the people were living on it.

Coming to the island, I learned that the three men who had started a war on the ship had tried to fight with the men from Spain when they returned with Friday's father; but the men from Spain had been able to take control of the island, and to do many things to make the island better. They had sailed to South America and returned with some women after marrying them there. Now many children were running around on the beaches.

I separated the island into parts for the different families, but I stayed the owner of most of it. On the ship I had carried many things to help them to live better on the island, and they were all happy to stay there with their families now. When the ship I was travelling on stopped in Brazil, I was able to encourage more women to move to the island. On my return trip these women travelled with me, and I carried some cows, sheep, and pigs to the island too. I could see on my second trip that the men were working the land well, and they were all happy.

I have many more interesting stories to tell about things that happened on that island, but I will leave them for another book.

QUESTIONS ON PART 25

1. How had a Christian group that helped poor people, helped Crusoe in Brazil? (page 162)
2. When Crusoe had not returned, what did the ship owner in Portugal do with the money he had been holding from Crusoe's farm in Brazil? (page 162)
3. What did Crusoe sell, that made him a very rich man? (page 163)
4. Who encouraged Crusoe to travel again after he returned to Britain? (pages 163 and 164)
5. Where did Crusoe go in 1694? (page 164)
6. Who was living on the island when Robinson Crusoe returned to it in 1694? (page 164)

Below are some new words that you will need to know to read this book:

This book uses the months of the year. The months are listed below. In most countries above the equator, December, January, and February are cold months, and June, July, and August are hot months. The opposite is true for countries south of the equator, like Brazil and Australia.

January

April

July

October

February

May

August

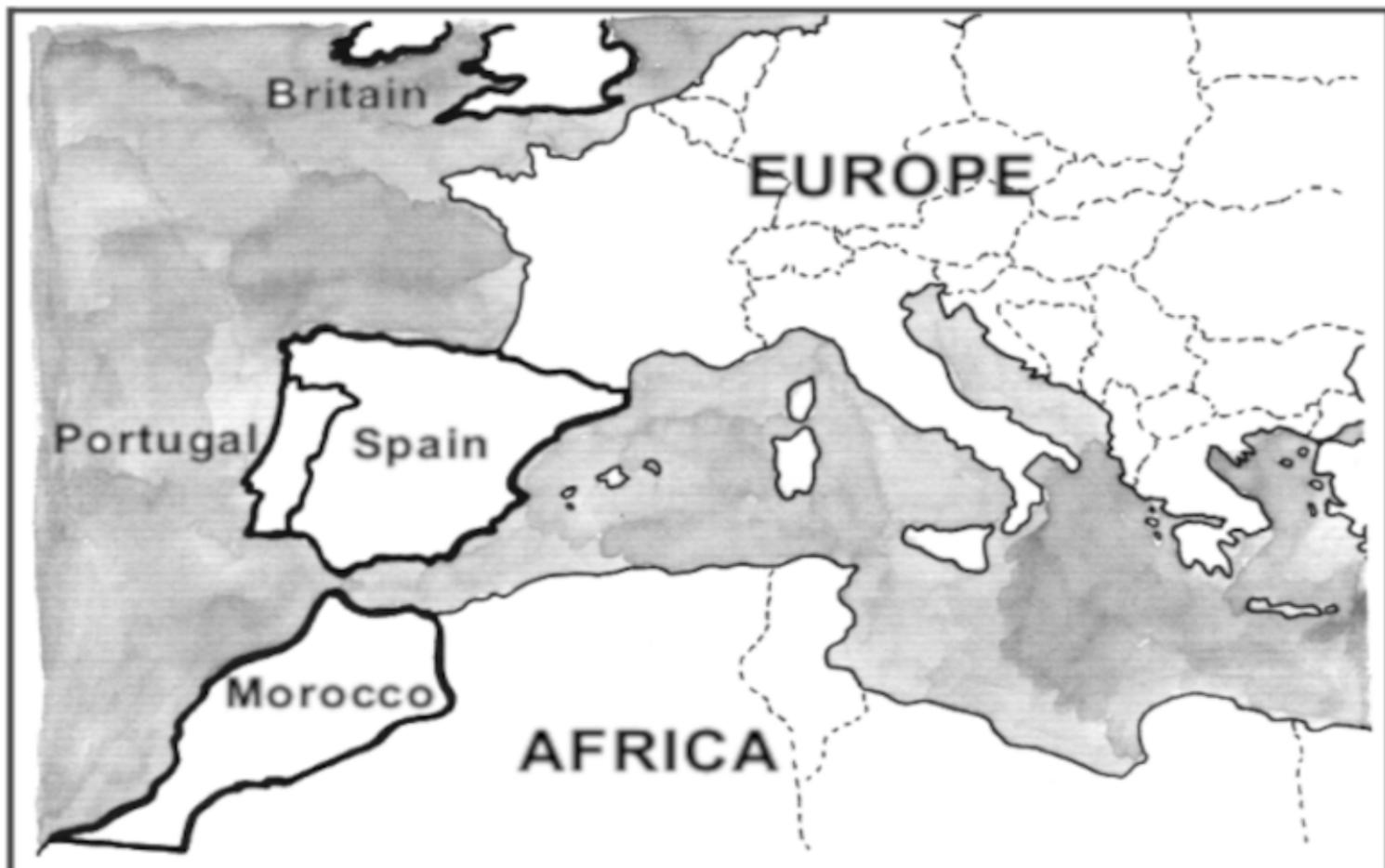
November

March

June

September

December



able (adj) strong or smart enough to do a thing.

across (prep; adv) from one side to the other side.



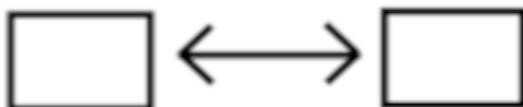
alcohol (n) drug in beer or wine that makes people tired, foolish, sad, happy, or angry.

angel (n) person who comes from God to talk to you.

angle (n) two straight lines joining at a point.

anyone (pro) any person.

apart (adv) away from each other. (see together)



army (n) soldiers and other people who work together for a country in a war.

bean (n) seed people use for food.



beard (n) hair on the bottom of the face.



behind (adv; prep) in back of; after.

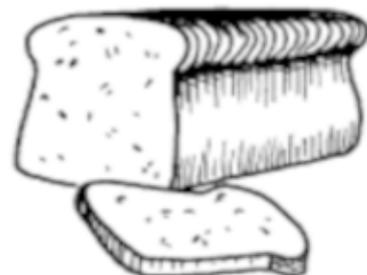
between (prep) in a place with two or more other things on the sides.



Bible (n) special book from God that Christians use.

blow (v) (of wind) move or push.

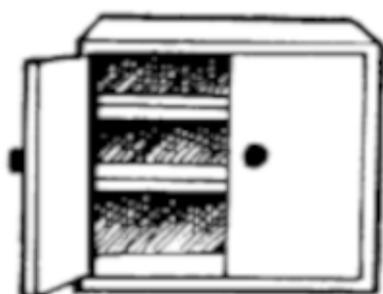
bread (n) food from cooked grain.



bush (n) big plant like a small tree.

butter (n) solid yellow food made from the fat in milk.

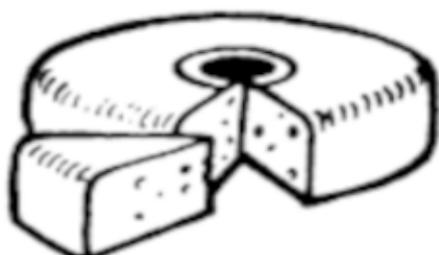
cabinet (n) piece of furniture with containers and shelves in it.



cake (n) sweet bread.



cheese (n) solid food made from old milk.



chisel (n) tool you hit with a hammer to cut small pieces out of a bigger piece of timber.



colour (n) measure of light coming from a thing, like red, green, and blue.

company (n) shop, group of shops, or group of people who own things and have people working for them in jobs.

cool (adj; v) a little cold; become less hot.

court (n) building where people say if a person was not following the rules of a country; people who say if you were not following the rules of a country.

cricket (n) sport where you hit a ball with a stick.



death (n) end of life; being dead.

dance (v; n) move the body with music or happiness.

diamond (n) very hard expensive stone that you can see through.



difficult (adj) not easy; needing much work.

down (adv; prep) on the ground; on paper; toward a low place; from the top toward the bottom; from expensive toward cheap.



dream (n; v) pictures or a story in your thinking when you are asleep; see pictures or a story in your thinking when you are asleep.

drown (v) die from breathing water.

each (adj; pro) all in a group, one at a time.

east (n; adj; adv) direction where the sun comes up; at, near, or toward this direction.

easy (adj) with little or no pain, work, or worry.

eight (adj) 8.

emotion (n) feeling that comes from thinking.

empty (adj) with nothing in it. (see full)



English (n; adj) language of people in Britain, America, and Australia; of this language.

equator (n) circle around the middle of the earth. (see map on page 29)

exercise (n; v) work that makes you healthy, strong, or smart; do movements or other work to be strong or healthy.

expensive (adj) with a high price.

explosion (n) fast breaking out in pieces with a loud noise.

feeling (n) emotion, like being sad, happy, or angry.

flour (n) powder from broken grain, that you use to make bread.

flower (n) plant part that holds the seeds and often grows to become fruit.



fork (n) eating tool with points on the end of it.

full (adj) holding all it can hold.



friendly (adj) acting as one who likes you.

gold (n) yellow expensive metal.



grape (n) small round green or purple fruit that grows in big groups.



grass (n) small plants that horses and cows eat, and that people use to cover land near houses.

ground (n) land; dirt; piece of land.

grow (v) become bigger; make plants or animals safe as they become bigger.

gunpowder (n) powder that explodes.



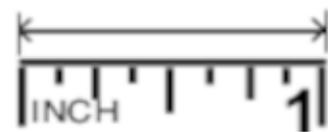
hammer (n; v) tool for hitting nails or other things; hit with a hammer.

hang (v) project down from a thing that is holding it; put one end on a thing to hold it, with the other end projecting down from it.

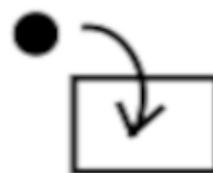
happiness (n) being happy.

heat (n; v) strength from a fire; being hot; make hot.

inch (n) short measure of distance.



ink (n) liquid that you use for writing.



into (prep) moving to a place inside.

island (n) piece of land with water on all sides of it.

join (v) put or come together.

judge (n; v) person in a court, who says who is right; say if a person or thing is wrong or bad.

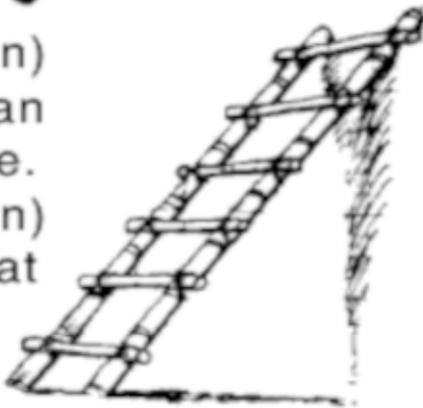
kiss (v; n) touch with the lips; this action.

knife (n) sharp piece of metal with a handle, that you use for cutting.

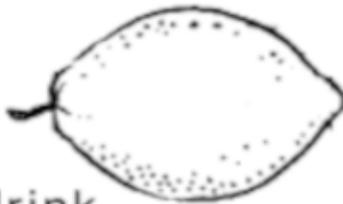


knives (n) more than one knife.

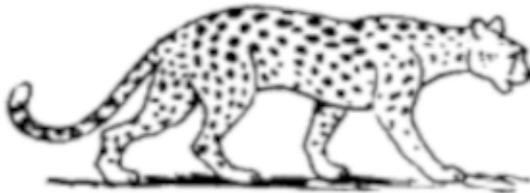
ladder (n) steps that you can move.



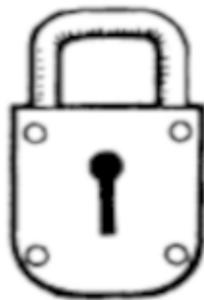
lemon (n) sour yellow fruit that people use to make a drink.



leopard (n) big wild cat, like a thin lion.



lock (n; v) instrument for holding a thing closed, that you need a tool to open; use this instrument on a door or other thing, to stop people from opening it.



machine (n) thing you use to do work, that has moving parts, and often has a motor.

male (n; adj) man or boy; male animal; being a male.

map (n) paper with lines showing where things are in a place. (see page 29)

mate (v) join together with another animal, often to make babies.

material (n) what a thing is made from.

measure (v; n) find the length, number, or size of a thing; length, number, or size of a thing.

middle (n; adj) place that is an equal distance from the ends or sides; of equal distance from sides or ends.

mile (n) long measure of distance (more than 63,000 inches).

mouse (n) small animal with hair and a long tail.



Muslim (n; adj) person who believes in one God and who does not believe in idols; of this religion.

neat (adj) with each thing in the right place.

nine (adj) 9.

ourselves

(pro) we, when receiving an action that we do; us, without others.

parrot (n) bird that can learn to say words.

plus (conj) and.

point (v; n) show direction with a finger or other projection; sharp end of a tool or other thing; very small mark.

pound (n) measure of how heavy a thing is (about as heavy as two cups of water); measure of money in Britain.

pour (v) move a container in a way to make liquid fall from it.



print (v; n) put writing on paper with a machine; write words without joining the letters together; mark from a finger, foot, or other thing pushing down on a thing; words on a paper that were made by a machine.

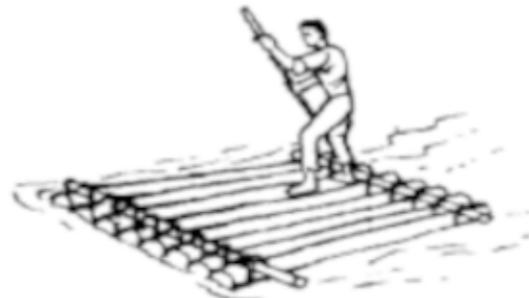
pride (n) feeling that you are better or more important than other people; happy feeling when you think others think you are good or important.

project (v) push out or forward.

promise (n; v) serious saying that you will do a thing; seriously saying you will do a thing.

proud (adj) feeling that you are better or more important than other people.

put (v) bring to a place.



raft (n) flat vehicle for travelling on water.

reason (n; v) what makes you choose to do a thing; clear thinking; softly argue; try to understand.

remember (v) think about or know a thing from the past.

rice (n) food from the white seed of a grass that grows in wet places.



rock (n)
big stone.

roof (n)
top for a house or other building.

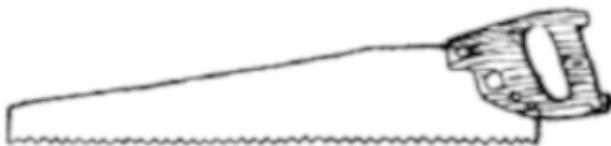


rope (n) strong string.

sadness (n) sad feeling.

sail (n; v) vertical strong cloth on a boat, that the wind pushes against to move the boat; travel in a boat that has a sail on it.

saw (n; v) tool for cutting timber; was seeing.



scissors (n) cutting instrument with two blades, that you hold in one hand.



seal (n) big ocean animal with hair, that eats fish.



shallow (adj) not deep.

sign (n)
action to tell a thing.



spear (n) throwing weapon made from a long stick with a sharp point.



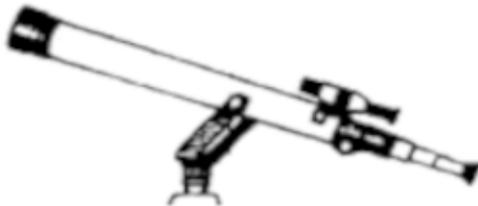
spiritual (adj)
of things about God and spirits.

storm (n) strong wind, rain, snow, or lightning.

sugar-cane (n) tall, thin plant that is used to make sugar.



sword (n) long knife you use as a weapon.



telescope

(n) instrument that makes things far away look closer.

tent (n) house or room made of cloth.



tie (v) join together or make less loose with rope or string.

timber (n) piece of a tree.

tired (adj) feeling that you want to sleep or rest.

tiring (adj) making a person tired; boring.

tobacco (n) big leaves that people dry and smoke.

together (adv) with others; at the same time; joining. (see apart)



trick (n; v) words or actions to make a person believe a thing that is not true; make people believe a thing that is not true.

trip (n) time or action of travelling.



turtle (n) ocean reptile with a hard, round shell.

try (v) use strength or thinking toward doing a difficult action; use a thing or plan, to see if it is good enough.

tying (v) joining together or making less loose with string or rope.

umbrella (n) instrument of cloth and sticks to stop the sun or rain from touching you.



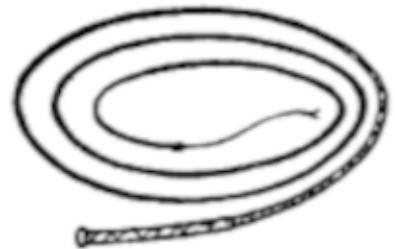
watch (v; n) look at for a time; look for a thing to happen; four hour time of working, often at night; workers who work for this time.

wave (n)
high part
on the top
of moving
water.



wheel (n) round turning piece on a car, train, or bus.

whip (n)
rope with a
handle, for
hitting ani-
mals.



wild (adj) loud and angry; that no person has been able to control.

willing (adj) happy to agree to, or agree to do, a thing.
