

visit there was another terrible storm. The next morning, when I looked out to sea, there was no ship.

When I saw that, I was very unhappy. 'Why am I alive, and why are all my friends dead?' I asked myself. 'What will happen to me now, alone on this island without friends? How can I ever escape from it?'

Then I told myself that I was lucky – lucky to be alive, lucky to have food and tools, lucky to be young and strong. But I knew that my island was somewhere off the coast of South America. Ships did not often come down this coast, and I said to myself, 'I'm going to be on this island for a long time.' So, on a long piece of wood, I cut these words:

I CAME HERE ON 30TH SEPTEMBER 1659  
After that, I decided to make a cut for each day.



5

*Learning to live alone*

I still needed a lot of things. 'Well,' I said, 'I'm going to have to make them.' So, every day, I worked.

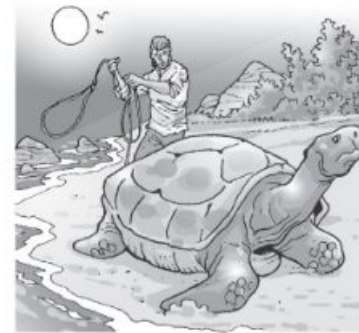
First of all, I wanted to make my cave bigger. I carried out stone from the cave, and after many days' hard work I had a large cave in the side of the hill. Then I needed a table and a chair, and that was my next job. I had to work on them for a long time. I also wanted to make

places to put all my food, and all my tools and guns. But every time I wanted a piece of wood, I had to cut down a tree. It was long, slow, difficult work, and during the next months I learnt to be very clever with my tools. There was no hurry. I had all the time in the world.

I also went out every day, and I always had my gun with me. Sometimes I killed a wild animal, and then I had meat to eat.

But when it got dark, I had to go to bed because I had no light. I couldn't read or write because I couldn't see. For a long time, I didn't know what to do. But in the end, I learnt how to use the fat of dead animals to make a light.

The weather on my island was usually very hot, and there were often storms and heavy rain. The next June, it rained all the time, and I couldn't go out very often. I was also ill for some weeks, but slowly, I got better. When I was stronger, I began to go out again. The first time I killed a wild animal, and the second time I caught a big turtle.



*I caught a big turtle.*



I was on the island for ten months before I visited other parts of it. During those months I worked hard on my cave and my house and my fence. Now I was ready to find out more about the rest of the island.

First, I walked along the side of a little river. There, I found open ground without trees. Later, I came to more trees with many different fruits. I decided to take a lot of the fruit, and to put it to dry in the sun for a time. Then I could keep it for many months.

That night I went to sleep in a tree for the second time, and the next day I went on with my journey. Soon I came to an opening in the hills. In front of me, everything was green, and there were flowers everywhere. There were also a lot of different birds and animals. I saw that my house was on the worst side of the island. But I didn't want to move from there. It was my home now. I stayed away for three days, and then I came home. But I often went back to the other, greener side of the island.

And so my life went on. Every month I learnt to do or to make something new. But I had troubles and accidents too. Once there was a terrible storm with very heavy rain. The roof of my cave fell in, and nearly killed me! I had to build it up again with many pieces of wood.

I had a lot of food now. I cooked it over a fire or dried it in the sun. So I always had meat during the rainy months when I could not go out with a gun. I learnt to

make pots to keep my food in. But I wanted very much to make a harder, stronger pot – a pot that would not break in a fire. I tried many times, but I could not do it. Then one day I was lucky. I made some new pots and put them in a very hot fire. They changed colour, but did not break. I left them there for many hours, and when they were cold again, I found that they were hard and strong. That night I was very happy. I had hot water for the first time on the island.



*My first pot*

By then, I also had my own bread. That was luck, too. One day I found a little bag. We used it on the ship, to



*My first cornfield*

keep the chickens' food in. There was still some of the food in the bag, and I dropped some of it onto the ground. A month later I saw something bright green there, and after six months I had a very small field of corn. I was very excited. Perhaps now I could make my own bread!

It was easy to say, but not so easy to do. It is a lot of work to



make bread from corn. Many people eat bread, but how many people can take corn from a field and make bread out of it without help? I had to learn and to make many new things, and it was a year before I cooked and ate my first bread.

During all this time I never stopped thinking about escape. When I travelled across to the other side of the island, I could see the other islands, and I said to myself, 'Perhaps I can get there with a boat. Perhaps I can get back to England one day.'

So I decided to make myself a boat. I cut down a big tree, and then began to make a long hole in it. It was hard work, but about six months later, I had a very fine canoe.



*Of course, the canoe was too heavy. I couldn't move it!*

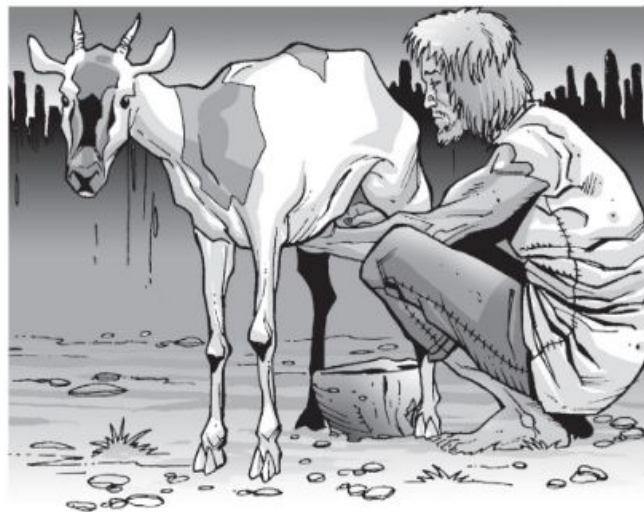
Next, I had to get it down to the sea. How stupid I was! Why didn't I think before I began work? Of course, the canoe was too heavy. I couldn't move it! I pulled and pushed and tried everything, but it didn't move. I was very unhappy for a long time after that.

That happened in my fourth year on the island. In my sixth year I did make myself a smaller canoe, but I did not try to escape in it. The boat was too small for a long journey, and I did not want to die at sea. The island was my home now, not my prison, and I was just happy to be alive. A year or two later, I made myself a second canoe on the other side of the island. I also built myself a second house there, and so I had two homes.




My life was still busy from morning to night. There were always things to do or to make. I learnt to make new clothes for myself from the skins of dead animals. They looked very strange, it is true, but they kept me dry in the rain.

I kept food and tools at both my houses, and also wild goats. There were many goats on the island, and I made fields with high fences to keep them in. They learnt to take food from me, and soon I had goat's milk to drink every day. I also worked hard in my cornfields. And so many years went by.



Soon I had goat's milk to drink.

6

 A footprint

Then, one year, something strange and terrible happened. I often walked along the shore, and one day I saw something in the sand. I went over to look at it more carefully, and stopped in sudden surprise.

It was a footprint – the footprint of a man!

Who could this be? Afraid, I looked around me. I listened. I waited. Nothing. I was more and more afraid. Perhaps this



*It was a footprint!*

man was one of those wild people who killed and ate other men! I looked everywhere, but there was nobody, and no other footprint. I turned and hurried home. 'There's someone on my island,' I said to myself. 'Perhaps he knows about me . . . Perhaps he's watching me now from behind a tree . . . Perhaps he wants to kill me.'

That night I couldn't sleep. The next day I got all my guns ready and I put more wood and young trees around my house. Nobody could see me now. But, after fifteen years alone on the island, I was afraid, and I did not leave my cave for three days.



## Key words

want to make the cave bigger

need a table and a chair, places to put all my food and guns

slow work

learn to be clever with the tools

dark=no light

use the fat of dead animals to make a light

hot weather, rains, stomps

be very ill, get better

10 months on the island, ready to find out more

the best side of the island, different animals

go home, life goes on

learn something new, have troubles and accidents

cook food, make pots, make bread



## Key words - 2



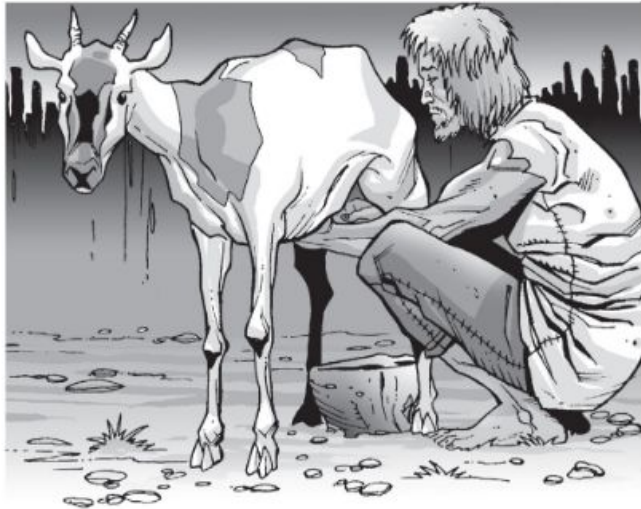
think about escape  
cut down a big tree and make a boat  
get the canoe down to the sea  
stupid  
heavy boat  
tried everything

in the 6<sup>th</sup> year  
make a smaller canoe  
stay on the island, die in the sea  
build the second house  
busy life, goats, milk  
new clothes, many years go by



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In the end, I had to go out to milk my goats. But for two years I was afraid. I stayed near my home and I never used my guns because I didn't want to make a noise. I could not forget the footprint, but I saw and heard nothing more, and slowly I began to feel happier.

One day, a year later, I was over on the west side of the island. From there I could see the other islands, and I could also see a boat, far out to sea. 'If you have a boat,' I thought, 'it's easy to sail across to this island. Perhaps that explains the footprint – it was a visitor from one of the other islands.'

I began to move more freely around the island again, and built myself a third house. It was a very secret place in a cave. 'No wild man will ever find that,' I said to myself.

Then one year something happened which I can never forget. I was again on the west side of the island and was walking along the shore. Suddenly, I saw something which made me feel ill. There were heads, arms, feet, and other pieces of men's bodies everywhere. For a minute, I couldn't think, and then I understood. Sometimes there were fights between the wild men on the other islands. Then they came here to my island with their prisoners, to kill them, cook them, and eat them. Slowly, I went home, but I was very angry. How could men do this?

For many months I watched carefully for the smoke

from fires, but I didn't see anything. Somehow the wild men came and went, and I never saw them. I was angry and afraid. I wanted to shoot them all, but there were many of them and only one of me. 'Perhaps I can shoot two or three,' I said to myself, 'but then they will kill and eat me.'

Then, one morning in my twenty-third year on the island, I was out in my fields and I saw the smoke from a fire. Quickly, I went up the hill to watch.

There were nine men around the fire, and they were cooking their terrible food. Then these wild men danced round the fire, singing and shouting. This went on for



*The wild men danced round the fire, singing and shouting.*



about two hours, and then they got into their boats and sailed away. I went down to the shore and saw the blood of the dead men on the sand. 'The next time they come, I'm going to kill them,' I said angrily.

 7  
*Man Friday*

For two years I never went anywhere without my gun. I felt lonely and afraid, and had many sleepless nights. One night there was a very bad storm, and I thought I heard the sound of guns out at sea. The next morning I looked out, and saw a ship. It was lying on its side not far from the shore. Quickly, I put my little boat in the water and sailed out to it.

There were two dead men on the ship, but no one alive. The bodies of the other sailors were lost in the sea. I took some clothes and tools, and also a box of Spanish gold and silver money. I was a rich man now, but what use was money to me? I could not buy anything with it.



*What use was money to me?*

I wanted people, a friend, somebody to talk to . . . somebody who could help me escape from my island. One morning I woke up and made a plan. 'I'll try to catch one of the prisoners of the wild men,' I said to myself. 'He'll be happy to be alive and perhaps he'll help me to escape.' I watched day and night, but for a year and a half there were no boats.

Then one day five boats came. There were about thirty men and they had two prisoners. They made their fire on the sand and danced round it. Then they killed one of the prisoners and began to cook their terrible meal. The second prisoner waited under the trees, with two men to watch him. Suddenly, the prisoner turned and ran. The two men ran after him, but the other wild men were busy round the fire and did not see what was happening.

The prisoner ran like a wild goat, and soon I saw that he was coming near the bottom of my hill. As fast as I could, I ran down the hill and jumped out of the trees between the prisoner and the two wild men. I hit the first man with the wooden end of my gun and he fell down, but I had to shoot the second man. The poor prisoner did not move. He was afraid of the noise of my gun.

I called to him and tried to show him that I was friendly. Slowly, he moved nearer to me, but just then the first wild man began to get up from the ground. Then the prisoner spoke and I understood that he wanted my

## Key words



something strange

walk along the shore, a footprint

look and listen, be afraid, hurry home

someone on my islands, he wants to kill me

get guns ready, stay in the cave

have to go milk the goats

visitors from one of the other islands

move more freely

on the west side of the island

pieces of men's bodies

fight between the wild men

kill and eat prisoners

angry and afraid, want to kill them

