

CLASSICS FOR YOUNG READERS

# Robinson Crusoe



DANIEL DEFOE

*Edited by Kathryn Lindskoog*

## **Robinson Crusoe**



# **Robinson Crusoe**

**Daniel Defoe**

**Edited by Kathryn Lindskoog**  
**Illustrated by Barbara Chitouras**

  
**P U B L I S H I N G**  
P.O. BOX 817 • PHILLIPSBURG • NEW JERSEY 08865-0817

©1991 by Kathryn Lindskoog (text) and Barbara Chitouras (illustrations)

Reprinted 2002 by P&R Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means—except for brief quotations for the purpose of review or comment, without the prior permission of the publisher, P&R Publishing, P.O. Box 817, Phillipsburg, New Jersey 08865-0817.

Printed in the United States of America

**A study guide to this edition  
of *Robinson Crusoe* is available  
from P&R Publishing  
(1 800-631-0094)**

#### **Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data**

Defoe, Daniel, 1661?-1731.

Robinson Crusoe / Daniel Defoe ; edited by Kathryn Lindskoog ;  
illustrated by Barbara Chitouras.

p. cm — (Classics for young readers)

Originally published: Portland, Ore. : Multnomah, 1991.

Summary: As the sole survivor of a shipwreck, and Englishman lives  
for nearly thirty years on a deserted island.

ISBN-10: 0-87552-735-3

ISBN-13: 978-0-87552-735-2

[1. Shipwrecks—Fiction. 2. Survival—Fiction.] I. Lindskoog, Kathryn  
Ann. II. Chitouras, Barbara, ill. III. Title. IV. Series.

PZ7.D36 Ro 2002

[Fic]—dc21

2002028541



# ***CONTENTS***

1. The Family Left Behind	7
2. First Adventures at Sea	11
3. In and Out of Slavery	17
4. From Brazil to a Shipwreck	23
5. Looting the Wrecked Ship	31
6. Making a Home	39
7. Getting Organized	43
8. Diary of a Castaway	47
9. A Turning Point	57
10. Finding Comfort	63
11. Exploring the Island	75
12. A New Pet	79
13. Baking Bread	85
14. Great Improvements	91
15. Ocean Danger	99
16. A Dairy Farm	105
17. The Footprint	111
18. Cannibals	117
19. A Secret Cave	121
20. Another Shipwreck	125
21. Wonderful Dream	129
22. Finding Friday	137
23. Friendship	145
24. Arrival of Savages	151
25. Rescuing Captives	157
26. The Mutineers	167
27. Heading Home	177

# 1

## ***THE FAMILY LEFT BEHIND***

I WAS BORN IN 1632, in York, England, of a good family. My father was a successful merchant who retired to York, where he married my mother. My mother's family was named Robinson (a good family in that country), and so I was named Robinson Kreutznaer. But we now call ourselves and write our name *Crusoe*, and so my companions always called me.

I had two older brothers. One was lieutenant-colonel to an English regiment and was killed at the battle near Dunkirk against the Spaniards. What became of my second brother I never knew—any more than my father and mother ever knew what became of me.

Being the third son of the family, and not trained for any trade, my head began to be filled with rambling thoughts. My father, who was very old, had planned for me to study law. But I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea. I went so strongly against the will of my father and all the begging of my mother and other friends that it was as if I was drawn to the life of misery which awaited me.

My father, a wise man, called me one morning into his room, where he was in bed with gout. He asked me why I would leave my father's house and my native country, where I had opportunity for earning a life of ease and pleasure. He told me it was for desperately poor men or for men of great wealth to go abroad on adventures. I was neither

poor nor wealthy, which my father had found by long experience was the best state in the world, the most suited to human happiness—not exposed to the miseries and hardships of the poor of mankind, and not embarrassed with the pride, luxury, ambition, and envy of the rich of mankind. He told me that kings have frequently wished they had been placed in the middle of the two extremes, and the wise man prays to have neither poverty nor riches.

He told me I would always find that most calamities in life were shared by the rich and the poor, but that those in the middle had the fewest disasters. Either luxury and extravagance or hard labor and insufficient diet bring unhappiness, but the happy medium provided all kind of virtues and enjoyments—peace and plenty, health and friendship. This way people can go smoothly through the world and comfortably out of it, not sold to a life of slavery for daily bread or harassed by envy and ambition for great things.

After this, he begged me, with much affection, not to cast myself into miseries I was not born into. I had no need to seek hard work; he would find me a good occupation. He would do kind things for me if I would stay and settle at home as he directed. But he had reasoned the same way with my brother—who had run off to war anyway, where he was killed. Though he said he always would pray for me, yet if I did take this foolish step, God would not bless me. I would later have a long time to regret that I rejected his advice, with no one to help me.

This was truly prophetic, though my father did not know it. I observed the tears run down his face, especially when he spoke of my brother who was killed. When he spoke of my having a long time to repent, his heart was so full he could say no more.

I was moved by his talk—who wouldn't have been?—and I resolved not to think of going abroad any more, but to settle at home according to my father's desire.

But within a few days it all wore off, and in a few weeks I resolved to run away. One day when I thought my mother a little more pleasant





*"That boy might be happy if he would stay at home, but if he goes abroad  
he will be the most miserable man that was ever born."*

than ordinary, I told her I was determined to see the world and wanted my father to give me his permission. I was now eighteen years old, and if she would ask my father to let me go on one voyage abroad and I found I did not like it, I would go no more, and I would promise to work twice as hard to make up for lost time.

This greatly upset my mother. She wondered how I could think of any such thing after the talk with my father, and such kind and tender expressions as she knew my father had used with me. If I was going to ruin myself, I could be sure I would never have their permission. She would take no part in my destruction, and I would never be able to say that my mother was willing when my father was not.

I learned later that she reported the conversation to my father, and he said to her with a sigh, "That boy might be happy if he would stay at home, but if he goes abroad he will be the most miserable man that was ever born. I cannot agree to it."

It was not till almost a year after this that I broke loose, though in the meantime I refused to listen to all proposals of settling down to business, and frequently complained to my father and mother about their being so set against what they knew I wanted. But one day I was at the seaport of Hull, with no intention of running away, and one of my companions invited me to go with him to London in his father's ship, with the allurements that it would cost me nothing. I agreed to go without consulting either my father or mother or even sending them a message, without asking God's blessing or my father's, without any thought of the consequences—and it was a foolish choice, God knows.

## 2

### ***FIRST ADVENTURES AT SEA***

ON THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER, 1651, I went on board a ship bound for London. Never did any young adventurer's misfortunes begin sooner or continue longer than mine. The wind began to blow and the waves to rise in a most frightful manner, and as I had never been at sea before, I was sick and terrified. I began seriously to think about my wickedness in leaving my father's house, and abandoning my duty. All the good counsel of my parents, my father's tears and my mother's pleadings, came fresh into my mind.

The storm increased, and I expected every wave to swallow us up. Every time the ship dropped down in a trough of the sea, I thought we would never rise again. In this agony of mind I made many vows and resolutions. If God would spare my life and I got my foot upon dry land again, I would never set it into a ship as long as I lived. I saw clearly the goodness of my father's advice, and I resolved that I would, like a true repenting prodigal, go home to him.

These wise thoughts continued all the while the storm continued, but the next day it calmed down. The sun went down perfectly clear and rose clear the next morning. I thought the sun shining on a smooth sea was the most delightful that I ever saw.

I had slept well in the night and was no longer seasick, looking with wonder upon the sea that could quickly become so calm and so pleasant.

My friend came to me, clapping me on the shoulder, and said, "Well, Bob, how are you doing now? I'm sure you were frightened, but we think nothing of a squall like that. Let's make a bowl of punch and forget about it."

To make short this sad part of my story, we went the old way of sailors—the punch was made, and I got drunk and drowned all my repentance and all my resolutions. When the vows and promises tried to return to my mind, I shook them off by drinking again. I had in five or six days got as complete a victory over conscience as any young fellow could desire. But the next storm was worse.

Our sixth day at sea we had to harbor with several other ships, and here we lay for seven or eight days waiting for a good wind. The morning of the eighth day the wind increased, and we had all hands at work to lower our topmasts and make everything snug and tight.

By this time a terrible storm blew in. As the captain went by my cabin, I could hear him say softly to himself several times, "Lord be merciful to us. We shall all be lost!" I was dreadfully frightened, and got up and looked out. I never saw a more dismal sight—the sea went mountains high and broke upon us every three or four minutes. Our men cried out that a ship about a mile ahead of us was sunk. Two more ships, torn from their anchors, were washed out to sea without a mast standing.

Toward evening the mate and boatswain begged the master of our ship to let them cut away the foremast, which he was unwilling to do. Finally he consented, and when they had cut away the foremast, the mainmast stood so loose and shook the ship so much, they were obliged to cut her away also, and make a clear deck.

The storm was so violent that I saw what is not often seen—the master, the boatswain, and some others more sensible than the rest, praying and expecting every moment that the ship would go to the bottom. In the middle of the night, one of the men cried out we had sprung a leak. Another said there was four feet of water in the hold.



The men told me that I, though able to do nothing before, was well able to pump, so I went to the pump and worked as hard as I could. While this was going on, the master ordered gunfire as a signal of distress. I was so surprised that I thought the ship had broken, and I fainted. Another man stepped up to the pump and shoved me aside with his foot, thinking I was dead. It was a long time before I came to.

We worked on, but it was apparent the ship would sink. So the master continued firing guns for help, and a light ship sent a boat out to help us. It was with the greatest hazard the boat came near us, but it was impossible for us to get on board. At last our men cast over the stern a rope with a buoy attached, which they managed to grab hold of, and we hauled them close to our stern and all got into their boat. It was useless for them to try to return to their own ship, so partly rowing and partly drifting, our boat went north toward the shore.

We were not much more than a quarter of an hour out of our ship when we saw her sink. When our boat mounted the waves, we were able to see a great many people running along the shore to help us, but we couldn't get to shore there. Eventually we got safely to shore farther north, and walked on foot to Yarmouth. There the town gave us good lodging and enough money for each of us to go on to London or to return to Hull.

Had I had the sense to go home, I would have been happy. And my father, like the father in our Savior's parable, would have killed the fatted calf for me, for he heard that my ship went down, and he did not know if I had drowned.

At Yarmouth my friend explained to his father that this was my first sample of life at sea, and he said to me solemnly, "Young man, you ought never to go to sea again. You ought to take this for a plain and visible token that you are not to be a seafaring man."

"Why, sir," I said, "won't you go to sea anymore?"

"That is another case," he said. "It is my calling and therefore my duty. Perhaps this has all happened to us on your account, like Jonah



in the ship of Tarsus." After I told him some of my story, he burst out, "What have I done that such a wretch should come on my ship? I would not set my foot in the same ship with you again for a thousand pounds." He begged me to go back to my father and not tempt Providence. "And, young man," he said, "depend upon it—if you do not go back, wherever you go you will meet with nothing but disasters and disappointments, till your father's words are fulfilled."

I didn't answer much, and what became of him I don't know. As for me, having some money in my pocket, I traveled to London by land and had many struggles with myself whether I should go home or go to sea.

It occurred to me that I would be laughed at by the neighbors, and would be ashamed to see my father and mother and everybody else. Many people like me are not ashamed to sin, and yet are ashamed to repent; not ashamed to act like fools, but ashamed to act wise and set things right.

That evil influence, whatever it was that made me deaf to all good advice and to the command of my father, caused me to make a terrible choice. I decided to go on board a vessel bound for the coast of Africa (or, as our sailors commonly call it, a voyage to Guinea).

I was befriended by a captain who had made money on the coast of Guinea, and who was resolved to go again. He took a liking to me, and because I wanted see the world, he offered to take me along at no expense. I would eat my meals with him and be his companion, and if I could sell merchandise in Africa, I might make a good profit.

I went with him, and with his help I profited, for I carried about forty pounds worth of such toys and trifles as he told me to buy. This money I had borrowed by mail from some of my relatives, and I believe they got my father, or at least my mother, to contribute.

This was the only successful voyage in all my adventures, thanks to the integrity and honesty of my friend the captain—who taught me mathematics, the rules of navigation, how to keep an account of the

ship's course, and how to take an observation. As he took delight to teach me, I took delight to learn, and this voyage made me both a sailor and a merchant. I brought home five pounds nine ounces of gold dust, which yielded me in London at my return almost three hundred pounds, and this filled me with the ambition that completed my ruin.

Yet even in this voyage I had my misfortunes. I was continually sick from the excessive heat of the climate near the equator.

### 3

## *IN AND OUT OF SLAVERY*

I HAD NOW BECOME A TRADER, though to my great misfortune, my friend died. So I set sail with the new captain of his ship. Though I did not carry quite a hundred pounds of my new-gained wealth, so that I had two hundred pounds left which I entrusted to my friend's widow, yet I fell into terrible misfortunes in this voyage.

Between the Canary Islands and the African shore, our ship was surprised in the gray of the morning by Turkish pirates from Sallee. They gave chase, and we prepared to fight, our ship having twelve guns and their ship eighteen. About three in the afternoon they caught up with us, and we poured in a broadside upon them, which made them sheer off again, after returning our fire and pouring in also his small-arms fire from the nearly two hundred men he had on board. The next time he attacked, he entered sixty men upon our decks, who immediately began cutting and hacking the decks and rigging. With our ship disabled and three of our men killed and eight wounded, we had to yield, and were carried as prisoners into Sallee, a port belonging to the Moors.

The treatment we received was not as dreadful as I first feared, nor was I carried away to the Emperor of Morocco as the rest of our men were, but was kept by the pirate captain as his prize slave, being young and able. I was overwhelmed by this surprising change of my circumstances

from a merchant to a miserable slave, and now I recalled my father's warning to me. This was but a taste of the misery I was to go through, as will appear later in my story.

I hoped my new master would take me with him when he went to sea again. I believed that at some time or other he would be defeated and I would again be free. But when he went to sea, he left me on shore to look after his little garden and do the common toil of slaves. When he came home again from his cruise, he ordered me to stay in the cabin to look after the ship. I could find no way to escape.

Once or twice a week in fair weather my master would take the ship's rowboat and go fishing. He always took me and a boy named Xury with him to row the boat. We made him merry, and I proved skillful in catching fish—so much so that sometimes he would send me and Xury with a relative of his named Ismael to catch a dish of fish for him.

It happened that, going fishing in a stark calm morning, a fog rose so thick that though we were not half a league from the shore, we lost sight of it and rowed the wrong direction. We were at sea all day and all night and very hungry. Our master resolved to take more care of himself in the future, and instructed another English slave to build a little cabin on a captured sailboat. In the cabin there was room to sleep, a little table, and lockers with bread, rice, and coffee. We went out frequently on this new fishing barge, and my master never went without me.

One time he decided to take some important guests out and had the boat stocked with food and gunpowder for shooting seabirds. I got everything ready as he had directed and waited the next morning with the boat washed clean, but his guests had to postpone the outing. He ordered me to go out anyway and catch some fish for dinner.

This was my chance to escape.

I told Ismael that we must not use the food for guests, so he brought a large basket of biscuits and three jars with fresh water. I knew where



my master's case of bottles stood, stolen from some English ship, and I secretly stashed them on the boat.

I also took a great lump of beeswax, with a parcel of string, a hatchet, a saw, and a hammer, all which were of great use to us afterwards, especially the wax to make candles. I told Ismael that the guns were on board the boat and that if he would get a little powder and shot we might kill some birds for ourselves. So he brought ammunition, and I was able to sneak some gunpowder on board in a bottle.

Thus we sailed out of the port to fish. The port guards knew who we were and took no notice of us. We were not more than a mile out of the port before we hauled in our sail and began to fish. We caught nothing, for when I had a fish on my hook I would not pull it in. I said to Ismael, "This will not do. We must go out farther." Ismael agreed and set the sails. When we were out far enough, I stepped forward to where he was, and pretending to stoop for something behind him, I took him by surprise and tossed him overboard.

He rose immediately, for he swam like a cork, and swam so strong after the boat that he would have reached us quickly. I stepped into the cabin, grabbed one of the guns, and pointed it at him. "You swim well enough to reach the shore, and the sea is calm. Make your way to shore and I will do you no harm. But if you come near the boat, I'll shoot you, for I am going to get my liberty." So he turned himself about and swam for the shore, and I have no doubt he reached it with ease.

I said to the boy, "Xury, if you will be faithful to me I'll make you a great man. If you will not, I must throw you into the sea too." The boy smiled and swore to be faithful to me and go all over the world with me.

I headed out to sea to fool Ismael. But as soon as dusk came, I changed my course and steered southeast, bending my course a little toward the east, in order to keep close to the shore. Having a fair, fresh wind and a smooth, quiet sea, I made such good headway that I



believed by the next day at three o'clock in the afternoon, when I first went ashore, I could not be less than 150 miles south of Sallee.

I did not stop for five days, and then I concluded that if any of the Moorish vessels were chasing me, they would now give up. So I anchored in the mouth of a little river, I knew not what or where. I neither saw or desired to see any people. The principal thing I wanted was fresh water. As soon as it was dark we heard such dreadful barking, roaring, and howling of wild creatures that poor Xury was ready to die with fear.

The next day we waded to shore, carrying nothing but our guns and two jars for water. I did not want to lose sight of the boat, fearing the coming of canoes with savages down the river. But the boy walked inland, and by and by he came running toward me with something hanging over his shoulders, which was an animal he had shot, like a hare, which was very good meat. But the great joy Xury came with was to tell me he had found good water, and had seen no wild men.

By the best of my calculation, that place must be the country which lies uninhabited except by wild beasts—tigers, lions, leopards, and other furious creatures—so that the Moors use it for their hunting only, where they go like an army, two or three thousand men at a time. For nearly a hundred miles along the coast we saw nothing but an uninhabited country by day and heard nothing but the howling and roaring of wild beasts by night.

Several times I had to send Xury inland for fresh water. Once we anchored under a little point of land where Xury saw a huge, sleeping lion by the shore. We used all three of our guns to finish him off. I was sorry to lose three charges of powder and shot upon a creature that was good for nothing to us. I thought, however, that perhaps the skin might be of some value to us, so Xury and I went to work on him. It took us the whole day, but at last we got the hide off him and spread it on the top of our cabin to dry in the sun. It afterwards served me to lie upon.

After this stop we headed southward for ten or twelve days, going to shore only as often as needed for fresh water. I knew that all the ships from Europe which sailed to the coast of Guinea or to Brazil or to the East Indies came near here, and if we didn't meet with some ship we would perish.

In two or three places, as we sailed by, we saw dark, naked people looking at us from the shore. I kept at a distance, but talked with them by signs as well as I could, and particularly made signs for something to eat. They beckoned to me to stop my boat, and that they would bring me some meat. I lowered the top of my sail and waited, and two of them ran up into the country. In less than half-an-hour they were back, and brought with them two pieces of dried meat and some grain. They brought it to the shore and laid it down, then stood at a distance until we brought it on board, when they came close to us again.

We made signs of thanks to them, for we had nothing to give them. Suddenly two mighty leopards rushed from the mountains toward the sea, and the people were terribly frightened. I had loaded my gun and told Xury to load both the others. As soon as one of the beasts came near, I shot him. Immediately he sank into the water, but rose instantly, and plunged up and down, struggling for life. He died just before he reached the shore, and the second leopard ran back to the mountains.

It is impossible to express the astonishment of the people at the noise and flash of my gun. They offered me some of the leopard's meat, which I declined, but I made signs for the skin, which they gave me freely and also brought me more of their food. Then I made signs to them for some water. They called to some of their friends, and two women brought a large pot, which they set down for me as before. I sent Xury on shore to fill our three jars.

I was now furnished with roots, grain, and water, and I sailed on for about eleven more days without going near the shore. Suddenly, Xury

cried out, "Master, master, a ship with a sail!" He was frightened out of his wits, thinking it was some of his master's ships. I saw, however, that it was a Portuguese ship, and thought it was bound for the coast of Guinea to pick up slaves. Instead, they were headed out to sea.

Fortunately, they saw with the help of their spyglasses that our boat was European, which, as they supposed, must belong to some ship that was lost. So they shortened sail to let me come out to meet them. I signaled distress and in about three hours' time I reached them.

They asked me where I was from in Portuguese, in Spanish, and in French, but I understood none of them. At last a Scottish sailor on board called to me, and I told him I was an Englishman and had made my escape out of slavery from the Moors, at Sallee. Then they invited me on board and kindly took me in.

I offered all I had to the captain of the ship, as a return for my deliverance. But he generously told me he would take nothing from me. "For I would be glad to be saved myself, and I may at some time or other need rescuing. Besides, when I carry you to Brazil, if I should take from you what you have, you will starve there, and then I only take away that life I have given. No, Mr. Englishman, I will carry you there free, so that you may go home again."

## 4

# *FROM BRAZIL TO A SHIPWRECK*

THE CAPTAIN DID WHAT HE SAID—he took everything of mine and gave me an exact inventory so that I might have it all back, even down to the three pottery jars.

My boat was a good one, and he told me he would buy it for the ship's use, and asked me what I would take for it. I told him he had been so generous to me that I could not request any price for the boat, but left the amount entirely to him. He told me he would pay me eighty pieces of eight in Brazil, and if any one offered me more, he would make up the difference. He also offered me sixty pieces of eight for Xury, which I hated to take because I hated to sell the poor boy's liberty, who had helped me so faithfully in restoring my own. When I told the captain my reason, he promised to set the boy free in ten years if he became a Christian. When Xury said he was willing to go with him, I let the captain have him.

We had a good voyage to Brazil and arrived in All Saints' Bay in about twenty-two days.

The generous captain refused to let me pay for my passage, and gave me twenty ducats for the leopard's skin and forty for the lion's skin. What I was willing to sell he bought, such as the case of bottles, two of my guns, and a piece of the lump of beeswax (I had made candles of the rest). Altogether I made about 220 pieces of eight from all my



cargo, and with this I went on shore in Brazil.

I lived for awhile at a sugar plantation, and seeing that the planters grew rich, I resolved, if I could get a license to settle there, I would do the same. I hoped to get the money I had left in London. In the meantime, I purchased as much land as I could and planned a plantation.

A man named Wells had a plantation next to mine. We planted food for about two years. Then in the third year we planted some tobacco and got ready to plant sugar cane the following year. But we both needed help, and now I realized how wrong I had been in parting with my helper Xury.

For me to do wrong was no great wonder. I had chosen a career the opposite of what I enjoy, after leaving my father's house and ignoring all his good advice. Now I was aiming at the kind of life my father recommended, and I might as well have stayed at home. I often said to myself, "I could just as well have done this in England among my friends as have gone five thousand miles to do it among strangers and savages."

I had nobody to talk with, except Wells now and then. If any work was to be done, it was by the labor of my hands. I complained that I lived just like a man cast away upon some desolate island, with nobody there but himself. (When people liken their present conditions to others that are worse, heaven may switch them over so they realize the difference the hard way.)

My kind friend, the captain of the ship that rescued me, was going back to Portugal. When I told him I had left money behind in London, he offered to bring it to me in Brazil if I would make out papers for him. He advised me to send for only a hundred pounds and to leave the other hundred in London.

I wrote the English captain's widow a full account of all my adventures—my slavery, escape, and how I had met with the Portuguese captain at sea, and his kind behavior. When she heard this, she not



only followed my directions, but out of her own pocket sent the captain a handsome present for his humanity and charity to me.

The captain brought a hundred pounds worth of goods to me in Brazil, including tools, iron-work, and utensils necessary for my plantation. These were of great use to me. When this cargo arrived, I thought my fortune made. The captain had even spent the five pounds my friend had sent him for a present, to purchase me a bond-servant obligated for six years' service. Furthermore, English products such as cloth were valuable in Brazil, so I made a large profit, and I bought myself a Negro slave and another European servant.

But prosperity is oftentimes our downfall. I had great success with my plantation the next year, and with the increased business and wealth, my head began to be full of projects and undertakings beyond my reach. Just as I had once left my parents behind, now I could not be content to be a rich and thriving man in my new plantation.

I had now lived almost four years in Brazil and had not only learned the language, but had made friends among my fellow-planters and the merchants of San Salvador. I had told about my two voyages to the coast of Guinea and how easy it was to purchase for trifles—such as beads, toys, knives, scissors, hatchets, bits of glass, and the like—not only such items as gold dust and elephants' teeth, but also Negroes to work as slaves.

Three of them came to me one morning to make a secret proposal. They wanted to send a ship to Guinea to bring back slaves for their plantations, and if I would go to do the trading, they would give me some of the slaves. With my flourishing plantation and the money I had in England, I could easily have been worth three or four thousand pounds sterling in three or four years. To think of such a voyage was the most preposterous thing a person in my circumstances could do.

But I, as if born to be my own destroyer, could no more resist the offer than I could restrain my early desire to go to sea. I told them I would go, and I made out my will. I went on board September 1,

1659, eight years after I first sailed from Hull.

We set sail, meaning to head north up the coast of Brazil, then cross the Atlantic to Africa. But after about twelve days' time, a violent hurricane sent us scudding away before it, wherever fate and the fury of the winds directed, for twelve days.

In this distress we had, besides the terror of the storm, one of our men die of the fever, and one man and boy washed overboard. We were far from civilization and knew we could not possibly make our voyage to Africa without some assistance, both to our ship and to ourselves.

Then a second storm came upon us, which carried us away again. Early in the morning one of our men cried out, "Land!" We had no sooner run out of our cabin to look out, in hopes of seeing where in the world we were, but the ship struck upon a sandbar. The sea broke over her so forcefully we expected the ship to break in pieces and us to perish.

In this distress, the mate of our vessel took hold of the small boat on our deck, and with the help of the rest of the men, got it slung over the ship's side. We all got into it, let go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to God's mercy and the wild sea.

Now we all saw plainly that the waves were so high that the boat could not survive, and we would be drowned. So we rowed toward the sand, though with heavy hearts, like men going to their execution, for we all knew that when the boat came nearer the shore, it would be dashed in a thousand pieces. However, we earnestly committed our souls to God and, with the wind driving us toward the shore, hastened our destruction with our own hands by pulling as well as we could toward land.

As we came nearer and nearer the shore, the land looked more frightful than the sea. After we had gone about a league and a half, a raging, mountain-like wave came rolling up behind us, and took us with such a fury that it overturned the boat. We were separated from

the boat as well as from one another, and had no time to cry, "O God!" for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

That wave carried me a long way toward the shore, and having spent itself, went back and left me almost upon dry land, though half dead with the water I took in. I got up and struggled toward the land as fast as I could, before another wave overtook me. But I soon found it was impossible to avoid it. I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy. My greatest concern was that the wave, which would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came in, would carry me back again when it went out to sea.

The wave that came upon me buried me in twenty or thirty feet of water, and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness toward the shore. I held my breath and swam forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself rising up, to my immediate relief I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water. Though I was not out of the water more than two seconds, it was a great relief and gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while but was able to hold out. Once the water had spent itself and began to return, I pushed against the return of the waves and felt the ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover my breath and let the water recede, and then ran with what strength I had toward the shore. Yet even this did not deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again. Twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forward as before, the shore being very flat.

The last of these two waves was nearly fatal to me, for it dashed me against a piece of a rock with such force that it left me senseless and helpless to deliver myself. The blow knocked the breath out of me, and had it returned immediately, I would have drowned. But I recovered a little before the next wave, and when I saw I would be covered again with water, I resolved to hang on to a piece of the rock and to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back. The waves were



not as high as at first, since I was closer to land. I held on till the wave had spent itself and then ran again, which brought me so near the shore that the next wave, though it went over me, did not swallow me up and carry me away. With my next run I got to the mainland, where to my great comfort I clambered up the cliffs of the shore and sat on the grass, free from danger and out of reach of the water.

I was now safe on shore and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved where a few minutes before there was scarce any room to hope. It is impossible to express the ecstasies and transports of the soul when it is saved out of the very grave. I walked about on the shore, lifting up my hands and my whole being, wrapped up in the contemplation of my deliverance, making a thousand gestures and motions which I cannot describe, reflecting upon all my comrades who were drowned, and that I should be the only one saved. I never saw any sign of the other men except three of their hats, one cap, and an unmatched pair of shoes.

I looked toward the stranded vessel and could hardly see it, it lay so far off, and considered, *Lord! how was it possible I could get on shore?*

After I had calmed my mind with the comfortable part of my condition, I began to look around to see what kind of place I was in and what to do next. My comforts soon faded, for I was wet, had no other clothes, nor anything to eat or drink. I saw no other prospect before me but to perish with hunger or be devoured by wild beasts. What was particularly afflicting to me was that I had no weapon either to hunt and kill any creature for food or to defend myself against any other creature that might desire to kill me for theirs. I had nothing about me but a knife, a pipe, and a little tobacco in a box. This was all my provision, and this threw me into such terrible distress that for a while I ran about like a madman. With night coming upon me, I began, with a heavy heart, to consider what would happen to me if there were any ravenous beasts in that country, since they always come abroad for their prey at night.

The only remedy I could think of was to get up into a thick, bushy tree like a fir, but thorny, which grew near me. I resolved to sit there all night and consider the next day what death I would die, for as yet I saw no prospect of life. I walked about a furlong from the shore to see if I could find any fresh water to drink, which I did, to my great joy. I then went to the tree, and getting up into it, tried to place myself so that if I fell asleep I would not fall. Having cut a short stick, like a club, for my defense, I took up my lodging. I fell fast asleep and slept as comfortably as, I believe, few could have done in my condition.



## 5

### *LOOTING THE WRECKED SHIP*

WHEN I AWOKE it was broad day. The weather was clear and the storm abated, so the sea did not rage and swell as before. What surprised me most was that the tide had lifted the ship off the sandbar in the night, and she had been swept in almost as far as the rock where I had been so bruised by the wave dashing me against it. This was within about a mile from shore, and the ship was still upright.

When I came down from my apartment in the tree, the first thing I found was the small boat, which lay as the wind and the sea had tossed it upon the sand about two miles away. I soon found that there was an inlet about half a mile wide blocking my way, and I decided to try to reach the ship first, in search of provisions.

A little after noon the sea was calm, and the tide ebbed so far out that I could walk within a quarter mile of the ship. This increased my grief, for I saw that if we had stayed on board we all would have made it safe to shore, and I would not be left here miserably alone. I wept again, but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship. I pulled off most of my clothes, for the weather was extremely hot, and took to the water. But when I came to the ship there was nothing within my reach to take hold of. I swam around her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of a rope, which I was surprised I had not seen at first, hanging down by the fore-chains so

that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope got into the forecastle of the ship. I found that all the ship's food was dry and untouched by the water. Being eager to eat, I went to the breadroom and filled my pockets with biscuits and ate as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. I wished I had a boat to carry to shore the many things I would need.

I flung a spare topmast and some other pieces of wood overboard, tying each one with a rope so it wouldn't drift away. When this was done I went down the ship's side, and pulling them to me, I tied four of them together at both ends as well as I could, in the form of a raft, then added more wood. With the carpenter's saw I cut a spare topmast into three lengths, and added them, with a great deal of hard work.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could, then took three of the seamen's chests I had broken open and emptied and lowered them onto my raft. The first of these I filled with bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's meat, and a little remainder of European corn which had been food for some fowl we brought to sea with us, but the birds were killed. There had been some barley and wheat, but to my great disappointment, I found that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all. While I did all this, the tide was calmly rising, and I looked up and saw my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on the shore, float away. I went rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use. After long searching I found the carpenter's chest, which was much more valuable than a shipload of gold. I put it on my raft without taking time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained. Next I added some ammunition, four guns, and a couple of rusty swords.

Now I began to think how I should get my raft to shore, having only a couple of broken oars. But I had three encouragements: A smooth, calm sea, the rising tide, and a slight breeze blowing me toward the

land. It was an extremely difficult trip, and I almost lost my cargo a couple of times, but in the end, by taking advantage of the tide, I got my raft and all my cargo safely on shore.

Where I was, I did not know—whether on the continent or on an island, whether inhabited or uninhabited, whether in danger of wild beasts or not. There was a hill, not more than a mile from me, which rose up steep and high. After I had with great difficulty climbed to the top, I saw my fate: I was on an island surrounded by sea, with two smaller islands about three leagues to the west.

The island I was on was barren and seemed uninhabited except by animals. I saw only unfamiliar birds. It took me the rest of that day to unload the raft. At night I barricaded myself with the chests and boards I had brought on shore, and made a kind of a hut.

I realized I should get everything possible out of the ship and debated whether I should take back the raft. But I decided to go as before, when the tide was down, and I did so, only I stripped before I went from my hut, having nothing on but a checkered shirt, a pair of linen pants, and a pair of shoes.

I got on board the ship as before and prepared a second raft. Having had experience with the first, I made this one smaller and did not overload it, though I brought away tools, including a grindstone. All these I secured, together with several things belonging to the gunner. Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes I could find, and a spare fore-top sail, a hammock, and some bedding. With this I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safely to shore, to my great comfort.

When I came back, I found no sign of any visitor. But sitting on one of the chests was a creature like a wild cat which, when I came toward it, ran away a little distance and then stood still. I tossed her a bit of biscuit, and she went to it, smelled it, ate it, and looked for more. But I could spare no more, so she marched off.

I went to work to make me a little tent with the sail and some poles



**F**or more than 270 years, readers everywhere have been fascinated by the young fool who ran away from wealth, security, and family for a rough life at sea—and came to his senses too late, alone on a tropical island. Alone except for cannibals, that is, and God.

Robinson Crusoe's adventure takes place on a remote island. Adjusting to the primitive conditions, he learns to make tools, shelters, bread, and clothes. More importantly, he becomes a Christian.

Modern editions tend to leave out Crusoe's long struggle with God and his change as he studies God's Word. As part of the Classics for Young Readers Series, Kathryn Lindskoog faithfully preserves such details.

*"Robinson Crusoe is read as eagerly today as when it was first published. . . . The book has attained a high place in the literature of the world, and justly so."* —*Masterplots*.

### **CLASSICS FOR YOUNG READERS**

The timeless children's classics have captured hearts for generations. For over a century, characters from these stories have served as models of integrity and honor for all children.

These editions preserve every detail of the original stories while featuring an accelerated pace, updated language, and full-page illustrations. Every book has a companion study guide available.

**Ages 9–13**

**P&R**

P U B L I S H I N G  
P.O. BOX 817 • PHILLIPSBURG • NEW JERSEY 08865

WWW.PRPBOOKS.COM

YOUTH/CHILDREN  
ISBN: 978-0-87552-735-2

EAN



9 780875 527352



5 1 2 9 9