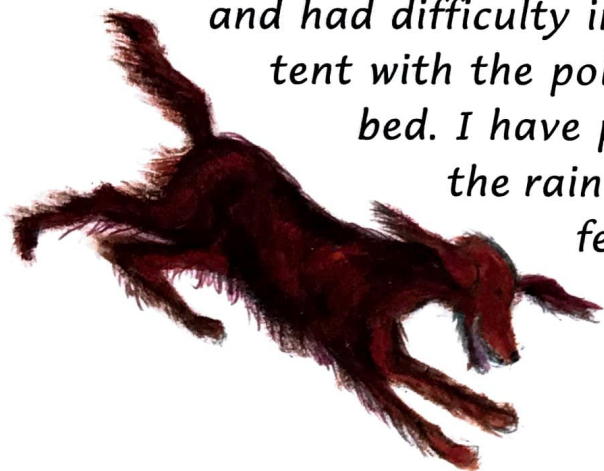


Robinson Crusoe has been shipwrecked on a remote island.

Eighth day Yesterday I brought back from the ship a quantity of tools, a drill, a dozen hatchets, a grind-stone for sharpening, iron crowbars, a large bag of nails and rivets; with sails, ropes, poles, two more barrels of powder, a box of musket balls, seven muskets, a third shotgun, lead, a hammock, a mattress, blankets, clothes and great-coats. I thought that I had rescued nearly everything that was on board. But I was wrong, for today, returning from a trip to the wreck that almost cost me dear – the wind having risen, I capsized with my whole load in the middle of the creek – I saw Japp, the captain's dog, come bounding joyfully along, an Irish setter I had thought drowned with the crew. I think that the poor beast, swept away by the current, had landed on the island much farther away, and had difficulty in finding me. This evening I pitched a little tent with the poles and sail-cloth, under which I spread my bed. I have piled up all my riches in a shelter from the rain that was threatening. My dog snores at my feet, I have dined on a bit of dried meat and a ship's biscuit, and in spite of a rising wind I am prepared to pass a good night.



Daniel Defoe