

Robinson Crusoe - Special Redux Edition

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Robinson Crusoe **Special Redux Edition** Drawn from the Unabridged Text by Daniel Defoe Illustrations by N.C. Wyeth and other artists as noted Redux Edition © 2009 by Robert M. Blevins Published by [Adventure Books of Seattle](#) ISBN 13 (in paperback) 978-0-9823271-2-8 **Kindle Version** *Robinson Crusoe* was one of the first English novels, as well as being one of the world's most popular adventure stories. It was first published on April 25, 1719. It was an immediate success and went through four editions in four months. *Robinson Crusoe* has been published in dozens of editions and scores of languages. **Foreword** There have been other attempts to rewrite Daniel Defoe's incredible book, however, most either cut out critical parts of the story or over-simplified the novel. I tried to find a happy medium and tenderly rework the historic tale without reducing it to a completely juvenile version. Much of the original text contained dialogue, but Defoe would seldom use quotes, preferring to 'tell-not-show' the dialogue. I used quotes and attempted to bring it to life. Some of the longer diatribes about God and salvation in the story have been condensed. God still appears in the book; he just has a smaller part now, and one more fitting to the actual adventure. The original manuscript was roughly 160,000 words. This version is about 50,000 words and most readers will hardly know the difference – except that the Redux Edition reads more smoothly and gets to the point far better than the original. Defoe would occasionally relate events out of order, and then add them in later. I restructured some of these sections to make the story flow more easily. The full tale of Crusoe is here, though. The Redux Edition ends when Crusoe is finally rescued, with a few details added about his life after the island. In the unabridged version by Defoe, his adventures continue for a long time in England and abroad. Robert M Blevins June 2009 **Image Credits** The images for *Robinson Crusoe – Special Redux Edition* are from different versions of the book that have been published over the last three centuries. **The Artists** N.C. Wyeth Joseph Finnemore J.D. Watson Alexander F. Lydon E. Boyd Smith Elenore Abbott T.E. Watson Milo K. Winter Walter Paget **Acknowledgements** My thanks to Greg Page and Pam Casadoro for their support and to the staff of Adventure Books of Seattle for their assistance in the editing of the manuscript and the enhancement of the images. **Copyright Notice** Robinson Crusoe – Special Redux Edition © 2009 by Robert M Blevins and Adventure Books of Seattle. No part of this work may be copied, transmitted, or stored by any means, including electronic storage, without written permission from the author or publisher except in the case of short excerpts used in book reviews or press releases about the work. Table of Contents (Titles of chapters are edited for length) [Chapter 1.....My Family and Leaving Home](#) [Chapter 2.....First Adventures at Sea](#) [Chapter 3.....My Captivity at Sallee](#) [Chapter 4.....I Settle in the Brazils as a Planter](#) [Chapter 5.....I Find Myself on a Desolate Island](#) [Chapter 6.....Consolatory Reflections](#) [Chapter 7.....I Arrange My Habitation](#) [Chapter 8.....The Earthquake](#) [Chapter 9.....My Illness and Affliction](#) [Chapter 10.....I Make a Trip to the Interior](#) [Chapter 11.....I Explore the Island Further](#) [Chapter 12.....Agricultural Efforts and Success](#) [Chapter 13.....Making Bread and Pottery](#) [Chapter 14.....Contemplating an Escape from the Island](#) [Chapter 15.....I Construct a Better Canoe](#) [Chapter 16.....A Flock of Goats](#) [Chapter 17.....The Footprint](#) [Chapter 18.....Cannibals](#) [Chapter 19.....I Discover a Special Cave](#) [Chapter 20.....Savages on the Beach](#) [Chapter 21.....Salvaging a Second](#)

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The Life and Adventures Of Robinson Crusoe Chapter 1 My Family and Leaving Home I was born in 1632 in the City of York, England of a good family. My father was not of this country, being from Bremen. He made a good living by selling merchandise and married my mother from the family Robinson. My parents named me Robinson and my father's German name was eventually corrupted to Crusoe. Therefore, my companions called me Robinson Crusoe. I had two older brothers, one of whom was a lieutenant colonel to an English foot regiment in Flanders. He was killed at a battle near Dunkirk against the Spaniards. What became of my second brother I never knew any more than my parents ever knew of me, after my long adventures. Since I was the youngest son of the family, and not raised with any particular trade, my head filled very early with rambling thoughts. My father, although old, had ensured at least a free country education and much learning at home. I was studying toward the law, but I would be satisfied with nothing except going to sea. This inclination led me strongly against the will of my father and the entreaties of my mother. This was a decision relating directly to the life of misery that would befall me. My father called me into his study one morning, where he was confined by the gout, and asked me why I wanted to leave both my home and country. He said only men of desperate fortunes went abroad on adventures. If I stayed, I could be introduced and had very good prospects of raising my fortunes at home. He said that traveling abroad to obtain these things was too far above me, and that my road was the middle state. Tears ran down his face as he spoke of my dead brother, and he entreated upon me to reconsider my course. I was sincerely affected by this discourse, and I resolved not to think of going abroad anymore, but to settle at home according to my father's wishes. However, within a few days, this feeling wore off and I decided to run away. I did not act too hastily, but took my mother aside and confided to her my plan when I thought she was in a good mood. I told her that my thoughts were now entirely on seeing the world and that I was not ready to settle down to anything with resolution. I asked her to try to obtain permission from my father, but she refused to approach him on the subject. I was now eighteen years old, and beyond the age of apprenticeship. I stayed at home for another year, and had many discussions with my mother and father about entering into business or a trade, all of which I turned a stubborn and deaf ear. In the end, I joined with a friend and without further discussion with my parents; I went to join the crew of a ship that was owned by my friend's father.

Chapter 2 First Adventures at Sea—Experience of a Maritime Life—Voyage to Guinea

On the first of September 1651, I went on board a ship bound for London; and my misfortunes began almost at once. The ship had no sooner cleared the harbor than the wind began to blow and the seas to rise in a most frightful manner. As the storm increased, I expected every wave would swallow us up. Each time the ship rose and fell in the troughs, I swore that if God spared me on this voyage and put me onto dry land again, I would go directly home to my father, take his advice, and never set foot aboard a ship again. I imagined myself as the Prodigal Son and swore repentance. These wise and sober thoughts continued all the while the storm continued, and for some time after. The next day the wind abated and the sea calmed and I began to forget the idea of returning home. The sun set and a fine evening followed. My seasickness began to clear and I slept through the night without further incident. The next morning the sun rose clear and with little wind and a smooth sea. The sun shining upon it was the most delightful thing I had ever seen. I stood at the railing and marveled at the beauty of it. My companion, who had enticed me to sea came to me and clapped me on the shoulder. "Well, how are you doing today? I'll warrant you were frightened last night when it blew a cap full of wind?" "A cap full of wind?" I replied. "It was a terrible storm." "A storm? Why that was nothing at all!" He said. "It only served to give us a good ship and some sea room. We think nothing at all about a squall of wind like that, but then you are a fresh-water sailor. Come, let us make a bowl of punch and we'll forget all about it." On the short of it, we went the way of all sailors. The punch was mixed and I was made drunk with it. In a single night of wickedness, I drowned all my resolve to return home, my reflections on my past conduct, and all my resolutions for the future. My fear of being swallowed by the sea was soon gone, along with the punch. Within a few days, I had achieved complete victory over my

conscience. The sixth day at sea we came into Yarmouth Roads; the wind having been contrary, and the weather calm. We had made very little headway since the storm. We lay at anchor and waited as the wind continued contrary. During this time a great many ships from Newcastle came into Yarmouth Roads. It was the common harbor where ships might wait for a proper wind. As it happened, we should have taken the high tide up the river. After we had lain for five days, the wind began to blow very hard. However, the Roads being reckoned a good harbor with sufficient anchorage, and with our ground-tackle very strong, our men were unconcerned. They seemed not the least apprehensive of danger, but spent their time in rest and mirth, after the manner of the sea. On the eighth day, the wind increased and all hands were called to strike the topmasts and make everything snug and close, that the ship might ride the storm as easy as possible. By noon, the sea went very high indeed and we began to ship water in through the fore-castle. Once or twice, we thought our anchor had come free, after which the Captain ordered out the sheet anchor, so that we rode with two anchors, their cables at opposite ends of the ship. By this time, the storm had reached a fierce blow and I saw terror and amazement on the faces of the seamen. The Captain, though vigilant with the business of saving the ship, walked past me several times saying, "Lord, be merciful to us. We shall all be lost," and the like. In my fright, I was stupid, lying still in my cabin in the steerage. I could not resume my formal penitence and entreaty God with promises to return home if he spared my life. I had already rejected this during the last storm and trampled on the possibility of deliverance. I got up from my cabin and looked onto a sea as high as a mountain, breaking upon us every few minutes. I saw nothing around us but distress. Two ships near us had already broken from their anchors and run out to sea. Two others had cut their masts, being heavily laden with cargo. The light ships fared the best, running away with only a small spritsail before the wind. Toward evening, the First Mate and the boatswain begged the Captain to let them cut away the foremast, which he was very unwilling to do. They protested the ship would founder if he did not, so at last the Captain consented. After the cutting of the foremast, the mainmast stood so loose that it shook the ship even more, and they were obliged to cut her away as well, to make a clear deck. A sailor burst onto the deck and shouted that we had sprung a leak and there was four feet of water in the hold. All hands were called to the pump. At that word, my heart died within me and I retreated to my cabin and fell backwards onto my bed. However, the men roused me and told me that if I was unable to do anything before, that I could pump as well as another. At that, I went to the pump and worked heartily. As this was happening, the Captain spotted two small colliers slipping their anchors and running out to sea. He ordered the crew to fire a gun as a distress signal. I knew nothing about this and was so surprised by the report of the gun that I thought the ship had broken in two. I fainted at my post on the pump and fell to the deck. No one minded me or cared, and another man stepped up to the pump, thrusting me aside with his foot. It was a great while before I came around. We worked on, but the water continued to rise in the hold and it was apparent the ship would founder. The storm had abated a little, yet it was not possible the ship would swim until we could reach a port. The Captain continued firing guns to signal our distress until a light ship ventured a boat out to us. It was with the utmost hazard the boat came near us, but it was impossible for us to get on board or for the boat to lie to near the side of the ship. The men in the boat rowed heartily and risking their lives to save ours finally managed to cast a line over our stern. Our men pulled the line hard and hauled them close under our stern. We all boarded the small boat and cast off the line, leaving our ship to God and the elements. It was impossible to reach the other ship, so the Captain entreated the boat crew to make for shore, promising to make good if the boat crashed into the rocks. We pulled on the oars hard and watched our own ship wallow deeper into the water. A quarter of an hour later we saw her sink, and for the first time I understood what 'foundering' meant. As we mounted the waves and approached the shore, we saw a great many people running along the beach to assist us should we come near. We were not able to reach the shore, and labored hard to row past the lighthouse at Winterton and gain some lee from the wind near Cromer. The violence of the wind ceased and we finally made shore. We walked to Yarmouth, where the good people and the magistrates of the town gave us lodgings and money sufficient to either carry us to London, or back to Hull as we saw fit. If I had gone back to Hull, my father would have slaughtered the fatted

calf for me and I would have been the Prodigal Son. He had heard the ship I boarded was cast away in Yarmouth Roads, and it was a great while before he had any assurance I was not drowned.

My obstinacy and ill fate pushed me on with a force that nothing could resist. It may be a secret power that hurries us on to be the instruments of our own destruction, and even though it may be upon us, we rush into it with our eyes open. My comrade, who had helped to harden my resolve before, and who was the Captain's son, was now less forward. After two or three days, he spoke to me in Yarmouth in the presence of his father. His tone was altered and he looked very melancholy, shaking his head as he spoke. He told his father who I was and how I had come to this voyage only as a trial to go farther abroad. His father turned to me with a grave tone. "Young man, you ought never to go to sea anymore. You should take this as a plain and visible token that you are not a seafaring man." "Sir," I replied. "Will you go to sea no more?" "That is another case, and my calling. Therefore it is my duty," he said. "But you made this voyage as a trial, and now you see what to expect if you persist. Perhaps this happened on your account, like Jonah in the ship of Tarshish. What have I done that such an unhappy wretch like you should come into my ship? I would not set foot with you in the same ship for a thousand pounds." We parted soon after, for I could give him little answer. I saw him no more and which way he went, I know not. As for me, having some money in my pocket, I traveled on to London along the main road. Along the way, I had many struggles with myself, such as what course of life I should take, or whether I should go home or go to sea. As to going home, shame opposed these thoughts and it occurred to me how I should be laughed at among the neighbors. In the end, the desire to return home passed from me and I boarded a vessel bound for the coast of Africa. It was my misfortune that I did not ship on as a sailor, because I would have worked a little harder and learned the duties of a foremast man, and might have qualified myself as a mate or lieutenant. It was always my fate to choose for the worst, for having money in my pocket and good clothes upon my back; I went on board as a gentleman. Therefore, I was to learn little of the business of the ship. Fortunately, I fell into good company and the master of the ship took me under his wing, hearing I had a mind to see the world. He told me that if I went on the voyage it would be at no expense. If I should be his messmate and companion, that I could engage in any trade I saw fit using the money I carried. I entered into a strict friendship with him and under the captain's direction, purchased a number of trifles and toys to take along on the voyage to use as trade. This was the only voyage that I may say was successful, due to the integrity and honesty of my friend the captain and I returned to London much more prosperous than when I had departed. I received a competent education in the mathematics and the rules of navigation. I learned how to keep an account of the ship's course, to take observations, and to understand the things needed by a sailor. This voyage made me both a sailor and a merchant. I brought home many ounces of gold dust for my adventures and this filled me with aspiring thoughts. Yet, I was continually sick from the heat of the climate, our principal trading being upon the African coast from the latitude of fifteen degrees north to the Equator.

Chapter 3 My Captivity at Sallee—Escape with Xury—Arrival at the Brazils I was now set up as a Guinea trader, and the Captain, to my great misfortune, died soon after our arrival in London. I resolved to go on another voyage and embarked on the same vessel. The First Mate now had command of the ship. Before we sailed from port, I left two hundred pounds with the Captain's widow. This was the unhappiest voyage that man ever made. I fell into terrible misfortunes, and the first was this: Our ship was making course for the Canary Islands and was surprised in the early morning by a Turkish rover out of Sallee. They gave chase toward us with all the sail they could make. We crowded as much canvas as our masts could carry to get clear of her, but the pirate ship continued to gain. We prepared to fight. We carried twelve guns and the pirate rover eighteen. In the late afternoon, he came up on us just off our quarter. This was a mistake, as he intended to come up on our stern. We brought all eight of our guns on that side to bear and poured a broadside into him. He sheered off, but then returned our fire and poured in his small shot from about two hundred crew he had on board. However, not a man among us was touched, as we kept close cover. He prepared to attack us again by laying up on our other quarter and rushed sixty of his men upon our decks. These men immediately fell to cutting and hacking the decks and rigging. We plied them with small shot, half-pikes, powder-chests and the like and

cleared our deck of them twice. However, three of our men were killed and eight wounded, and since our ship was now disabled, we were finally forced to yield. We were carried as prisoners into Sallee, a port belonging to the Moors. The usage I had there was not as dreadful as I thought it would be at first. I was not taken upcountry to the emperor's court, as the rest of our men were, but kept by the captain of the pirate ship as his prize and made a slave. I was overwhelmed and miserable at this change in fortune, to go from being a merchant to a slave. I remembered my father's warning and I knew he had been right. My new master took me into his home near the coast and I hoped that he would force me to accompany him when he went back to sea. I believed it was possible he could be taken by a Spanish or Portuguese man-o-war and that I would be set at liberty. Nevertheless, this hope was soon taken away, for when he went to sea he left me on shore to look after his little garden and do the common drudgery of slaves about his house. When he returned from the voyage, he ordered me to lie in the cabin and look after the ship. Here I thought of nothing except my escape and what method I might use to gain my freedom. Nothing presented itself however, and I was the only Englishman held captive. I served as his slave and found no opportunity to end this misfortune. I often imagined plans, but discovered no way to implement them and escape back to England. After about two years, an odd circumstance presented itself that put the old thoughts of liberty again into my head. My master returned from a voyage and laid at home for longer than usual without fitting out his ship. I heard this was for lack of money. However, he would often take the ship's boat and go offshore to fish. When he did this, he always took a young Maresco and me with him to row the boat. We made him very merry and I proved very dexterous at catching fish. Sometimes he stayed at home and sent me out with one of his kinsmen as a guard, a Moor, and the Maresco youth, to catch fish for him. On one of our expeditions, a fog rose so thick that even though we were but a half-league from shore; we lost sight of it and began rowing whither or which way. We labored all day and through the entire night. When morning came, we found we had pulled a good two leagues offshore. However, we got in to shore after a good deal of work just as the wind had begun to blow fresh in the morning.

Our master, warned by this disaster, resolved to take more care for himself in the future. He decided he would not go fishing anymore without a larger boat, a compass and some provision. He had possession of the English long-boat he had taken from my ship, so he ordered his ship's carpenter to build a tiny cabin in the middle of the long-boat, like that of a barge, with a place to stand behind it and steer. She sailed with what we call a shoulder-of-mutton sail with the boom jibbed over the top of the cabin. There was room inside the small cabin to lie down with a slave or two, a table to eat on, and some small lockers to put in bottles of liquor, bread, and coffee. We went fishing frequently in this new boat and I was most happy to catch fish for him; he never went without me. It happened that he had decided to go out in the boat with two or three Moors of some distinction, for either pleasure or fishing. The previous night he had therefore sent on board a larger store of provisions than ordinary and ordered me to get ready three fuzees with powder and shot from his ship, and place them aboard the boat. They had decided to go fowling as well as fishing. I made these things ready and waited the next morning with the boat, her antient and pendants out and everything to accommodate his guests. When my master came on board, he told me his guests had put off going because of some business. He ordered me, the Moor, and the boy to go out as usual and catch them some fish, since his guests would be returning for supper at his house that evening. Notions of escape and freedom darted into my thoughts, for now I found I was to have a little ship at my command. My master being gone for a while, I prepared to furnish myself with further supplies to make a voyage. I did not consider where I would steer, but anywhere to get out of this place was my plan. My first contrivance was to make a pretense to speak to this Moor, my guard. I told him we must not presume to eat the master's bread and we should carry our own sustenance on board. He brought a large basket of the biscuit of their kind and three jars of fresh water. I knew already where my master kept the cases of bottles he had taken from our ship, so I took two cases on board, along with a lump of beeswax, a parcel of twine, a hatchet, a saw and a hammer. All of these things were of great use to me later, especially the wax to make candles. I also tried another trick on the Moor, calling to him. "Moely, the master's guns are on board the boat." "That is so," he replied. "Of what use are they to us? We are to fish."

"Can you not fetch a little powder and shot from the ship? We may be able to kill some fowl for ourselves." He thought about this for a moment and then agreed, going to the gunners' stores aboard the ship and returning with a large leather pouch holding about a pound and a half of powder, some shot, and a few bullets. While he was gone, I found more powder in my master's house and filled a large bottle, placing it in hiding aboard the boat. Thus furnished with every thing needful, we sailed out of the port to fish. The castle guard at the entrance of the port knew who we were and took no notice of us. We were about a mile out of the port when we hauled in our sail and began to fish. The wind was blowing in from the northeast, which was contrary to my desire, for had it blown from the south I would be sure to reach the coast of Spain, or at least the Bay of Cadiz. However, my resolutions to escape were strong, and I was willing to be gone from that horrid place and leave the rest to fate. We fished for some time and caught nothing, for when I felt a fish on my hook I would not pull them up. I said to the Moor, "This will not do. Our master will not be served if we catch no fish. We must stand farther off shore." The Moor agreed and went forward to set the sail, while I took the helm. After we had run out about another league, I gave the boy the helm and stepped up quietly behind the Moor, catching him by surprise. I grasped his arm and twisted it, then pushed him hard overboard. He swam like a cork and begged to be taken back into the boat. I bade him to swim for shore, since I knew he was a very strong swimmer. Instead, he began swimming for the boat and was about to catch us easily, since there was little wind. I stepped into the little cabin and fetching a shotgun, I pointed it at him. "I have done you no harm, but if you come near the boat I will shoot you. I am leaving this place and you swim well enough to reach the shore." He turned around and swam for the beach and I had no doubt he made it easily. When he was gone, I turned to the boy, known to everyone as Xury, and told him, "If you will be faithful to me and swear by your God, I will make you a great man. Otherwise, I must throw you into the sea, as well." The boy smiled at me and said, "I will be faithful and go to the ends of the Earth with you if need be." Knowing I would be pursued after the Moor reached shore, I set course directly out to sea with the boat, rather than stretching to windward, so anyone watching would think I was headed toward the mouth of the straits. This would be the course of anyone who had been in their wits. Sailing south would take us along the Barbarian Coast, where whole nations of Negroes might surround us with their canoes and destroy us. In that place, we could not go on shore without being devoured by savage beasts or being eaten by cannibals. However, I knew they were unlikely to follow us in that direction and it became my plan. As soon as it grew dusk, I changed my course and steered directly south and east, bending a little toward the east that I might keep in toward the shore. There was a fresh wind and a smooth quiet sea. By the next afternoon, I had made not less than one hundred and fifty miles south of Sallee. This was quite beyond the dominion of the Emperor of Morocco, or indeed of any king, for we saw no one on the shores. Knowing what would happen to me should I once again fall into the hands of the Moors, I would not stop or go on shore or come to anchor. The wind continued fair for five days, then shifted to the south. I concluded if any vessels were in pursuit of me they would have given up by now, so I ventured cautiously toward the coast. I came to anchor at the mouth of a small river, not knowing my position with any certainty or the name of the river. I neither saw nor desired to see anyone. The principal thing I wanted was fresh water. We sailed slowly up the river a short distance, resolving to swim to shore as soon as it was dark and to explore the countryside. However, as soon as darkness fell we heard the dreadful noises of the barking and howling of wild creatures. The boy Xury was ready to die of fear and begged me not to go ashore until daybreak. "If we wait until day," I said, "we may see men on shore who will treat us worse than those lions. But we will wait until the morning to search for fresh water." "Then me give them the shoot gun and make them run away," Xury replied in his broken English. I was glad to see the boy so cheerful and gave him a drink from one of our bottles of liquor. His advice was good, and we dropped our little anchor and lay still all night. We did not sleep. During the night, we saw large creatures of many sorts come down to the shore and run into the water for the pleasure of cooling themselves, wallowing and washing. They made hideous howlings and yellings, that indeed I had never heard the like. Xury and I were dreadfully frightened and when we heard one of these creatures come swimming towards our boat, we could not see him, but we

heard him by his blowing to be a huge and furious beast. Xury shouted out, "It is a lion! We must weigh anchor and row away!" "No," I said. "We can slip our anchor line with the buoy attached to it and go off to sea a short distance. It cannot follow us far." I had no sooner said this when the creature swam within two oar lengths of the boat. I stepped to the cabin and took up a musket, firing at the beast. He turned immediately and swam toward the shore. It is impossible to describe the noises and cries of the night in that place, which grew louder with the report of the gun. I believe these creatures had not heard a gun before, and it excited them further. This convinced me there was no going ashore at night. Venturing ashore in the daytime was another question, for to fall into the hands of savages would be equally bad as being attacked by lions and tigers. After sunrise, we were obliged to go ashore somewhere for water, for we had not a pint left in the boat. "Let me go with one of the jars," said Xury, "and I will find water and bring it to you." "Why would you go ashore alone? You should stay in the boat and I will go." Xury answered with much affection, enough to swell my heart to bursting. "If the wild men come, they will eat me, and you must go away." "Then we will both go," I said. "If the wild men come, we will kill them and they will eat neither of us." We brought the boat in to shore as close as possible and waded to the beach carrying nothing but our guns and two jars for water. I wanted to stay in sight of the boat, fearing the coming of savages down the river, but the boy saw a low place about a mile up the country and rambled to it. By and by, I saw him come running back to me. I thought he was pursued by a wild beast and I ran toward him to help him. When I came closer, I saw a creature hanging over his shoulders, like a hare, but different in color and with longer legs. "I have found fresh water as well!" Xury said. "Did you see any wild men?" "No." "Good." It was very good meat and we dressed it, cooking some to eat and storing the extra after curing it with smoke and salt. As I had been on one voyage to this coast before, I knew that the Canary Islands and the Cape de Verdi islands lay not far off this coast. However, as I had no sextant to take an observation for latitude, I knew not where to look for them. My hope was to lay off the coast and continue south until I came upon the place where the English traded and gain rescue. By my best calculation, I was somewhere in the country south of Morocco, between the Emperor's dominion and the countries of the Negroes. The Negroes had abandoned this place long ago for fear of the Moors. The Moors, because of the prodigious numbers of wild beasts, thought it dangerous to settle. After storing up on fresh water and meat, we set sail and continued south along the coast. More than once, I thought I saw the Pico of Teneriffe, which is the highest mountain in the Canaries. I had a mind to venture out in hopes of reaching it, but after trying twice, I was forced in again by contrary winds. The sea was also too high for my little vessel, so I kept to my first plan and sailed close along the shore. Several times, I was obliged to land for fresh water and once I came to anchor under a little point of land. The tide was beginning to flow, so we waited to go still farther in toward the shore. Xury thrust a finger toward the beach. "Look! There is a great beast on the side of the hill." I looked and saw a lion resting himself in the shade near the beach, under the overhang of the hill. We were in need of fresh water once more and I asked Xury to go ashore and kill the lion, so that we might be able to search for water.

The classic tale of survival and ultimate redemption by Daniel Defoe has been completely re-edited by Adventure Books of Seattle. 'God still has a part in the book,' says editor Robert M Blevins, 'but a smaller one and more fitting to the actual adventure...' Included are 27 of the best images drawn from classic versions of the book published over the last 300 years. The Special Redux Edition corrects many of the flaws in Defoe's original including a slight restructuring of events, since Defoe often related things out of order in the original. Possibly the best version ever offered of this classic, and certainly the easiest to read. The Special Redux has been praised by both teachers and students alike for helping to re-introduce this great tale in a way that makes it more fun to read and easier to understand.

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