

My Diary

My first night on the island, I climbed a tree because I was afraid of wild animals. All I had was a knife, a pipe, and some tobacco. I didn't sleep. I smoked my pipe and listened to the sound of strange birds screaming and things moving through the trees.

In the morning, I saw that part of our ship was in the water, not far from the beach. I swam out to it and climbed on board. There was no one there, but I found guns, gunpowder, some bread, sugar, rum and flour. I made a small raft from broken pieces of wood to bring these things back to the island, but I had to go and come back many times. I made a tent from one of the ship's sails, and I hid the food and gunpowder in a small cave.

I walked to the highest part of the island and looked around. The island was quite large, but there were no people on it. I looked out to sea, and there were no boats. 'Why did this happen to me?' I thought. 'Is it because I didn't listen to my father? Why am I so unlucky at sea? But I'm still alive. There must be some reason for that.'

I found a pen and paper on the ship, and I began to write a diary. It helped me remember what day it was, but it also showed me how my thoughts about life changed. I still have some of its pages.