

Text A: Survival

[Adapted from Robinson Crusoe by Daniel Dafoe]

The captain of a vessel who traded to the coast of Africa offered me a chance to go with him on his voyages. Being young and dreaming of nothing more than going to sea I gladly accepted.

It was not long before dark clouds formed overhead casting an uneasy shadow over the decks of the ship and in the minds of the crew. A great storm rose up and the ship tossed about like a cork for many days. We did not know where in the world we were.



Suddenly we hit a sand bank and the waves crashed over the ship with such force that many parts broke away and disappeared into the depths of the ocean. In our state of panic we launched a smaller boat. After about two hours of being shaken and thrown about a raging wave struck so furiously that it over turned the small boat. Even though I was a strong swimmer the waves were so powerful I was forced against a rock that left me senseless and gasping for breath. I managed to recover a little before the next waves returned. Pushing forward with all my strength in my arms and legs I swam to the shore.

I was safe but I was alone. My first thought was sleep. I climbed into a thick bushy tree to sleep not knowing if there were dangerous beasts roaming on the island. When morning arrived the sea was calm and I could see the broken ship about a kilometer from the shore. When the tide ebbed I swam out and found that all the food was dry. Being very hungry I filled my stomach and pockets with biscuits as I went around looking for things to take ashore with me. Firstly I threw overboard some spare planks and rope and tied them together to make a raft. Next I lowered three seamen's chests and filled them with food. After a long search I found the carpenter's chest. It too went on the raft. With this cargo I started for the shore and with a great deal of trouble landed it safely.

My next work was to view the countryside and find a proper place to store my goods. I did not know where I was on the continent or on an island. There was a hill in the distance very steep and high. I climbed to the top and saw that I was on an island. It looked barren and uninhabited.

Every day for twelve days I made a trip to the broken ship bringing ashore all that I thought would be useful to me. I pitched my tent made from the sails at the entrance of a cave. Around it I drew a half circle and drove two rows of sticks into the ground making a kind of fortress. I called it my castle.

For a long time I thought about making a canoe of the trunk of a tree as the Indians do and at last set to work cutting a large tree and shaping it into the form of a boat. Finally it was time to make a tour around the island. When I had been out at sea for three days a violent storm arose that I was nearly lost again. Eventually I was able to bring my boat to the shore in a little cove and there I left it.

Walking across the island to my castle, I did not have a care about going to sea ever again.

Text B: Fishing



Dad, you used to fish off rocks
Under whiskered cliffs
Where I watched
While crabs eyed me sideways
Clicking like mice bones.

The day seemed long
As I watched your skill
With knife and knot,
Your toughened skin
Stained with gut.

Now we cast off
From the back of your boat
As the sail meets the sun
We both look for the thrill of a taut line
A glittering catch,
As the bait dances below.

Text C:

[Source: Google Images]



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