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A year later...



September 30th 1639. I, poor
Miserable Robinson Crusoe, being
Shipwrecked during a dreadful
Storm, came on shore on this dismal,
unfortunate island, which I
called the Island of Despair.
All the rest of the ship's
company being drowned, and
myself almost dead.
All the rest of that day I
spent in afflicting myself at
the dismal circumstances I
was brought to; I had neither
food, house, clothes, weapon,
or place to fly to, and in de-
spair of any relief, saw nothing
but death before me.

I was in a ship sailing
across the Salty Sea until
there was a huge storm. The
waves were crashing together
making huge noises. Everyone
got out of the ship. ~~Quickly~~
Quickly I swam to a small
island. The storm carried
on. I grabbed my shotgun
and ran to a large bush.
I could see two men tied
to a palm tree. In the distance
I could see some other men
who looked like they were eating
human flesh. I shot 4 of
them and the others ran off.
Quickly I untied the man on
the palm tree. I tried to talk
to him but he wasn't English.
I named him Friday.





- What/How did you use to:
do, wear, eat, drink, play, hunt, build etc.
on the island?