



DEFOE

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CHAPTER ONE

1660 – TRINIDAD, CARIBBEAN

He grabbed the large, pink-red fruit from the tree and pulled it off the branch. He bit into the skin and the juice burst forth and filled his mouth and ran down his chin. He wiped juice off his scraggly beard with the back of his hand. He didn't care; this was the most delicious thing he had ever eaten, probably in his life. He chewed all the way down to the large, oval seed and stuffed the rest into his mouth then threw the seed away. The sub-tropical forest around him was lush green with large shiny green leaves and masses of ferns growing everywhere. He could hear wild parrots calling to each other and howler monkeys chattering to each other high in the trees.

He stepped forward on the mossy forest floor; he could feel the damp spongy green mass between his toes. Robinson had long since given up wearing shoes. His had worn out, plus, his own feet had become so calloused on the island he didn't really need them anyway. He brushed the ferns away from his leather breeches. He had learned to sew his own pants from leather hide made from the skins of feral goats that lived on the island. He tanned the leather himself and then sewed the skins together with 'thread' that were strips of hide. His needle was an old nail. He had a little leather hat on his head to keep the sun off as it could be very bright during the day.

Robinson paused in the shade of the jungle and looked out at the pearly white sand of the beach. He could see the blue Atlantic in front of him and it was another beautiful day. Fluffy white clouds scuttled across the sky; there would probably be a little sprinkle later that afternoon. He surveyed the scene carefully looking for signs of other humans on the shore. In particular, small canoes or footprints from natives from any of the surrounding islands. He knew certain of the natives to be cannibals and he had avoided them this long and wanted to keep it that way.

Also; Spanish galleons were apt to stop here from time to time and being Scots, he didn't want to be captured by them either and thrown into some Spanish hell-hole prison. He advanced to

the water's edge cautiously and stopped to listen. He heard nothing, seemed like the coast was clear. Robinson washed any dirt off his feet and legs and then gave himself a little splash down on the arms and legs. The water was warm and slapped playfully at his feet. He adjusted his backpack and his fishing gear. He had constructed a miniature harpoon from a bamboo frond and wrapped around a sharpened point to the tip. He had created this tip and his knife from barrel staves washed ashore from some passing ship.

Robinson had put two of the mangos in his bag and was looking for some fresh fish for dinner. He trotted down the beach to an outcropping of rocks where he could get a better angle on the fish that came there to nibble on coral. He waited patiently; he had learned patience here, and eventually harpooned two mackerels on his harpoon and laid them out on the rock until they stopped flopping around. The sun felt so good he was tempted to lie down there and take a little nap, but he knew better and repacked his bag and headed home.

Marooned on this island now four years, Robinson, a seasoned Scottish sailor, had become very resourceful at making use of the island's bountiful resources. There were fruits and berries galore and feral goats brought by previous sailors to the island. Feral cats kept him company to an extent and kept the rats away. He hunted the wild boar and one pig; after being roasted could feed him for days. The extra meat he would hang up on the line, in the sun to dry and could have jerky to last for some time.

Robinson got home to his hut in a higher region of the island. He had two; one for sleeping and one for cooking. He had built them from wood and branches he dragged back from the beach and from the forest. His hut was high enough to afford him a view of the beach below him. He watched, wistfully every day, looking for an English or Scottish ship to stop here so he could be rescued and go home. There had been two ships that did stop but they were Spanish and no friends to the Scots. One group realized he was on the island and he led them on a merry chase up and down as they tried to catch him. The sailors finally gave it up as not worth the effort and went back to the beach. They took their sweet time about picking fruits, refilling their water barrels and even shooting a pig before filling their longboats and rowing back to their ship.

Robinson was desperate for human company; but had no illusions about the Spanish intentions. He watched the galleon sail away with sadness in his heart. Loneliness was his worst problem in this tropical paradise; it almost shouted in his ears on a daily basis.

Robinson grilled the mackerel over a little fire and ate it with his knife and followed it up with another mango. Satisfied he pulled out his pipe; he frugally counted out a small amount of

tobacco that he had ferreted away and added a little coconut bark and sat back to have a smoke. He was the captain of all he surveyed, he was content after a fashion and certainly well fed, tanned and healthy. But what he would not have to be back on one of those scurvy infested, leaky ships eating hard tack and beef jerky and headed back to Edinburgh and home. He missed it so much sometimes he found himself crying like a wee bairn. He felt a little ashamed of himself but since there was absolutely no one to see, it didn't much matter.

He smoked his pipe and used his knife to scratch a mark on the side of the large tree next to his hut. He kept track of the days and months he had been here. Four years now; four long years.

Robinson went into his hut to take a nap. He had goats in a little pen close to the hut; he used them for milk on a daily basis and then their skins when they died. He knew that if anyone was to try and sneak up on the hut; the goats would start to make noise and he would be alerted. He had also hung hollow bamboo sticks from hide strings around the hut; they would start to clang against each other to signal someone approaching. Robinson lived in fear of being captured while asleep so he took a lot of precautions.

CHAPTER TWO

1718 – FIFE, SCOTLAND

It was twilight and a blustery day, with rain threatening. The fancy carriage came to a stop outside the modest bungalow. The coachman jumped off to lower the step on the side and open the door. He did so as rain drops started to fall. A tall, middle-aged man wearing a fancy white wig stepped out of the carriage and down the steps. He was wearing a royal blue jacket with white fluffy shirt and matching breeches. His tights were crisp white and he wore expensive leather shoes with large silver buckles on the top.

“Thank you Charles,” the man said to the coachman who was fussing. “That will be all for now. Please take yourself and the boy to the pub and have a wee pint o’beer for an hour or so while I speak to this gentleman.”

The door had already opened and the owner of the bungalow stood waiting. Charles danced back and forth uncertainly.

“But the horses Milord. They be getting wet.”

“Ah, Mr. Selkirk, the tall man said, “can we impose on you to place the horses in your barn fer a wee bit.” The man in the cottage nodded his head somewhat sullenly and Charles unhooked the horses and led them into the barn and hooked them again at the water trough.

“Okay then Charles that is taken care of, off wi’yea.”

Charles turned and he and the page trotted off to the local pub for a pint and a sandwich. The tall man bent low and stepped into the cottage.

The man inside said gruffly “I hadn’t much to offer yea excepting whiskey, but it is good Scottish stuff and so maybe that will be good enough for your English self.”

The tall man sat down and nodded amiably; ‘Aye, Scottish whiskey is the best and I would be obliged to ye sir.”

The man, a sailor, with a weathered face and a wiry body poured the drinks into two metal cups and plunked them down on the wooden table. The tall man nodded graciously and asked “Ye mind if I smoke a bit?”

“Aye, don’t mind if yea do, might have one me self.” Thomas Selkirk went over to the fireplace and stoked the fire a bit and got his own pipe and tobacco and sat down.

“Would yea believe that I kept this very same pipe the entire time I was bestranded on the island?” He looked at the pipe respectfully, “Aye,” he said almost to himself, “it kept me company some long nights when they weren’t no one else around.” He sighed.

“Tell me,” asked the tall man, “do you miss the island?”

Selkirk gave a sigh and looked up almost like he was seeing something in his mind’s eye. “Aye,” he said softly, “when the rain be coming down and the wind as is coming around the corner and there is naught to eat other than dried beef and potatoes, yeah, I does find meself missing it. The fruit and the sun mostly.” He came to himself and looked at the tall man sharply.

“What’s you be wanting me fer, a fancy noble such as yerself? Driving all the way up to Fife from Edinburgh, it be a long way.”

The tall man nodded, “Indeed, indeed. No question about that.” In truth the distance of fourteen miles was not the longest journey he had ever taken but these roads! His backside could still feel the bumps and ruts. “No, I am a bit of historian as it were, and I have heard tell of your marvelous story of being shipwrecked on a small island and I wanted to see for me self if it wor true or not.”

Daniel Defoe was an Englishman born and bred sent up north to Scotland by members of the English government as a political appointee. In an effort to fit in with the locals, he has taken to adopting some of their colloquial phrases and ways of saying things so as to fit in.

“Oh, it be true alright, it be true....” Selkirk’s voice trailed off and he was looking again at some distant point.

Defoe watched the man, interested. “Well, I am very inclined to hear your account. Would you mind very much if I took a few notes?” he pulled out a paper and pencil.

Selkirk looked at him suspiciously, “Notes?”

“Just to keep the dates straight and so forth,” Defoe replied casually.

Selkirk reconsidered. His wife in the corner gave him an intense look. “Oh, alright if you must. Aye, the wife be noddin her head off. Can we offer yea some sup sir?”

“Ah,” replied Defoe, “delighted.”

Hours later, Defoe carefully placed the notes in an interior pocket of his jacket so as to not get them wet. Charles and the page had returned from the local pub, well fed and brimming with local gossip.

Defoe thanked his host profusely and added "Might we bother you once more on the morrow for a few more of yea marvelous tales of da island?"

Selkirk looked uncertain.

"The lads and I will be staying at the local pub for the night and if it won't be too much bother."

Selkirk's wife was nodding vigorously in the background again. He paused, reluctant to agree.

"We can compensate you for your time should you wish, sir," said Defoe softly.

"Money!" said Selkirk abruptly, "Na, na, t'will not be necessary. Ah, ok, tomorrow then. But, not too much time mind you. I have duties to attend too you know."

Defoe nodded courteously, "I understand completely, just a wee bit o'time then tomorrow and I thank yea and yea goodly wife again for the kindly meal."

Defoe took his leave and Charles and the page having gotten the horses rehooked to the carriage; they returned to the local pub where they would spend the night.

Once the horses were secured for the night and the landlord's lad confirmed they would be properly fed and watered, Defoe sat down with a pint with Charles in the pub.

"So," he asked quietly, "what is the local gossip on our fare-thee-well traveler/sailor?"

Charles reveled in his role as valet and part-time information agent for Milord Defoe. He rubbed his hands together.

"Well," he started almost gleefully, "seems as our Mr. Alexander has a reputation in the local area as a bit of a lad." Defoe nodded and sipped his beer.

"Okay then, he was always having trouble here, even as a boy, in trouble with this and that all the time."

"He's from Fife then, originally?"

"Yes, Milord, this be his home ground. Anyway, it was when he was boy and got into trouble with the local authorities that he took himself to sea and became a sailor. I suppose to avoid jail time." Defoe nodded.

“It was on one such of these trips that he got to arguing with the captain of the ship he were on; the Cinque Ports. He allowed as how the ship were leaking and should a’been repaired on the island they stopped at. This went on and on with the captain not agreeing with him. Finally he says, he says, I would rather be stuck on this island than be sailing on this leaking bucket. The captain, a Captain Stradling; fair fed up with himself says ‘Fine, there you are! It’s to the island for you!’ They packed up all his gear and gave him a gun and rations and just left him there.

Defoe chuckled and then laughed out loud. He choked a bit on his pipe smoke; he had pulled out his pipe. “Yes, yes, I think I can see that happening. He is a bit of a quarrelsome one, this Selkirk is.” He nodded for Charles to continue.

“So, long and short of it; they left him on this deserted island way down off Chile, South America and sailed away. He was there, all by himself over four years!”

Defoe nodded and pulled out his notes. “Yes, that matches what he was telling me. Four years and four months actually. He laughed again. “Continue my good Charles.”

Charles took a sip of his beer. “Apparently, this island, Mas a Tierra, was used for ships to restock provisions and one of the captains from the original voyage what Selkirk was on, William Dampier, stopped at the island again and they found him and brought him back home to Scotland.”

Defoe nodded and consulted his notes again. “Yes, yes, that all appears to be the case. What a story, what a remarkable story.” He shook his head and smoked a bit.

“So what happens to our man now, I wonder?” he asked.

“Well, the landlord,” Charles said quietly, “doesn’t really care that much for the man but tolerates him on account of he be a bit of a local celebrity and all. He said Selkirk be shipping out again pretty soon on another ship.”

Defoe nodded. “Best we get all we can from him then, afore he is gone again. Hmm,” he was thoughtful. “Charles, the man won’t accept argent for his time, what can we give to him and his poor wife to make up for his time?”

Charles thought a moment, “Ah, of course, whiskey, the nectar of the Gods. That and beer is what they be drinking around these parts. Methinks the landlord may have some stored we can buy and take with us tomorrow. “

“Good, good,” nodded Defoe, “good thinking Charles. Arrange that with the landlord and we’ll be back there tomorrow and I will try to wrest the remainder of the story from our good sailor before he is off to the wilds of the world again. Now, I be off to bed, I am exhausted.” With that, Defoe got up to go upstairs and undress. Jimmy the page was sitting on a stool waiting for the master to return to undress him. “Jimmy, what the fool are you doing still up?” He wanted to know.

“I be waiting for his Lordship to return to get ready for bed,” the kid replied, he was about twelve.

“Off with yea,” Defoe waving his arm in the air, I can do for myself.” Amazed at his good luck, the boy scampered off downstairs.

Tiredly, Defoe started to pull off his jacket and clothes. He plopped down on the fluffy bed and started to take off his shoes and stockings. This Selkirk was really something; it was easy to see the man was argumentative and could be quick to anger. But there was something about him; time and experience perhaps had changed him and made him somehow into a different person. He had told Defoe his only reading material on island was a Bible which he read out loud to himself every day.

Apparently, also, his faith, he had told Defoe, which had always been there grew incredibly stronger on the island when he realized he had to thank God every day for his continued existence given the many perils and dangers inherent on the island.

Defoe shook his head. This story was something, really something. He was thinking about using it in another book, perhaps. It would be different than the stuff he usually wrote; political pamphlets and tracks about government issues. That was his job really, in Scotland, writing articles to persuade public opinion in favor of the British government. And, he was good at it too. He sighed; he did get tired of politics from time to time. Something a little different. He could see something in Selkirk’s eyes when he talking about his little island; the man did miss it, he did. “Hmm,” Defoe thought to himself. “Hmm,” and he went to bed.

CHAPTER THREE

MORE TO THE TALE

The following day was bright and sunny as only Scotland can be and after a short breakfast; Charles and Kirk hitched up the horses, the potboy placed the whiskey and beer in the back and they were off to see Mr. and Mrs. Selkirk again.

After a bit of to do about not accepting the gifts by Selkirk, Mrs. Selkirk prevailed and graciously accepted the gifts and disappeared downstairs with Charles and Kirk to deposit them. Defoe thought for a minute she was going to kick her husband but, in the end, it didn't come to that.

Selkirk arranged himself and Defoe on chairs in the garden to enjoy the garden and one of his children brought them out coffee. Finally in his element, Selkirk spun more amazing tales of his sojourn on the deserted island and Defoe took surreptitious notes so as not to disturb his host.

At one point Defoe stopped and said "Is it true that you really did ask to be left on the island?" Selkirk shuffled and looked around some.

"Well, that was a little misunderstanding." Defoe nodded sagely.

"I simply said to the captain..."

"Captain Stradling?" Defoe interrupted.

"Yeah, that be him, the old bastard. I simply was stating my opinion that I would rather be left on the island than to sail on that ol' leaky rust bucket. He just took my meaning all wrong and to heart."

"And then he told you that you could just stay on the island if you felt that way, correct?"

"Well," Selkirk looked surprised at Defoe's command of the facts, "well, yes."

"But," he continued, "I didn't really mean it that way, I was just voicing an opinion, you take my meaning." Defoe nodded.

“Yes, yes; I perfectly understand. Pray good Sir; please continue.”

The late morning wound into mid-afternoon and Selkirk looked to be about finished with his tale. Again, Defoe thanked him and his wife and his children profusely for their time. Mrs. Selkirk insisted on giving them sandwiches and beer for the journey back.

Defoe called to Charles and Kirk to finish their ball game they were playing with the village children; time to get back to Edinburgh. On the way back, the road passed over the Firth of Forth and Defoe had them stop the carriage so they could look at the ocean.

“It is very beautiful here,” he commented to Charles.

“Yes, Milord, very beautiful,” Charles agreed.

“So pretty in fact, I wouldn’t mind having a house and living here.”

“Yes, Milord, a house. Very fine.”

“You know Charles, you don’t have to agree with everything I say all the time, and it is unbecoming of a Scotsman.”

“No, Milord, you are so correct.”

“Oh, and by the way,” Defoe said, “I am not really a lord so you don’t have to keep calling me that.”

“No, Milord,” was Charles’s prompt reply.

“You could call me Mr. Defoe or Daniel even.”

Charles looked shocked. “Oh no, Milord. That twouldn’t do a’tall. What would people think?”

“Ah well, yes,” Defoe thought to himself, “there’s always that.”

“Alright then lads, let’s be off,” and he climbed back up to the road while the boys scrambled to take their places.

Defoe had become to rely more on more on the young Charles. Edinburgh, born and bred, the large boned youth was bright, yet humble and unassuming. At over 6’ in height, he had clear blue eyes and curly brown hair. As an outsider to Scotland, Defoe grew to depend on Charles’s advices and insights into the Scottish people. Since Defoe was a something of an imposter anyway, it was incredibly important to know what ground he was standing on.

Defoe sighed and turned to get back in the carriage; Charles and Kirk got Defoe placed back in and scampered up top to drive the horse pair home.

“No use,” thought Defoe to himself as he gazed at the water. “What would Mary ever say to coming up here?” She already thought that leaving London for the wilds of Edinburgh was a sacrifice no proper Englishwoman should really have to make; so, to go further north? Never. “Ah,” he sighed to himself, “back to the city we go.” He stared out the carriage window and watched the coastline for as long as he could.

Back in Edinburg, Defoe and company were greeted by more chilly weather and winds. His chubby wife started in the moment he was home going on and on about their seven respective children and what they mostly had not been doing in his absence.

Charles and Kirk had to step lively to get all the luggage unpacked and back in place while the lady of the house was bending his Lordship’s ear over the doings of his recalcitrant sons and their poor school performance.

“I will talk to them when they come home Mary,” he sighed and promised.

“Well, you had better, I am sick to death of this. Bad enough we have to leave proper English schools but then to come up here and have them behave like this. Tis a complete disgrace!”

“Don’t you have some shopping to do my dear?” he inquired gently. “I am sure Charles would be happy to go with you and take the carriage.” He shot a pointed look at Charles who snapped to.

“Yes, madam,” he ventured. “I believe that also madam wished to visit the shop that sells the beautiful crystal glasses and the wool shop.”

“Ah,” Mary was distracted by the thought of shopping. “Ah, yes. We had talked about that hadn’t we Charles?”

“Yes, madam and I would be happy to take you there. It is a bit windy outside but no rain.”

Mary had to stop and think a little; being still in the middle of a full rant, she wasn’t exactly sure if she was done yet. Having her husband gone for two days; at home alone with the children and no carriage available had vexed her considerably. However, the children were still all in school and they had time before dinner.

“Alright then, we will go. Let me go tell cook what to start for dinner.” She bustled out of the room; Charles winked at Defoe who rolled his eyes and gave a little salute before going upstairs to his study.

“Ah sigh,” he thought, “married life.” He could hear his wife clanging and banging downstairs getting ready to go. He rang for the maid and the young girl came huffing up the stairs; “Some tea if you please Gwen.”

“Would your Lordship be wishing some toast?” she curtsey and replied.

“Ah, yes; some toast would be good also.” She curtsied again and hurried off on her errand.

Defoe sat in his big chair and stared into space; there was a large stack of bills tucked into a corner pigeon hole but he couldn't bear to look at them now, so soon after coming back from a nice little trip.

Instead he went to his traveling letter box and pulled out his notes from his visit to Alexander Selkirk and read them over. Later, the girl brought the tea and he sat sipping it and munching toast. “I wonder,” he thought, “I wonder.....”

The house was quiet for once; he could hear cook and the girl chopping and banging around in the downstairs kitchen. He pulled out his favorite writing quill and ink and fresh parchment and started jotting down notes. Notes and ideas about a man on a deserted island, all alone; Robinson Crusoe.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE ISLAND

Hours later; Defoe was still writing up notes when he could hear the banging of the front door and the galloping sounds of his sons coming home from school. Like wild horses they burst into his office waving school papers and shouting "Father, father, I got an A, I got an A."

Wearily, Defoe turned at his desk as they ran all shouting at once; "Calm boys, calmly," he put his hands up in the air indicating a downward motion.

Daniel, the first born, pushed his brother out of the way and announced "I go first, I'm the oldest," and proceeded to proudly show his father his latest paper from writing class and Latin. Defoe made appreciative murmuring sounds and the second, Joseph then pushed back and said "My turn!" and showed off his papers covered in blotches of black ink everywhere. Defoe carefully took the paper and nodded as each child had something important to show him.

His wife swept importantly into the room and clapped her hands "Children go get washed for supper this instant!"

She grabbed Defoe by the hands and said in a whisper "You must see what I have gotten! Charles's father is a merchant in town and has the most beautiful shop and the glass wares....." she was babbling excitedly.

Defoe suppressed a groan as he saw both Charles and Kirk coming in from outside laden with packages. He thought about the bills upstairs. His wife went on and on "And the wools, unbelievable! We have to ready for the party next eve as the Lady Hampshire is entertaining and she is always dressed so beautifully!"

Defoe made the proper noises and thankfully dinner was served and he could sit down and eat.

After dinner; the children were scattered around the great room fire doing homework and Charles was helping them. Charles, aged twenty, was from a good merchant family and had had a basic education but had confided in Defoe that he had aspirations for greater things.

"Aye, I wish to study the law," he had revealed, head down, staring at his hands.

“What does your father have to say to that? Defoe asked.

“Aye, he thinks I’m just daft and should be home keeping the shop with him. He has told me and told me a valet is no job for a man,” Charles hid his embarrassment. Defoe nodded. “But, but....Charles added, “I meet such interesting people like yourself and the people you work with and all.”

Defoe nodded; he understood. From a merchant background himself he knew what it was like to aspire to something bigger and better. His father had been a candle maker and he had had a simple academy education. Defoe had Charles help his children with their studies mostly so Charles could keep his ‘hand in’ on studying. He would lend him books from his library and encourage him to read them. “Do you think your father could afford to send you to University?” he asked Charles one day.

“Oh yes, Milord” Charles replied promptly, ‘but he wants me to take over his shop not to become some foppish clerk somewhere. Plus, I am not exactly sure I can pass the exams to get in.”

Defoe sat and thought; “No good will come of pushing the old man he thought; he will just demand Charles come home and that’s the end of that. He just needs time to get used to the idea of an educated man in the family, that’s all.”

In the meantime; Charles was enjoying himself and Defoe’s children adored him and would climb all over him constantly. Defoe took his pipe and a brandy and went back to his study; Mary and Charles would get the children to bed and he might have another hour to work on his manuscript.

Robinson Crusoe (formerly known as Robinson Kreutznaer,) was an experienced Scottish sailor on the way to Africa to bring back slaves to Europe when his ship was caught in a massive storm off the coast of Venezuela. The ship sank and all hands were lost save him, a dog and two cats. Crusoe, a good swimmer, swam to shore and collapsed after his ordeal. The next day he awoke to find himself very much alone with the animals and bits of the ship floating to shore.

The first thing he did that day was to get on his knees and thank the Almighty for saving him and allowing him to be unharmed from the shipwreck. He spent much of that day and days following; looking for any of his companions that may have survived the wreck. Alas, t’was not

to be. He slowly came to the realization that he was the only survivor. Sadly he begun looking for shelter on the island and found a small cave a little inland.

He had provisions from the ship to include a gun and gun powder, his bible and some clothes, tools, a small amount of liquor and other oddments that kept floating ashore. He laid his things out to dry; which they did quickly in the sun and began to explore the island, his new home.

The dog was quick to hunt out a wild boar and Robinson shot the beast and dragged it back to the cave. He dressed the pig with his knife and placed it over rocks and made a small fire and cooked it. Although it took many hours to get done; Robinson felt the reward of waiting was worth it. Fresh meat was not something he was very used to; particularly after shipboard food. It was delicious and he and the dog and the cats ate their fill.

The remainder he cut into strips and left on large rocks to dry. He was to learn later, that was a big mistake. Large rats invaded his little camp and made off with every remaining morsel. The cats sounded the alarm but by the time Robinson had awakened, it was too late and their hard-won provisions were gone.

He realized it would have to create some system to string up meats off the ground so that the rats could not get to them.

The next day found him back down on the beach trudging through the water and sand walking up and down looking for something. After sometime, he grabbed it. Aha! He was in luck! It was two lengths of rope used on the outside of the ship with round metal plates secures around each. The metal plates were to keep the rats from traveling up the ropes and jumping on the ship.

Robinson took his finds back to camp and strung them tightly between trees. "This should stop the vermin!" he thought in triumph to himself.

Life went on for Crusoe. He became tan and healthy from the clean air and sunshine. He felt more fit than ever before in his life with the constant walking and running around the island. His greatest sorrow was the complete lack of human company. He remembered so well; cursing the cramped quarters aboard deck. But how much he missed the whist games, gambling, drinking beer with his mates and just generally being in each other's company. He had the dog but it just wasn't the same.

It was with a happy heart then the day he saw some small boats pulled up on the beach close to his cave. "At last," he almost shouted. However; being a naturally cautious man, he thought it best to check out the new visitors to the island prior to making himself known. He tied the dog up at the cave so that he would not follow and bark and shoed the cats away.

He armed himself with his handmade spear and the rifle and went carefully to where he thought the visitors might be. He was shocked by what he saw.

Crusoe hid behind some trees and saw in his horror that the natives who were visiting the island are cannibals and have taken prisoners who they proceed to kill prior to eating them. Having heard stories from other sailors, he recognized them for what they were and was sickened by the sight of it. Since there were so many of them and only one of him; he quietly withdrew back to his cave to consider what to do.

“Should I kill them outright for this sin they are committing?” He didn’t know. He is not even sure that he would be able to do so all on his own. Crusoe remained hidden for the rest of that day and snuck back to the camp site of the natives; he saw that they have finished their ‘ceremony’ and are leaving. He watches them go with dread in his heart.

He realized that should they ever catch him; he could become their next meal. He decided to create an alarms of sorts around his camp so as to not be surprised while he was sleeping. He found bamboo on the island and chopped it into short sticks which he dried and then hung up in the trees. Placed close together, they just swayed in the breeze and lightly tapped each other. However; if disturbed by a person, they would make a loud rattling sound. Crusoe felt satisfied with his addition to his camp.

He continued to go down to the beach on a regular basis; hoping, always hoping for rescue back to England and thence onward back to his homeland in Scotland.

CHAPTER FIVE

FASHIONS

Defoe was at his desk writing, as usual, when his wife swept in.

"I need to know what you are wearing to Lady Hamphireshire's Eve ball," she demanded. Her husband looked blankly at her.

"Ah...."

"You cannot wear that absolutely outdated outfit you wore last. It is simply out of fashion!"

"Ah..." He held his pen in the air, he realized too late a drop of ink was about to splash on his letter. He caught it at the last moment with his sleeve and then scowled at his sleeve.

"Look at you..." she berated him. "Ink on everything. What am I to do?" She was holding a hand against her forehead.

"Well....." he didn't quite know what to say.

"There is nothing else for it, Charles knows the name of an excellent suit maker and you simply must go, now. The ball is less than ten days away!" She commanded.

His mouth was still hanging open.

"I have it all arranged. Charles knows where to go and the two of you can go this morning and get started."

"Fine my dear, fine," Dafoe finally replied to his wife. "However, I must get this letter done before I go anywhere."

"Very well, if you must. But Charles is getting the carriage ready and you need to be off." She swept back out of the room. Defoe stared after her a moment, then shaking his head returned to his letter.

The letter was addressed to Robert Harley, 1st Earl of Oxford and was one of a series of ongoing reports Defoe made on his effort to persuade the Scottish people to support the Acts of Union which passed in 1707 and unified Scotland and England.

“My dear Earl: you will be happy to note that the Scottish rabble, some of the worse ever seen, do seem a little less truculent than in days past. My wife and I have been invited to a party at the home of Lady of Hampshire and her husband a known Whig and Presbyterian appears to agree with me in the increase of revenues to Scotland from trade as a result of this agreement.

I fear less for my life than as before and will continue with my duties to you and the crown. Faithfully, Daniel Defoe.”

He sealed the letter with a dot of wax and closed it with his personal stamp. He called his manservant, Smith, who had been with him since London. Placing the letter in a small pouch, he handed it to Smith.

“You know where this goes,” he said solemnly.

“Same as always sir,” Smith nodded and placed the pouch around his neck and under his vest.

“Remember don’t stop on the way to talk to anyone until you are out of Scotland and stay on the path to London and no strong drink.”

“You have my word Milord.”

“God be with you and keep you safe.”

“Aye sir, my wife will be traveling with me this time and I think that will help me stay alert.”

“Very well Smith, here are funds for the trip. Stay safe.”

Smith bowed and retreated out of the room. Defoe knew Smith would have to saddle the mare before leaving and gather his wife; there was no point in staying longer. If he couldn’t trust this man, he couldn’t trust anyone.

He got his wig out and put it on; only for his wife’s sake. He hated wearing this thing. It made his head itch. Downstairs he called to Charles who raced upstairs from the stables.

“We be already for yea Milord.” Defoe nodded and let himself be led downstairs and then on to the haberdashers. He liked getting fitted for new clothes almost as much as going to a dentist and he hated going to the dentist.

CHAPTER SIX

MORE FASHIONS

At the shop; the tailor showed Defoe a wide array of materials to pick from and he couldn't make up his mind. "What do you think Charles?" he asked.

"Something distinguished, methinks sir."

"As yes, distinguished." Defoe picked out a royal blue color.

"But sir," protested the tailor, "it looks remarkably like your old garments!"

"Hmm," said Defoe, "it does, does it. It's just right then!"

"Aye, but sir," the tailor entreated, 'your wife especially wanted you to be dressed in something very special for this ball."

"It is special," said Defoe, "it costs a very pretty penny. Charles, let's go." He waved at the youth who gave him a grin.

"Mrs. Defoe is going to be upset," Charles opined.

"Ah, fashion," Defoe waved his hand like waving at a fly, "posh."

Charles was still grinning. "Where to Milord?"

"Methinks a little trip to the University of Edinburg would be in order. I have a friend I want to see there."

"As you wish Milord." Charles picked up the reins and with a clicking sound got the horses going.

"It's about me lad in service," said Defoe evenly, "he wants to study law."

His professor friend looked at him suspiciously. "And by all that is mighty, why would ye be bothering the likes of me about this?" Ferguson queried amiably. He and Defoe had shared many a pint together discussing religion and politics.

“Well, it’s like this. His father doesn’t want him to go to school; he wants him to join the family business and run it so the old man can retire.”

“What’s the old man’s name?”

“Higgins on High Street. They sell glassware and wool.”

“Aye, I know the place well. The old bastard is well off and could easily afford to send the boy. He will just be wanting the company tis all. The lad is very charming and the customers love him, especially the ladies. Higgins wants the boy to help him make more money.”

“But don’t they have other children?” asked Defoe.

“Aye, sure they do. A bunch. In fact there are two other lads not much younger than Charles who could do the job just as well. It’s just the old man favors the first born is all.”

“Hmm,” the two of them sat in the professor’s small office and pondered the question.

“Maybe...”

Defoe looked up expectantly.

“Maybe if, if....it was a request.”

“A request?”

“Yes, a special request from someone that Higgins really respects and admires. A request to use to boy’s service, and by which will also require some additional educational training. If it was that kind of thing; I don’t think Higgins could possibly refuse.”

“So,” Ferguson continued, “you need to locate one of your high placed Whig friends who needs a special assistant and get him to request to use Charles.”

“But that means I lose him as my man!” protested Defoe.

The professor put up his hands in a questioning way. “Do yea want to help him or not?”

Defoe sighed. “Ah me, just when you get someone good....” he thought to himself.

“I will ask around at the next ball to see if there is anyone, got to be I’m sure.”

“Very good then,” replied Ferguson “but talk to me first. It has to be someone Higgins will accept.”

Defoe nodded and went out slightly depressed. He really liked Charles and considered him as sort of another son by this point, just not as loud as his sons. Charles drove a quiet Defoe home.

Several months later, Defoe was able to prevail on John Gordon, the 16th Earl of Sutherland that he indeed did have need of a young energetic clerk who should also attend classes in law at the University of Edinburgh on his off days.

Ferguson had arranged it with Higgins who was reluctant to pay the money but so overwhelmed with the request from someone like the Earl of Sutherland, he just didn't know how to say no. Charles was beside himself with joy and couldn't stop thanking Defoe enough.

"Pish," said Defoe, "I only introduced you to the man is all."

"I dunno," said a shrewd Charles, "methinks there may have more to it than just that."

Defoe shrugged his shoulders, a look of perplexity on his face and admitted nothing.

"You will promise me, though," he demanded, "we will get together for a pint so I can hear all the latest gossip."

"Of course, Milord." Charles suspected there was a bit more to Defoe than met the eye. The man certainly did seem to spend an awfully lot of time shut up in his study. Still, he liked Defoe and felt he was a force for good and was happy to help.

His last day there, Defoe shook his hand with regret and wished him well. "Be in God's hands Charles. Study hard and do well."

"I will Milord, I will," Charles promised most emphatically. "Me younger brother Paul, taking me place, will do just as well for you."

Defoe nodded, unconvinced. Charles turned to leave and saw the man once again climb to steps to his study, his shoulders slumped down. He seemed sad.

"He's a bit of a puzzle that one," Charles thought to himself. Mrs. Defoe and the children were all crying all over him and making his leave. They all chattered and babbled at him until the last moment he was in their sight.

Upstairs, Defoe was back on the island.

CHAPTER SEVEN

STRANDED

Carusoe realized he was deserted on the island and alone.

I went, directed by Heaven no doubt; for in this chest I found a cure both for soul and body. I opened the chest, and found what I looked for, the tobacco; and as the few books I had saved lay there too, I took out one of the Bibles which I mentioned before, and which to this time I had not found leisure or inclination to look into. I say, I took it out, and brought both that and the tobacco with me to the table. What use to make of the tobacco I knew not, in my distemper, or whether it was good for it or no: but I tried several experiments with it, as if I was resolved it should hit one way or other. I first took a piece of leaf, and chewed it in my mouth, which, indeed, at first almost stupefied my brain, the tobacco being green and strong, and that I had not been much used to. Then I took some and steeped it an hour or two in some rum, and resolved to take a dose of it when I lay down; and lastly, I burnt some upon a pan of coals, and held my nose close over the smoke of it as long as I could bear it, as well for the heat as almost for suffocation. In the interval of this operation I took up the Bible and began to read; but my head was too much disturbed with the tobacco to bear reading, at least at that time; only, having opened the book casually, the first words that occurred to me were these, "Call on Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." (Carusoe begins to see that he has no one to rely upon other than his God.)

And... I began to say, as the children of Israel did when they were promised flesh to eat, "Can God spread a table in the wilderness?" so I began to say, "Can God Himself deliver me from this place?"

It grew now late, and the tobacco had, as I said, dozed my head so much that I inclined to sleep; so I left my lamp burning in the cave, lest I should want anything in the night, and went to bed. But before I lay down, I did what I never had done in all my life—I kneeled down, and prayed to God to fulfil the promise to me, that if I called upon Him in the day of trouble, He would deliver me. After my broken and imperfect prayer was over, I drank the rum in which I had steeped the tobacco, which was so strong and rank of the tobacco that I could scarcely get it down; immediately upon this I went to bed. I found presently it flew up into my head

violently; but I fell into a sound sleep, and waked no more till, by the sun, it must necessarily be near three o'clock in the afternoon the next day—nay, to this hour I am partly of opinion that I slept all the next day and night, and till almost three the day after..."

Be that, however, one way or the other, when I awaked I found myself exceedingly refreshed, and my spirits lively and cheerful; when I got up I was stronger than I was the day before, and my stomach better, for I was hungry; and, in short, I had no fit the next day, but continued much altered for the better. This was the 29th.

July 4.—In the morning I took the Bible; and beginning at the New Testament, I began seriously to read it, and imposed upon myself to read a while every morning and every night; not tying myself to the number of chapters, but long as my thoughts should engage me. It was not long after I set seriously to this work till I found my heart more deeply and sincerely affected with the wickedness of my past life. The impression of my dream revived; and the words, "All these things have not brought thee to repentance," ran seriously through my thoughts. I was earnestly begging of God to give me repentance, when it happened providentially, the very day, that, reading the Scripture, I came to these words: "He is exalted a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and to give remission." I threw down the book; and with my heart as well as my hands lifted up to heaven, in a kind of ecstasy of joy, I cried out aloud, "Jesus, thou son of David! Jesus, thou exalted Prince and Saviour! Give me repentance!" This was the first time I could say, in the true sense of the words, that I prayed in all my life; for now I prayed with a sense of my condition, and a true Scripture view of hope, founded on the encouragement of the Word of God; and from this time, I may say, I began to hope that God would hear me.

Now I began to construe the words mentioned above, "Call on Me, and I will deliver thee," in a different sense from what I had ever done before; for then I had no notion of anything being called deliverance, but my being delivered from the captivity I was in; for though I was indeed at large in the place, yet the island was certainly a prison to me, and that in the worse sense in the world. But now I learned to take it in another sense: now I looked back upon my past life with such horror, and my sins appeared so dreadful, that my soul sought nothing of God but deliverance from the load of guilt that bore down all my comfort. As for my solitary life, it was nothing. I did not so much as pray to be delivered from it or think of it; it was all of no consideration in comparison to this. And I add this part here, to hint to whoever shall read it, that whenever they come to a true sense of things, they will find deliverance from sin a much greater blessing than deliverance from affliction. (Daniel Defoe - The Life and strange surprising adventures of Robinson Crusoe – 1719.)

CHAPTER EIGHT

FRIDAY AND THE SPANIARD

It was with surprise, one day, that Caruso saw steps in the sand, the footprints of a small man. He was instantly cautious. Not wanting to be caught by surprise by the cannibals he followed the footprints cautiously and melted into the jungle when he could hear voices.

He came across the group of natives doing a dance, wild with excitement. Their captives struggled helplessly, bound to stakes set in the ground. It looked to be one other black native, like themselves and a white man. Maybe a Spaniard, Crusoe thought to himself. He knew that natives could make themselves sick with drink and merriment and actually fall asleep before the feast was yet accomplished. He sneaked around to the other side of their camp. If he just waited a little while; they might fall into a stupor.

As he thought would happen, the wild screams and cries died out as the liquor, or whatever it was the natives was consuming started to take effect and they began to doze by the fire. Crusoe waited until he felt sure they were asleep and crept forward with his knife. He started to cut the binds on the native who almost cried out but he put his hand on the man's mouth first and shushed him. The Spaniard came awake and was gladly smart enough to keep silent.

Crusoe cut the hide cords that bound the native man and then went slowly to the Spaniard and cut his ties. He motioned to them both to move slowly and quietly. They all moved into the jungle and Crusoe led them back to his cave. The Spaniard spoke no English but clearly understood the danger. Crusoe got out his rifle and made sure it was loaded and gave a knife to the native and a spear to the Spaniard. He grabbed some food and water in gourds he had hanging around the camp and led both men away from the camp to higher ground where they would be able to see and hear the cannibals coming from a distance and be ready.

The next morning, the natives awoke to find their prisoners gone and began to scream and holler. They organized a hunt as Crusoe thought they would do and before long did find his camp and began jumping up and down in fury. He made sure the gun was loaded and the gunpowder was dry. Screaming natives began running up the hill in their direction. Crusoe took very careful aim at the first most and fired. The man dropped on the spot. The others came to

an immediate halt. They stopped and circled their comrade and then screaming, all ran down the hill yelling the whole way.

Crusoe and the other two men waited a long time and then heard nothing. He signaled them to follow him and he inched his way down close to the shore where the small canoes had been tied up and saw they were gone. The captors had clearly fled. All three jumped for joy and went back to Crusoe's camp to celebrate and eat some real food.

CHAPTER NINE

EDINBURGH

After Charles had left the Defoe household and was fighting the wind to get back to his father's home, he had pause to consider. Those English were a queer lot. He liked Milord Defoe but why come to the Scotland at all? Because he was 'interested in the Scottish people.' What Englishman was interested in the Scottish? Then there was the groom Smith and his dour wife. They both seemed to have little to do but endless trips back and forth to London. When pressed as to what it was they were doing down there, Smith would simply reply that he would be getting Milady supplies that couldn't be got in Edinburgh. He had to go all the way to London for that? Made no sense at t'all.

Still they had paid him well enough and now he would be reading law at Edinburgh and he couldn't be more excited. He understood his former master had written a book something like *The History of the Union* or some such. He should try and get a copy to see what it was aboutaid. He was going to miss Defoe and hoped he would see him from time to time. With that last thought, Charles turned into his street and rushed to get in from the cold and to taste some of his mother's excellent cooking.

It was Sunday and time for the Defoe family to make their way to church. Since there were so many of them, Daniel had made it a practice for them all to walk to Saint Giles Presbyterian church on High Street. It wasn't all that far and he felt the exercise would do them all good. In one way Defoe felt welcome in Scotland and that was in the church. He had suffered in England for not being Catholic and was glad of the change. Plus, he would be able to see his good friend Professor Ferguson there and maybe talk him into a game of trump after the sermon.

Mary Defoe bustled around her various children fixing their clothes and jackets and rearranging the girl's hair for the third time. Sunday was a big day and she knew they would all be on display and she wanted them all looking their best.

The family walked down the cobble stoned streets and listened to the higglers peddling their wares.

“Pippins, pippins, get your fresh apples here!” the merchants called out. His daughters always wanted to stop and look at hair ribbons and he had to keep shooing them along so as to be on time. The city was crowded and noisy which Defoe was used to; it made him glad for the quiet of his study at home.

They made it to the church and settled in for the sermon and he saw Ferguson and his wife and waved them over.

“Game of trump, Ferguson?” he asked.

“Aye, wouldn’t mind if I do. We will be meeting up at the pub for some lunch after the service and we can play then. Once she’s gone home,” he whispered with a nod toward his wife.

Defoe nodded and they both hushed up as the Bishop ascended the pulpit. They opened their bibles.

After the service Defoe and his wife did the usual meetings and greetings with the congregation. He felt less of the Scottish standoffishness in church. After a brief lunch of sandwiches and beer, Defoe sent Mary on home. When she protested, he advised that both Paul, the new manservant and Gwen, the house girl were with them and they should be fine. Reluctantly, she departed.

“She keeps you busy, that one, aye?” asked Ferguson with a laugh.

“That she does, that she does,” Defoe had to reply. They had gotten out the trump board and were setting it up. A couple of men from the church would join them to play.

“How is my former employee doing at school?” Defoe asked about Charles.

“Aye, that yon man is verily good. Bright mind - good student, he will be going far someday, no doubt. And his brother, how is that one?”

“Ah, fine, fine,” Defoe had to acknowledge, nodding his head.

“But not quite the same, eh?” Ferguson chuckled. Defoe had to agree. “So, what strange tales yea be working on now me friend?”

“Ah,” Defoe. “you know Heirs of Anderson?” Ferguson nodded. “Yes, they did the publishing of my *The History of the Union* and maybe they will do this next one too.”

“Daniel,” Ferguson laughed, “no one could accuse you of being much of a business man, eh? What kind of book be it then?”

“Ah,” Defoe stammered, uncertain of what to say, “it is a little different, something of an adventure story I’d say.”

“Hah, adventures and the high seas and all that rot eh? Och, you English and yer stories. Hey, they be here. Let’s play!” Defoe smiled ruefully and shuffled the cards.

They played for several hours and sipped on beer and finally it was time for Defoe to get on home.

Ferguson said, “Let me walk with ye aways. These Scottish, ye never know when they will take a dislike to an Englishman and throw something at ye.” Defoe agreed and they walked together.

“How long ye think ye be in Scotland, Daniel?”

“Ah, can’t be completely sure of that.” Defoe commented. “The wife still misses London and her family and will be happy to be going back. I am not sure how long the Parliament members and church members will want to be hearing from the likes of me.”

“Ah, yer too humble man,” Ferguson was saying. “Meself, I would be missing your sorry English face.”

“Thank you Ferguson, you have been a good friend whilst I have been here away from home.”

The two men walked in companionable silence the rest of the way. “Next week then?” Ferguson asked.

“Aye, next week tis,” responded Defoe and went into his large town house.

Later that evening, Defoe was feeling strangely restless and told his wife he would take a n after-dinner stroll.

“Isn’t it a bit late for that my dear?” she chastised lightly.

“Ah, indigestion methinks,” he nodded and patted his stomach. She went back to her embroidery.

Defoe stepped out into the crisp fall air and was glad of his warm wool jacket. He had his pipe with him and stopped to light it and look upwards at the bits of stars he could still see through scuttling clouds. Pipe lit, he strolled down the cobblestones and could hear the clack, clack of

his own boot heels echoing back to him. The street lamps were still lit as it was yet early evening.

He was ruminating about his life and not quite watching where he was walking and realized he had unthinkingly turned down a little side alley he had not been down before. He was just turning to back to the main road when a dark figure unfastens itself as from the wall and got in front of him.

“Pennies good sir, pennies?” it pleaded sticking a dirty hand in his face.

Defoe backed away from the smell in surprise. The woman was of an indeterminate age and dressed in ragged black clothing from top to toe and all of it torn, patched and frayed. The fingers sticking out of once elegant half-gloves were grubby and the fingernails dirty. There was a desperate almost visceral intensity to the woman and he could almost smell fear oozing from her pores.

The once red hair was tied up in a jumble on her head and the face, if not for the dirt and the animal look in her eyes, might have even been pretty.

“I, I.....I don’t think,” Defoe was fumbling desperately in his vest pocket for some change he thought he had put there. He was walking backwards away from the woman.

“Please sir, for the hungry,” the woman said again. At this point Defoe thought he saw another dark figure emerging from the dark some feet behind the woman.

He fingers lighted on a coin in the lower part of his pocket. He grabbed it and threw it over the woman’s head into the street.

“There’s for you and your friend and be off with yea,” he shouted and turned on his heel and practically ran back to the street and hustled himself all the way home. Back at the rental house he ran up the steps and flew through the front door and slammed it behind him, panting.

“Is that you dearest?” he could hear his wife calling to him.

“Yes, my dear, home again. Got to do some work upstairs.”

He ran up the stairs to his study and closed the door and collapsed in his chair. The beggar had frightened him. He had to stop and think about it. It wasn’t just being lost in a strange part of the city that had frightened him or even thinking about physical harm; it was that desperation in her eyes and the fear.

He knew that fear, knew it himself. With debts and debts, Defoe never felt like he got his head above water before getting pulled down again. He worked like a dog and yet the memory of his

brief stint in debtor's prison never left him. The fear of losing all he had and going back there was a demon always lurking at the back of his mind.

He put his head down on his desk and an uncontrollable sob came out, tears fell on his sleeve. He really wasn't a very good at business and time and time again had proved that. He stayed there for some minutes then pulled his head up and wiped his eyes. He reached for the bible that he always kept close by and opened to his favorite chapter and began to read.

CHAPTER TEN

THE CANNIBALS

Robinson Crusoe read his Bible every day and had time to consider things. He had been shocked and appalled to see the cannibals come to his island and kill and then eat their prisoners. It disgusted every part of him. However; having time to think on it, he began to wonder if he was right in judging them. As they had never been baptized or even exposed to proper religious teachings, how could he judge them by his own standards? They were really ignorant of the teachings of the Lord and unknowing in what they did. Was he right them in punishing them, they really were not even aware of their crimes as being crimes.

He wrestled with these things for a long while. Finally, when the time came that he was able to free the black native and the Spaniard, he had a chance to put his thinking to the test. The Spaniard thought of absolutely nothing save getting back to another Spanish sailing vessel.

Crusoe knew, that regardless of his help to this one sailor, the Spanish would not help him to escape the island, but, rather would gladly throw him into some dark, dank prison just for the sake of the thing. He could perhaps help the Spaniard escape but there would be no escape for him, least while not this route.

The Spaniard did know a trifling bit of English and he knew just a tiny bit of Spanish and they started their plan to get him back on board ship. Crusoe named the black native Friday and commenced to teach him very basic English words. Friday was an apt pupil and seeing Crusoe as his savior and benefactor, was eager to learn.

With the help of the Spaniard, whose name he learned to be Ruiz, the three of them were able to construct a simple canoe that could take them to another island. Crusoe was very pleased with himself and how far his wood working skills had come.

It was but a nonce to paddle to another island with supplies onboard and discover one of the Spanish ships that frequently stopped at the islands to restock fresh water, fruits and game. From his vantage point high on the island, Crusoe was able to see when another ship had arrived.

One morning, Crusoe was up on his perch, looking for ships when 'Lord is Gracious'! A ship had arrived; his heart sank a little when he saw the Spanish flag; but, ah well, good luck for his Spanish friend. He hurried now to his hut and woke the Spaniard "Vaminos, Vaminos!" he cried. "The ship, the ship!"

Friday was already up fetching fruits to eat. Crusoe hustled the two of them up to go and get into the canoe.

"Mi amigo, vienes conmigo?" (You go with me?) asked the Spaniard.

"Ah no, no esta possible," spoke Crusoe. "Soy un prisionero de la Esponola." (No, the Spanish will take me prisoner.)

Ruiz, the Spaniard looked sad. Crusoe said "Mon dios esta conmigo, siempre." (My God is with me always.)

The Spaniard nodded and looked away. They all got into the canoe and paddled to the next island.

Crusoe landed away from the ship so that they couldn't be seen.

"Esta importante, tu no hables de mi, comprende? (It is important you not speak of me, understand?)

The Spaniard nodded sadly and turned and gave Crusoe a big hug. He shook Friday's hand, then waving goodbye said "Adios, amigos," and he was gone in the forest headed for his ship.

Crusoe wasted no time getting himself and Friday back into the canoe and sailing as quickly as possible away from the Spanish ship. He trusted them not one whit and wanted to put as much distance between himself and them as fast as possible.

It was nice out on the water and Crusoe was reminded of how much he missed the gentle rocking of sailing and the waves all around. Of course, he didn't miss the storms and the huge waves when that happened, but that all seemed to be part of the sea faring life. He missed it.

Back on his island, Crusoe went quickly back up to his perch to watch the Spanish ship. He was teaching Friday the word 'ship,ship' so that he could help with lookout also. The ship stayed there most of the day and they were too far away for him to be able to tell if Ruiz had gotten on board or not. He did see a lot of commotion by the front of the ship at one point and that could have been him.

Finally, the longboats made their final trip back to ship and the galleon pulled up anchor and slowly sailed away. Crusoe was happy and sad all at the same time. He was hoping for at least one friend he could speak to but Friday was going to have to do.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE WRITING

Defoe was back in his study working away. He had put his island away for a little while as he needed to write some more pamphlets and for *The Review* promoting the Acts of Union and the unification of Scotland and England. Sometimes he would write as himself and sometimes he would write as a Scotsman giving arguments for and against the treaty. He always managed, of course, to have the last word promoting the English point of view.

Defoe continued to be paid for his services yet, somehow, it never seemed to be enough. Between the children and their schooling and the costs of keeping his wife in what she felt to be current 'style' for endless parties and teas; the stack of bills never seemed any smaller. He was forced to write to his benefactors Robert Harley and Earl Mortimer requesting a higher stipend. He did get some revenues from the sale of his book *History of the Union*, but the payments just seemed to trickle in while the outgo seemed to gush out.

Mary was oblivious to their situation and 'didn't really want to discuss money, that's the man's job.' So he sat in his study and stared at the bills. Defoe really didn't expect much from his island book; it was just a little frivolity piece that he enjoyed writing. However; he planned to publish it soon.

Life trudged on; Defoe saw Charles from time to time at the local pubs but the young man always seemed to be on the verge of running somewhere or other. He still got invited to garden parties by the royalty in Edinburgh, the ones who mostly felt that their fortunes and pocket books were going to grow bigger as a result of the new Union.

Defoe suffered through endless luncheons and teas, balancing tiny china cups in the palm of his hand, listening to overly made-up ladies, with overly tight corsets, trying their best to keep up with what in their mind's eye was the latest London and Paris fashions; babbling on and on about finance and politics just exactly like they knew something about it. Defoe tried his best to keep opinions to himself and to be at all times cordial and pleasant to all and maybe just a little stupid.

Mary wanted to start wearing some of the high style ceruse face make-up and he finally put his foot down.

“Not only do you not need it, as you are naturally so beautiful, I have heard tell that many of these things are not even good for your skin.” He had heard about people putting lead into makeup to make the skin whiter. Certainly, that couldn’t be healthy.

She pouted and almost stamped her foot; but stopped herself in time. She knew how far she could push her husband and he seemed pretty definite on this one.

However; she got some of hers back. Defoe went and got his new suit of clothes from the tailor and put it on for their next big event.

Mary gasped “It’s exactly the same color as your old one!”

Defoe looked at himself in the mirror. Yes, it did look pretty much the same. Royal blue jacket and breeches; a short vest with pockets for his watch, white stockings and black shoes.

Mary tugged at his white collar. “You look like a Quaker,” she hissed.

“Hmm, really?” he thought. He smiled at himself in the mirror.

“And another thing,” she spat out, “don’t start any more conversations about religion!”

“Well, but my dear, if someone brings it up....”

“Talk about the weather!” she commanded. “Paul,” she yelled, “help your master with his wig!”

Paul shuffled into Defoe’s bedroom where he was now sitting in front of his mirror. His white long wig sat on the table in front of him.

“It’s no use Paul; all I do is end up looking like a tea cup someone placed wrongly on the saucer. Just won’t do you know,” Defoe said helplessly.

Paul suppressed a little laugh. “No problem a’tall Milord. We’ll have it on you in a wink.”

Paul took a flat bristle brush from the table and brushed Defoe’s thinning, gray hair into a little ponytail. He then took a small ribbon sitting on the table and tied the pig in the back. He carefully lifted the wig and placed it on his master’s head with two hands and gave it a final hank, settling it in place.

“There now, what think yea on that?” Paul handed his master a hand mirror. Defoe looking at himself from the back.

“Paul, you have saved me from man’s worst fate; complete ugliness. We must be off or Milady will make me change my clothes again. Haste!” With that they set off downstairs to gather the carriage.

The children were on the stairs to get a last look at their parents before they were sent to bed.

“Oh mama, you look so beautiful!” her youngest daughter cooed. Madam Defoe wrapped her new shawl of tartan wool around her shoulders and gave each child a kiss.

“Be good children and mind Gwen!”

As soon as mother and father were gone the children all ran screaming through the house; Gwen threw up her hands.

Defoe never ceased to be amazed at the opulence of the great houses where most of the balls occurred. He could never, on his wages, ever afford to entertain in this manner. His wife loved it and seemed to fit in here as though she had been born to all of it from the beginning.

They were helped from their carriage by the waiting footmen and his wife swept in front of him up the stairs eager to see and be seen. She was the height of fashion in her velvet green dress made especially for the occasion with a not-overly low front, a tightly cinched waist and lace three-quarter length sleeves.

The skirt was full and swept over the ground supported by; he knew, two separate petticoats of stiff material underneath. The petticoats took up so much room, they could barely get her fitted into the carriage for the ride over. Mary was almost in tears when she thought the skirt was caught in the carriage door; but the ever expedient Paul was able to remedy the situation at once as the door had not closed tightly yet.

Defoe was greeted by James Graham, Lord President of the Council of Scotland, and shook hand with John Gordon, 16th Earl of Sutherland and made the rounds of the Campbells, and Sutherlands who were all staunch supporters of the Trade Union agreement.

He got a small glass of sherry and waved away the champagne and sat down at last. Her Ladyship Beatrice Hume, wife of Patrick Hume, the 1st Earl of Marchmont was tittering on.

“Oh, Mr. Defoe, you mustn’t turn down the champagne, it’s from France you know. And you know those French!”

Defoe murmured something in response. He was actually busy staring at the large black dot on her Ladyship’s face; sort of a mole thing. He was trying to decide if it was real or not, and if not,

why was she wearing it? His wife sidled up besides him and caught him staring and gave him a jab in the ribs.

“Oh, yes, your Ladyship, you were saying?” he jerked out a response.

“I was saying, you know those French, they are just everywhere aren’t they. With all their rumours and whisperings. I can’t even understand why they spend so much time here, they don’t even like the cold weather!”

“Well, perhaps Madam,” Defoe ventured, “perhaps they have some other thoughts in mind not having to do with the weather.” Defoe’s wife jabbed him again. “Then again, Madam, this house of yours is just lovely, could we see some more of the place?”

“Oh, Mr. Defoe, you just do nothing but flatter and flatter, but that’s okay!” She grabbed him by the arm. “Now over here we have.....” Defoe let himself be lead away with Mary’s beady eyes on the back of his head. Knowing that as soon as she felt he was out of mischief she would launch into some long discourse with one of her new bonne amie’s regarding the cost of material and getting the dress made and problems with the children...

Defoe got the tour of the house with the paintings of all the dead relatives and their unique contributions, albeit small, to the Scotland historical landscape. His glass of sherry was empty and he had been munching on small sandwiches and could really use just a plain glass of beer.

He escaped from Milady’s clutches and escaped downstairs to where he knew he could find the kitchen and beg a pint of regular brew. He had to convince the downstairs man that he just wanted a beer and no wine or champagne.

“Gives me an awful headache,” he protested.

“Ah well, there yer are then. Blasted French water, they can take it exactly back where they came from fer me money.” The butler said to Defoe as he poured him a glass. “Frogs, can’t stand a one of them.” “Mind, don’t usally care much for the British either sir, begging your pardon, but ye do seem to be a bit different. Not quite so pompish.”

“Ah well, in truth, I am really just a common man like yerselves,” replied Defoe. “Certainly no harm in being the good, strong salt of the earth,” he added.

The butler stared at him a moment, then, “Ye don’t say?”

“Yes, it’s true,” replied Defoe, “I am from but a trades background.” He nodded his head and raised his glass in salute.

The butler had poured himself a short glass and raised it in salute back.

"I don't mind telling ye then sir, that many of the common folk around these parts ain't in favor of these trade agreement thing with England, we think no good'll come of it."

Defoe nodded. "Understood, understood."

"It's just them what is getting rich from the thing," and he pointed his thumb upstairs, "but o'course it be worth me job to be heard saying anything like that, you take my meaning."

"Absolutely," replied Defoe, he ran an invisible zipper across his mouth. "But the average man, such as yer self, needs to be heard, needs to get his opinion out."

The butler stared at him again. "Absolutely, Milord," and took another sip of his ale. "So, while we be sharing tales out of school, so to speak, there are a few other things..."

Defoe sat and listened to the man speak. Although he was of course interested in what the butler was telling him; in truth, he was taking mental notes to use the remarks in his next article to be printed under a Scottish alias. He would use these very arguments, and then counter the arguments with reasons why the Union was a good idea and good for Scotland.

As a conduit for the British parliament, Defoe's job was to convince as many Scots as possible of the advantages of the Union. The 'people upstairs' didn't need much convincing; their convincing was done through their pocket books. It was the little man, the man on the street, the common man; the man capable of revolt and revolution and of tearing whole governments down given proper provocation; that was more his target.

As he sat and listened, his wheels in his mind were turning and turning with the lines of his next article.

At the end of nearly an hour of this conversation, Defoe thanked the butler and staff for their hospitality and wended his way back upstairs.

He found Mary in deep conversation with another matron. As soon as she espied him she was frowning.

"Where in the name of all that is Holy, have you been? People have been asking about you," she hissed at him.

"Calmly darling, calmly," he accepted another small sherry from a passing waiter. "Just doing the King's duty."

She looked at him blankly. "Well it's getting time to get back to the children and my feet hurt." She flexed her foot with the brocade shoe.

“I thought you had those made especially for this occasion my darling?” he queried lightly.

“I did,” she pouted a little. “It’s just, well, I had them made a little smaller than I should have.”

Defoe laughed to himself. Mary and her vanities; she was never, after seven children, going to fit into the same shoe size she wore at their wedding.

“Yes, dear,” he nodded, “I need to say goodbye to a few people and we can be on our way.”

She turned abruptly from him and back to the chattering women to her side.

Defoe made sure to shake hands with his host and hostess, the Earl and Lady of Marchmont, and make proper excuses for his wife and himself.

On the way out to the carriage, Defoe mused that his wife really knew nothing of what he really did here and that perhaps that was just as well.

CHAPTER TWELVE

CHRISTIANITY

On the island, Robinson Crusoe, was busy converting Friday into a Christian. He had had a very simple baptism ceremony, only getting Friday's head a little wet as the native was afraid of water. Friday was a bright pupil and continued to pick up words. One day they were fishing and just managed to reach the edge of the jungle when canoes came around the corner of their little cove.

Crusoe recognized them as the same cannibals who had been there before and once again they had two hapless victims tied up in their boats. All the people this time were black and Crusoe and Friday sneaked around the cove just to see what was going on.

Friday began gesturing to Crusoe and he finally understood that Friday wanted to capture one of the cannibals for himself for the purpose of eating him. Crusoe shook his head violently no, no and that they needed to go back to their hut.

For the next several days he carefully explained to Friday that cannibalism was wrong and that God and Jesus would not want him to take part in this practice. Friday was absolutely mystified by this position. It was clear he could not understand.

"It is a philosophical problem; thought Crusoe to himself. "He doesn't understand it now, but maybe in time he will." Regardless of his understanding level, Crusoe made it very clear to Friday that he was not to kill another person. It was wrong and that was in the Bible. He must not do it or God would be angry with him.

Friday seemed to get the 'God will be angry with you part' and seemed to believe that if he did wrong; God or Jesus would come and punish him. Maybe they would come by boat too. That part he wasn't too sure about. But, eventually, he seemed to accept that he must not do it; whether he ever accepted that it was morally wrong was of course another question.

Crusoe finally decided that it didn't really matter if Friday believed it was wrong or not; just as long as he didn't do it, that would have to be enough. Both men finally seemed satisfied with their respective positions on the subject and it appeared they could move on to other things.

Crusoe was sending Friday up to the 'top' daily to search for ships and then later to gather fruit and help hunt for boar.

Crusoe kept busy devising new ways to protect the camp, improve their life style and find chapters out of the Bible to read to Friday; helping him grasp more the word of the Lord.

Crusoe felt that in saving Friday's soul, he was making amends for his wrong doings by going to sea against his father's wishes. His father never wanted him to become a lowly sailor and he knew that he had broken his father's heart. Now, on this island, he didn't know if he would ever see his father, mother or brother again. One brother had been killed in the war and now he was lost. He was remorseful for his actions daily. His work with Friday helped him ease some of that guilt.

His lifestyle left him feeling more at peace with himself and that he was doing the work of the Lord.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

HIGH SOCIETY

Mary was out shopping and then going to an afternoon tea and the children were at school. The various servants were flitting around the house with odd chores. Defoe took a break from the work in his study and found himself in his wife's dressing room.

Milady Defoe needed an entire room for her assemblage of gowns, dresses and other paraphernalia. Just this morning, the house girl Gwen had been struggling for all she was worth to get Milady's corset tied tightly enough.

"I have not put on weight I tell you, this thing has just shrunk is all. I'll bet you or that old Mrs. Smith washed it and shrank it!" Mary Defoe protested.

"No Milady, we would never do that without yea leave. I was just saying that the corset seems a bit tighter than before, begging your pardon madam." Mary was unable to respond at this point as she appeared to be completely out of breath from that last pull on the back ties.

"There Mum," said little Gwen, looking at Milady in the long mirror. "Such a picture ye are fer sure." Defoe had come in on the tail end of this procedure and did have to admire the end result.

His wife, although not a true beauty, was what people would call comely. With a cute little face, dimples, and curly brown hair, she could be a vision. Today she was encased in light green satin with little green leaves and bits of white lace at the square drop neck and the sleeves. The dress was pulled impossibly tight at the waist and flowed out into a large, full skirt with petticoats. Milady had had the dress made just last season.

"Isn't that neckline a bit low my dear?" Defoe had had to comment.

"It is exactly the same as it was last year, dearest," she replied. "Unfortunately, there is just a little bit more of me coming out of the top." She squinted at herself in the mirror critically. Her husband chuckled to himself.

"You are nothing less than a vision my love," and gave her a peck on the cheek.

"Gwen, the hat and veil," commanded Mrs. Defoe. She sat down at the dressing table so that Gwen could attach the matching hat and veil to the top of her hair; part of which was a wig.

Defoe could tell this was going to take some time so he began to amble toward the door.

“Daniel, won’t you change your mind and come to tea with me? The people do love to chat with you so much and hear stories about your upcoming book.” Gwen was wrestling with the hat and stabbed Milady with a hatpin. “Ow! Gwen!”

“No, no my dear. I have given the publisher a date on the book and I must keep at it. Please give my regrets.”

Mary gave a quick little pout but turned back to the mirror. “Next time then.”

Defoe nodded vaguely and wandered downstairs to get himself a cup of tea.

Back in the dressing room after his wife had left; Defoe fingered one or two of the gowns. He really couldn’t blame Mary; coming from a tradesman’s background, this rubbing elbows constantly with the nobility could get to a person. He was also from a tradesman’s background and had never had the heart to tell his wife he had changed his name from Foe to Defoe before he met her. She would be crushed.

The corsets and the gowns, the dresses, stockings, makeup, wigs, jewelry, went on and on and nothing came cheaply. Old Mr. Higgins on High Street had even agreed to run them an account; Defoe was fairly certain that wasn’t helping anything. He sighed and went out of the room.

Robinson Crusoe was down at the beach scavenging for bits and pieces of ships washed up on the beach. He was always on the lookout for iron and metal that he could add to his growing group of tools. The dog started to bark and jump about and to his delight he espied a large tortoise nestled in the sand. He jumped upon it at once and started the laborious process of dragging it back to the hut.

Later that day, Crusoe had made the large turtle into soup and was enjoying the soup immensely. The turtle was filled with eggs and he let the dog play with these and eat them as he wished. He felt very contented with his lot in life when he was done.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

DINNER

“What is the soup today Cook?” Defoe inquired to the fat Scottish lady who had proudly brought the steaming tureen to the lady of the house to ladle out.

“Split green pea soup, Milord, with bacon bits just the way thon English like it.”

Defoe replied, “Well, it smells just delicious Cook. And the main course today, in the center of the table, that looks very good too.”

Cook was bursting at the seams, “Ah Milord I have slaved and slaved all day to get it right. That be yer Yorkshirepuddin as what it is with roast beef and taters.” She beamed at him.

Defoe pulled the platter toward himself and speared a limp, green lump on the side of the roast beef. “And this Cook?”

“Ah, Sir, that be your asparagrass what we just got in, imported!”

Defoe released the green vegetable from his fork with an “Ah.” Maybe he would have a green apple later on. The rest of it did look good.

“Soup Angela?” Mrs. Defoe asked.

“S’il vous plait, Maman.”

“There you go my dear,” her mother handed over the bowl.

“Merci, Maman,” the girl answered.

“Silver vos plate, silver vos plate,” her younger brother chanted next to her.

“Vous ete une idiot!” the girl said angrily and hit her brother on top of the head with her silver soup spoon.

“Angela!” her mother cried.

“Merde!” the girl said sullenly.

Defoe was shocked; he didn't know the girl knew that much French.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE GARDEN

"What art thou doing Cookie?" the Master inquired.

The Defoe's cook jerked up suddenly with a hoe in her hands.

"Ah, Milord," she gasped and held her chest, "Yea gave me such a fright!"

Defoe nodded with a little smile, knowing it didn't take much to put the fright into cook.

He stood with his hands in his pockets surveying the tiny little back plot of land behind their rented house. The cook had, with great industry, replanted the little back garden and numerous green things were sprouting up in this cool spring weather.

"Well, we have yer onions here and garlic there," Defoe nodded, "and a bit of spinach over here and my favorite, runner beans," she beamed at her master proudly.

Defoe bent over and could see the little bean buds coming out.

"Ah," he commented sagely.

"And these be yon flowers for just prettiness," she finished with a gush.

"Very good Cookie, very good," replied Defoe. "Carry on then." The cook curtsied and he turned to go.

"Oh, one last thing," he turned to her, "when we have to beans, maybe they not be cooked quite so much this time?" he asked hopefully.

The cook stared at him blankly, "That's the way we always be doing it sir," she said stoutly.

"Ah yes," he sighed, "of course." He turned and went back into the house, only shaking his head when he was all the way inside.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

AGRICULTURAL VENTURES

I had now been in this unhappy island above ten months. All possibility of deliverance from this condition seemed to be entirely taken from me; and I firmly believe that no human shape had ever set foot upon that place. Having now secured my habitation, as I thought, fully to my mind, I had a great desire to make a more perfect discovery of the island, and to see what other productions I might find, which I yet knew nothing of.

It was on the 15th of July that I began to take a more particular survey of the island itself. I went up the creek first, where, as I hinted, I brought my rafts on shore. I found after I came about two miles up, that the tide did not flow any higher, and that it was no more than a little brook of running water, very fresh and good; but this being the dry season, there was hardly any water in some parts of it—at least not enough to run in any stream, so as it could be perceived. On the banks of this brook I found many pleasant savannahs or meadows, plain, smooth, and covered with grass; and on the rising parts of them, next to the higher grounds, where the water, as might be supposed, never overflowed, I found a great deal of tobacco, green, and growing to a great and very strong stalk. There were divers other plants, which I had no notion of or understanding about, that might, perhaps, have virtues of their own, which I could not find out. I searched for the cassava root, which the Indians, in all that climate, make their bread of, but I could find none. I saw large plants of aloes, but did not understand them. I saw several sugar-canes, but wild, and, for want of cultivation, imperfect. I contented myself with these discoveries for this time, and came back, musing with myself what course I might take to know the virtue and goodness of any of the fruits or plants which I should discover, but could bring it to no conclusion; for, in short, I had made so little observation while I was in the Brazils, that I knew little of the plants in the field; at least, very little that might serve to any purpose now in my distress.

The next day, the sixteenth, I went up the same way again; and after going something further than I had gone the day before, I found the brook and the savannahs cease, and the country become more woody than before. In this part I found different fruits, and particularly I found melons upon the ground, in great abundance, and grapes upon the trees. The vines had spread, indeed, over the trees, and the clusters of grapes were just now in their prime, very ripe and rich. This was a surprising discovery, and I was exceeding glad of them; but I was warned by my experience to eat sparingly of them; remembering that when I was ashore in Barbary, the eating of grapes killed several of our Englishmen, who were slaves there, by throwing them into fluxes and fevers. But I found an excellent use for these grapes; and that was, to cure or dry them in the sun, and keep them as dried grapes or raisins are kept, which I thought would be, as indeed they were, wholesome and agreeable to eat when no grapes could be had.

(After walking a long ways)... I came to an opening where the country seemed to descend to the west; and due east; and the country appeared so fresh, so green, so flourishing, everything being in a constant verdure or flourish of spring that it looked like a planted garden. I descended a little on the side of that delicious vale, surveying it with a secret kind of pleasure, though mixed with my other afflicting thoughts, to think that this was all my own; that I was king and lord of all this country indefensibly, and had a right of possession; and if I could convey it, I might have it in inheritance as completely as any lord of a manor in England. I saw here abundance of cocoa trees, orange, and lemon, and citron trees; but all wild, and very few bearing any fruit, at least not then. However, the green limes that I gathered were not only pleasant to eat, but very wholesome; and I mixed their juice afterwards with water, which made it very wholesome, and very cool and refreshing. I found now I had business enough to gather and carry home; and I resolved to lay up a store as well of grapes as limes and lemons, to furnish myself for the wet season, which I knew was approaching.

When I came home from this journey, I contemplated with great pleasure the fruitfulness of that valley, and the pleasantness of the situation; the security from storms on that side of the water, and the wood: and concluded that I had pitched upon a place to fix my abode which was by far the worst part of the country. Upon the whole, I began to consider of removing my habitation, and looking out for a place equally safe as where now I was situate, if possible, in that pleasant, fruitful part of the island.

In this season I was much surprised with the increase of my family; I had been concerned for the loss of one of my cats, who ran away from me, or, as I thought, had been dead, and I heard no more tidings of her till, to my astonishment, she came home about the end of August with three kittens.

From the 14th of August to the 26th, incessant rain, so that I could not stir, and was now very careful not to be much wet. In this confinement, I began to be straitened for food: but venturing out twice, I one day killed a goat; and the last day, which was the 26th, found a very large tortoise, which was a treat to me, and my food was regulated thus: I ate a bunch of raisins for my breakfast; a piece of the goat's flesh, or of the turtle, for my dinner, broiled—for, to my great misfortune, I had no vessel to boil or stew anything; and two or three of the turtle's eggs for my supper.

Sept. 30.—I was now come to the unhappy anniversary of my landing. I cast up the notches on my post, and found I had been on shore three hundred and sixty-five days. I kept this day as a solemn fast, setting it apart for religious exercise, prostrating myself on the ground with the most serious humiliation, confessing my sins to God, acknowledging His righteous judgments upon me, and praying to Him to have mercy on me through Jesus Christ; and not having tasted the least refreshment for twelve hours, even till the going down of the sun, I then ate a biscuit-cake and a bunch of grapes, and went to bed, finishing the day as I began it.

The rainy season and the dry season began now to appear regular to me, and I learned to divide them so as to provide for them accordingly; but I bought all my experience before I had it, and this I am going to relate was one of the most discouraging experiments that I made.

I have mentioned that I had saved the few ears of barley and rice, which I had so surprisingly found spring up, as I thought, of themselves, and I believe there were about thirty stalks of rice, and about twenty of barley; and now I thought it a proper time to sow it, after the rains, the sun being in its southern position, going from me. Accordingly, I dug up a piece of ground as well as I could with my wooden spade, and dividing it into two parts, I sowed my grain; but as I was sowing, it casually occurred to my thoughts that I would not sow it all at first, because I did not know when was the proper time for it, so I sowed about two-thirds of the seed, leaving

about a handful of each. It was a great comfort to me afterwards that I did so, for not one grain of what I sowed this time came to anything: for the dry months following, the earth having had no rain after the seed was sown, it had no moisture to assist its growth, and never came up at all till the wet season had come again, and then it grew as if it had been but newly sown. Finding my first seed did not grow, which I easily imagined was by the drought, I sought for a moister piece of ground to make another trial in, and I dug up a piece of ground near my new bower, and sowed the rest of my seed in February, a little before the vernal equinox; and this having the rainy months of March and April to water it, sprung up very pleasantly, and yielded a very good crop; but having part of the seed left only, and not daring to sow all that I had, I had but a small quantity at last, my whole crop not amounting to above half a peck of each kind. But by this experiment I was made master of my business, and knew exactly when the proper season was to sow, and that I might expect two seed-times and two harvests every year.

The rainy seasons sometimes held longer or shorter as the winds happened to blow, but this was the general observation I made. After I had found by experience the ill consequences of being abroad in the rain, I took care to furnish myself with provisions beforehand, that I might not be obliged to go out, and I sat within doors as much as possible during the wet months. This time I found much employment, and very suitable also to the time, for I found great occasion for many things which I had no way to furnish myself with but by hard labour and constant application; particularly I tried many ways to make myself a basket, but all the twigs I could get for the purpose proved so brittle that they would do nothing. It proved of excellent advantage to me now, that when I was a boy, I used to take great delight in standing at a basket-maker's, in the town where my father lived, to see them make their wicker-ware; and being, as boys usually are, very officious to help, and a great observer of the manner in which they worked those things, and sometimes lending a hand, I had by these means full knowledge of the methods of it, and I wanted nothing but the materials, when it came into my mind that the twigs of that tree from whence I cut my stakes that grew might possibly be as tough as the sallows, willows, and osiers in England, and I resolved to try. Accordingly, the next day I went to my country house, as I called it, and cutting some of the smaller twigs, I found them to my purpose as much as I could desire; whereupon I came the next time prepared with a hatchet to cut down a quantity, which I soon found, for there was great plenty of them. These I set up to dry within my circle or hedge, and when they were fit for use I carried them to my cave; and here, during the next season, I employed myself in making, as well as I could, a great many

baskets... ('The life and strange surprising adventures of Robinson Crusoe,' Daniel Defoe – 1719 – Heirs of Anderson, pub.)

Crusoe goes on to discover more ways to create holders for liquids and ways to cook. He even figures out how to make another pipe for himself.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

1720 – PUBLISHING

Defoe met with Ferguson at the pub for a sandwich and pint on a Friday. Classes were over and he was on the way back from the publisher's office. The good news was that 'Robinson Crusoe' was now in its fourth printing and was clearly a success. Defoe felt very pleased with himself. The title was a bit long, true; *The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner; Who lived Eight and Twenty years, all alone in an Uninhabited Island on the Coast of America, near the mouth of the Great River of Oroonoke, having been Cast on Shore by shipwreck, wherein all men perished but Himself.*

He just wanted people to know what the book was about before they read it. Apparently the title did work. However; he was burdened and wanted to share with his friend Ferguson.

"Something is troubling you, my good friend," Ferguson lit his pipe and stared at Defoe. They were leaning back in the plush pub chairs. Defoe had his pipe out too.

"Tis true, tis true. I am confounded."

"What is it, man?" Ferguson demanded.

"It is Mary," Defoe replied.

"Mary? Mary? Be she ill, is she sickly?" Concern wrinkled Ferguson's brow.

"No, no, nothing like that. Mary is fine. In body that is, in body. It is not the body that concerns me but the mind."

Ferguson's brows shot up in puzzlement. "You two should have no troubles. Your book is a success, you are the talk, you have got to be making money. I canna see any problem."

"Aye, tis true. The book is a success, no doubt. That is the problem."

Ferguson looked doubtful.

“It is the success itself. The more money I make, it seems the more we need. There are more invitations to parties, and teas, and balls and on and on. Mary, like myself, is from a basic country background.”

Ferguson waved his hand dismissively.

“All this requires more dresses, hats, shoes, etc. Also, now there is talk of all the boys going to University when they are done with their academies. No matter how much I earn, it just never seems to be enough. The whole thing just seems to have gone to her head.” Defoe held his hands up in a questioning manner.

“Ah,” replied Ferguson.

“I don’t know what to do, Ferguson. I love her.” Defoe stopped and sucked on his pipe.

“Ah,” Ferguson finally said. “Women, yah.”

They both sucked on their pipes and stared out into space.

“I really don’t know, my friend. Maybe only God knows about this one,” Ferguson tapped his pipe.

Defoe shrugged his shoulders.

“I feel like I have done my duty and written that which I should have done to spread his word more to other souls.”

Ferguson nodded and blew out smoke. “Aye, methinks it is true.”

They both sank into a brown study. Later, they got up and made their way back to Defoe’s place.

“Will yea be going back to London soon my friend?”

“Fairly soon yea, I regret to say. It has been good this time here in Scotland.”

“Yah,” said Ferguson, “I will be missing you when you are gone.”

Defoe nodded and shook his friend’s hand. “You know you are always welcome in London town.”

“Ya,” Ferguson replied with a smile. “We’ll see about that.”

They shook again and the light was falling. Ferguson walked off and Defoe entered his home, still without a single answer to his problem.

'Perhaps, back in London,' he thought to himself, 'with her family close by; there would be a change in Mary and all these parties and socializing wouldn't be so important.' He just didn't know.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

RETURN TO LONDON

Back in London, Defoe was saddened by a severe criticism of him by a contemporary Irish writer, Jonathan Swift. "On of these authors (the Fellow that was Pilloryed, I have forgot his Name) is indeed so grave, sententious, dogmatical of a Rogue, that there is no enduring him."

Defoe felt like he was never going to live down his three days in the pillory for writing political articles that angered Queen Anne. He sighed.

1722 – Defoe went on to write *Moll Flanders*, a book which shocked many members of proper society. The amorous adventures of Flanders upset readers but the purpose of the story was to teach the readers that again, despite the depths of any sin that a person has committed, that the mercy and love of God is always available and redemption of the soul is always possible.

Defoe's books have been immensely popular and have touched a nerve in the reading public. Despite the immense success of his books, he was never financially successful in his lifetime and actually died hiding from his creditors.

None of that detracts from the fact that his book *The Storm* is considered to be the first true example of modern journalism. Also, *Robinson Crusoe* is considered to be a modern novel and has been translated and republished time and time again. The story has been told countless times in books, movies, and television.

Although Defoe was criticized by Jonathan Swift, in 1742 Alexander Pope wrote "The first part of *Robinson Crusoe* is very good – De Foe wrote a vast many things, and none bad, though none excellent, except this."

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