



DEFOE

COURTNEY E. WEBB

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 nodding 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.

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