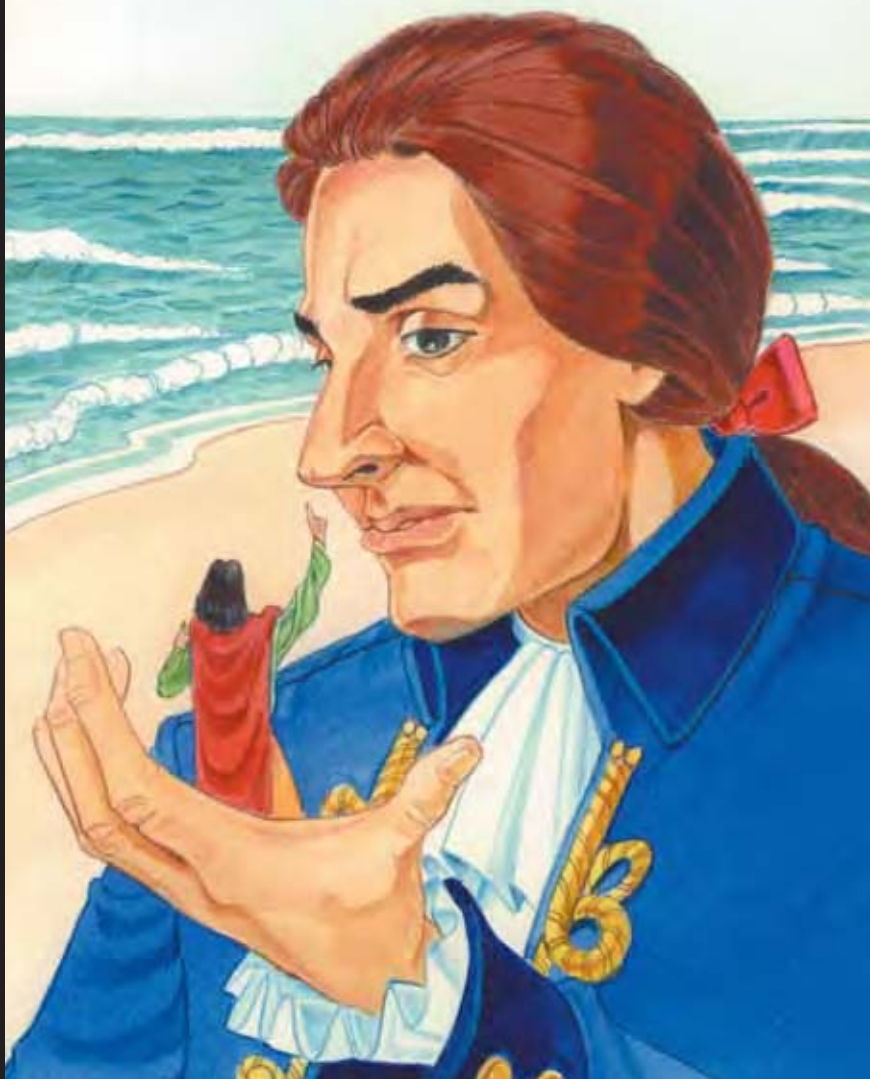


Gulliver's Travels

JONATHAN SWIFT

SADDLEBACK
Classics



Gulliver's Travels

JONATHAN SWIFT

ADAPTED BY

Janice Greene



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Man-Mountain Visits Lilliput

I, Lemuel Gulliver, was born the third of five sons. My humble father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire, England. The family did not have a lot of money. Still, I was lucky enough to study medicine in London.

When my studies were finished, I worked as a doctor on a ship called the *Swallow*. We sailed for three and a half years. After this voyage, I settled in London. I married a woman named Mary Burton and began to practice medicine.

Unfortunately, my business did poorly, so I went to sea again—this time for six years.

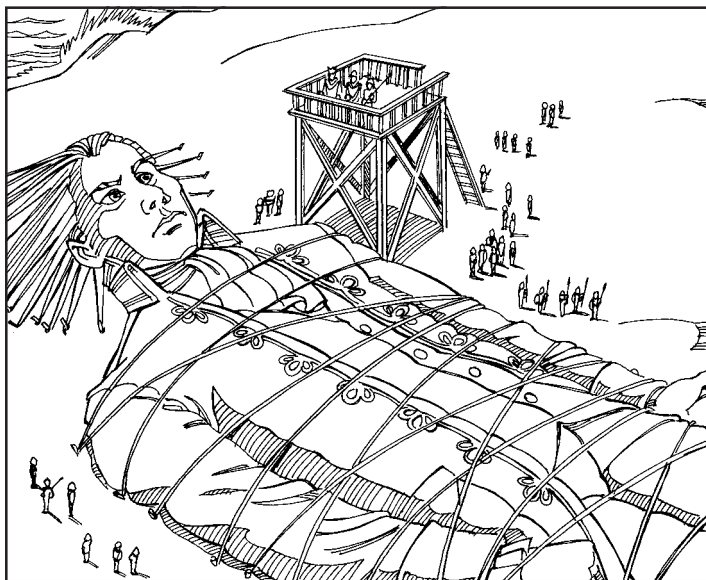
We set out on a ship called the *Antelope* on May 4, 1699, bound for the East Indies. The voyage began well, but we soon ran into bad weather. We were hit by a violent storm that lasted several days. Finally, the *Antelope* was split upon a rock. Some of us were able to escape on a small boat, but the

wind overturned it. Then I was at the mercy of the waves. What became of my companions I could not tell. But I swam as far as I was able. When I was almost gone, I stretched out my legs and felt the bottom under my feet. I walked to the shore, lay down in the soft grass, and fell into a deep sleep.

When I woke up, I could not move at all. Thin lines stretched all across my body! I felt something move along my left leg. Then I felt it run up to my chest. It was a human-looking creature—no more than six inches high! I could feel about 40 more of the tiny creatures running just behind him along my body. I let out a loud cry, and they ran back in fear. Afterward I was told that some of them were hurt when they leaped off me.

I struggled against the lines that held me. At last I pulled my hand loose and tried to grab some of them. But immediately, I felt a hundred sharp little arrows strike my hands and face. They felt like so many needles. After this I lay quietly and the shower of arrows stopped falling.

For about an hour, I heard pounding by my left ear. I turned my head just enough to see the little people building a kind of platform. An important-looking person climbed up on it and spoke to me.



Unfortunately, I understood not one word. I made signals to show that I was hungry. He seemed to understand my signals very well.

Ladders were placed at my sides. More than 100 tiny people then brought me baskets full of meat and bread. They also gave me a small barrel of wine that was almost too heavy for them to carry. I drank it in one gulp, and then drank a second one. They were amazed at my appetite. When I finished, they shouted for joy, and danced on my chest.

A royal-looking person marched up my chest. He made signals to communicate that I must be

taken to another spot. I let him know that I wanted to be set free, but he shook his head. He made signs that I would have more to eat and be treated well. Once more, I thought of trying to break free. But I still felt the sting of their needle-like arrows. Also, I felt that I must be hospitable to these people. After all, they had been very generous.

I began to feel sleepy, even though I had slept for many hours. Later I learned that a sleeping potion had been put into my wine.

As soon as I was asleep, the people set about building an enormous wagon. They raised me up with lines and slung me onto it. Some 1,500 of their tiny horses then pulled me all the way to the capital city. There I was laid down in an ancient temple. I was not free, however. My left leg was bound with 91 tiny but very strong chains.

Once I was placed in the temple, I was paid a visit by the Emperor. The little fellow said he was 28 years old. He had an arched nose and olive skin, and he was taller than most of his people. He walked with an air of majesty, and he wore a helmet of gold, decorated with jewels. He held his sword in one hand, in case I happened to break loose. I spoke to him in all the languages I knew, but he

could understand none of them.

After two hours, the Emperor took his leave. He left me well guarded, with his colonel in charge. This was for protection against the crowds who had gathered to see me. In spite of this, several of them shot arrows at me. One arrow nearly struck my eye. The colonel captured six of the troublemakers and tied them up. He brought them to me, indicating that I should punish them as I wished.

I put five of them in my coat pocket. The sixth I moved toward my mouth as if I would eat him alive. The poor man cried out terribly. Even the colonel seemed afraid when I took out my knife. But I soon put them at their ease. I cut the strings that bound all six of them, and I let them run away. Both the soldiers and the crowd seemed to be impressed by my mercy.

They had many arguments about what to do with me. Some of them were afraid I would break loose. Others feared my diet might be too expensive, and could even cause a famine. One idea was to shoot me with poisoned arrows and let me die. But they were afraid of the smell that would come from such a large carcass. And they thought my rotting body might cause a plague!

But then the news of my kindness toward the six criminals reached the Emperor. He decided to take care of me. He ordered the villages around the city to supply me with food. The villagers who helped me would be paid from his treasury. Also, some 600 of these small people would be my servants from now on. A team of 300 tailors would make me a new suit of clothes. Six of the best teachers would teach me their language.

In three weeks, I had learned much of their language. The Emperor often came to talk to me. As soon as I was able, I asked for my freedom. His answer, as far as I could tell, was that I must wait. Meanwhile, he told his officers to search my belongings for any hidden weapons. He hoped that this act would not offend me.

What could I do but agree? So two gentlemen searched my clothes. "On the Great Man-Mountain we found several articles," their report said. "First was a great piece of cloth and a huge silver chest. Inside the chest was a sort of dust which made us sneeze. We also found a bundle of thin white material marked with black figures. We believe these are letters. Then there was a long piece of wood with twenty poles attached to it. We believe

the Man-Mountain uses this device to smooth out the hair on his head.

“We also found two dangerous-looking plates of steel. One of these the Man-Mountain uses to cut his beard. The other is for cutting his meat. At the end of a chain we discovered a kind of globe. It was half silver, with figures of some kind drawn on it. It made a constant clicking noise. The Man-Mountain said he looked at the thing often. It pointed out the time for every action in his life.”

When the search was finished, the Emperor asked to see my sword and my pistols. He called them hollow iron pillars. I showed him both. Then, after telling him not to be afraid, I shot off my pistol into the air. The sound terrified the crowd that was standing around watching. Hundreds of people fell to the ground in shock and lay there as if they were dead. Even the Emperor was shaken for some time.

I gave my sword and pistols to the Emperor. He promised to return them whenever I left the country. My handkerchief, snuff box, journal, comb, razor, knife, and watch were returned to me.

2

Attack on Blefuscu

The Emperor was pleased with my good behavior. I began to hope that I might soon be set free. I did everything I could to encourage him.

The people gradually began to lose their fear of me. Sometimes I would lie down and let five or six of them dance upon my hand. At other times boys and girls would play hide and seek in my hair.

One day the Emperor entertained me with several shows. The most interesting one was rope dancing, which was done on a high, thin thread. I learned that rope dancing was performed by men who wanted a certain political office. Whoever was able to dance the longest on the highest rope won the office. Rope dancing often led to accidents, though. I myself have seen several men break an arm or leg.

In another show, men tried to crawl under a stick or jump over it. The Emperor or one of his

men held a stick. To make the task more difficult, the stick was often moved. Whoever turned out to be best at jumping and ducking was given a blue thread. He then became a favorite of the Emperor. A red thread was given to the second best, and a green thread was awarded to the third.

The Emperor was most pleased with my cooperation. He suggested to his cabinet that I be given some freedom at last. Here are the rules they decided upon:

*Goblasto Momaren Evlame Gurdilo Shefin
Mully Uly Gue, the mighty Emperor of Lilliput,
has made the following agreement with the
Man-Mountain:*

First, the Man-Mountain shall not leave Lilliput.

Second, he shall not come into our city unless everyone has two hours warning to stay inside.

Third, the Man-Mountain shall only walk on large roads. He must not lie down in any meadow or field of corn.

Fourth, as he walks on the roads, he shall take great care not to step on any people or

their horses. Also, he will not take anyone in his hands unless that person agrees to it.

***Fifth**, he will carry a messenger and horse in his pocket for emergency messages.*

***Sixth**, he will help us against our enemies on the Island of Blefuscu.*

Also, the Man-Mountain shall have a sufficient daily allowance of meat and drink. The amount he requires would be enough food and drink for 1,728 of our people.

The strange agreement was not exactly what I had wanted. Still, I was happy to have my freedom. When I agreed to it, my chains were unlocked immediately.

My first wish was to see the capital city and the Emperor's palace. By lying down on my side, I was able to look into the tiny windows of the palace. The rooms were splendid indeed. The Empress smiled at me. She held her tiny hand out the window for me to kiss.

About two weeks after I had been given my freedom, I had a most interesting visitor. It was Reldresal, one of the Emperor's men. He told me about the long war between Lilliput and Blefuscu.

This is how the trouble began: The Lilliputians had always broken their eggs at the larger end before eating them. But the Emperor's grandfather had an accident that changed this custom. When he was a boy, he broke an egg at the larger end and cut his finger. His father, the Emperor, made a law that from then on all eggs must be broken at the small end. Many Lilliputians hated the law. They rebelled against the Emperor. Eleven thousand of the Big Endians stubbornly refused to break their eggs at the small end. They were put to death by the Small Endians.

The people of Blefuscu were constantly stirring up the Big Endian rebels. When Big Endians fled to Blefuscu, they were welcomed by the Emperor. The two kingdoms had been warring over the question of how eggs should be broken ever since then—for six and thirty moons.

Reldresal had news from Blefuscu. He said they were planning to set a fleet of ships against Lilliput very soon. When the Emperor of Lilliput asked for my help, I agreed to do what I could.

I walked out to the northeast side of Lilliput. Through my glass, I could see the island of Blefuscu. Their fleet of ships was in the harbor, no

more than 800 yards away. I asked the Emperor for a large number of cables and bars of iron. The cable was the thickness of heavy thread. The iron bars were about the size of knitting needles. I attached the threads to the bars and twisted the ends of the bars into hooks.

Then I waded into the water. I swam about 30 yards until my feet could touch the bottom again. It took me less than half an hour to reach Blefuscu's harbor. When I waded up to their ships, the enemy was terrified. They jumped from their ships into the water.

I fastened my hooks to the prow of each ship and tied all the cables together. While I was at work, the enemy on shore shot several thousand arrows at my hands and face. My greatest worry was for my eyes. It was a good thing that I had remembered to bring my glasses with me. I put them on before any of their arrows could blind me.

I then cut loose the anchors of the ships and pulled them away with ease. Seeing this, the enemy set up a great cry of grief. I waded farther into the water until I was sure I was out of danger. Then I stopped and plucked the arrows out of my hands and face. I had to wait until the tide went back out

again before wading back toward Lilliput.

The Emperor and his men were waiting anxiously for me at the port of Lilliput. When the Emperor saw that I had captured most of the enemy fleet, he was delighted. As a reward, he gave me the title of *Nardac* on the spot. This was the highest title of honor in the land.

Unfortunately, however, capturing the enemy fleet was not enough for the Emperor. The truth was that he wanted to rule Blefuscu himself. His plan was to kill all the Big Endian exiles. Then he wanted to force everyone to break their eggs at the smaller end whether they wanted to or not. But I could never take part in bringing a free and brave people into slavery—so I refused to help him.

The Emperor could not forgive me for this. He and some of his men began to plot against me.



Home to England

I had been planning a visit to the Emperor of Blefuscu when I heard about the plot against me in Lilliput. A nobleman visited me in secret one night. He told me I would soon be accused of treason by the Emperor of Lilliput.

First of all, I had refused to help the Emperor conquer Blefuscu. Second, I had refused to kill the Big Endian exiles. Also, I would not kill anyone on Blefuscu who refused to become a Small Endian.

It was also charged that my planned visit to Blefuscu was actually a secret plot. They thought I was going there to help the Emperor of Blefuscu mount an attack on Lilliput.

My secret visitor said that many of the Emperor's men wanted me killed. Some wanted to set fire to my house at night. A general suggested that 20,000 of his men should shoot me with poisoned arrows. Another suggestion was to have

my servants put poisonous juice on my shirts and sheets. As the poison entered my body, it would make me tear my own flesh. I would die a terrible death indeed.

But, my visitor said, the Emperor was merciful. He said he would not have me put to death, but only blinded. This would not take away my strength, and I would still be useful to the kingdom.

When the visiting nobleman finally said goodbye, I was left with many doubts and fears. Perhaps because of my education, I am not a good judge of such things. But I could not see any mercy in being blinded.

I thought of fighting. I could easily destroy the Emperor's city by throwing stones at it. But I soon rejected that plan. I remembered my promises to the Emperor, and I also thought about the title of *Nardac* that he had given me.

At last I decided to leave Lilliput and visit the Emperor of Blefuscu. I waded and swam across to the island. The Emperor and Empress there greeted me kindly. They were very generous, though I missed having a house and bed.

Three days after my arrival, I saw a very large overturned boat floating near the shore. I asked

the Emperor to lend me 20 of his tallest ships. Though he had lost most of his fleet, he still had many ships. I was also given 3,000 sailors to help me and plenty of rope. I swam out and tied the ropes to the front of the boat. Then the Blefuscu sailors pulled the boat and I pushed it from behind. Finally, we got it back to the island.

I shall not trouble the reader with the many difficulties I had making paddles. But soon the big boat was ready to use.

About this time the Emperor of Blefuscu received a message from Lilliput. The message was a direct order from the Emperor. It said that I must be tied hand and foot and sent back to Lilliput. There, I would be punished as a traitor.

The Emperor of Blefuscu replied that he could not bind me. Even though I had captured his fleet, I had done much to make peace between Blefuscu and Lilliput. He also went on to say that both kingdoms would soon be free of worry. I had found a huge boat and would be leaving soon.

Privately, the Emperor of Blefuscu offered to protect me if I would serve him. But I had decided to no longer put my trust in rulers. Also, I did not want to be an object of disagreement between the



two kingdoms. Since fortune had given me a boat, I would set out to sea at once.

With the Emperor's generous help, I loaded the boat with food. I took the meat of 100 oxen and 300 sheep. I had a large amount of bread and drink as well. I also took with me six live cows and bulls and six ewes and rams. My plan was to take them to my own country and breed them.

I finally left Blefuscu on the 24th of September, 1701. On my second day at sea I saw a ship. I came toward her until she saw me and fired a gun. But then she let go her sails and allowed me to catch

up to her. My heart leaped when I saw the English flag on her mast! I put my cows and sheep in my coat pockets and climbed onboard.

The captain was very kind to me. He asked me what place I came from and where I was going. When I told him, he thought the dangers I had been in had disturbed my head. Then I took the cattle and sheep out of my pocket. He was astonished by their small size. After that, he believed my story.

I shall not trouble the reader with the story of the voyage. For the most part, it was fine. In fact, I had only one stroke of bad luck. The rats on board carried away one of my sheep. I found her bones buried in a hole, picked clean. But the rest of my animals got home safely.

Once I was back in England, I made a great deal of money showing my animals to persons of quality. Before I began my second trip, I prospered again by selling them for 600 pounds.

As it happened, however, I stayed in England only two months with my wife, my daughter Betty, and my son Johnny. My great desire to see foreign countries would let me stay no longer. I left 1,500 pounds with my wife, and bought her a good house.

Knowing that my family was well taken care of,

I then said goodbye. There were tears on both sides. This time I set sail on board a ship called the *Adventure*. We were bound for Surat.



The Land of the Giants

I departed from England on June 20, 1702. We had a good voyage until we passed the Straits of Madagascar. There we were suddenly blown off course by strong winds. When the winds stopped, we were carried even farther by a monsoon.

Finally the weather cleared. But by then even the most experienced sailor on board could not tell where we were. We had enough food, but we were in great need of water.

Eventually we spotted land. We dropped anchor and went on shore in the long boat. I was walking alone, searching for water on the shore, when I saw the long boat leaving. The sailors seemed to be rowing as fast as they could back toward the ship. I was about to call out to them when I saw a giant man coming after them through the water! Each of his steps covered a huge distance, but the men in the boat were well ahead of him. Also, the water

there was full of sharp, pointed rocks.

I was very frightened. I did not wait to see if the men in the long boat escaped the monster. I ran as fast as I could in the other direction. For a long time I followed a narrow dirt path until I came to a field of corn. The towering plants there rose at least 40 feet in the air!

A group of workers were in the field. These men were as huge as the fellow who went after our boat. I saw that it was harvest time, and they were cutting the corn. I heard them calling to each other in voices like thunder. I could not understand their language. I kept away from them as well as I could. Then I found myself blocked by a stack of corn plants laid out on the ground. I could not get over this solid wall of corn; I was trapped. The workers were coming closer and closer, cutting the corn.

I was so frightened and exhausted I fell to the ground. I was sure it was the end of me. I thought of my poor widow and fatherless children. How foolish I had been to go on another voyage!

One of the workers was very close. With his next step I knew I would be squashed! I screamed as loudly as fear could make me. The huge man stopped and looked around. At last he glanced

down and saw me. He picked me up and held me. I was 60 feet above the ground! I decided not to struggle for fear of the long drop if I should slip through his fingers.

After studying me for a few minutes, he put me gently in his coat pocket and took me to his master, a farmer. The man called his workers around him and gently put me on the ground. I bowed low. Then, as loudly as I could, I spoke some friendly words in several languages. But it was clear that they did not understand me.

The farmer wrapped me carefully in his handkerchief and took me to his house. There he called out to his wife and showed me to her. She screamed and jumped back. It was just the way women in England act when they see a toad or a spider! But she became used to me very quickly.

It was about noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was an enormous dish of meat, about 24 feet in diameter. The family sat at the table. In all, there were six of them—the farmer and his wife, three children, and a grandmother.

The wife put out a bit of meat and bread for me. I made a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and began to eat. This delighted everyone.

As I was walking toward the farmer to get more food, the youngest boy grabbed me. He held me high in the air. But his father snatched me from the boy's rough hands. He gave the boy a box in the ears that would have knocked down a horse. Then he ordered his son to leave the table.

I was afraid the boy might want to get even with me later. So I fell on my knees and pointed to the boy. I made signs to show that he should be forgiven. Seeming to understand, the father let his son come back to the table. I went over to the lad and tenderly kissed his hand. Then the father took his son's hand in his and showed him how to stroke me gently with it.

In the middle of dinner, I heard a loud humming noise. The wife's cat had jumped into her lap and was purring. I was afraid of the animal—which seemed to be three times larger than an ox! But the cat took no notice of me.

When dinner was over, I was very tired. Noticing this, the farmer's wife put me on her bed. I slept for about two hours, dreaming of my family. When I woke, I felt very sad. I was alone in the huge room, on a bed about 20 yards wide.

As I lay there wondering what to do next, two

rats crawled up on the bed. They ran toward me. I drew my sword just as they attacked me on both sides. One of them held his front feet to my collar, but I ripped up his belly before he could hurt me. He fell dead at my feet. The other rat turned to run away. But I gave him a slashing wound in the back before he escaped.

The farmer's wife came in the bedroom and saw that I was all bloody. She ran up and took me up in her hand. But I pointed to the dead rat and made other signs to tell her that I was not hurt. She was very happy to see I had not been injured.

The farmer had a daughter, nine years old. That night, she made up a comfortable doll's cradle for me to sleep in. It was put on a hanging shelf to keep me away from the rats. This was my bed all the time I stayed with the farmer's family.

This daughter was handy with a needle. While I was there, she sewed seven shirts for me and made it her business to wash them regularly. She also taught me their language. I called her my *Glumdalclitch*, or "little nurse."

Somehow the news spread that the farmer had found a strange little animal who could walk and talk. A neighbor suggested to the farmer that he

could make some money by putting me on display. He decided to do it on market day.

When market day arrived, I was taken to an inn at a nearby town. There I was placed on a table so everyone could see me. A good price was charged for tickets to the show. I was grateful for the hospitality of the farmer and his family. So I walked about and answered questions that Glumdalclitch asked me. I showed my sword in some fencing exercises and drank to everyone's health. Only 30 people were allowed to see me at a time, so I was shown over and over again that day. When it was over I was half-dead from exhaustion.

While I was being shown off, the farmer let no one touch me except Glumdalclitch. Benches were set around the table to keep anyone from coming too close. One gawking boy, however, aimed a hazelnut at me, which almost hit my head. It would have certainly knocked out my brains if it had struck me. That hazelnut was as large as a pumpkin! I was happy to see that the boy was beaten and turned out of the room.

The next market day the farmer showed me until I could hardly stand. I was making so much money for him, he decided to take me on a tour of

the largest cities in the kingdom. As we traveled around, Glumdalclitch carried me on a horse. I sat in a special box she had lined with soft cloth.

The more money I made for the farmer, the more often he put me on display. For a long time we traveled from city to city. Finally we arrived at Lorbrulgrud, where the king and queen lived. By then I was almost a skeleton. The farmer could see how weak I was. Thinking that I would probably die soon, he was determined to exhibit me as often as possible before that happened.

5

In the Royal Court

While the farmer was planning another long tour, the queen ordered him to bring me to her. Somehow she had gotten word of the strange little man who was visiting her kingdom. She had made up her mind to see my beauty, good behavior, and good sense for herself.

When I was brought to meet her, the queen was delighted with me. In fact she purchased me from the farmer for 1,000 pieces of gold. When I asked if Glumdalclitch might stay with me as my nurse, the queen readily agreed. The young girl could not hide her joy.

The queen commanded her cabinetmaker to make me a bedroom to suit my size. In three weeks, he finished it. The room was 16 feet square, with windows, a door, and two closets. It was quilted on all sides so I would not be accidentally jolted around or injured. Later I was given a smaller

box for traveling. This one was about 12 feet square. It was fitted with rings that attached to a servant's belt.

Before long the queen became so fond of my company that she would not dine without me. She had a special table made that sat on top of hers, along with a chair for me to sit on. The queen had a weak stomach and could only eat a little at a time. On most days, she would daintily crunch the wing of a lark between her teeth—though it was nine times as large as a turkey!

The king also enjoyed long talks with me. He asked me all about the customs and government in Europe. I answered him as best I could. But perhaps I said too much about our politics, our wars, and our arguments over religion. For what I told him gave him a fit of laughter. To him, we seemed like fierce little insects. He said that we copied humans by making little nests we called houses and clustering them in cities. There in our little nests we loved and fought, argued and cheated, and betrayed each other. Such talk made my face turn red. But I did not argue with the king.

Nothing, however, made me angrier than the queen's dwarf. He was the smallest person in that

country—something less than 30 feet tall. When he discovered a person smaller than himself, he became very insolent. To defend myself I would match his insults and challenge him to wrestle. One day at dinner he picked me up and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream. If I had not been a good swimmer it might have gone very hard for me. The only damage, though, was to my clothes.

The queen was furious. She had the dwarf whipped, and forced him to drink the cream. Eventually, the queen gave the dwarf as a gift to a woman of quality. But before he left, the dwarf made a great deal of mischief for me.

Another time at the table, the dwarf watched while the queen knocked the marrow out of a bone. Then, when no one was looking, he squeezed my legs together and stuffed me into the bone. No one noticed what had happened. I was stuck in there for some time. No doubt I looked quite ridiculous!

The queen sometimes made fun of me because I was so often afraid. She asked if the people of my country were as cowardly as myself. My fear of flies amused her. But when I sat at dinner, they buzzed about my ears—and they were as large as larks! Sometimes, to frighten me, the dwarf would let



loose several flies in front of my nose. My solution was to cut them to pieces with my knife.

Another time I was eating a sweet cake when I was attacked by wasps. I was in terror of their stings, but I had the courage to draw my sword and fight. I killed four of them, though the rest got away. I removed their stingers, which I kept and brought back to England with me.

I could have lived happily in that country if my smallness had not put me in the way of danger so often. One day while the dwarf was still with us, he followed me into the garden. I was standing under

an apple tree when he shook it—right over my head! A dozen apples, each one as large as a barrel, came falling down around my ears! One glanced off my back. Another knocked me flat on my face. But I received no other hurt from the dwarf.

Another day, a sudden shower of hailstones struck me to the ground. I was so banged and bruised I could not get out of bed for 10 days.

A more dangerous accident happened when the gardener's dog picked me up in his teeth. I was naturally terrified. But by good fortune, the dog had been well taught. He very gently brought me to his master. My clothes were not even torn.

The queen had often heard me speak of my voyages at sea. She decided that a boat might be good entertainment for me. She had a workman make me a boat along with a trough to sail it in. I would row the boat, or the queen and her ladies would give me a gale with their fans.

Once, however, a frog got into the trough and climbed onto my boat. It hopped from one end to the other, covering me with its awful slime. I banged it with my oar until it finally leaped away.

But the greatest danger I met with in that kingdom was from a monkey. I was in my larger

box when he entered the room and saw me. I was so frightened I did not think to hide under the bed. I tried to avoid his paw, but he grabbed my coat and dragged me out. He held me like a baby. When I struggled to escape, however, he squeezed me so hard I thought I had better keep still.

Then the monkey leaped up to the window, hopped out, and climbed up to the roof. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek when she saw me in his paw. In a moment, the palace was in an uproar. Servants ran for ladders. Hundreds more people watched as the monkey sat on the edge of the building, dangling me in his paw.

The monkey took food from his cheeks and crammed it into my mouth. The people below could not help laughing, and I suppose I could not blame them. I am sure the sight was ridiculous to everyone but me.

Several men started climbing the ladders. Seeing that he was almost surrounded, the monkey placed me on the edge of the building and made his escape. So there I was—some 500 yards from the ground! At any moment I expected to fall forward from dizziness, or be blown down by the wind. But finally a good-hearted lad climbed up,

put me in his pocket, and brought me down safely.

I had almost been choked by the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat. And I was so weak and bruised that I had to stay in bed for two weeks! The monkey was killed for his evil prank. Then the king and queen gave an order that no such animal would be kept around the palace.

For many days afterward, the king teased me about my adventure with the monkey. I was not amused. Every time he mentioned it, I gave him a fierce look and took hold of my sword. I said if I had thought of fighting, I could have given the monkey quite a wound. But the king only laughed.



Rescue at Sea

The king continued to be curious about England, and it was a pleasure to tell him about my home. I told him more about our government and customs. He was especially puzzled by our many wars. He thought we must be a very quarrelsome people—or that we had very bad neighbors!

The king was amazed when I told him our history of the last century. To him it was nothing but a long list of murders and plots. He said that our history showed the worst effects of greed, lying, cruelty, rage, madness, hate, and envy. He took me in his hands and stroked me gently. Then he said words I shall never forget: that we English were the nastiest race of miniature pests that had ever crawled on the Earth.

Of course, one must make allowances for a king who had never been out of his own country. His lack of knowledge was easy to understand.

Naturally, it would make him prejudiced against the customs of other lands!

But I could hardly bear to hear my beloved country insulted. So I told him about one of our country's greatest products—gunpowder. I described how its power could force metal balls through iron tubes. The largest balls, called cannon balls, could make a noise louder than thunder and could kill a dozen men at once! Cannon balls, I boasted, could batter walls to the ground, rip up pavement, and tear houses to pieces. They dashed out the brains of all who came near.

Then I made a generous offer to the king. I said I knew how to make gunpowder. The ingredients were cheap. With gunpowder, the king could destroy any town or city that did not obey him. I offered to make him some.

The king was struck with horror at my offer. He was amazed that a little insect like me could have such evil thoughts. Gunpowder, he said, was invented by an enemy of mankind. If I valued my life, I must never mention gunpowder again.

I said nothing more, but I was sorry that he let such a chance slip by. He might have been the master of *many* kingdoms!

The king had plans for me. The ship in which I had sailed was the first that had visited his land. If another ship ever landed, the king had laid out strict orders: the passengers and crew should be brought to him immediately. He hoped to find a female of my size and breed me. But I could not bear the thought that my children would be kept in cages like tame birds. I would rather have died.

The king and queen always treated me with great kindness. But I had no dignity. I longed to be with people who treated me as an equal. I wanted to walk on the streets without fear of being stepped on. And I could not forget the family I had left behind me. Always I had the strong feeling I would be free one day. But I had no plan or even any real hope of leaving the country.

My escape, however, came sooner than I dared to dream—and in a very strange manner!

I had been in this country two years when the king and queen took me on a trip to the coast. By the time we arrived, Glumdalclitch and I were very tired. I had a small cold, but the poor girl was so ill she had to stay in her room. I longed to see the ocean. This would be my only possible route of escape, if it should even happen.

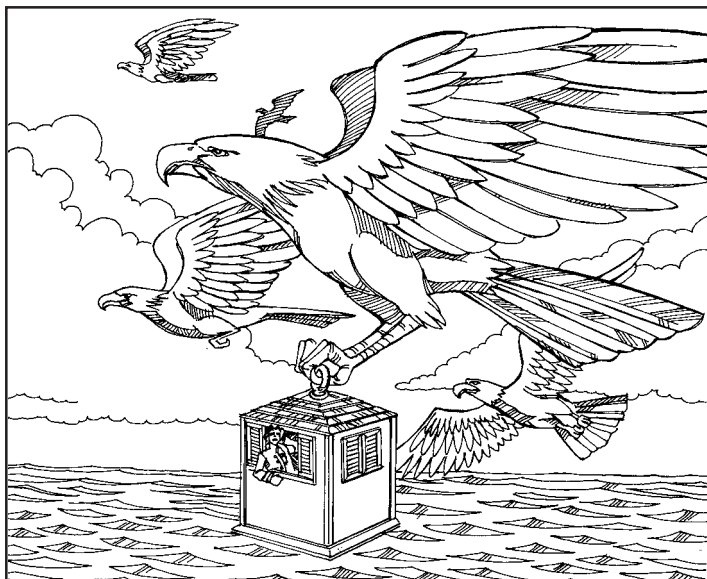
I asked a page to take me to the seashore. Glumdalclitch seemed very unhappy to see me go anywhere without her. She burst into tears. It was as if she somehow knew that she was about to lose me forever.

The page took me from my box for the half-hour walk toward the seashore. But I said that I wanted a nap and ordered him to set me down. I got inside my box, shut the window, and fell asleep.

I can only guess that the young page wandered off to look for birds' eggs. He must have thought it would be safe to leave me for a moment.

I was rudely awakened by a sudden pull at the ring at the top of my box. Then I felt the box raised high in the air. Out the window, I could see nothing but clouds and sky. Over my head, I heard the sound of flapping wings. My whole body trembled in fear. I thought that an eagle must have my box in his beak! I was sure he was planning to drop the box on the rocks. Then he would pick out my body and eat it.

In a little time I heard the noise and flutter of many wings. The box was being tossed about like a loose storefront sign on a windy day. I heard several bangs against the wall. Then, suddenly, I was falling



so fast that I almost lost my breath.

My fall was stopped by a deafening splash. To my ears it sounded louder than the Niagara waterfall! Everything around me was dark for a moment, but then my box rose up to the light. I had fallen into the sea! I guessed that the eagle had been chased by two or three other birds and was forced to let me drop.

I had no one to help me. How I wished I was with my dear Glumdalclitch! Yet as sad as I was for myself, I felt truly awful for her. I knew how she would suffer for losing me. I also knew how

unhappy the queen would be with her.

Fortunately my box was very well made. Water oozed in from several corners, but the leaks were small. Yet even if I did not drown, before long I would surely die from cold and hunger. For four hours, I thought about my death, fearing that every moment would be my last.

Suddenly I heard a scraping noise on one side of the box. Then it seemed that the box was being pulled through the waves. I called for help as loudly as I could—but just then the box struck something hard. I heard a noise like a moving cable, and then felt the box being lifted into the air. Again I called out for help. In answer, I heard a great shout. You cannot believe the joy I felt. It was a voice speaking in English!

Thinking I must be aboard a ship, I called out to ask if one of the crew could put my box in the captain's cabin. Some of the sailors laughed. They thought I must be joking—or mad. It never came into my head that I was among people of my own size and strength!

The ship's carpenter came and sawed a passage in the box so I could climb out. The amazed sailors asked me a thousand questions. I was very puzzled

by seeing all these tiny men. After all, I had lived among giants for two years!

The captain took me to his cabin and told me to rest. I slept for some hours, dreaming about the dangers I had escaped. When I awoke, I told the captain of my journey. At first he thought my brain must be disturbed. But I was finally able to convince him that I was telling the truth.

When I finished my story, I showed him some of the objects I had taken from the country of the giants. There was a comb I had made from bits of the king's beard. The back of another comb was made from a piece of the queen's fingernail. I had a collection of needles and pins that ranged from a foot to half a yard long. I also had four wasp stingers—and a gold ring from the queen's little finger. She had thrown it over my head like a collar.

I offered the ring to the captain, but he refused. All he would take was a single tooth, which was about a foot long.

When we arrived home, the English people seemed like the most miserable little creatures I had ever seen! I looked at everything with a sort of wonder, trying not to laugh. The dishes seemed to be the size of coins. A leg of pork looked like a

scanty mouthful. I was continually amazed at the smallness of the houses and trees, the cattle and people. Even my own family seemed strangely tiny to me. My own behavior was so odd that everyone thought I had lost my wits.

It took many weeks, but my family and friends and I finally came to a right understanding. My wife, however, insisted that I must never go to sea again.



An Island in the Sky

I had been home only two months when my friend Captain William Robinson came to my house. Robinson was captain of a 300-ton ship called the *Hopewell*. He invited me to be the ship's doctor on a two-month voyage to the East Indies.

I could not say no—for in spite of everything, I still had a thirst for seeing the world! It took some time to persuade my wife, but at last she agreed that I might go. She knew that a voyage would mean money for the family.

The *Hopewell* sailed for eight months, arriving at Tonquin. While the captain waited to buy goods there, he sent me off with some of the crew for a short trip on another ship. I was to sell our cargo at nearby islands and then return to Tonquin.

We had been gone only three days when a great storm drove us away from the islands. Then, when the storm was finally over, we were chased by two

pirate ships! Our ship was so heavy with goods that the pirates easily overtook us.

They came on board and tied us up. I noticed that one of the pirates was a Dutchman. Since I knew some Dutch words, I spoke to him. I pointed out that our countries were neighbors and allies. I said we were both Protestant Christians. For these good reasons, I begged him for mercy.

But my plea only made him angry. He turned to another pirate and spoke in Japanese.

The captain of the largest pirate ship was Japanese. He spoke to me kindly in Dutch. I would not be put to death, he promised.

I politely bowed to the Japanese captain. Then I told the Dutchman something I soon regretted. I said that I was disappointed to find less mercy in a fellow Christian than in a heathen.

The Dutchman was furious. He talked the pirates into punishing me. In a short while I was set off the ship to drift alone in a canoe. They gave me a little food and water. The rest of my crew were divided between the pirate ships.

As I paddled off, the Dutchman shook his fist and swore at me. But once I was some distance from the pirates, I discovered several islands in my

pocket-glass. In about three hours, I reached the closest little island. The surface of the land there was all rocky, but I found many birds' eggs. These I roasted for my supper.

The next day I reached another island. And from there I went on to a third and then a fourth. On the fifth day, I reached the last and largest island. There were birds' eggs here, too—but it was an empty, barren place. It seemed impossible that I could stay alive for long here. I walked among the rocks, tired and terribly sad.

All at once the sun was covered—as if by an enormous cloud. I looked up and saw a great solid object moving along in the air. It appeared to be about two miles long. As I watched, the object floated lower and lower until it was almost parallel to the hill I stood on. Now I could see that the object was actually a floating island!

I could see people moving around on it. Again, my natural love of life filled me with joy. In spite of myself, I began to hope. I waved my cap and shouted out with all the strength I had.

More and more people gathered. They called out in clear voices in a language that sounded something like Italian. Somehow the island was

moved closer to me, and a chain with a seat at the bottom was let down. I sat down on it and was drawn up by pulleys.

When I reached the island and stepped out of the chair, a crowd surrounded me. Never have I seen an odder-looking people! Their heads all leaned left or right. One of their eyes turned inward, the other up to the sky. Their clothes were decorated with suns, moons, and stars, fiddles, flutes, harps, trumpets, and other instruments!

Sometimes I saw a servant gently hitting one of the people with a bladder fastened to a short stick. Later, I learned that these people are often lost in deep thought. It was their custom to hire servants to hit them from time to time—to help them remember to speak or listen.

I was led to the royal palace. There, the king sat on his throne. Persons of quality flanked him on each side. Two servants were told to wait on me, and quickly brought me dinner. There was mutton cut into a triangle and beef cut into a rhomboid. We also had ducks in the form of fiddles, sausages molded like flutes, and veal chops shaped like harps. Even the bread was cut into cones, cylinders, and other mathematical figures.

After dinner, a person was sent to teach me their language. With the help of my good memory, I learned many words in a few days. In a month, I could speak their language fairly well.

The king let me explore the island, which was called Laputa, in the company of my teacher. I learned that there was a large magnet in the center of the island. The island was moved by pointing its positive or negative pole in the direction of a neighboring island.

If any town on the mainland rebelled, the king had two ways to get it back under control. The first was to float Laputa over the town, so sun and rain could not touch it. The people on Laputa could also throw down a shower of stones. But if a town still rebelled, he had a plan. He could let Laputa drop down upon it, crushing houses and men.

The king, however, had never ordered such a terrible action. For if the town had any large rocks or towers, their sharp points and edges could easily damage the bottom of the island.

Once the city of Lindalino rebelled. The townspeople had built four towers of rock and set magnets in them. When the floating island came down to crush Lindalino, it was nearly captured.

After this, the king was forced to let the people in that rebellious city do as they liked.

I was well treated on Laputa—but I could never have been happy there. The people there had no curiosity for any subject but mathematics and music. They knew far more about these subjects than I did, so they thought very little of me.

For my part, I was tired of them and very much wished to leave.



Touring the Academy

I took polite leave of the king of Laputa, and he graciously set me down on the island of Balnibarbi. There, my guide was a lord named Munodi. My heart fell as he showed me around the island. I had never seen such poor barren farms, such badly built houses, or such desperately poor people!

When we came to Munodi's own land, however, all was beautiful. There were neatly built farmer's houses, fine fields of corn, lush vineyards, and meadows. Munodi sighed. He said that people on Balnibarbi made fun of him because he managed his land so poorly!

He explained that some 40 years ago a group of Balnibarbi's inventors had visited Laputa. They returned with many wonderful plans for Balnibarbi. The only problem was that none of these plans had worked. So the country lay in waste. The houses were in ruins and the people were without food or

clothes. As for Munodi, he had no spirit for the new ideas. So he had stuck to the proven methods of his ancestors.

Munodi had tried *one* new project, however. That was to build a mill where the water would run both uphill and downhill. Unfortunately, the plan was a failure.

A few days later, we left Munodi's home and traveled back to town. There I was allowed to visit the grand Academy—where wonderful ideas were being developed! A guide took me through many different rooms and showed me the inventors' projects.

The first man I met had soot all over his hands and face. His clothes were scorched and singed. I learned that his project had been to extract sunbeams from cucumbers. He had been working on it for eight years. In another eight years he was sure that he would succeed.

Next we met a man who was trying to make ice into gunpowder.

Yet another man we visited seemed to be a clever architect indeed. He had an amazing plan for building houses from the roof down. This method, he pointed out, was already being used successfully by bees and spiders!



In another room, a man had found a method of using hogs to prepare the ground for planting. This would save the expense of plows, cattle, and human labor. The method was this: In an acre of ground you bury acorns, dates, and other vegetables that the pigs are fond of. Then you let 600 pigs into the field. In a few days, the field will be rooted up and fit for planting seed.

I went into another room where the walls and ceiling were hung all over with cobwebs. The artist at work there warned me not to disturb the webs. He told me it was a terrible waste to use silkworms

to make cloth. After all, we had plenty of insects here at home. His plan was to use spiders instead of silkworms. He showed me some beautifully colored flies. Once the spiders ate the flies, they would make wonderfully colored webs.

Then I found myself suffering a small fit of colic, so my guide led me to a great doctor. His cure for this ailment was to blow air into the patient's body with bellows. I saw him try the experiment on a dog—who died on the spot—so I politely refused this treatment. When we left, the doctor was trying to bring the dog back to life with the same method!

I then visited rooms where different learning methods were being tested. One teacher mixed words from different languages together and collected them into sentences. Another taught mathematics by writing problems on wafers. The students were supposed to eat the wafers on an empty stomach. That way, the problem would be digested and soon make its way to the brain. But the students found that the wafers made them sick. They spit them out before they could do any good.

Last of all, I visited the teachers of politics. These foolish people seemed to have completely lost their wits. They felt their kings should give

power to men who were wise, good, and intelligent!

But not all of the teachers in Balnibarbi were fools. One of them had a plan to cure the weak memories of rulers. This would be accomplished by tweaking their noses, kicking their bellies, stepping on their corns, and running pins into the seat of their pants!

I found nothing in this country that made me want to stay. I began to think of returning to England.

From Glubbubdrib to Luggnagg

I made plans to sail toward home, stopping first at the island of Luggnagg. Then I learned that no ships would be sailing for Luggnagg for another month. I decided to pass the time with a trip to the little island of Glubbubdrib.

The word *Glubbubdrib*, as near as I can tell, means “the island of sorcerers or magicians.” The governor of the island is able to call up people from the dead.

When I first entered the governor’s palace, I saw ghosts dressed as guards standing in the hall. These creatures made my flesh creep. As I went inside, there were ghost-servants everywhere. Seeing my alarm, the governor assured me that they would do me no harm.

Then the governor ordered me to call up persons from the dead. He said I might call up any person I chose and ask him questions. He assured

me that I would hear nothing but the truth. In the lower world, he said, lying was a useless talent.

What I learned from the dead made me disgusted. A general told me he had won a battle only because he had been a coward. An admiral said that he had been about to betray his fleet when he beat his enemy by mistake! Kings of three different countries all told me they had been strict about one thing—never giving power to any person who deserved it.

I learned that the world has been fooled by lying writers. They gave the greatest glory in war to cowards! They put villains in the highest places of trust! They let innocent persons be put to death!

Finally, the day of departure came. I gladly took leave of the governor of Glubbdubdrib and sailed for Luggnagg.

Two days after I arrived, the king of Luggnagg gave me an appointment to see him. I was let into the throne room and ordered to get down on my belly. Then I was made to crawl toward the king, licking the floor. Since I was a stranger, the floor was cleaned for me. But before a known enemy could enter, piles of dust were thrown on the floor! One day in Luggnagg I saw a man with his mouth

so crammed with dust that he could not speak!

If the king wished to put one of his nobles to death, he did so in a merciful way. The floor was sprinkled with a certain brown powder that would kill him within 24 hours. Just after such an event, the servants were under strict orders to clean the floor very carefully.

The people of Luggnagg, however, were polite and friendly—even to strangers. I had many good talks with people of quality. One day a gentleman asked me if I had met any of their immortals. I said I had not. He told me that once in a great while a child who lived forever was born on the island.

I told him that this must be a happy nation. Every child had a chance of being immortal!

The gentleman shook his head and then gave me a smile of pity. He wanted to know what *I* would do if I had been born immortal.

My answer was this: First I would try by all methods possible to become rich. If I managed my money well, I might become the richest man in the kingdom in about 200 years. Second, I would study arts and sciences from my earliest years. In time, I would pass all others in learning. Last of all, I would carefully record every action and important event

that happened. I would write down every change in customs, languages, fashion, diet, and entertainment. In that way, I would be a living treasury of knowledge.

As an immortal, I would have the pleasure of seeing great changes. I would see small villages become the seat of kings. I would see famous rivers become shallow brooks. I would see the great ocean leave one coast dry only to swallow up another. I would witness the discovery of new countries and see the discovery of longitude, as well as discoveries in astronomy and medicine.

When I finished my speech, the gentleman laughed loudly. He said that immortals were not what I thought. They had all the bad health and foolishness of old men. Since they could never die, they were very unhappy. They could hardly remember anything they had learned in their youth or middle age. Since language is always changing, any immortal over 200 years old could not understand a word that was said. They had to live like foreigners in their own country.

When I finally met some of these immortals, they were the saddest sight I ever saw. No one could invent a worse death than the endless lives

of these eternally unhappy people!

The king often asked me to stay in Luggnagg and take some kind of job. But my mind was fixed on returning home. At last, he gave up and allowed me to take my leave. But before I left, he gave me a letter to show the Emperor of Japan, 44 large pieces of gold, and a red diamond.

When I arrived in Japan, I was treated with great respect because of the letter. The Emperor of Japan was very kind to me. After my visit he ordered his troops to escort me safely to a departing ship.

From Japan, I sailed to Amsterdam. Nothing happened worth mentioning on this voyage. We lost only three men because of sickness. A fourth man died by falling from a mast into the sea. From Amsterdam, I soon set sail for England.

On April 11, 1710, I landed in England. I had been gone five years and six months. I sold the diamond for 400 pounds. Then I went straight to my home and found my wife and family in good health.

10 With the Talking Horses

I stayed in England with my wife and children about five months. I should have been happy at home. But I never knew when I was well off. By the time I left, my poor wife was growing big with child. But it was time to sail away again.

This time I had a very good offer. I would be the captain of a ship called the *Adventure*.

We set off on September 7, 1710. All went well for a while. My troubles began when several of my crew members died of fever. I had to stop at Barbados to get new men. But before long, the new seamen I had hired turned the others against me. Along with the rest of the crew, they took over the ship. They locked me in my cabin for several weeks.

When the *Adventure* landed at last, the mutineers brought me from the cabin and set me on shore. When I asked what country it was, they swore they did not know any more than I. Then



they sailed away with the outgoing tide, and left me there alone.

I walked along fields of grass and oats. After wandering aimlessly for some time, I saw a group of strange looking animals. Their heads and chests were covered with hair and a stiff ridge of hair was growing down their backs. The rest of their bodies were bare. In all my travels, I had never seen such unpleasant looking creatures.

I walked on, but one of the animals came up to me. The ugly thing lifted its paw. I drew my sword and gave him a blow with the side of the blade.

The beast roared, and a herd of at least 40 of them came running. I backed up to a tree and fought them off as best I could.

Then suddenly, they all ran away as if in fear. A gray horse and a brown one walked softly up to me. They looked at me with wonder. I reached out and stroked the gray's neck, but this gesture seemed to offend him.

The two horses neighed in various tones and syllables as if they were talking to one another. I thought I heard the word *Yahoo* repeated several times. At last the gray signaled that I should follow him. Wondering who might be the master of these amazing beasts, I was glad to do so. But I soon learned that the *horses* were the masters!

After a moment, we came to a long wooden building with a straw-covered roof. Five horses were gathered inside a large room.

The horses were sitting down, which amazed me—but I was even more amazed to see that they seemed to be talking to one another!

The gray led me to another room. There, a good-looking mare, accompanied by a colt and a foal, sat on mats of straw. The mare looked at me with scorn and neighed. Once more I thought I

heard them say the word *Yahoo*.

The gray horse then led me out to a building far from the house. Inside were three of the ugly beasts I had met before, tied by a rope to a beam. They were feeding on roots and fleshy hunks of some animal, which they held in their claws.

The gray called a servant, a sorrel nag, to untie one of the beasts. The beast and I were brought close together and the two horses compared us. Again I heard the word *Yahoo*. I was filled with surprise and horror to realize that this strange looking animal had a perfect human figure! Only the extra hair and long nails made us different.

Of course—because of my clothes—the horses could not see how alike our bodies were. The sorrel nag offered me a root, which he held between his hoof and pastern. I gave it back as politely as I could. He then offered me a piece of animal flesh. It smelled so rotten I had to turn away from it. He then offered me hay and oats, but I shook my head.

It seemed that I might starve in this country! Then I saw a cow, and I made signs that I might milk her. This had its effect. The gray led me to a room where there was a good, clean store of milk. The mare's servant gave me a large bowl, and I

drank and drank until I had had my fill.

While the family was at dinner, I learned the words for oats, milk, fire, water, and some other things. After dinner I made a sort of oat cake. The food was very plain—but it kept me healthy for the three years I stayed there. I also ate herbs and salads. Sometimes I caught a rabbit or bird as well.

The gray horse, who was master of the house, was very curious about me. He spent a great deal of time teaching me his language so I could tell him about myself. In a few months, I was able to explain how I came to his country.

I told him I had come over the sea from a distant place. I said that I had traveled in a vessel made from trees. It was hard for him to understand me. He said I must be mistaken—or that I was saying a thing which was not. (In their language, they have no word for lying.) He thought it was impossible that there was a country beyond the sea. Also, he could not believe that any beasts knew how to move a wooden vessel upon water.

Many Huoyhnhnms—for that was the name of horses in that place—came to visit my master. They, too, were very curious about me. After studying me carefully, they decided I was not really a Yahoo—

because of the coverings on my body.

One morning, however, the sorrel nag saw me without clothes when I was still asleep. He ran to the master, shaking his head in confusion.

I explained to the master that it was the custom of my people to wear outer layers of cloth. We covered ourselves against the weather, I told him, and also for the sake of decency. He did not understand this. He wondered why we would cover the bodies that nature had given us. He examined my pieces of clothing one by one, and then he looked at me closely. He said I would be a perfect Yahoo—except that I was hairless in certain parts, and that my skin was very white.

It upset me to be compared to such an animal. I asked him not to call me a Yahoo anymore. And I begged him to keep it a secret that the coverings on my body could be removed.

The Truth About Yahoos

In another talk with the gray horse, I told him that Yahoos were the masters in my country. I explained that the Houyhnhnms there were called *horses*. But I made sure to tell him that servants waited on them, rubbing their skins, serving their food, and making their beds.

I begged my master to excuse me from telling him more. But he insisted on knowing all I could tell him. So I told him that horses were put to all kinds of hard work until they died. I described saddles and bridles and told him how English people rode on their horses' backs.

My master was shocked. He wondered how we *dared* to get on a Houyhnhnm's back! He was sure the lowest servant in his house would be able to shake off the strongest Yahoo. I said that our horses were trained from an early age to obey us. If they did not learn and obey, they were beaten.

This made my master very angry. He said that Yahoos alone must be gifted with reason in my country—for reason will always win over strength. Otherwise, the Houyhnhnms would certainly have overpowered such weak creatures as the Yahoos.

I described some of the history of England for my master, including tales of our many wars. He asked me why countries went to war with one another. I tried to explain that there were many reasons. Sometimes rulers wanted more land or more people to govern. A country might declare war because of different beliefs about religion. Or sometimes a country might declare war only because the enemy was too strong—or only because the enemy was too weak!

I said that English soldiers commanded a great deal of honor. This is because they are hired to kill as many of their own kind of creatures as they can.

My master was shocked. He said it was a good thing that nature did not give us long teeth or claws. Otherwise we might truly hurt one another.

I smiled at this. Then I told him about cannons, pistols, swords, and other weapons. I began to give him even more details of war and fighting—until he asked me to stop.

He said that although he despised the Yahoos of his country, he realized that their minds had no reason. They could not be blamed for their bad qualities. But he could scarcely believe that the Yahoos in my country were truly capable of reasoning. Otherwise, they would not act so savagely.

I then told my master about the use of money in my country. I said that when a Yahoo had a great store of money, he might buy whatever he wished. He could get the finest clothing. He could have the best houses and the greatest areas of fine land. He could enjoy the most costly meat and drink. Also, a wealthy man could have his choice of all the most beautiful females.

Yahoos felt they could never have enough money, yet only a few Yahoos were rich. Most people were forced to live miserably—working long hours every day for very little money. The rich Yahoos lived off the work of the poor.

My master said that all animals had a right to their share of what the earth provided. He wanted to know what these costly foods were, and why we wanted them. I told him of many different sorts of meats, and ways of fixing them. I described how we sent vessels to every part of the world for certain

kinds of food and drink. We did not send away our vessels because of basic needs like water. Instead we wanted special liquids that made us merry and put us out of our senses. As something of a little joke, I told my master that the whole globe of the earth must be gone around three times before a Yahoo of quality could get her breakfast!

My master said it must be a miserable country that could not provide enough food for its people. I replied that England could produce *three times* the food its people needed. The reason we sent away our vessels was to feed the luxury and vanity of the rich. Many of our people, however, had to make a living by begging, robbing, stealing, gambling, or lying.

My master had heard me speak of nobles, and now he thought that I must be such a person. After all, I was much cleaner and more pleasing to look at than his country's Yahoos. I was honored, but I told him my birth was of the lower sort. Noblemen in my country were bred into luxury and laziness. It is common for English noblemen to have weak, sickly bodies and pale skin. A healthy look is scorned by persons of quality.

It was hard for my fair-minded master to

understand the evils of Yahoos. The Houyhnhnms were such good creatures themselves, I decided that I wanted to be just like them.

I was very contented in this country. Unlike England, here there were no pickpockets, house-breakers, lawyers, idiots, politicians, or murderers.

Being so long with the Houyhnhnms, I picked up their habits of walking and talking. Even now my friends in England tell me that I sometimes trot like a horse.

S12

A Sad Farewell

I felt I was settled in this life. But one morning, my master sent for me much earlier than usual. He had been at a meeting with his fellow Houyhnhnms, and he had some bad news.

The Houyhnhnms knew that I was an unusually smart Yahoo. For that reason, some of them had become afraid that I would lead the other Yahoos against them and destroy their cattle.

The Houyhnhnms wanted my master to treat me like the other Yahoos—to tie me up. If he chose not to do this, he had promised to command me to swim back to my own country.

I was struck with a sharp stab of grief at my master's words. I felt I would rather die than return to the evil world of Yahoos.

My master was sad, too. He said that, for his part, he would have been happy to keep me with him as long as I lived. He offered to let me stay

two more months, so that I would have time to build a boat. The sorrel nag would help me.

So I built a sort of canoe, covered with the skins of dead Yahoos. The sails were made of skin also. Then, with a grieving heart, I said goodbye to my master. He gave me his hoof to kiss.

I set sail on a February morning. My master, his friends, and the sorrel nag watched from the shore until I was almost out of sight.

My plan was to find some small island and live there alone. All I wanted now was to enjoy my own thoughts, and to remember the goodness of the Houyhnhnms.

After many hours, I reached the coast of New-Holland. For three days I was alone there, living on shellfish. Fortunately, I soon found a creek with fresh water. Beyond that, I dared not explore too far, for I was unarmed.

On the fourth day, I accidentally *did* wander too far. I came upon 20 or 30 natives—every one of them stark naked—on a hill above me. They were men, women, and children gathered around a fire. When one of them saw me, I ran, and they came after me. I reached the canoe and shoved off. But before I could get far enough out to sea, one of

them pulled out a bow and shot an arrow. It wounded me deeply on the inside of my left knee. (I shall carry the mark to my grave.)

I was at a loss about what to do. I headed my boat north and then saw the sail of a ship. I sat there thinking for a while and then turned my boat around. I would rather trust myself to savages than European Yahoos. I drew my canoe as close as I could to the shore. Then I hid myself behind a huge stone near a creek.

The ship sailed close to the creek, and a boat was sent to get fresh water. By the time I saw the boat, however, it was too late. The sailors found me hiding flat on my face behind the stone!

Speaking to me in Portuguese, the men told me to get up. I tried to explain to them that I was only a poor Yahoo, banished from the Houyhnhnms. I begged them to leave me alone.

They thought I was very strange. They forced me to come with them to see the ship's captain. His name was Pedro de Mendez. He was a very polite and generous person. At first he did not believe my story. But after trying to trip me up in some part of it, he decided that it must be true.

I sailed with them. When we arrived at Lisbon,

he put me on a ship for England. Then the good Captain de Mendez took kind leave of me, and lent me 20 pounds.

On the December 5, 1715, I arrived home. My family received me with great surprise and joy. But I must admit that the sight of them filled me with hate and disgust.

As soon as I entered the house, my wife took me in her arms and kissed me. I had not been used to the touch of that awful animal for years. I fell into a faint for almost an hour.

At the time I am writing, it is five years since my return to England. For the first year, I could not stand to have my wife or children near me. I could not bear even the *smell* of them.

The first money I laid out was to buy two horses. I keep them in a good stable, and they have never known saddle or bridle. I talk with them at least four hours a day. They understand me fairly well.

So, gentle reader, I have given you a history of my travels for 16 years. All of it is true. I wish every traveler would swear to tell the truth before beginning to write of his travels.

Some people told me that I should have advised the government of the new lands I had found. After



all, whenever new lands are discovered by an Englishman, they belong to the King of England. But I doubt such countries as I have seen could be conquered very easily.

The Lilliputians are hardly worth sending out a fleet of costly warships. And I doubt it would be safe to attack the land of the giants. As for Laputa, I don't believe the English army would be comfortable with a floating island over their heads.

The Houyhnhnms, however, would be easy to fight. They are too reasonable and gentle to be warlike. They would not understand our intentions.

But instead of our army conquering them, I wish a number of them would come to Europe and teach us honesty, truth, and justice.

Here I must take leave of you, my readers, and return to my own home. Last week, I began to let my wife eat dinner with me. The smell of Yahoos still bothers me, however. That is why I always keep my nose stopped up with rue or tobacco.

I believe that, in time, Yahoos will not upset me so much. I am not in the least upset by a lawyer, a pickpocket, a fool, or a politician. But if I see someone who is full of pride, I lose my patience. And so, if any of you has even a bit of pride, I beg you—stay out of my sight.

Gulliver's Travels

JONATHAN SWIFT

“After the shipwreck, I washed ashore on the island of Lilliput. The creatures there looked human—but they were only about six inches tall!”

Lemuel Gulliver has bad luck at sea. A series of shipwrecks lands him in some unimaginable places. First, there's the land of the little people. Next, there's the fantastic flying island and the land of the giants. Last but not least, Gulliver visits a nation ruled by intelligent horses!

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