

SEPTEMBER 30th, 1659

I, poor miserable Robinson Crusoe, being shipwrecked during a dreadful storm in the offing¹, came on shore on this dismal², unfortunate island, [...] all the rest of the ship's company being drowned, and myself almost dead. [...] I had neither food, house, clothes, weapon, nor place to fly to; and in despair of any relief³, saw nothing but death before me – either that I should be devoured by wild beasts, murdered by savages, or starved to death for want of food. At the approach of night I slept in a tree, for fear of wild creatures; but slept soundly, though it rained all night.

OCTOBER 1st

10 In the morning I saw, to my great surprise, the ship had floated with the high tide⁴, and was driven on shore again much nearer the island; which as it was some comfort on one hand (for seeing her sit upright, and not broken in pieces, I hoped, [...] I might get on board, and get some food and necessaries out of her for my relief) [...]. I spent great part of this day in perplexing myself on these things; but at length, seeing the ship almost dry, I went upon the sand as near as
15 I could, and then swam on board. This day also it continued raining, though with no wind at all.

FROM THE 1st OF OCTOBER TO THE 24th

All these days entirely spent in many several voyages to get all I could out of the ship, which I brought on shore every tide of flood upon rafts⁵.

Robinson Crusoe, Daniel Defoe, 1719

¹ Au large

² dark

³ Soulagement

⁴ Marée haute

⁵ Radeaux