It was a long, hard journey. We had to cross the mountains between Spain and France in winter, and the snow was deep. Poor Friday was very afraid of the snow. In his country it was always hot, and he did not like cold weather.

When I came back to England, I felt like a stranger in the country. Many things were different, and not many people remembered me. I went home to York, but my father and mother were dead, and also my two brothers. I did find the two sons of one of my brothers. They were happy to learn that I was alive, and I was pleased to find some family.

After some months I decided to go down to Lisbon in Portugal. I had friends there who could help me to sell my land in Brazil, and I needed the money. Friday came with me. He was always a good and true friend to me. In Lisbon I found the Portuguese captain, who took me in his ship to Brazil, all those years ago. It was good to see him again, and he helped me with my business. Soon I was ready to go home again-by land. No more adventures and dangers by sea for me!

"I have a fine ship, uncle," he said. "I'm going out to the East Indies -- India, Malaya, the Philippines… Why don't you come with me?"

Back in England I found a house and began to live a quiet life. My two nephews came to live with me. The younger one wanted to be a sailor, and so I found him a place on a ship. After a while I married, and had three children, two sons and a daughter. Then my wife died, and my nephew, who was now the captain of a ship, came home to see me. He knew that I did not really like a quiet life.

And so, in 1694, I went to sea again, and had many more adventures. Perhaps one day I'll write another book about them.