

Chapter 4 My Country

I look at my country

After the rain stopped, I began to look round my country again. I walked past my country house and came to the west coast of the island. The sky was blue and I could see land to the west. I think it was about sixty miles from my island. Was it American land? Perhaps it was a dangerous place – perhaps cannibals lived there. In Brazil I heard many stories about cannibals. Many of them lived up and down this coast. I planned to stay on my island and forget about this other land. I had to wait for a ship from Europe. I had to be happier on my island.

On this journey round the island, I also found other animals and birds. I killed a number of the animals and carried the meat to my house. I was excited when I saw some parrots, too. I caught a young bird and took it to my house. After some years Pol, my parrot, could say my name.

On a later journey round the island I also caught a young goat. I brought the goat to my house, too. I wanted to have a lot of goats near my house, for their milk and their meat.

I make bread

I had a bag from the ship with old food for the chickens. I threw this dirty corn on the ground near my house because I wanted to use the bag. After some weeks new corn began to grow out of the ground. Then I had a garden, too, and I could make bread. Everything was very hard work, but my life was better each day.

The months went past quickly, and then it was September 30th again. That year I wasn't afraid of the future. I was busy every day and interested in my house and my island. I read and thought. I remembered my father's kind words. I understood him now because I understood more about life. I could be happier on the island than I was in London or in Brazil.

cannibals	אוכלי אדם
meat	בשר
parrots	תוכים
goat	עז

chickens	תרנגולות
corn	גרגרי תבואה