

A voyage to Lilliput



Before I start my story, I would like to tell you about my childhood. I was born on a large farm in the middle of England, the third of five sons, and my father called me Lemuel Gulliver. After I finished school, I studied in Cambridge for three years and then became an assistant to a surgeon in London. The surgeon, Mr. Bates, was an excellent, and I worked with him for four years. However, I always hoped to travel, so I learned how to sail so that one day I could leave England and see the world. Mr. Bates knew all about my wish to travel, so when I had finished my studies, he helped me to get work as a surgeon on a ship called The Swallow. For three and a half years, I worked for Captain Abraham on his ship as it travelled round the eastern seas.

Once back in England, I met a lady called Mary Burton and we soon got married. I decided to stay in London with my wife for a few years, but although Mr. Bates did all he could to help me; It was not easy to find a job.

A year passed, Mr. Bates sadly died and I knew that my life would become too hard; we had only just enough money to live on. "There's little work for a surgeon in London, but my friends advise me that I can find work on a ship," I said to Mary one day. "I don't want you to go, but if that's the only way we can earn enough to live well," said my wife." My friends were right, because I quickly found another job as a ship's surgeon, and for six years I travelled around the world.



I made money, and as I had free time to myself. I read books and learnt how to speak many languages.

My life changed after I got a new job on a ship called The Antelope. We left England in May and we had been at sea for about two months when The Antelope was hit by a strong storm. The ship was soon taken away from our destination. The sea was so rough that we lost some sailors even before the ship was suddenly blown onto a rock.

There was a massive crash and I could see that the ship was in real danger. "We're going to sink!" shouted the captain. "Get into the lifeboats!" Quickly climbing into a lifeboat with five other sailors, I was able to escape, but not everyone was so lucky: we watched in horror as The Antelope sank behind us. A huge wave hit us and we were all thrown into the water.

The sea was rough and it was very hard to swim but luckily the water was not too cold. I looked around me and knew that no one beside me. I did not understand what had happened to the crew. They might be all dead. The wind and the waves moved me, and I soon felt I had lost all my energy that I could not swim any more. I thought I fainted. When I walked up the beach, I was cold, wet and very tired. I looked around me, but there were no buildings or people that I could see, so I found some soft grass, I decided to sleep.





When I woke up, it was early morning before the sunrise. I tried to stand up, but it was too difficult to stand up. I saw that my arms, my legs and even my hair were tied to the ground with thin ropes that were tied around my body and neck. I heard some noises and then felt something moving up my body until it was close to my head. It was a human being, but this human was only about fifteen centimeters tall. He was carrying a bow and arrow. I could see about forty men of the same size all around me. They all looked similar, each one carrying a tiny bow and arrow. “Who are you and what are you doing to me?” I cried.

On hearing me, the small men looked angry and jumped away from me, so I tried to stand up again. Some of the ropes broke and now I could move my right arm. The small men said something in a strange language and they hit me with arrows. The arrows were tiny, but there were so many of them that it hurt. “Will you please stop that?” I screamed, but when they continued to shoot the arrows, I stayed on the ground and did not move or say anything. So, the small men became quiet. Then, after about an hour, I could hear wood being cut next to me. I thought that they were building something. Then the ropes around my head were cut free and I could finally lift my head. I saw a man standing on a wooden platform that I had been built to the side of my head. The man was wearing important-looking clothes, and a servant stood on each side of him.

He looked at me and started to speak, but I could not understand anything he said. I thought from his body language and intonation that he spoke with threats and promises. When the man finished speaking, I tried to talk to him in English:

“Sir, my name’s Gulliver and my ship’s been lost in a storm. That’s why I’m here. You don’t need to tie me up, I won’t hurt anyone. Please give me some food and a drink.”

I could see from his face that he did not understand my words. So I pointed to my mouth to show him that I was hungry and thirsty. The man gave orders to his servants. Soon after they came back with many baskets of food and little bottles of water. They put ladders against my shoulder and carried the baskets and bottles up to my mouth. I ate and drank too much. I think the small people felt that they could trust me and, I felt I could trust them, too. “Thank you,” I said when I had finished eating. The small men smiled at me.

Someone else arrived and it was clear that this was an important person. The other men greeted him and from his clothes I guessed that this was the King of their country, which was called Lilliput. He, too, spoke to me from the wooden platform and I waited calmly until he finished speaking. “I’m pleased to meet you, sir, but please, can you set me free?” I begged him. I now knew we could not speak the same language, but we managed to understand each other using signs with our hands.

So I guessed that he refused my request to be free, and that he said that I did not need to worry. He pointed and said something about moving me somewhere. Hundreds of small people were now standing around me. Slowly they put me on a strange machine that had many wheels.

Later I found out that this machine was designed to carry heavy trees. It was pulled by a group of black and white horses .I knew that they wanted to take me to the capital city. Before we left, some of the men poured some medicine on the cuts where the arrows had hit my hand. The city was about a kilometer away, but it took all that night for the machine to carry me there. Because they had put some drugs in my food to prevent me from escaping, so I slept for most of the journey.

The next day, I awoke to find that the machine had carried me to an area near the city gates. The horses stopped outside an ancient temple, the largest building in the land. No one used the empty building now, so the King decided that I should stay there. The King did not want me to escape, so he asked some of his men to fasten my legs to the gates using metal chains.

The King went to the top of this tower with his men so they could watch me, as if they watch an animal in a zoo. During the next few days, hundreds of people from the city came out of the gates to see me. At first, they used ladders to try to climb up on my body, but the King said this was not allowed.