and hanging onto the driftwood, I struggled to a sandy bay. It was bare and deserted, but at least it was land.

I spent a miserable night alone, chilled, soaked, and in darkness. As soon as there was daylight, I climbed a hill. There was no sign of the ship, nor of anything else. The land was deserted, and I was desperately hungry.

I explored my tiny islet. All that separated it from the next larger island was a small inlet, or creek. From what I had heard from Alan and the crew, I worked out that the larger island must be the Isle of Mull, and there were people living there. If only I could get to Mull I could find help, and cross to the mainland.

I tried to cross the inlet but it was too deep to wade and too far to swim, so I searched for the driftwood that had saved my life. To my dismay, I saw it floating out to sea, and I confess I wept with despair at the sight. I was stranded, with no food and no chance of escape.

I ate raw shellfish, but they made me violently ill. Rain fell all day, and at night I sheltered as well as I could between two rocks. In the morning I found a hill from which I could see the islands of Iona and Mull, and they gave me a faint hope. I could see houses, and perhaps I could hail a boat.

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20 A small boat kept on a ship.

21 The middle of a ship.