

6. I designed, after my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days at Baghdad, but it was not long ere I grew weary of an indolent life, and I put to sea a second time, with merchants of known probity. We embarked on board of a good ship, and after recommending ourselves to God, set sail. One day we landed on an Island covered with several sorts of fruit-trees, but we could see neither man nor animal. We walked in the meadows, along the streams that watered them. Whilst some diverted themselves with gathering flowers, and others fruits, I took my wine and provisions, and sat down near a stream betwixt two high trees, which afforded a delightful shade. I made a good meal, and afterwards fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I awoke the ship was no longer in view.



In this sad condition, I was ready to die with grief. I cried out in agony, beat my head and breast, and threw myself upon the ground, where I lay some time, overwhelmed by a rushing current of thoughts, each more distressing than the last. When I gazed towards the sea I could discern nothing but sky and water ; but looking over the land I beheld something white ; and coming down, I took what provision I had left, and went towards the object, which was so distant that at first could not distinguish what it was.

As I approached, I thought it to be a white dome, of a prodigious height and extent. I drew near to it, and walked round it ; but found no door to it ; and I found that I had not strength nor activity to climb it, on account of its exceeding smoothness. I made a mark at the place where I stood, and went round the dome, measuring its circumference ; and lo ! it was fifty full paces ; and I meditated upon some means of gaining an entrance into it ; but no means of accomplishing this occurred to me.

By this time the sun was about to set, and all of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was much astonished at this sudden darkness but much more when I found it occasioned by a bird of a most extraordinary size, that came flying towards me. I remembered that I had often heard mariners speak of a miraculous bird called the roc, and conceived that the great dome which I so much admired must be her egg. Shortly afterwards, the bird alighted, and sat over the egg.

Left Alone on the Island

The writer planned to live the rest of his life in Baghdad after his first trip. However, soon he was sent to the sea again, with merchants. They reached an island full of fruit trees, where they found no one around.

Afterwards, they started collecting flowers and fruits while the writer was enjoying wine and refreshments sitting among the trees. Suddenly he fell asleep. When he woke up, he found that the merchants had gone back. He felt extremely upset and collapsed to the ground from stress.

Seeing only water and sky around him, he felt even more distressed. Looking down, he noticed an indistinguishable object.

When he went closer, he realized it was a big white dome. He found no door to enter it and he neither had strength to climb it. When the sun set, he saw a huge bird, similar to what he had heard, flying toward him in the darkness and set over the dome, which was its egg.

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