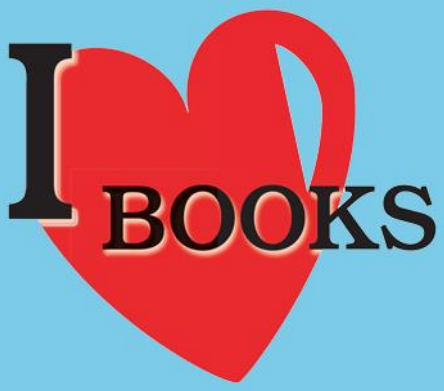



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Opening extract from

# Gulliver

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Published by

**O'Brien Press Ltd**

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# PART I

# GULLIVER IN THE LAND OF LILLIPUT



My name is Gulliver, and I have a tale to tell that will make your hair stand up and your mouth hang open.

All I ever wanted was to travel and have amazing adventures. So one spring day, I threw some clothes into a bag, said goodbye to my shocked family, and boarded the *Antelope,* a ship bound for the Tropics.

We sailed east into the rising sun. My work was not hard. There was plenty to eat, and the other lads were lively. When we stopped for food or water, there were exciting places to visit. I was having a wonderful time.

But one night, all this changed …

'Bad weather coming,' said the Captain grimly. In no time, the sea was black, the waves were huge, and the mast was creaking fit to snap off.

The gale hit us like a massive hammer. The crew worked hard, but by the time the wind died down, we were lost. Much as I loved adventure, *this* was not what I'd had in mind.

But worse was yet to come.

A dense, ghostly fog floated down, and we couldn't see where we were going. Suddenly, looming out of nowhere, was a massive rock! We tried to steer away but it was too late. We smashed straight into it, the ship split in two, and we were all thrown into the freezing sea.

I swam for the rock as hard as I could. But the fog was like an icy white curtain, and I could see nothing.

'Help!' I shouted, but there was no answer. I was all alone.

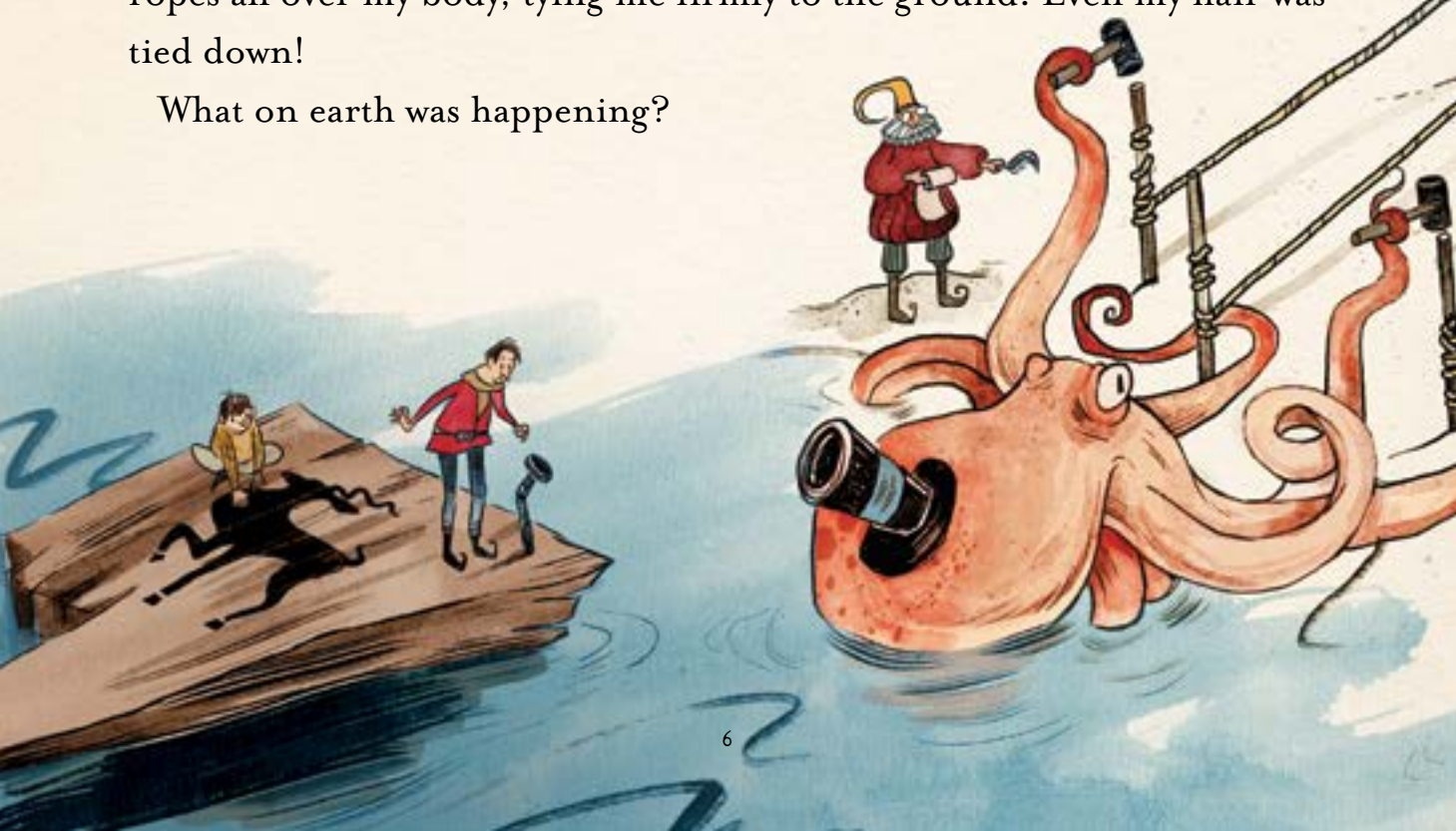
I swam and swam until my arms and legs felt like burning lumps of lead. Just as I was about to give up and drown, my foot touched something solid beneath me. It was sand – I was saved!

I staggered out of the sea and fell over on some grass. I was so tired, I could not get up again, and I slipped into a deep, deep sleep.

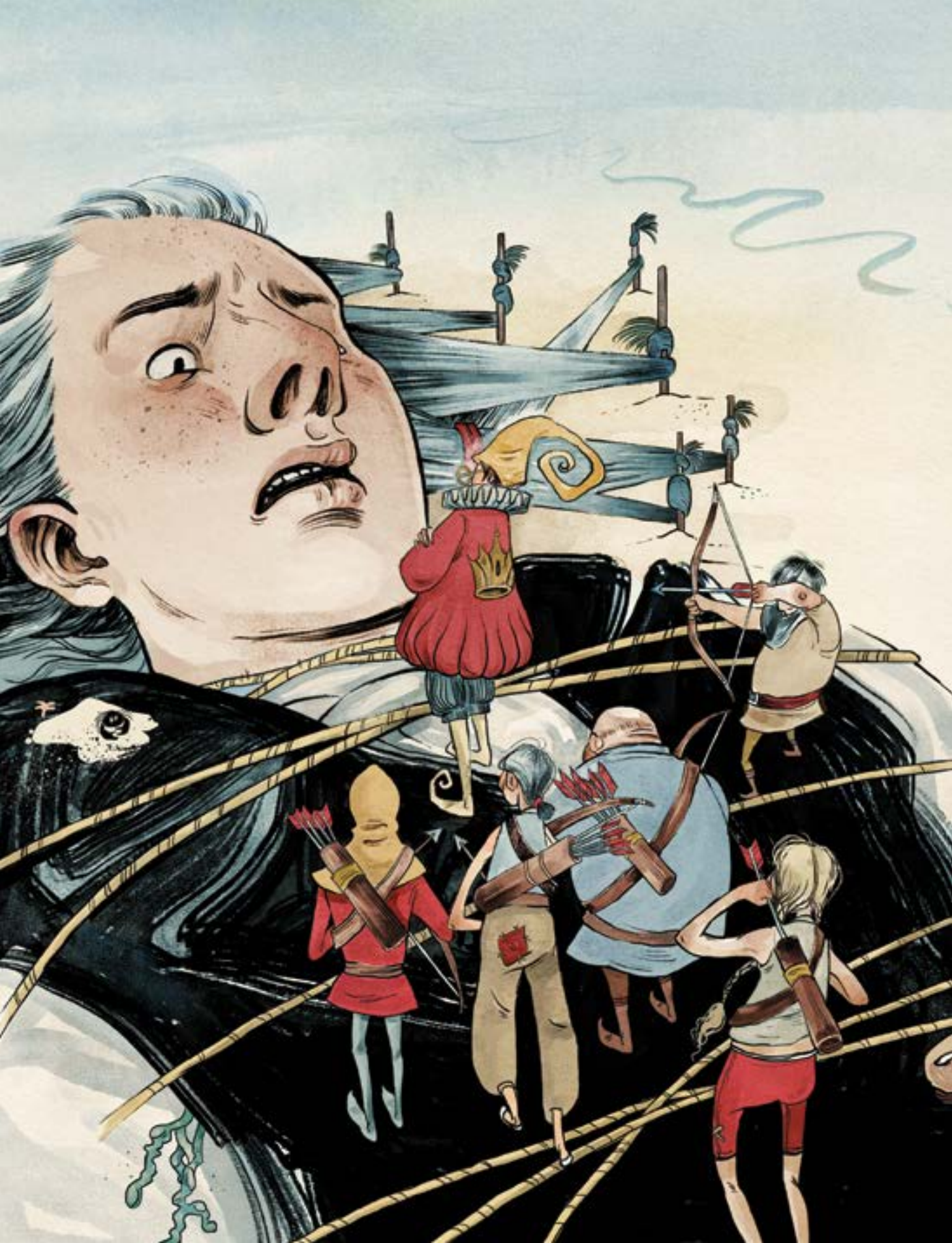
When I woke up, it was daylight and I was very thirsty. I blinked up at the clear, sunny sky and tried to move.

But I couldn't. I tried again, but I couldn't move at all – not even to turn my head! I peered out of the corner of my eye. There were thin ropes all over my body, tying me firmly to the ground. Even my hair was tied down!

What on earth was happening?







Hours passed. The sun beat down on me and all I could think of was water.

Then I felt a tickle on my leg. A spider, perhaps? Or a scorpion? I wanted to scratch it, but couldn't reach. The tickle travelled up my body and onto my chest.

I wriggled and peered down – and I got the biggest shock of my whole life.

Standing on my chest, with his arms crossed, was a teeny, tiny little man! A human being, perfect in every way, except that he was no bigger than my finger.

Behind him stood about fifty other little men, just the same size – and they all carried wicked little bows and arrows.

Was I dead? Was I dreaming? I blinked hard. The little men were real.

'Who are you?' I shouted. '*What* are you?'

The creatures ran off in all directions, yelping and covering their ears. I pulled free one arm and my hair from the ropes. I raised my head – and soon wished I hadn't.

Hundreds of the little men were marching up the beach towards me, like an army. The front row drew back their bows and fired a shower of arrows, straight at my face and arm. The arrows stung like the devil, and I lay down again, fast.

There was no escape. I was at the mercy of the strange little men.

