

CHAPTER 1

MY FIRST ADVENTURES AT SEA

I was born in 1632 in the city of York in a good family. I had two older brothers. The elder one died in the war against Spain. The second one disappeared and nobody saw him again.

When I was young I wanted to travel all over the world. My parents and especially my father disagreed. When I told him about my dreams he was upset and sad. He didn't want to lose his last son. He wanted me to become a lawyer and live in York.

"Son, don't risk your life in such a foolish way or God will punish you," my father told me.

"You don't understand me. It makes no sense talking with you about it," I replied.

Our arguments always started like this. I tried to think about something else. Unfortunately, my mind betrayed me. I couldn't get the sea and travelling out of my head.

One day my legs brought me to a port. I just wanted to watch the ships but suddenly I felt a great desire to get on one of them. Then I met my friend:

"Good morning Bob! How is your life going?" he greeted me.

"I'm fine, thank you for asking. What about you?" I asked.

KAPITOLA 1

MOJE PRVÉ DOBRODRUŽSTVÁ NA MORI

Narodil som sa v roku 1632 v meste York v zámožnej rodine. Mal som dvoch starších bratov. Ten najstarší zomrel vo vojne proti Španielsku. Druhý zmizol a nikto už ho nevidel.

Keď som bol mladý, želel som si cestovať okolo sveta. Moji rodičia, a predovšetkým môj otec, nesúhlasili. Keď som mu povedal o svojich snoch, bol znepokojený a smutný. Nechcel stratiť svojho posledného syna. Chcel, aby som sa stal právnikom a žil v Yorku.

„Synu, neriskuj svoj život takým bláznivým spôsobom, lebo ťa Boh potrestá,“ povedal mi otec.

„Ty mi nerozumieš. Nemá zmysel s tebou o tom hovoriť,“ odpovedal som.

Takto sa vždy začínali naše hádky. Skúšal som myslieť na niečo iné. Nanešťastie ma moja myseľ zrádzala. Nemohol som more a cestovanie dostať z hlavy.

Jedného dňa ma nohy doviedli k prístavu. Chcel som len vidieť lode, ale odrazu som zacítil veľkú túžbu nastúpiť na jednu z nich. Potom som stretol svojho priateľa.

„Dobré ráno, Bob! Ako sa máš?“ pozdravil ma.

„Mám sa dobre, ďakujem za opýtanie. A čo ty?“ spýtal som sa.

“Great. Actually, I’m just about to embark on my father’s ship. We are going to sail to London. Do you want to join us?”

At that moment I lost all my inhibitions. So, on September 1651 I boarded the ship of my friend’s father. I didn’t tell my parents anything. I felt bad about it but couldn’t do anything. This is when my troubles began.

A short time after we left the port a strong wind started to blow. Then a storm hit our ship. I felt sick and scared. For one moment I thought that my father was right. That God wanted to punish me for my foolish acts.

Fortunately, at night the weather cleared. The next morning the sun showed up again. That day was beautiful. My friend came to me and asked:

“Good morning Bob, how do you feel after that little bit of wind?”

“Little bit of wind? That was a huge and horrible storm!” I replied and my friend laughed.

“That was nothing,” he said, “Let’s go and make some punch.”

We went and got drunk. I completely forgot the storm and all the dangers. For a few days the weather stayed calm but then the wind started to blow strongly again. This time it was much worse. The storm was so strong that even experienced sailors lost their calmness.

All of us tried to save the ship but with no success. It was impossible. The captain ordered us to leave the ship.

„Skvele. Vlastne práve nastupujem na loď môjho otca. Budeme sa plaviť do Londýna. Chceš sa k nám pridať?“

V tej chvíli som stratil všetky zábrany. Takže v septembri 1651 som nastúpil na loď otca svojho priateľa. Svojim rodičom som nič nepovedal. Cítil som sa kvôli tomu zle, ale nemohol som s tým nič robiť. Týmto rozhodnutím sa začali moje ťažkosti.

Krátko po tom, ako sme opustili prístav, začal fúkať silný vietor. Potom na našu loď udrela búrka. Cítil som sa zle a bol som vystrašený. Chvíľu som si myslel, že otec mal pravdu. Že ma Boh chce potrestať za moje bláznivé činy.

Nasťastie sa v noci počasie zlepšilo. Nasledujúce ráno sa slnko ukázalo znova. Ten deň bol nádherný. Môj priateľ ku mne prišiel a spýtal sa:

„Dobré ráno, Bob, ako sa cítiš po tej troške vetra?“

„Troške vetra? Bola to obrovská a strašná búrka!“ odpovedal som a môj priateľ sa zasmial.

„To nič nebolo,“ povedal, „radšej podme urobiť nejaký punč.“

Šli sme a opili sa. Úplne som zabudol na búrku a všetky nebezpečenstvá. Pár dní zostalo počasie pokojné, ale potom začal vietor znova silne viať. Tentoraz to bolo oveľa horšie. Búrka bola taká silná, že aj skúsených námorníkov sa zmocnil nepokoj.

Všetci sme sa pokúšali loď zachrániť, ale bez úspechu. Bolo to nemožné. Kapitán nám nariadil opustiť loď.

Finally we were all in the little rescue boat. Some minutes later our ship sank. I was as scared as never.



It took hours to step onto dry land. We got to Yarmouth where people were very kind to us. They gave us food, dry clothes and some money to get home. The captain found out it was my first voyage. He looked serious and worried.

“Young man,” he said. “God sent you a sign. This is an omen. Next time you will have big misfortune. I know you have a family in York. Go back there and stay with them.”

Nakoniec sme všetci nastúpili na malý záchranný čln. Pár minút po tom sa naša loď potopila. Bol som vydesený ako nikdy.



Trvalo hodiny dostať sa na súš. Dostali sme sa do Yarmouthu, kde na nás ľudia boli veľmi dobrí. Dali nám jedlo, suché oblečenie a dokonca aj nejaké peniaze, aby sme sa dostali domov. Kapitán zistil, že to bola moja prvá plavba. Vyzeral vážne a ustarostene.

„Mladý muž,“ povedal. „Boh ti poslal znamenie. Ber ho ako predzvesť. Nabudúce ťa stretne veľké nešťastie. Viem, že máš v Yorku rodinu. Choď za nimi a zostaň tam.“