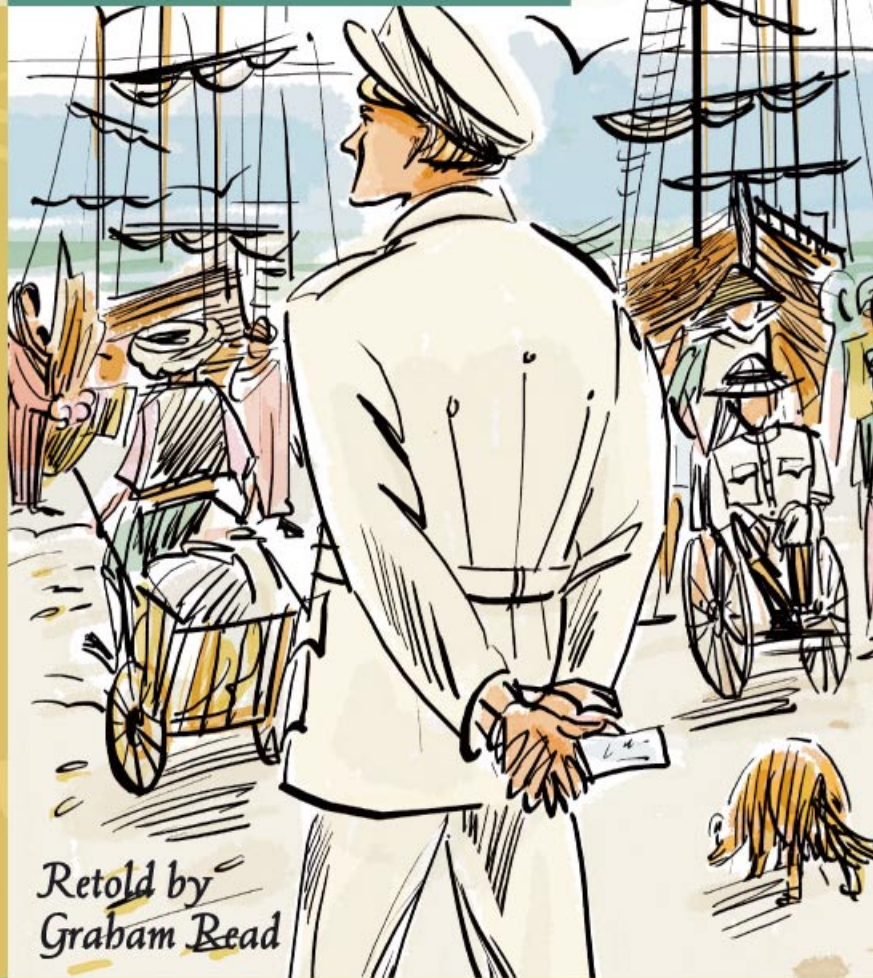


Joseph Conrad
Lord Jim



*Retold by
Graham Read*

w o r y g i n a l e

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c z y t a m y w  o r y g i n a l e

C Z Y T A M Y





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Chapter I

Jim



He was an inch or two under six feet tall and powerfully built. His voice was deep and loud and he was always very well dressed. He worked in the ports of the Far East. He was known as Jim, just Jim. He had another name, but he was afraid of anyone knowing it, because he wanted to hide a fact. And when the fact was known, he would suddenly leave port. He was travelling slowly but surely towards the rising sun.

Afterwards, when he finally decided to leave the ports behind him, the Malays of the jungle village he came to live in added another word to his name. They called him Tuan Jim: or Lord Jim.

Jim had always wanted to be a sailor and after two years of training he went to sea, he had dreamed of the sea and the adventures it would bring all his life. So when he finally entered the regions so well known to his imagination, he found them strangely empty of excitement. However, he worked hard, was gentlemanly and had a thorough knowledge of his duties. In



time, when still very young, he became chief mate of a fine ship.

On this ship, Jim had his first piece of bad luck; he was badly injured during a storm when one of the ship's sails fell on him. His Scottish captain would say afterwards, "Man! It was a perfect miracle how he survived it!". Jim's injuries continued and when the ship arrived at the next port, Jim was left behind. In this Eastern city Jim met many new characters, generally of two kinds. Some, very few, lived energetic lives, full of dreams, dangers, hopes and plans. However most were lazy, they hated the horror of hard work, they loved short voyages and the difference of being white. They led easy lives. At first this gossiping crowd seemed to be nothing more than shadows, but after a time Jim became fascinated with them and their lives of leisure, so he gave up the idea of going back to England, and took the job of chief mate on a ship called the Patna. The ship was to carry eight hundred pilgrims to a port in the Red Sea.

The captain of this ship was a German, who had no love for his home country. He was enormously fat, and looked like a baby elephant who had been trained to walk on his back legs.

A month or so later, Jim was in court, trying to explain what had happened on the Patna. This was when we first looked at each other, and I still remember Jim's story quite clearly. Everybody was there in that courtroom as it was such a notorious story. There had been four of them who escaped from the ship. The captain, as soon as he realised the seriousness of his actions had run away immediately, saying in broken English "Bah! the Pacific is big, my friend, I know where there is plenty of room for me. I vill an Amerigan citizen begome." One of the others, an older man, with a long grey moustache had drunk himself into insanity, it is said he had been drinking four bottles a day of the most evil rum.

Jim was the only one of the four who was able and willing to stand trial and when our eyes first met in court he gave me a dark



unfriendly stare. I was very interested to find out his story. What had this clean, honest, young man been doing, why had he escaped with his crew members when they seemed no better than criminals?

That had been the second day of the trial. This was when I had my first meeting with Jim. I was walking out of the court with my friend and we had just gone past Jim. At that moment my companion nearly fell over a little yellow dog that had been wandering about between people's legs.

"Look at that miserable dog," said my friend.

"Did you speak to me?" asked Jim, directing the question to me.

"No," I replied.

"You say you didn't, but I heard you, and what did you mean by staring at me all this morning during the trial. I won't let any man call me names outside this court. Even if you were the size of two men, and as strong as six I would tell you what I thought of you," he said.

"Please stop, and tell me what I called you," I replied.

"Now you see I'm not afraid you try to crawl out of it. Who is the miserable dog now – hey?" he asked me. I directed my finger towards the little animal by the entrance of the court. He looked confused at first and then amazed, as if the dog were some monster.

"Nobody was trying to insult you," I said. He turned a bright shade of red, and hurriedly walked away. I decided to go after him and asked why he was running away.

"Never! Not from any man on earth!" he paused and then continued more calmly, "I'm sorry, it was my mistake, I don't mind people staring in court, but not outside." I was very curious about this man, and so I invited him to have dinner with me.

We met that evening at the hotel I was staying at. The restaurant was busy with many kinds of people, lone individuals, married couples, small parties and large noisy ones. Jim was quiet at first, but a little wine relaxed him.



"This court business must be very hard for you,"

"It is – hell," And so he told me his story. "The ship had hit some hidden underwater object, it must have been another ship which had been lost, but hadn't sunk to the bottom of the sea. I went to the bottom of the boat to inspect the hull, and I tell you honestly it was bending under the weight of the sea. I was certain the ship would sink at any moment, and I would be drowned. I looked at the passengers sleeping and thought to myself, they are already dead. They were dead. Nothing could save them! There weren't enough boats, and there wasn't enough time. No time! Where would the compassion be in making all those people terrified when I couldn't save them on my own? The other crew members were all grouped around one of the lifeboats, trying to get it into the water, I wouldn't help, how could I? How could I save myself, and leave all those other people to die? 'Coward' the captain called me. Coward!" he laughed bitterly.

Chapter II

The Jump



„I stood and looked out at the sea. A storm was coming towards the ship, it had already eaten up one-third of the sky. The other men had given me up and were trying to get one of the lifeboats into the water. The boat was heavy and they were pushing for their lives. As soon as the boat started to move, one of the men would jump into it, then it would fall back to where it started. This happened three times. Oh how I hated them. Then I saw one of the men fall backwards holding his chest. He had a weak heart and all the hard work and excitement had given him a heart attack. Ha ha! If he had only stood still, if he had only told them to go to hell! If he had only stood with his hands in his pockets he would still be alive! But the other men were so busy they didn't notice what had happened. Eventually they got the boat into the water and then they waited for the other man. 'George!' they shouted up to the ship, 'Jump! We'll catch you.'"

As Jim was telling me this, he paused for some time, looking at his hands, then he

said quickly; "I jumped." I could see that he was clearly ashamed of his action. "I knew nothing about it until I looked up and saw the ship towering over me. It was higher than a wall. I wished I could die!" he cried. "There was no going back. It was like jumping into a deep bottomless hole. It terrified me to see the ship still there. I wanted it to sink, wanted the suffering to be finished. I hated the thought that the drowning wasn't over yet. Nobody in the lifeboat made a sound for a long time, finally someone said, 'She's gone!' They all looked at where the ship should have been. There were no lights. All was black. After a while, they started to talk, I could hear them, but said nothing. They all agreed they had had a lucky escape. I stayed silent."

"Eventually I heard my ship-mates speaking to me, 'What stopped you from jumping, you lunatic?' Then another said, 'George, what have you got to say for yourself?' One of them walked over to me and took a closer look. 'It's the ships' mate,' 'What!' shouted the captain.



'No!' another man screamed. It became clear they thought I was responsible for George not being there. They called me horrible names, I could hear hate in their voices. It made them mad to think I had escaped with them. They were like a group of little dogs. Yap! Yap! But it kept me alive, I tell you. It saved my life. Sitting there in my thin cotton uniform on that night, I'll never be so cold again in my whole life. The engineer stood up and called me a 'Murdering coward,' then he shouted, 'You killed him! You killed him!' I shouted back 'No but I'll kill you if you're not quiet!' I jumped up at him and he fell backwards and hit the boat with a thump. The captain started to come at me, I noticed him in the dark, a big man. 'Come on,' I shouted, he stopped and went back to where he was."

"You had a lively time in that boat," I said.

"I was ready for anything. On that boat there was no fear, no law, no sounds, not even eyes... well, not until sunrise"

"Well, then what happened?" I asked.

"Nothing, they only wanted noise. I sat there, awake and waiting in the dark, for six hours. Always ready and alert, with a heavy piece of wood in my hands. When the sun rose I could finally see them. They sat opposite me like three dirty owls, staring at me. But in the morning everything was different. Now they were very friendly, wanted to make up a story with me, to explain why we had left the Patna and not tried to help the passengers. I ignored them and they spoke quietly to each other about what to do when we were rescued. The day continued and I sat in that small boat, the sun travelled from east to west, burning my head, normally it would have driven a man mad, but on that day I was thinking as clearly as any man ever has."

"The Avondale picked us up just before sunset. My ship-mates told their story. The ship had gone down in a storm, 'sank like a stone' they said."

"You said nothing?" I asked him.

"What could I say? But it felt like cheating the dead. Of course everything changed

when we arrived at port. A French gunboat had picked up the Patna and successfully taken it to safety. There was to be an investigation into why the officers had left the ship."

I told Jim I could help him escape. There was no need for him to go to the trial the next day. I could lend him some money, help him find a job somewhere else. The money was ready in my pocket, he could leave now. But he wouldn't listen.

"You don't understand," he said. "I may have jumped from that ship, but I don't run away."

For a few seconds we sat in silence. "I would very much like to see you after the ..."

"I don't see what will stop you. This damn business won't make me invisible. No such luck." And so we left each other that night, I felt very sorry for him, he was a man of less than twenty four years, and he had lost all hope for the future.

The verdict of the trial was read the next day. "...abandoning in the moment of danger, the lives of the passengers and the possessions of the owners... therefore...

Gustav so-and-so... native of Germany... certificates cancelled." The court was silent. Jim left the court with his head lowered.

I found him later, standing looking out at the sea. I told him he could stay at my apartment for a few days while he decided what to do. He followed me without saying a word. That evening we sat in silence in my room, me at my desk, writing endless letters, leaving Jim to his thoughts. Jim stayed with me for two days, but on the third he wanted to leave, I knew I couldn't abandon him to the darkness, I would never forgive myself.

I wrote a letter to a good friend of mine, telling him that Jim was to be helped in any way possible. The next day Jim and I parted, and this was the last I heard of him for six months. I received a letter from my friend, telling me about what a fine fellow Jim was. I was pleased to hear Jim was doing so well. Soon after this I made a trip and on my return another letter was waiting for me, this time the news wasn't so good.

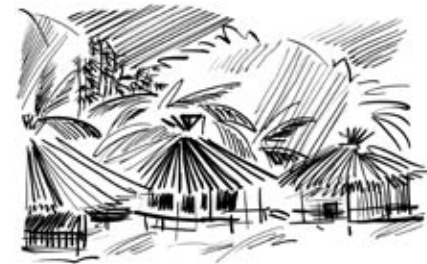


"There is no silver missing, but he is gone, leaving on the breakfast-table a little note of apology. I regret very much his leaving, he was much liked and will be missed..." I put the letter to one side and looked through my others until I found one in Jim's handwriting. I opened it and read his story. It seems one of the crew from the Patna had arrived in his town and was looking for work. "I couldn't stand his friendliness," Jim wrote to me, from 700 miles south of the sea port where he had been living. "I knew he liked me, he thought I was an excellent fellow. Pah! When I remembered how he had spoken to me on that little boat, it all made me feel sick."

Jim's story seemed to follow him wherever he went, and each time it arrived at the port where he was living, he would leave and go to another place. He did this more times than I can count on the fingers of my two hands. All this to escape his own personal ghost. Of course the funniest thing was that after a time, because of his sudden departures, he became quite well known in the eastern ports of Asia.

Chapter III

Jim and Patusan



We met again in Bangkok and we left town together the next day on my ship. Some weeks after this we arrived at a port where a good friend of mine, Stein, lived. That evening I decided to ask his advice about Jim. Stein was a wealthy and respected businessman who dealt in buying and selling a great deal of rare butterflies. He was also one of the most trustworthy men I had ever known. He saw the solution to our problem at once. "My trading post, in Patusan!" he said. "My man there Cornelius needs to be replaced, he is no good and I think he has been stealing from me. I don't think he would leave as he has a daughter there, but I could let him keep his house and start Jim in a new place."

I should explain that Patusan is a native-ruled state populated mainly with Malaysian, with the main town forty miles from the sea in the middle of a forest with two large hills overlooking it. Three days after our conversation, Jim started on his journey there, he was given a small silver ring by Stein, with the instruction to find a chief

called Doramin. His last words to me before he left were "I promise to look after myself."

Jim arrived at a small fishing village called Batu Kring, from where he asked his way to Patusan. On arrival, Jim soon discovered that there were three powers there. The first he met was the Rajah, a dishonest ruler who was immediately scared of Jim and had him put in prison. Jim escaped quickly, jumping over the walls of his jail and then swimming a river to safety. On arrival at the next village he had just enough breath in his body to say "Doramin! Doramin!" They carried him off to their leader, Jim showed him the ring given to him by Stein and was allowed into the heart of the community. Doramin, a huge fat man, was the leader of the Bugis, a race of intelligent and courageous men. They were opposed to the Rajah, who used his power badly to steal from the poor. Doramin had a son, Dain Waris, who he was very proud of. He was about twenty five years old and respectful to his parents. He and Jim soon became great friends.



The third power in Patusan was a fanatic Muslim bandit called Sherif Ali. He terrorized the population of Patusan from his fort on top of one of the hills. The Bugis were very afraid of their two neighbours but Jim realised soon after his arrival that he had the power to make peace. It was Dain Waris who was the first to believe in his plan, and with his help Jim was able to convince Doramin that Sherif should be attacked.

It was during my only visit to Patusan when we were standing on one of the hills overlooking the city, that Jim told me all about the attack. "It all started here," Jim told me. On the other hill, the remains of Sherif Ali's fort could still be seen. He had taken two of Doramin's small cannons and put them on top of the hill. "Getting them up there was the difficult thing," he said. On the night of the action Jim had been rushing up and down the hill like a squirrel, directing, helping and watching. "Old Doramin had himself carried up to the top of the hill, so he could watch the

attack. But Sherif must have thought we were mad, because he didn't come to see what we were doing."

When the cannons were in place, Jim left the responsibility of firing them to two old Bugis men and then he went to join Dain Waris to lead the attack. As soon as the first rays of sunshine could be seen, the cannons were fired. The top of one hill was covered in smoke and from the other came the noise of shouts and screams. Jim and Dain Waris were the first to get to the fort and force their way past the gates. The third man in was Tamb Itam, Jim's own servant. There was a hot five minutes of fighting, before someone set the fort on fire and everyone had to escape. "That was the last that we saw of Sherif Ali. After that, the excitement in Patusan was very great."

"You must have enjoyed it," I replied.

"It was ... amazing." After this, Jim became very famous and he was the most powerful man in the area.

And so I should also mention the other thing I found out about Jim during my visit,

and that was his love. Jim called her Jewel. She had skin the colour of olives, was both shy and confident. She would often just sit and listen to us talk, her big clear eyes watching our mouths. Her mother, a half Dutch half Malaysian, had taught her to read and write and she had learnt English from Jim.

They had met soon after Jim's arrival. He had left the safety of Doramin's house and gone to live with Cornelius, a miserable old man, and the step father of Jewel, who was Mr. Stein's representative before Jim arrived. Jim was not safe living there, because Sherif Ali wanted him dead, but he sympathized with Jewel and did not want to leave her alone with her Cornelius.

Eventually there was an attempt to kill Jim. He told me how he was woken one night by Jewel, "'Get up! Get up!' she told me. I jumped to my feet and she gave me my revolver. She asked 'Can you face four men with this?' I laughed and said 'Yes – of course – command me.' 'They are waiting in one of the buildings.' She led me to

the house where the men were waiting, I walked into the main room, but could see no one. 'Fire! Defend yourself,' Jewel cried. 'There's nobody here,' I replied, and then I saw a pair of eyes. 'Come out!' I ordered, the man jumped up and ran towards me holding a sword. I raised my arm, aimed and fired. The man's head flew backwards and he fell to the floor, I only realised later that I had shot him through the mouth. I stepped over the dead body and pointed the gun at another man, but just as I was about to fire the man threw down his sword and stood up. 'How many more of you?' 'Two more, Tuan.' The other two came out, their hands empty. I walked them away towards the river. Finally I stopped and told them, 'Give my greetings to Sherif Ali – until I come myself. Now jump!' The three men jumped into the river with a splash. I decided after this that action must be taken against Sherif."

The event had brought the two of them closer together, Jewel had saved Jim's life and afterwards Jim told her he would never leave



her. But when I met her on that short trip she seemed to be worried about something. Her mother had also fallen in love with a white man, and before she died, she had, with tears in her eyes, warned Jewel to be careful, that the white men would always return to their own world. One evening I was alone with Jewel and she told me, "I don't want to die crying. Why have you come here. Do you – do you want him?"

"Don't worry, I don't want him, no one wants him. I shall go tomorrow – and that is the end. The world you don't know about is too big to miss him. Do you understand, it's too big. You've got his heart in your hand. You must know that."

"Yes, I know that, but why does nobody want him?"

"You want to know?"

"Yes!" she cried.

"Because he is not good enough," I said.

"This is the very same thing he said... You lie!" She started to cry and I realised it was no use trying to explain. I heard someone coming towards us, so I left her alone.

The night was beautiful and I found a quiet, peaceful place by the river to stand and think. The moon shone through a gap in the trees. It felt strange to be leaving my friend behind, but I had decided that I should never come back here. The silence was broken by Cornelius, who came over to me like a rat and began asking me all sorts of questions. We started to talk about Jewel and it became clear that he saw her as a possession of his and so if Jim was to be allowed to marry the girl, Cornelius should be given some money in return. "When Jim leaves I can look after her, for a small ... present,"

"That time will not come," I told him "because Jim is not going to be leaving. He will never go home."

"Ha, ha," he laughed "We shall see! We shall see! Steal from me? She is like her mother, a devil!" I walked away from the disgusting little man, as I left I heard him say "No more than a little child. A stupid fool."

The next day, as Jim and I were sailing down the river leaving Patusan behind

me, I had completely forgotten about Cornelius's bitterness. The place was like a picture which I could look at for a time, leave, and then on my return it would still be the same. I was turning away from the picture and was going back to the other world where things change, but I could not imagine any changes to this place. The enormous Doramin, with his dreams for his son; Dain Waris, intelligent, friendly and brave, absolutely faithful to Jim; the girl, totally hypnotised by her love of Jim and miserable, pathetic Cornelius. They were like statues, unmoving. But the man who they revolved around was more difficult to see as a statue, he would be living, changing, working or fighting. He was one of us.

Chapter IV

The arrival of Brown



The journey to the coast went quickly, and we said goodbye.

"When shall we meet again, I wonder?" he said.

"Never – unless you come out," I answered, not looking at him.

"Good-bye then," he said. "Perhaps it is for the best." We shook hands and I walked away to my boat, as I walked he said one last thing, "Tell them..." but he didn't finish.

By that time, the sun had set and to the east it was getting dark, the coast turning black. The western horizon was like a great fire, gold and red in colour. I watched Jim getting smaller and smaller on the beach as the ship I was on slowly sailed away. At first he seemed no bigger than a child – then only a white dot that shone brightly in a world of darkness... And suddenly I lost him...

After this goodbye, my information about Jim was like a puzzle, but I have managed to fit it together. It is the saddest thing that I shall never hear his voice again, nor see his face.

The story begins with the extraordinary adventure of a man called Brown. Until



I discovered this man in a dirty hut in Bangkok, my information was incomplete. Luckily, he was happy to talk to me about his meeting with Jim, despite the fact that he was a dying man when we met. The story shows Cornelius to be surprisingly sly and clever. "I could see as soon as I met him what sort of a man he was," said the dying Brown. "A man! He hadn't devil enough in him to kill me when he could. Well I ended his life after all, I shall die easier now." He laughed, but the laughs soon turned into coughs. I felt sick to look at him, with his yellow eyes and long untidy beard. While he told me his story he would look at me nervously, worried, I thought that I might get bored and leave before he had a chance to finish. He died that very night, but by that time I had nothing more to learn from him.

Eight months before this I had gone to visit Stein. At the door to his house I met a Malay I recognised, it was Tamb Itam. I thought that perhaps Jim had come to stay. "Is Tuan Jim inside?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "He would not fight. He would not fight." he repeated. I went into the room and saw Stein, "What's the matter?" I asked him.

"Come and see the girl, she is here." he said. "Tell her to forgive him... she won't listen to me, but you know her, perhaps you can help."

I walked through Stein's big house and found the girl sitting at a big wooden table, on which she rested her head, hiding her face with her arms. She looked up when she heard me and watched my approach. "He has left me," she said, quietly. "It would have been easier to die with him. He is just like the other white men."

"He wasn't like the others," I told her. "He was false," she said. "No, no, no," Stein interrupted, "not false, you don't understand" Her anger towards Jim made me feel sad. I left them that same afternoon.

As I said, the story begins with Brown. For some twenty years he was the terror of the Far East. He would steal, rob and kidnap and was known for his arrogance and bad



temper. But one day it seems his luck came to an end. His bad luck started when he ran away with the wife of a missionary working in the Far East. It was a dark story. She had been ill when he took her onto his boat and she died soon after. It is said Brown was heart broken and miserable for months afterwards.

It was soon after this that Brown and Jim had met. As I said, Brown had been a pirate for twenty years, he was tired of life and not afraid of death. The only thing that scared him was prison. One day his ship had been stopped by a Spanish navy boat, which found that Brown had been smuggling guns. Brown was taken to a Spanish colony and held there where everything was taken from him, his money, even the ships sails - escape seemed impossible. Luckily a beautiful Spanish ship was being kept in the same bay where Brown's ship was. So on the second night of their captivity Brown and his men escaped, stealing the ship, and sailed away to safety.

But the safety was only an illusion, because in a stolen Spanish ship it was impossible

to enter any ports as they had no papers, no money and no lie believable enough to explain why they had the ship. They sailed through the Java Sea, hungry and hunted. Brown hoped to get to Madagascar to then sell his new ship, however before he could sail across the Indian Ocean, he would have to get enough food and water.

And so, Brown arrived at Batu Kring, only a pistol shot away from the fishing village Jim had arrived at some two years previously. He and his crew of fourteen pirates got into one of the smaller boats and sailed up the river hoping to find food, water and perhaps even some gold.

However, the headman of the fishing village at Batu Kring was able to send a warning up the river about the new arrivals. When Brown entered Patusan the men of the town began firing their guns at him to which Brown's men replied with quick but wild shooting. Brown became full of anger and hate against the people who had attacked him. He looked for an escape and so he entered a narrow river that took him



away from his enemies. Not long after, Brown found himself on top of a hill about 900 metres from the village where he left his boat by the river and waited for an attack. That night, big fires were lit all around the Patusan and it was clear to see from where Brown was that it was a huge place. His men lay in silence. During the night, neither a shot nor a shout was heard and around the hill all was dark. It was as if they were dead already.

During this time, Jim had been away for more than a week, and it had been Dain Waris who had led the attack. That brave and intelligent young man had wanted to finish the invaders that night, but his people didn't believe in him for he didn't have Jim's reputation of supernatural powers. He was one of *them*, while Jim was one of us. Moreover, the white man was a tower of strength and immortal, while Dain Waris could be killed.

Chapter V

Many meetings



That night there was a meeting which all the headmen went to. In this, Dain Waris advised that the invaders should be attacked immediately, but it was Doramin who decided against this. He pointed out that the men could stay on their hill, and die of hunger, or they would try to get to their boat, and be shot by the men from the forest. These strangers were defenceless and could be killed without the risk of battle. Dain Waris was ordered by Doramin to go ten miles down the river, and camp there in case the white men tried to escape. In my opinion, this was done to protect his son, because his bravery would put him in great danger if he was near the attackers.

The Rajah's representative at these talks was a man called Kassim, he told the group that he himself would try to make contact with the white men. But he had a little plan of his own. He went and found Cornelius and gave him the job of interpreter.

The next day Brown heard a voice from the top of his hill – in English – ask for permission to speak to the men. Brown was

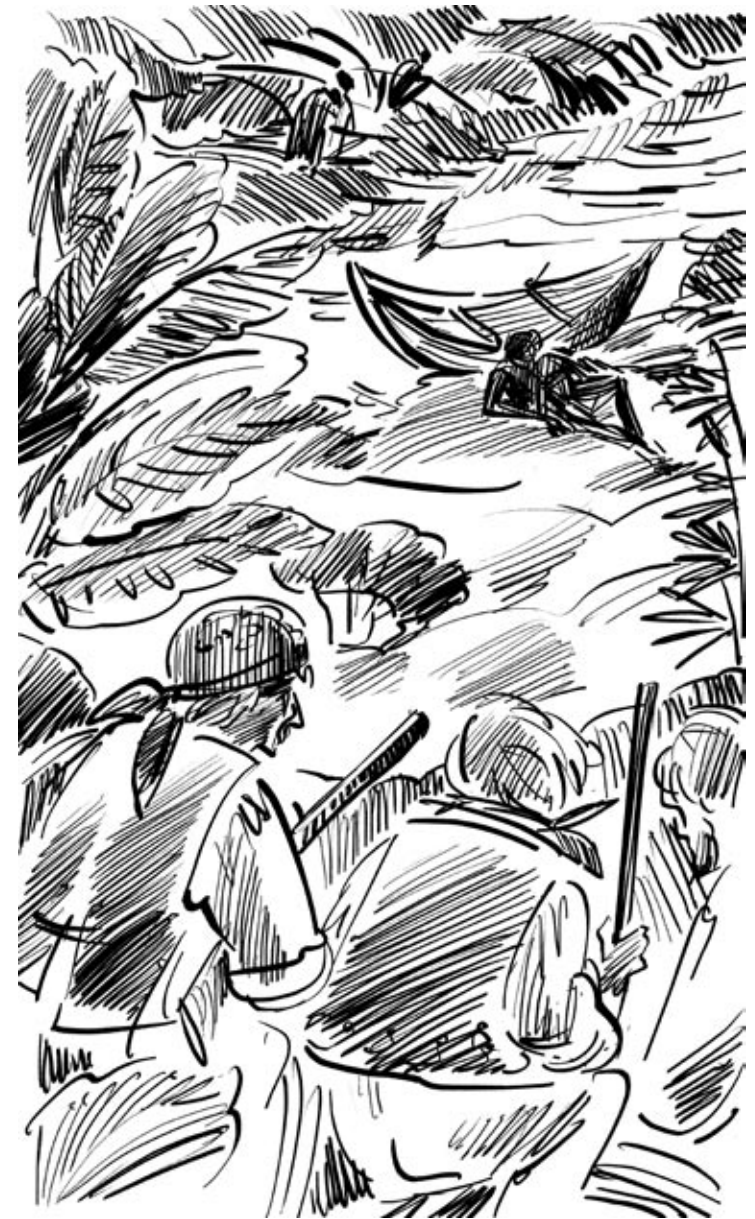
very happy about this as he no longer felt hunted like a wild animal. Half an hour's talk with Cornelius opened Brown's eyes to the events and politics of Patusan. But before he would talk about any plans for peace, he told Cornelius that he wanted food to be sent to him, as a sign of good faith.

Later, Cornelius returned to the hill with Kassim. Kassim hated Doramin and the Bugis, but he hated Jim even more and saw this as a way to end the white man's power forever. He told Brown that he and his men should fight for the Rajah, and if they did so, they would be given their freedom. Brown agreed with this diplomacy, but only to give himself time as to him it seemed the best person to do business with would be the white man. They could work together to take control of the island, and then one day, after some argument, Brown would kill Jim, and become king.

Later that day Brown saw a man on the other side of the river about two hundred metres away. Brown decided he would teach these people a lesson and called

for one of his men, a Yankee, who was an excellent shot. The man dropped to one knee, aimed and fired. He immediately stood up to look. The man fell to the ground and didn't move. Brown told me later that this had "Put the fear of instant death into these people." That night, all was quiet on top of Brown's hill, but from the village came a loud tremor. Like hundreds of feet stamping and the noise of many voices. It was then, Brown confessed that he thought he had finally met his end. It seemed there would be no chance for escape.

Then one of the whites remembered he had left some tobacco in the boat and told the men he would go and get it. Brown let him, thinking there was no danger. A moment later the man was climbing into the boat and then out again. "I've got it!" he cried. Then, with no warning, there was a sudden flash from close to the boat. "I am hit," cried the man. Instantly all the men started firing in the direction of the shot. After much panic and noise, Brown managed to stop the firing. Then a strong



voice was heard close to the hill, speaking in the native language. This was followed by the English, translated by Cornelius: "Do you hear on the hill?"

"Speak," shouted Brown. The voice continued, "Between the men of the Bugis and the white men on the hill there will be no faith, no speech, no compassion, no peace."

The wounded man continued to moan during the night. Sometimes the cries were loud, sometimes almost whispers. He was a strong man, and died hard. Never for a moment did the noises from him stop. Brown and his men had to listen to their comrade for a full six hours, until finally the tide came in and the river silenced him.

Soon after this, there was a great shout from the village and a big drum began to beat. "He has come," said Cornelius.

"What is all that noise for?" asked Brown.

"For joy," replied Cornelius, "he is a very great man. He will come and talk to you, but he is a fool. He is not afraid of anything, and then, captain, you tell that man of yours with the rifle to shoot him. Kill him,

and all the others will do anything you want them to." Brown looked at his men, they were cold, tired and scared. But he still wished for one more chance, for some other grave.

That day Jim and Brown met each other, Brown hated Jim at first sight. Whatever hopes he had of working with Jim disappeared immediately. He hated the other man's youth and confidence. They met across the river, and for some time they stood looking at each other.

"Who are you?" asked Jim at last.

"My name's Brown, what's yours?" Jim paused and then continued his questions: "What made you come here?"

"That's easy," Brown replied bitterly, "Hunger. And what made you?"

Brown told me later that Jim had gone very red in the face as he did not like in any way being asked questions. He was too big and powerful for that.

"We don't ask for anything but to be given a clear fight or a clear road back from where we came... Why don't you tell me

about your life?" he asked. "No? Well I'm sure I don't want to hear it anyway. I know it's no better than mine. You talk as if you were one of those people that should have wings so as to go about without touching the dirty earth."

Brown told me he had asked Jim many questions about his life and tried to persuade him that they were the same. At last he threw himself on the ground and watched Jim out of the corners of his eyes. Jim stood on his side of the river, thinking. Finally he spoke. "Will you promise to leave this place, and give me your weapons?"

"You think I am crazy?" Brown replied. "I am to get to Madagascar, with no money, just the ship I have and the clothes on my back. Oh no! We are going to keep our guns."

"Very well," said Jim. "You will either have a clear road or a clear fight." Jim walked away and they never saw each other again.

On his way back to the hill Brown met Cornelius. "Why didn't you kill him?" he asked unhappily. "Because I can do better than that," Brown said with amusement.

Chapter VI

Betrayal



Jim returned to the village to speak with the leaders. There was a great anxiety in the village. People said it was worse than in Sherif Ali's war as then many people didn't care; now everybody had something to lose.

The chiefs sat side by side with Jewel standing by Jim as he informed them that the white men were waiting for a reply. They were men who had suffered greatly from hunger, and this had made them blind to right and wrong. He advised that the men should be allowed to leave the land. "Have my words ever brought suffering to the people?" he asked. He turned to Doramin, who raised his head and gave his permission. The others each gave their opinion. 'It is best', 'Let them go', and so on. Most of them simply said they 'believe in Tuan Jim'.

After this, Jim told Jewel she'd be in command of the fort for another night. "There's no sleep for us, old girl," he said, "while our people are in danger." Later on he said jokingly that she was the best man



of them all. "If you and Dain Waris had done what you wanted, not one of these poor devils would be alive."

"Are they very bad?" she asked.

"Men act badly sometimes without being much worse than others," he replied.

The night was clear, but without a moon, and the middle of the river was dark, while the water under each bank reflected the light of many fires 'as on a night of Ramadan,' Tamb Itam told me.

Earlier in the evening Brown had received from Jim a folded piece of paper on which was written, "You get the clear road. Start as soon as your boat floats on the morning tide. Let your men be careful. The bushes on both sides of the river are full of well-armed men. You would have no chance, but I don't believe you want bloodshed." He ripped up the note, and turning to Cornelius said "Good-bye, my excellent friend." Cornelius didn't go away after he had delivered the message. "You didn't kill him, and look what you have received, nothing." he said angrily.

"You had better clear out of here," growled Brown, without even looking at him. But Cornelius began to whisper very fast, touching Browns' elbow from time to time. What he had to say made Brown sit up. He had simply informed him of Dain Waris's armed party down the river. At first Brown saw himself completely betrayed, but a moment's reflection convinced him that there could be nothing bad intended.

"And the leader of the men who are waiting for you down the river is the same man who led the attack on you when you first arrived." Cornelius told him. "It would be better to avoid such a man." said Brown.

"I know another way to approach the camp." said Cornelius, "You will have to be quiet though," he said, "Oh, we know how to be quiet as mice," said Brown.

It was two hours before dawn when the white men got into their boat. As they sailed down the river Brown, leading his men, heard Jim speak calmly: "A clear road. You should trust the river while the mist is

clearing, but it will have gone soon."

"Yes, it shall be clear soon," replied Brown. After a time, Cornelius came to Brown, and without a word he took over from him. The forest covered them in darkness, like enormous black wings.

Tamb Itam was then sent by Jim to give a message to Dain Waris. On arriving at the camp he immediately found him and began by handing him the ring. "The news is good, the white men are leaving, and they are allowed to pass here." After this good news, Dain Waris lay down, and waited for his food to cook. The sun was eating up the early morning mist. It was then that Brown took his cold-blooded revenge. He quietly approached the camp, led by Cornelius, who was being forced to guide the men. Brown walked behind him, and from time to time gave him a violent push. Cornelius remained as quiet as a fish. The men surrounded the camp, and when he thought the moment right, Brown yelled, "Let them have it," and fourteen shots were fired all at once.



Tamb Itam told me the surprise was so great that, except for those who fell dead or wounded, not one of them moved for quite a long time after the first shots. Then a man screamed and most of the men panicked. A few jumped into the river then, but most of them did so only after the last shots. Three times Brown's men fired into the crowd, with Brown shouting like a madman: 'Aim low! Aim low!'

Tamb Itam fell down and lay there playing dead, but with his eyes open. At the sound of the first shots Dain Waris jumped up and ran outside, just in time to receive a bullet in his forehead during the second shot.

Afterwards the whites left, and they seemed to vanish from the world as well, their ship, too, vanished. But a story is told of a white long-boat picked up a month later in the Indian Ocean by a cargo-ship. There were three yellow, glassy-eyed, skeletons on her, one of whom declared that his name was Brown. His previous ship, he reported, had sunk. He and his companions were the survivors of a crew of



six. Two died on board the ship which had rescued them but Brown, of course, lived to be seen by me.

It seems, however, that in going away they hadn't given Cornelius's canoe back to him. Brown had let him go, with a kick as a thank you, at the beginning of the shooting. Tamb Itam saw Cornelius running up and down the shore of the river. He was looking for a canoe to take him back to the village, but, despite his frantic efforts, all of the boats were too heavy for him to move. Until he saw Tamb Itam, he stood looking at the heavy canoe and scratching his head.

"What became of him?" I asked Tamb Itam, "Twice I struck," he said. "When he saw me approaching he threw himself on the ground and began screaming like a frightened animal, till he felt the point of my spear; then he stopped moving, and lay there, staring at me while his life went out of his eyes."

Chapter VII

The final verdict



Tamb Itam then went as fast as he could, to the town. It was important for him to be the first with the news of the attack and Dain Waris's death. When he arrived, he ran straight to his master, but the first person he met was Jewel, coming out of the house. He was exhausted but told her quickly; "They have killed Dain Waris and many more." She clapped her hands, and her first words were, "Shut the gates." She was trembling when she ordered for Jim to be called.

Tamb Itam found his master sleeping. "It is I, Tamb Itam," he cried, "This, Tuan, is a day of evil." He began to tell his story to Jim.

"Is he dead?" asked Jim.

"He ran out after the first shots and was killed..." His master walked to the window, and with his fist punched the window shutter. Light flooded into the room, and then in a steady voice, but speaking fast, he began to give him orders to follow the pirates.

"Forgive me," said Tamb Itam after he had finished, "but it is not safe for your servant

to go out onto the streets." It was then that Jim understood.

The day passed, the girl he loved came to speak to him, but he waved her away and spent his time in loneliness. The dark powers should not rob him twice of his peace. He sat like a stone figure. Later, towards evening, he called for Tamb Itam.

"Well?" he asked.

"There is much crying, and much anger too. We shall have to fight." Tamb Itam replied.

"Fight! For what?"

"For our lives." There was a cry from the girl outside, and so Tamb Itam left the room, saying; "Who knows? We may still escape."

Jewel came in, and ordered Jim to fight, but he would not listen. He left the room and walked towards the gates "Open them," he commanded.

The sun was sinking into the forests when Dain Waris's body was brought into Doramin's camp. All of Doramin's men were there with their weapons ready and



waiting to see what would happen. Four men carried the body in, covered with a white sheet. They laid him at Doramin's feet. Dain Waris's body was uncovered at a sign from Doramin. His eyes searched the body from its feet to its head, for the wound perhaps. One of the bystanders took off the ring from the stiff hand and in silence gave it to Doramin. The old man stared at it, then let out an enormous cry of pain and fury. The women of the household began to cry together, the sun was setting, and between the intervals two old men could be heard chanting from the Koran.

At about this time, Jim could be found sitting alone and watching the river. Tamb Itam was not far away, waiting patiently to see what would happen. Jewel stood in the doorway of the house. Suddenly Jim, who had seemed to be lost in thought, turned around and said, "Time to finish this." Tamb Itam didn't know what his master meant. The girl walked down to where Jim was. "Will you fight?" she asked.

"There is no escape," he replied.

"And you shall go?" she said slowly. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "you are mad or false. Do you remember the night I prayed you to leave me, and you said that you could not? That it was impossible! Impossible! Do you remember you said you would never leave me? Why? I asked you for no promise. You promised unasked - remember."

"Enough, poor girl," he said. "I would not be worth having."

Tamb Itam said that while they were talking she laughed out loud and senselessly, like someone possessed. But at one moment she stopped laughing suddenly, "For the last time," she cried, menacingly, "Will you defend yourself?"

"Nothing can touch me," he said. Tamb Itam then watched as she leaned forward where she stood, open her arms, and ran at him quickly. She flung herself upon his breast and held him round the neck. "Ah! But I shall hold you like this," she cried... "Thou art mine!" she cried on his shoulder.

The sky over Patusan was blood-red, immense. The heavens looked angry and frightful. Suddenly, Jim grabbed her arms, trying to free himself of her. She hung on to him with her head fallen back, her hair touching the ground. "Come here!" his master called, and Tamb' Itam helped to put her down. It was difficult to release her fingers. Jim, bending over her, looked into her face, and then all at once ran to the river. Tamb Itam followed him, but turning his head, he saw that she had got to her feet. She ran after them but then fell over. "Tuan! Tuan!" called Tamb' Itam, "look back," but Jim was already in a canoe. And he did not look back. Tamb' Itam had just time to get in after him when the canoe floated away from the river. "You are false!" she screamed out after Jim.

"Forgive me," he cried.

"Never! Never!" she called back.

They arrived close to Doramin's camp when Jim refused to allow his servant to come with him, but loyal Tamb Itam simply

waited a few moments and then followed him at a distance.

Doramin sat in his armchair, desolate, with a pair of pistols on his knees, his men facing him. When Jim appeared, the crowd opened right and left and he walked up to the great leader. The crying of the women stopped suddenly, but Doramin did not lift his head. Jim walked slowly to the body of his dead friend, lifted the sheet and then dropped it without saying a word.

"I have come in sadness." He paused. "I have come ready and without weapons."

The old man, with help from two of his servants slowly stood up. The ring, which had been in his lap, fell onto the floor and rolled against the foot of the white man. Jim looked down at the object which had been the beginning of his life of fame, love and success. Doramin stared at him, his little eyes full of pain and rage. He held on to his servant strongly with his left arm, and with his right he raised his pistol, and shot his son's friend straight through the chest.



Jim, it is said, looked proudly left and right at the crowds of people, and then with his hand over his lips he fell forward, dead.

And that is the end. He died, proud, forgotten, unforgiven and incredibly romantic. And I still think of him. Is his ego satisfied with the end? Some days I remember him as if he were in the same room as me, and on other days, he seems like little more than a shadow.

The poor girl leads a soundless, inert existence in Steins house. Stein has aged greatly of late. He feels her pain, and says often that he is "preparing to leave all this, preparing to leave..." while he waves his hand sadly at his butterflies.

Glossary

to abandon – 1. opuścić, zrezygnować
adventure – przygoda
to aim – celować, mierzyć
alert – czujny, żwawy
alive – żywy, żwawy
amusement – rozrywka, zabawa
anxiety – niepokój, trwoga
apartment – pokój, mieszkanie
apology – usprawiedliwienie, przeprosiny
approach – zbliżać się, podchodzić
argument – argument, dowód, dyskusja
attack – atak
attempt – próbować, usiłować, próba
bank - bank
bay – zatoka

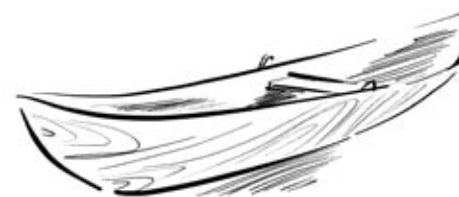


to bend (bent, bent) – zginać, uginać
to betray – zdradzać, oszukiwać

bitter – gorzki, zawzięty
body – ciało
bottom – dno
brave – odważny
butterfly - motyl



cannon – działo, armata
canoe – czółno



captain - kapitan
captivity – niewola
chant – pieśń, śpiewać (zwł. pieśni kościelne)
to cheat – oszukiwać

chest – 1. skrzynia, kufer 2. klatka
piersiowa
chief – szef, wódz
command – rozkazywać, komenderować
community – społeczność, wspólnota
companion – towarzysz
compassion – współczucie, litość
comrade – towarzysz, kolega
conversation – rozmowa
confidence – zaufanie
convince – przekonać
cotton – bawełna



cough – kaszel, kaszleć
courageous – odważny, mężny
crowd – tłum
to deal (dealt, dealt) – dzielić, rozdawać,
wydzielać

defenceless – bezbronny
to defend – bronić
to depart – wyjeżdżać
to desolate – pustoszyć, niszczyć, tropić
despite – mimo, wbrew
devil – diabeł
to discover – odkrywać
disgust – wstręt, napełniać wstrętem
dishonest – nieuczciwy
doorway – brama, wejście
to drown – topić, tonąć
drum – bęben, werbel



duty – obowiązek, powinność, służba
effort – wysiłek, próba
ego – jaźń
elbow – łokieć
enormous – ogromny

escape – uciekać
excellent – wspaniały, doskonały
excitement – podniecenie, zdenerwowanie
existence – istnienie
explain – wyjaśniać, tłumaczyć
extraordinary – nadzwyczajny
faithful – wierny, uczciwy, sumienny
false – fałsz
fame – sława, wieść
fanatic – fanatyczny
fellow - towarzysz
fist – pięść
to fling (flung, flung) – rzucać, ciskać, miotać
fool – głupiec, wariat
forest – las



frantic – szalony, zapamiętały
freedom – wolność
fury – furia, siła

gap – luka, wyrwa, przerwa
gate – brama
ghost – duch
gossip – plotka, plotkarski, plotkarz
to grab – porywać, chwycić
gun – broń



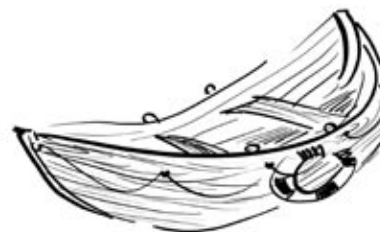
gunboat – kanonierka
handwriting – charakter pisma
headman – przewodnik, przywódca, wódz
heart attack – atak serca
to hide – ukrywać, chować
hill – wzgórze
hole – dziura
horizon – horyzont
huge – ogromny
hull – 1. kadłub, 2. łuska, łupina
hunger – głód
hungry – głodny
hypnotize – hipnotyzować
illusion – złudzenie, iluzja

immense – ogromny, niezmierny
immortal – nieśmiertelny
impossible – niemożliwy
inch – cal
incomplete – niepełny, nie zakończony
inert – bezwładny
injured – udzkodzony, skrzywdzony
insanity – obłąd, szaleństwo
instant – natychmiastowy, nagły
interrupt - przerywać
interval – przerwa, odstęp
invaders – najeźdźcy
investigation – śledztwo
invisible – niewidzialny
journey – podróż
jungle – dżungla



to kick – kopać, wierzgać

kidnap – porywać, uprowadzić
lazy – leniwy
lead (led, led) – prowadzić, dowodzić, kierować
leader – kierownik, przywódca
to lean (leant, leant) – nachylać się, pochylać się
leisure – czas wolny od pracy,



lifeboat – łódź ratunkowa
lunatic – obłąkany, szalony
mad – szalony
main – główny, przeważający
majority – większość
menace – groźba, grozić, zagrażać
mention – wzmianka, wspominać, nadmieniać
merchant – kupiec, handlowiec
mice – mysz
miracle – cud

miserable – żałosny, godny litości
missionary – misjonarz
mist – mgła, mgiełka
moan – jęczeć, lamentować, opłakiwać
monster – potwór
narrow – wąski, ciasny
ocean – ocean
to order – rozkazywać, zarządzać,
zamawiać
overlook – przeoczyć, pominąć
owl – sowa



pair – para
peace – pokój
peaceful – spokojny, pokojowy
to persuade – perswadować, przekonywać
pilgrim – pielgrzym
pirate – pirat

pistol – pistolet



pocket – kieszeń
population – ludność, zaludnienie
to possess – posiadać
prison – więzienie
to punch – poganiać, bić pięścią
puzzle – zagadka
rage – wściekłość, gniew, furia
region – region
to regret – żałować
representative – reprezentatywny,
charakterystyczny
respectful – pełen szacunku
responsibility – odpowiedzialność
to rifle – ograbić, zrabować, obrabować
ring – pierścień



rising sun – wschodzące słońce
to rob – okradać
ruler – rządca, władca
sailor – żeglarz, marynarz
to scream – krzyczeć
to search – szukać
servant – służący, sługa
shade – cień, mrok, odcień
shadow – cień
ship – statek



silence – cisza
silver – srebro
skeleton – szkielet
sly – chytry
to smuggle – przemycać
solution – rozwiązanie

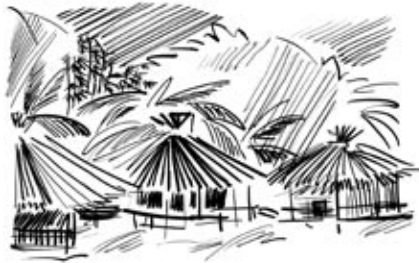
spear – dzida, włócznia
splash – bryzgać, pluskać
squirrel – wiewiórka



to stamp – stemplować, pieczętować
to stare – gapić się
statue – statua
stone – kamień
to scratch – drapać, skrobać, bazgrać
strength – siła
to strike (struck, struck) – uderzać,
ugodzić
to suffer – cierpieć
supernatural – nadprzyrodzony
sword – miecz
tears – łzy
tide – przypiływ i odpływ morza

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unmoved – niewzruszony
to vanish – znikać
verdict – werdykt
village – wieś



to whisper – szeptać
wild – dziki
wings – skrzydła
wooden – drewniany
wrong – zły
youth – młodość

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