

## **AI-Generated Graded Readers**

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### **About This Edition**

This book is a simplified English adaptation created for extensive reading practice.

The text was generated using ChatGPT and prepared for intermediate English learners as part of an educational project.

Target reading level: CEFR A2-B1

This edition aims to support fluency development through accessible vocabulary, expanded narration, and improved readability while preserving the original story structure.

### **Source Text**

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Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels into Several Remote Nations of the World*  
(Simplified Edition, Adapted and Simplified by ChatGPT)

Part 1

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire, and I was the third of five sons. When I was still young, he sent me to Emanuel College at Cambridge. I stayed there for three years and studied hard. But my father could not keep me there much longer, because our money was limited. So he decided that I should learn a useful trade. I was sent to London and became an apprentice to Mr. James Bates, a skilled surgeon. I lived with him for four years, and during that time I learned much about the human body, sickness, and the use of medicines.

Even then, my thoughts were not fixed on one place. Whenever I had a little money, I used it to study navigation and mathematics. I wanted to know how ships were guided, how the stars were used, and how a man could find his way across the sea. I always believed that one day I would travel far from England. I cannot say why I believed it so strongly. I only knew that the wish lived in me like a fire that never went out.

When my years with Mr. Bates ended, I returned to my father. With help from him, from my uncle John, and from some other relations, I was sent to Leyden. There I studied medicine for two years and seven months. I worked seriously, because I knew that medicine would be useful on long sea voyages. I did not think of a quiet country life. I thought of ships, strange lands, and the many kinds of people in the world.

Soon after my return, my old master recommended me to Captain Abraham Pannel, commander of the *Swallow*. I went with him as surgeon and stayed in that service for three years and a half. We sailed to the Levant and to other places. I learned to live at sea, to bear rough weather, and to make myself useful in danger. When I came back to England, I thought it might now be time to settle down.

I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry. By advice from friends, I married Mary Burton, the second daughter of Mr. Edmund Burton, a hosier in Newgate

Street. She was a good woman, calm and sensible, and I received four hundred pounds with her. For a time, my future seemed plain. I had a wife, a home, and the hope of patients enough to support us.

But fortune does not always move in a straight line. My good master Bates died about two years later, and with him I lost my best support. My business became weak. I had too much conscience to follow the bad methods used by many others in my profession. I would not frighten people in order to earn more money. I would not pretend skill that I did not possess. This honesty may be a virtue, but it does not always fill a purse. At last I spoke openly with my wife and with some friends.

“Mary,” I said, “I do not think London will do for me.”

She looked at me quietly. “Then you are thinking of the sea again.”

“Yes,” I said. “I am.”

She did not answer at once. She knew me well. She knew that the desire to travel had never left me. At last she said, “If you must go, then go where you can earn honestly.”

I took her hand and answered, “That is what I mean to do.”

So I went back to sea. I served as surgeon in two ships one after the other and made several voyages to the East and West Indies over the next six years. In that time I added something to my fortune. In my free hours I read the best ancient and modern authors that I could obtain. I always kept books with me. When we came ashore, I observed the ways of the people, their manners, and their speech. I also tried to learn their languages, for I had a strong memory and found that words stayed in my mind better than in many others.

After these voyages, I grew tired of the sea and decided once more to remain at home with my wife and family. I moved first to Fetter Lane and then to Wapping, hoping to gain business among sailors. For three years I waited for better days, but they did not come. Then, at last, an offer was made to me that seemed too good to refuse. Captain William Prichard, master of the *Antelope*, needed a surgeon for a voyage to the South Sea.

When he first spoke to me, he said, “Mr. Gulliver, I have heard you are steady,

learned, and used to the sea. Will you come with us?”

I answered, “Captain, if the terms are fair, I will.”

He smiled a little. “Then we understand one another.”

We sailed from Bristol on the fourth of May, 1699. At first all went well. The wind favored us, and the ship moved strongly through the water. Such beginnings often make men foolishly confident. A calm sea can be a liar. For some time our voyage was prosperous, and no man on board believed how quickly our good luck could end.

Later, on our passage toward the East Indies, a violent storm drove us far from our course, to the north-west of Van Diemen’s Land. We had already suffered much. Twelve of our crew were dead from hard labor and poor food, and the rest were weak. Then, on the fifth of November, the weather became thick and hazy. A rock was seen close by, but too late. The wind was violent. The ship was driven straight upon it and split at once.

There was no time for long thought. Six of us, including me, got a boat into the sea and pushed away from the broken ship and the rock. We rowed until we had no strength left. We had already used up our bodies in the storm. At last we could do no more and gave ourselves to the waves. Then a sudden blast from the north struck us, and the boat overturned.

I cannot tell what became of my companions. I never saw them again. I suppose they were lost. As for me, I swam as chance carried me, driven by wind and tide. Again and again I let my legs fall, hoping to find the bottom, but there was nothing. My strength was nearly gone. I thought every moment might be my last. Then at last my feet touched ground.

I found that the slope upward was so gentle that I walked almost a mile before I reached the shore. It was about eight in the evening. I moved forward another half mile, but I saw no houses and no people. Perhaps there were some there, but I was too weak to notice them. I was exhausted from swimming, from fear, and from the heat. Before leaving the ship I had swallowed some brandy, and now sleep came upon me heavily.

I lay down on the grass. It was short, soft, and pleasant under my body. I slept

more deeply than I had ever slept in my life. I think I slept about nine hours, for when I opened my eyes, morning had already come.

I tried to rise, but I could not move.

At first I thought I was still half dreaming. Then I understood that my arms and legs were tied firmly to the ground. My long hair was also tied down. I felt thin cords crossing my body from my shoulders to my thighs. I could only look upward. The sun was growing hot, and the light hurt my eyes. I heard a confused noise around me, but in the position in which I lay I could see nothing except the sky.

A little later I felt something alive moving on my left leg. It came slowly over my chest and stopped near my chin. I bent my eyes down as far as I could and saw, to my extreme astonishment, a tiny human creature not six inches high. He carried a bow and arrow in his hands and a quiver on his back. Behind him came many more of the same kind. I think there were at least forty.

I was so surprised that I gave a great cry. At once they all ran back in terror, and some, as I later learned, were hurt when they leaped from my body to the ground. Yet they soon returned. One who came far enough to see my face clearly lifted his hands and eyes in wonder and cried out in a sharp little voice, "Hekinah degul!"

The others repeated the same words again and again.

I did not know what they meant. I only knew that I, Lemuel Gulliver, who had crossed seas and thought myself ready for any strange thing in the world, lay bound to the earth while a nation of tiny men stood over me and stared.

## Part 2

The little creatures who stood around me seemed at first full of fear. When I moved my head, they ran away in all directions. But after a few minutes they came back again. They walked carefully across my body, speaking to one another in a language that sounded quick and sharp. I could not understand a word of it.

One of them, who seemed braver than the rest, climbed upon my chest and stood close to my chin. He looked at my face with great curiosity. Then he spoke loudly, making a long speech. I listened carefully, but I could not guess the

meaning. When he finished, the others cried again, "Hekinah degul! Hekinah degul!"

I soon felt that I was terribly hungry. I put my finger slowly toward my mouth to show them that I wanted food. They appeared to understand this sign. Many of them ran away at once. After some time they returned with ladders, which they placed against my body. Then several men climbed up carrying baskets.

They opened the baskets and began to give me food.

The food was small, but they brought it in great quantity. The meat they gave me was about the size of a lark's wing. I swallowed several pieces at once. They also gave me small loaves of bread, each about as large as a musket ball. I ate them three or four at a time.

While I was eating, they stared at me with great wonder.

One of them cried, "Hekinah degul!"

Another answered, "Langro dehul!"

I drank several small barrels of wine which they rolled up to my hand. The barrels were hardly bigger than a thimble, but the wine was good and refreshed me greatly. After this meal I felt much stronger.

When they saw that I had finished eating, many of them shouted joyfully.

A man who appeared to be an officer climbed upon my chest again and made another long speech. While he spoke, he pointed several times toward the ground beside me. I believed he wanted me to remain quiet and not attempt to break my bonds.

I nodded my head slowly to show that I understood.

Soon afterward I felt a great number of sharp pains in my hands, face, and neck. I looked carefully and saw that hundreds of tiny arrows were flying toward me. They were not strong enough to do serious harm, but they stung like many small needles.

I cried out loudly.

The arrows stopped at once. Then the officer again raised his voice and spoke angrily to his men. After that no more arrows were shot.

I soon discovered the cause of the attack. While I had been eating, I had

loosened some of the cords that held my left hand. The little people had seen this and believed I was about to escape.

To calm them, I raised my right hand slowly and placed it on my breast. Then I lifted my eyes toward the sky as if making a promise.

This seemed to satisfy them.

Soon after, I heard a strange knocking sound near my right ear. I turned my eyes and saw that a wooden platform was being built beside my head. It stood about a foot and a half above the ground and was large enough for several of the tiny men to stand upon.

When it was finished, a very important person climbed up. He was followed by several others who looked like guards or servants. The chief man wore a long robe and carried a small staff in his hand.

He began to speak.

His speech lasted nearly ten minutes. He spoke slowly and often pointed toward me, toward the sky, and toward the city which lay somewhere beyond my field of sight. I could not understand his words, but his manner was calm and serious.

When he finished, I answered as politely as I could.

“Gentlemen,” I said, “I thank you for your kindness, though I do not yet know who you are or where I am.”

Of course they could not understand me any better than I could understand them. Yet my voice seemed to astonish them greatly. Many stepped back in fear.

After a short discussion among themselves, the officer gave several orders. Immediately hundreds of men began working around me. Some carried tools. Others brought carts filled with wood and rope.

I soon understood what they intended.

They were preparing to move me.

During the next several hours they built a large machine beside me. It looked like a kind of wooden platform mounted on many wheels. Strong beams were placed across my body, and thick cords were fastened around my neck, arms, and legs.

All this work was done with remarkable order and discipline. Thousands of tiny

workers moved about like ants. Though each man was small, their numbers were so great that together they possessed considerable strength.

At last the platform was brought close to my body.

Many ropes were fastened to the cords that held me. Then I felt myself slowly lifted from the ground.

The movement was painful but not dangerous. In a short time I was raised high enough to be drawn onto the platform. Once I lay upon it, they secured me again with many ropes so that I could not move.

Then the great journey began.

Fifteen hundred of the strongest horses in the country were brought forward. Each horse was hardly larger than a large dog, but together they could pull the heavy machine.

The procession started toward their capital city.

I lay quietly and watched the sky above me as the wheels rolled slowly forward. From time to time crowds of tiny people gathered along the road to look at me. Many ran beside the machine. Some shouted in excitement. Others stared in silence.

Once I heard a woman cry out, "Hekinah degul!"

A man beside her answered, "Yes, yes! A mountain of flesh!"

Although I did not yet know their language, I understood well enough that I was the strangest creature they had ever seen.

We traveled in this way for many hours.

At last night came. The machine stopped, and guards were placed around me. Five hundred archers stood ready with their bows. If I had tried to break my bonds, they would surely have filled my body with arrows.

I did not attempt it.

Instead I slept as well as my position allowed.

The next day we continued our journey and finally arrived at a large open space before a great building. I later learned that this building was an ancient temple which had long been unused.

The doors of the temple were high enough for me to enter.

They rolled the platform close to the entrance and carefully lowered me to the ground again. Then they fastened my chains to several iron rings fixed in the stone.

When everything was secure, the cords that bound my body were cut away.

At last I could move my arms and legs.

I slowly raised myself and sat upright.

At that moment a loud cry rose from the crowd of tiny people gathered around me. Thousands of voices shouted together.

They had never before seen their prisoner move.

And now the mountain was sitting up.

### Part 3

When the cords that held my body were cut, I moved slowly and carefully. I did not wish to frighten the little people more than they were already frightened. Still, when I first sat upright, a great cry rose from the crowd. Thousands of them ran back as fast as their small legs could carry them.

I looked around me.

The temple in which they had placed me was the largest building I had yet seen in that country. Even so, it was hardly large enough for a man of my size. I could sit upright inside it, but if I tried to stand straight, my head would surely break through the roof. The door was about four feet high and two feet wide. Through this door hundreds of the tiny people came and went like busy insects.

My left leg was fastened to the ground with a strong chain. The chain was about two yards long and allowed me to walk a little distance in a circle before the door of the temple. When I first discovered this, I rose carefully and stepped outside.

The people who were watching me gave another cry and ran away again.

But they soon returned.

Curiosity is often stronger than fear.

I sat down on the ground so that they could see I meant no harm. After some time they began to approach again, though still very cautiously. Soon several officers arrived and ordered the crowd to stand back.

Among them I noticed one man who seemed to be of great importance. He was dressed more richly than the others and was followed by many servants. I later learned that he was a principal officer of the Emperor.

He came close to my chain and looked up at me.

Then he spoke.

His voice was small but clear, and he delivered a long speech with great seriousness. Of course I understood nothing. When he finished, I answered him politely in several languages—first English, then Dutch, then Latin, and even a little Greek. None of these were understood either.

Still, we both tried to behave with respect.

At last the officer gave an order, and servants brought more food. Again ladders were placed against my body, and men climbed up carrying baskets. I ate heartily. My appetite surprised them greatly. They whispered to one another and shook their heads in wonder.

After I had eaten, I tried to show them that I wished to be free.

I pointed to the chain on my leg and then made a motion as if breaking it. At once the officer shook his head firmly.

“No,” he said in his language, speaking very slowly. “No.”

Then he made a sign that meant I must remain quiet and obedient.

I understood well enough.

During the next several days many important persons came to see me. The Emperor himself soon arrived. I could not see him clearly at first because of the great number of guards and attendants around him. But when he rode closer on horseback, I saw that he was a very handsome man.

His horse came almost close enough for me to touch it. At this the animal became frightened and reared up suddenly. The Emperor was quick and skillful and managed to control it.

Afterward he rode calmly around me several times so that he might observe me from every side.

At last he spoke to his attendants.

They listened respectfully and then gave orders to the soldiers.

Soon afterward a number of men were sent to search my pockets.

This operation was carried out with great care. One of the officers climbed upon my hand and explained by signs that they wished to examine my clothing. I laid myself down upon the ground so that they could do their work more easily.

Several small ladders were placed against my coat.

The officers climbed up and began their search.

They examined every pocket and made careful notes of what they found. One of them carried a small book and wrote down each object as it was discovered.

First they came to my coat pocket.

Inside they found a handkerchief large enough to serve them as a carpet. It required several of them working together to lift it. Next they found my snuffbox. When one of them opened it, the strong smell of the snuff made him sneeze violently. This accident caused much laughter among the soldiers.

They also discovered my watch.

This object puzzled them more than anything else.

The officer who held it listened carefully to the ticking sound.

“It is alive!” one of them cried.

“Or perhaps,” said another, “a god lives inside it.”

They held it to their ears again and again, amazed by the steady beating sound.

When their search was finished, the officer who had written the list stood before the Emperor and read it aloud. Though I still understood nothing, I could see that the court was deeply interested in the strange objects I possessed.

After some discussion the Emperor ordered that all my weapons should be taken away.

I did not resist.

They removed my sword first. It was nearly as long as five of their tallest men placed one above another. When I drew it slowly from its sheath, the sun flashed upon the blade.

The soldiers who stood nearby were filled with terror. Many fell flat upon the ground.

“Do not fear,” I said gently, though they could not understand the words.

I placed the sword upon the ground so that they might carry it away.

Next they took my pistols.

When they saw the powder and bullets, they were again greatly alarmed. One officer asked me by signs whether the powder was dangerous. I nodded and warned him to keep it away from fire.

The weapons were then carefully removed and placed in secure wagons.

After this search, the Emperor appeared more satisfied with my conduct.

Food was brought regularly, and many teachers were sent to instruct me in their language. I studied it with great attention. My memory helped me greatly, and within a short time I began to understand simple words.

One day a high officer visited me again.

This man was named Reldresal. He was the principal secretary for private affairs, and he spoke with great seriousness. By this time I had learned enough of their language to understand him imperfectly.

He stood upon a small platform and addressed me.

“Man-Mountain,” he said, using the name they had given me, “our Emperor is a wise and merciful ruler. He has decided to show you great kindness. But before he grants you full freedom, you must promise to obey certain conditions.”

I bowed my head to show my willingness to listen.

Reldresal continued.

“You must not leave our country without the Emperor’s permission. You must not enter the capital without special order. You must not take any of our people in your hands unless they agree. And when our enemies attack us, you must help defend the Empire.”

I considered these conditions carefully.

Then I answered slowly in their language.

“I promise to obey the Emperor.”

The secretary seemed pleased.

“Very good,” he said. “If you continue to behave well, the Emperor may soon grant you your liberty.”

Thus I remained among the people of that strange little nation, learning their

language, observing their customs, and waiting for the day when I might walk freely through their land.

#### Part 4

After I had lived some time in that country, I became better able to speak their language. Every day several teachers came to me. They pointed at objects and told me their names. I repeated the words again and again until I could remember them. Because of this study, I soon understood much of what the people said.

One day Reldresal, the Emperor's principal secretary, came to visit me again. He was a wise and serious man, and he spoke with great care.

"Man-Mountain," he said, "you have behaved peacefully among us. The Emperor is pleased. But there are matters of great importance that you should understand."

I sat down on the ground so that he could speak comfortably.

"First," he continued, "you must know that our Empire has long been at war with a powerful nation called Blefuscu. It lies on an island to the north-east of our shores. The war between our two countries has lasted many years."

"Why are the two nations enemies?" I asked.

Reldresal raised his hands and sighed.

"The reason," he said, "is an old disagreement about the proper way to break an egg."

I thought at first that I had misunderstood him.

"An egg?" I repeated.

"Yes," he said seriously. "An egg."

He then explained the history of the quarrel.

"In ancient times," he said, "all people in our Empire broke their boiled eggs at the large end. It was the custom handed down from our ancestors. But when the grandfather of our present Emperor was a boy, he once cut his finger while breaking an egg in the old way. After that accident the Emperor of that time made a law. The law commanded that eggs must always be broken at the small end."

Reldresal paused and shook his head.

“The people hated this law,” he said. “Many believed that breaking the egg at the large end was the true tradition of our country.”

“Did they refuse to obey the law?” I asked.

“Indeed they did,” said the secretary. “There were many rebellions. Our histories say that six rebellions were caused by this matter alone. One Emperor lost his life during those troubles, and another was forced to give up his throne.”

I listened with growing astonishment.

Reldresal continued, “The rebels were always supported by the Emperor of Blefuscu. Whenever the rebellions failed, the rebels escaped to Blefuscu for protection.”

He lowered his voice slightly.

“More than eleven thousand people have chosen death rather than agree to break their eggs at the small end.”

“Eleven thousand!” I cried.

“Yes,” he said calmly. “Many books have been written about this controversy. Books that defend the large-end method are forbidden in our Empire, and those who support it are not allowed to hold public office.”

I could hardly believe that such a ridiculous difference could lead to war and rebellion.

Yet Reldresal spoke with complete seriousness.

“Our enemy Blefuscu still encourages the supporters of the large end,” he said. “And now they are preparing a great fleet of ships. They intend to invade our country.”

“Then the Emperor fears an attack,” I said.

“Yes,” replied Reldresal. “That is why I have come to speak with you. Your strength may be the salvation of our Empire.”

I understood what he meant.

“If the Emperor commands,” I said, “I will do what I can to help defend his country.”

The secretary bowed slightly.

“Your loyalty will not be forgotten,” he said.

After this conversation I began to see more clearly the strange politics of that little nation. Their quarrels were violent, their arguments bitter, and their pride very great. Yet the reason for all their troubles seemed so small that I often wondered how sensible people could take such matters seriously.

Still, the preparations for war continued.

Scouts brought news that the fleet of Blefuscu was gathering in a large harbor. The Emperor himself came to visit me and spoke with great excitement.

“Man-Mountain,” he said, “our enemy believes that we are weak. But with your help we may defeat them.”

“Your Majesty,” I answered, “I will serve you faithfully.”

Soon afterward I was shown the coast where the enemy ships lay waiting across the narrow sea. With the help of several officers I examined the distance and the strength of the current. I then formed a plan.

First I asked the Emperor for many strong cables and iron bars. At first the ministers were surprised by this request, but they obeyed the Emperor’s command. Soon hundreds of workers were busy preparing ropes and hooks.

When everything was ready, I waited for the tide to fall.

Then I removed my coat and shoes and stepped slowly into the sea.

The water rose first to my knees, then to my waist, and at last to my chest. The current was strong, but I moved forward steadily until I reached the harbor of Blefuscu.

The enemy sailors were astonished when they saw me approaching through the water.

Some ran away in fear. Others jumped into the sea and swam toward the shore.

Their fleet contained many large ships anchored close together. I took the iron hooks and fastened them to the bows of the vessels. Then I tied the cables to the hooks and gathered the ropes together in my hand.

When everything was secure, I turned back toward Lilliput.

At first the ships did not move. But after a few moments the anchors were pulled loose from the ground, and the entire fleet began slowly to follow me across the

water.

From the shore of Lilliput thousands of people were watching the scene.

When they saw the enemy fleet moving toward them, a great shout of joy rose from the crowd.

I continued pulling the ships until they reached the harbor of the Emperor's capital.

There I left them safely anchored.

The victory was complete.

The Emperor himself came down to the shore surrounded by his court. His face shone with pride and satisfaction.

“Man-Mountain,” he said, “you have performed a service greater than any in the history of our Empire.”

The ministers bowed deeply, and the people cheered loudly.

But while the Emperor was pleased with my success, I soon discovered that great services do not always bring lasting favor.

For the same victory that made me famous among the people also began to awaken jealousy and suspicion among certain powerful men in the court.

## Part 5

The capture of the enemy fleet made the Emperor of Lilliput extremely proud. For several days the whole country celebrated the victory. The ships of Blefuscu lay safely in the harbor, and the people came in great crowds to see them. Everywhere I heard the name they had given me—Man-Mountain—spoken with excitement.

The Emperor rewarded me with the highest title in his Empire. When the ceremony was finished, Reldresal came to me again.

“You have brought great glory to our country,” he said. “The Emperor is deeply pleased.”

“I am glad that I could serve him,” I answered.

Yet I soon learned that the Emperor's joy had another side.

A few days later he spoke to me privately.

“Man-Mountain,” he said, “the fleet of Blefuscu is now in our power. Their island is weak and unprotected. If you would bring the rest of their ships to us, we could easily conquer their whole nation.”

I thought carefully before replying.

“Your Majesty,” I said slowly, “I am ready to defend your Empire against enemies. But I do not wish to destroy an entire nation of people who have done me no harm.”

The Emperor’s face changed slightly.

“You refuse my request?” he said.

“I wish only to act with justice,” I replied.

He said nothing more, but I could see that he was not pleased.

Not long after this conversation another strange event took place.

Late one night I was sleeping near the temple when I was suddenly awakened by great shouting and confusion. I sat up and saw flames rising in the distance.

A man came running toward me as fast as he could.

“Fire!” he cried. “Fire in the palace!”

I hurried toward the capital as quickly as my chain allowed. When I arrived, the scene was terrible. The Emperor’s palace was burning fiercely. The flames were already climbing toward the highest towers.

Hundreds of tiny people were running in every direction. Some carried buckets of water, but their efforts were useless. The fire was spreading too quickly.

At that moment I realized that there was only one way to save the palace.

I had drunk a great quantity of wine earlier that evening.

Without thinking longer, I turned toward the flames and did what necessity demanded.

In a few moments the fire was completely extinguished.

The palace was saved.

At first the people were filled with amazement and relief. The Emperor himself admitted that I had prevented the destruction of his palace.

Yet the method I had used did not please everyone.

In fact, it offended many important persons of the court.

Some whispered that my action had been disrespectful to the royal residence. Others insisted that such behavior was an insult to the dignity of the Empire.

Among those most displeased with me was the Treasurer, whose name was Flimnap. He was a powerful minister and already jealous of my influence with the Emperor.

One day Reldresal came to visit me again. His expression was troubled.

“Man-Mountain,” he said quietly, “I must warn you. Some powerful men at court have begun to accuse you of terrible crimes.”

“Crimes?” I said in surprise.

“Yes,” he answered. “They say that you have shown disrespect to the Emperor by extinguishing the palace fire in a most improper manner.”

I could not help laughing at this.

“If I had not acted,” I said, “the palace would have burned to the ground.”

“That may be true,” replied Reldresal, “but reason does not always rule the minds of ministers.”

He lowered his voice.

“There is another accusation as well. The Emperor believes that you should have helped him conquer Blefuscu completely. Your refusal has been interpreted as disloyalty.”

I began to understand the danger of my situation.

“What punishment do they propose?” I asked.

Reldresal hesitated before answering.

“Some have suggested death,” he said at last.

I stared at him in astonishment.

“Death—for refusing to enslave another nation?”

“Others have proposed a milder punishment,” he continued. “They suggest that your eyes should be put out. In that condition you would still be useful to the Empire, but you would no longer be dangerous.”

The thought filled me with horror.

“Blind me?” I said.

Reldresal nodded sadly.

“The Emperor has not yet made his final decision. But I fear that your enemies grow stronger each day.”

I walked slowly back to the temple and sat down in deep thought.

It was clear that I could not remain safely in Lilliput much longer.

Fortunately I still had one friend beyond the sea.

The Emperor of Blefuscu had heard of the accusations against me. Soon afterward a messenger arrived secretly with a letter. The letter invited me to visit the island of Blefuscu, where I would be received with honor.

This offer seemed my only hope.

I therefore asked permission from the Emperor of Lilliput to travel to Blefuscu in order to pay my respects to their ruler. The Emperor agreed, perhaps believing that I would soon return.

The next morning I prepared to leave the country that had once welcomed me so warmly.

When I stepped once more into the sea and began walking toward the island of Blefuscu, I did not yet know that this decision would soon lead me back to my own country—and to another voyage even stranger than the first.

## Part 6

The island of Blefuscu lay only a short distance from Lilliput, across a narrow sea. The water came no higher than my chest, and the current was gentle that morning. When the people of Lilliput saw me walking away through the water, many gathered on the shore to watch.

Some waved their hats. Others stood silently.

I did not know whether they felt relief or regret at my departure.

When I reached the shore of Blefuscu, I found that the Emperor of that island had already been informed of my arrival. A great number of soldiers and officials stood waiting on the beach.

The Emperor himself soon appeared.

He was attended by many nobles and guards, all dressed in rich clothing. Though they were no larger than the people of Lilliput, their manner was proud and dignified.

When he approached me, he raised his voice and spoke in the language that I now understood well.

“Man-Mountain,” he said, “you are welcome in Blefuscu.”

I bowed carefully.

“Your Majesty is very kind,” I answered.

The Emperor then asked many questions about my journey from Lilliput and about the accusations made against me there. I explained my situation honestly.

“I wished only to prevent the destruction of your country,” I said. “For this reason I refused to help conquer it.”

The Emperor listened thoughtfully.

“Then Blefuscu owes you gratitude,” he replied.

During the next several days I remained on the island as an honored guest. The Emperor sent food for me every day, and the people came in great numbers to see me. Yet I knew that I could not remain there forever.

I began to think constantly about returning to my own country.

One morning, while walking along the coast, I noticed something strange floating far out at sea. At first I thought it was the wreck of a small boat. The object rose and fell slowly with the waves.

I looked more carefully.

It seemed to be a real boat.

My heart beat faster. If it was large enough, perhaps I could repair it and use it to leave this country.

I went at once to the Emperor and asked for his help.

“Your Majesty,” I said, “there is an object in the sea that appears to be a boat. If your people will assist me, I may be able to bring it to shore.”

The Emperor agreed at once.

Soon many small ships were prepared, and several hundred sailors went out with ropes and hooks. I waded into the water and reached the floating object. My

guess had been correct. It was a small boat, badly damaged but still strong enough to be repaired.

With the help of the sailors I slowly pulled it toward the shore.

The work was not easy, but after several hours we succeeded. The boat was brought safely onto the beach.

I examined it carefully.

“This will serve,” I said with satisfaction.

During the following days I worked hard to repair the boat. The Emperor ordered his workers to provide me with tools and materials. Hundreds of tiny carpenters helped me, bringing nails, wood, and rope.

The people of Blefuscu also gave me several small animals from Lilliput that I had received earlier—some tiny sheep and cows that I had kept with me.

“Take them with you,” said the Emperor kindly. “They may be useful in your own country.”

I thanked him warmly.

At last the boat was ready.

Before leaving, I returned to the palace to take my farewell.

The Emperor spoke graciously.

“Man-Mountain,” he said, “you have been our friend. May the winds guide you safely to your home.”

“Your Majesty has shown me great kindness,” I replied. “I will never forget it.”

The next morning I placed my little animals safely inside the boat and pushed out into the sea. A gentle wind soon filled the sail that I had made from cloth provided by the Emperor.

Slowly the island of Blefuscu grew smaller behind me.

I sailed for several days, guided only by the sun and the stars. At last, on the fifth day, I saw a ship in the distance. I waved my handkerchief and shouted as loudly as I could.

The sailors saw me and steered toward my boat.

When they came close, they stared at me in amazement.

“Who are you?” one of them called.

“My name is Lemuel Gulliver,” I answered. “I am an Englishman who has suffered shipwreck.”

They helped me aboard and listened with great curiosity while I told my story. I soon discovered that the ship was English and was returning home.

My joy was beyond words.

During the voyage I showed the captain the tiny sheep and cows that I had brought from Lilliput. He could hardly believe his eyes.

After several weeks we arrived safely in England.

My wife and children welcomed me with tears of happiness. They had long believed that I was dead.

For a short time I enjoyed the quiet life of home.

Yet the desire for travel soon returned.

I had been back in England only two months when the sea began calling to me again. I felt the old restless curiosity growing stronger every day.

At last I said to my wife, “Mary, I believe I must make another voyage.”

She looked at me with sadness but did not try to stop me.

And so, once more, I prepared to leave my country—without knowing that my next journey would carry me to a land far stranger than the first.

## Part 7

I remained at home only a short time after my return from Lilliput. Though I loved my wife and children dearly, the quiet life of England soon began to feel narrow to me. I had seen strange lands and strange peoples, and my mind could not easily forget them.

One evening I spoke again with my wife.

“Mary,” I said gently, “I have received an offer to serve as surgeon on another ship.”

She looked at me quietly.

“You have already decided,” she said.

I could not deny it.

“Yes,” I answered.

She sighed but spoke kindly.

“Then go,” she said. “Only promise me that you will return.”

“I promise,” I said.

Thus I sailed once more, this time on a ship called the Adventure. Our voyage began well, and for some time the winds favored us. But the sea is a place where fortune changes quickly.

One day a violent storm arose. The wind drove our ship far from our intended course. After many days of difficult sailing we sighted land and sent a boat ashore to search for fresh water.

I went with the sailors.

The land appeared empty. We walked some distance along the shore but found no houses and no inhabitants. While we were exploring, I suddenly heard one of the sailors cry out.

“Run! Run for your lives!”

I turned and looked toward the sea.

At first I saw nothing unusual. But then, far behind us, something enormous moved among the trees.

It was a man.

Or rather, something shaped like a man but far larger than any human being.

The sailors ran back toward the boat as fast as they could. I followed them, but they were already pushing the boat into the water.

“Wait!” I shouted.

But they did not hear me, or perhaps they were too frightened to stop.

The boat moved away from the shore.

I turned again toward the giant figure.

He was walking slowly through a field of tall plants. Each step carried him an enormous distance. When he reached the edge of the water, he stood there watching the boat with great curiosity.

The sailors rowed desperately.

The giant did not follow them into the sea. He simply stood and looked.

I realized then that I had been left alone.

For a moment I did not know what to do. I could not swim far enough to reach the departing boat. My only choice was to walk inland and see what kind of country this might be.

I began moving through the field where I had first seen the giant.

Soon I discovered that the plants growing there were enormous stalks of grain. The smallest of them rose at least forty feet into the air. The leaves were thick and strong like great blades.

Walking between them was extremely difficult.

In some places the distance between the rows was hardly a foot. I had to push my way forward with great effort. The ground was rough, and the roots of the plants formed hard ridges across the soil.

As I struggled through this forest of grain, I suddenly heard a loud sound behind me.

It was the noise of metal striking plants.

I turned and saw several gigantic farmers entering the field. Each of them carried a huge curved blade—a sickle for cutting the grain.

The men were as large as towers.

With every movement of their arms, the enormous blades swept through the plants, cutting them down in great waves.

Terror seized me.

If one of those blades struck me, I would be cut to pieces instantly.

I began running as fast as I could between the rows. But the path was narrow, and my progress was slow.

The sound of the sickles came closer and closer.

Soon the terrible noise was no more than a hundred yards behind me.

My strength was failing. I had already walked a long distance that day, and the ground was rough and uneven.

At last I could run no farther.

I fell between two ridges of earth and lay there exhausted.

For a moment I thought that perhaps death would be better than the fear I was

feeling.

But at that instant the shadow of one of the giant farmers fell across me.

I looked up.

The enormous man had seen me.

He bent down slowly and stared at me with great astonishment. His face was as large as the side of a house. His eyes examined me carefully, as if I were some strange insect.

I did not move.

At last he stretched out his hand.

His fingers closed gently around my body.

In another moment I was lifted high into the air.

Thus I first entered the land of Brobdingnag—the country of giants.

## Part 8

The giant farmer held me carefully between his fingers and raised me close to his face. His eyes were large and round, and he looked at me with deep curiosity.

“Hm,” he said slowly, speaking in a deep voice that sounded like thunder in my ears.

I trembled with fear but tried to remain calm.

The farmer turned and called to the others who were working in the field. Soon several enormous men came walking toward us. Each of their steps shook the ground beneath my feet.

“What have you found?” one of them asked.

The farmer opened his hand so that they could see me.

The men leaned closer and stared.

One of them laughed loudly.

Another said something that sounded like a question. They spoke for a while, pointing at me and examining my clothes.

I guessed that they were trying to decide whether I was some kind of animal or perhaps a strange sort of human being.

To show that I was harmless, I took off my hat and bowed politely.

This action seemed to surprise them greatly.

The farmer nodded thoughtfully.

Then he placed me gently inside his large coat pocket.

The pocket was deep and dark, and the cloth smelled strongly of the field. As he walked, I was shaken from side to side. Still, I was grateful that he had not crushed me.

After some time we reached his house.

The building was enormous. The door alone was higher than a great tower in Lilliput. When the farmer entered, he took me from his pocket and placed me carefully on a large table.

The table was nearly thirty feet above the floor.

Soon a woman entered the room. She was the farmer's wife. When she first saw me, she screamed and stepped back in fright.

"What is that?" she cried.

The farmer laughed and spoke calmly to her. After a moment she came closer and examined me more carefully.

I bowed again and spoke in the few words of English and Dutch that I knew she would not understand.

She soon realized that I meant no harm.

"He is a little man," she said with wonder.

The farmer nodded.

Their children soon came running into the room. One of them—a mischievous boy—tried to pick me up roughly. I cried out in fear.

"Careful!" the farmer said sharply.

He took me away from the boy and placed me again upon the table.

Soon afterward dinner was served.

The table was covered with enormous dishes of food. A loaf of bread was as large as a house. The cups were like great barrels.

The farmer cut a small piece of meat and placed it before me. Even that "small" piece was larger than several meals in Lilliput.

I ate carefully while the family watched me with great amusement.

Suddenly a large cat jumped onto the table.

The creature was as big as two full-grown oxen in my eyes. It sat beside the farmer and began to wash its face calmly.

At first I was terrified. But when I saw that the cat paid no attention to me, I gathered courage and walked slowly past it.

The cat looked at me once but did not move.

“Ah,” I thought, “perhaps I am too small even for a cat to bother with.”

After dinner the farmer carried me into another room where several neighbors had gathered. They had heard about the strange creature found in the field and had come to see it.

One old man examined me very closely.

“It must be some kind of clever animal,” he said.

I bowed again to show my understanding.

This caused great laughter among the company.

The farmer soon discovered that people were willing to pay money to see me. He began to consider how he might profit from this discovery.

The next morning he placed me inside a small wooden box and carried me to the nearest town.

There he showed me to the people.

The townspeople gathered in crowds.

“Look!” they cried. “A tiny man!”

Some laughed, some stared in amazement, and some were even frightened. I was made to walk, bow, and speak while the spectators watched.

The farmer earned a great deal of money that day.

But for me the experience was exhausting.

The journey back to the farm was difficult, and the constant attention of strangers made me very tired.

Only one person showed me real kindness.

This was the farmer’s little daughter.

She was a gentle child about nine years old. Her name was Glumdalclitch. She

quickly became fond of me and treated me with great care.

She made a small bed for me from pieces of cloth and placed it inside a box where I could sleep safely. She also learned how to handle me gently, lifting me as if I were a delicate toy.

“Do not be afraid,” she said softly one evening as she placed me in my little bed.

I smiled at her kindness.

Although I was now a prisoner in a land of giants, I had at least found one true friend in that enormous world.

## Part 9

After the farmer discovered that people were willing to pay money to see me, he began to think constantly about how he could profit from me. At first he showed me only in the nearby town. But soon he decided that he could earn much more money by traveling from place to place.

Thus my life as a kind of public curiosity began.

Every day I was placed inside a wooden box and carried on horseback from town to town. The journey was extremely uncomfortable. Even though Glumdalclitch had lined the inside of the box with soft cloth, every movement of the horse shook me violently.

When we arrived in a town, the farmer would rent a large room in an inn. Then he would place a table in the center of the room and set me upon it.

Crowds soon filled the room.

The people pushed forward to see me. Some stared with wide eyes. Others laughed. Many spoke loudly about me, as if I were not capable of hearing or understanding them.

The farmer ordered me to perform various actions.

“Walk!” he would say.

I walked across the table.

“Bow!”

I bowed politely.

“Draw your sword!”

I pulled out my tiny sword and waved it in the air.

The spectators clapped their hands and laughed with delight.

Sometimes as many as thirty people were allowed to enter the room at once. They surrounded the table, leaning over me from every side.

Not all of them behaved kindly.

One day a foolish boy threw a large nut at me. The nut was as big as a melon in my eyes and nearly struck my head. If it had hit me, it might have killed me.

Fortunately the farmer saw what had happened and punished the boy severely.

But such dangers were common in that strange life.

My only comfort during those journeys was Glumdalclitch. She always stayed close to me and watched carefully to protect me from harm.

At night she placed my box beside her bed so that no one could disturb me.

As the weeks passed, the farmer grew greedy.

He pushed me to perform more and more often, sometimes ten times in a single day. The constant labor weakened me greatly. I became thin and pale.

Glumdalclitch noticed this and begged her father to allow me to rest.

“He is getting sick,” she said.

But the farmer shook his head.

“The little creature still has strength enough,” he replied.

Soon the fame of the tiny man spread throughout the country. At last news of me reached the royal court.

One day a messenger arrived from the Queen.

The Queen had heard of the strange little man being shown in the towns. She ordered that I should be brought to the capital so that she might see me.

The farmer was delighted.

“This will bring us great profit,” he said.

We traveled to the capital city.

The palace of the King and Queen was larger than anything I had yet seen in that land. The gates alone were like enormous cliffs of stone.

I was carried inside and placed upon a table before the Queen.

She sat in a magnificent chair, surrounded by many ladies and officers of the court. When she first saw me, she leaned forward with great interest.

“What a curious little creature,” she said.

The farmer ordered me to perform my usual actions. I walked across the table, bowed deeply, and spoke several sentences in my own language.

The Queen seemed greatly pleased.

She watched me for a long time.

At last she turned to the farmer.

“Will you sell this little man to me?” she asked.

The farmer hesitated for a moment. He had already earned a great deal of money from me, but he could see that the Queen was willing to pay much more.

After some discussion they agreed upon a price.

Thus I passed from the hands of the farmer into the possession of the Queen.

I cannot say that I was sorry to leave the farmer. His greed had nearly destroyed my health.

The Queen immediately asked Glumdalclitch to remain with me as my caretaker. The little girl was overjoyed at this.

“I will take good care of him,” she promised.

The Queen smiled kindly.

“Then he shall live with us at court,” she said.

A special box was built for me. It served as my house. Inside it there was a small bed, a table, and several chairs made by the palace carpenters.

Though everything was enormous by my standards, it was arranged carefully for my comfort.

Soon I was introduced to the King himself.

The King was a thoughtful man who enjoyed asking questions. He examined me closely and spoke to me often.

“Tell me about your country,” he said.

I did my best to explain the customs of Europe, our governments, our armies, and our wars.

The King listened patiently.

Yet as I continued my explanations, I began to notice a strange expression on his face.

It was not admiration.

It was something closer to disbelief—and even disgust.

I did not yet understand the reason for his reaction.

But soon our conversations would reveal a truth that I had never expected to hear.

## Part 10

Life in the royal court of Brobdingnag was very different from my earlier life with the farmer. The Queen treated me kindly, and Glumdalclitch continued to care for me faithfully. My small house was placed on a table in one of the Queen's chambers so that she could see me often.

Yet life among giants brought many strange and unpleasant experiences.

Everything in that country was enormous, and what might seem ordinary to the people there often appeared terrifying to me.

One day, while I was walking on the Queen's table, a servant accidentally placed a piece of bread near me. The bread was full of holes where insects had eaten it. From one of these holes a creature suddenly appeared.

It was a fly.

But to me the fly was as large as a bird.

The creature flew around my head with a loud buzzing sound. Soon several more joined it. They landed on my food and even on my face.

Their smell was terrible.

I tried to drive them away with my sword, but they returned again and again.

The ladies of the court laughed loudly when they saw me fighting the flies.

“Look how bravely the little man fights!” one of them said.

I did not enjoy their laughter.

There were other unpleasant things as well. When the ladies of the court held

me in their hands, I could see their skin very closely. From such a distance their faces and arms no longer looked smooth and beautiful.

Instead I saw large pores, rough hairs, and many small imperfections.

The sight disgusted me greatly.

Once a young lady placed me on her breast while speaking to her friends. I cannot describe the discomfort I felt in such a position. To the giants it seemed a harmless joke, but to me it was deeply embarrassing.

Glumdalclitch usually tried to protect me from such situations, but she could not always succeed.

The court dwarf caused me much trouble as well.

Before my arrival he had been the smallest person in the kingdom. Now that I had appeared, he lost that distinction and became jealous.

One day while I was standing on the table, the dwarf suddenly lifted me and dropped me into a large bowl of cream.

I struggled desperately in the thick liquid and was nearly drowned before someone noticed what had happened.

The Queen was very angry when she learned of the incident, and the dwarf was punished.

Still, such accidents showed how dangerous my position could be in that enormous world.

Despite these difficulties, the King continued to question me about Europe.

He was a man of strong intelligence and liked to discuss matters of government and war.

One day he asked, "Tell me about the weapons used by your people."

I thought this was an excellent opportunity to show him the greatness of European knowledge.

"Your Majesty," I said proudly, "there is a remarkable invention that would greatly strengthen your kingdom."

"What invention is that?" he asked.

"It is called gunpowder."

The King leaned forward with interest.

I continued.

“Gunpowder is a kind of powder discovered several hundred years ago. When even a small amount of it is set on fire, it explodes with enormous force. If the powder is placed inside a metal tube, the explosion can send heavy iron balls flying through the air with terrible speed.”

The King listened silently while I explained.

“With such machines,” I said, “entire armies can be destroyed at once. Strong walls can be broken, and ships can be sunk in the sea.”

I grew more enthusiastic as I spoke.

“If Your Majesty wishes, I can teach your craftsmen how to make these weapons. A cannon perhaps one hundred feet long would be sufficient for your kingdom. With twenty or thirty of them you could destroy the strongest fortress in only a few hours.”

The King’s expression slowly changed.

His face no longer showed curiosity. Instead it showed horror.

When I finished speaking, he remained silent for several moments.

At last he said in a grave voice:

“I am astonished that a small and weak creature like you can entertain such cruel ideas.”

I was surprised by his reaction.

The King continued.

“You speak proudly of machines that can destroy thousands of lives at once. You describe them as if they were a great achievement.”

He shook his head slowly.

“The person who first invented such weapons must have been an enemy of mankind.”

I tried to defend my explanation.

“But Your Majesty,” I said, “these inventions make a nation strong.”

The King raised his hand.

“Enough,” he said firmly.

“Even if you offered me half my kingdom, I would never wish to learn the

secret of such destruction. If you value your life, you will never again speak to me about these terrible inventions.”

I bowed respectfully, though I was greatly surprised by his words.

In Europe we considered such weapons a sign of progress and power.

But in the eyes of the King of Brobdingnag they were nothing more than proof of human cruelty.

After that conversation I began to realize that the people of that land judged our civilization very differently from how we judged ourselves.

Yet my strange life in Brobdingnag was not destined to last forever.

A sudden accident would soon return me once more to the wide and uncertain sea.

## Part 11

Although life at the court of Brobdingnag was often uncomfortable and sometimes dangerous, I remained there for nearly two years. During that time the Queen continued to treat me kindly, and Glumdalclitch cared for me with great devotion.

She had become my closest friend in that strange land.

My little house was often carried from room to room so that the Queen could watch me or speak with me whenever she wished. When the court traveled to different places in the kingdom, my box was placed on a special carriage prepared for my safety.

Yet even with these precautions, accidents could still occur.

One day the Queen traveled to the southern coast of the kingdom. I was brought with her, as usual, in my small wooden house. The journey was long, and the air by the sea made me feel somewhat ill.

I asked Glumdalclitch if she would carry my box outside so that I could breathe fresh air.

“Very well,” she said kindly.

She placed the box near an open window of the room where she was staying.

The window looked out over the sea.

My box had several small openings with wire across them so that air could enter while still protecting me from birds.

I lay down on my bed and soon fell asleep.

Some time later I was suddenly awakened by a violent shaking.

The box was no longer resting quietly by the window. Instead it was rising into the air.

I heard the loud beating of wings.

A great bird had seized my box in its claws.

The creature must have thought that the box contained food. Perhaps the smell of the meat that I had eaten earlier attracted it.

The bird carried the box high above the ground.

Inside, I was thrown violently from one side to the other. I held tightly to my bed, fearing that the box might break apart at any moment.

The flight lasted only a short time.

Suddenly there was a terrible movement.

The bird cried out sharply.

I guessed that it had been attacked by other birds who wished to steal its prize.

In the struggle my box slipped from its claws.

The next moment it fell.

I heard the rushing sound of wind.

Then came a tremendous crash.

The box had fallen into the sea.

At first I believed that I would drown immediately. But the box had been built strongly, and the doors and windows were tightly closed. The wood floated on the water.

Though the fall had shaken me badly, I was still alive.

I tried to look through one of the small openings.

All around me I saw nothing but the wide ocean.

The waves lifted the box and dropped it again and again. Each movement made the walls creak loudly. Water splashed against the sides.

I feared that the box might break open and fill with water.

For several hours I drifted alone on the sea.

I shouted again and again, hoping that some passing ship might hear me. But the sound of the wind and waves swallowed my voice.

At last I heard a different sound.

It was the creaking of ropes and the voices of men.

A ship had appeared nearby.

Soon I felt the box being struck by something. Hooks and ropes caught it from above. The box began to rise slowly out of the water.

I cried out with joy.

“Help! Help!”

The men on the ship heard the sound.

One of them shouted, “There is someone inside!”

The lid of the box was opened.

The sudden light of the sun almost blinded me.

Several sailors looked down at me with great astonishment.

“Good heavens!” one of them cried. “It is a man!”

They helped me climb out of the box and onto the deck of the ship.

I could hardly stand, for I had been thrown about for many hours.

The captain of the ship came forward.

“Who are you?” he asked.

“My name is Lemuel Gulliver,” I replied. “I am an Englishman who has been living in a land of giants.”

The sailors laughed at this.

“Giants?” one of them said.

“You must be joking.”

I tried to explain everything—the farmer, Glumdalclitch, the King, and the enormous country where I had lived.

But the sailors only shook their heads.

They believed that the long time I had spent alone at sea had confused my mind.

Even the captain looked doubtful.

“You are safe now,” he said kindly. “That is what matters.”

During the voyage back to England I slowly regained my strength.

Yet I soon noticed something strange in my own thoughts.

After living among giants for so long, the ordinary men around me now seemed unusually small.

When the captain stood beside me, I felt as if I were speaking to a dwarf.

I even caught myself speaking loudly, as if addressing someone far below me.

The sailors began to whisper among themselves.

“The poor man has lost his senses,” one of them said.

In time my mind returned to its normal condition.

When we finally arrived in England, I returned home to my wife and children.

But my stay in Brobdingnag had changed the way I saw the world.

And before long, the restless desire for travel would lead me to begin yet another voyage.

## Part 12

I remained at home with my family for only a short time after my return from Brobdingnag. My wife was happy to see me alive again, and my children welcomed me warmly. Yet the quiet life of England soon began to feel narrow and dull.

I had traveled far across the seas. I had lived among tiny people and among giants. My mind had become accustomed to strange lands and strange customs.

After some weeks the old desire returned.

One evening I spoke to my wife again.

“Mary,” I said, “I have been offered another position at sea.”

She looked at me for a long moment.

“You have already decided,” she said quietly.

I nodded.

“Yes.”

She sighed but did not try to stop me.

“Then go,” she said. “But promise that you will return safely.”

“I promise,” I answered.

Thus I sailed again. This time I was captain of a merchant ship. Our voyage began peacefully, and for some months everything went well.

But once again the sea brought unexpected trouble.

One morning several of my sailors suddenly turned against me. They had been speaking secretly among themselves, and now they began a mutiny.

“We are taking the ship,” one of them said.

I tried to reason with them.

“Men,” I said, “this madness will destroy us all.”

But they would not listen.

They tied my hands and locked me in a small cabin. For many days I remained there as their prisoner. At last they decided what to do with me.

They placed me in a small boat with a little food and water.

“You are lucky,” said one of the sailors. “We could easily kill you instead.”

Then they pushed the boat away from the ship and left me alone on the sea.

I drifted for several hours before I saw land.

With great effort I rowed toward the shore and finally reached a small island. The land appeared wild and empty.

I climbed out of the boat and began to explore.

Soon I saw several strange creatures moving among the rocks. At first I thought they might be some kind of animal.

But as they came closer I felt a deep shock.

The creatures walked on two legs like human beings.

Their bodies were covered with hair. Their skin was dark and dirty. Their faces were twisted and unpleasant. Their hands and feet were rough like claws.

Yet despite their ugliness, they looked very much like men.

One of them approached me boldly.

I stepped back in fear.

The creature stared at me with fierce eyes and made a strange cry. Soon several others appeared and began running toward me.

Their movements were wild and violent.

I picked up a stick and prepared to defend myself.

Just as the creatures were about to reach me, I heard another sound.

Hoofbeats.

A horse came running toward us.

But this horse behaved in a way I had never seen before.

It stopped beside me and looked directly into my face.

Its eyes were calm and thoughtful.

Then it turned its head toward the ugly creatures and made a loud cry. The creatures immediately ran away.

I stood there in astonishment.

The horse continued to examine me carefully.

Soon another horse approached. The two animals seemed to speak to each other in a series of strange sounds.

I watched them with growing amazement.

Their behavior was not like that of ordinary animals. They moved and spoke with a kind of intelligence.

At last one of them turned to me and made a clear sound.

“Hhmm... Yahoo?”

I did not understand the word, but I guessed that it referred to the ugly creatures who had attacked me.

The horse repeated the word again.

“Yahoo?”

Then it pointed its hoof toward me.

At that moment I began to suspect that I had arrived in the most extraordinary country of all—a land where horses possessed reason and where creatures resembling men were treated like beasts.

The horses soon led me away from the shore and toward their dwelling.

Thus I entered the country of the Houyhnhnms, where my ideas about mankind would soon be shaken more deeply than ever before.

## Part 13

The two horses continued to observe me with great attention. They walked slowly around me, examining my clothes, my hands, and my face.

One of them spoke again.

“Yahoo?”

The other horse shook its head slightly.

Then it made another sound that was longer and more careful.

I could not understand the language, but I clearly felt that they were discussing me.

At last the larger horse stepped forward and made a gesture with its head, as if asking me to follow.

I hesitated for a moment.

Yet I saw that the wild creatures—the ones they had called Yahoos—were watching us from a distance. Their eyes were full of hatred.

I quickly decided that the company of the horses was far safer.

“Very well,” I said softly, though they could not understand my words.

I followed them.

We walked through fields and gentle hills for some time. The country was pleasant and peaceful. The grass was soft, and the air was fresh. Everything seemed quiet and orderly.

At last we arrived at a large building made of wood and stone.

The building was simple but well constructed. Nearby there were several smaller houses and fenced fields.

Other horses soon came out to meet us.

They all looked at me with deep curiosity.

The first horse began speaking to them in their strange language. They listened carefully while looking at me again and again.

Soon they led me inside the main house.

I noticed immediately that the house was arranged in a very orderly way. The rooms were clean and spacious. There was no unnecessary decoration, yet

everything seemed comfortable and practical.

One of the horses appeared to be the master of the house.

He examined me very closely.

Then he spoke several words slowly, repeating them as if teaching a child.

I soon realized that he was trying to teach me his language.

For the next several days this became our regular activity. The horses pointed to objects and spoke their names. I repeated the sounds as best I could.

My memory had always been good for languages, and little by little I began to understand them.

During this time I also learned more about the strange creatures called Yahoos.

One day the master horse led me outside to a field where several of these creatures were kept.

The Yahoos were dirty, ugly, and violent. Their bodies were covered with coarse hair. Their faces were twisted with greed and anger. They fought with one another constantly and made horrible noises.

When they saw me, they stared with great excitement.

One of them tried to come closer, reaching out its hands toward my clothes.

The master horse drove it away at once.

“Yahoo,” he said calmly.

I soon understood that this word referred to those creatures.

But something else troubled me deeply.

The more I looked at the Yahoos, the more I noticed certain similarities between them and human beings.

Their faces, though rough and ugly, had the same general shape as ours. Their hands were almost identical to human hands.

Only their hair, their dirtiness, and their savage behavior separated them from mankind.

One day the master horse spoke to me about this matter.

“You are not exactly a Yahoo,” he said slowly, using the words that I had learned to understand. “But your body resembles them more than it resembles ours.”

I felt deeply ashamed.

“In my country,” I replied, “men are the masters of horses.”

The horse looked surprised.

“Masters?” he asked.

“Yes,” I said. “We ride horses, guide them, and use them for work.”

The master horse considered this idea carefully.

“Strange,” he said at last.

From that day forward he began asking me many questions about the world from which I came.

I tried to explain the customs of Europe—the governments, the laws, the cities, and the people.

The horses listened with calm attention.

Yet the more I explained, the more troubled they seemed to become.

I soon realized that in their peaceful country there were no wars, no prisons, and no lies.

The Houyhnhnms lived entirely by reason.

They spoke only truth. They had no word in their language for falsehood.

As the weeks passed, I began to admire them deeply.

Their lives were simple, calm, and honest. They had none of the greed, pride, or violence that filled human societies.

Meanwhile the Yahoos remained wild and hateful creatures.

They fought for food, stole from one another, and covered themselves with filth.

Watching them filled me with disgust.

Slowly, a terrible thought began to grow in my mind.

If the Yahoos were so similar to human beings...

What did that say about mankind itself?

I did not yet know that this question would soon lead me into a long and disturbing conversation with my Houyhnhnm master—one that would forever change the way I saw my own species.

As I continued living in the house of my Houyhnhnm master, my knowledge of their language improved greatly. The master was patient and intelligent, and he enjoyed teaching me new words. Each day he asked questions about the lands from which I had come.

At first I answered cautiously. I did not wish to give a bad impression of my own country. Yet the more he questioned me, the more difficult it became to hide the truth.

One afternoon we stood together in a quiet field.

The master looked toward the hills and spoke calmly.

“You have told me about your country,” he said. “But I still do not understand something. If your people possess reason, why do they fight one another?”

I hesitated.

In the land of the Houyhnhnms there was no such thing as war. The idea itself seemed strange to them.

“There are many causes of war,” I said slowly.

“Tell me,” he replied.

I took a deep breath.

“One cause,” I said, “is the ambition of kings. A king is often not satisfied with the land and people that he already possesses. He desires to rule more territory and more subjects.”

The master listened carefully.

“Another cause,” I continued, “is the corruption of ministers and government officials. When they fail in their duties, they sometimes start a war in order to hide their mistakes.”

The master moved his ears slightly, a sign that he was thinking.

“There are other causes as well,” I said. “Sometimes wars begin because of small disagreements—questions of religion, clothing, or customs. One nation believes one thing, another nation believes something slightly different, and soon they begin killing each other.”

The master seemed puzzled.

“People kill one another because they disagree about small matters?” he asked.

“Yes,” I said sadly.

I continued my explanation.

“Sometimes two kings both desire the same land, and each claims that it belongs to him. Sometimes one nation attacks another because it fears that the other might attack first. At other times a strong nation invades a weaker one simply because it has the power to do so.”

The master was silent for a long time.

At last he said, “How many of your people die in these wars?”

“In a large war,” I answered, “hundreds of thousands may die. Sometimes even a million.”

The master stared at me in astonishment.

“And what kind of creatures perform these killings?” he asked.

“Soldiers,” I replied.

“What are soldiers?”

“They are men hired to kill as many of the enemy as possible.”

The master shook his head slowly.

“Your explanation is difficult for me to understand,” he said.

I then described the weapons used in European wars—guns, cannons, bombs, swords, and ships filled with soldiers. I told him how entire cities could be destroyed by these weapons.

“I have seen battles,” I said, “where hundreds of men were blown into the air at once. I have seen ships explode and sink into the sea. Bodies fell from the sky like rain.”

When I finished speaking, the master suddenly said:

“Stop.”

His voice was firm but not angry.

“Enough.”

I fell silent.

The master walked slowly around the field for a moment before speaking again.

“From everything you have told me,” he said, “I can understand that your

people possess a certain cleverness. But it appears that this cleverness is joined with great wickedness.”

I could not answer.

He continued:

“The creatures you call Yahoos behave badly because they lack reason. But your people seem to possess reason and still behave like Yahoos.”

His words struck me deeply.

The master looked at me kindly.

“You yourself are different from the Yahoos,” he said. “You speak calmly and show respect. But the habits of your species seem very strange.”

I bowed my head.

“Perhaps you are right,” I said quietly.

Our conversation did not end there.

In the following days I told him about many other things in Europe—money, trade, lawyers, and government.

Each explanation caused him new astonishment.

And with every discussion I began to see my own world in a new and troubling light.

For the first time in my life, I began to wonder whether human beings were truly the reasonable creatures we believed ourselves to be.

## Part 15

After my long conversation with my Houyhnhnm master about war, he became even more curious about the customs of Europe. Each day he asked new questions, and I tried to answer them as honestly as possible.

One morning he said to me, “You spoke yesterday about something called money. I do not yet understand what this means.”

I thought for a moment before replying.

“Money,” I said, “is a kind of metal used by my people. With this metal a man can obtain almost anything he desires.”

The master looked surprised.

“Anything?”

“Yes,” I said. “Fine clothes, good food, large houses, servants, and many other things.”

“But how can a piece of metal produce such things?” he asked.

“It does not produce them directly,” I explained. “But if a man has much money, other people will work for him. They will build his house, cook his food, and make his clothing.”

The master considered this carefully.

“And the people who work,” he said, “do they receive food and shelter in return?”

“Yes,” I replied. “They receive money for their work. But the amount is usually very small.”

“Then they must work constantly in order to live,” he said.

“That is true.”

The master moved his head slowly.

“And the rich man who has much money—does he work?”

I hesitated.

“Not always,” I admitted. “Many rich men do very little work.”

The master looked puzzled.

“Then the greatest reward goes to those who do the least labor?”

“Often that is the case,” I said.

He was silent for a moment.

Then he asked another question.

“What happens if a man does something harmful to others?”

“In our countries,” I replied, “we have laws. Those who break the law are punished.”

“Who decides these laws?”

“The government.”

“And who explains the laws?” he asked.

“Lawyers,” I said.

This word interested him greatly.

“What are lawyers?” he asked.

I tried to explain.

“Lawyers are men who study the laws and speak in court when people have disagreements.”

“They help discover the truth?” he asked.

I could not answer that question immediately.

At last I said carefully, “Sometimes they help their clients win a case.”

“Clients?” he repeated.

“Yes,” I said. “The person who pays them.”

The master understood at once.

“Then the lawyer speaks not for truth, but for the person who pays him.”

I felt embarrassed.

“That may sometimes happen,” I admitted.

The master shook his head slowly.

“In our country,” he said, “we use reason to settle disagreements. We have no need for such professions.”

During another conversation he asked about government.

I explained that our countries had kings, ministers, and many officials who controlled the affairs of the nation.

“Do they always act for the good of the people?” he asked.

I smiled sadly.

“Not always.”

The master looked at me thoughtfully.

“It seems,” he said, “that the creatures you call men possess reason but often choose not to use it.”

His words troubled me deeply.

Later that day we walked past a group of Yahoos working in a field. They were pulling heavy loads and fighting among themselves over pieces of food.

The master stopped and looked at them.

“These creatures,” he said, “are foolish and greedy. Yet what you have told me

about your people does not sound very different.”

I felt ashamed.

“There may be some truth in what you say,” I answered quietly.

The master continued speaking.

“In our country the Houyhnhnms live peacefully together. We speak truth, we act with reason, and we avoid unnecessary desires.”

Then he turned his calm eyes toward me.

“But the world you describe seems full of greed, violence, and deception.”

I could not deny it.

The more I spoke about Europe, the more clearly I saw the faults of mankind.

Meanwhile my admiration for the Houyhnhnms grew stronger each day.

Their lives were simple, calm, and rational. They did not lie, cheat, or fight one another. They lived in harmony with their neighbors.

Compared with them, the behavior of human beings began to appear shameful and ridiculous.

Slowly, without fully realizing it, my feelings toward my own species began to change.

## Part 16

As my time among the Houyhnhnms continued, my admiration for them grew stronger every day. Their lives were calm and orderly. They spoke only when necessary, and every word they used had a clear meaning. I never heard them argue angrily or try to deceive one another.

In their language there was not even a word for lying.

When they wished to express the idea of falsehood, they used a phrase that meant “speaking the thing that is not.”

The Houyhnhnms believed that reason was the guide of all life. Because of this belief, their society was peaceful and well organized.

Marriage among them was not based on strong emotion, as it often is among humans. Instead it was arranged carefully by families. The purpose was to produce

healthy and well-formed children.

“We choose mates with care,” my master explained one day. “If the colors of the hair and skin are badly mixed, the children may not be strong. Therefore families consider these matters seriously.”

I listened with interest.

“Do the young Houyhnhnms fall in love?” I asked.

My master seemed puzzled by the question.

“Love?” he repeated.

“Yes,” I said. “A strong feeling that draws two people together.”

The master considered the idea.

“We do not act according to uncontrolled feelings,” he said calmly. “We act according to reason.”

Their children were raised with equal care. Each family usually had one male and one female child. If another family had children of only one kind, they sometimes exchanged them so that all families would remain balanced.

The Houyhnhnms also had a particular way of dealing with the Yahoos.

The Yahoos were considered unpleasant animals, but they could sometimes be made useful. Each Houyhnhnm usually kept two Yahoos to perform simple work.

The Yahoos pulled carts, carried heavy loads, and worked in the fields. But they were always watched carefully, because they were greedy and violent creatures.

My master once showed me how they were controlled.

A group of Houyhnhnms surrounded several wild Yahoos that lived in the hills. The older and more dangerous animals were killed. The younger ones were captured and trained to obey commands.

“They are unpleasant creatures,” my master said, “but they can be useful when properly guided.”

The more I observed the Yahoos, the more I despised them.

They were filthy, greedy, and constantly fighting. They loved to dig in the ground searching for bright stones, which they collected and guarded fiercely.

When two Yahoos discovered the same stone, they often fought violently over it.

Watching them filled me with disgust.

One evening I spoke to my master about this.

“These creatures are the most horrible animals I have ever seen,” I said.

My master looked at me calmly.

“They are unpleasant,” he agreed.

Then he added quietly:

“But in many ways they resemble the race that you call human.”

His words struck me deeply.

I had already begun to notice the similarities between the Yahoos and human beings. Yet hearing this idea spoken so calmly made me feel deeply ashamed.

From that moment my feelings toward mankind began to change more strongly.

I spent most of my time with the Houyhnhnms and avoided looking at the Yahoos whenever possible. I tried to imitate the calm behavior of my master and his family.

I spoke more slowly, controlled my emotions, and thought carefully before acting.

Gradually I began to feel that I belonged more with the Houyhnhnms than with my own species.

But while my admiration for the Houyhnhnms increased, events were taking place that would soon change my life once again.

The leaders of the Houyhnhnms had begun discussing a troubling question.

That question was whether a creature like me—half resembling a Yahoo but capable of reason—should be allowed to remain in their peaceful country.

And the answer they would eventually give would force me to leave the place that I had begun to consider my true home.

## Part 17

After some years had passed in the country of the Houyhnhnms, an important meeting was held among the leaders of that nation. These meetings took place only once every four years. At such times the wisest Houyhnhnms gathered to

discuss matters that concerned their society.

My master traveled to attend this assembly.

When he returned home, his manner was serious and thoughtful. I soon realized that the meeting had included a discussion about me.

One evening he spoke to me quietly.

“Friend,” he said, “the assembly of Houyhnhnms has considered the question of your presence in our land.”

I listened with anxiety.

“The resemblance between you and the Yahoos has caused concern,” he continued. “Although you possess reason and behave very differently from them, your appearance suggests that you belong to the same species.”

My heart sank as he spoke.

“Some of the Houyhnhnms fear that if creatures like you were allowed to remain here, the Yahoos might become more dangerous. They might learn new habits from you.”

I tried to answer calmly.

“I have never encouraged the Yahoos,” I said. “I dislike them as much as you do.”

“Yes,” my master replied kindly. “I have spoken in your defense. I have explained that you behave with reason and respect. But the assembly has made its decision.”

I waited silently.

At last he said the words I had feared to hear.

“You must leave this country.”

For a moment I could not speak.

“Leave?” I said slowly.

“Yes,” he answered. “You must return to the land of your own species.”

The thought filled me with deep sorrow.

“But I no longer wish to live among them,” I said. “I have learned how cruel and foolish humans can be.”

My master remained calm.

“Nevertheless, it is the decision of the assembly,” he said. “You may stay long enough to prepare for your departure. But you must go.”

I bowed my head.

I knew that the Houyhnhnms always acted according to reason. Their decisions were never guided by anger or cruelty.

Still, the news broke my heart.

During the following weeks I prepared for my departure.

With the help of the Houyhnhnms I built a small boat from wood taken from nearby trees. The work was difficult, but the horses helped me by carrying materials and holding pieces in place while I fastened them together.

My master watched the work carefully.

“You have skill with tools,” he said one day.

“Men in my country must often build such things,” I replied.

At last the boat was finished.

The day of my departure arrived sooner than I wished.

I walked one last time around the fields and hills where I had lived so peacefully. The land was quiet and beautiful. The air was fresh, and the grass moved gently in the wind.

I turned to my master.

“I will never forget your kindness,” I said.

He answered calmly, “Use reason wherever you go.”

Those were the last words he spoke to me.

Soon afterward I pushed my small boat into the water and began rowing away from the shore.

As the land of the Houyhnhnms slowly disappeared behind me, I felt a deep sadness that I had never known before.

I was returning to my own species.

Yet I no longer felt that I truly belonged among them.

I sailed for many days after leaving the country of the Houyhnhnms. My small boat was simple but strong, and the weather was mostly calm. Still, the journey was lonely and difficult.

I had little food and very little water. Each day I feared that a storm might destroy my boat.

Yet after some time I saw land.

With great effort I guided my boat toward the shore. When I reached the beach, I climbed out and looked around carefully. I did not know whether the people of that land would treat me kindly.

For a long moment I stood there, uncertain what to do.

I had lived so long among the wise and gentle Houyhnhnms that the thought of meeting human beings again filled me with discomfort.

At last I saw a group of men approaching.

They were sailors from a nearby ship. When they saw me standing on the shore in my strange clothes, they hurried forward with curiosity.

One of them spoke first.

“Who are you?” he asked.

I answered slowly.

“My name is Lemuel Gulliver. I am an Englishman who has been living among very unusual people.”

The sailors examined me with surprise.

“You look half starved,” one of them said.

They gave me food and water. Although I was hungry, I found it difficult to eat in their presence. After living among the Houyhnhnms, the smell of human bodies seemed unpleasant to me.

The sailors soon took me aboard their ship.

The captain of the vessel was a Portuguese gentleman named Don Pedro de Mendez. He was a kind and thoughtful man.

When he heard my story, he did not laugh as others had done in the past.

Instead he spoke gently.

“You have suffered greatly,” he said. “You may remain on my ship until we

reach Europe.”

During the voyage he treated me with great kindness. Yet I found it difficult to speak with him or the other sailors.

The habits of mankind now appeared ugly and unreasonable to me.

Often I stayed alone on the deck, looking out at the sea and remembering the peaceful country of the Houyhnhnms.

Don Pedro noticed my behavior.

One evening he said to me, “You seem troubled by the company of other men.”

I answered honestly.

“After living among the Houyhnhnms, it is difficult for me to return to the society of humans.”

The captain smiled gently.

“Even so,” he said, “we must accept the world as it is.”

After several weeks we arrived in England.

Don Pedro accompanied me to my house. When we reached the door, he knocked gently.

My wife opened it.

For several years she had believed that I was dead. When she saw me standing before her, she cried out with joy and threw her arms around me.

But the moment she touched me, I fainted.

I had not been touched by a human being for so long that the smell of the human body seemed unbearable to me.

For nearly an hour I remained unconscious.

When I recovered, I felt deeply ashamed of my reaction. Yet my feelings toward human beings had changed completely.

Although I loved my wife and children, I could not bear to live closely among them.

Even their touch caused me discomfort.

From that time forward I began to avoid human company whenever possible. The memory of the Houyhnhnms and their rational lives remained stronger in my mind than any attachment to my own species.

My strange journeys had come to an end.

But the lessons I had learned from them would remain with me for the rest of my life.

## Part 19

After I returned to my house in England, my life did not become peaceful as many might expect. My wife and children were full of joy to see me again. They believed that I had been lost forever, and they welcomed me with tears and embraces.

Yet I could not share their happiness in the same way.

The long years I had spent among the Houyhnhnms had changed my thoughts and habits deeply. Their calm reason, their honesty, and their simple lives had become the model by which I judged all creatures.

When I looked again at human beings, I could not forget the comparison with the Yahoos.

Even the appearance of mankind disturbed me.

The smell of the human body was especially unpleasant to me. I tried to hide my feelings, but it was not easy.

During the first weeks after my return, I forced myself to sit at the table with my family. Yet every moment was difficult. The sounds of chewing, the smell of food, and the sight of human faces made me uneasy.

My wife soon noticed that something was wrong.

“Lemuel,” she said one evening, “you behave as if you fear us.”

I could not answer her directly.

“It is only that I have lived in a different society for many years,” I replied.

But the truth was far deeper.

In my heart I had begun to believe that the Houyhnhnms represented the highest form of reason, while human beings were only a slightly improved version of the disgusting Yahoos.

Because of this feeling, I gradually separated myself from human company.

At first I spent many hours walking alone in the fields near my home. The quiet air and the sight of animals gave me comfort.

Soon afterward I bought two horses.

They were strong and intelligent animals. When I first stood beside them, I felt a strange sense of peace.

“You are noble creatures,” I said softly to them.

Of course they could not understand my words in the way the Houyhnhnms had understood me. Yet I still felt that their presence was far more agreeable than that of human beings.

From that time forward I spent much of my day in the stable.

The smell of the stable, which would disgust most people, seemed pleasant to me. It reminded me of the country where I had lived so happily among the Houyhnhnms.

I often spoke to my horses as if they were capable of answering.

“My friends,” I would say, “you belong to a noble race.”

Sometimes the stable boy watched me with curiosity.

One day he asked, “Sir, do you truly believe the horses understand you?”

I smiled slightly.

“More than many men,” I answered.

At first my family was deeply troubled by my behavior. My wife tried many times to persuade me to live normally again.

“You have returned home,” she said. “You are safe among your own people.”

But those words no longer comforted me.

“My own people,” I said slowly, “have many faults.”

In truth, I preferred the company of my horses.

Every day I spent several hours with them. I walked beside them, fed them, and spoke to them as if they were companions. I imagined that their calm eyes understood something of my thoughts.

After some time my family learned to accept my strange habits.

I still treated them with kindness, but I avoided close contact whenever possible. I did not allow anyone to touch my food or drink from the same cup as I did.

In quiet moments I often reflected on the journeys that had changed my life so completely.

I had seen the tiny people of Lilliput, whose pride and political quarrels resembled those of many European nations.

I had lived among the giants of Brobdingnag, where human achievements appeared small and ridiculous.

I had visited the floating island of Laputa and seen the foolish projects of men who preferred useless theories to practical wisdom.

And at last I had lived among the Houyhnhnms, whose calm reason and honesty showed me what a truly rational society might be.

These experiences had taught me many lessons.

They showed me that human beings often believe themselves wise, powerful, and civilized. Yet when we examine our actions carefully, we discover that greed, pride, and violence still rule much of our behavior.

I do not claim that every person is wicked. Many individuals are kind and thoughtful.

But when I remember the peaceful society of the Houyhnhnms, I cannot help wishing that human beings might one day learn to govern themselves by reason rather than passion.

For this reason I decided to write down the story of my travels.

If my experiences can encourage even a few people to examine their own behavior more carefully, then my strange voyages will not have been useless.

Thus I have faithfully described the lands I visited and the creatures I encountered.

Whether my readers believe these accounts or not, I leave to their judgment.

For myself, I shall continue to live quietly in the countryside, enjoying the company of my horses and reflecting on the curious nature of mankind.

And when I hear the calm sound of their breathing in the stable, I sometimes imagine that I am once again among the wise and gentle Houyhnhnms.