

# The Adventurer

The Story Of Robert Louis Stevenson



By: M. Wagner

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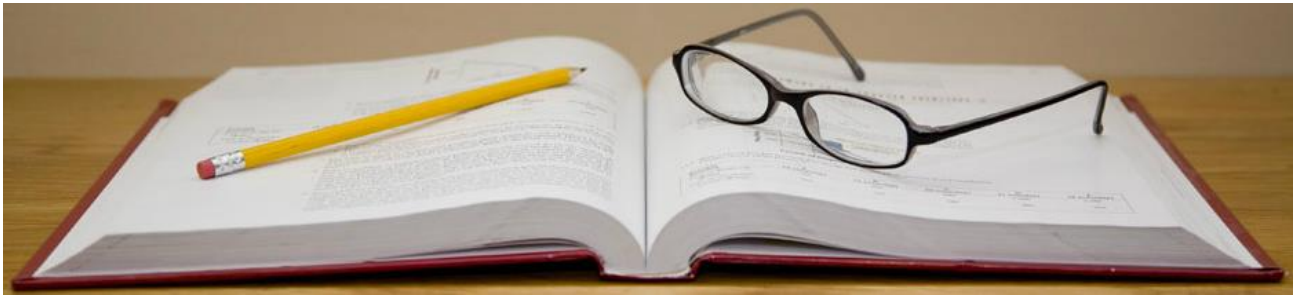
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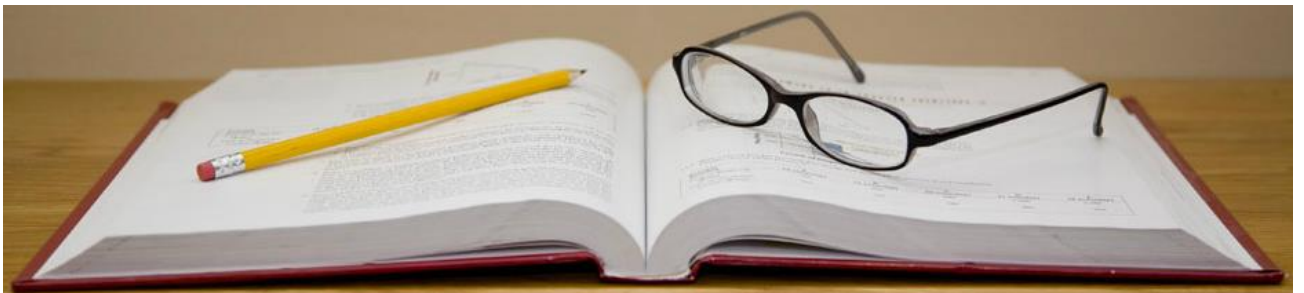
"I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in."

Robert Louis Stevenson



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Robert was born in Scotland in 1850. His dad was a famous lighthouse designer who wanted his son to follow in his footsteps. Robert, however, was more interested in

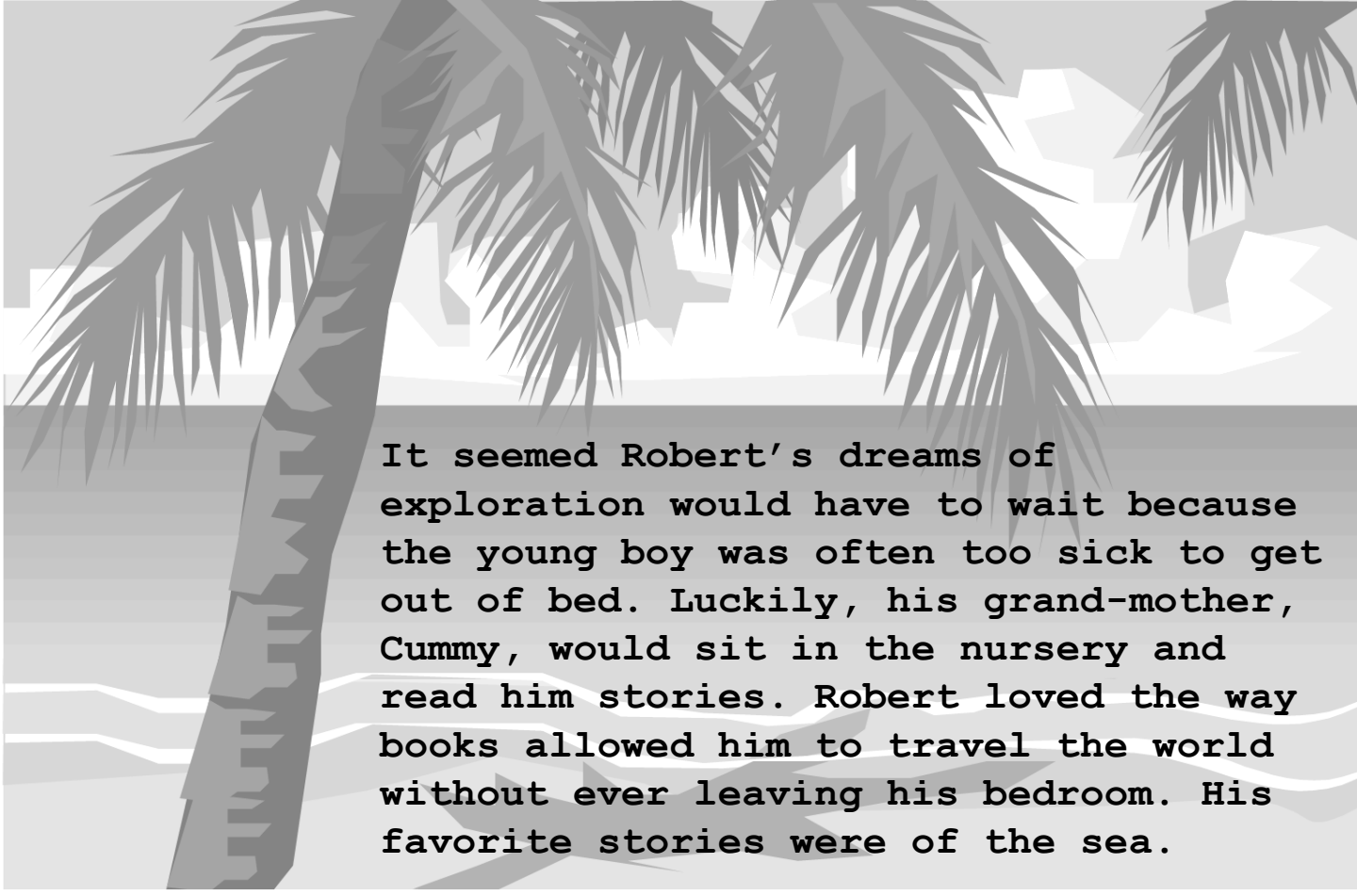
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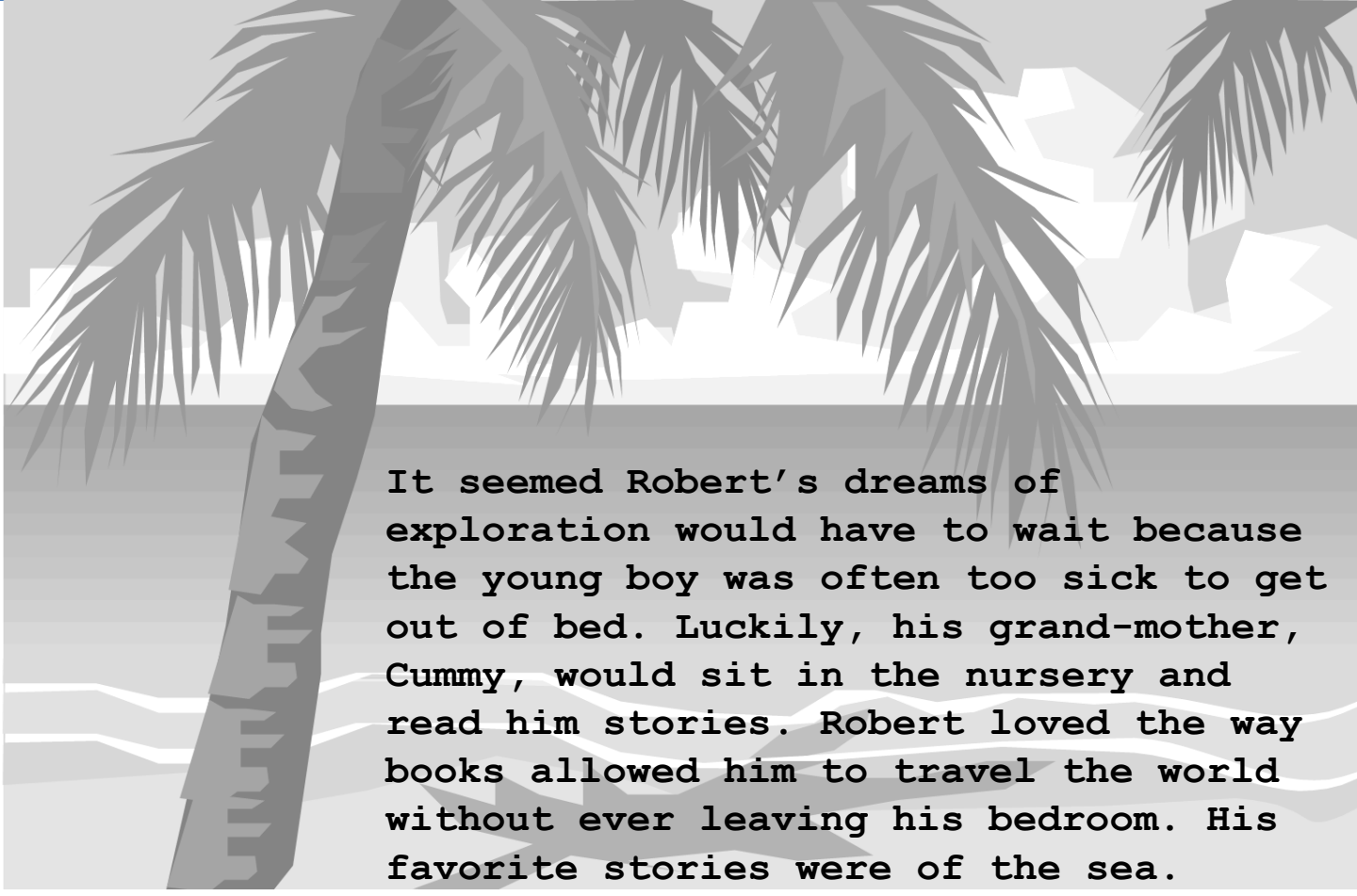
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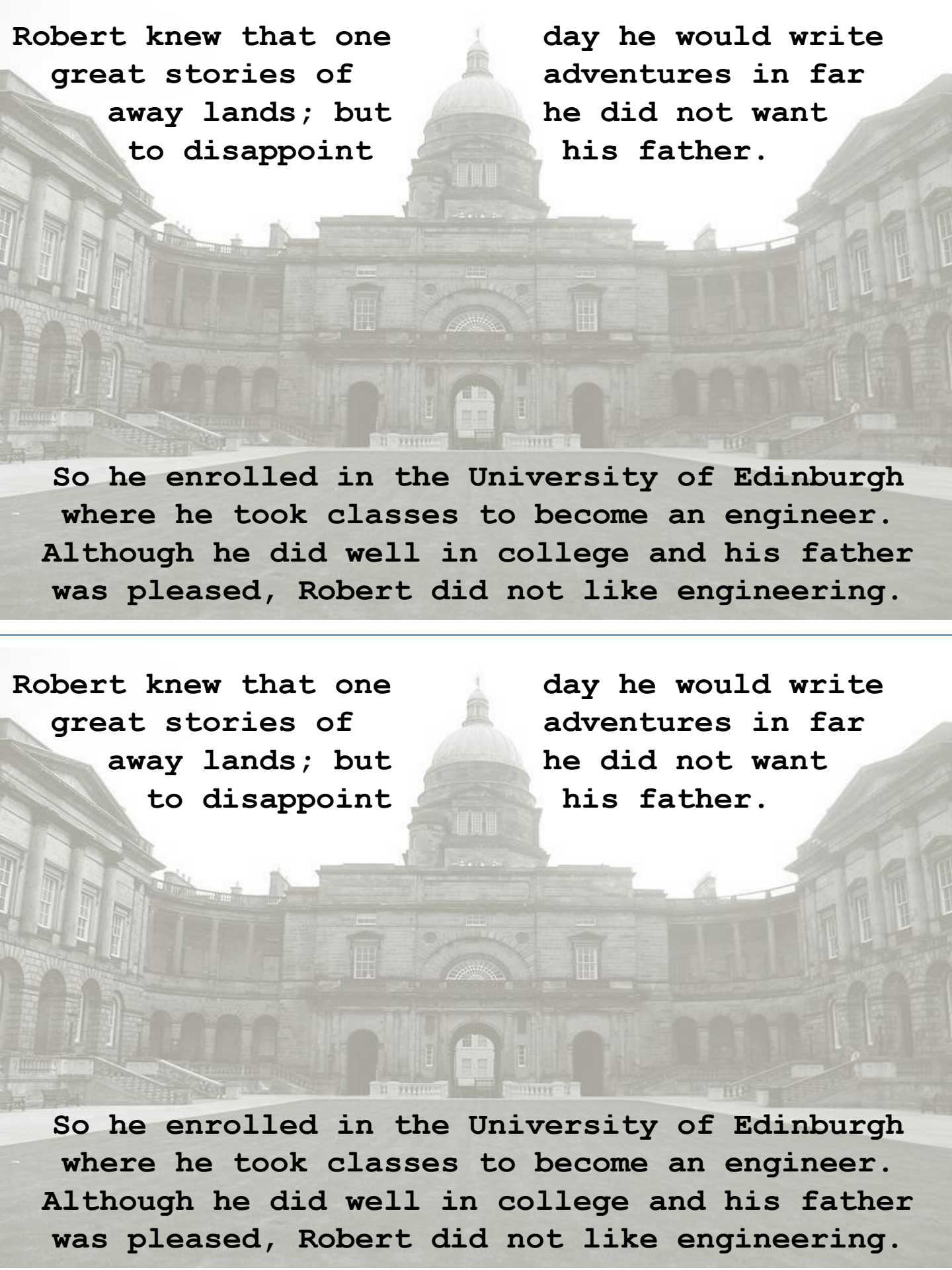


It seemed Robert's dreams of exploration would have to wait because the young boy was often too sick to get out of bed. Luckily, his grand-mother, Cummy, would sit in the nursery and read him stories. Robert loved the way books allowed him to travel the world without ever leaving his bedroom. His favorite stories were of the sea.



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Robert knew that one  
great stories of  
away lands; but  
to disappoint

day he would write  
adventures in far  
he did not want  
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So he enrolled in the University of Edinburgh  
where he took classes to become an engineer.  
Although he did well in college and his father  
was pleased, Robert did not like engineering.

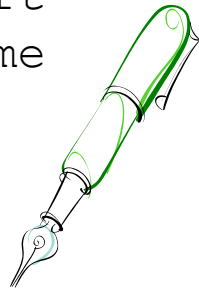
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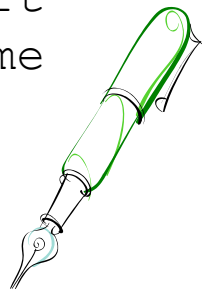
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After graduating, Robert told his parents that he wanted to be a writer. While his father may have been a bit sad that his son wasn't going into the family business, he was glad that Robert had found his passion. None of them knew Robert was about to become one of the best known authors in the world.



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Unfortunately, Robert's health was a constant problem. The little boy who spent much of his childhood in bed, grew into a man with constant throat and lung problems. Despite the fact that he was continually in bad health, Robert spent much of the next twenty years

exploring the world with his wife, Fanny. Robert even became famous for his travel writings. Even though he was a true explorer, Robert never forgot the adventures in reading, he took with Cummy.

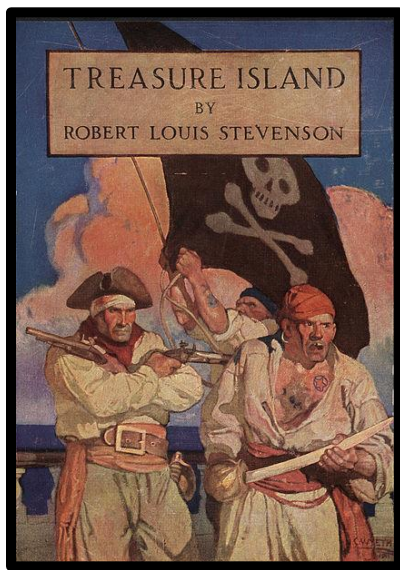


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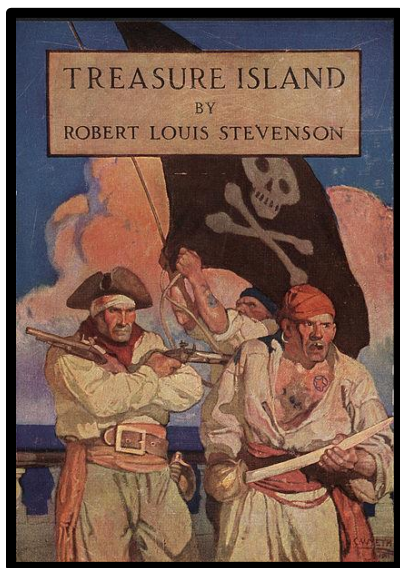
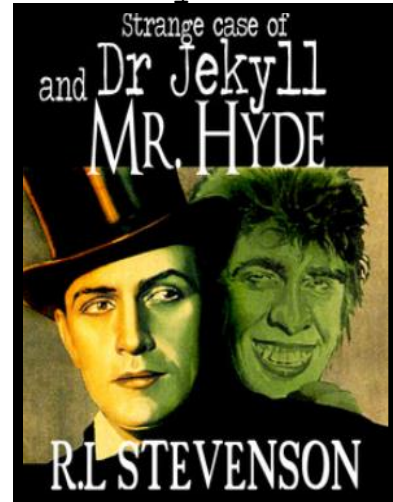






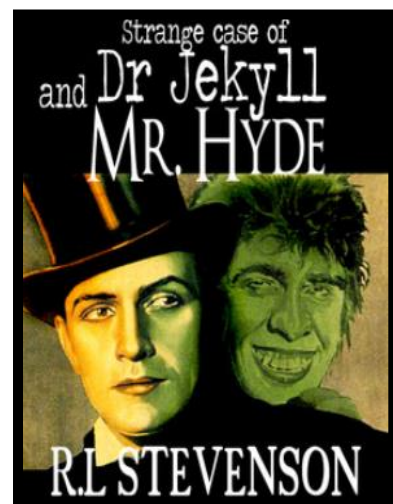
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# The Land of Story-books

At evening when the lamp is lit,  
Around the fire my parents sit;  
They sit at home and talk and sing,  
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl  
All in the dark along the wall,  
And follow round the forest track  
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,  
All in my hunter's camp I lie,  
And play at books that I have read  
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,  
These are my starry solitudes;  
And there the river by whose brink  
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away  
As if in firelit camp they lay,  
And I, like to an Indian scout,  
Around their party prowled about.

So when my nurse comes in for me,  
Home I return across the sea,  
And go to bed with backward looks  
At my dear land of Story-books.

by Robert Louis Stevenson

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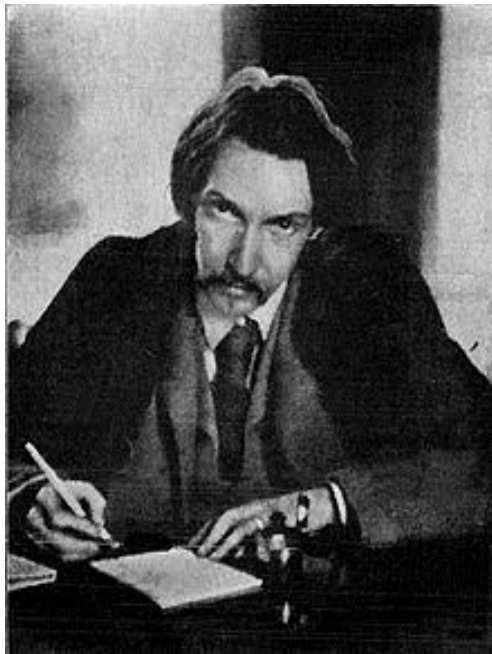
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