I awoke and knew at once that he had been. It was as if I had dreamed it. Stella seemed to have dreamed the same dream for at once she was bounding up on to the rocks above the cave. She found what she clearly expected to be there — her bowl of water full again. And there, too, high on the shelf of rock beyond her, was the same upturned tin, my water bowl beside it, just as it had been the morning before. I knew it would be full, and I knew as I lifted aside the tin that the food would be there again.

As I sat there cross-legged on the rock, chewing ravenously on my fish and throwing pieces down for Stella to catch, I realised exactly what he meant to imply by this. We were not friends. We would not be friends. He would keep me alive, keep Stella alive, but only so long as I lived by his rules. I had to keep to my end of the island, and I must never light fires. It was all quite clear.

With any real hope of immediate rescue diminishing day by day, I became more and more resigned. I knew I had no choice but to accept his terms and go along with his regime, for the moment. He had now marked out a frontier, a boundary line in the sand from the forest down to the sea on both sides of the island — and he renewed it frequently, as often as it needed to be. Stella strayed over it of course — I couldn’t prevent her — but I did not. It wasn’t worth it. In spite of the animosity I had seen in his eyes and that huge knife in his belt, I didn’t really think he would ever hurt me. But I was frightened by him, and because of that, and because I had too much to lose, I did not want to confront him. After all, he was providing us every day with all the food and water we needed.

I was beginning to find some edible fruit for myself — in particular a prickly shelled fruit (rambutan, I later discovered). It was delicious, but I could never find enough and, besides, Stella would not eat it. I found the occasional coconut still intact, but often both the milk and flesh were foul. Once or twice I even tried climbing for them, but they were always too high and I very soon gave up.

I tried fishing in the shallows, fashioning a crude spear, a long stick I had sharpened on a rock, but I was always too slow in my strike. There was often plenty of fish but they were too small and too fast. So, like it or not, we still very much needed the daily ration of fish