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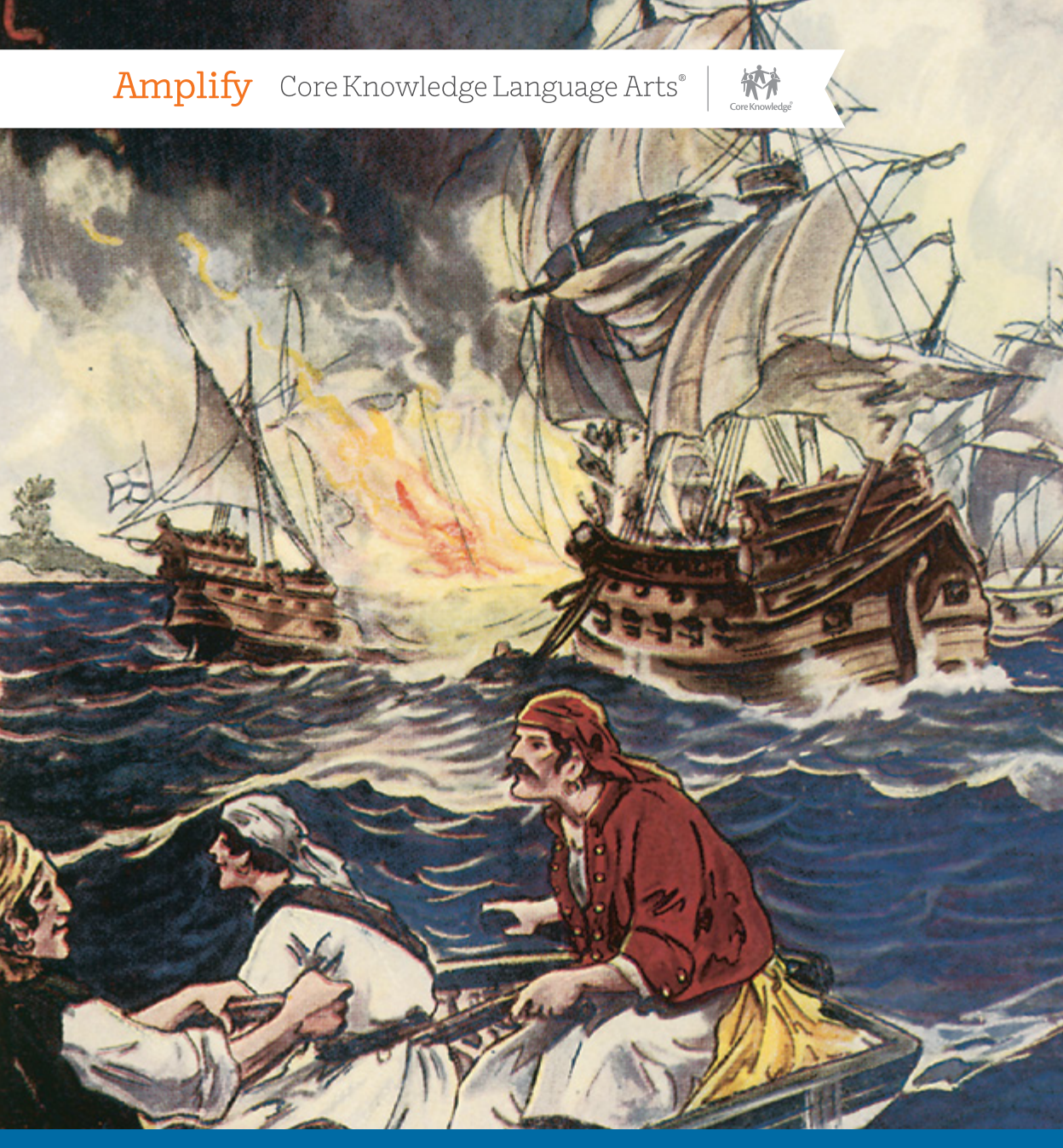

Unit 8

Reader | Grade 4

Treasure Island

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Treasure Island

Based on the Novel by Robert Louis Stevenson

Reader

Amplify Core Knowledge Language Arts

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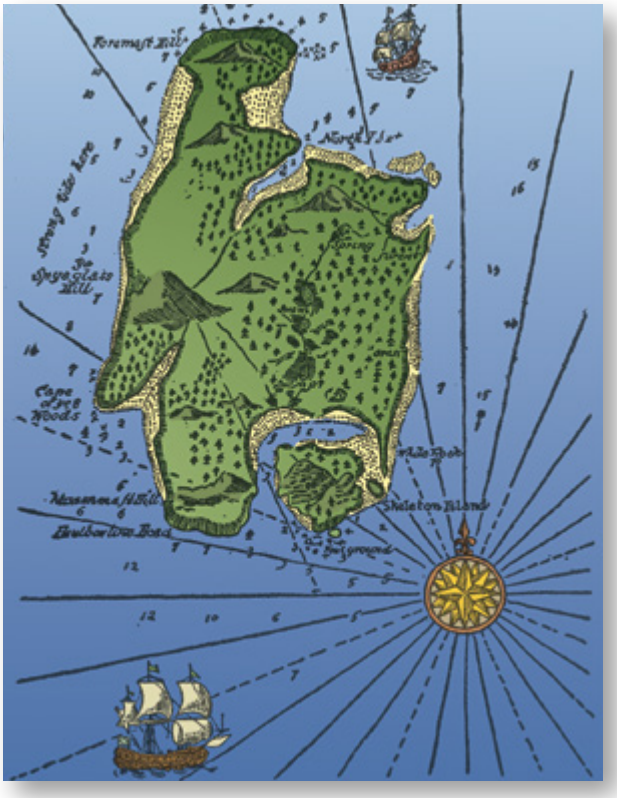
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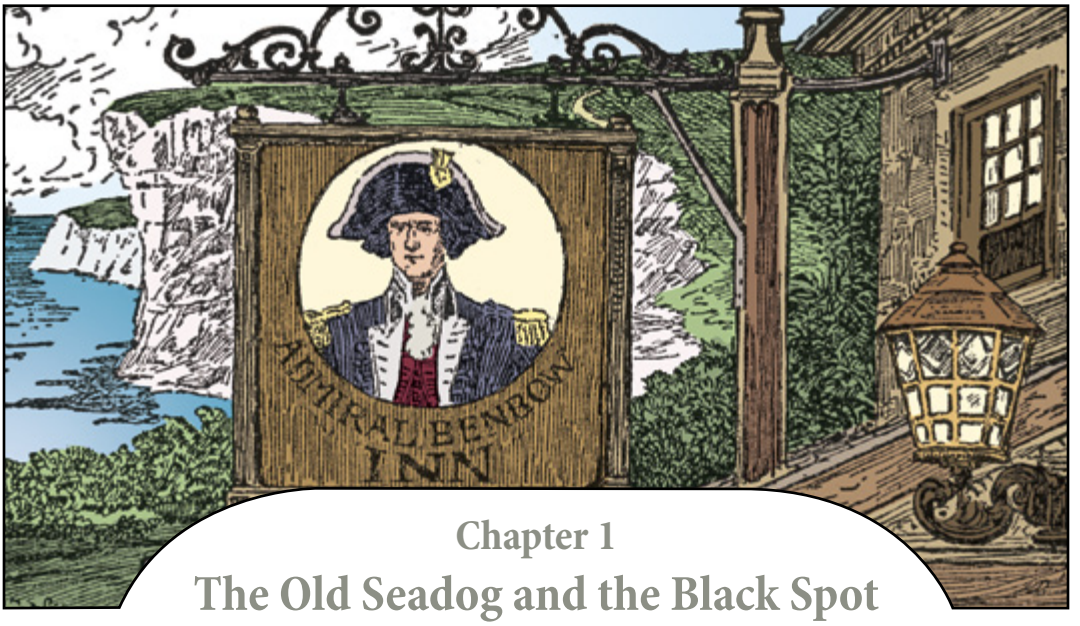


Chapter 1
The Old Seadog and the Black Spot

Squire Trelawney, Dr. Livesey, and the other gentlemen have asked me to record the story of Treasure Island, keeping nothing back but the **bearings** because there is still treasure there. Therefore, I take up my pen and go back to the time when my family ran the Admiral Benbow Inn, and the old seaman with the **sabre** cut on his cheek came to stay with us.

I remember the old seaman plodding to the inn door, dragging an enormous sea chest behind him. He was a tall, nut-brown man with gnarled hands and black, broken nails. He rapped on the wooden door and called for a drink. He drank it slowly, savoring the taste as he looked out at the rugged clifftop.

"This is a handy **cove**," he said. "Much **company**?"

"Not much," I said.

"Well, then," he said, "this is the perfect place for me. I'll stay here for a while. I'm a plain and simple man," he continued. "Bacon and eggs

are all I need. You can call me Captain." Then, as if by magic, he threw down four gold pieces. "Tell me when I've worked through that," he said, looking fierce.

During the daytime, in sunshine or in driving rain, the old captain hung 'round the cove, keeping watch with a brass **spyglass**. In the evenings, he sat beside a roaring fire. We soon learned to let him be, lost as he was in his own private thoughts.

Every day he would ask if any **seafaring** men had gone by on the road. At first we thought he wanted company of his own kind, but we eventually realized he wanted to avoid them. It wasn't long before I understood the reason for this odd behavior. He took me aside one day and promised me a penny on the first of every month if I would keep my eyes peeled for a seafaring man with one leg.

"Let me know the moment he appears!" he growled.

How the man with one leg haunted my dreams! On nights when the wind shook the house and the surf roared in the cove, I would see him in a thousand forms. Sometimes his leg would be cut off at the knee. Sometimes it would be cut off at the thigh. In my nightmares, the man with one leg chased me, calling out my name and hopping along on his good leg. He was always just a matter of inches behind me. I paid pretty dear for my monthly penny in the shape of those terrible dreams.

Often, in the evenings, the old captain would sing a wild sea song and force the inn guests to sing the chorus. On these occasions, it seemed as if the house was quaking as the words echoed within its walls. The old seaman's stories about bloodthirsty pirates, ferocious storms at sea, and wild deeds on the Spanish Main terrified our guests. He must have lived among some of the most wicked men ever to sail the seas.

He stayed for several months and never offered us any further payment. Whenever my father mentioned his bill, the captain would raise his voice and stare ominously at him until he retreated. I am sure the terror in which my father lived greatly hastened his death.

One morning, while the captain was out walking and taking in the salty sea air, another seafaring man arrived. I was setting the breakfast table when the door opened and the man stepped in. He was a pale, rascally looking creature, and I noticed he was missing two fingers.

"Is this here table for my mate Bill?" he asked, pointing to a table that had indeed been set for our secretive guest. It was not a straightforward question, and he uttered those words with more than a hint of sarcasm.

I told him the table was for a man who called himself the captain.

"Has he got a nasty scar on one cheek?" he inquired.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, that would be my mate Bill. Is he here?" he continued.

"He's out taking a stroll," I explained.

The stranger announced that he would wait for his mate to return. Then he stood inside the door, peering out like a hungry cat waiting for a mouse. After a while, the captain strode in.

"Bill!" shouted the stranger.

The captain spun around. He had the look of a man who had seen a ghost.

"Black Dog!" he gasped.

"And who else?" returned the other. "Black Dog's come to see his old shipmate Billy Bones."

"Now look here," hissed the captain. "You've managed to run me down. What's your business?"

"I'll have a drink," said Black Dog. "Then we'll sit down and talk square, like old mates."

They sat down, and for a long time I could hear nothing but low mumbling. Gradually their voices grew louder until the interaction became a cacophony of unpleasant exchanges. This was followed by an explosion of crashing sounds—the chair and table went over, a clash of steel followed, and then a cry of pain. The next instant I saw Black Dog in full flight, and the captain in hot pursuit, both men with sabres drawn. Blood streamed from Black Dog's left shoulder. At the door, the captain aimed one last tremendous blow, which would certainly have struck Black Dog had it not been intercepted by the inn's signboard.

Black Dog, in spite of his wound, disappeared over the hill in half a minute. The captain stood staring like a bewildered man. At last he turned, staggered, gasped for breath, and grabbed the door with one hand.

"Jim!" he croaked. "Water!"

I ran to fetch him water, but as I fumbled with the jug, I heard a loud crash. Running back, I saw the captain lying on the floor. Immediately I heard my mother's footsteps on the stairs. Moments later she was standing beside me. Together, we gently raised the captain's head. It was clear that he needed a doctor, so we sent for Dr. Livesey. Then, as carefully as we could, we moved the captain into the parlor.

Shortly after Dr. Livesey arrived, the captain opened his eyes and looked about.

"Where's Black Dog?" he mumbled.

"There's no Black Dog here," the doctor said. "You've had a **stroke**. Now lie back and rest."

Dr. Livesey drew some blood, and the old sailor fell asleep.

"He needs to rest for at least a week," said the doctor emphatically. "Another stroke will surely kill him."

Later, when the captain woke up, his first words were, "Black Dog!"

"Jim," he moaned, "you know I've been good to you. I'm pretty low and deserted by all. You'll help me, won't you?"

"But the doctor—" I began.

"Doctors! What do they know?" he growled. "What does that doctor know about seafaring men like me?"

Somewhat reluctantly, I agreed to help him. When I offered him water, he greedily gulped it down.

"Aye," said he, "that's better. Now, then, did that doctor say how long I'm supposed to lie here wasting time?"

"A week, at least," I said.

"Thunder!" he cried. "Out of the question! They'd have the black spot on me by then."

He attempted to sit up but fell back, weak and helpless on the bed. Then, after further contemplation, he spoke to me again.

"Jim," he said, "you saw Black Dog? He's a bad 'un, but there's worse than him after me. I hope I may get away from them yet. If I can't, and if they put the black spot on me, it's my old sea chest they're after. You go and see that doctor and tell him to send all hands—**magistrates** and such—to the Admiral Benbow. Tell him Captain Flint's men are here—or all that's left of the old crew. I was Flint's first mate, and I'm the only one who knows the place where he hid his **loot**. But don't tell the doctor unless they get me with the black spot, or you see Black Dog again—"

At that moment, he paused before continuing, "Or a seafaring man with one leg. Keep an eye out for him above all!" he concluded.

"But what is the black spot, Captain?" I asked.

"That's a summons, mate. **Mutiny**! Keep your wits about you, Jim, and I'll share with you equals, upon my honor," he continued.

His voice grew weaker as he said this, and soon he fell into a heavy sleep. I should have told the story to the doctor, but my poor father died quite suddenly that evening, which naturally put all other matters aside.

The day after my father's funeral, I was standing at the door full of sad thoughts when I saw a blind man slowly walking up the road. He wore a green mask over his eyes, and he tapped the ground with a stick. He was hunched, as if from age, and wore a hooded sea cloak.

As he drew near, he called out, "Will anyone inform a poor blind man who has lost his sight in the defense of England—God bless King George—where he may now be?"

"You are at the Admiral Benbow Inn," I explained.

"I hear a young voice," said he. "Will you lend me your hand and lead me in?"

I held out my hand, and the blind man gripped it like a vise. I struggled to escape, but he pulled me close.

"Now, boy," the blind man said through gritted teeth, "take me to the captain."

"But—" I protested.

"Take me in NOW!" he commanded. He gave my arm a twist that made me cry out in agony.

I've never heard a voice so utterly cruel and cold as that man's. I obeyed him without further hesitation. We walked together toward the room where the captain was resting.

"When I'm in view, cry out, 'Here's a friend for you, Bill!'" he instructed me. As I opened the door, I repeated his words in a trembling voice.

The captain attempted to rise, but he was too weak. Then I saw the blind man slip something into the captain's palm.

"Now that's done," said the blind man. With incredible nimbleness, he scurried out of the inn and back along the road. I could hear his stick tapping as he hurried away.

The captain gazed at the piece of paper the blind man had given him.

"Ten o'clock!" he cried. "That's six hours from now. We'll do them yet!" With that, he lurched forward and managed to get to his feet. Then, quite suddenly, he reeled about and put one hand to his throat. For a moment or two, I watched him as he swayed from side to side before crashing to the floor. I hurried to assist him, but it was too late.

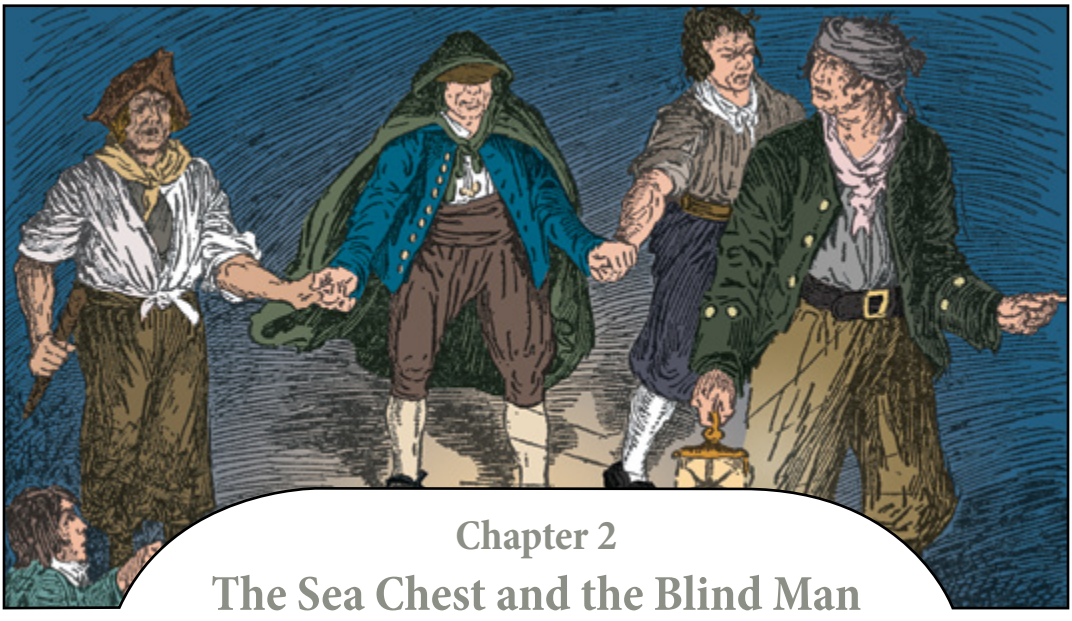
My mother descended the stairs and saw the old seaman lying on the floor. I explained to her as best I could what had just happened. After much discussion, we decided we should open the captain's sea chest and take the money he owed us. First, we had to retrieve the key from the captain.

The captain lay on his back with his eyes open and one arm outstretched. By his hand was the slip of paper, marked with the anticipated black spot. Scrawled on it was the message, "You have till ten tonight."

I searched the dead man's pockets, but could not discover the key to the chest.

"Perhaps it's 'round his neck," suggested my mother anxiously. I opened up his shirt, and there it was, hanging from a piece of string.

I cut the string with the old captain's knife, and then my mother and I raced upstairs intent upon opening the captain's sea chest.

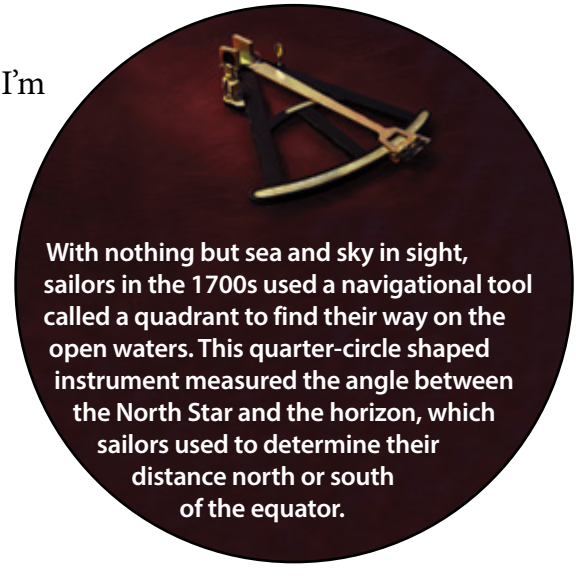


Chapter 2
The Sea Chest and the Blind Man

A strong, pungent smell of tobacco and tar rose from the interior of the old sea chest as we opened it. On the top was an elegant suit of clothes, never worn. Under that was a tin, a quadrant, tobacco, a bar of silver, West Indian shells, a Spanish watch, several compasses, and two pistols. At the bottom of the chest lay a bundle wrapped in oilcloth and a canvas bag that gave forth the jingle of coins.

"I pride myself on being an honest woman," my mother said. "I'll take what I'm owed and not a **farthing** more or less."

She began to count the money into a bag. As she counted, we heard a familiar sound. It was the tap-tapping of the blind man's stick upon the frozen road. It drew nearer while we held our breath. Then we heard the blind man's voice, along with several others'.



With nothing but sea and sky in sight, sailors in the 1700s used a navigational tool called a quadrant to find their way on the open waters. This quarter-circle shaped instrument measured the angle between the North Star and the horizon, which sailors used to determine their distance north or south of the equator.

She began to count the money into a bag. As she counted, we heard a familiar sound.

"Mother!" I whispered nervously, "please hurry up!"

"I'll hold onto what I have so far!" she exclaimed.

"I'll take this to square the count," I informed her as I picked up the bundle wrapped in oilcloth. Then we groped our way downstairs, threw open the back door, and ran out into the darkness of night—two desperate souls—unsure of what to do next.

A silvery moon peeped out from behind ominous storm clouds. The moonlight allowed us to glimpse the ditch that lay behind the inn. Without hesitating, we made our way toward it. There we waited, breathing in the cool night air, out of sight but within earshot of the inn.

Before long, a number of shadowy figures appeared.

"Inside!" a chilling voice commanded. It was the blind man. "Find him!"

The others scurried forward in the darkness.

A few seconds later we heard a gruff voice call out, "Bill's dead!"

"Search him!" shrieked the blind man. "Find the key—or you'll answer to me!"

There was a lengthy pause, and then another cry. "Someone got here before us! The key's gone!"

"Then find the sea chest and smash it to pieces!" screeched the blind man. The sound of his voice sent a cold shiver running down my spine.

I heard a commotion and the sound of footsteps coming from the upstairs area of the inn. Moments later the window to the captain's room was flung open. Such force caused the glass to shatter and break. Then a man with a face resembling that of an angry **gargoyle** leaned out of the window into the moonlight.

"Pew!" he shouted. "It's like I told ya already. Someone's been here before us! They rifled through Bill's chest!"

"Is it there?" Pew roared.

"There's some money," said the gargoyle-faced man.

"Forget the money!" Pew spat. "Flint's map, I mean!"

"It's nowhere to be found, I tell ya."

"Blast it!" cried the blind man. "It's that boy! I should have dealt with him earlier. He was here just a few minutes ago—I know it. Scatter, lads, and hunt the rascal down!"

A great to-do **ensued** in our old inn. Furniture was thrown about and beds were stripped. Doors were forcefully kicked in until finally the men came out and declared that I was nowhere to be found.

Just then we heard a whistle in the darkness. I guessed it was some sort of signal. The men had left a guard, and he was warning them of **impending** danger.

"There's Dirk," one of them pronounced. "We'll have to **scarper**, and quick, mates!"

Pew, however, attempted to convince the others to hold their ground and not flee like scalded rats.

"The boy can't have gone far," he urged desperately. "That rascal was here no more than a few minutes ago. Scatter and look for him, you lily-livered cowards! Oh, if I had my eyes, what I wouldn't do right now!"

Two of the men obeyed Pew and began to search around the exterior of the inn, but the others stood in the road, unsure of their next move. Pew sensed the men's confusion.

"Get to it!" he yelled. "If we find what we came for, we'll all be as rich as kings. Don't stand there skulking! If you had the pluck of a weevil in a biscuit, you would catch him."

"Hang it, Pew!" grumbled one of the men. "Don't you think we should take the money and run?"

"He could be anywhere hereabouts," moaned another. "Let's call it a day and run before we get caught!"

Pew's anger escalated and he began swinging his walking stick. He struck at the others right and left in his blindness. They, in turn, cursed the blind man, threatened him in horrid terms, and tried in vain to catch his stick and take it from him.

This quarrel saved us. For while it was raging, another sound came from the top of the nearby hill—galloping horses. A pistol shot came

from the hedge. That must have been the final signal warning the men of serious danger, for they scattered like rabbits in every direction. In half a minute, only Pew remained.

He tapped up and down the road in a frenzy, calling out to his comrades.

"Johnny!" he shouted. "Black Dog! Dirk! Don't leave old Pew here without eyes to guide him!"

At that moment, five riders swept down the hill at full gallop. Pew sensed he was in their path and cried out, but it was too late. One of the horses knocked him to the ground, and another trampled over him. Pew made one last gasp and then lay silent on the ground. I saw that the horsemen were actually officers. One of them dismounted and checked on Pew, but there was nothing to be done.

I jumped up out of the ditch, and after conversing with the officers and calming my mother, I made my way to Dr. Livesey's home.

I found Dr. Livesey dining with Squire Trelawney. I told them everything that had happened and showed them the bundle I had retrieved from the sea chest. At first they were **stunned** and rather silent, but eventually they were able to think clearly, and we began to converse.

"Have you heard of this Captain Flint?" Dr. Livesey asked Squire Trelawney.

"Heard of him!" the squire cried. "Of course I have! Why, John Flint was the bloodthirstiest pirate that ever flew the Jolly Roger. In fact, Blackbeard was a child compared to Flint!"

"Well," said the doctor, "suppose this packet tells us where the old **buccaneer** hid his treasure. What would you do then, may I ask?"

"I would fit out a sailing ship in Bristol," the squire declared confidently. "I'd take you and Jim Hawkins along, and I would find that treasure, even if I had to search for an entire year!"

With that said, the doctor cut the bundle open. It contained two things: a book and a sealed paper. Printed on the first page of the book were the words: *Billy Bones, his account*. The next twenty pages were filled with dates, sums of money, and little crosses. One line read, "June 12th, 1745, seventy pounds, off Caracas." Next to this entry were six tiny crosses.

When merchant ship sailors saw the Jolly Roger's skull and crossbones flying over a pirate ship, they knew they faced a strong set of armed buccaneers. The symbol struck such fear that oftentimes merchant ships immediately surrendered their goods in exchange for their lives. Not all ships flew exactly the same variation, and powerful pirate captains became infamous, identified by their customized flags.

With that said, the doctor cut the bundle open. It contained two things: a book and a sealed paper.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"This is the old captain's account book," said the squire. "This entry tells us that the pirates got seventy pounds of loot after they attacked a ship off the coast of Caracas on the Spanish Main."

Next, we inspected the sealed paper. The doctor opened it carefully, and a map fell to the floor. It was a map of an island, labeled with latitude and longitude, water depths, names of hills, bays, and inlets, and all the details needed to bring a ship safely to anchorage upon its shores.

It seemed to me that the island was shaped like a portly dragon. From the map, we could see that the island was about nine miles long and five wide. It had two harbors, and there was a large hill in the center marked 'Spyglass'.

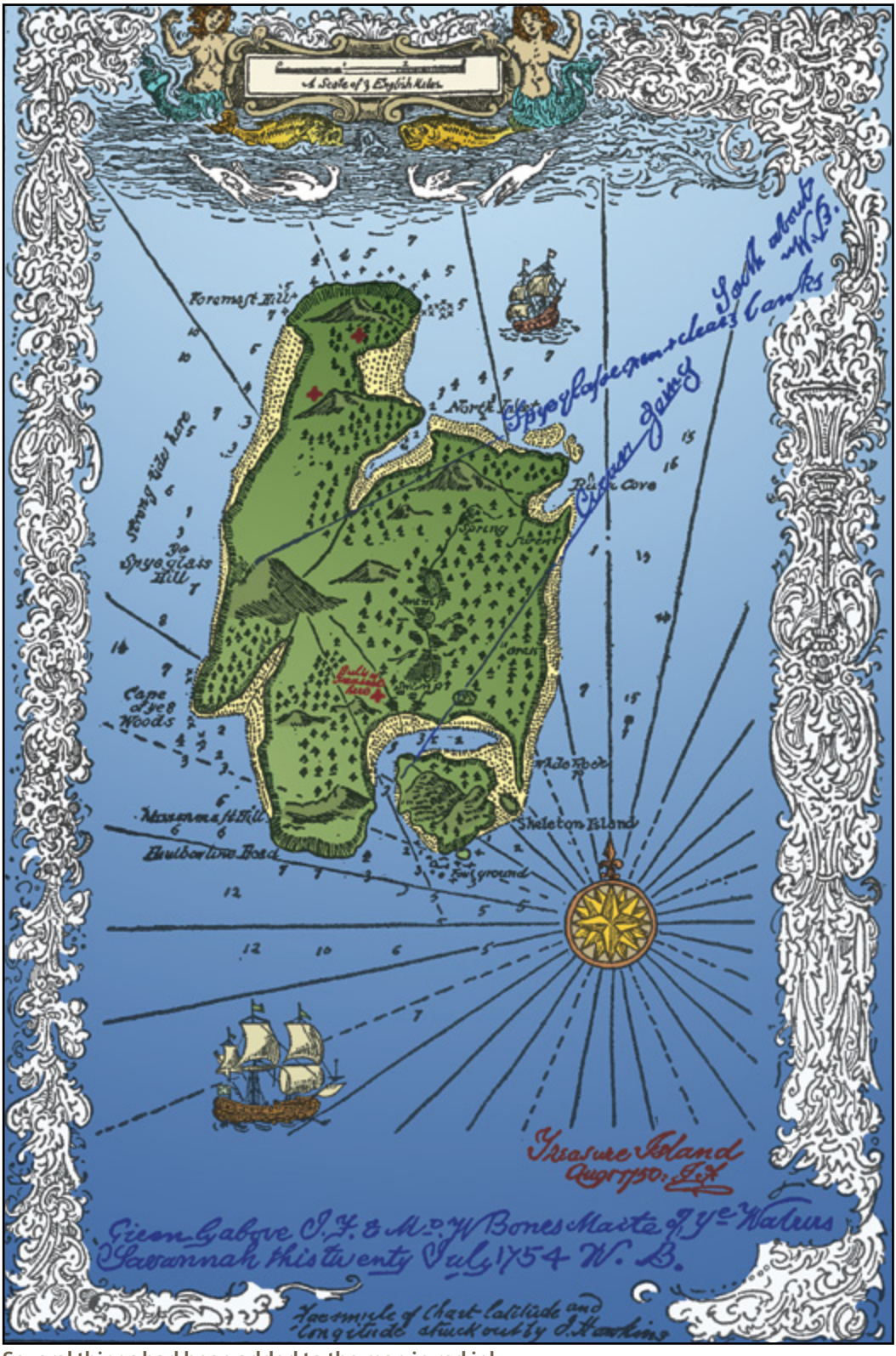
Several things had been added to the map in red ink. There were three crosses—two on the north part of the island and one in the southwest. Next to one of these, written in a small, neat hand, very different from the captain's, were the words: ***Bulk*** *of treasure here*.

On the back of the map, in the same hand, we read:

Tall tree, Spyglass shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of N.N.E. Skeleton Island E.S.E. and by E. Ten feet. The bar silver is in the north ***cache****. Find it by the trend of the east* ***hummock****, ten* ***fathoms*** *south of the crag with the face on it. The arms are in the sand hill, N. point of north inlet cape, bearing E. and a quarter N. —J.F.*

It did not make much sense to me, but the squire was delighted.

"Tomorrow I'll set off for Bristol," he effused. "In ten days we'll have the best ship and crew in England. Hawkins shall come with us as **cabin boy**. You, Livesey, will be the ship's doctor, and I will be the admiral.



Several things had been added to the map in red ink.

We'll have no difficulty in finding the spot, and we'll have money to roll in ever after!"

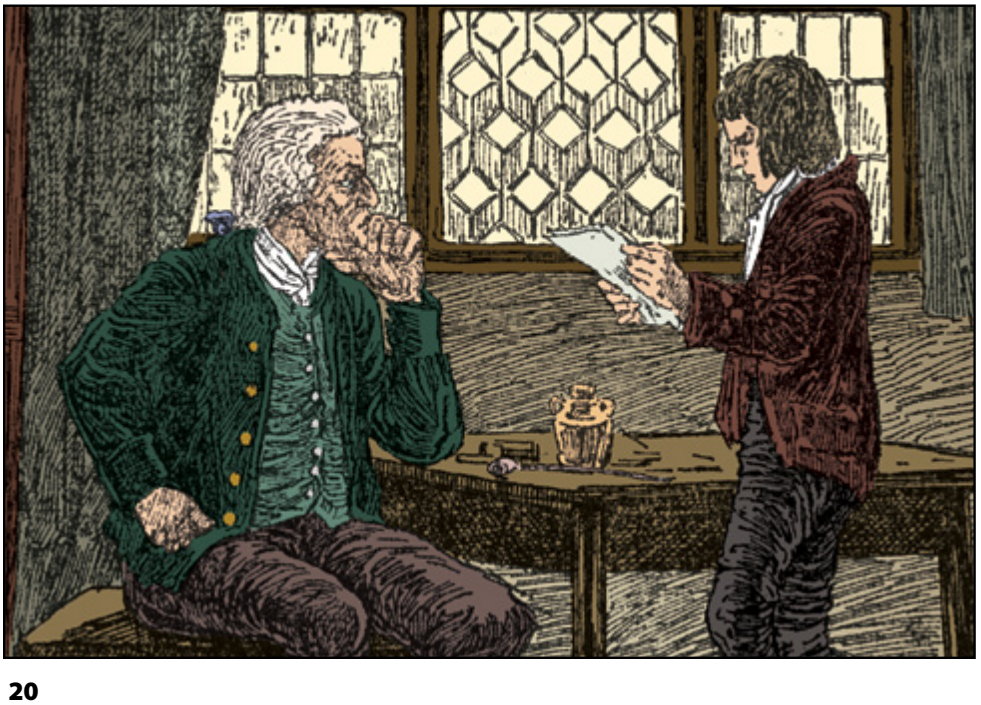
"I'll accompany you," said the doctor. "And I hope Jim will, too. There's only one man who concerns me."

"Name the dog, sir!" cried the squire.

"You!" replied the doctor. "You cannot hold your tongue. Those fellows who **ransacked** the inn tonight are looking for this map—and for Flint's treasure. We have to be extremely careful. You go to Bristol and take my two loyal servants, Joyce and Hunter, with you. Remember, do not breathe a word of what we've found."

"Quite right!" said the squire. "You can rely on me to be as silent as the grave!"

So the squire, along with Joyce and Hunter, set off for Bristol. I stayed on at the hall with the squire's gamekeeper, old Redruth. After a couple of weeks, Dr. Livesey received a letter from the squire.



Dear Livesey,

The ship lies at anchor, ready for sea. You never saw a sweeter ***schooner****. Her name is the* Hispaniola*. I acquired her through my old friend Blandly.*

At first, finding a crew troubled me. I wanted twenty men, and I had difficulty finding half a dozen, but then fortune brought me the man I required. I fell into talk with him on the dock. He keeps a tavern, and I found he knew all the seafaring men in Bristol. It seems he lost his health ashore, and was hoping to secure a position as a cook at sea. He had hobbled down there that morning, he said, to enjoy the salty sea air. I was touched by his story and engaged him on the spot to be the ship's cook. Long John Silver he is called. He has lost a leg in his country's service.

Between Long John Silver and myself we got together a fine company of seamen. Silver even got rid of two men I had already engaged. He explained that they were just the type of men we needed to avoid for an adventure of this importance.

I am in magnificent health and spirits, eating like a bull, sleeping like a tree. Yet I am eager to lift anchor. So do come quickly.

John Trelawney

P.S. My old friend Blandly has agreed to send another ship after us if we don't turn up by the end of August. He found an admirable fellow for captain—a stiff man, but, in all other respects, a treasure. Long John Silver has unearthed a very competent mate.

Chapter 3
The Real Adventure Begins

I said farewell to my beloved mother and the dear Admiral Benbow, and then joined up with Redruth, the squire's gamekeeper. We purchased our seats for the **coach** to Bristol. It picked us up around dusk and we arrived in Bristol as the sun was rising like a shimmering peach above the city.

Squire Trelawney was residing at an inn near the water. Along the **quay** lay ships of all sizes and nations. In one, sailors were singing as they worked in the morning fog that **shrouded** the quay. In another, men, high up in the rigging, were hanging by threads that seemed no sturdier than those of a spider's web. An overwhelming smell of tar and salt filled the air. I spotted old sailors with pigtails, and rings in their ears. It was all new to me, and I was **captivated**.

We went to see the squire. He was dressed like a naval officer, in a new suit.

"There you are!" he cried. "The doctor arrived last night. Now our ship's company is complete. We'll set sail early in the morning, at first light!"

I said farewell to my beloved mother and the dear Admiral Benbow.

The squire handed me a note to carry to Long John Silver. I made my way along the crowded quay, full of people and loaded carts, until I found the tavern.

It was brighter and cleaner than I expected. The windows glistened and the floor was cleanly sanded. The customers were seafaring men talking loudly and enthusiastically among one another.

As I was waiting, a man emerged from a side room. I **deduced** he must be Long John Silver. His left leg was missing, and he walked with the aid of a crutch. He managed the crutch with wonderful skill, hopping about on it like a sprightly bird. Silver was tall and strong, with a face as big as a ham, yet **brimming** with intelligence. He whistled as he moved among the tables and had a merry word or a slap on the shoulder for each of his guests.

From the first mention of John Silver in the squire's letter, I had feared that he might be the very one-legged sailor I had watched out for at the Admiral Benbow. But one look at the man was enough to convince me I had nothing to fear. I had seen the captain, I had seen Black Dog, and I had seen Pew. I thought I knew what a buccaneer looked like, and they were quite different from this clean and likeable landlord.

"Mr. Silver, sir?" I asked hesitantly.

"Yes, lad," said he. When Silver saw I had a letter from the squire, he seemed startled. "Oh!" he said, quite loudly. "You must be our new cabin boy!"

Just then, one of the customers rose suddenly and ducked out the door. Although the man made a hurried exit, I had time enough to catch a glimpse of his face. It was the man who had visited the captain at the Admiral Benbow—the man with the two missing fingers.

"Someone stop him!" I cried out. "He's Black Dog!"

Two of the men sitting near the door leaped up and chased after the eight-fingered man.

"Someone stop him!" I cried out. "He's Black Dog!"

"What was that you said, boy?" John Silver asked. "Black what?"

"Black Dog," I replied. "Didn't Mr. Trelawney tell you about the buccaneers? Black Dog was one of them."

"Was he indeed?" cried Silver. "Black Dog, did ya say? The name's not familiar, yet I think I've seen him. He used to come here with a blind beggar."

"Yes!" I said. "That would be old Pew!"

"Yes!" cried Silver, his voice rising as all kinds of thoughts clearly flooded his mind. "Pew! That were his name alright. Well, never fear, my men will run him down."

However, the moment I saw Black Dog in Silver's tavern, I sensed something was wrong. Why was he there, and was Silver telling the truth when he said he did not know him? I watched Silver closely, but he continued to create the impression that he was an honest man.

The two men came back, out of breath, and confessed that they had lost Black Dog in a crowd by the quay. Silver scolded them and shook his head in a display of disappointment.

"Well, Hawkins," said Silver, "we had better go and tell the squire about this, eh? Here this **scoundrel** is sitting in my house, right in front of me. We wouldn't want the squire to get the wrong idea now, would we?"

As we walked along the quay, Silver proved himself a most interesting companion. We even stopped beside a large sailing ship, as he pointed out its different parts and the proper terms for each one. He taught me **nautical** terms such as *fore* and *aft*, *starboard* and *port*. He showed me the forecastle at the front of the ship and the quarterdeck toward the back. He pointed out the mainmast in the middle and the

crow's nest on top. The crow's nest was the spot where sailors went to keep a lookout. He explained that the cables sailors use to raise a sail are called halyards. He had me repeat these phrases till I could recite them perfectly. I knew he was the best possible shipmate for a novice sailor like me.

When we got to the inn, Silver gave Mr. Trelawney and Dr. Livesey an account of all that had happened.

"I won't stand for scoundrels of that sort in my tavern," he said. "But there was not much chance of me catching him myself, with this old timber I hobble on. So I sent two of my mates after him. Thought they might catch him, but in the end he slipped away. And that's what happened, isn't it Hawkins?"

"It is," I said.

The doctor and the squire were sorry that Black Dog had escaped, but they agreed there was nothing else to be done.

Then Silver paid me a compliment: "This is a fine lad you've signed up," he said. "A good fellow—and smart as paint!"

I was pleased by this compliment, and I smiled as Silver hobbled away.

"All hands on deck by four this afternoon!" the squire shouted after him.

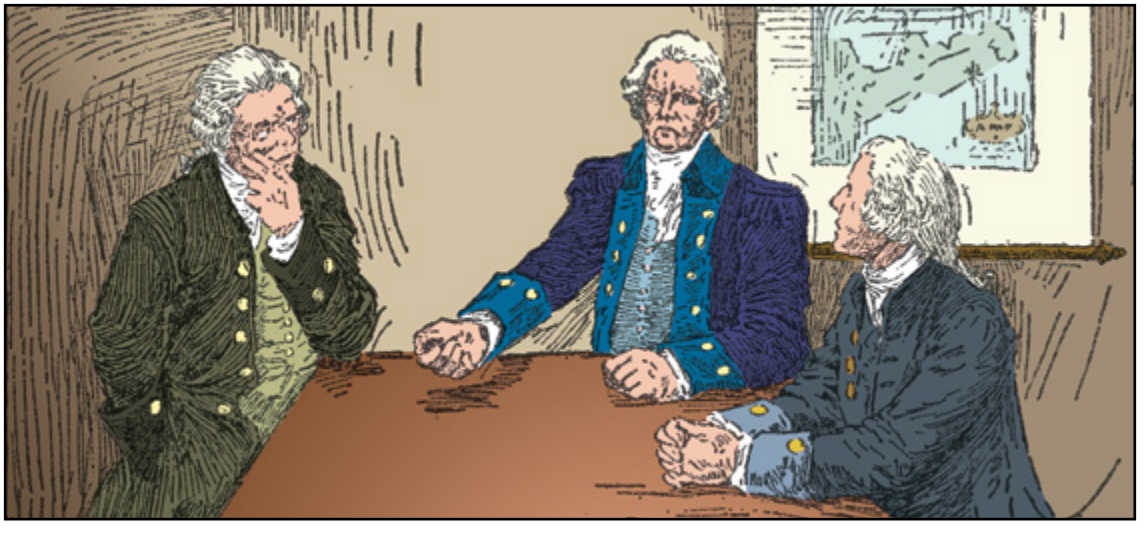
"Aye, aye, sir!" cried Silver.

"Well," said Dr. Livesey to the squire. "As a rule, I don't put much faith in your discoveries, but this John Silver suits me."

"Yes," said the squire. "He's quite a remarkable man."

Later, we boarded the ship while the supplies were being loaded. As soon as we were on board, the captain paid us a visit.

"Well, Captain Smollett," said the squire. "How are you? All's well with you, I hope?"



"I am well, sir," said the captain. "But I must tell you I have a bad feeling about this voyage, and I don't care for some of the seamen you've hired."

The squire was extremely offended by this remark.

"Perhaps you do not like your employer, either?" replied the squire, but here Dr. Livesey cut in.

"Hold on, Trelawney," said Dr. Livesey. "Let's hear what Captain Smollett has to say."

Captain Smollett addressed the doctor: "I was engaged, sir, to sail this ship where that gentleman should bid me. Now I find that every seaman on board knows more than I do. I hear that we are going after treasure. I don't like to involve myself in secret treasure voyages,

especially when the secret is no longer secret. Why, even a parrot seems to know our business."

"Do you mean Silver's parrot?" asked the squire.

"Gentlemen, do you understand what you're getting into?" came the captain's reply.

"We most certainly do!" said the squire.

"Please explain," said Dr. Livesey, "what is it that you don't like about the crew?"

"I should have been able to pick them myself," explained Captain Smollett. "I do not approve of your officer. He's a good seaman, but he's too friendly, familiar if you like, with the crew. And another thing—the men are putting the guns and powder in the forehold. I don't like that. Why not put them under the cabin and give your own people the **berths**?"

"Is there anything else?" asked the squire.

"Yes," said the captain. "I've heard the exact latitude and longitude of our island location. I've heard you have a map of the island. I've even heard this map shows the exact location of treasure—as all good treasure maps should do!"

"Egad!" cried the squire. "I did not tell a soul about any of this!"

"Gentlemen," continued the captain, "I don't know who has this map, but I ask that it be kept somewhere secret—even from me. If you won't do that much, I would ask you to let me resign."

"I see," said the doctor. "You are afraid the men may mutiny."

"Sir," said Captain Smollett. "They may be honest men, for all I know, but I am responsible for the ship's safety and the life of every man aboard. I'm concerned, and I ask you to be cautious or let me resign. That's all."

Trelawney grumbled, but eventually he agreed.

"I will do as you wish," he said, sighing deeply. "But it grieves me that you do not trust me."

"As you please, sir," said Captain Smollett. "You'll find I do my duty." And with that, he left.

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "I believe you have at least two good men on board—that man and John Silver."

"Silver, perhaps," cried the squire, still in a huff, "but I believe Captain Smollett to be difficult and downright rude."

"Well," said the doctor, "we shall see."

Early the next morning we lifted anchor and set sail. The *Hispaniola* began her voyage to Treasure Island.

The *Hispaniola* proved to be a good ship. The captain and crew were very capable. I was especially fond of Long John Silver, or Barbecue, as some of the men called him. He was always glad to see me in the ship's galley, which he kept as clean as a pin. The old sea cook even introduced me to his pet parrot.

"This is Cap'n Flint," he told me. "Named for the famous buccaneer. And she predicts success for our voyage. Don't you, Cap'n?"

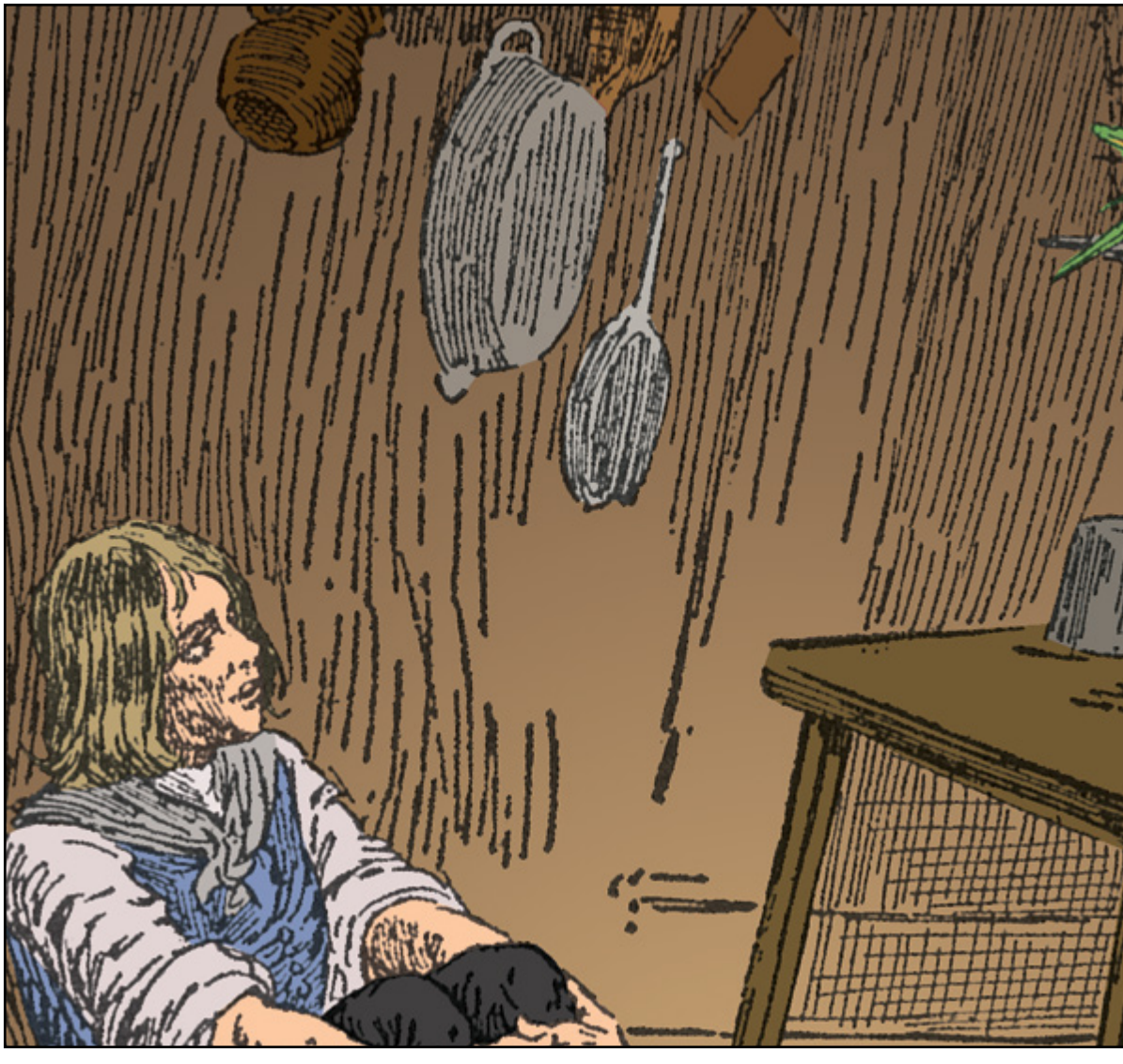
I wondered at this choice of name.

Early the next morning we lifted anchor and set sail. The *Hispaniola* began her voyage to Treasure Island.

Then the parrot squawked, "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!"

"That bird is maybe two hundred years old," said Silver. "If anybody's seen more wickedness, it must be the devil himself. She sailed with Cap'n England, the pirate. I reckon that's how she learned about pieces of eight."

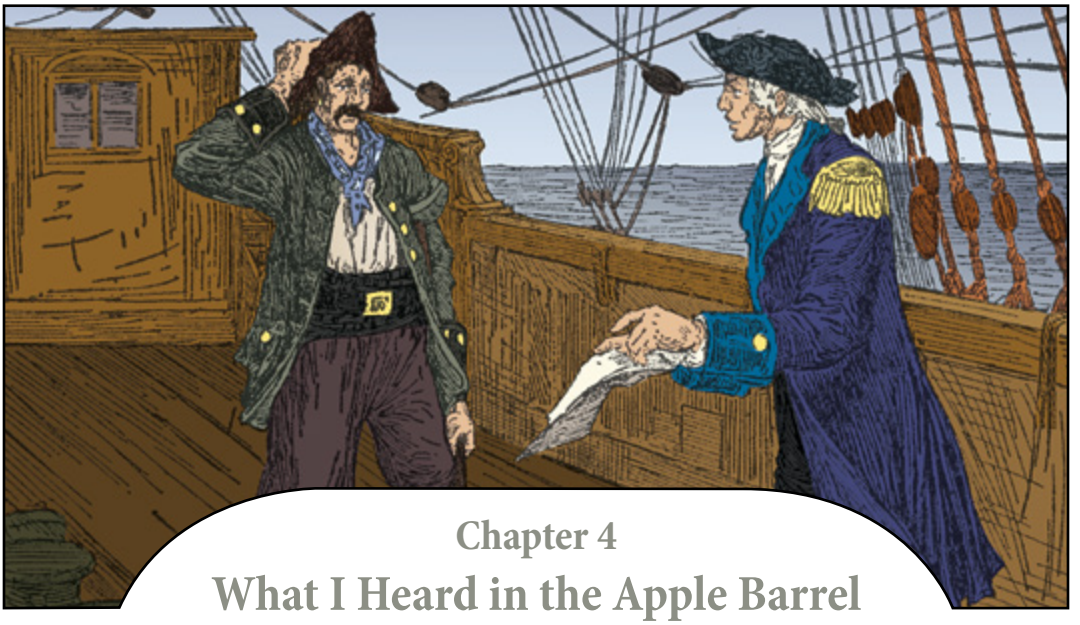
Silver gave the bird a lump of sugar and smiled in a way that made me think he was either the best of men—or the worst of men.



All the crewmen respected and obeyed Silver. He had a way of talking to everybody and doing each one some particular service.

"He's no common man, Barbecue," Israel Hands, one of the crew, told me. "He can speak like a book when he wants, and he's brave—a lion's nothing alongside him. I've seen him, unarmed, grapple four men and knock their heads together!"

I had no doubt that Silver was a man to be reckoned with.



Chapter 4
What I Heard in the Apple Barrel

A few **leagues** out from Bristol we ran into some **squalls** and heavy weather, but this only confirmed the seaworthiness of the *Hispaniola*.

As we continued our voyage, every man on board the ship appeared to be cheerful. The old sea cook, John Silver, cooked up delicious grub, and the men were given generous portions. Squire Trelawney had even purchased a large barrel of apples, and it was left open so any of us could help ourselves whenever we felt the urge.

Captain Smollett disapproved of the apple barrel. "No good ever came of that sort of thing," he said to Dr. Livesey.

Some good did come of the apple barrel though, and I will tell you how it came about.

It was the last day of our outward voyage. After sundown, when my work was done and I was on my way back to my berth, it occurred to me that I would like an apple. I went to the barrel and found there were only a few left, so I had to climb into the barrel to get one.

After sundown, when my work was done and I was on my way back to my berth, it occurred to me that I would like an apple.

While I was sitting in the barrel, comparing the quality of two apples, several members of the crew arrived. They were talking, and before I had heard a dozen words, my mood changed to one of fear and anxiety. You see, their conversation revealed that the lives of all the honest men aboard the *Hispaniola* depended upon me.

"No, not I," said Silver. "Flint was cap'n and I was part of the crew. I lost my leg on that voyage, and old Pew lost his eyes. But I got my hands on some money, and it's all safe in the bank. You see, boys, it's not earning that does it—it's saving."

Another seaman mumbled something I could not hear.

"Look here, mate," Silver said in reply, "you're young, but you're as smart as paint, and I'll talk to you like a man."

You can imagine how I felt when I heard those words "smart as paint," as that was what Silver had said about *me* that day in Bristol! In fact, those were his exact words! I wanted to pounce on him, but he was unaware that I was listening, and he continued to speak.

"Gentlemen of fortune live rough, and they risk death every day," Silver explained. "But when a cruise is done, they've got money in their pockets. Most spend it carelessly, but that's not the course for me. I put it all away. I'm fifty years old now. Once I get back from this cruise, I'll set myself up as a gentleman. My missus has gathered up all my money. She's sold the Spyglass by now, and I'll meet up with her when I return."

"Well," said one of the men named Dick, "I didn't like this job till I had this talk with you, but now things are startin' to look up! Here's my hand on it, John!"

"A brave lad you are!" Silver answered. "And smart, too!"

By this time I understood what was happening. By "gentlemen of fortune," Silver meant pirates, and he had just convinced another one of the honest men to join the mutiny he was planning.

Silver gave a little whistle and a third man joined them.

"Dick's square," said Silver to the newcomer.

"I knew he was no fool!" said the other. "But here's what I want to know, Barbecue: When will we strike? I've had more than enough of Captain Smollett."

"Listen, Israel," said Silver. "Keep your eyes peeled till I give the order."

I concluded that the new arrival must be Israel Hands.

"I don't say *no*," Hands growled, "but I say *when*?"

"At the last possible moment, that's *when*," replied Silver. "We've got a first-rate captain sailing the ship for us, and the squire and the doctor have Flint's map. We'll let them find the treasure and haul it onboard. Then we'll strike."

"And what will we do with them?" asked Dick.

"Well," said Silver, "we could leave them on the island, **marooned**—or we could cut 'em down. That's what Flint would have done—and Billy Bones, too."

"Billy was the man for that," added Hands. "'Dead men don't bite,' he used to say. If ever a rough man came to port, it was Billy Bones!"

"Rough and ready," said Silver, "and on this point, I agree with him. When I'm a rich man, back in England and riding in my coach, I don't

want these men coming home. We'll wait, but when the time comes, let her rip! I claim Trelawney. Dick—" he added, breaking off suddenly, "jump up like a sweet lad, and get me an apple to wet my pipe."

An apple! From the barrel! You can imagine how terrified I was.

I heard Dick getting up. I figured I was as good as dead, but then Hands said, "Nah, let's have something to drink instead."

Dick went to fetch the drinks, and Hands and Silver continued talking.

"That's the last of them," Hands said. "None of the others will join us."

This lifted my spirits, for it meant there were at least a few faithful men onboard.

When Dick returned, he and the others drank a series of toasts.

"Here's to luck!" said Dick.

"Here's to old Flint!" said Hands.

Just then, the lookout up in the crow's nest shouted, "Land ahoy!"

This was followed by a great rush of

shuffling feet as the mutineers sprinted away. I waited a few seconds, then slipped out of the apple barrel and followed them.

As we drew near the island, Captain Smollett called out, "Men, have any of you ever seen the island ahead?"

"I have, sir," said Silver. "Once, when I was a ship's cook, we stopped there for fresh water. Skeleton Island, they calls it. It were a main hideout for pirates once. There are three hills on it, and the big one—the one in the middle there, with its top in the clouds—that's called the Spyglass, because it's the perfect place to post a lookout."

"I have a map here," said the captain. "Have a look and see if this is the place."

John Silver's eyes burned with intensity as he took the map, but I could tell it was not the map I had found in Billy Bones's chest. It was a copy that did not show the location of Flint's treasure. Silver carefully concealed his disappointment.

"Yes, sir," he said. "This is the spot—and I believe the best anchorage is right over here in this little cove."

I was surprised at the coolness with which Silver declared his knowledge of the island. I had, by this time, such a fear of his cruelty and **duplicity** that I could scarcely conceal a shudder when he called out, "Ahoy there, Jim!" and laid his hand on my shoulder.

"This island is a sweet spot for a lad," Silver said. "When you want to do a bit of exploring, just ask old John, and I'll fix up a snack for you to take along."

After Silver hobbled off, I met with the captain, the doctor, and the squire. I proceeded to tell them everything I had heard. Everyone sat quietly for a few moments until, at last, the squire broke the silence.

"Captain," he said, "I believe I owe you an apology. You were right, and I was wrong. I await your orders."

"Well," said the captain, "I accept your apology, but now I must present to you my opinion of our current **predicament**. I see three or four important points for our consideration. First, we can't turn back. If I gave orders to go back, Silver and the others would mutiny at once. Second, we have some time—at least until the treasure's found. Third, we will come to blows sooner or later. What I propose is that we choose a time to fight when they least expect it. I take it we can count on your servants—Hunter, Joyce, and Redruth—Mr. Trelawney?"

"As upon myself," declared the squire.

"That's three honest men," said the captain. "Ourselves make seven, counting Hawkins here. Now, what about the others?"

"I fancy we can also count on the men Trelawney hired," said the

doctor. "I mean the men he found by himself before Silver intervened."

"Nay," replied the squire. "Hands was mine."

"Well, gentlemen," said the captain, "we must determine who can be trusted."

I felt helpless. There were only seven out of twenty-six who were known to be good—and one of those was me, a young boy.

Silver helped the captain guide the *Hispaniola* to the best anchorage. He knew the passage like the palm of his hand and never hesitated once. Still, there were problems afoot. Discipline had begun to break down. The men were now unfriendly and unwilling to take orders. They seemed to be on the verge of mutiny. Only Silver showed a willingness to obey. When an order was given, he was on his crutch in an instant with a cheery, "Aye, aye, sir!" and, when there was nothing else to do, he sang old sea songs.

The captain called a meeting with our group in his cabin.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we are in a real pickle here. I believe that if I continue to command this ship, the men will mutiny. If I don't, Silver will know that something is up. I believe there's only one thing to do."

"What's that?" inquired the squire.

"Leave things to Silver," the captain replied. "He's as anxious as we are to cover things up. He doesn't want the men to mutiny—at least not yet—and I say we give him a chance to talk them out of it. Let's allow the men to go ashore if they like. Then Silver can talk with them and get them under his control. If they go, you mark my words, Silver will get them back in line. He'll bring 'em on board again, mild as lambs."

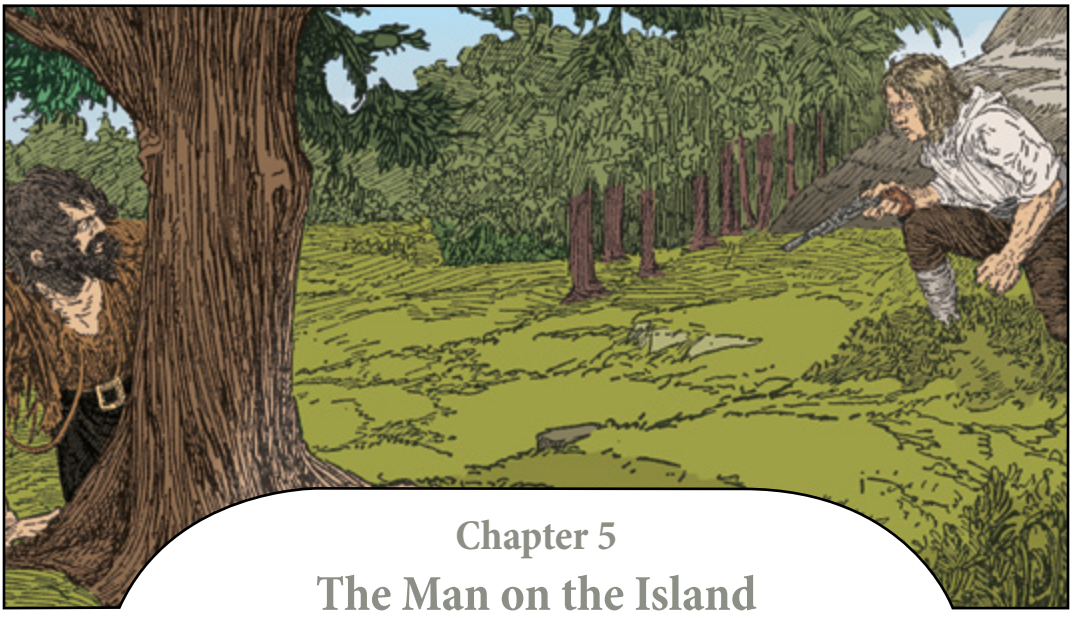
We all agreed this was the best plan. Loaded pistols were served out to all the sure men. The squire's men—Hunter, Joyce, and Redruth—were taken into our confidence, and received the news with less surprise and better spirits than we anticipated. After the meeting, the captain went on deck and addressed the crew.

"Lads," said he, "it's hot, and we're all tired. As many of you as would like may go ashore for the afternoon. Take the landing boats. I'll fire a gun to call you back just before sundown."

The men must have thought they would trip over treasure as soon as they landed, for their spirits seemed to lift in a moment, and they all gave a cheer. The captain whipped out of sight, leaving Silver to arrange the landing party. In a few minutes, the party was assembled. Six of the seamen were to stay on board. The remaining thirteen, including Silver, were to go ashore.

I thought about the numbers: If Silver was leaving six of his men on the *Hispaniola*, it was plain that our party could not take over the ship. At the same time, if he was leaving only six men, those men would not pose too much of a danger to the loyal hands. The captain and the others would be safe—and they would not need my help. I thought it might be more useful for me to go ashore. So, without debating the question any more, I slipped over the side and curled up in the front of the nearest boat.

No one in the boat took any notice of me. When we reached the shore, and the men had wandered off, I came out of my hiding place and began to explore the island.



Chapter 5
The Man on the Island

At first, Treasure Island seemed a fascinating place. There were marshes full of willows and odd, **outlandish**, swampy plants and trees. Here and there I saw snakes, and one raised his head from a rock and hissed at me with a noise not unlike that of a spinning top. I explored for a while until I wandered into a thicket of live oak trees, which grew along the sand.

Suddenly a wild duck flew up into the air followed by another, and soon, over the whole surface of the marsh, a great cloud of birds hung screaming and circling in the sky above us. I guessed that some of my shipmates must be drawing near. I listened and heard voices, faint but growing louder. I got down on all fours and crawled until I could see down into a little green **dell** beside the marsh, closely set about with trees. There Long John Silver and a seaman named Tom stood face-to-face in conversation. It was clear that Silver was testing Tom, trying to find out if he would join the mutiny.

"I'll not be led away," said Tom. "I'd sooner lose my hand. If I forget my duty—"

All of a sudden, he was interrupted. Faraway out in the marsh arose an angry roar, then another. Tom jumped at the sound, like a horse pricked by a rider's spurs, but Silver winked not an eye. He stood resting lightly on his crutch, watching his companion, like a snake about to strike.

"John!" said Tom, "what was that?"

"That?" said Silver, with a **treacherous** smile. "Oh, I reckon that was Alan."

Then Tom seemed to understand everything all at once.

"Alan!" he cried, fearing the worst for his friend. "Well, John Silver, you're no mate of mine, and that's a fact! I'll have no part in your mutiny."

With that, the brave fellow turned his back on the cook and set off toward the beach, but he was not destined to go far. With a cry, Silver seized the branch of a tree, whipped the crutch from under his armpit, and sent the missile hurtling through the air. It struck poor Tom right between the shoulders in the middle of his back. His hands flew up, he let out a gasp, and fell.

I felt faint. The whole world seemed to swim before me in a whirling mist. When I gathered my courage to look again, I saw Silver standing next to Tom, who was motionless on the ground.

A moment later, Silver pulled out a whistle and blew upon it. I guessed he was calling the other pirates, and I was worried they might find me. I crawled out of the undergrowth and ran as fast as I could. It was all over for me, I thought. I would be captured by the mutineers.

I ran without knowing where I was going, until a new alarm brought me to a standstill. With a thumping heart, I saw a dark shaggy figure leap behind a tree trunk. Was it a bear? Or a monkey? I could not tell, but I was afraid because I was now cut off on both sides. Behind me were the ferocious pirates, and in front of me, the lurking creature.

The figure flitted from trunk to trunk like a deer, but it ran on two legs like a man. I was tempted to cry for help, when another sighting reassured me that the creature was indeed a man. I took some comfort in this discovery, and in the fact I had just remembered I carried a pistol in my pocket. I put one hand on my pistol and took a few steps forward. At that precise moment, the man leaped out in the open, threw himself on his knees, and held out his hands as if begging for mercy.

I could see that he was an Englishman like myself, but his clothes were old and tattered, and his skin had been burned by the sun. In fact, his bright eyes looked quite startling on a face so burned.

"Who are you?" I demanded.

"I'm Ben Gunn, I am," he replied. His voice sounded like a rusty lock. "I haven't spoken with a man for three years! I am surprised I still know how to speak."

"Three years?" I cried. "Were you **shipwrecked** here?"

"Nay, friend," said he. "I was marooned."

I had heard the word, and I knew it stood for a horrible kind of punishment common enough among buccaneers. It was my understanding that when a person is marooned, he is abandoned on a **desolate** island with not much to rely on other than his wits.

"Marooned three years ago," continued the man. "I've lived on goats, berries, and oysters, but my heart longs for English food. At night I dream of cheese!"

All this time he had been looking at me and smiling. He seemed to take a childish pleasure in the presence of a fellow creature.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Jim Hawkins," I told him.

"Well, now, Jim," he said. "If I ever get back to England, I'm changing my ways and the company I keep. I'm a changed man.

"And, Jim . . ." he continued, looking around and lowering his voice to little more than a whisper. "I'm rich! You'll thank your lucky stars, you will, that you was the first that found me!"

Then a shadow passed over his face, and he took hold of my hand and raised one finger threateningly before my eyes.

"Now, Jim," he said, "tell me true. Is that Flint's ship you came on?"

"No," I replied. "It's not Flint's ship. Flint is dead, but we have some of his men with us."

"Not a man . . . with . . . one leg?" he gasped.

"John Silver?" I asked.

"Yes, that were his name," he said anxiously.

After talking with Ben Gunn for a few minutes, I no longer feared him. In fact, I told him the story of our voyage, and he heard it with the keenest of interest.

"Well," he said, "you and your friends are in a pinch, ain't you? Well, never you mind. Just put your trust in Ben Gunn. But tell me one thing—is this squire of yours an honest man?"

"Yes," I said.

"Suppose I gave him a share of my money. Do you think he would let me sail home with you?" he asked.

"I'm sure he would," I replied. He seemed greatly relieved to hear this.

"Well, then," he went on, "I'll tell you my story. I was on Flint's ship when he buried his treasure. He went ashore on this very island, with

six strong men. They were ashore nearly a week, and left the rest of us on the ship. Eventually, Flint came back, all by himself. There he was! And the six men? All dead. How he done it, not a man aboard could make out. Billy Bones was the mate back then, and Silver was also part of the crew.

"Then, three years back, I was on another ship, and we sighted this island. 'Boys,' said I, 'this is where Flint buried his treasure. Let's go ashore and find it!' Twelve days we spent lookin' for it. Then the others gave up and went back aboard. 'As for you, Benjamin Gunn,' says they, 'here's a musket, and a spade, and a pickaxe. You can stay here and find Flint's money for yourself.'"

"Well, Jim, that's my story. Now, be a good lad and run and speak with the squire. Tell him I know this island like it's my own."

"How am I to get back to the ship?" I asked.

"You can use my boat," he said. "I made it with my own two hands. I keep it under a white rock along the shore."

Then, quite suddenly, we heard the boom of a cannon.

"They've begun to fight!" I cried.

We stayed together in the undergrowth, unaware of time passing, listening to the sound of cannon and pistol fire. Eventually I decided I should make my way toward the anchorage. Ben agreed to accompany me. At some point along the way, we spotted a **Union Jack** fluttering above the trees.

"That must be your friends," said Ben Gunn.

"It can't be," I said, stunned by the sight of the flag. "They're on the ship. That must be Silver, or some of the other mutineers."

"Not likely," said Ben Gunn. "In a place like this, where nobody puts in but gentlemen of fortune, Silver would fly the Jolly Roger. You see, Jim, just over that hill is an old **stockade**. Flint built it many years ago. I reckon that your friends have retreated to the stockade, and Silver has the ship."

"Well," I said, "if it really is them, I should try to help."

"I'll not go with you," said Ben Gunn, "not till I have an opportunity to meet with the squire in private. If he wants to talk, tell him where he can find me and to come with a white flag to show he means well."

At that moment, a cannonball came whizzing through the trees and tore up the sand, not a hundred yards from us. I ran one way and Ben Gunn ran another.

After parting with Ben Gunn, I decided to assess the situation. First, I went to check on the *Hispaniola*. I saw she was still anchored in the same place, but now she was flying the Jolly Roger. It seemed that the pirates had indeed taken over the ship. Next, I **scouted** the shore line. I spotted a big white rock and I figured it must be the rock beneath which Ben Gunn hid his boat. Then I made my way through the woods until I came to the stockade, a plain log house surrounded by a tall fence. I saw that Ben Gunn had been right. My friends were in the stockade with the Union Jack flying above them. I called out to them and was warmly welcomed. They told me their story, and I told them mine.

When fighting broke out on the ship, they had decided they would be safer on the island, so they escaped in two of the landing boats with some guns and supplies. They had heard about the stockade. When the pirates saw them rowing away, they fired on them from the ship and then attacked the stockade. Old Redruth had been killed, and another of our loyal men, Gray, had been injured.

After telling my story, I had a chance to look about me. The stockade was made of trunks of pine. Near the door of the stockade was a little spring that welled up and provided fresh water. There was a small chimney in the roof through which only a little smoke found its way out. The rest stayed in the house and kept us coughing. If we had been allowed to sit idle, we should have all fallen into the blues, but Captain Smollett divided us into watches.

The doctor questioned me about Ben Gunn, "Do you think he's sane, Jim?"

"I'm not quite sure. He seems a little strange."

"Well," said the doctor, "you can't expect a man who has spent three years on a deserted island to be as clear-minded as you or me."

We had very little in the way of supplies, and the captain was worried. He thought our best hope was to get the better of the buccaneers. They had lost four men, and two others were wounded.

On an uninhabited island like the one on which Captain Flint buried his treasure, a stockade, usually built by staking tall wooden fence posts into the ground, provides a structure for protection or capture. In *Treasure Island* the stockade provides a barrier to slow down the mutinous attack. Similar forts could be used to hold prisoners as well.

Chapter 6
The Plan

The next morning, I was awakened by the sound of loud voices.

"Flag of **truce**!" I heard someone yell. Then, "It's Silver!"

I got up and rubbed my eyes. Sure enough, two men stood just outside the stockade—one of them was waving a white cloth, and the other was Silver himself.

"Stay inside," said the captain. "Ten to one says this is a trick." Then he shouted to the buccaneers, "Who goes there? Stand or we'll fire!"

"Flag of truce!" cried Silver.

"What do you want with your flag of truce?" Captain Smollett shouted back.

"Cap'n Silver wishes to make terms," the other man called out.

"Captain Silver?" said the captain. "Don't know him. Who's he?"

John Silver answered: "Me, sir. These poor lads have chosen me

cap'n, after your **desertion**, sir. We're willing to submit, if we can come to terms, and no bones about it."

Captain Smollett agreed to meet with Silver—and only Silver. Silver threw his crutch over the fence, got a leg up, and, with great vigor and skill, climbed over the fence and dropped to the other side.

"Well, now," he said, "that was a good scare you gave us last night. We lost some men, but you mark me, cap'n, it won't work twice!" said Silver. "We want that treasure and we'll have it! You would just as soon save your lives, I reckon. We want the map, so if you hand it over, we won't do you no harm."

"Not a chance," replied the captain.

"Give us the map," said Silver, "and stop shooting poor seamen. If you do that, we'll give you a choice. You can come aboard with us once the treasure is stowed away, and I'll give you my word of honor to put you ashore somewhere safe. Or, if that ain't to your fancy, you can stay here. We'll divide the supplies with you, and I'll send the first ship I sight to pick you up."

"Is that all?" Captain Smollett asked. "Now hear me! If you come up one by one, unarmed, I'll clap you all in irons and take you home to a fair trial in England. If not, it won't end well for you."

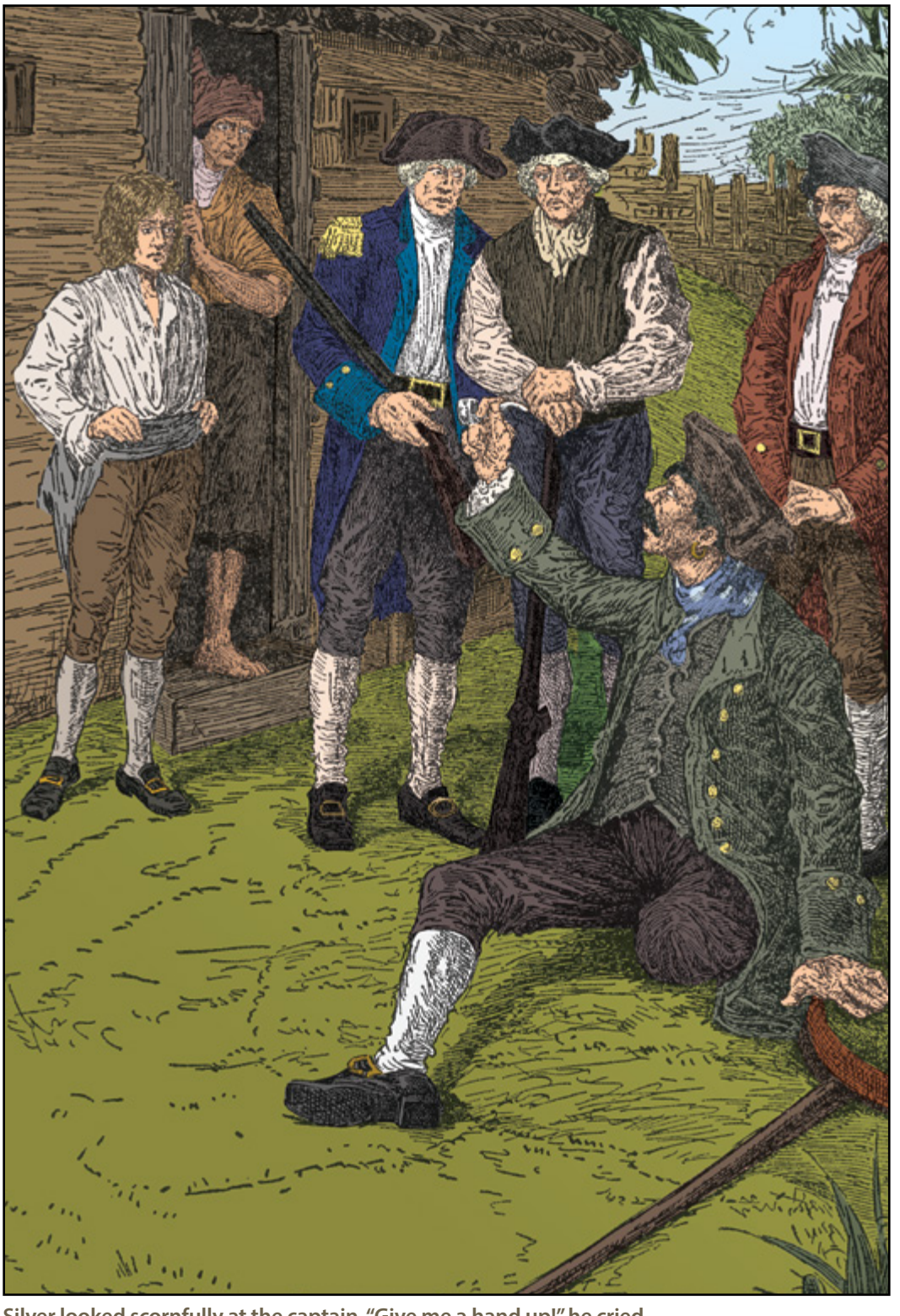
Silver looked scornfully at the captain.

"Give me a hand up!" he cried.

"Not I," returned Captain Smollett.

"Who'll give me a hand up?" Silver roared.

Not one among us moved. Silver had to crawl along the sand,



Silver looked scornfully at the captain. "Give me a hand up!" he cried.

grumbling, till he got close to the door and could hoist himself up on his crutch. Then he spat into the spring.

"Before an hour's out, I'll knock in your old log house. Them that die will be the lucky ones!" he cried.

As soon as Silver left the stockade, we returned to our posts and loaded our muskets. There were several small holes in the walls of the log house. We peered out through the holes and waited for the **onslaught**.

"Put out the fire!" shouted the captain. "We mustn't have smoke in our eyes."

Suddenly, with a loud cry, a group of pirates leaped from the woods on the north side and ran straight toward the stockade. At the same time, gunfire opened from the woods. A rifle ball sang through the doorway and knocked the doctor's musket to bits.

The pirates climbed over the fence like monkeys. We fired at them, and immediately three of them fell to the ground. Four others made it over the fence and charged forward. In an instant, they were upon us.

"At 'em, all hands!" one of the pirates roared in a voice of thunder. One pirate grasped Hunter's musket and wrenched it out of his hands. With one stunning blow, he laid poor Hunter senseless on the floor. Meanwhile, another pirate appeared in the doorway and descended upon the doctor with his **cutlass**.

The log house was filled with smoke, cries, and confusion. Flashes and the reports of pistol shots rang out.

"Out, lads, and fight 'em in the open!" cried Captain Smollett.

I snatched a cutlass and dashed out into the sunlight.

"'Round the house, lads! 'Round the house!" the captain cried.

I raised my cutlass and ran 'round the corner of the house. The next moment I found myself face to face with the pirate named Job Anderson.

He roared and raised his cutlass. I leaped to one side and rolled headlong down the slope.

Gray followed close behind me and took down Anderson before he had time to recover. Another pirate was shot while firing into the house. The doctor had taken down a third. Of the pirates who had made it over

the fence, only one remained, and he had seen enough. He dropped his cutlass and clambered back over the fence. In three seconds, nothing remained of the attacking party but the ones who had fallen.

I ran full speed back to the house. Somewhat cleared of smoke, I assessed the price we had paid for the victory. Hunter lay on the ground, stunned. Joyce had been killed. In the center, the squire was holding up the captain, one as pale as the other.

"The captain's wounded," said Mr. Trelawney.

"Have they run?" asked Captain Smollett.

"All that could," returned the doctor. "But there are some that will never run again."

"That's good!" cried the captain. "That means fewer men. That's better odds than when we started."

The mutineers did not return. They had had enough, so we were able to tend to our wounded and get some food. After dinner, the doctor grabbed his hat, pistols, and a cutlass. He slipped the map in his pocket, and with a musket over his shoulder, climbed the fence, setting off briskly through the trees.

"Is he mad?" Gray asked me.

"I would not have thought him capable of such a thing," I said. "I bet he's going to see Ben Gunn."

I was right, as I found out later. In the meantime, I had another thought. The house was stifling. I began to envy the doctor, walking in the cool shadows of the woods. I longed to escape and set about gathering supplies for my own **excursion**. I filled both coat pockets with biscuits, then took two pistols to arm myself.

As for the scheme I had in my head, it was not a bad one in itself. I would go down to the shore and look for Ben Gunn's boat. I knew it was wrong to slip out when nobody was watching, but I was only a boy, and I was determined.

While the squire and Gray were busy helping the captain with his bandages, I bolted into the woods. Before my absence was noticed, I was out of earshot of my companions.

This was my second foolish decision, and it was far worse than the first, for there were only two honest men left to guard the log house. Much like the first time, though, I did it for the good of us all.

I headed up the east coast of the island. After a while, I came out into the open and saw the sea lying blue and sunny to the horizon, and the surf tumbling its foam along the beach. In the distance I could see the *Hispaniola*, the Jolly Roger waving in the breeze.

The sun was setting, and it grew dark in earnest. I knew I must lose no time if I were to find Ben Gunn's boat that evening. The white rock was still further down the sandy spit, and it took me a while to get to it. Below the rock was a little hollow, and tucked away inside, covered in old sack cloth, was Ben Gunn's boat. It was a homemade coracle—a lopsided frame of wood lined with goatskin. It was extremely small, even for me, but it was light and portable.

I thought the mutineers might be planning to raise anchor and sail away. I wondered how I might be able to prevent this. I could paddle out in Ben Gunn's boat under cover of night, cut the ship loose, and let her drift toward the shore.

I waited for darkness to fall. As the last rays of daylight disappeared, absolute darkness settled over Treasure Island, and I shoved Ben Gunn's boat out of the hollow.

The little coracle was a safe boat for someone my size, but she was the most difficult **craft** to manage. Turning round and round was the maneuver at which she was best. She turned in every direction but the one I chose. However, by good fortune, the tide swept me down to where the *Hispaniola* was anchored.

As I drew near, I could hear loud voices in the cabin. One I recognized as Israel Hands, who was having a disagreement with another pirate. Both men were angry and oaths flew like hailstones.

I quietly rowed next to the schooner, then carefully cut the ropes that held the ship in place. The *Hispaniola* drifted free in the current. To my surprise, the coracle suddenly lurched. She seemed to change course and her speed had strangely increased. I realized that I was being whirled along by the wake of the *Hispaniola*.

The current turned at right angles, sweeping the tall schooner and the little coracle out to sea. Not knowing what to do, I lay on the bottom of my boat, sure this would be my final day. I must have lain there motionless for some time, but then, even in the midst of my fear, weariness overcame me and I fell asleep.

When I awoke, it was broad daylight. I found myself tossing about in the boat at the southwestern end of Treasure Island. I was barely a quarter of a mile from the shore, and my first thought was to paddle in.

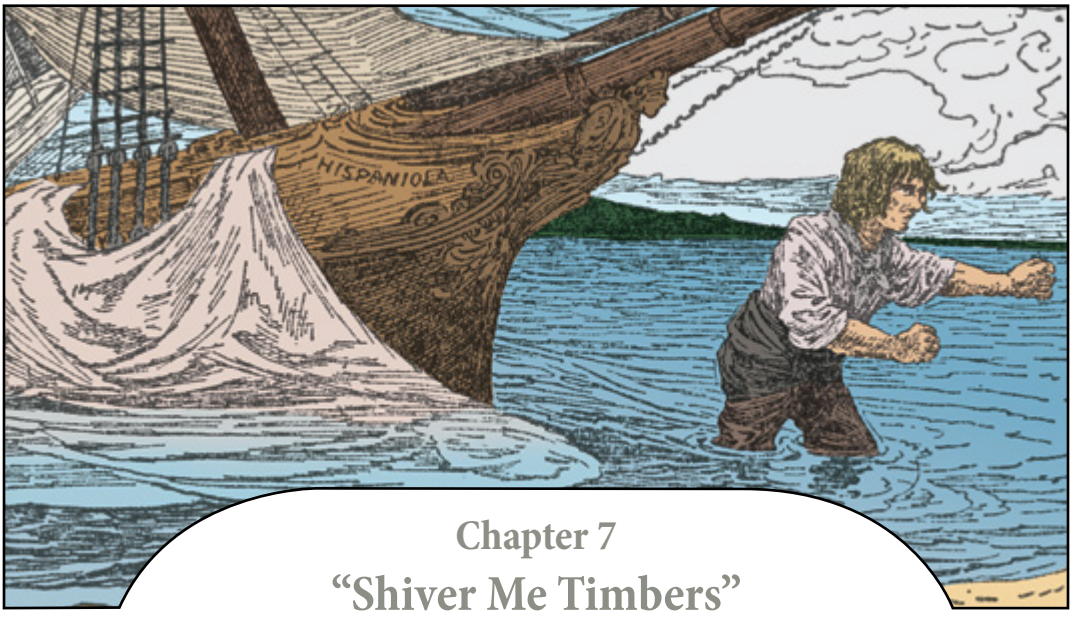
I soon saw the problem with this idea. The coast was rocky, and powerful waves crashed against the rocks. If I tried to land, I might be dashed to death upon the rough shore.

I attempted to paddle to a safer landing spot along the cape, but there was no use. Try as I might, the current carried the coracle past the point of the cape. There, I beheld a sight that changed the nature of my thoughts. It was the *Hispaniola*. I knew there were at least a few pirates on board, but I could not see any of them. To and fro, up and down, the ship sailed by swoops and dashes, as if nobody was steering. I thought maybe the pirates had deserted the ship, or maybe they were sleeping. I figured if I could get onboard, I could return the ship to the captain.

I set myself to paddle and did so till I drew up alongside the ship, and the bowsprit was just over my head. I sprang to my feet, and leaped up, pushing the coracle under water. Then, with one hand, I caught the jibboom and pulled myself up onto the deck of the *Hispaniola*.

At first I did not see a soul. However, on the afterdeck I discovered the two men who had been left to watch the ship. One was on his back, lifeless. A little further on sat Israel Hands, propped against the ship wall, with his chin on his chest. His hands lay open, and his face was as white as a candle.

I saw the signs of a fight and felt sure the two men had killed each other. Just then, Israel Hands gave a low moan. He opened his eyes wearily and caught sight of me. He said only two words, "Help me!"



Chapter 7
"Shiver Me Timbers"

I left Israel Hands on deck and, with no time to lose, went to inspect the ship's cabin. It was a scene of mass confusion. The pirates had ransacked the ship and opened every chest in search of the map.

My mouth was parched and dry. I found some water and drank it, gulping and spluttering in the process. I also took some up on deck for Hands.

"Mr. Hands," I said. "I am taking possession of this ship. From now on, I am your captain."

He looked at me sourly but said nothing. I gave him a sip of water and set the cup to one side.

Then I took down the Jolly Roger.

"God save the king!" I shouted.

Hands watched me slyly, with his chin on his chest. At last he spoke.

"Mr. Hands," I said. "I am taking possession of this ship. From now on, I am your captain."

"Well, Cap'n Hawkins," he groaned. "I reckon you'll want to get ashore, so suppose we talk. This man," he said, nodding feebly at the body on the deck, "this man and me got the ship ready to sail back home. Who's to sail her now? You're not a sailor, and I reckon unless I give you a hint, you ain't the man for the job. Now, look here, we need to join forces. Get me a scarf and help me tie up this wound, and then I'll tell you how to sail her."

I agreed to work with him, at least for the time being. I **lashed** the wheel in place and went below to get a handkerchief. I returned to the deck and helped Hands bind up the wound in his thigh. After another gulp or two of water, he sat up straighter, spoke clearer, and looked in every way a revived man.

"Cap'n," he said, after a while. "I'd take it kindly if you'd get me something to eat. I need some sustenance if we are to manage this ship." I guessed that this was just a **pretext**, as his face contained the look of **treachery**. He wanted to get me off the deck for some reason, though I wasn't sure why. However, I cleverly masked my suspicions.

"All right," I answered. "I'll bring you up some food, but I may have to dig around a bit to find something worth eating."

I went below, slipped off my shoes, and ran quietly along the gallery deck until I got to the forecastle ladder. I climbed up toward the deck and popped my head out, as I knew Hands would not expect to see me there.

He had risen to his hands and knees, and, though his leg was obviously injured, he was pulling himself across the deck at a good clip. At length, he grabbed a dagger, which he concealed inside his jacket, and then hurried back into his old place against the wall of the ship.

This told me all I needed to know. Hands was mobile, he was

armed, and it was clear that I was to be his next victim. Yet I felt sure Hands would not attack me right away. He wanted to get back to land as much as I did. Therefore, he would wait until the ship was safely at anchor.

Hands and I worked in **unison** to guide in the ship. The entrance to the anchorage was narrow. He gave orders, and I obeyed without giving him the slightest hint that I trusted him as much as I trusted my worst enemy.

Finally, as we approached the anchorage, I heard something creak and saw a shadow moving toward me. I looked around, and there was Hands, coming at me with the dagger in his hand. He roared with fury, like a charging bull. I leaped sideways, letting go of the wheel and ducking away from him. The wheel caught him, leaving me just enough time to reach into my pocket and draw my pistol. I hastily took aim and pulled the trigger. The hammer fell, but the pistol did not fire—the gunpowder was wet.

Hands came after me again, and with no time to reload, my only hope was to retreat. As I fled, the *Hispaniola* ran aground on a sandbar. The ship tilted to the port side, till the deck stood at an angle of forty-five degrees. Hands and I fell and rolled about the deck.

I got up first and sprang into the ropes. Hands struck at me with his dagger but missed. I began to reload my pistol, and Hands realized the odds were going against him. He hauled himself up into the rigging after me with the dagger clenched between his teeth. He was a third of the way up by the time I readied my pistol.

"One more step, Mr. Hands," said I, "and I'll shoot!"

He stopped, and I could see in his eyes that he was considering his next move.

With a choked cry, Hands plunged headfirst into the water.

"Jim," he said, taking the dagger from his mouth. "I'd have had you if the ship hadn't run aground. I reckon I'll have to give up."

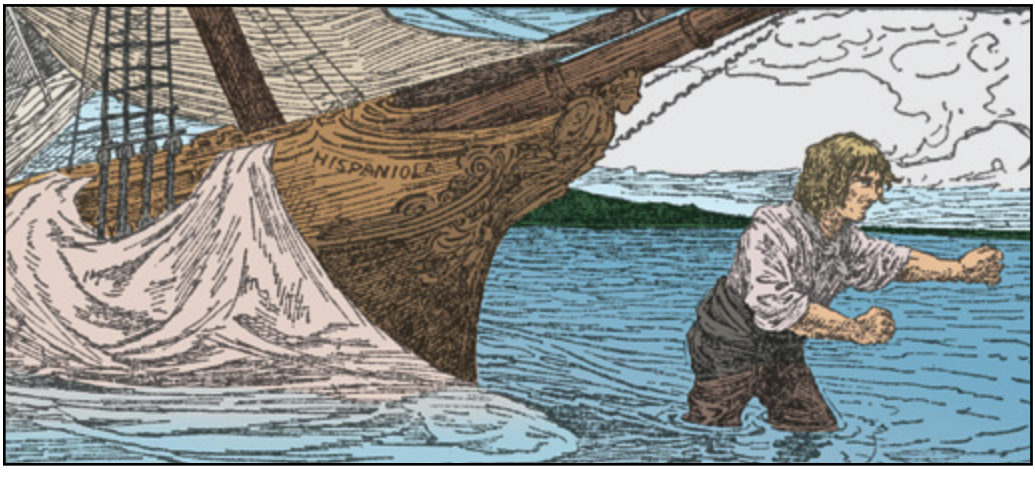
As he spoke these words, he lurched forward. Then something sang through the air like an arrow. I felt a sharp pain and looked to my left. Hands had thrown the dagger, and it had pierced my left shoulder. Without thinking, I fired my pistol.

With a choked cry, Hands plunged headfirst into the water.

The ship was leaning hard to one side, and the masts stuck out over the water. I was afraid I might fall, too. The wound on my arm burned like a hot iron, and I shuddered. Somehow, and I'm not sure how, I slowly let myself down on the deck. Then I went below and tied up my wound. The pain was terrible, and it bled freely, but it was neither deep nor dangerous, and I found I could still use my arm.

After **righting** the ship, I let myself drop softly overboard into the cool salty water. I waded ashore just as the sun went down.

I made my way back to the stockade. It was dark, and I was able to climb over the fence without being detected. Not a soul stirred. As I made way into the log house, I heard the sound of snoring. I wondered



to myself how my friends were taking such a great risk sleeping when they should be standing watch. What if Silver and the pirates launched an attack?

Suddenly my foot struck something. It was a man's leg. The owner of the leg groaned. Then a shrill voice broke forth in the darkness.

"Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!"

It was Silver's parrot, Captain Flint!

I turned to run, but as soon as I did, I collided with another man who grabbed me and held me tight.

Soon the red glare of a torch lit up the interior of the log house. I saw Silver's face. First he squinted at me and then he smiled.

"Well, shiver me timbers!" he said. "It's Jim Hawkins! Welcome, lad!"

Even though his greeting was deceptively friendly, Silver had his men tie me up. I counted that he had five men left, but one of them was ghostly pale, with a blood-stained bandage 'round his head, so I figured he would not be able to put up much of a fight.

I could not imagine how these six buccaneers could have driven my friends out of the stockade.

Silver lit a pipe and patted me on the back.

"I knew you were smart, Hawkins," he said. "You're a lad of spirit, too. I've always said you should get a share of the treasure yourself. And now, I'm afraid you've got no choice but to side with us. Cap'n Smollett won't have you back, and even the doctor has turned against you. 'Ungrateful scamp.' That's what he called you. No, you can't go back to your own lot now, for they won't have you. You'll have to join with Cap'n Silver!"

From this exchange, I learned that my friends were still alive. As for what Silver said about my friends being angry with me, I confess I partly believed him.

"Well," I said, "if you are forcing me to choose sides, I have a right to know why you're here and where my friends are."

"Well, Mr. Hawkins," Silver began, "yesterday morning Dr. Livesey came to see us with a flag of truce. 'Silver,' says he, 'you've been sold out. The ship's gone.' Well, that was news to us. Anyway, none of us had been keeping an eye on the ship. We looked out, and by thunder, he was right, it was gone! 'Well,' says the doctor, 'let's bargain.' We bargained, him and I, and here we are. We've got the log house, supplies, some firewood, and a landing boat. As for them, they've gone, and I don't know to where.

"Jim," he went on, "in case you're thinking that maybe you was included in the deal I made with the doctor, well, think again. I asked him, 'How many are you?' And he told me: 'four.' 'What about the boy?' says I. And he says, 'Don't know where he is and don't much care.'"

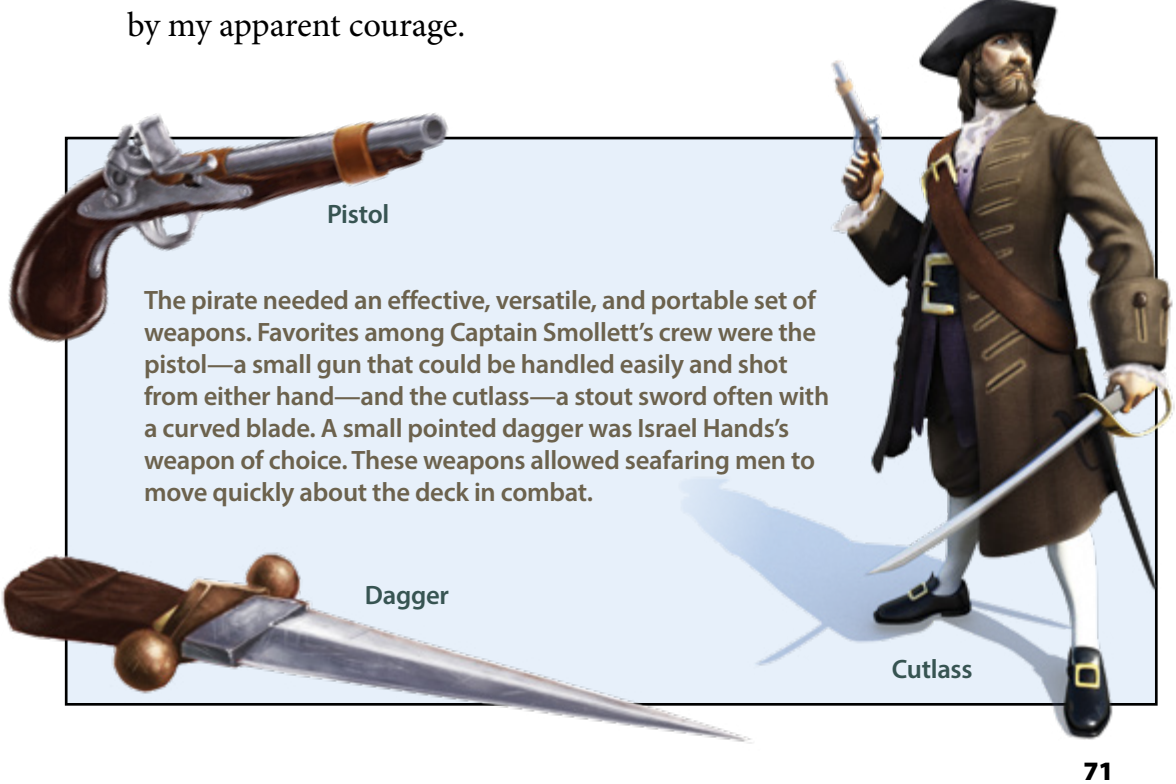
"Well," I said, "let the worst come—but there's a thing or two I have to tell you. You're in a bad way, you've lost the ship, and you haven't got the treasure. You've lost most of your men to boot. Your whole

business has gone to wreck, and if you want to know who did it—I'm the one! I was in the apple barrel the night we sighted land, and I heard you talking with the others. I heard every word you said—and told my friends before the hour was out. As for the *Hispaniola*, it was I who cut her loose, it was I who killed the men you had left aboard, and it was I who anchored her where you'll never see her more! Kill me, if you please, or spare me, but one thing I'll say, and no more. If you spare me, bygones are bygones, and when you are in court for piracy, I'll save you if I can. You choose. Kill me and do yourself no good, or spare me and keep a witness to save yourself from the fate of a judge and jury."

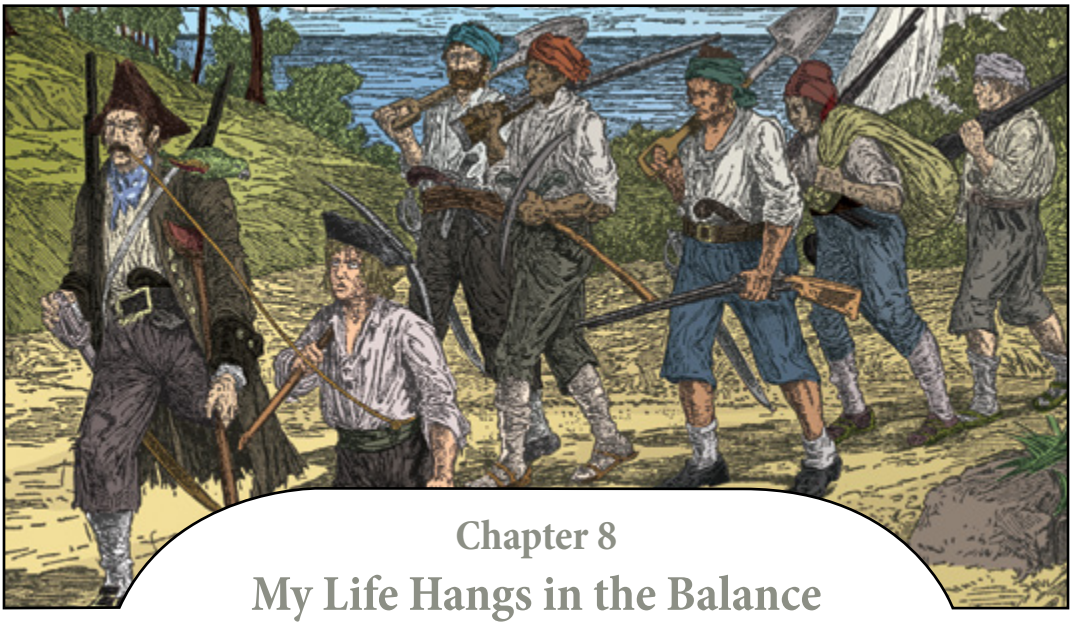
At last I stopped. I was out of breath. Not a man moved. The pirates sat staring at me.

"Well, well," said Silver, with a curious accent. "That's a mighty fine speech."

I could not decide if he was laughing at me or if he was impressed by my apparent courage.



The pirate needed an effective, versatile, and portable set of weapons. Favorites among Captain Smollett's crew were the pistol—a small gun that could be handled easily and shot from either hand—and the cutlass—a stout sword often with a curved blade. A small pointed dagger was Israel Hands's weapon of choice. These weapons allowed seafaring men to move quickly about the deck in combat.



Chapter 8
My Life Hangs in the Balance

After I **taunted** the pirates, Silver's men were itching to punish me. One stepped toward me, but Silver stopped him.

"Stop there!" he cried. "You're not the cap'n here. I'll teach you! Cross me, and you'll go where many a man's gone before—to feed the fishes!"

Silver's man stepped back, but an audible murmur rose from the other men.

"No one lays a finger on the boy!" Silver growled.

After this there was a long, uneasy silence. I stood straight up against the wall, with my heart beating like a sledgehammer. Silver leaned back against the wall, with his arms crossed and his pipe in the corner of his mouth, as calm as could be. But he kept one eye on his unruly followers.

The other pirates drew together at the far end of the log house and began to whisper among themselves. One after another, they would

look up, but it was not me they were looking at. It was Silver. Eventually they went outside, leaving Silver and me alone.

"Now, look here, Hawkins," Silver said in a whisper that was barely audible. "You're within half a plank of death. They're going to try to throw me off, but I'll stand by you through thick and thin. I didn't mean to. No, not till you spoke, but now I see what sort of man you are. You stand by me, and I'll stand by you. I'll save your life if I can—but, if I do, it's tit for tat, Jim. You've got to help me out if I get into a sticky spot with the squire and your people. You've got to do what you can to save John Silver."

I was bewildered. It seemed a hopeless thing he was asking. After all, he had been the **ringleader** from the beginning. I told him I would do what I could if it should come to that.

"Then, it's a bargain!" he said, still whispering. "I'm on the squire's side from now on, and you and I will stick together."

We sat in silence for a few moments and then Silver continued, "While we're sittin' here, perhaps you can explain somethin'. Why do you suppose the doctor decided to give me Flint's map?" he asked.

My face must have expressed complete astonishment. I could not imagine why Dr. Livesey would have given Silver the map, and I wondered if he really had. Silver saw that I was surprised, but he did not press me for an answer.

"There's a reason for it, no doubt," he said, shaking his head like a man who expects the worst.

Just then the door opened, and one of the mutineers stepped in. Or, more like it, he was pushed in by the others. He was visibly trembling.

"Don't worry, lad," said Silver. "I won't eat you. I know what's happening."

The buccaneer presented a slip of paper to Silver.

"The black spot!" said Silver. "I thought so. They're fixin' to mutiny."

Silver didn't waste a second. He called the others in. "Let's hear your grievances," he said. "Then I'll give you an answer."

A pirate by the name of George Merry laid out the case against Silver: "You've made a mess of this cruise, John," he said. "You let the enemy out o' this here trap for nothin'. Then you wouldn't let us go after them, and, on top of it all, you insist on protecting the boy."

"Is that all?" asked Silver quietly.

"I'd say that's enough!" retorted Merry.

"Well, now, look here," said Silver. "I'll answer these points, one after another, I'll answer 'em. I made a mess of this cruise, did I?

You all know what my plan was, and if we had stuck to it, we'd a been aboard the *Hispaniola* this night, every man of us alive, and the treasure stowed safely in the hold. Now you have the **insolence** to stand for cap'n over me—you, that sank the lot of us!"

Silver paused, and I could see by the other men's faces that these words had not been said in vain.

"You say this cruise is ruined," Silver continued. "By gum, you're right about that. We're close to being locked up, but there's one thing that may save us yet and that's this boy. You **scurvy** dogs want to kill him? What sort of a fool plan is that? Much better to keep him alive. Maybe you didn't know that there's a rescue boat coming to get these gentlemen, but there is, and when that boat arrives, you'll be glad we have a **hostage** to bargain with."

Silver spat on the ground and went on, "And as for why I made a bargain with the squire, well, look here!" As he spoke, he pulled the map out of his pocket. "Right here's why I done it!"

I looked and saw that it was the map with the three red crosses, the one I had found in the captain's sea chest. Dr. Livesey really had given it to Silver! But why? I could not imagine.

The other mutineers were stunned, too. They leaped on the map like ravenous beasts. It was passed from hand to hand, one tearing it from another, and by the oaths and the cries and the childish laughter with which they accompanied their examination, you would have thought they were fingering the gold itself, already loaded safely on the ship.

"Yes," said one, "it's Flint's writing, sure enough!"

"Then there's hope in it yet!" exclaimed another.

"Mighty pretty!" said George Merry. "But how are we to get away with the treasure now that the ship's gone?"

"How are we supposed to get away?" Silver barked angrily. "You ought to tell me—you and the rest that lost me my schooner! But no, you can't! You haven't got the invention of a cockroach. You lost the ship; I found the treasure. Who's the better man? By thunder, I resign! You can elect a new cap'n if you fancy. I'm done with it!"

By this point, the men had changed their minds. It was the map that convinced them.

"Silver!" they cried. "Silver for cap'n! John Silver forever!"

"So that's the tune, is it?" said Silver. "Well, George, I reckon you'll have to wait another turn. Here, Jim—here's a curiosity for you."

He handed me the paper the men had given him. I saw that one side had been blackened with wood ash, while the other displayed the word ***deposed***.

After this, Silver tied me up, and we all went to sleep. Well, all except me, that is. I had trouble sleeping. As I lay in the darkness, I thought of the man I had fought that afternoon and my perilous

position. Above all, I thought of the remarkable game that Silver was playing—keeping the mutineers together with one hand, while grasping with the other after every way, possible and impossible, to save his miserable life. He himself slept peacefully and snored loudly, yet my heart was sore for him, wicked as he was, to think of the dangers that surrounded him and the shameful fate that surely awaited him.

The next morning we prepared to set off to find the treasure. During breakfast, Silver ate with Captain Flint on his shoulder and reminded the other men how lucky they were to have him as their leader.

"Aye, mates," he said, "it's lucky you have Barbecue to think for you with this here head. Sure enough, they have the ship. Where they have it, I don't know yet, but once we get the treasure, we'll find out. Then, we'll be all set!" Thus he ran on, with his mouth full of bacon, restoring the mutineers' hope and confidence and perhaps repairing his own at the same time.

"As for the hostage," he continued, "I'll tie a rope around his waist and keep him close to me when we go treasure hunting in a bit. We'll keep him like gold, in case we need him later."

By the time we set out, all the pirates were armed to the teeth. Silver had two guns slung about him, the great cutlass at his waist, and a pistol in each coat pocket.

To complete his strange appearance, Captain Flint sat perched upon his shoulder, squawking odds and ends of sea-talk.

Some of the men carried picks and shovels while others carried pork, bread, and water for the midday meal. I had a line about my waist and followed after Silver like an obedient puppy.

We began to climb a hill, and the men plunged ahead. They were in excellent spirits. Some of them even ran. Silver and I followed, I tethered by my rope, and he plowing through rocks and gravel with his wooden leg.

We had gone about half a mile when one of the men gave a cry of terror. We ran forward and saw a skeleton on the ground. George Merry bent down to inspect the bones.

"He must have been a seaman," he said, "for these scraps on his bones are bits of quality sea cloth."

"Aye," said Silver. "You wouldn't find a bishop here, I reckon, but what sort of a way is that for bones to lie? It ain't in nature."

The dead man lay perfectly straight, with both arms raised above his head like a diver. We stood and stared at the skeleton for a minute before Silver broke the silence.

"I've taken a notion into my old skull," he said. "I think this poor fellow is a pointer. Get out the compass and take a bearing—along the line the bones is pointin'."

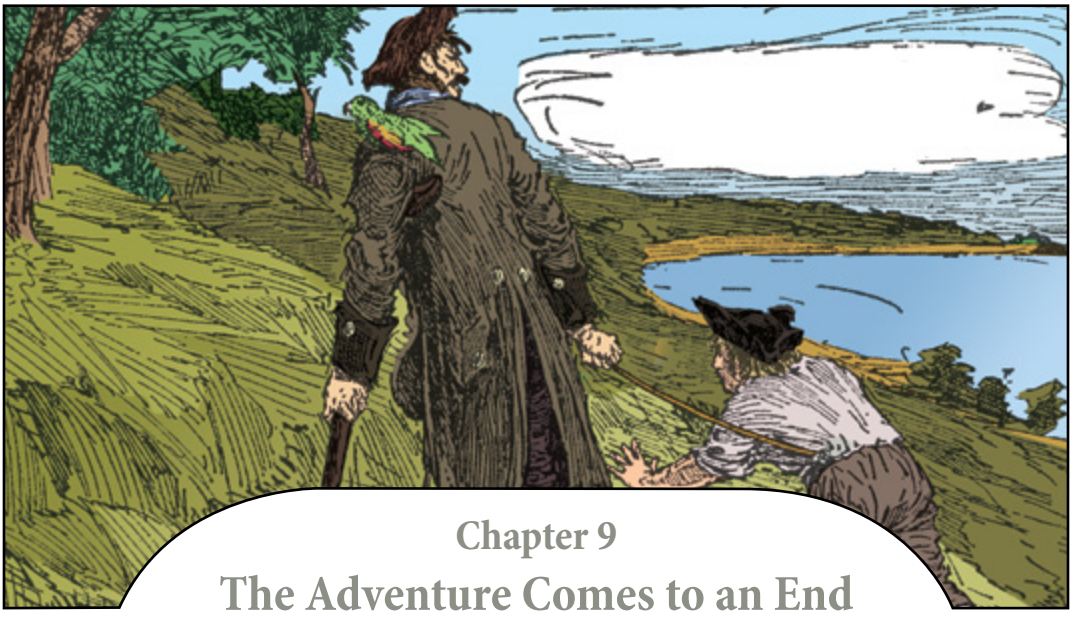
It was done and, sure enough, the bones seemed to be pointing the way to the treasure.

"I thought so!" cried Silver. "This is one of Flint's little jokes. Him and those six fellows was alone here. He killed 'em, every man, and this one he laid down by compass to point the way!"

After a few minutes, we set off again, but the pirates no longer ran. They kept side by side and spoke softly. The terror of the fallen buccaneer had dampened their spirits.

When we reached the top of the hill and saw the Spyglass before us, Silver took bearings with his compass.

"There are three tall trees," he said, "and they are in the right line. Should be child's play to find the loot now!"



Chapter 9
The Adventure Comes to an End

Silver and the rest of us pressed on until, all of a sudden out of the trees in front of us, we heard a thin, high, trembling voice.

"Darby M'Graw!" it wailed, "Darby M'Graw! Fetch aft the weapons, Darby!" again and again and again.

The men were petrified. Their faces turned white with fear.

"Blimey!" George Merry cried. "It's Flint's voice!"

"And those were his last words!" said another.

"Come!" said Silver. "It's not Flint. Flint's in his grave."

"Then it's his ghost, come back to haunt us!" said Merry.

"Mates!" Silver cried. "I'm here to get that stuff and I'll not be beat by man nor spirit. I never was feared of Flint and I'll face him dead if need be. There's half a million pounds of treasure just up the hill.

"Have you ever heard of gentlemen of fortune turning their backs on that much money?"

"Stop it, John!" said Merry. "Don't cross the spirit!"

"Are you sure it's really a spirit?" Silver shot back. "Me, I have my doubts. Did you notice that there was an echo? No man ever seen a spirit with a shadow. Well, what's this one doing with an echo to him, I should like to know. Surely that ain't in nature!"

This argument seemed weak to me, but you can never tell what will convince a **superstitious** person. To my wonder, George Merry was relieved.

"John's right!" he said. "It had an echo!"

"And come to think on it," Silver added, "it was not quite like Flint's voice. It was more like old Ben Gunn's voice."

"It don't make much difference, do it?" asked one of the men. "Ben Gunn's not here, any more'n Flint."

The older hands were not convinced.

"Why, nobody minds Ben Gunn!" cried George Merry. "Dead or alive, nobody minds him!"

It was extraordinary how they regained their sense of **well-being**. They shouldered their tools, and we set forth again. We passed two tall trees and the third loomed up before us. It rose nearly two hundred feet into the air, but it was not its size that impressed the men. It was the knowledge that there was gold buried below its spreading shadow. The thought of the money swallowed up their previous terrors. Their feet grew lighter and speedier. Each man imagined the life of wealth and extravagance that awaited him.

Silver hobbled forward on his crutch. He tugged furiously on the line that held me to him and shot me a deadly look. He took no pains to hide his thoughts. In the nearness of the gold, all had been forgotten. His promise to me was a thing of the past. I did not doubt that he hoped to seize the treasure, kill every honest man, and sail away laden with crimes and riches.

We were now close to the spot, and the men broke into a run. Ten yards further, we came to a halt. Before us was a great **excavation**, not very recent, for the sides had fallen in and grass had sprouted on them. In the ditch we saw a broken shovel. The treasure had been found and rifled. The half a million pounds were gone.

The men were thunderstruck, but for Silver, the shock passed almost instantly. His every thought had been set on the money. It had staggered him to discover that it was gone, but he kept his head and made a new plan in an instant.

"Jim," he whispered, "stand by for trouble."

He passed me a pistol and smiled at me, as if we were old friends. I was so shocked by his constant change of heart that I couldn't help whispering, "So now you're on my side again?"

There was no time for him to answer. Merry had found a single coin in the pit. He held it up.

"A **guinea**!" he shouted furiously, shaking the coin at Silver. "That's all that's left! That's your half a million pounds of treasure, is it?"

Silver kept calm. He took a few steps back, keeping one eye on Merry and the others.

"Mates!" Merry shouted, whipping out his cutlass. "Those two are to blame! Silver and the boy! Let's get 'em!"

Then—crack! crack! crack! Three muskets flashed out of the thicket. George Merry tumbled headfirst into the excavation. Another man spun like a top and fell to the ground. The other three turned tail and ran for it with all their might.

A few seconds later, Dr. Livesey, Gray, and Ben Gunn stepped out of the thicket with smoking muskets.

Silver did not try to escape. Instead, he shot George Merry. Then he dropped his weapons and threw an arm around me. He called out to Dr. Livesey, "Thank ye kindly, doctor! I'm on your side now—Jim here will bear me out—and you arrived just in the nick of time for the two of us!"

"So it is you, Ben Gunn," added Silver.

"I'm Ben Gunn, I am," replied old Ben.

After this exchange, Dr. Livesey explained what had taken place. It was a story that profoundly interested Silver, and Ben Gunn was the hero.

Then—crack! crack! crack! Three muskets flashed out of the thicket. George Merry tumbled headfirst into the excavation.

During his lonely wanderings about the island, old Ben had found the pointing skeleton, and later he had found the treasure. He had dug up the loot and carried it away. It took many trips, but eventually he stashed it all safely in a cave.

After the pirates attacked the stockade, the doctor had gone to see Ben Gunn and had wormed the secret out of him. The next morning, the doctor went to Silver and made a deal with him. He agreed to give Silver the map, which was of no use anymore, along with some supplies. The doctor and the others were eager to get away from the stockade. They wanted to keep an eye on the cave where Ben Gunn had stored the treasure.

That morning the doctor left the squire and the captain in the cave. With Ben Gunn and Gray, he set out to **ambush** the mutineers. He knew they would follow the map straight to the spot where the treasure had been.

In order to arrive before the pirates, Dr. Livesey directed Ben Gunn to call out in Flint's voice. He guessed this might upset the superstitious pirates, as in fact it did, and would give them time to arrive at the spot first. Then the three of them hid in the thicket. They opened fire on the mutineers when they turned against Silver and me.

"Ah," said Silver, "it was fortunate for me that I was with Hawkins here! If he hadn't been here, you would have let old John be cut to bits and never given it another thought."

"Not a thought," replied Dr. Livesey.

We marched back to the shore, got into one of the landing boats, and set off for the *Hispaniola*. When we got back to the ship, we sailed her to a cove near Ben Gunn's cave. Ben Gunn's cave was large and airy. There was a fire at the mouth of it, and Captain Smollett lay by the fire.

The captain was astonished to see Silver return with us.

"What brings you here?" he asked.

"Come back to do my duty, sir," said Silver.

In the flickering light of the cave, I beheld heaps of coins and stacks of golden bars. That was Flint's treasure that we had come so far to seek, and that had already cost the lives of a number of men. How many lives had it cost to gather all this gold? How many seamen had been shot, or marooned, or sent to the bottom of the ocean? There's no way to tell.

The next day, we hauled the treasure to the ship. I spent the morning in the cave, packing money into bags. It was a strange collection of coins. There were guineas, **doubloons**, **moidores**, and **sequins** adorned with pictures of all the kings of Europe for the last hundred years. There were strange Oriental pieces stamped with what looked like bits of spiders' webs. There were round pieces and square pieces, and pieces with holes in the middle, so you could wear them around your neck. We had nearly every variety of money in the world, I do believe.

Most pirates likely sailed ashore to spend their treasures on pleasure and luxury. If, however, like Flint, a pirate saved and buried his loot, he would eventually boast a collection from many different countries. A farthing was worth a quarter of an English penny, and a guinea was worth one pound plus one shilling. The English guinea, as well as the Spanish doubloon, Portuguese moidore, and the Italian and Turkish sequins were all gold coins in common use during the golden age of piracy. A coin could be spent not only in its nation of origin, but also in its colonies in the Americas and the Caribbean.

I spent the morning in the cave, packing money into bags. It was a strange collection of coins.

Silver worked alongside the rest of us, as if nothing at all had occurred, and we heard nothing of the other three mutineers until that night, when we heard them singing and shouting.

"Merriment!" said Silver.

A meeting was held, and we decided that it would be safest to leave the three mutineers on the island, but with some food and supplies.

At last, we weighed anchor and began our voyage home. As we pulled away, we saw the mutineers. They were kneeling on the sand, with their arms raised. We felt sorry for them, but we could not risk another mutiny. The doctor shouted to them and told them where to find the supplies we had left.

When they saw we would not come back for them, they got out their muskets and fired at us. The shots went whistling over our heads.

We sailed to a port on the coast of South America, where we were surrounded by boats full of native people selling fruits and vegetables. I went ashore for the day with the squire and Dr. Livesey. The sight of so many smiling faces, the taste of tropical fruits, and, above all, the lights of the town made a charming contrast to our dark and dangerous stay on the island.

When we returned to the ship, Ben Gunn made a confession. Silver was gone. Ben had helped him escape, though he assured us he had done so to save our lives. That was not all though—the old sea cook had taken with him a sack of coins worth four hundred guineas.

"I am pleased to be rid of him so cheaply," said the doctor.

Well, to make a long story short, we got a few new hands on board, made an enjoyable cruise home, and reached Bristol just as Mr. Blandly was beginning to think of sending the rescue boat. All five of us got a share of the treasure and used it wisely or foolishly, according to our personalities. Captain Smollett retired. Ben Gunn got a thousand pounds, which he spent or lost in nineteen days, for he was back begging on the twentieth day. He is a great favorite, though, and is a notable singer in church on Sundays.

Of Silver we have heard no more. That formidable man with one leg has at last gone clean out of my life. I dare say he met his wife and perhaps still lives in comfort with her and Captain Flint. I hope so, for I fear that his chances of comfort in the next world are very small.

There is still more treasure hidden on that island: some silver bars and some weapons that Flint buried. But nothing could tempt me back there. The worst dreams I ever have are when I hear the waves booming or when I bolt straight upright in bed, the voice of Captain Flint ringing in my ears: "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!"

Enrichment

The Voyage

This selction is from the original text by Robert Louis Stevenson. It picks up after Jim brings the papers he finds in the captain's sea chest to Dr. Livesey and Squire Trelawney. The two men determine the document is a treasure map belonging to the infamous pirate, Captain Flint. The squire plans a voyage to locate the treasure. First, he obtains a ship, the Hispaniola*, and then he assembles a crew, including the one-legged cook, Long John Silver, and the captain, Smollett. Jim Hawkins says goodbye to his mother, then sets off with the men and their crew in search of Treasure Island.*

The Voyage

All that night we were in a great bustle getting things stowed in their place, and boatfuls of the squire's friends, Mr. Blandly and the like, coming off to wish him a good voyage and a safe return. We never had a night at the Admiral Benbow when I had half the work; and I was dog-tired when, a little before dawn, the boatswain sounded his pipe and the crew began to man the capstan-bars. I might have been twice as weary, yet I would not have left the deck, all was so new and interesting to me—the brief commands, the shrill note of the whistle, the men bustling to their places in the glimmer of the ship's lanterns.

"Now, Barbecue, tip us a **stave**," cried one voice.

"The old one," cried another.

"Aye, aye, mates," said Long John, who was standing by, with his crutch under his arm, and at once broke out in the air and words I knew so well.

Even at that exciting moment it carried me back to the old Admiral Benbow in a second, and I seemed to hear the voice of the captain piping in the chorus. But soon the anchor was short up; soon it was hanging dripping at the bows; soon the sails began to draw, and the land and shipping to flit by on either side; and before I could lie down to snatch an hour of slumber the *Hispaniola* had begun her voyage to the Isle of Treasure.

I am not going to relate that voyage in detail. It was fairly prosperous. The ship proved to be a good ship, the crew were capable seamen, and the captain thoroughly understood his business. But before we came the length of Treasure Island, two or three things had happened which require to be known.

Mr. Arrow, first of all, turned out even worse than the captain had feared. He had no command among the men, and people did what they pleased with him.

He was not only useless as an officer [but] a bad influence amongst the men, so nobody was much surprised, nor very sorry, when one dark night, with a head sea, he disappeared entirely and was seen no more.

"Overboard!" said the captain. "Well, gentlemen, that saves the trouble of putting him in irons."

But there we were, without a mate; and it was necessary, of course, to advance one of the men. The boatswain, Job Anderson, was the likeliest man aboard, and though he kept his old title, he served in a way as mate. Mr. Trelawney had followed the sea, and his knowledge made him very useful, for he often took a watch himself in easy weather. And the coxswain, Israel Hands, was a careful, wily, old, experienced seaman who could be trusted at a pinch with almost anything.

He was a great confidant of Long John Silver, and so the mention of his name leads me on to speak of our ship's cook, Barbecue, as the men called him.

Aboard ship he carried his crutch by a lanyard round his neck, to have both hands as free as possible. It was something to see him wedge the foot of the crutch against a **bulkhead**, and propped against it, yielding to every movement of the ship, get on with his cooking like someone safe ashore. Still more strange was it to see him in the heaviest of weather cross the deck. He had a line or two rigged up to help him across the widest spaces—Long John's earrings, they were called; and he would hand himself from one place to another, now using the crutch, now trailing it alongside by the lanyard, as quickly as another man could walk. Yet some of the men who had sailed with him before expressed their pity to see him so reduced.

"He's no common man, Barbecue," said the coxswain to me. "He had good schooling in his young days and can speak like a book when so minded; and brave—a lion's nothing alongside of Long John! I seen him grapple four and knock their heads together—him unarmed."

All the crew respected and even obeyed him. He had a way of talking to each and doing everybody some particular service. To me he was unweariedly kind, and always glad to see me in the galley, which

The ship proved to be a good ship, the crew were capable seamen, and the captain thoroughly understood his business.

he kept as clean as a new pin, the dishes hanging up burnished and his parrot in a cage in one corner.

"Come away, Hawkins," he would say; "come and have a **yarn** with John.

Nobody more welcome than yourself, my son. Sit you down and hear the news. Here's Cap'n Flint—I calls my parrot Cap'n Flint, after the famous buccaneer—here's Cap'n Flint predicting success to our v'yage.

Wasn't you, cap'n?"

And the parrot would say, with great rapidity, "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!" till you wondered that it was not out of breath, or till John threw his handkerchief over the cage.

"Now, that bird," he would say, "is, maybe, two hundred years old, Hawkins—they live forever mostly; and if anybody's seen more wickedness, it must be the devil himself. She's sailed with England, the great Cap'n England, the pirate. She's been at Madagascar, and at Malabar, and Surinam, and Providence, and Portobello. She was at the fishing up of the wrecked plate ships. It's there she learned 'Pieces of eight,' and little wonder; three hundred and fifty thousand of 'em, Hawkins! She was at the boarding of the viceroy of the Indies out of Goa, she was; and to look at her you would think she was a babby. But you smelt powder—didn't you, cap'n?"

"Stand by to go about," the parrot would scream.

"Ah, she's a handsome craft, she is," the cook would say, and give her sugar from his pocket, and then the bird would peck at the bars and swear straight on, passing belief for wickedness. "There," John would add, "you can't touch **pitch** and not be **mucked**, lad. Here's this poor old

innocent bird o' mine swearing blue fire, and none the wiser, you may lay to that. She would swear the same, in a manner of speaking, before chaplain." And John would touch his **forelock** with a solemn way he had that made me think he was the best of men.

In the meantime, the squire and Captain Smollett were still on pretty distant terms with one another. The squire made no bones about the matter; he despised the captain. The captain, on his part, never spoke but when he was spoken to, and then sharp and short and dry, and not a word wasted. He owned, when driven into a corner, that he seemed to have been wrong about the crew, that some of them were as brisk as he wanted to see and all had behaved fairly well. As for the ship, he had taken a downright fancy to her. "She'll lie a point nearer the wind than a man has a right to expect..., sir. But," he would add, "all I say is, we're not home again, and I don't like the cruise."

The squire, at this, would turn away and march up and down the deck, chin in air.

"A trifle more of that man," he would say, "and I shall explode."

We had some heavy weather, which only proved the qualities of the *Hispaniola*. Every man on board seemed well content, and they must have been hard to please if they had been otherwise, for it is my belief there was never a ship's company so spoiled since Noah put to sea. Double grog was going on the least excuse; there was duff on odd days, as, for instance, if the squire heard it was any man's birthday, and always a barrel of apples standing **broached** in the waist for anyone to help himself that had a fancy.

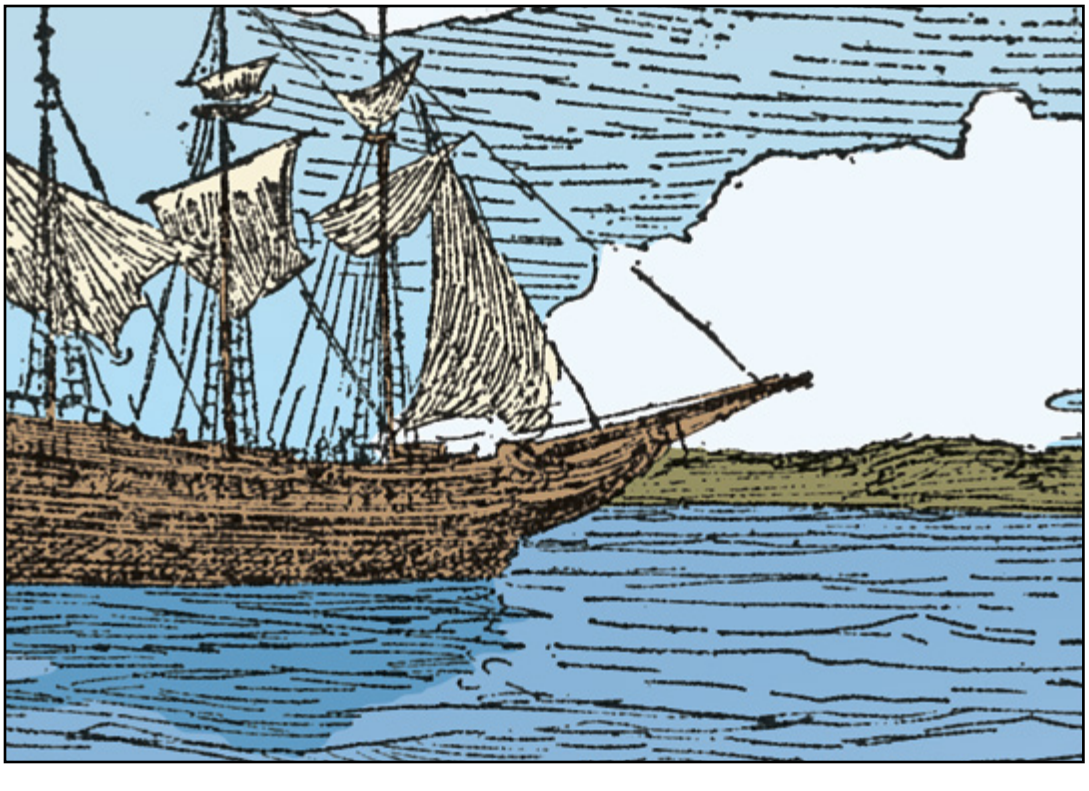
"Never knew good come of it yet," the captain said to Dr. Livesey.

"Spoil forecastle hands, make devils. That's my belief."

But good did come of the apple barrel, as you shall hear, for if it had not been for that, we should have had no note of warning and might all have perished by the hand of treachery.

This was how it came about.

We had run up the trades to get the wind of the island we were after—I am not allowed to be more plain—and now we were running down for it with a bright lookout day and night. It was about the last day of our outward voyage by the largest computation; some time that night, or at latest before noon of the morrow, we should sight the Treasure Island. We were heading south southwest and had a steady breeze **abeam** and a quiet sea. The *Hispaniola* rolled steadily, dipping her bowsprit now and then with a whiff of spray. All was drawing **alow** and **aloft**; everyone was in the bravest spirits because we were now so near an end of the first part of our adventure.



Now, just after sundown, when all my work was over and I was on my way to my berth, it occurred to me that I should like an apple. I ran on deck. The watch was all forward looking out for the island. The man at the **helm** was watching the **luff** of the sail and whistling away gently to himself, and that was the only sound excepting the swish of the sea against the bows and around the sides of the ship.

In I got bodily into the apple barrel, and found there was scarce an apple left; but sitting down there in the dark, what with the sound of the waters and the rocking movement of the ship, I had either fallen asleep or was on the point of doing so when a heavy man sat down with rather a clash close by. The barrel shook as he leaned his shoulders against it, and I was just about to jump up when the man began to speak. It was Silver's voice, and before I had heard a dozen words, I would not have shown myself for all the world, but lay there, trembling and listening, in the extreme of fear and curiosity, for from these dozen words I understood that the lives of all the honest men aboard depended upon me alone.

Enrichment

Blackbeard

Treasure Island is a literary work of fiction. However, there are a few real people referenced in the story. One is a pirate known as Blackbeard.

Blackbeard was an Englishman. His true identity is believed to have been Edward Teach or Edward Thatch. He was probably born around the year 1680 CE. Not much else is known about his early life.

It is believed that Edward Teach began his career as a sailor. He likely sailed out of Bristol, just as the crew of the *Hispaniola* does in *Treasure Island*. He is said to have fought for the British and against the French during Queen Anne's War from 1702 to 1713. When the war ended, many seamen like Teach found themselves without a job, and quite a few of them turned to piracy.

At first, Teach worked for another pirate named Benjamin Hornigold. He soon rose through the ranks and got his own ship. Eventually he went into business for himself. After just a few acts of piracy, people began to call him Blackbeard. You can probably guess how he got that nickname—he had a long, black beard. He kept it braided, tied with ribbons, and tucked behind his ears.

Blackbeard was tall and thin. He wore a dark hat with a wide brim, a long brightly colored coat, and black boots that came up to his knees. He would light pieces of cord and put them in his hat brim. When he expected trouble, he carried three pistols and a cutlass.

Although many pirate ships flew the Jolly Roger, the iconic black flag with a white skull and crossbones, pirates often designed their own signature version of the familiar flag.

Although many pirate ships flew the Jolly Roger, the **iconic** black flag with a white skull and crossbones, pirates often designed their own signature version of the familiar flag. Blackbeard had his own unique flag. Like the traditional Jolly Roger, it was a black flag with a white skull on it, but it was a full skeleton figure, holding an **hourglass**. It is believed that the hourglass was meant to represent to enemies that time was running out. On the other hand, the skeleton held a spear pointed at a red heart. Perhaps this was Blackbeard's way of warning his enemies—give me your money or I will put a spear in your heart!

Several of Blackbeard's largest attacks took place in 1717. That year, out in the Atlantic, he is said to have captured a ship loaded with wine. Later, he captured a French merchant ship that was transporting enslaved Africans to the Americas. He commanded the ship to the nearest port and dropped off the people there, but he kept the ship for himself, naming it *Queen Anne's Revenge*. Blackbeard outfitted the merchant ship to be the ultimate pirate ship. He installed forty cannons on the deck. Then he headed out for more treasure.

Blackbeard and his sea dogs sailed the Atlantic Ocean up and down the coast of North America, scaring people and attacking ships as they went along. He also sailed to many of the islands in the Caribbean, such as Hispaniola, Cuba, and the Bahamas.

One of Blackbeard's favorite ports was New Providence Island in what is now the Bahamas. All of the pirates liked to drop anchor off New Providence Island—because almost everyone there was a pirate. There were no police officers to arrest them. They could sell things and nobody asked any questions. One of the best things about New Providence Island was its harbor. It was deep enough for small- and medium-size ships to dock, but not deep enough for large French and British warships. So pirates could sail into port, but the naval officers who were sent to catch them could not.

Blackbeard was so successful that, for a while in 1717, he commanded eight pirate ships. He began to refer to himself as the Commodore. A commodore is a top officer in the navy who usually commands not just one ship but a whole fleet of ships. Blackbeard became so powerful that he could actually blockade entire cities. That is exactly what he did one time in what is now Charleston, South Carolina. He sailed in with several of his ships, dropped anchor just outside the harbor, and demanded the people of Charleston bring him various supplies, including medicine. The people of Charleston were so terrified of Blackbeard that they brought him what he wanted.

Eventually Blackbeard became so successful and stole so much that many law-abiding people finally decided they had to do something about the pirate problem. The British government passed a law that said pirates who were willing to give up the pirate life could receive a full **pardon**. This meant that any pirate who promised to stop stealing would not be sent to prison.

Blackbeard's pirates in what is now Charleston, South Carolina

Just as Blackbeard and his men stormed onto the ship, Maynard's men came charging out. A fight ensued on deck as Blackbeard and Maynard fought face to face.

Blackbeard agreed to give up his life as a pirate, and for his cooperation, he received a pardon. However, it is possible he never really intended to get out of the pirate business because, just a few months later, he went right back to his dishonest ways. This time he worked mainly off the coasts of North Carolina and Virginia.

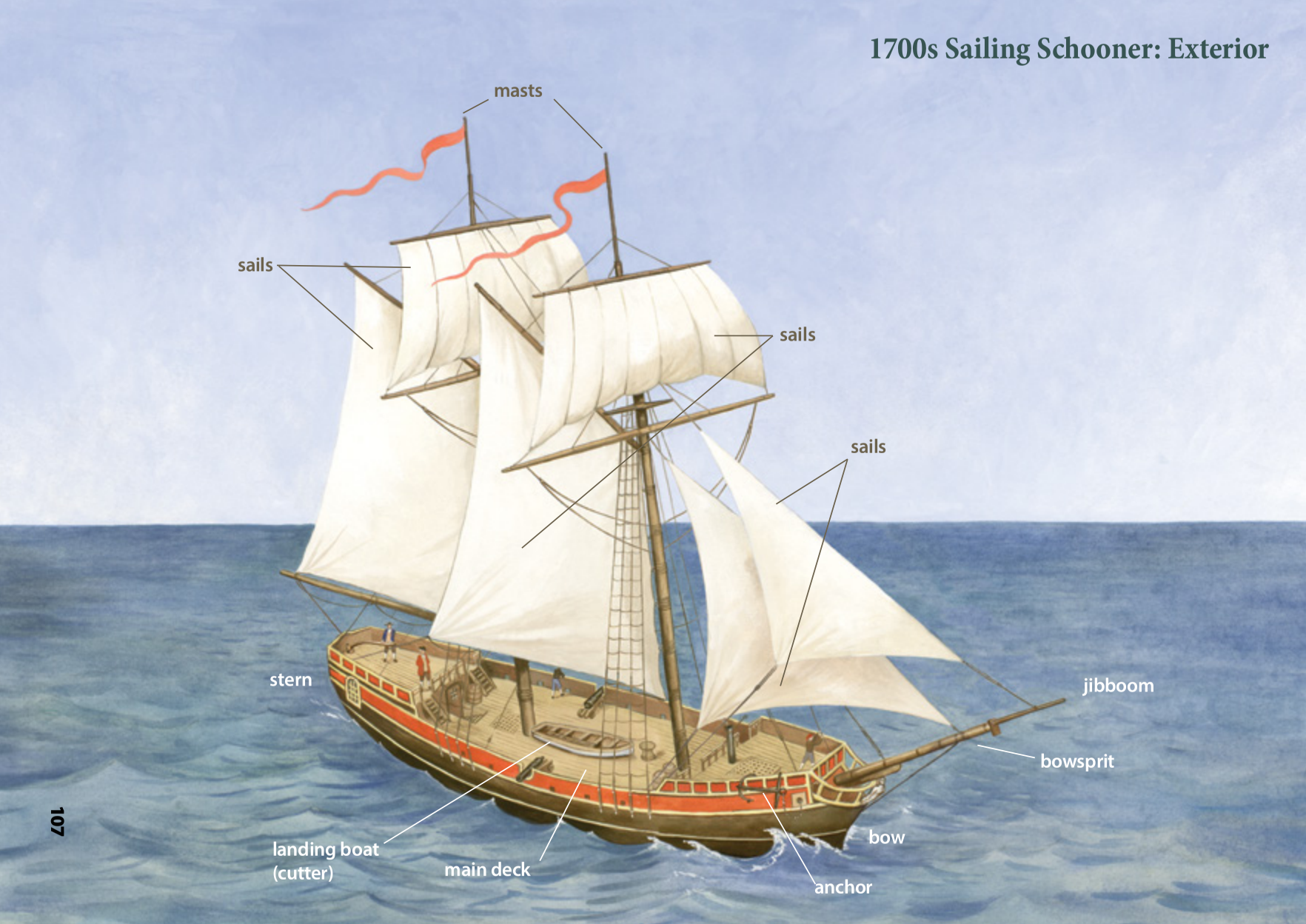
The governor of Virginia decided to stop Blackbeard and his fellow pirates. He raised money and hired a British Navy captain named Robert Maynard to go after them. In November 1718, Maynard located Blackbeard off the coast of Ocracoke Island in North Carolina. At the time, Blackbeard had only one ship and just a handful of men with him. Maynard's men fired at Blackbeard's ship and the pirates returned fire. After a while, Maynard's ships sailed closer to the pirate ship, and Blackbeard saw there were only a few men on the deck of one of Maynard's ships. Blackbeard decided to board the ship, not realizing he was falling into a trap. Maynard had deliberately kept some of his men below deck in the hope that Blackbeard might attempt to board the ship.

Just as Blackbeard and his men stormed onto the ship, Maynard's men came charging out. A fight ensued on deck as Blackbeard and Maynard fought face to face. Blackbeard was ultimately killed in the battle. After that, most of the remaining pirates surrendered.

When the battle was over, Maynard inspected Blackbeard's body. He found that the long-time pirate had many wounds from previous fights. He had been shot five times and cut by swords or cutlasses at least twenty times.

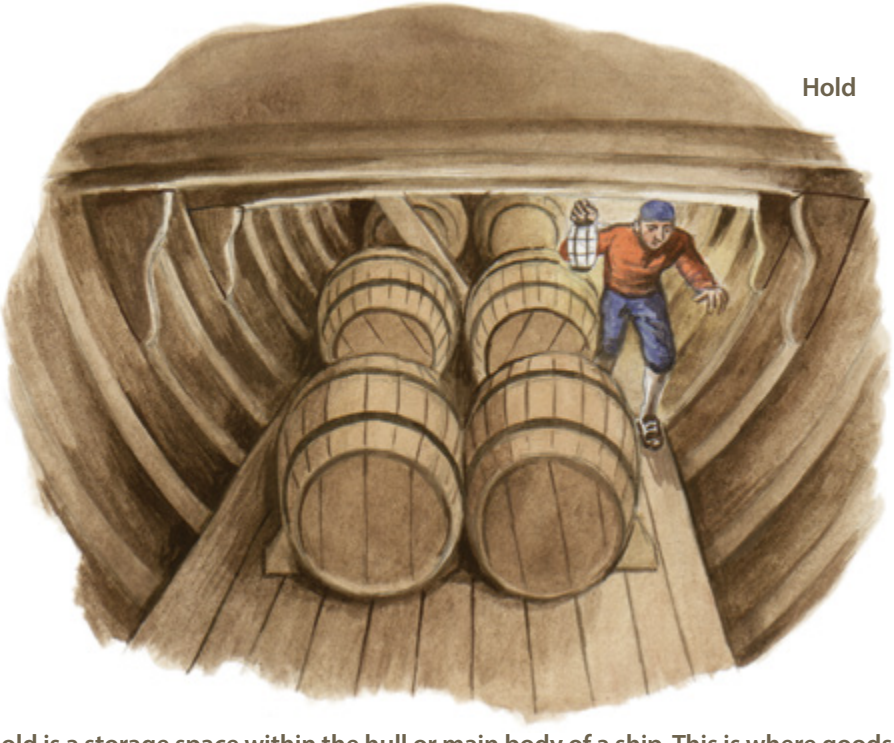
Blackbeard had some money and loot with him, but not as much as some might expect. In total, he had a little more than two thousand British pounds worth of items in his possession. Some people believed he must have had more money hidden somewhere. Adventurous men went looking for it, just as the characters in *Treasure Island* go looking for Flint's money. As far as is known, nobody has ever found it.

1700s Sailing Schooner: Exterior



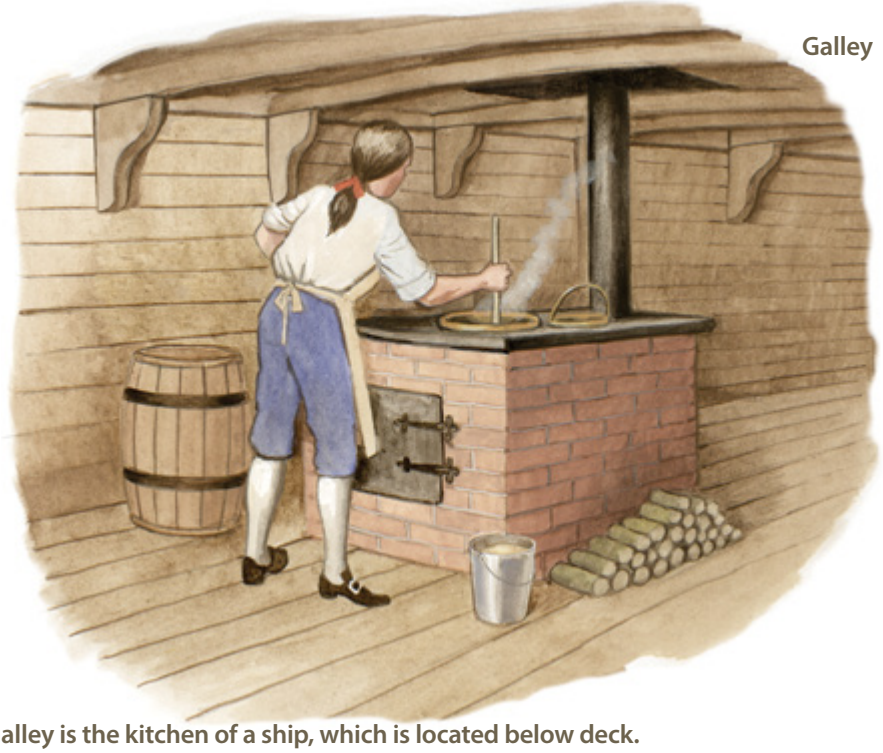
1700s Sailing Schooner: Interior

Hold



The hold is a storage space within the hull or main body of a ship. This is where goods and supplies would be kept below deck.

Galley



The galley is the kitchen of a ship, which is located below deck.

Captain's Cabin

The captain's cabin is located at the stern. It would have included the captain's sleeping quarters.

Berths
(Living Quarters)

The crew slept in canvas hammocks in the living quarters located below deck.

Glossary

A

abeam, ***adv.*** from one side to the other across a ship

aloft, ***adv.*** above the deck of a ship

alow, ***adv.*** below the deck of a ship

ambush, ***v.*** to make a surprise attack

B

bearings, ***n.*** the location or position of something based on information from a compass

berth, ***n.*** an area below deck on a ship where crew members would sleep (**berths**)

brim, ***v.*** to become full or overflowing (**brimming**)

broach, ***v.*** to open (**broached**)

buccaneer, ***n.*** a pirate

bulk, ***n.*** most; the larger part of something

bulkhead, ***n.*** a wall in a ship dividing it into watertight sections

C

cabin boy, ***n.*** someone hired to wait on the passengers and crew of a ship

cache, ***n.*** a hiding place for supplies or treasures

captivate, ***v.*** to fascinate or capture one's attention (**captivated**)

coach, ***n.*** a horse-drawn carriage with four wheels

company, ***n.*** **1.** visitors or guests; **2.** companionship; **3.** a ship's crew and officers

cove, ***n.*** a small area along a coast sheltered by hills or mountains

craft, ***n.*** a ship or boat

cutlass, ***n.*** a short, thick sword with a curved blade

D

deduce, ***v.*** to figure out or draw a conclusion (**deduced**)

dell, ***n.*** a small, secluded valley with trees and grass

depose, ***v.*** to remove someone from office or a high rank (**deposed**)

desertion, ***n.*** a departure without permission and without intending to return; the act of giving up and ignoring responsibilities

desolate, ***adj.*** lacking people, plants, animals, and other things that make a place feel welcoming

doubloon, ***n.*** a gold coin formerly used in Spain or Spanish America (**doubloons**)

duplicity, ***n.*** dishonest behavior meant to trick someone

E

ensue, ***v.*** to follow right after another event (**ensued**)

excavation, ***n.*** a place in the ground where material has been dug up and removed

excursion, ***n.*** a short trip

F

farthing, ***n.*** a coin worth less than a penny formerly used in Great Britain

fathom, ***n.*** a length of about 6 feet used to measure water depth (**fathoms**)

forelock, ***n.*** a lock of hair at the top of one's forehead

G

gargoyle, ***n.*** a stone carving of a strange figure used as decoration on a building, usually a cathedral or Gothic structure

guinea, ***n.*** a gold coin formerly used in Great Britain (**guineas**)

H

helm, ***n.*** a wheel or lever used to steer a ship

hostage, ***n.*** a person held prisoner until another group or person meets demands

hourglass, ***n.*** a tool that uses sand to measure a fixed amount of time, usually an hour

hummock, ***n.*** a rounded hill or mound

I

iconic, ***adj.*** commonly known and widely recognized

impending, ***adj.*** about to occur

insolence, ***n.*** rude behavior or speech

L

lash, ***v.*** to tie down with a rope or cord (**lashed**)

league, ***n.*** a unit of length about 3 miles long (**leagues**)

loot, ***n.*** things that have been stolen

luff, ***n.*** the front edge of a sail

M

magistrate, ***n.*** a local government official who has some of the powers of a judge (**magistrates**)

maroon, ***v.*** to abandon someone on an island (**marooned**)

moidore, ***n.*** a gold coin formerly used in Portugal or Brazil (**moidores**)

muck, ***v.*** to make dirty (**mucked**)

mutiny, ***n.*** a rebellion or uprising against those in charge on a ship

N

nautical, ***adj.*** relating to the sea or sailors

O

onslaught, ***n.*** an attack

outlandish, ***adj.*** odd, unusual, bizarre

P

pardon, ***n.*** a release from being punished for a crime

pitch, ***n.*** a thick, black, sticky substance made from tar used to cover roofs and pave roads

predicament, ***n.*** a difficult or dangerous situation

pretext, ***n.*** a pretend reason given to hide one's true reason for doing something

Q

quay, ***n.*** a dock; an area at the edge of a waterway where ships land, load, and unload

R

ransack, ***v.*** to search thoroughly, causing damage or disorder (**ransacked**)

right, ***v.*** to correct or put in an upright position (**righting**)

ringleader, ***n.*** the leader of a group that causes trouble or gets involved in illegal activity

S

sabre, ***n.*** a heavy sword with a sharp, curved edge

scarper, ***v.*** to flee or run away

schooner, ***n.*** a sailing ship with two or more masts

scoundrel, ***n.*** a wicked or disreputable person

scout, ***v.*** to explore an area to find information about it (**scouted**)

scurvy, ***adj.*** mean; not worthy of respect

seafaring, ***adj.*** working, traveling, or living on the sea

sequin, ***n.*** a gold coin formerly used in Venice, Malta, or Turkey (**sequins**)

shipwreck, ***v.*** to cause a passenger or crew member to experience the destruction of a ship (**shipwrecked**)

shroud, ***v.*** to cover or conceal (**shrouded**)

spyglass, ***n.*** a small telescope used to see things in the distance

squall, ***n.*** a sudden, powerful wind with rain, snow, or sleet (**squalls**)

squire, ***n.*** an English gentleman who owns a large estate or piece of land

stave, ***n.*** a verse or stanza of a song

stockade, ***n.*** a barrier made of upright posts used for protection or defense

stroke, ***n.*** a sudden loss of feeling or consciousness brought on by a lack of oxygen in the brain caused by a broken or blocked blood vessel

stun, ***v.*** to shock or amaze (**stunned**)

superstitious, ***adj.*** having irrational fears about mysterious things or the unknown

T

taunt, ***v.*** to make fun of or tease (**taunted**)

treacherous, ***adj.*** dangerous or difficult to handle

treachery, ***n.*** a betrayal; an act of hurting someone who trusts you

truce, ***n.*** an agreement between enemies to stop fighting for a certain period of time

U

Union Jack, ***n.*** the official flag of Great Britain

unison, ***n.*** agreement; the same way at the same time

W

well-being, ***n.*** the state of being happy, healthy, and comfortable

Y

yarn, ***n.*** a tale or an adventure story

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