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## PART ONE—THE OLD BUCCANEER

### 1. The Old Sea Dog at the Admiral Ben-bow



*Squire Trelawney and Doctor Livesey have asked me to write about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end. The one thing I cannot reveal is the exact location of the island, as there is still treasure there.*

*My name is Jim Hawkins and my story begins back in the year 17\_\_\_, when I was thirteen years old. At that time, my father was the innkeeper of the Admiral Benbow, in a remote cove on the Cornish coast.*

*One morning an old seaman arrived...*

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I remember him as if it were yesterday.

He came plodding to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a handbarrow. He was a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man, with a pigtail falling over the shoulder of his dirty blue coat.

His hands were rough and scarred, with black, broken nails. Across one cheek was a thick white scar.

The seaman looked around the cove, whistling to himself. Then he started singing that old sea-song — the one he sang so often afterwards:

*Fifteen men on the dead man's chest— Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!*

Then he rapped on the door with a stick that he carried. When my father appeared, he said, “Give me a glass of rum.”

The seaman drank his rum slowly. He continued looking about him, at the cliffs and up at our sign.

“Nice grog-shop you’ve got here, mate,” he told my father.

“How’s business?”

“Not good,” said my father. “We don’t get many guests.”

“Well, then,” said he, “I’ll stay here a bit.”

“How long were you thinking of-”

Throwing down three or four gold pieces, the seaman said, “You can tell me when I’ve worked through that.”

“Right. And -”

“I’m a plain man,” interrupted the seaman. Despite his rough appearance and dirty clothes, it was clear that he was used to giving orders. “Rum and bacon and eggs are what I want. And a room at the top to watch the ships from.”

“And your name, sir?”

“Just call me Captain.”



### **The Captain**

We soon learned the captain’s routine. All day he hung round the cove or upon the cliffs with a brass telescope. All evening he sat in a corner of the parlour next to the fire and drank rum and water

The only time he spoke to anyone was when he came back from his stroll. Then he would ask, “Have you seen any other seaman around today?”

At first, we thought he was looking for the company of other sailors. After a while, I learned that the opposite was true.



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One day he took me aside. “Want to earn yourself a silver coin on the first day of every month?”

Of course I did.

“Look out for a seafaring man with one leg. Let me know the first moment he appears”

The “seafaring man with one leg,” came to haunt my dreams. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the house and the surf roared along the cove and up the cliffs, I would see that monstrous creature. In my worst nightmares, he would chase me over hedge and ditch.



### Sea Stories

It was a high price for my monthly silver coin. But I was far less afraid of the captain than anybody else who knew him. On nights when he drank too much rum he sang his old sea-songs. Often the house shook with *Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum.*

Some nights he would force everyone to listen to his dreadful stories. They told of hanging, and walking the plank, and storms at sea. The captain had lived his life among some of the wickedest men in the world.

“He’ll scare our customers away,” my father said. But I thought people secretly liked these blood-curdling tales. They brought excitement to our quiet country life.

The captain stayed on week after week, and then month after month. He used up the money he had given us. My father never had the heart to insist on having more.

Whenever money was mentioned, the captain became furious. His roar and angry stare would force my poor father out of the room.

All the time he lived with us the captain always wore the same clothes. He patched his old coat in his room until it was nothing but patches. He never wrote or received a letter or spoke to anyone outside of our inn.

None of us had seen his great sea chest open. Was it the ‘dead man’s chest’ the captain sang about? It always appeared so in my nightmares.

## Doctor Livesey

My poor Father became ill. One late afternoon Doctor Livesey came to see him. From the bar came the sound of

*Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—*

*Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum*

The two men then met on the stairs, where the captain glared at the doctor.

“I have only one thing to say to you, sir,” said the doctor. “Keep on drinking rum and you will soon be dead!”

The old captain's fury was awful. Springing to his feet, he pulled out a sailor's knife. “I'll pin you to the wall!” he roared.

The doctor did not move. He spoke, over his shoulder, perfectly calm and steady: “Put that knife this instant in your pocket,” he ordered. “Or you'll face the gallows.”

There then followed a battle of stares between them. But soon the captain put away his weapon, grumbling like a beaten dog.



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