TREASURE ISLAND BY R.L STEVENSON

Adapted by Kieran McGovern

PART ONE—THE OLD BUCCANEER

1. The Old Sea Dog at the Admiral Benbow

Squire Trelawney and Doctor Livesey have asked me to write down about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end. My name is Jim Hawkins and my story starts in the year 17—, when I was thirteen years old.

At that time, my family lived in a ***remote cove*** *on the Cornish coast. My father was the innkeeper of the "Admiral Benbow". Few people visited but one morning an old seaman arrived…*

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

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

He 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."

"How long were you thinking of?"

Throwing down three or four gold pieces, the seaman said, "Then I'll stay here for **a bit**."

"How long did you-"

"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 walk. 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.

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 across the countryside.

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Many nights the captain drank too much rum. Often the house shook with the sound of *Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum.*

Sometimes 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. Soon he owed us more rent. Whenever my father mentioned this, 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 never wrote or received a letter. Nor did he speak 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.

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.

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

2. Black dog appears and disappears

That winter there were long, hard frosts. Father' health worsened and we knew he was unlikely to survive.

One icy January morning the captain walked away down the beach. I remember his breath hanging in the air like smoke and his cutlass swinging under his old blue coat. His brass telescope was under his arm, his hat tilted back upon his head.

Mother was upstairs with Father. I was laying the breakfast-table. Suddenly the parlour door opened and a pale thin man stepped in.

Two fingers were missing from his left hand. A cutlass was hanging from his belt.

“What can I do for you, sir?” I asked.

“I’ll have a rum,” said the man, sitting down at a table.

I paused where I was, with my napkin in my hand.

“Come here, boy,” he ordered. I took a step nearer.

“Is this here table for my mate Bill?" he asked.

“Sorry, I don’t know anyone called Bill,” I said.

"Well," said he. "My mate Bill has a cut on one cheek. Is he here in this house?"

“He’s out walking, ” I said.

"Which way, boy? Which way has he gone?"

“Sorry, I don’t know,” I said.

The stranger kept hanging about just inside the inn door. Every few minutes he peered around the corner, like a cat waiting for a mouse.

Once I stepped out into the road. A horrible change came over his face. “Get back inside!” he roared, making me jump.

The half sneer, half smile returned. He patted me on the shoulder. “Let’s go back into the parlour, boy. We'll give Bill a little surprise--bless his heart.”

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We waited in the parlour, hidden behind the open door. I was very uneasy and alarmed. The stranger seemed frightened, too. He fiddled with his cutlass and kept swallowing, as if he felt a lump in his throat.

At last, the captain strode in, slamming the door behind him. Without looking to the right or left, he marched straight to where his breakfast awaited him.

“Bill,” said the stranger loudly.

The captain spun round on his heel and faced us. Blood drained from his face — even his nose turned blue. I felt sorry to see him transform in a moment turn a sick old man.

“Come, Bill, you know your old shipmate, ” said the stranger.

“Black Dog!” said the captain.

Black Dog”

“Now, look here,” said the captain; “What is it you want?”

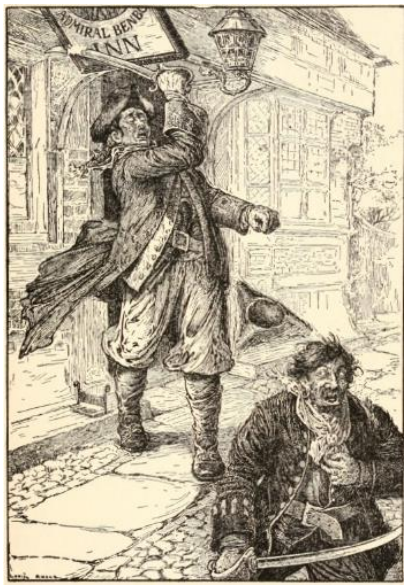
“I'll have a glass of rum from this dear child here,” said Black Dog. “Then we old shipmates can talk.”

When I returned with the rum, they were already seated on either side of the captain's breakfast-table. Black Dog was next to the door. He was sitting sideways, with one eye on his escape route.

I left them together in the bar. Though I tried my best to listen from the next room. I could hear nothing but low talking. Then the captain’s voice grew louder.

“No, no, no!” he cried.

There followed an explosion of noise, with shouts and the sounds of table and chairs going over.



The next instant Black Dog rushed out of the Admiral Benbow pursued by the captain. Both men had drawn cutlasses. Black Dog had blood streaming from his left shoulder.

In spite of his wound, Black Dog raced away, disappearing over the edge of the hill in less than half a minute. The captain stopped running and stood staring at the signboard. He passed his hand over his eyes several times.

Finally, he turned back into the house.

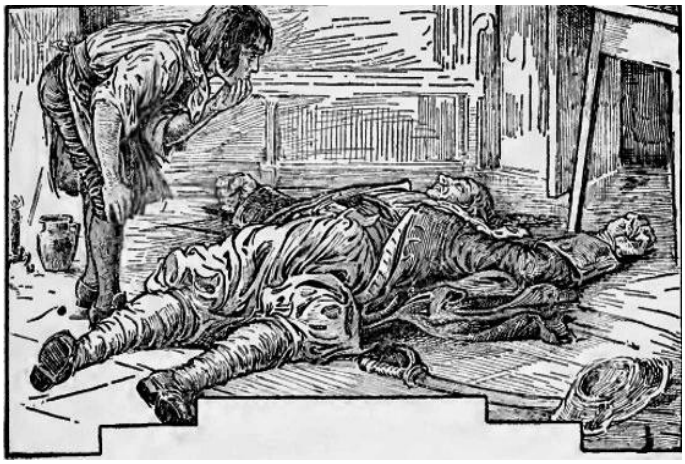
“Jim,” says he, “Give me a rum”

As he spoke, he leaned with one hand against the wall.

“Are you hurt?” cried I.

“Rum,” he repeated. “I must get away from here. Rum! Rum!”

As I rushed out to fetch his drink, there was a loud crash behind me. Returning to the parlour, I found the captain lying full length upon the floor.



At the same instant, my mother, alarmed by the cries and fighting, came running downstairs to help me.

Between us, we raised the captain’s head. He was breathing very loud and hard. His eyes were closed and his face a horrible colour.

The door opened. It was Doctor Livesey, visiting my father.

“Oh, doctor,” we cried. “What shall we do? Where is he wounded?”

Doctor Livesey did a quick examination of the fallen captain. “He’s not wounded,” he said. “The man has had a stroke, as I warned him. I’ll do my best to save his worthless life. Jim, bring me a basin.”

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The doctor ripped up the captain's sleeve. The old seaman's arm was tattooed in several places.

After some time, the captain opened his eyes. He then looked mistily about him.

Suddenly his colour changed. He tried to raise himself. “Where's Black Dog?”

“There is no Black Dog here,” said the doctor. “You have been drinking rum again. Now, Mr. Bones-”

“That's not my name,” he interrupted.

“I have a simple message for ,” continued the doctor. “If you keep drinking rum, you'll die.”

And then the doctor went off to see my father, taking me with him by the arm.

3. The Blind Man

About noon, I stopped at the captain's door with some drinks and medicines. He was lying as we had left him, only a little higher.

“Jim,” he said in a weak voice. “You know I've been always good to you. Bring me a bottle of rum, now.”

“But the doctor said-”

“What does a doctor know about seafaring men? I’ve lived on rum! Look, Jim, how my fingers tremble! I haven't had a **drop** all day.”

“I'll get you one glass, and no more.”

When I brought it to him, he drank it greedily.

“That's better,” said he. “What did that doctor say? How long I must lie here in this bed?”

“A week at least,” said I.

“A week!” he cried. “They'd have the **black spot** on me by then. I'll trick them again. I'm not afraid of them.”

He lay for a while silent.

“Jim,” he said finally. “You saw that seafaring man today?”

“Black Dog?” I asked.

“Ah! Black Dog,” says he. “He’s bad but not the worst of them. It's my old sea-chest they're after.”

“Why do they want it?”

“I was old Flint's first mate,” he said. “I’m the only one who knows the place. He gave me the map me at Savannah, when he lay a-dying.”

I still didn’t understand what he was saying. Who was Flint? What was this map?

“They’re trying to get the black spot on me, “ he continued. “Don’t speak to any of them. Especially a seafaring man with one leg, Jim. Don’t speak to him above all.”

His voice grew weaker. Soon fell at last into a heavy sleep.

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My poor Father died suddenly that evening. This put all other matters to one side.

On the night before the funeral the captain was drunk, as usual. It was shocking to hear him singing his ugly old sea-song. Yet he was weak and getting weaker. He breathed hard and fast like a man on a steep mountain.

Shut up in his own thoughts, he spoke to nobody. Sometimes he put his nose out of doors to smell the sea. His temper, though, was more violent than ever. He sat with his cutlass in front of him on the table.

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The day after the funeral, I was standing at the front door. It was a bitter, foggy, frosty afternoon. I was full of sad thoughts about my father.

Then I saw a blind man moving slowly along the road towards the inn, tapping his stick and had. Hunched, like an old man, he wore a huge old tattered sea-cloak with a hood and a green shade over his eyes and nose

OLD PEW

Tapping up and down the road in a frenzy, and groping and calling for his comrades

He stopped in front of the inn. “Where am I?”

“You are at the Admiral Benbow, Black Hill Cove, my good man,” said I.

“I hear a voice,” said he, “a young voice. Will you give me your hand, my kind young friend, and lead me in?”

I held out my hand. The blind man pulled me close to him.

“Now, boy,” he said, “take me to the captain.”

His cruel, cold and ugly voice frightened me.

“I cannot do that, sir.”

“Take me straight to him,” he ordered. “Or I'll break your arm.”

Our sick old captain was sitting in the parlour, dazed with rum. The blind man clung close to me, holding me in one iron fist.

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As I opened the parlour door, the poor captain raised his eyes.

“Now, Bill,” said the beggar. “Hold out your left hand. Boy, take his left hand by the wrist. Bring it near to my right.”

We both obeyed. The beggar then passed something from the hand that held his stick into the palm of the captain's.

“And now that's done,” said the blind man.

Releasing me, he skipped out of the parlour and into the road. I could hear his stick go tap-tap-tapping into the distance.

I released the captain’s wrist. He opened his hand and looked down at the circle of paper the beggar had forced into it.

It was a black spot — a sentence of death from a pirate court.

The captain stood swaying for a moment. Then, with a peculiar sound, he fell to the floor. I ran to him at once, calling to my mother.

It was too late. The captain was dead.

I burst into tears. Though I had never liked the man, but I had begun to pity him. This was the second death I had known, and the sorrow of the first was still fresh in my heart.

4. The Sea Chest

We stood for a moment holding hands in the dark, alone with the dead captain's body. My mother lit a candle.

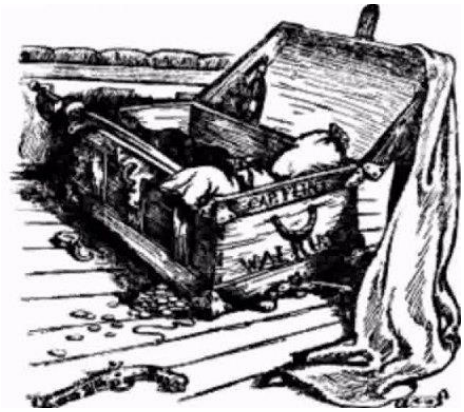
The captain lay on his back. His eyes were open and one arm stretched out.

I went down on my knees. On the floor, close to his hand, there was a little round piece of paper. It was black on one side.

Written on the other side was this short message: *You have until ten tonight*.

Our old clock began striking. It was six o'clock.

We went up to the captain's room. The chest was where it had stood since the day of his arrival. The initial "B" was burned on the top of it with a hot iron. The corners were broken by long, rough usage.



My mother forced open the lid. A strong smell of tobacco rose from the inside the chest. At the top, there was a suit of very good clothes, carefully brushed and folded.

“These have never been worn,” my mother said.

Under the suit were the captain’s possessions. These included four very handsome pistols, a silver bar and an old Spanish watch.

Hidden under the bottom lining of the chest was a sealed packet of papers and a canvas bag of coins of all different countries and sizes.

My mother began counting the coins.

“Mother, we need to go! The blind man will be back soon!”

”I’m only taking what the captain owed us,” she said. “Not a penny more.”

Suddenly we heard a terrifying sound coming from outside. It was the tap-tapping of the blind man's stick upon the frozen road. We held our breath as the tapping came closer.

Then there was a sharp rap on the inn door. The handle turned but the door was bolted. After some minutes, the tapping slowly died away.

But then a whistle sounded in the distance. Mother hurriedly gathered up her coins and I picked up the packet of papers. We groped our way downstairs in the dark.

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Outside the fog was rapidly clearing. We could hear men running. The light from a lantern swung left and right.

“Take the money and run, my dear,” said my mother suddenly. “I think I’m going to faint.”

By good fortune, we were close to the little bridge. Somehow, I managed to drag my mother down the bank under the little bridge. It was a poor hiding place but we could see and hear everything happening around the Admiral Benbow.

5. The Last of the blind men

I watched my enemies arrive. There were seven or eight of them, running hard. The man with the lantern was some paces in front.

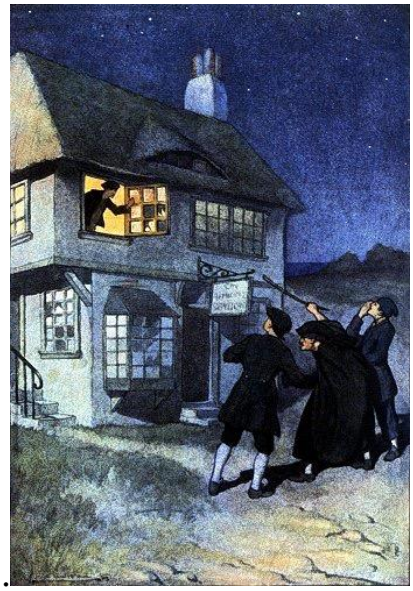
Three men ran together, hand in hand. Through the mist, I saw that the middle man was Blind Pew. The next moment I heard his voice.

“Kick the door down!” he cried.

“It’s open, sir!”

“Then go in!”

Most of the men entered the Admiral Benbow. The blind man and his two companions remained on the road



There was a pause, then a cry of surprise. A voice was shouting from the house, “Bill's dead.”

“Some of you search him!” shouted Pew. “The rest of you go up and get the chest.”

I could hear their feet rattling up our old stairs. Then there were fresh shouts. The window of the captain's room opened with a slam.

A man leaned out and called down to the Pew on the road below him.

“They've been before us. The money is gone.”

“Is Flint's treasure map there?” roared Pew.

“It’s not here,” returned the man.

“That boy and his mother were here a short time ago. Find them, lads!”

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They ran through our house, throwing furniture over and kicking doors in. “They’ve gone!” we heard one cry.

Then there were two blasts of the whistle. It was signal, warning the attackers of approaching danger.

“We have to leave, mates,” said one.

“No, we don’t!” cried Pew. “Find the boy and his mother! They must be close by!”

The men remained standing in the road. Pew was furious. He picked up his stick and began striking them left and right.

His men tried to grab the stick and disarm him.

Suddenly I heard horses galloping from the top of the hill. A pistol-shot rang out. Pew's men turned at once and ran.

They separated in every direction. Only Pew remained, tapping up and down the road in a fury. "You can't leave old Pew, mates!" he cried. "Not old Pew!"

He took a wrong turn and ran a few steps past me. "Black Dog!"

Just then, we saw horses in the moonlight. They were racing towards Pew. Screaming he turned straight into their path.

Down went Pew with a cry that rang out into the night.

The riders were young men from the village. They pulled up, horrified at the accident. Pew was dead.

6. The Captain's Papers

That night I was taken to see Doctor Livesey. He was staying with Squire Trelawney, who owned the biggest house in the village.

After a fine meal, a servant showed me into a great library. The squire and Doctor Livesey sat on either side of a bright fire.

The squire was a tall, broad man. His red face was lined from his long travels.

Doctor Livesey turned to me. "And so, Jim," he said. "You have the thing that they were after, have you?"

"Here it is, sir," I said. I gave him the packet and told them my story.

After the doctor he said to Squire. "You have heard of this Flint, I suppose?"

"The most wicked pirate that ever sailed," cried the squire. "And

these **villains** were after his fortune."

Doctor Livesey laid the package before him on the table. ."Now, Jim, shall we open the packet?"

"Of course," I said

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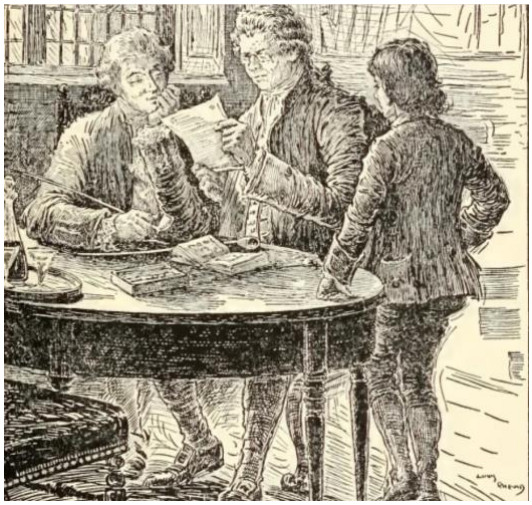
The doctor got out his instrument case and cut the stitches with his medical scissors. It contained a sealed paper.

The squire and I were both peering over the doctor's shoulder as he opened the sealed paper. Out fell the map of an island.



It was about nine miles long and five across. There were two fine harbours and a mountain the centre of the island. This was marked as "The Spy-glass." There were also three crosses of red ink—two in the north of the island, one in the south-west. In the same red ink were these words: *Treasure Here*.

On the back of the map were the words: *Billy Bones. His Share.*

"Billy Bones!" I said. "That's what Pew called the captain!"

"Then this is his treasure map!" said the squire. He turned to the doctor. "And that treasure is still there waiting to be collected. I say we go after it."

"Very well," said the doctor. "We should sail from Bristol with the best ship and the best crew in England. Hawkins shall come with us as cabin-boy."

"Then I will I fit out a ship in Bristol dock," said Squire Trelawney.

"Remember we are not the only men who know of this map," said the doctor. "The villains who attacked the inn tonight will do anything to get that treasure."