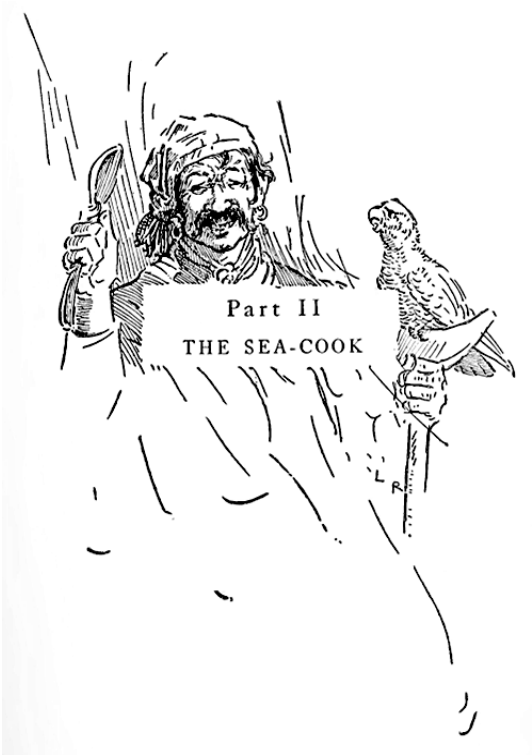
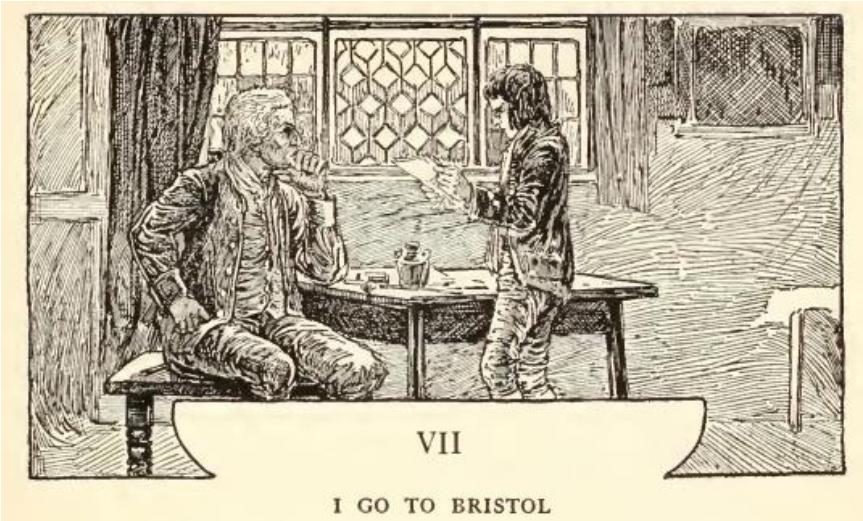
PART TWO: THE SEA COOK



7. I Go to Bristol



Several weeks a copy of a letter arrived from Squire Trelawney, addressed to Doctor Livesey and myself. Squire Trelawney was staying at the Old Anchor Inn, in Bristol - and he had good news

Our ship, the Hispaniola is almost ready. I have also found the perfect man to help secure the right crew for our voyage.

Long John Silver is a very experienced sailor. He lost his leg in the country's service and is now the landlord of an inn here in Bristol.

The good news for us is that Mr Silver wants to get to sea again. I have engaged him on the spot to be the ship's cook and he has recruited a team of seafaring men. These fellows are not pretty to look at but they know their work!

Let young Hawkins say farewell to his mother. Then both of you come full speed to Bristol...

***

As the coach pulled away, I said good-bye to Mother and to the dear old Admiral Benbow, now repainted and repaired. I also thought of the captain, walking along the beach with his old brass telescope.

Then we turned the corner and my home was out of sight. We travelled all night on the mail coach. I slept all the way.

A punch in the ribs finally woke me. I opened my eyes. It was daylight and we were outside a large building in a city street.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"The Anchor Inn, Bristol," said the driver.

I looked out and saw ships of all sizes and nations. Squire Trelawney, dressed in blue like a naval officer was there to greet me.

"Welcome ,Jim," he cried. "The doctor came last night from London. Bravo! The ship's company is complete! We sail tomorrow!"

Now I was going to sea in search of buried treasure!

8. At the Sign of the Spy-glass

After breakfast, the squire gave me a note to deliver to our new cook, John Silver. "You'll find him at the sign of the **Spy-glass**," he said. "Keep going through the docks. You'll see a little **tavern**. Outside there's a sign with a large brass telescope."

Picking my way among a great crowd of people and carts I found the tavern. The sign was newly painted and the windows had neat red curtains. Open doors on either side lead out onto the street. There were clouds of tobacco smoke.

The customers were mostly seafaring men. They talked very loudly. I hung at the door, almost afraid to enter.

As I was waiting, a man came out of a side room. His left leg was cut off, close by the hip. Under his left shoulder, he carried a crutch. This he managed with wonderful dexterity, hopping about upon it like a bird.

He was very tall and strong, with a big plain, pale face, intelligent and smiling.

He whistled as he moved about among the tables.

***

I crossed the threshold, and walked up to where he was talking to a customer.

"Mr. Silver, sir?" I asked, holding out the note.

"Yes, my lad," said he. "And who are you?"

Then he saw the squire's letter. "Oh!" said he, offering his hand. "I see. You are our new cabin-boy! Pleased to meet you."

And he took my hand in his large firm grasp.

"OH," I CRIED, "STOP HIM! IT'S BLACK DOG!"

Just then a customer hurried out the door on the far side of the tavern. I recognised him instantly.

"That's Black Dog!" I cried. "Someone stop that man!" I

"Harry, run and catch him!" cried Silver ."Who did you say he was? Black what?"

"Black Dog, sir. Has Mr Trelawney told you about the pirates? He is one of them."

"A pirate?" said Silver, his eyes widening. "We don't want his type in here. How do you know this — what's his name?"

"Black Dog came to my father's inn. And another pirate, a blind man called Pew."

"I know that name!" cried Silver, now quite excited. "Pew!"

The men chasing Black Dog returned, out of breath. "I'm afraid we lost him, sir,"

"Oh no! So, he's got away?" said Silver, shaking his head. "Well, we know who this **rogue** is now. Anyway, Jim you and I will go and see Mr Trelawney."

***

On our walk through the docks, Long John told many fascinating stories about life at sea. I thought he would be a wonderful shipmate.

When we got to the inn, the squire and Doctor Livesey were seated together. Long John described Black Dog's escape.

"That was how it were, now, weren't it, Hawkins?" he would say, now and again.

Soon Long John took up his crutch and departed.

“All aboard the ship by four this afternoon,” shouted the squire after him.

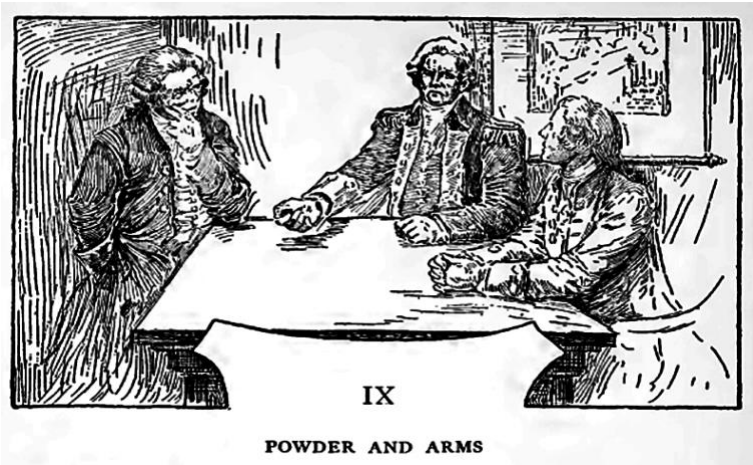
“Aye, aye, sir,” cried the cook, in the passage.

“Well, Squire,” said Doctor Livesey after. “John Silver seems an honest man.”

“He’s perfect for us,” declared the squire.

“Get your hat, Jim,” added the doctor. “We'll go to the ship.”

9. Powder and Arms



Captain Smollett was waiting for us at the Hispaniola. He was not happy.

“I need to speak plainly, sir. I don't like the crew you’ve hired.”

“What’s the problem, Captain?”

“I’ve overheard the men talking about going after treasure. Is this true?”

Squire Trelawney admitted that it was “Now, I don't like treasure voyages, especially when they are secret. And I don’t like learning the mission from my own crew!”

“We apologise, Captain,” replied Dr Livesey.

“And what this map you have?” said the captain. “They say that there are crosses on it to show where treasure is.”

“I never told anyone that,” cried the squire.

“The men know it, sir,” continued the captain. “And that is not good. From now on this map must be kept secret — even from me. I am responsible for the ship's safety and the life of every man aboard. I must do my duty,”

“Captain Smollett,” said the doctor with a smile, “I would expect nothing less.”

“I believe have two honest men aboard with us,” said the doctor when the captain left. “Captain Smollett and John Silver.”

“Silver, certainly,” said the squire. “But I am not sure about Smollett.”

10. The Voyage

We worked all night getting the boat ready. A little before sunrise one of the men called out, “Time for our song.”

“Aye, aye, mates,” said Long John. Standing, with his crutch under his arm, began singing the words I knew so well: *Fifteen men on a dead man's chest—*

Then the whole crew joined in the chorus: *“Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!”*

Listening transported me back to the old Admiral Benbow. I closed my eyes as the anchor rose and the Hispaniola set sail on her voyage to the Isle of Treasure.

***

Long John Silver, or Barbecue as the men called him, carried his crutch by a lanyard round his neck. This freed both his hands and somehow, he managed to keep perfect balance while cooking.

He could also cross the deck in the heaviest of weather, moving with his crutch 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.

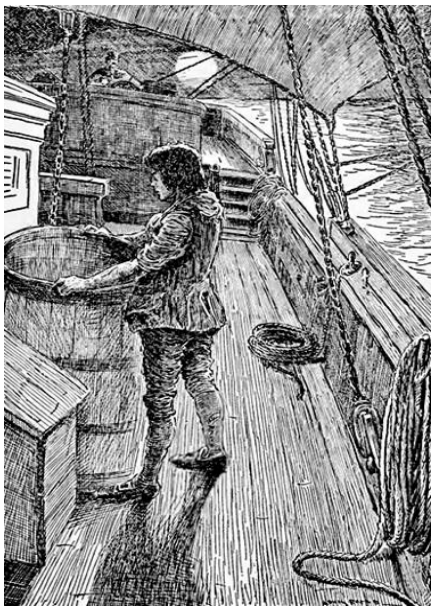
“He's no common man, Barbecue,” one crew member told me “He had good schooling in his young days. And he’s brave—a lion's nothing alongside Long John!”

I was always welcome in his spotlessly clean galley.

“Come and talk with John, Hawkins,” he would say. In one corner his parrot was in a cage. “I call my parrot Cap'n Flint, after the famous pirate. He thinks we’ll have success on our voyage. Don’t you, Cap’n?”

And the parrot would **squawk**, “Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!”

***



A barrel of apples was provided for the crew. One evening, just after sundown, I ran on deck to get one. The only sound was from the sea around the sides of the ship.

There were almost no apples left so I climbed into the barrel to search on the bottom. Once inside, I suddenly felt very tired.

I sat down there in the dark. It was very restful with the sound of the waters and the rocking movement of the ship. I fell asleep for a moment.

Suddenly there were footsteps and I felt the barrel shake. A heavy man was leaning his shoulders against the barrel. He began to speak.

It was Silver's voice. I lay there, trembling. From his words, I learned that the lives of all the honest men aboard depended upon me alone.

11. What I heard in the apple barrel

"Flint was the captain on the voyage where I lost my leg," said Long John Silver. "A surgeon **amputated** it."

"Ah!" cried another voice, full of admiration. This was Dick, the youngest crew member. "Flint was the bravest!"

"I made two thousand with Flint. Some of the other men didn't do so well. Flint died of rum at Savannah. Old Pew lost his sight and then spent all his money. And now he's dead!"

"On a good voyage a 'gentlemen of fortune' can make hundreds of pounds. But most spend it on rum. Not me! I have my fun but I keep my money."

"That's the way to do it!" said the young seaman.

"'You're smart young, Dick," said Silver. "I'll talk to you like a man."

Long John Silver was using the very same words of **flattery** he had with me. I wanted to kill him through the barrel.

A "gentleman of fortune" was, of course, a pirate. And young Dick was about to become one.

***

Moments later, a third man came and sat down with the other two.

I recognised the voice of Silver's deputy, Israel Hands.

"Barbecue," he said, spitting out his tobacco. "How long are we going to **put up with** Captain Smollett?"

"Listen carefully, Israel," said Silver. "Cap'n Smollett is a first-rate seaman. He sails the ship for us. And we don't know where the map is, do we?"

“So, we wait until the squire and doctor find the treasure. They’ll help us to get it back to England. But we’ll deal with Cap'n Smollett when we’re in safe waters. We’ll deal with them all.”

“I will do Smollett,” said Israel Hands.

“And I will do Trelawney with these hands,” said Silver. Then he broke off to say, “Go and get me an apple, Dick!”

You may imagine the terror I felt! I froze when Dick begin to rise.

Then the voice of Israel Hands said, “Oh forget the apples. Let's have some rum! Fetch it for us, Dick.”

Dick went to get the rum as Israel said, “None of the others will join us.”

This meant that there were still honest men on board.

When Dick returned, the trio drank a **toast**: “To old Flint!” they cried in low voices. Bright moonlight was now shining upon me in the barrel.

It was the voice of the lookout that saved me, “Land **ahoy**!” he cried.

12. Council of War

There was a great rush of feet across the deck. In the confusion nobody noticed me climbing out of the apple barrel. I dived behind the sail.

The crew were already gathered together. In the moonlight, we could see land to the south-west of us. There were two low hills, about a couple of miles apart. Rising behind one of them was the Spy-Glass. Its peak was buried in the fog.

Captain Smollett was issuing orders. “Has any one of you ever been to that land ahead?” he asked.

“I have, sir,” said Silver. “When I was cook on another ship. Skeleton Island they call it. There were pirates there then. And a big hill they called the Spy-glass.”

“I have a chart here,” says Captain Smollett. “See if that's the place.”

Long John's eyes briefly lit up. Then he saw the chart was not the map we had found in Billy Bones’ chest. There were no crosses locating the treasure.

“Yes, sir,” said Silver, hiding his disappointment. “This is the spot. It’s very prettily drawn. Who might have done that, I wonder? The pirates were too ignorant, I reckon.”

Silver moved nearer to me. I **shuddered** when he laid his hand upon my arm.

“This island is a sweet spot for a young lad. You'll swim, and you'll climb trees. You'll hunt goats. I wish I were young again and had ten toes!”

And clapping my shoulder in the friendliest way, he went below deck.

***

Captain Smote, Squire Trelawney, and Doctor Livesey were talking together on the deck. Doctor Livesey called me to his side. “Could you please fetch my pipe from the cabin below, Jim?”

“Yes, sir,” I said, while secretly signalling that we needed to talk

Doctor Livesey nodded. “Thank you, Jim,” he said loudly.

Then the captain made an announcement to all the crew on deck.

“We can now see the land we’ve been sailing towards. Mr. Trelawney wants to show his appreciation to you men with an extra ration of grog.”

A loud cheer rang out from these same men plotting for our blood.

“One more cheer for Cap'n Smollett,” cried Long John, when this subsided.

“ONE MORE CHEER FOR CAP’N SMOLLETT,” CRIED LONG JOHN

***

Soon after I joined the three gentlemen in captain’s cabin.

They were seated round the table, with bottle of Spanish wine before them. The window was open, for it was a warm night. The moon was shining behind the ship.

“Now, Hawkins,” said the squire. “You have something to say.”

I told them the details of Silver's conversation. Nobody interrupted me. They kept their eyes upon my face from first to last. Then they thanked me for my courage.

“Good work, Hawkins,” said the squire. “You’ve been very brave. And Captain Smollett it seems that you were right. I was a fool, and I await your orders.”

“They’ve fooled me, too, sir,” said the captain.

“That’s because of Silver,” said the doctor. “He is a villain but a very clever one.”

“What do we do now?”

"We must go on," said Captain Smollett. "If I order them to turn back, they will **mutiny** at once."

"Then we are in serious danger."

"They can't strike until this treasure's found," continued the captain. "And there are still honest men amongst the crew."

"How many?"

"We don't know yet," said the doctor.

By my count, we have six men on our side. The mutineers had nineteen.

***

Glossary

Ahoy - sailor's announcing something on the horizon e.g. "Land ahoy!" (Ch.11)

Amputated – body part removed to prevent infection spreading (e.g. Silver's leg)

Flattery – to say nice things to someone in order to please them

Mutiny - when crew refuse to obey a captain**.** A **mutineer** is a sailor who mutinies.

Put up with – tolerate, accept *phrasal verb*

Shudder - involuntary **tremble** caused by fear or disgust

Spy-glass - old word for telescope but also name of a rock on *Treasure Island*

Squawk - sound made by a parrot or other bird

Tavern - bar/pub/inn

Tide - natural movement of the sea (e.g. going in or out on a beach)

Toast - to lift a glass in celebration of someone/something

Treachery - to break an agreement or promise.

Tremble - shake involuntarily (e.g. through fear, in an earthquake etc.)