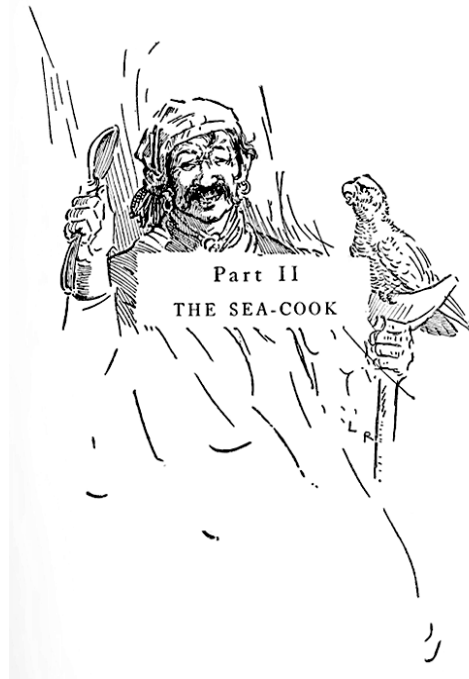


Treasure Island by Robert Louis Stevenson

PART TWO: THE SEA COOK



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7. I Go to Bristol



It was several weeks before a letter from Squire Trelawney. It was a copy of one sent to Doctor Livesey.

Old Anchor Inn, Bristol, March 1, 1757

Dear Livesey

Our ship is ready. Her name is Hispaniola. I have also found the perfect man to help us. He is an old sailor who lost his leg in the country's service. He is now the landlord of an inn but wants to get to sea again. He knows all the seafaring men in Bristol.

Long John Silver, he is called. I engaged him on the spot to be ship's cook. He helped me get a crew together in a few days. They are not pretty to look at, but fellows with fighting spirit.

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

John Trelawney



I said good-bye to Mother and the cove where I had lived since I was born. I looked back at the dear old Admiral Benbow, now repainted and repaired. One of my last thoughts was of the captain, who had so often strode along the beach with his old brass telescope.

Next moment we had turned the corner and my home was out of sight.

To Bristol

We travelled all night on the mail coach. I was wedged in between two large old gentlemen but 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.

“Bristol,” said the driver.

Mr. Trelawney was staying at the Anchor Inn in the docks. We walked along the quays and beside the ships of all sizes and nations. There were sailors with rings in their ears all around.

Now I was going to sea! To an unknown island in search of buried treasure!

Squire Trelawney, dressed in blue like a naval officer, was coming out of the door of the Anchor as we arrived.



“Here you are,” he cried. “The doctor came last night from London. Bravo! The ship's company complete! We sail tomorrow!”

8. At the Sign of the Spy-glass

After breakfast, the squire gave me a note to deliver to 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.

Mr Silver, sir?

I crossed the threshold, and walked right up to the man where he stood. He was propped on his crutch, 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, quite loud, and 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, one of the customers at the far side rose suddenly and disappeared through a nearby door. I recognised him instantly.

“That’s Black Dog! Stop that man!” I cried.

“Harry, run and catch him!” cried Silver.

The man nearest the door, leaped up in pursuit.

“Who did you say he was?” asked Silver, releasing my hand. “Black what?”

“Dog, sir,” said I. “Has Mr Trelawney told you about the pirates? He was one of them.”

“A pirate?” cried Silver. “We don’t want his type in here. How do you know this Black - what was it?”

“Black Dog, sir! He 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,” Long John Silver scolded them like thieves. I believed him.

“John Silver Suits me.”

On our walk along the quays, Long John was the most interesting companion. He told me little stories about life at sea. I saw that here was one of the best of possible shipmates.

When we got to the inn, the squire and Dr Livesey were seated together. Long John told the story of 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.

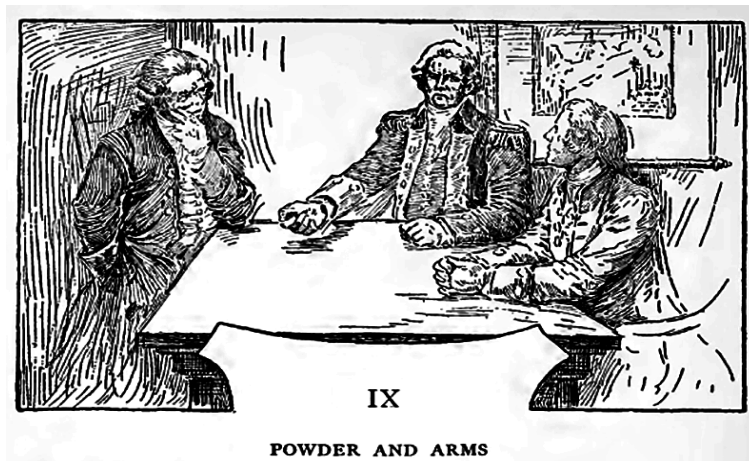
“Aye, aye, sir,” cried the cook, in the passage.

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

“The man'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 welcomed us onto the *Hispaniola* but he was not happy.

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

“I learn we are going after treasure—hear it from my own crew. Now, I don't like treasure voyages, especially when they are secret.”

“I understand,” replied Dr Livesey. “But what is your problem with the crew?”

“I hear them talk about you having a map of an island,” said the captain. “They say that there are crosses on the map to show where treasure is.”

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

“The men know it, sir,” continued the captain. “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.”

“Trelawney,” said the doctor when the captain left. “I believe you have managed to get two honest men on board with you: Captain Smollett and John Silver.”

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

Loading the ship

When we came on deck, the men were loading the ship. The captain was supervising.

We all worked hard preparing our cabins. After some time the last few men, with Long John along with them, came off in a shore-boat.

Our cook climbed aboard like a monkey. “So ho, mates!” says he. “What's this?”

“We're still loading, Jack,” answers one.

“We'll miss the morning tide!” cried Long John.

“My orders!” said the captain shortly. “Please go below, Mr Silver. The men will want supper.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” answered the cook, disappearing in the direction of his galley.

“Silver's a good man, captain,” said the doctor.

Captain Smollett turned to me. “Go and help the cook.”

As I was hurrying off, I heard Captain Smollett say, quite loudly, “I'll have no favourites on my ship.”

At that moment, I hated the captain deeply.

10. The Voyage



We worked all night getting the boat ready. A little before dawn 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

Long John Silver, or Barbecue as the men called him, was our cook.

Aboard ship, he carried his crutch by a lanyard round his neck, to have both hands as free as possible. Somehow, he managed to keep perfect balance while cooking or crossing the deck in the heaviest of weather. He could move 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,” said the one to me. “He had good schooling in his young days. And he's brave—a lion's nothing alongside Long John!”

All the crew respected and obeyed him. He had a way of talking to each and doing everybody some particular service.

To me he was always kind and glad to see me in his always clean galley.

“Come and talk with John, Hawkins,” he would say. In one corner his parrot 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 say, with great rapidity, “Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!”

The apple barrel



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.



XI

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 master surgeon amputated me.”

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

“I made two thousand with Flint. And it’s all safe in the bank. Some of the other men didn’t do so well. Flint died of rum at Savannah. Old Pew lost his sight.”

“What happened to Pew’s money?”

“He spent it all. Then, for two years, the man was starving. He begged, and he stole, and he cut throats. And now he’s dead!”

“Gentlemen of fortune live rough,” said Silver. “After a voyage they have hundreds of pounds in their pockets, but 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 young but you’re smart,” cried 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.

“Gentlemen of fortune,” he continued “don’t usually trust each other. But you are a clever young man.”

“I want to be a gentleman of fortune” replied the lad,

By this time, I understood that a “gentleman of fortune” was a pirate. And young Dick was about to become one.

Plans

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

“Dick’s with us,” said Silver.

“Oh, I knew Dick would join us!”

I recognised the voice of the coxswain, Israel Hands. “Dick’s no fool.”

Israel Hands spat out his tobacco. "But here's what I want to know, Barbecue," he went on. "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?"

"But..."

"So we wait until the squire and doctor find the stuff. They'll help us to get it aboard. Then Cap'n Smollett can navigate us half-way back to England."

"Why? We're all seamen aboard here," said the lad Dick.

"Not like he is," snapped Silver. "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," said Silver. "I'll wring his head off his body with these hands. Dick!" he added, breaking off. "Go and get me an apple!"

You may imagine the terror I felt! I wanted to jump out and run but I froze when heard 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."

Terrified



Terrified, I waited to be discovered while Dick went to get the rum. I heard Israel say, "None of the others will join us."

This meant that there were still honest men on board.

When Dick returned, the trio drank toasts: "To old Flint!"

Just then, bright light moonlight shone upon me in the barrel.

Almost at the same time the voice of the lookout shouted, "Land ho!"

12. Council of War



XII

There was a great rush of feet across the deck. I could hear people tumbling up from the cabin.

I slipped in an instant outside my barrel and dived behind the sail. I came out upon the open deck in time to join Hunter and Dr Livesey.

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 a third and higher hill. Its peak was buried in the fog.

Then I heard the voice of Captain Smollett issuing orders. The *Hispaniola* was now sailing a course that would just clear the island on the east.

“And now, men,” said the captain. “Has any one of you ever been to that land ahead?”

Skeleton Island

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

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

Long John’s eyes burned in his head. Yet as he took the chart he saw that this not the map we had found in Billy Bones’ chest. It was an accurate copy but without the crosses needed to find the treasure.

Silver hid his disappointment.

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

I was surprised at the coolness with which John revealed his knowledge of the island. I confess I was also half-frightened when I saw him moving nearer to me. I could scarce conceal a shudder when he laid his hand upon my arm.

“Ah,” says he. “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 me in the friendliest way upon the shoulder, he went below deck.

News

Captain Smollett, the squire, and Dr Livesey were talking together on the quarter-deck. Dr Livesey called me to his side and asked me to fetch his pipe from below.

As soon as I was near enough not to be overheard, I whispered, “Doctor, I have news you need to hear. Get the captain and squire down to the cabin. Then make some excuse to send for me.”

A look of shock flashed across Doctor Livesey’s face. The next moment he was master of himself. “Thank you, Jim,” said he quite loudly.

With that, he turned on his heel and re-joined the other two. They spoke together for a little. Though none of them reacted or raised his voice, I knew that Dr Livesey had communicated my request.

The next thing that I heard was the captain ordering all the crew on deck.



“My lads,” said Captain Smollett, “We can now see the land we’ve been sailing towards. Mr. Trelawney wants to show his appreciation to every man on board. There’s grog for everyone. So let’s hear you give a good sea-cheer for Mr Trelawney.”

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

“One more cheer for Cap’n Smollett,” cried Long John, when the first had subsided.



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

What to do

The three gentlemen went below. Not long after, a message came up that Jim Hawkins was wanted in the cabin.

They were seated round the table, a bottle of Spanish wine and some raisins before them. The doctor was smoking, with his wig on his lap. That was a sign that he was anxious.

The stern window was open, for it was a warm night. You could see the moon shining behind on the ship.



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

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.

“Now, captain,” said the squire. “You were right, and I was wrong. I was a fool, and I await your orders.”

“No more a fool than I, sir,” returned the captain. “This crew have shown no sign of planning to mutiny. They’ve completely fooled me.”

“That’s because of Silver, Captain,” said the doctor. “A remarkable man.”

“What do we do now?”

“We must go on,” said Captain Smollett. “If I ordered them to turn back, they would 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. “Jim, can help us more than anyone. The men are not shy with him.”

“Hawkins, I have faith in you,” added the squire.

I began to feel desperate. By my count, we had six grown men on our side.

They had nineteen.

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