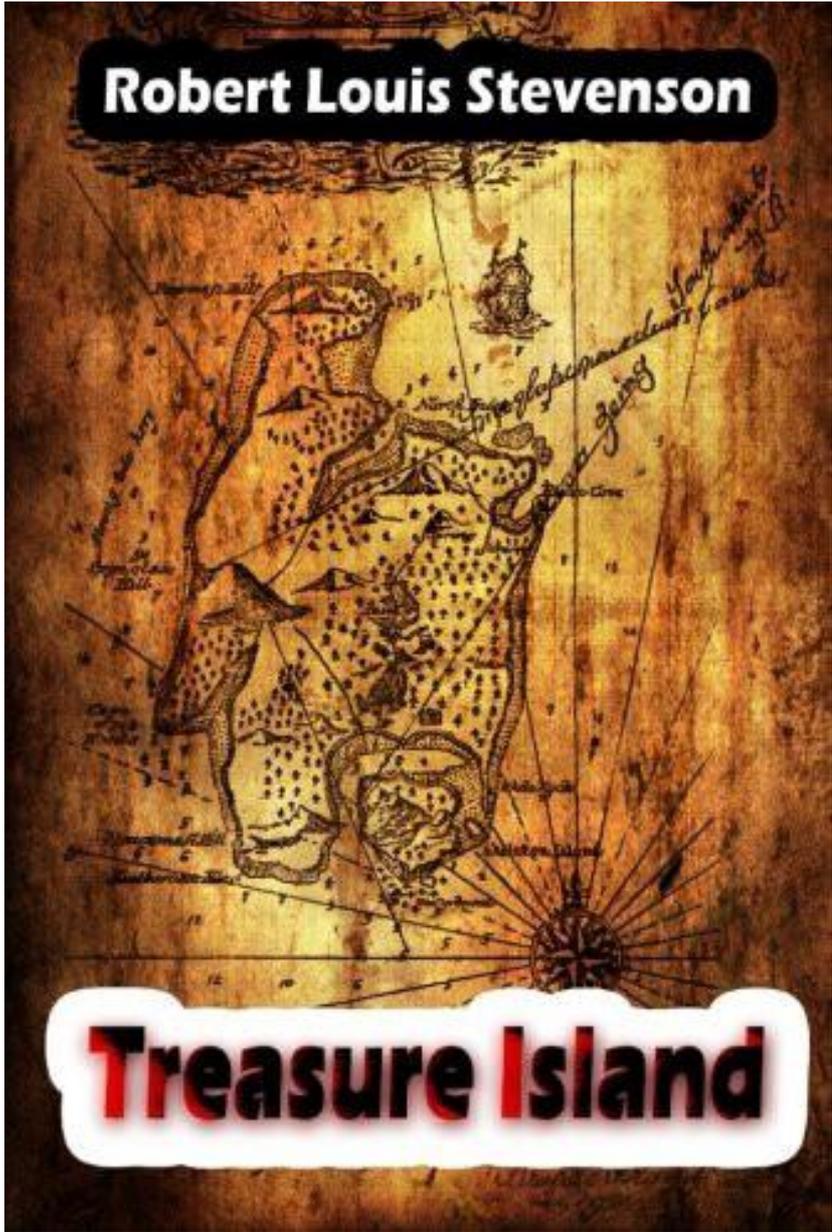


**Robert Louis Stevenson**



**Treasure Island**

PART ONE—The Old Buccaneer	5
1. The Old Sea Dog at the Admiral Benbow	5
2. Black dog appears and disappears	9
3. The Blind Man	12
4. The Sea Chest	16
6. The Captain's Papers	20
PART TWO: THE SEA COOK	22
7. I Go to Bristol	22
8. At the Sign of the Spy-glass	24
10. The Voyage	27
11. What I heard in the apple barrel	28
12. Council of War	30
13. How My Shore Adventure Began	33
15. The man of the island	37
PART FOUR: THE STOCKADE	42
16. How the ship was abandoned	42
17. The Jolly Boat's Last Trip	44
18. End of the First Day's Fighting	46
19. Jim's story: In the Stockade	47
20. Silver's Embassy	50
21. The Attack	52
PART FIVE: MY SEA ADVENTURE	54
22. How I began my sea adventure	54
23. The Ebb-tide Runs	56
24. The Cruise of the Coracle	58
25. I Remove the Jolly Roger	60
26. Israel Hands	62
27. Pieces of Eight	64

PART SIX—CAPTAIN SILVER	65
28: In the Enemy's Camp	66
29. The Black Spot Again	69
30. On Parole	71
32. The Treasure-hunt	75
33. The Fall of a Chieftain	78
34. And Last	81



## 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...*

\*\*\*



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.”

“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.

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.

## 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.



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**

It was a bitter cold winter, with long, hard frosts and heavy gales. We knew that Father was unlikely to survive it. We did all we could for him.

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

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.”

\*\*\*

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’ll talk like old shipmates.”

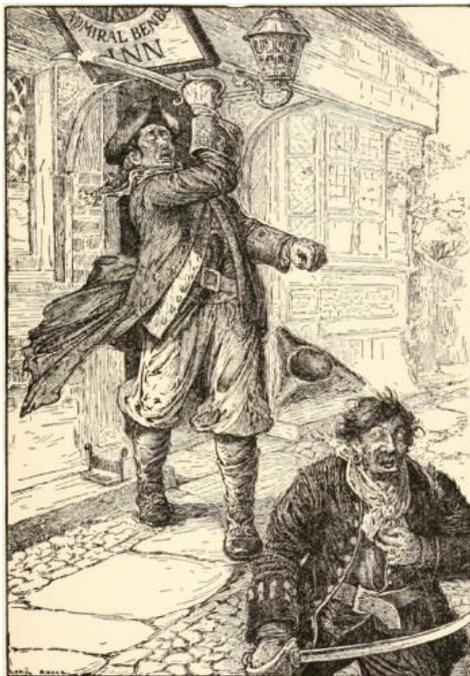


When I returned with the rum, they were already seated on either side of the captain's breakfast-table. Black Dog was next to the door. He was sitting sideways, with one eye on his escape route.

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.

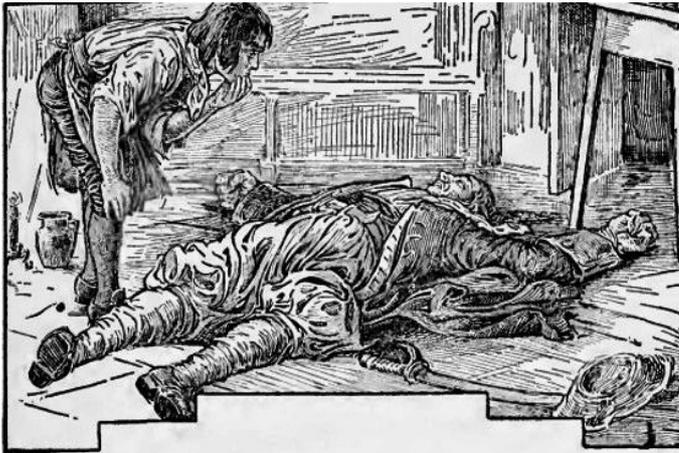
“Jim,” says he, “Give me a rum”

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!”

I rushed out to fetch his drink but was called back by the sound of a loud fall in the parlour. When I returned, 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.”

## **Where's Black Dog?**

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.”

“The doctor--” I began.

“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 seized 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.

## **My father dies**

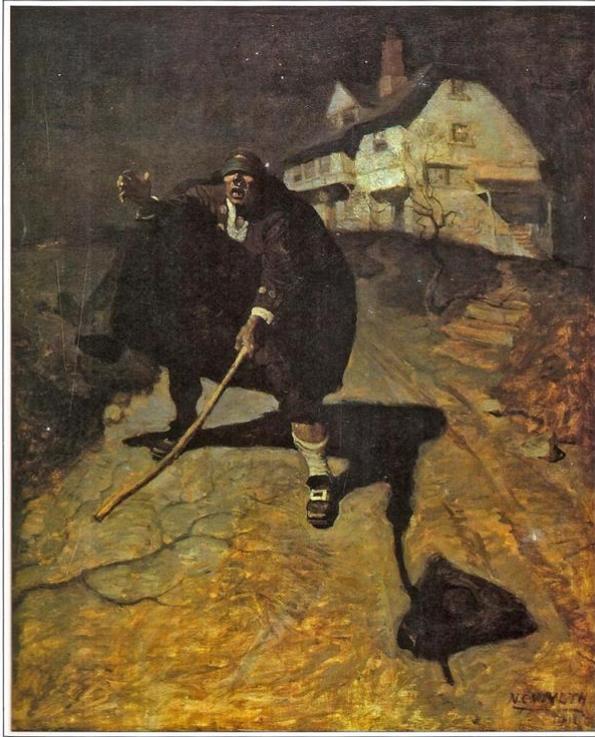
My poor Father died suddenly that evening. This put all other matters to one side.

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.



## A blind visitor



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

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

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.

## Terror



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.

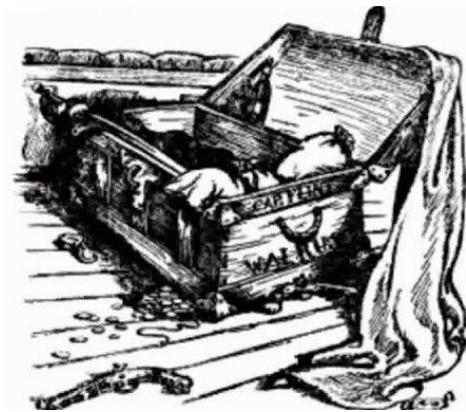
I went down on my knees. On the floor, close to his hand, there was a little round piece of paper. It was black on one side.

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.

My mother began counting the coins. They were of all different countries and sizes.

"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 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.

\*\*\*

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.

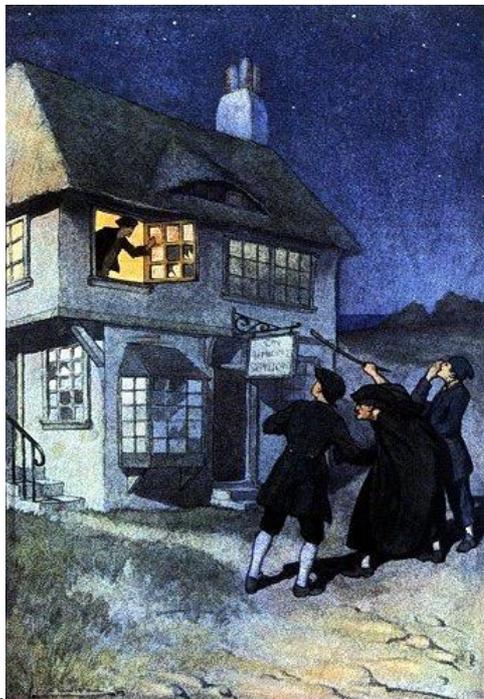
Three men ran together, hand in hand. Through the mist, I saw that the middle man was Blind Pew. The next moment I heard his voice.

“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!”

## Pew falls

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

Then we heard 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 in vain to catch the stick and wrest it from his grasp.

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!”

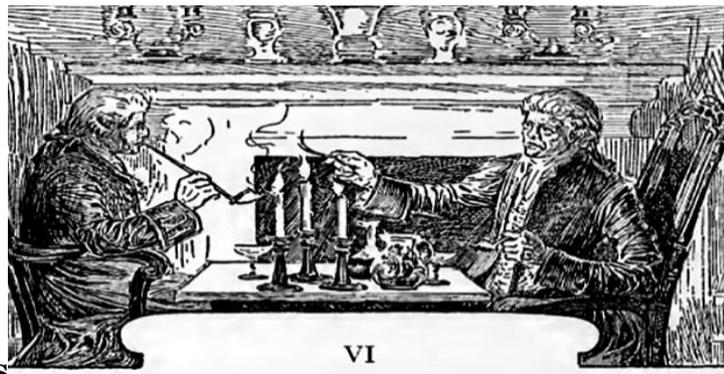
He took a wrong turn and ran a few steps past me. “Black Dog!”

Just then, horses came in sight in the moonlight. They raced at full gallop towards Pew. Screaming he turned straight into the path of the nearest of the coming horses.

Down went Pew with a cry that rang high into the night. He fell on his side, and then gently collapsed upon his face.

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 we went to see Doctor Livesey. He was staying with Squire Trelawney, who owned the biggest house in the village.

A servant showed us into a great library. The squire and Doctor Livesey sat on either side of a bright fire.

The squire was a tall, broad man, with a face, reddened and lined in his long travels. His eyebrows were very black, and mobile.

The doctor turned to me. “And so, Jim,” he said. “You have the thing that they were after, have you?”

“Here it is, sir,” said I, and gave him the packet.

The doctor looked it all over. Then he put it quietly in the pocket of his coat.

After I had eaten, Squire Trelawney and Doctor Livesey sat with me at the table.

Doctor Livesey spoke first. “You have heard of this Flint, I suppose?”

“The most wicked pirate that ever sailed,” cried the squire.

“And did Flint have money?” asked the doctor.

“You heard the story! What were these **villains** after but his fortune?”

“I have here in my pocket a clue to where Flint buried his treasure,” said the doctor.

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

“We’ll search for the treasure.”

“Very well,” said the doctor. “Now, Jim, shall we open the packet?”

“Of course,” I said

Doctor Livesey laid the package before him on the table.

\*\*\*

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, and in a small, neat hand, very different from the captain's, were these words: *treasure here*.

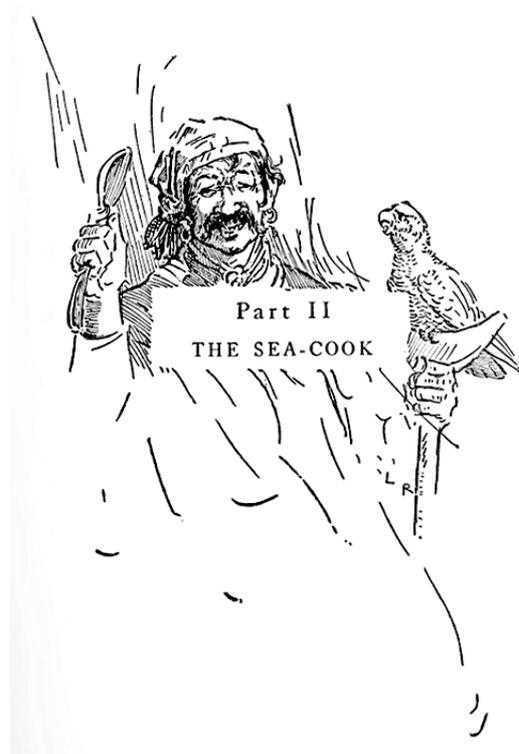
On the back of the map were the words: *Billy Bones. His Share.*

“Billy Bones!” I said. “That’s what Pew called the captain!”

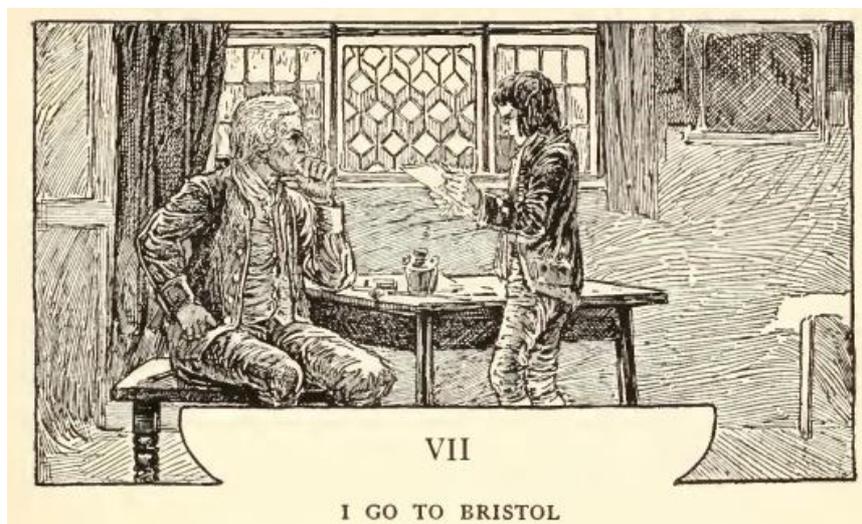
“Then this is his treasure map!” said the squire. He turned to the doctor. “And that treasure is still there waiting to be collected. We’ll sail from Bristol with the best ship and the best crew in England. Hawkins shall come with us as cabin-boy.”

“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.”

## 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! But they are capable fellows with fighting spirit.*

*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, who had so often strode 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.

\*\*\*

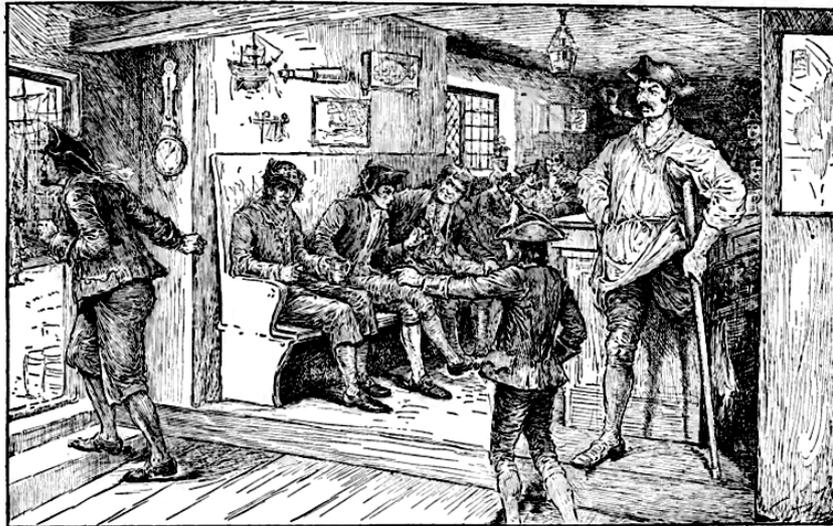
I crossed the threshold, and walked up to where he was talking to a customer.

“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.

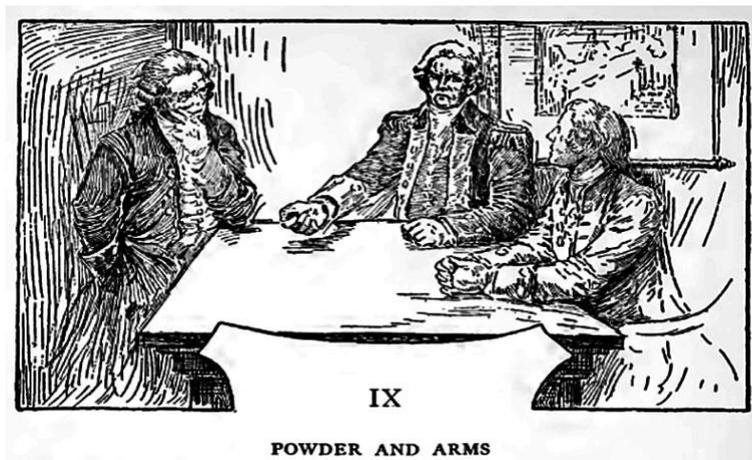
“Aye, aye, sir,” cried the cook, in the passage.

“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, the **coxswain** 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.”



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 ahead!”

## 12. Council of War



XII

There was a great rush of feet across the deck. I ducked outside my barrel and 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 a third and higher hill. Its peak was buried in the fog.

Then I heard the voice of Captain Smollett 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 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 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.”

I was surprised at John's coolness. I confess I was also half-frightened when I saw him moving 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

A look of shock flashed across Doctor Livesey's face. The next moment he was master of himself. “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 with an extra ration of grog for every man on board.”

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

\*\*\*

The three gentlemen went below. I joined then in the captain's cabin soon after.

They were seated round the table. A bottle of Spanish wine was 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. I could see the moon 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,” returned the captain. “This crew has shown no sign of planning to **mutiny**.”

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

“What do we do now?”

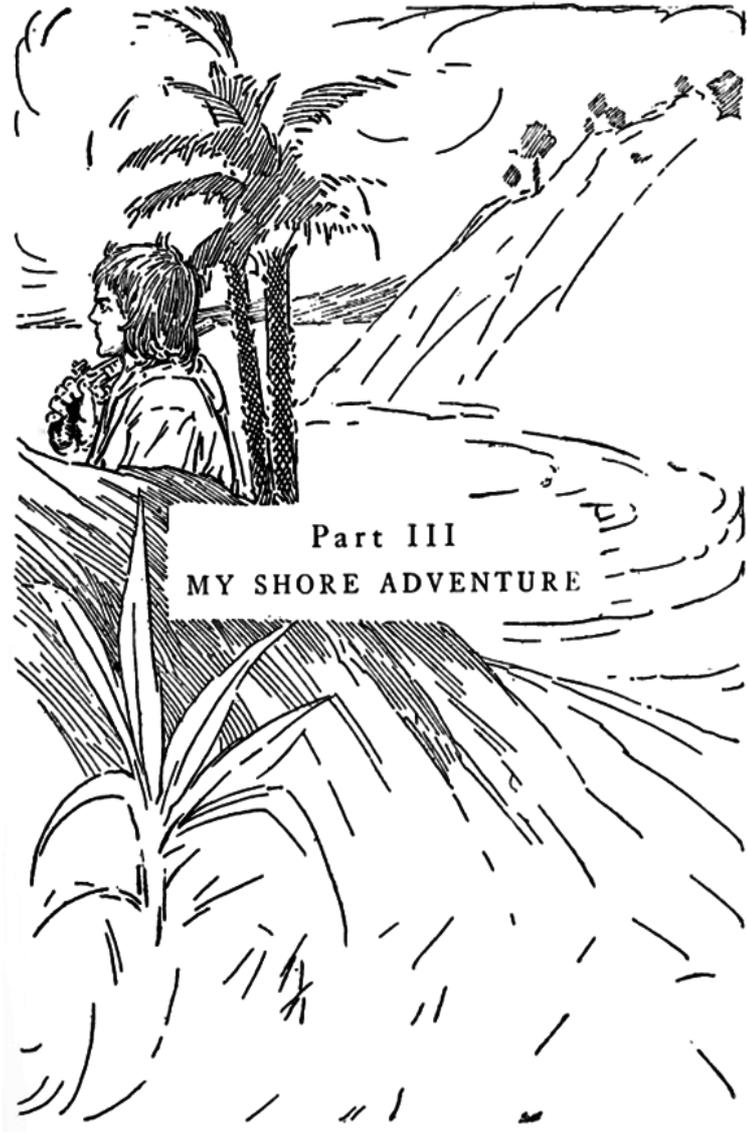
“We must go on,” said Captain Smollett. “If I ordered them to turn back, they would mutiny at once.”

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



### 13. How My Shore Adventure Began



We sailed a long way during the night. When I came on deck early the next morning, we were about half a mile off the eastern coast.

Under the burning sun it was difficult to breathe. The men seemed to lose their discipline. They lay about the deck, complaining in low voices.

For me the very sight of Treasure Island made me sick to my stomach.

We **dropped anchor** between the two shorelines. The splash sent up clouds of birds over the woods. In less than a minute they were down again. All was silent once more.

The mainland was on one side. Skeleton Island was on the other. Below us was clean sand. From the ship, we could only see the beach and the green **swamp** behind it. There was no sign of human habitation.

\*\*\*

The only sound was of the surf booming along the beaches and against the rocks. A smell of wet leaves and rotting tree trunks hung in the air.

Doctor Livesey sniffed the air. "I don't know about treasure," he said. "But I'm certain there's fever here."

The mood of the men worsened. They **scowled** at the officers were reluctant to follow orders. Long John went from group to group, trying to damp down the discontent. "Come on lads, keep working. Do what the captain tells you."

Very reluctantly the men carried out their orders. But mutiny hung over us like a thundercloud.

We held a council in the cabin.

"I say we let Silver take his men ashore," said the captain. "I think he wants to avoid problems for now but be ready to fight if we need to."

The captain went on deck and addressed the crew.

"Listen lads," he said. "We've had a hot day and we're all tired! You may go ashore for the afternoon. I'll fire a gun for you to return a half an hour before sundown."

In a moment, the mood changed. A cheer went up that sent the birds once more flying into the air.

\*\*\*

The captain cleverly allowed Silver to arrange the party. Six fellows were to stay on board. The remaining thirteen, including Silver, began to embark.

Then I had the first of the mad ideas that helped to save our lives. Reasoning we could not defend the ship with only six men, I decided in that instant to go ashore.

Slipping over the side, I curled up under the sail of the nearest boat.

Seconds later, she sailed off.

No one took notice of me. Then Silver, from the other boat, looked sharply over.

"Is that you, Jim?"

From that moment, I began to regret what I had done.

The crews raced for the beach. The boat I was in was far ahead of the other but it ran into the shore-side trees. I caught a branch and swung myself out.

Silver and the rest were still a hundred yards behind. "Jim, Jim!" I heard him shouting.

I ran and ran till I could run no longer.

## 14. The First Blow



XIV

Relieved at escaping from Long John, I looked around me at this strange land. I was in open, sandy country. A rattle snake raised his head from a ledge of rock and hissed at me!



A wild duck flew up with a quack. Another followed. Soon there was a great cloud of birds screaming and circling in the air. The sun was blindingly strong.

Hearing human voice approaching, I crawled under the cover of an oak tree.

It was Long John Silver. Another voice answered him but I could not hear what they were saying.

Crawling on all fours, I moved slowly, silently, closer towards them. Then I raised my head and looked through the leaves.

Silver was with Tom, another of the crew. They stood face to face in conversation.



“People say you're honest, Silver,” said Tom. “Don't turn against Captain Smollett —”

So, Tom was not with the mutineers!

Suddenly there was a loud noise in the distance: a long, horrible scream.

\*\*\*

Tom jumped up at the sound but Silver did not move. He stood where he was, resting lightly on his crutch. He was watching his companion, like a snake about to spring.

The cry echoed around rocks of the Spy-Glass. The marsh-birds rose again. Then there was silence.

“John!” said the sailor, stretching out his hand.

“Hands off!” cried Silver, hopping back.

“You've killed Alan, haven't you John Silver? Then do your worst. I'll die doing my duty. Kill me too, if you can.”

With that, this brave fellow turned his back directly on the cook and set off walking for the beach. He did not get far.

With a cry, Long John Silver struck Tom right between the shoulders in the middle of his back.



Tom's hands flew up and he fell.

Silver was on the top of him the next moment, stabbing Tom with his knife. Hearing him panting like a dog as he struck the blows, I suddenly felt **dizzy** and light headed. Bells were ringing. Distant voices were shouting in my ear.

\*\*\*

I must have fainted. When I came around, I looked again at Silver. He was sitting with his crutch under his arm, his hat upon his head.

The murderer was calmly cleaning the blood-from his knife with grass. Tom lay motionless before him



Everything else was unchanged.

\*\*\*

John took a whistle from his pocket and blew a call to the other mutineers. Two honest men were dead. Would they kill me next?

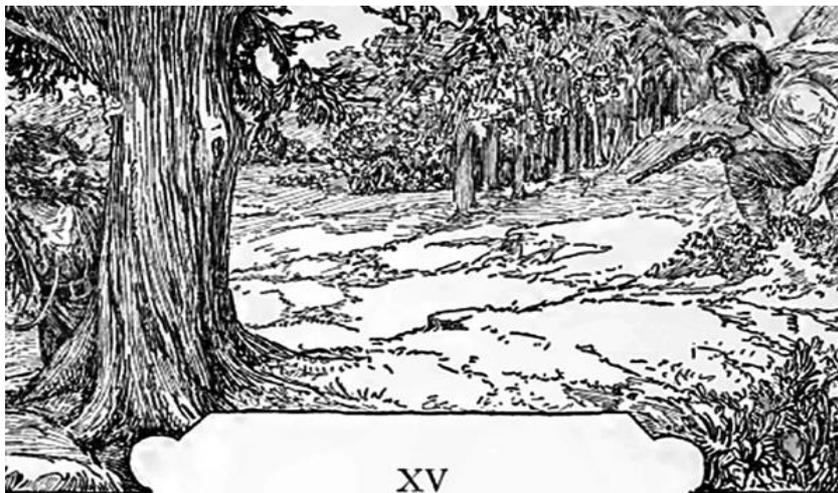
I began crawl back to the more open portion of the wood. Behind me, I could hear the other pirates moving towards their leader.

When I was clear of the trees, I ran as I never ran before. I ran without direction other than away from the murderers. My fear grew with every step.

I reached the foot of the little hill with the two peaks. In this part of the island, the trees were taller and grew more widely apart. The air too smelt fresher up here.

Then there was an unexpected sound coming from the bushes. I stopped, my heart racing.

### 15. The man of the island



A dark, hairy figure was moving behind a pine tree.

Was it a bear? A man? I froze in terror.

I was now cut off upon both sides. Behind me were the murderers. Before me was this creature of the woods.

I turned on my heel, the creature somehow overtook me, trying to block my escape. It ran on two legs, but seemed to stoop almost double as it ran.



I almost cried out for help. But my fear of Silver was even greater.

The creature — a man I was now could see— took a step to meet me. Then he hesitated, drew back, came forward again.

“Who are you?” I asked.



“Ben Gunn,” he answered. His voice sounded like a **rusty** lock. “I’m poor Ben Gunn. I haven’t spoken with an Englishman for three years.”

His appearance was most extraordinary. Beneath his **tattered** clothes and, his pale skin, wherever it was exposed, was burnt by the sun. Around his waist, he wore an old brass-buckled leather belt.

“Three years!” I cried. “Were you shipwrecked?”

“No, mate,” said he. “I was **marooned**.”

\*\*\*



“The pirates left me behind on this island,” he continued. He felt my hands and the **material** of my jacket. “I have been marooned here for three years.”

“How have you survived? What have you eaten?”

“I’ve lived on berries and oysters,” he said. “But, mate, I miss English food. You don’t have a piece of cheese on you? Many nights I’ve dreamed of cheese—toasted, mostly.”

“If ever I can get aboard again,” said I, “you shall have all the cheese you can eat.”

“What do you call yourself, mate?”

“Jim,”.

“Jim,” he repeated. The name seemed to please him “Well, now, Jim, I look **rough**, don’t I?”

“A little,” I answered.

Looking all round him, he lowered his voice to a whisper. “I’m rich,” he said.

The poor fellow had gone crazy in his **solitude**

“I’m rich!” he repeated. “And lucky you, Jim! You’ve found me first!

Suddenly he tightened his grasp of my hand. “Now, Jim, you tell me the truth. Is that Flint’s ship?” he asked.

Believing I had found a friend, I answered truthfully. “Flint is dead. But there are some of Flint’s men aboard.”

“Not a man—with one leg?” he gasped.

“Long John Silver?” I asked.

“Ah, Silver! That was his name. If Long John sent you,” he said, still holding me by the wrist “I’m a dead man! But where have you come from?”

I told him the story of our voyage. He listened closely and patted me on the head. “You’re a good lad, Jim,” he said. “Now, I’ll tell you what happened to me,”

## Ben Gunn's story

“I was on Flint's ship when he led six seamen ashore one night to bury the treasure. A week later, Flint returned in a little boat, alone. None of us knew what had happened.”

“Billy Bones and Long John asked Flint where the treasure was. He wouldn't tell them and we sailed away.”

“Then three years ago I was in another ship with another crew. We sailed past this island. 'Boys,' said I. 'Let's land here and look for Flint's treasure.'”

“We went ashore. Twelve days we looked for it. Then one morning the captain ordered everyone back to the ship. 'Everyone except you, Benjamin Gunn,' he says. 'You can stay here and look for the treasure!’”

“Well, Jim, I have been here three years. I haven't had a bite of English food from that day to this.”

And with that, Ben Gunn winked and pinched me hard. Then he carried on talking, saying very strange things. Eventually I had to stop him.

“I don't understand a word you are saying,” I said. “But please tell me how I can get back to my ship?”

“Well,” said he, “There's my boat! I made her with my two hands! She's under the white rock. We could try that after dark.”

Suddenly a cannon shot echoed across the island.



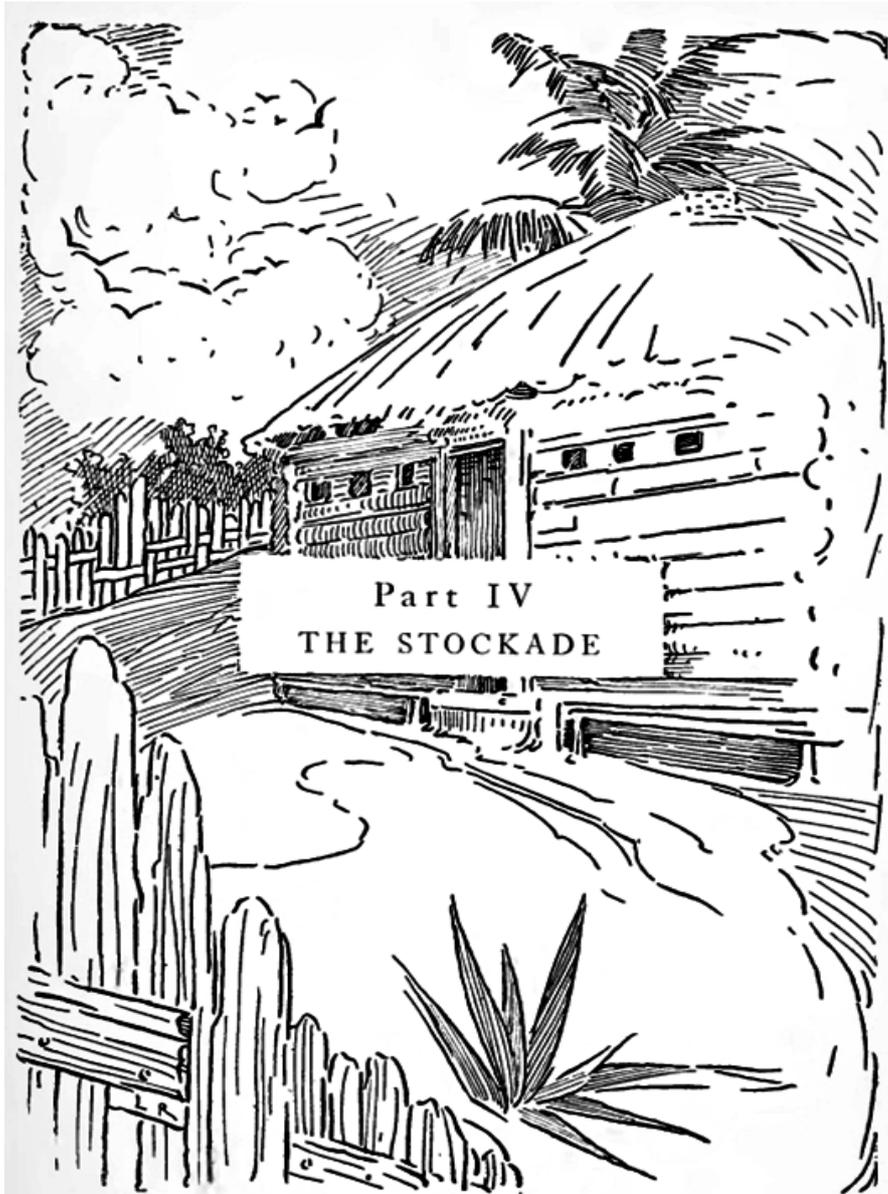
“What's that?”

“They have begun to fight!” I cried. “Follow me.”

And I began to run towards the harbour. Close at my side was Ben Gunn, in his goatskins. “Keep to your left, Jim! There's where I killed my first goat. They don't come down here now because they fear Benjamin Gunn.”

He kept talking as I ran. He neither expected nor received any answer.

In the distance, I saw the **Union Jack** flying. It fluttered in the air above a wood.



## PART FOUR: THE STOCKADE

### 16. How the ship was abandoned



XVI

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR: HOW THE SHIP WAS  
ABANDONED

#### *Doctor Livesey tells the story:*

It was about half-past one when the two boats went ashore from the *Hispaniola*. The captain, the squire and met in the cabin.

We had worrying news about Jim Hawkins. The boy had jumped into one of the boats going ashore. He was not safe among such dangerous men.

On deck six pirates were sitting under a sail. Ashore we could see the boats landing in the harbour. “We need to find out what they are doing,” I said. “I will go ashore.”

I left on the last remaining jolly boat and sailed further down the beach. Once ashore I began running in the direction of where the stockade was marked on the map’

I had a handkerchief under my hat to keep my head cool. In my hands were two loaded pistols.

\*\*\*

The stockade was a fort on top of a small grassy hill, near the beach. It was a building that could house around forty soldiers. There were holes for rifles to fire through on either side.

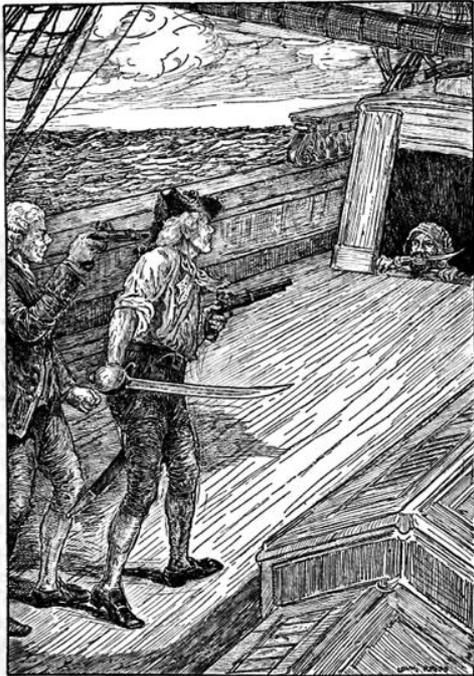
A tall fence surrounded the stockade. This did not have a door or opening and was too strong to pull down easily.

Suddenly a terrible noise rang out across the island. I prayed this was not Jim.

Hurrying back to the shore, I jumped aboard the jolly boat. Soon I was back upon the *Hispaniola*.

“We must return to the island to rescue Jim,” I said.

All agreed. The captain and the squire then went back on deck



“DOWN, DOG!” CRIES THE CAPTAIN. AND THE HEAD  
POPPED BACK AGAIN

Captain Smollett approached Israel Hands. “My men will be watching every move you make. Each has two pistols and are prepared to use them.”

Hands did not answer but there was a thin smile on his lips

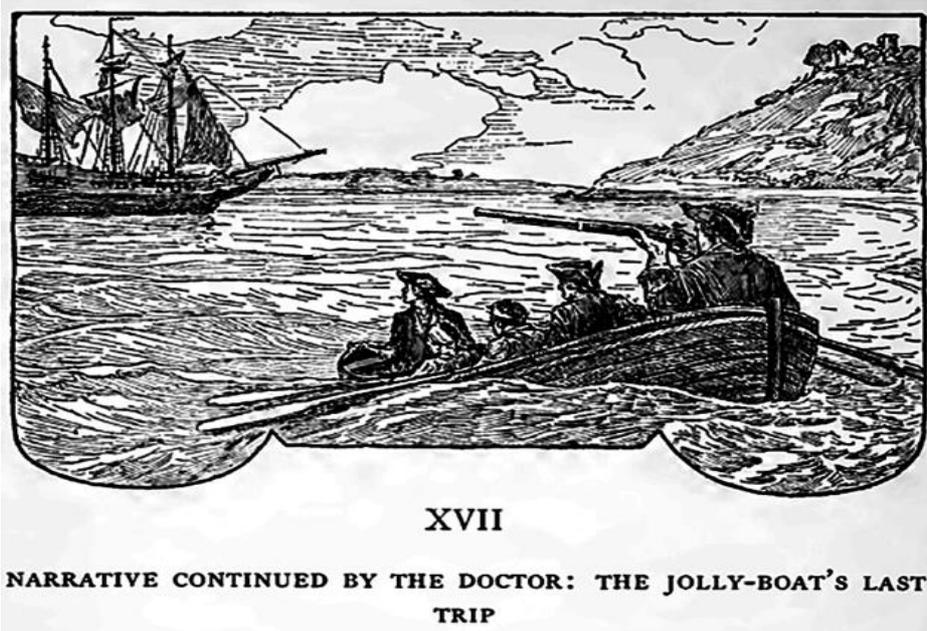
\*\*\*

We prepared the jolly boat, loading her arms and supplies. Those we could not carry we dumped overboard.

By this time, the tide was coming in. Voices could now be heard from island. Silver and his men were returning.

Captain Smollett was last aboard the jolly boat. He ordered us to abandon ship, leaving Israel Hands and the other mutineers still below deck on the *Hispaniola*.

## 17. The Jolly Boat's Last Trip



### ***Doctor Livesey continues his story:***

Our little boat was dangerously overloaded. Several times we shipped water. My clothes were soon soaking wet.

A strong current was also blowing us off course. Unless we controlled it, we would land close to the pirate ships. We slowed the jolly boat down.

Suddenly the captain pointed out to sea to where the *Hispaniola* was anchored. "They're loading the big cannon. And we are in its range of fire."

I could hear and see the red face of Israel Hands. He was loading a cannon ball into the gun on the deck.

"Who's the best shot?" asked the captain.

"Mr. Trelawney," said I.

"Mr. Trelawney, will you please pick me off one of these men, sir? Hands, if possible," said the captain.

Trelawney loaded his gun.



“Get into position, everyone!” cried the captain,

We stopped rowing. Squire Trelawney raised his gun and fired. Cries echoed from *Hispaniola*. The shot flew over Hands. One of the other four fell.

Looking back at the shore, I saw the other pirates. They were coming out from among the trees and jumping into boats.

“We must get ashore now,” cried the captain. “Before they can get to us.”

We were still thirty or forty oar strokes from the beach. Shots were landing in the water around us

The captain gave a new command. “Overturn our boat,” see ordered. “Is everyone ready?”

“Ready!” cried the squire.

With a great heave, we went under water. The cannon shot sailed over us.

\*\*\*

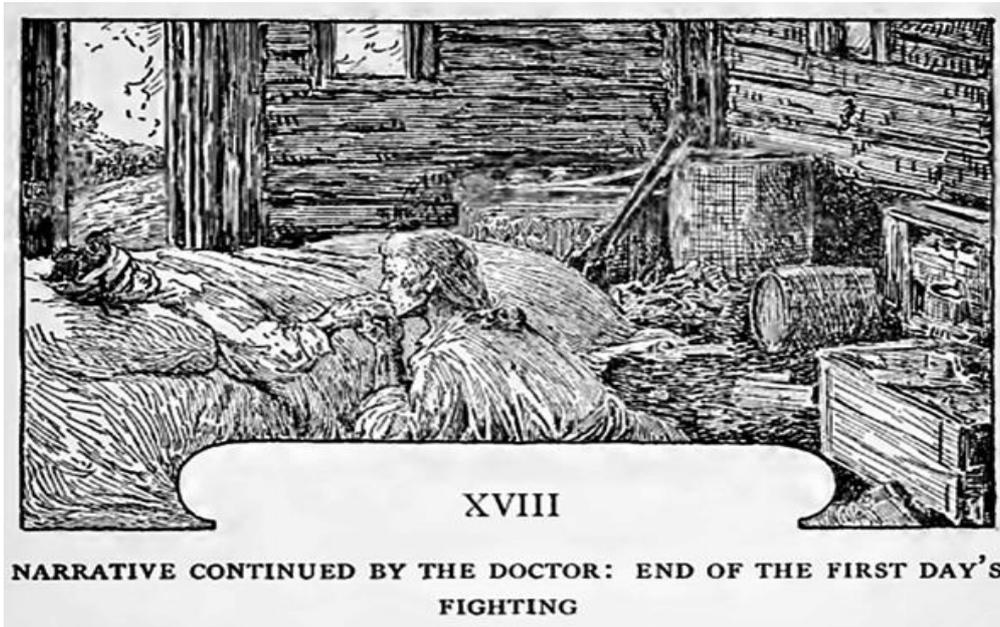
We all waded ashore safely. But nearly all our stores were now lost to the sea.

Worse, only two guns out of five remained in a state for service. I held mine over my head. The captain carried his gun over his shoulder. The other three had gone down with the boat.

From the woods along shore, voices were already drawing near.

## 18. End of the First Day's Fighting

*Doctor Livesey now tells the story*



We hurried towards the stockade. With every step, the voices of the pirates came nearer. Reaching the edge of the wood, we could now see the stockade in front of us. Seven mutineers appeared to our left.

The rest turned and ran away into the trees.

Suddenly there was the crack of a pistol shot in the bush. It whistled close past my ear. Poor Tom Redruth stumbled and fell to the ground.

We returned fire — but we had nothing to aim at. Then we turned our attention to poor Tom. The captain was already examining him. I saw that all was over.

We carried Tom into the block-house.

The squire dropped down beside his servant on his knees. He kissed his hand, crying like a child.

“Am I leaving this world, doctor?” he asked.

“Tom, my man,” said I, “you're going to a better place.”

Without another word, he passed away.

\*\*\*\*

All through the evening we were under fire. Shot after shot flew over the stockade or fell short.

On the beach, Silver was organising the mutineers. Four or five of them were busy carrying off our stores. Every mutineer was now armed.

All we could do was wait. The captain wrote his log. I worried about poor Jim Hawkins.

A shout rang out. It came from the land side of the cabin, away from the mutineers. “Doctor! Squire! Captain! Are you there?”

I ran to the door in time to see a wonderful sight. Jim Hawkins, safe and sound, was climbing into the stockade.

### 19. Jim's story: In the Stockade



XIX

NARRATIVE RESUMED BY JIM HAWKINS: THE GARRISON IN THE STOCKADE

Ben Gunn stopped when we saw the flag flying above the stockade.

“Now,” said he. “There are your friends.”

“Far more likely it's the mutineers,” I answered.

“No!” he cried. “I reckon it's your friends. That old stockade was built years and years ago by Flint. Ah, he was a tough man was Flint! He was afraid of nobody, except Silver.”

“Then I shall hurry on,” I said. “I must join my friends.”

“Tell the doctor or the squire Ben Gunn wants to talk, Jim. I have proposal for them.”

I nodded. “I know where to find you.”

The next moment a cannonball came tearing through the trees. We ran off in different directions.

\*\*\*\*

For over an hour cannon fire shook the island. I ran from hiding-place to hiding-place. When the firing stopped I crept down through the trees.

The sun was setting. A sea breeze blew into the woods. The air, after the heat of the day, chilled me through my jacket.



The *Hispaniola* was still anchored out at sea but was now flying the black flag of piracy. As I looked, there came another red flash of gunfire.

On the beach near the stockade I could see pirates. They were demolishing our poor jolly boat, I afterwards discovered.

Near the mouth of the river, a great fire glowed among the trees. The men were shouting like children. I could hear the rum in their voices.

After a while, I began moving along the beach until I reached the stockade.

\*\*\*

I was warmly welcomed by the men at the stockade. As I told my story, I began to look about me. The roof walls and floor of the blockhouse were made of pine wood. Spring water ran under the door into a specially dug ditch for it.

The cold evening breeze fine sand everywhere. There was sand in our eyes and sand in our teeth. Our chimney was a square hole in the roof. Most of the smoke from our fire blew about the house. It kept us coughing and rubbing our eyes.

The body of poor old Tom Redruth lay along the wall, under the flag of the Union Jack.

\*\*\*\*

Captain Smollett kept us busy. He sent two of us out for firewood. Two more dug a grave for Tom Redruth. The doctor was named cook.

I was on sentry duty at the door. From time to time, the doctor came to the door to rest his eyes from the smoke. Whenever he did so, he had a word for me.

“Smollett is a better man than I am, Jim,” he said once.

Another time he asked. “Is this Ben Gunn a reliable man?”

“I do not know, sir,” said I. “I am not very sure whether he's sane.”

“The man has been three years on a desert island, Jim,” returned the doctor.

“Was it cheese you said he had a fancy for?”

“Yes, sir, cheese,” I answered.

“Well, Jim,” says he, “I carry a piece of Italian Parmesan cheese. We'll give that to Ben Gunn!”

Before supper, we buried old Tom in the sand. We stood round him for a while bare-headed in the breeze.



WE BURIED OLD TOM IN THE SAND, AND STOOD  
ROUND HIM BAREHEADED IN THE BREEZE

Then we had a meeting. With grim faces, our leaders described our situation

“We are in grave danger, gentlemen. Our stores low.”

“They could starve us into surrender long before help comes.”

“We have already reduced their nineteen pirates to fifteen. And the man who shot the gun is severely wounded.”

“There are two things more things on our side—rum and the climate.”

The rum was already doing its work. Though we were about half a mile away, we could hear the mutineers roaring and singing late into the night.

“This climate is working for us too,” said Doctor Livesey. “I bet my wig that sickness is coming their way! They’re camped in the marsh and have no medicine. Half of them will be on their backs before a week.”

I went straight to sleep that night. In the morning, I awoke the sound of the squire’s voice. “Two men are approaching the stockade! Silver is waving a white flag.”

## 20. Silver's Embassy



### SILVER'S EMBASSY

It was still quite early, and very cold. The sky was bright and cloudless overhead. The tops of the trees shone in the sun.

But where Silver and his **lieutenant** stood, all was still in shadow.

“Keep indoors, men,” said the captain. “This may be a trick.”

Then he hailed the pirates.

“Who goes? Stand or we fire.”

“We carry a white flag,” cried Silver.

The captain was in the porch. Keeping himself carefully out of the line of fire, he turned and spoke to us. “Everyone stand on guard. I don’t trust them.”

Then he turned again to the mutineers.

“And what do you want?” he cried.

This time the other man replied.

“This is Cap’n Silver, sir. He wants to come on board and talk about a **truce**.”

“Cap’n Silver?” said Smollett. “No, I don’t know him. Who’s he?”

Long John answered for himself. “These poor lads have chosen me, Cap’n - after your desertion, sir. We have a proposal. All I ask is your word that you will not harm me.”

“If you wish to talk to me, you can come,” said Captain Smollett. “If there’s any **treachery**, it’ll be on your side.”

“Fine, Cap’n,” shouted Long John cheerily. “I know you’re a gentleman.”

\*\*\*

Throwing over his crutch, Silver climbed the fence with great energy and skill. We watched him dropping safely onto our side and then struggle up through the soft sand. Eventually, Silver stood before the captain and saluted him.

Long John was wearing his finest clothes. A blue coat, thick with brass buttons, hung to his knees. A fine laced hat was set on the back of his head.

“Sit down,” said the captain, raising his head.

“You're not going to let me inside, Cap'n?” complained Long John. “It's a cold morning, sir, to sit outside upon the sand.”

“Why, Silver,” “If you were an honest man, Silver,” said the captain. “You would be sitting in your kitchen-galley. You were my ship's cook. Now you are a mutineer!”

Ignoring this, the sea cook sat down on the sand. “A sweet pretty place you have here, Cap'n” he said. “Ah, there's Jim! Good morning, Jim! Good morning, Doctor! All together, like a happy family.”

“What do you want?” said Captain Smollett, calmly filling his pipe.

“We want that treasure,” said Silver. “And we're going to get it! Now you want to save your lives, I reckon. You have a chart, haven't you?”

“That's my business,” replied the captain.

“Oh, I know you have it,” said Long John. “I have never meant you gentlemen harm. But we want your chart.”

Shaking his head, the captain said, “We know what you mean to do with it.”

The two men sat silently smoking for quite a while. They watched each other closely, sometimes leaning forward to spit. “Now,” said Silver finally. “Here is my proposal.”

## Silver's offer

“You give us the treasure map, Cap'n. We find the treasure and load it aboard the ship. Then we will drop you somewhere safe ashore. I give you my word of honour”

Captain Smollett rose from his seat. He knocked the ashes of his pipe into the palm of his left hand.

“Thank you for your proposal,” he said. “Now, here's my plan. You pirates can come up one by one, unarmed. I'll **clap you all in irons**. Then we'll take you home to a fair trial in England.”



Silver's face was a picture. “What?”

“You have no other choice,” continued Captain Smollett smoothly. “You can't find the treasure. You can't sail the ship. You can't fight us—”

Furious, Silver spat into the spring.

“I'll be back to smash in your old blockhouse,” he cried. “You'll be **laughing on the other side of your faces then!**”

With another furious curse, Long John Silver stumbled away down the sand. Helped by the man with the white flag, he disappeared into the trees.

## 21. The Attack



XXI

As soon as Silver disappeared, the captain turned to face the house. He saw that we were not in position. For the first time we saw him angry. “What do you think are you doing?” he roared. “We must defend this house with our lives!”

We hurried back to our places. The captain calmed down and spoke again.

“My lads,” he said, in a softer voice. “Silver will be back with his men very soon. We're outnumbered but we can beat them if we stay disciplined.”

We had loaded twenty muskets for the seven of us. There were also some cutlasses.

“What shall I do, Captain?” I asked.

“Hawkins, stand by to reload the ammunition. Be quick my lad.”

It was much warmer now. The sun climbed above the trees. Soon the sand was baking.

We flung aside our jackets and coats and opened our shirts at the neck. Each stood at his post, in a fever of heat and anxiety, straining ears and eyes.

\*\*\*\*

For an hour the men crouched with their muskets balanced in their hands.

Suddenly there was an explosion of sound. Shots were coming from all directions. Several bullets struck the log-house.

The smoke cleared away. A short silence returned to the stockade and the woods. Then a group of pirates raced out from the woods to our north. Shouting, they ran straight towards the stockade.

Covering fire came from the trees. A rifle shot destroyed the doctor's musket. The attackers swarmed over the fence like monkeys.



THE BOARDERS SWARMED OVER THE FENCE LIKE MONKEYS

Our men fired again and then again. Three men fell. One man fell forwards into the enclosure, two back on the outside.

Two mutineers were dead and one fled back through the trees. Four had got into the stockade. More fire came from the shelter of the woods.

Inside the stockade, a pirate grasped Hunter's musket. Hunter wrenched it from his hands and laid the poor fellow unconscious on the floor.

Meanwhile another pirate appeared suddenly in the doorway and attacked the doctor with his cutlass.

\*\*\*\*

The log-house was filled with smoke. Amidst the cries and confusion, one voice rang out. "Out, lads, out! Fight them in the open! Use the cutlasses!" cried the captain.

Snatching a cutlass, I dashed out of the door into the clear sunlight. The captain was close behind. "Around the house, lads! Around the house!" he cried.

With my cutlass raised, I ran around the corner of the house – straight a pirate. His sword went up above his head, flashing in the sunlight.

Instinctively, I tried to jump out of the way but my foot slipped in the soft sand. I rolled headlong down the slope and away from certain death.

When the smoke cleared, we saw the price we had paid for victory.

Hunter lay wounded. Joyce would never move again.

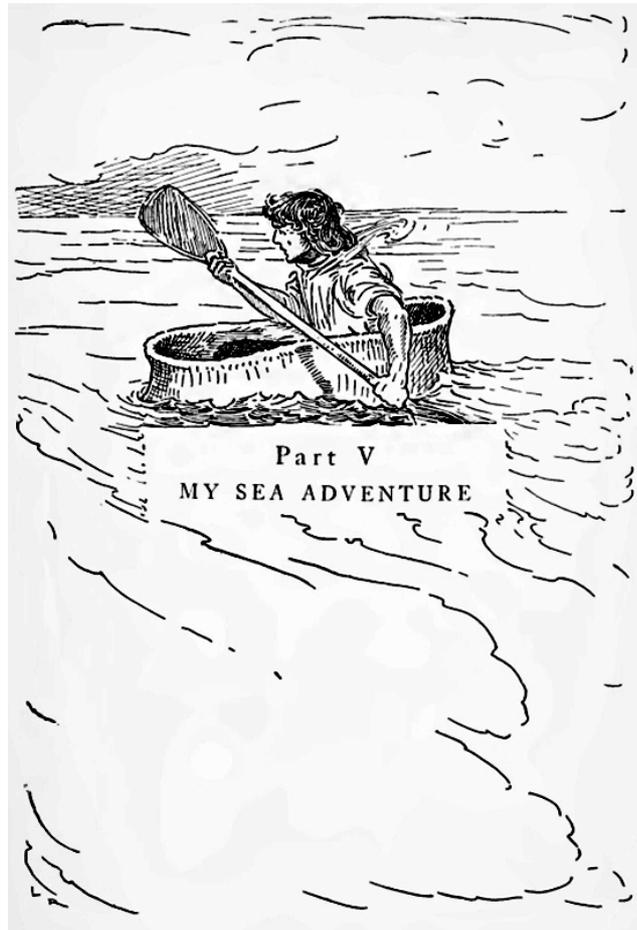
In the centre, the squire was supporting the captain, one as pale as the other.

"Have they run?" asked Mr. Smollett.

"All that could," returned the doctor. "Five will never run again."

Now there were four of us to eight of them

## PART FIVE: MY SEA ADVENTURE



### 22. How I began my sea adventure



The mutineers did not return that day, giving us some time to treat the wounded. The Squire and I cooked dinner outside, but we still could hear the loud groans from the doctor's patients.

“Captain Smollett is out of danger,” Doctor Livesey told us. “He just needs to rest for a few weeks,”

The doctor also patched up the cut across my knuckles. Then after quietly took up his hat, pistols and cutlass. With a musket over his shoulder, he crossed the fence and walked off through the trees.

I guessed he was going now to see Ben Gunn. This was right, as it later turned out. But in the stifling heat of the midday sun, another very wrong-headed idea was forming in my mind. It would put me in great danger but in the end may have saved us.

\*\*\*\*

I began my adventure by taking a pistol and it on my person. I then filled both pockets of my coat with biscuits. My secret mission was to find the location where Ben Gunn had hidden his boat.

This was against Captain Smollett's orders. I knew he would never have allowed me to leave the enclosure. So, I waited for the opportunity to slip out when nobody was watching.

The chance came when the squire was busy helping the captain with his bandages. Without anyone noticing I jumped over the stockade and ran into the woods. Soon I was out of earshot of my companions and heading towards the eastern coast of the island.

It was already late in the afternoon. As I continued through the tall woods, I could hear the continuous thunder of the surf. Soon I came to a gap in the foliage and saw the sea, blue and sunny on the horizon.

The sea around Treasure Island was never quiet. Even when the surface of the sea was smooth, the waves came thundering day and night.

Walking along beside the surf, I used the cover of some thick bushes to creep up to the ridge of the beach.

\*\*\*\*

The harbour was in front of me. Out at sea in the distance, I could see the *Hispaniola*, now flying the Jolly Roger flag.

Silver and two other men were standing next to a small boat. They were laughing, but could not hear what they were saying.

Suddenly there was a horrible scream. It was Silver's parrot, Captain Flint, perched upon her master's wrist. Soon after, the two crew members sailed off in the rowboat towards the *Hispaniola*.

Fog was closing in and it was rapidly getting dark when I came across a goat skin tent hidden in the bushes near the white rock, where I first saw Ben Gunn.



I LIFTED THE SIDE OF THE TENT, AND THERE WAS BEN GUNN'S BOAT

I lifted the side of the tent. There was Ben Gunn's home-made boat, a canoe-like [coracle](#) with a double paddle. The thing was small, even for me, but very light and portable.

\*\*\*

At this point, I had an even more foolish idea. "I'll slip out under cover of the night and cut the *Hispaniola* adrift," I thought. "That will stop the pirates escaping by sea."

I sat down and ate my biscuits in the pitch-black darkness settled. Then I lifted the coracle onto my shoulder and moved out of the hollow.

Only two lights were visible in the harbour. One was from the pirates who were sitting around a fire on the beach. The other came from the cabin of the anchored ship.

The tide was going out as I waded through the sand. Several times I sank up to my ankles. At the edge of the retreating sea, I climbed aboard my coracle.

### 23. The Ebb-tide Runs



The coracle was a very difficult boat to sail but luckily, the tide carried me directly to the *Hispaniola*. The anchor rope was pulled tight by the very strong current. In the darkness I could hear the water, rippling like a little mountain stream.

One cut with my knife and the *Hispaniola* would float away – but this would probably the coracle **capsize** my coracle. It was too dangerous and I was about to abandon my plan

Then a breeze caught the *Hispaniola*. To my great joy, I felt the rope slacken in my grasp. Opening the knife with my teeth, I began cutting the strands of the rope.

From the cabin I heard the sound of loud voices. One I recognised as that of Israel Hands. The other was my friend with the red night-cap.

They were arguing furiously. With a drunken cry, one of them threw an empty bottle overboard.

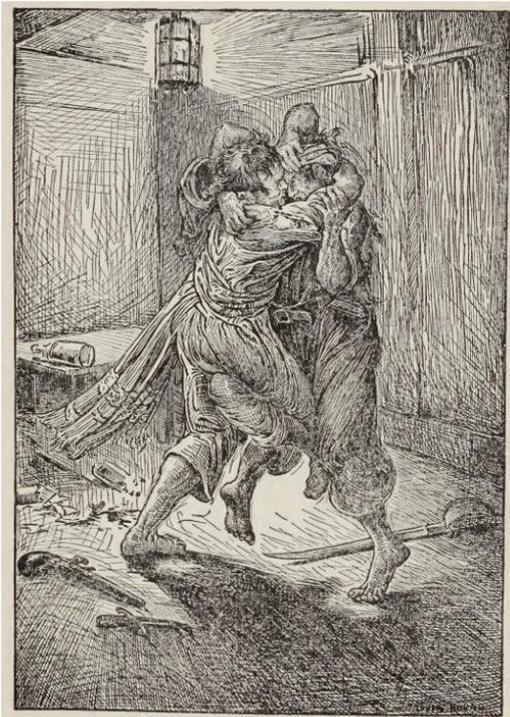
On shore, I could see the glow of the great campfire burning warmly through the shore-side trees. Someone was singing an old sailor's song.

Then the rope **snapped**.

\*\*\*\*

As the *Hispaniola* span across the current, my little boat bounced on the water. By a miracle I managed to grasp a rope that was trailing overboard from the *Hispaniola*.

By this time, the *Hispaniola* was gliding swiftly through the water. We were now level with the camp-fire.



IT SHOWED ME HANDS AND HIS COMPANION LOCKED TOGETHER IN DEADLY WRESTLE

Through the cabin window I saw that Hands and his companion. They were locked together in deadly wrestle, two furious, crimson faces swaying together under the smoky lamp. Each had a hand upon the other's throat.

I dropped back into the coracle – just in time for I was nearly overboard.

From the camp-fire came the sound of the song I had heard so often:

*Fifteen men on the dead man's chest/Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!*  
Then the coracle swerved sharply and changed her direction.

\*\*\*\*

All round me were little ripples in the water as the *Hispaniola* was swept along by the tide. I glanced over my shoulder, and my heart jumped. There, right behind me, was the glow of the camp-fire.

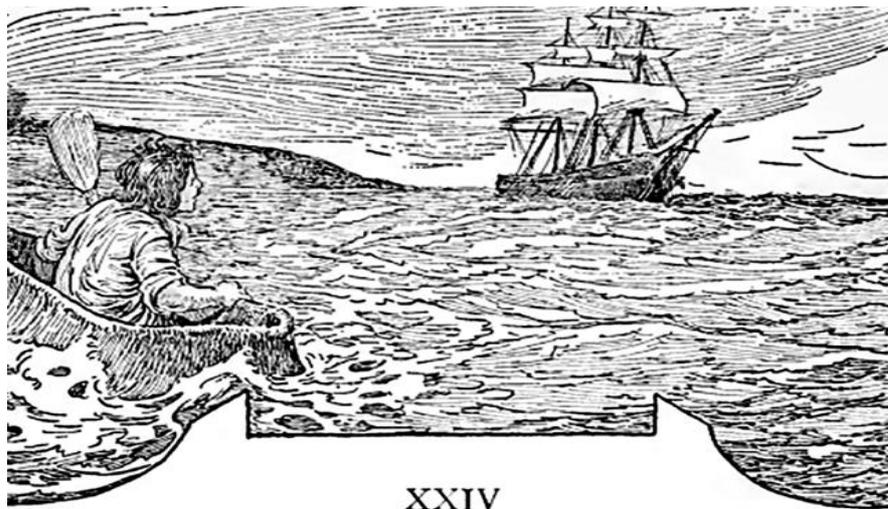
The current had changed direction. Now the *Hispaniola* and my little dancing coracle were spinning out into the open sea.

Suddenly the ship turned violently. A moment there were shouts coming from on board. I could hear feet climbing the rope ladder.

We were heading towards rapid water and certain disaster. I lay down flat in the bottom of the coracle and prayed.

I lay there for hours, continually tossed by the waves. I expected death with every plunge. Eventually I fell asleep dreaming of home and the old Admiral Benbow.

## 24. The Cruise of the Coracle



XXIV

It was daylight when I awoke. The coracle had drifted around Treasure Island, and was now at the south-western end. The sun was up but was still hidden behind that giant rock they called the Spy-glass. Descending to the sea were tall cliffs. Below them were masses of fallen rock.

I was close to the shore. Could I paddle in and land? No, the fallen rocks would smash the coracle.

The current carried me further north. It surprised me how easily my little and light boat could ride the waves. The coracle danced as if on springs.

The coracle ran straight down a steep slope of water. Drenched and terrified, I managed to stabilise it. But I could not change the direction of travel. How could I turn her back to reach land?

Horribly frightened, but I somehow, I managed to steer the coracle towards the shore.

It was slow, exhausting work. I began to feel a terrible thirst, as the sun reflected off the waves making it a thousand times stronger. Sea-water dried upon me, the salt stinging my lips wt. My throat burned and my brain ached.

Then I saw the *Hispaniola*.

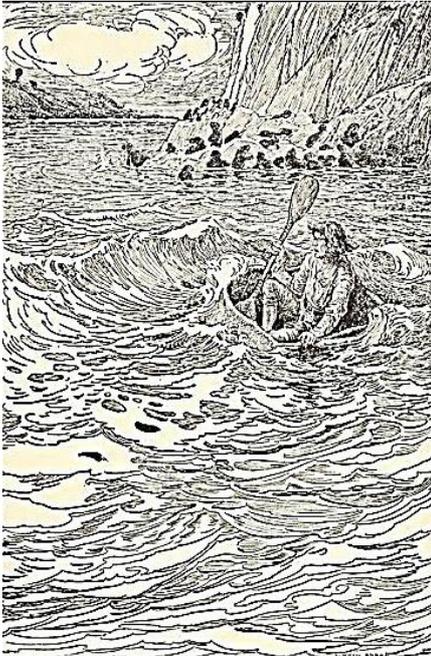
\*\*\*\*

Confused by thirst, I could do nothing but stare in wonder. Had they seen me? Would they chase me down? Why were they sailing an uneven course?

The ship was drifting: up and down, north, south, east, and west. Was nobody steering? Where were the men? Had they deserted her?

Perhaps I could get on board and return the vessel to her captain.

I set out to paddle after the *Hispaniola*. The coracle bounced on the waves. Once I had to stop and bail water from her. My heart beat faster.



Gradually, though, I guided my coracle through the waves, as foam splashed my face. I was gaining rapidly on the *Hispaniola*, but still nobody appeared upon her decks. Where were the two pirates? Were they lying drunk below deck?

The current was gradually turning the ship towards me. I could now see through the open cabin window. Despite the daylight, the lamp on the table was still burning.

I paddled nearer but the wind filled her sail. Despair turned to joy when the *Hispaniola* swung around until she was facing me again. She looked gigantic from down in the coracle.

I had no time to think. Waves were crashing all around me.

Instinctively, I sprang to my feet. Pushing the coracle away with my feet, I grabbed a rope hanging down from side of the ship.

As I pulled myself up, the coracle crashed into the *Hispaniola* and broke up. The almost threw me back into the sea.

Somehow, I continued to climb. Then I tumbled head first onto the deck.

## 25. I Remove the Jolly Roger

I was now trapped on board a ship flying the black flag — with no means of escape.

An empty broken bottle rolled backwards and forwards across the deck. I thought this was deserted until I spotted two pirates.

I recognised one as O'Brien from his red nightcap. He was lying with his arms stretched out, his teeth showing through open lips.



Israel Hands, was the other man. The coxswain was slumped against the side, with his chin on his chest. His face was white and waxy — like a church candle.

Around both men, there were splashes of dark blood.

“They have killed each other,” I thought.

Then Israel Hands slowly began to turn towards me.

\*\*\*

With a low moan, Hand sat up, staring at me with his jaw hung open. “Rum!” he whispered, as the captain used to. “Bring me rum!”

I nodded and went downstairs into the cabin to fetch some. It was a complete mess. Everything had been broken open by the pirates looking for the treasure map.

There were dirty hand prints on all the walls. Dozens of empty bottles rolled together with the ship. A lamp still glowed. The floor was thick with mud.

I went into the cellar. The rum barrels were empty but did find an open bottle with some drink left in it. For myself, I took some biscuits, a bunch of raisins, and a piece of cheese.

Back on deck, I put down my food well out of the coxswain's reach. Then I had a good deep drink of water. Finally, I gave Hands the rum.

It was some time before he took the bottle from his mouth.

“Aye,” said he, “I needed that!”

I had sat down already in my own corner and begun to eat.

“How bad are you?” I asked him.

“I’ll be fine,” he said, “I just need to see our friend the doctor.”

I pointed to O’Brien. “What about your mate?”

“Dead,” said Hands. “And he wasn’t *my* mate.”

“I’ve come aboard to take possession of this ship, Mr. Hands,” I said.

“Please regard me as your captain until further notice.”

Israel Hands did not reply. Some of the colour was coming back into his cheeks. Though he still looked very sick there was a strange half smile around his lips.

\*\*\*



I pulled down the Jolly Rodger and threw the black flag overboard. “God save the king!” I cried, waving my cap.

Israel Hands did not respond. He remained with his chin on his chest, watching my every move. “Cap’n Hawkins,” he said at last. “I think you need my help you sail this ship.”

“And what do you ask in return?”

“Just a little food and drink,” said Israel

“I’m not going back to the harbour,” I said.

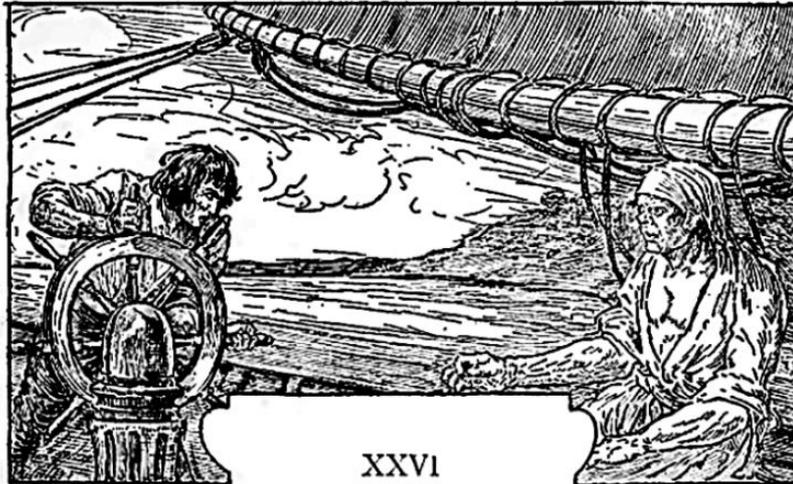
“I understand, Cap’n,” he replied “I’ve lost, and now you are my master.”

\*\*\*

I nodded and gave him my mother’s handkerchief to dress his leg wound. After eating a little and swallowing more brandy, Hands sat up straighter and spoke more clearly. He looked in every way another man.

An odd smile appeared on his face. It suggested both pain and weakness. His eyes continued to follow my every movement  
I didn't trust him for a moment.

## 26. Israel Hands



We sailed around the island in silence, waiting for the tide to go out.

Eventually Hands spoke. "Cap'n," he said, with that same odd smile. "What are we going to do with O'Brien? Perhaps you should throw him overboard."

"I'm not strong enough," said I.

"The *Hispaniola* is an unlucky ship, Jim," he went on, blinking fast. "Many men have been killed since we sailed from Bristol. I've never known such bad luck!"

When I did not reply, he said, "Get me a bottle of wine, Jim. This rum's too strong for my head."

His eyes kept moving but never met mine. I knew he was trying to trick me into leaving the deck — but I had a plan.

"All right, Mr Hands" I answered. "But it may take some time to find it."

\*\*\*

After noisily descending the stairs to the cabin, I slipped off my shoes. Then I crept silently to the other side of the deck to observe Israel Hands.

The coxswain was on his feet. I watched him cross the deck to retrieve a store of weapons from a secret hiding place. These included a coil of rope and a cutlass, with dried blood on the blade. Concealing the bloody knife under his jacket, Hands returned to where he had been sitting.

So, he planned to kill me. But he still needed me to help land the *Hispaniola*. Until that was done I was safe.

Returning to the cabin, I collected my shoes and a bottle of wine. Then I climbed back up to the deck.

\*\*\*

Israel Hands was back leaning against the side of the deck.

“The tide is strong enough now,” he said, after drinking straight from the wine bottle. “Let’s land this ship, Cap'n Hawkins.”

Hands proved an excellent pilot, navigating us through a very narrow channel onto a hidden beach. We landed near the wreck of a large ship, covered in seaweed. In my excitement, I forgot the danger I was in and looked across.



Hands seized his opportunity, coming towards at me with a knife in his right hand. Our momentarily eyes met as I dodged away, letting go of the ship’s wheel. This crashed into the coxswain’s chest stalling his forward momentum.

Before he could recover his balance, I pulled the pistol from my pocket. But when I squeezed the trigger there was no sound or flash. Seawater had jammed the gun.

Israel Hands came at me again, his knife raised to strike.

At that moment the *Hispaniola* tipped forward, knocking us both over.

\*\*\*

We rolled, almost together, along the deck. The dead O’Brien, **tumbled** after us, his rigid arms still spread out. My head crashed into Israel Hand’s foot, rattling my teeth.

As I struggled to my feet, Hands untangled himself from O’Brien’s corpse

In desperation, I started climbing the mast. Glancing back, I saw that Israel Hands was following. His open-mouthed face was upturned towards mine.

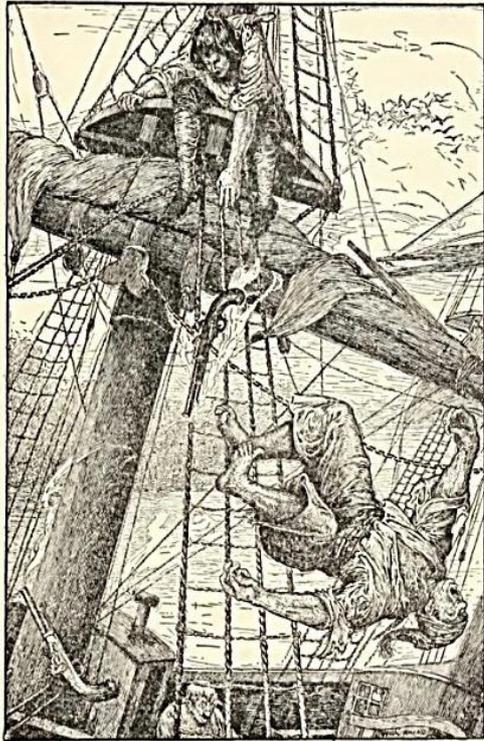
I stopped to reload my pistol. Hands continued climbing towards me, the sun gleaming from the knife in his teeth. But his wounded leg slowed the coxswain. I was ready before he was.

“One more step, Mr. Hands and I’ll blow your brains out!”

He stopped instantly, taking the dagger from his mouth to speak.

“Jim! You and me are not enemies.”

Still smiling he lifted his right hand over his shoulder. A knife flew like an arrow through the air. I felt a blow to my shoulder.



My pistol fired and dropped from my hands. It did not fall alone. With a cry, Israel Hands plunged head first into the water.

## 27. Pieces of Eight



I felt sick, faint, and terrified. Blood ran over my back and chest. Shutting my eyes, I pulled out the knife. This freed my shoulder from the mast. Down below, in the deep green sea, the body of Israel Hands rose to the surface. Then it sank again. I could still see the shape of it, lying on the clean, bright sand. Israel Hand was dead. He was now food for the fish swimming past him. And the ship was mine.

\*\*\*\*

Climbing down, I needed to remove our last passenger—the dead O'Brien. He still lay on the deck like some horrible, life-size puppet.

My bleeding wound was extremely painful, but neither deep nor dangerous. I used my good arm to take O'Brien by the waist. With one good heave, I pushed him overboard.

There was a loud splash. His red nightcap came off and floated on the surface.

The two men were now side by side in the water. O'Brien's bald head lay across the knees of the man who had killed him.

The sun was going down. Judging it to dangerous to stay alone upon the ship. I let myself drop softly overboard. The water was waist high and the sand was firm.

I waded ashore, leaving the *Hispaniola* on her side. The breeze whistled low in the dusk among the trees.

\*\*\*

Back on land, I set off for the blockhouse and my dear companions. I was fearful but hoped that even Captain Smollett would forgive me.

I soon came near to where I had met Ben Gunn. It was now almost completely dark but something was glowing against the night sky. Was this Ben Gunn cooking his supper?

The night became blacker still. I hurried on: sometimes walking, sometimes running. Many times I stumbled into bushes and sand pits.

The silvery moon came out from behind the trees, revealing the orange-red glow of a fire.

My blood ran cold because we had never built great fires at the stockade. But I kept going, crawling upon my hands and knees towards the corner of the house.

As I drew nearer, I heard the sound of snoring. My heart again filled with joy. Soon I would be reunited with my dear friends

My foot struck something soft—a sleeper's leg. He turned and groaned, but without waking. Then a shrill voice screamed of the darkness: "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!"

It was Silver's green parrot, Captain Flint! Then the voice of Silver cried, "Who is it?"

I turned to run, but it was too late.

## **PART SIX—CAPTAIN SILVER**



## 28: In the Enemy's Camp



XXVIII

The red glare of the torch lit the interior of the blockhouse. This confirmed my worst fears. The pirates had taken over the stockade.

There was no sign of my friends. It seemed that they had all perished. My heart ached that I had not perished with them.

Five of the six mutineers were on their feet in front of me, flushed and swollen. The sixth man stayed down. He had a bloodstained bandage round his head.

Captain Flint sat on Long John's shoulder. Silver still wore his fine suit, but it was dirty and torn.

“So, here's Jim Hawkins,” said he. “Shiver my timbers! He's come to visit us. Why are you here, Jim?”

Standing with my back against the wall, I did not answer.

Puffing on his pipe, Silver said. “I've always liked you, Jim. But now you are in serious trouble. You can't go back to Cap'n Smollett and the doctor. They are very angry with you.”

My heart leaped. My friends were alive!

Silver stared at me. He was paler and sterner than before. “So, are you going to join us, Jim?”

“What would I be joining?” I asked. My cheeks burned and there was terror in my heart. “Why are *you* here? Where are my friends?”

\*\*\*\*

“Yesterday morning, Doctor Livesey came with a white flag. He says, 'Cap'n Silver, your ship has gone'. I looked out, and saw he was right. The old ship was gone! Then the doctor says, 'Let's make a deal.'”

Silver drew again quietly at his pipe. “Our deal didn't include you,” he went on. “I say to the doctor, 'What about that boy?' Well, he says to me, 'I don't know where the boy is. Nor or I do I care. We're sick of him.' Those were his exact words.”

“Is that all?” I asked.

“It's all that you're going to hear, my son,” said Silver. “And now you must choose.”

Into the silence, I spoke directly to Silver. “You don't frighten me.” I said. “Here you are, in a bad way—ship lost, treasure lost, men lost. And I did it! I was in the apple barrel that night. I heard you, talking to Hands, John!”

“I cut the cable of the *Hispaniola*. I killed the men you had aboard her. And now it is *you* who must choose whether to kill me or spare me.”

There was silence.

“If you spare me,” I continued. “I will try to help you. When you fellows are in court for piracy, I'll do all I can to save you. So that is your choice. Kill me and do yourselves no good. Or spare me and keep a witness to save you from the gallows.”

\*\*\*\*

Out of breath, I stopped, fearing the worst. To my amazement, nobody moved. All sat staring at me like sheep. “Mr. Silver,” I said, “I believe you're the best man here. If you do not spare me, please let the doctor know I died bravely.”

“I'll bear it in mind,” said Silver in strange voice.

Morgan jumped up, drawing his knife.

“Stop, there!” cried Silver.

As the others protested, Morgan hesitated. “Did any of you gentlemen want to argue with *me*?” roared Silver. He bent far forward, with his pipe still glowing in his right hand. “Well, I'm ready. Take a cutlass, if you dare.”



Not a man stirred. Not a man answered.

“I’m cap’n here,” he added, returning his pipe to his mouth. “I like that boy. He’s more a man than any of you rats.”

There was a long pause after this. I stood straight up against the wall. My heart was still beating fast. But I now had hope.

Silver leant back against the wall, with his arms crossed. His pipe was still in the corner of his mouth.

His followers retreated together to the far end of the blockhouse. I could hear them whispering continuously. The red light of the torch lit their nervous faces.

It was towards Silver that they turned their eyes.

“You seem to have a lot to say,” remarked Silver, spitting far into the air. “Let me hear it!”

“This crew is unhappy, sir,” replied one of the men. “We’re going outside for a council.”

The men marched out. Each made a salute as he passed. Each added some apology. This left Silver and me alone with the torch.

\*\*\*\*

The sea-cook instantly removed his pipe. “Now, look you here, Jim Hawkins,” he whispered. “The ship is gone and all is lost. I’ll save your life—if I can—from them. In return, Jim—you save Long John from hanging.”

“I’ll do what I can,” I said.

“It’s a bargain!” cried Long John. “If you speak up, I’ve a chance! I’m on squire’s side now. I know you’ve got that ship safe somewhere. I guess Hands and O’Brien are dead?”

“They are at the bottom of the sea.”

“I never much believed in either of *them*,” said Long John. “I ask no questions, nor will I let others. I know when a game’s up.”

He drank more rum. “There’s trouble coming. And talking of trouble, why did that doctor give me the chart, Jim?”

My surprised expression on my face told him what he needed to know. Long John asked no further questions, but took another swallow of the brandy, shaking his great fair head.

## 29. The Black Spot Again



XXIX

The council of mutineers gathered in a group a short distance from the stockade. Silver and I stood together in the dark, watching them. The **embers** of the great fire still **glowed** against the night sky.

One pirate held a light. Another was on his knees. I saw the blade of an open knife shine in his hand.



I SAW THE BLADE OF AN OPEN KNIFE SHINE IN  
HIS HAND

The kneeling figure rose once more to his feet. Then the whole **party** began to move together towards the house.

The door opened. Five mutineers stood **huddled** together just inside. They pushed young Dick forward. He had something in his hand.

“**Step up**, lad,” cried Silver. “I won't eat you. Hand it over.”

Dick passed something into Silver's hand. Then he moved quickly back again to his companions.

\*\*\*\*

The sea-cook looked at what had been given to him.

“The black spot! I thought so,” he observed. “Where did you get the paper? Oh, I see. You've cut this out of a Bible. What fool's cut a Bible?”

“Ah, there!” said George Merry. “What did I say? No good will come of that, I said.”

“You'll all hang now, I reckon,” continued Silver.

“You **messed up** the whole plan!” said Morgan. “You allowed our enemies leave their fort for nothing in return. You stopped us from attacking our enemies as they were leaving the fort. You have let Jim Hawkins live.”

“Is that all?” asked Silver quietly. “I didn't cause our problems on this voyage. And the boy is a **hostage**! He might be our last chance!”

“Why did you allow our enemies to leave?”

“You look there—that's why!”

Silver lay down upon the floor the treasure map. Why had the doctor given it to Silver?

\*\*\*

That was the end of the night's business. Soon after, we lay down to sleep. I stayed awake, thinking about the game Silver was playing.

I didn't understand why Doctor Livesey had given Silver the map. Silver was keeping the mutineers together — but this was only to save his own miserable life.

And yet he slept peacefully and snored aloud. Despite everything, my heart was sore for this wicked man.

I tried not to think about the **hangman's noose** waiting for Long John Silver.

### 30. On Parole



Early the next morning we all woke to a clear, familiar voice. It was the doctor. Although I was glad to hear the sound, I felt ashamed to look him in the face. “Good morning to you, sir!” cried Silver. “How are you? We’re all doing well here.”

Long John was standing on the hilltop. He had his crutch under his elbow and one hand upon the side of the log-house.

“We’ve quite a surprise for you too, sir,” he continued, looking and sounding like the old John “We’ve a little stranger here! A new member of our camp.”

Dr. Livesey was by this time across the stockade. I could hear the change in his voice as he said, “Not Jim?”

“The very same one,” said Silver.

The doctor did not speak for some seconds.

“Well, well,” he said at last. “Let me see these patients of yours.”

A moment afterwards, he entered the blockhouse. After a short nod in my direction, he started to treat the sick.

\*\*\*

The doctor knew his life was in serious danger among these terrible men. Yet he was calm and showed no fear.

The rogues looked at each other in sullen silence. Then one said “Young Dick doesn’t feel well, sir,”

“Doesn't he?” replied the doctor. “Well, let me see your tongue, Dick. Yes, it’s another case of fever. Camping in a **swamp** is a sure way to get malaria.”

\*\*\*

“That's done for today,” said the doctor, after the pirates had taken his prescriptions like shy schoolchildren. “And now I wish to talk to the boy, please.”

And he nodded his head in my direction.

The other pirates shouted, “No!”

Silver raised open hand. “Silence!” he roared.

When the room was quiet, Silver continued in his normal voice.

“Hawkins,” he said, turning to me. “Do you give me your word of honour as a young gentleman not to try and escape?”

“Yes, sir. I give you my word.”

“Then, doctor,” said Silver, “you can speak to the boy outside. Good day to you, sir, and our best wishes to the squire and Cap'n Smollett.”

\*\*\*\*

I could hear angry shouting as we left the house. The pirates accused Silver of treachery. “Why don't we just deal with them?”

“Don't be fools!” said Long John calmly. He held up the map. “We can't break our treaty on the day we go treasure-hunting! Wait until we have everything we need. Now light the fire!”

Alone with the doctor, I said. “My life's over! I am only alive because Silver saved me. Doctor, I may deserve to die—”

“Stop, Jim!” the doctor interrupted. His voice was now kind and reassuring. “Jim, I won't leave you hear. Jump over the fence and come with me.”

“Doctor, I gave Silver my word.”

“I know, I know,” he cried. “We can't help that. Jump, Jim! Jump! One jump, and you're out.”



“ONE JUMP AND YOU'RE OUT, AND WE'LL RUN FOR IT LIKE ANTELOPES”

“No,” I replied. “You wouldn't break a promise. I can't either. I gave my word, and back I go. But, doctor, I will tell you where the ship is.”

“The ship!” exclaimed the doctor.

Rapidly, I described to him my adventures.

“Jim, you've saved our lives again,” said Doctor Livesey.

Suddenly Long John appeared behind me.

“Silver!” cried the doctor, as the cook drew near again; “Stay away from the treasure.”

“Why, sir, I have no choice,” said Silver. “I can only save the boy's life by searching for that treasure. Doctor, why did you give me that map?”

“I can't tell you,” said the doctor; “But I do promise you one thing, Silver. If we both get out alive, I'll do my best to save you.”

Silver's face lit up. “Thank you, sir!” he cried.

“Keep the boy close beside you,” added the doctor. “Above all else keep him safe. Goodbye, Jim.”

Doctor Livesey shook hands with me. Then he nodded to Silver and walked quickly into the wood.

### 31. The Treasure-hunt



“Jim,” said Silver when we were alone. “You've saved my life. I saw the doctor waving you to run for it — but you keep your word to me. I'll not forget that.”

Just then, a man called from the fire that breakfast was ready.

“We'll eat, Jim. Then we go treasure hunting. We must stick close together.”

We went back to join the others. “Aye, mates,” said Silver. “You are lucky to have Barbecue to think for you. I got what I wanted.”

“What did the doctor tell you?”

“They have the ship,” Silver continued. “I don't know where they're hiding it yet. Once we find the treasure, we'll find out. Remember, mates, we have their rowboats. That gives us the advantage.”

He spoke through a mouth full of hot bacon. This big talk was how Silver restored their hope and confidence. His own, too, I think.

“Our young friend will stay with me when we go treasure-hunting.”

“Then what do we do with him ,Barbecue?”

“Once we got the ship and treasure?” Silver winked at his companions. “Why then we'll give Mr. Hawkins his share.”

The men were in a good humour now. I felt terrible. Silver still had **a foot in both camps**.

What could our side offer him? At best to escape hanging. There was no doubt he would prefer wealth and freedom with the pirates.

I also worried about my friends. There were things I still did not understand. Why had they left the stockade? Why had they given up the treasure map?

I took no pleasure from my breakfast. Then with a heavy heart, I went with my captors on the quest for treasure.

\*\*\*\*

The men all wore dirty sailor clothes. All were armed. Silver had two guns slung about him—one before and one behind. He also had the cutlass at his waist and a pistol in each pocket of his coat.

Captain Flint sat perched upon his shoulder, endlessly repeating ‘pieces of eight, pieces of eight’.

I was led, like a dancing bear, the rope around my waist controlled by Silver. The other men carried different stores and equipment. Some had picks and shovels. Others brought pork, bread and brandy for the midday meal.

We set off in the jolly boats. After a long journey, we landed at the mouth of the second river under the Spyglass. We began walking up through the wood. Here the air was fresher .

\*\*\*\*

Our party spread out in a fan shape. A good way behind the rest, Silver and I followed.

Suddenly Dick, walking on the far left cried out. Others began to run in his direction.

“He can't have found the treasure,” said old Morgan. “We haven't got there yet.”

Then we saw what was terrifying the young pirate. At the foot of a big pine tree was a human skeleton. A chill filled every heart.

One of the mutineers went up close. He examined the rags of clothing “This was a seaman,” he said. “This is good sea-cloth.”

“Aye, aye,” said Silver; “You wouldn't look to find a bishop here! But why are the bones laid out like that?”



The body was not in a natural position. The man lay perfectly straight, raised above his head.

“This is Flint's work,” said Silver. “It's a compass— showing the direction to follow for the treasure. This is one of Flint's jokes!”

“What do you mean?”

“Flint came here with six men — and killed them all! This one he laid down as a compass. I think it is Allardyce. You remember Allardyce, Tom Morgan?”

“Aye, aye,” returned Morgan. “He owed me money.”

“Anyway,” said Silver. “Enough of this talk. Whoever it is won't walk again — not by day, at least. Let's carry on towards the treasure.”

We set off again. But the pirates were no longer running and shouting. They kept side by side and spoke in whispers, terrified by thoughts of their dead predecessor.

### 32. The Treasure-hunt



XXXII

At the top of the hill we sat down and looked around the island. There was no sound but that of the insects and the distant waves. We could see no man or ship anywhere. It felt very lonely

Silver took a reading with his compass.

“There are the three 'tall trees,'” said he. “It will be easy to find the stuff now. Perhaps we can eat first.”

“I don't feel good,” growled Morgan. “I've been thinking about old Flint.”

“You're lucky he's dead,” said Silver.

“He was an ugly devil,” cried a third pirate, with a shudder.

Since finding the skeleton, the men had been anxious. They were speaking in lower and lower voices.

Suddenly, out of the middle of the trees in front of us, a thin, high, trembling voice sang:

*Fifteen men on the dead man's chest*

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

The colour went from the faces of the six pirates. "It must be Flint!" cried Merry.

\*\*\*\*

The song stopped suddenly. It was as though someone had laid his hand upon the singer's mouth.

"Come," said Silver. "This is someone fooling with us."

His courage was returning, along with some of the colour to his face. Then we heard the same distant cry echo in the Spyglass: "Darby McGraw! Darby McGraw!".



"DARBY M'GRAW!" IT WAILED. "DARBY M'GRAW!"

The voice died away, leaving the mutineers standing in silence. They were terrified.

"Those were Flint's last words," moaned Morgan.

"Let's go!" cried another.

Silver spoke calmly. "Shipmates," he said, "I'm here to get the treasure. I never feared Flint when he was alive and I'll face him dead. "

"Don't say that, John!" said Merry. "Never cross a spirit."

Fear kept them together. Fear kept brought them closer to John.

"That's not a spirit," laughed Silver. "Ghosts don't have shadows! They can't make echoes, either."

This seemed a weak argument to me. But the pirates greatly relieved.

“Well, that's so,” said Merry. “You're a clever man, John.”

“That weren't Flint's voice,” confirmed another. “It sounded like—”

“Ben Gunn!” roared Silver.

“Aye!” cried Morgan. “Ben Gunn it was!”

“Nobody is afraid of Ben Gunn,” cried Merry. “Dead or alive, nobody minds him.”

Their good spirits returning, the pirates picked up their tools and hurried forward to the first of the tall trees described on the map.

\*\*\*

This was not the one we were looking for. Nor was the second tree.

The third tree rose nearly two hundred feet into the air. That was it! A fortune in gold lay somewhere buried below the tree's spreading shadow.

The eyes of my companions burned with desire. Their feet grew speedier and lighter as they raced towards it.

Silver hobbled after them on his crutch, flies dancing around his hot and shiny face. He glanced back at me. There was a deadly look in his eyes.

The nearness of the gold cancelled all his earlier promises. Now he planned to seize the treasure. Then he would cut my throat and sail away.

\*\*\*

I stumbled, struggling to keep up with the treasure hunters. Silver pulled roughly on the rope.

The pirate Flint murdered of his men in this peaceful grove. Was I imagining their cries ringing in the wind?

“This is the spot, mates!” shouted Merry.

Suddenly, not ten yards further, someone cried out “Oh no!”

We all stopped.



Before us was a large hole, with grass growing over the dug earth. In this hole were the boards of several packing-cases. On one of these boards, I saw the word *Walrus*.

That was the name of Flint's ship.

There was no treasure. That fortune the pirates dreamed of was gone!

### 33. The Fall of a Chieftain



There was shocked silence. Silver reacted fastest, before the others had had time to think. He passed me a pistol.

“Jim,” he whispered. “Take this, and stand by for trouble.”

At the same time, he began quietly moving northward. In a few steps, he put distance between us two and the other five. Then he looked at me and nodded.

I shook my head in disgust, whispering, “So you've changed sides again?”

Before he could answer, another cry went up. The pirates were leaping, one after another, into the pit. They dug furiously with their fingers.

Morgan found a piece of gold and held it up. It was a two-guinea piece.

The coin went from hand to hand among them.

“Two guineas!” roared Merry, shaking it at Silver. “That's your fortune, is it?”

“Dig away, boys,” said Silver coolly. “You'll find a few pennies in there.”

“Pennies!” screamed Merry. “Mates, do you hear that? Silver knew this all along. Look at his face.”

“Ah, Merry,” said Silver coolly. “Are you trying to be cap'n again?”

But this time all the pirates were with Merry. They scrambled out of the hole, and lined up with him directly opposite Silver.

There we stood. Silver and me on one side. Five pirates on the other. Only the pit was between us.

\*\*\*\*



Silver did not. Leaning on his crutch he watched them calmly.

Then Merry decided that making a speech might help matters.

“Mates,” he announced, raising his arm and his voice. “There are only two of them. One's the old cripple that brought us all here. The other's a boy I am personally going to kill. Now, mates—”

Just then there were three musket-shots. Merry fell forward into the hole. The man with the bandage spun round and fell down dead upon his side.

The other three pirates turned and fled, just as Doctor Livesey and Ben Gunn joined us. “Run!” cried the doctor. “We must beat them to the boats! Quick, this way!”



We followed Ben Gunn, who knew a short cut through the bushes. Our route took us ahead of the mutineers. Silver, despite his crutch, somehow kept up with us. He looked at our guide in amazement.

“I'm Ben Gunn, I am,” said Ben. “And,” he added, after a long pause. “How are you, Mr. Silver?”

“Ben,” said Silver. “Great to see you again! We thought you were dead!”

## Ben's story

As we walked downhill to where the boats were lying. Ben Gunn told his incredible story.

“When they left I wandered day after day around the island. One morning I found the skeleton — and that showed me where the Captain Flint buried the treasure!”

“How did you move it?”

“I dug it up and carried it on my back. I made many journeys to a cave in the north of the island.”

And there it had been stored safely before the arrival of the *Hispaniola*.

The doctor had learned this secret from Gunn on the afternoon of the attack. The next morning, Doctor Livesey had given Silver him the now worthless chart. “I also let Silver have the stores,” he explained. “To give us cover to move the treasure from the stockade to the cave.”

By this time, we had reached the rowboats. The doctor destroyed one of them with a pick-axe. Then we all got aboard the other.

We rowed to the North Inlet — about eight or nine miles. Silver rowed like the rest of us. Soon we could see the black mouth of Ben Gunn's cave.

A man was standing by it, leaning on a **musket**. It was the squire. We waved a handkerchief and gave him three cheers. The voice of Silver was as loud as any.

Three miles further on, we found the *Hispaniola*. She was drifting in the wind.

\*\*\*\*

We landed on the beach, near the entrance of the cave. The squire welcomed us but he was not pleased to see Silver.



“John Silver,” he said. “We will keep our promise not to prosecute you. But you are a terrible villain, responsible for many deaths.”

“Thank you kindly, sir,” replied Long John, with a polite salute.

We all entered the cave. It was a large, airy place, with a little spring and a pool of clear water. The floor was sand.

Before a big fire was a large pile of gold bars and coins. Flint's treasure had already cost the lives of seventeen men from the *Hispaniola*. How many more had died for it over the years? No man alive could tell.

“Come in, Jim,” said the captain. “Is that you, John Silver? What brings *you* here?”

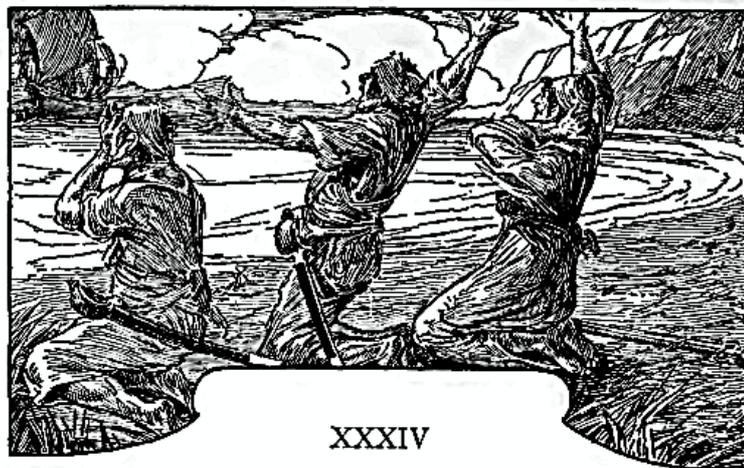
“I’m back to do my duty, sir,” returned Silver.

“Ah!” said the captain, and that was all he said.

What a supper I had with all my friends around me that night! How happy we were!

Silver sat back almost out of the firelight, quietly joining in with our laughter.

### 34. And Last



The next morning, we began transporting the gold to the *Hispaniola*. The three fellows still on the island did not trouble us. A single sentry on the shoulder of the hill was enough to warn us of any sudden attack.

Ben Gunn came and went with the boat.



I was kept busy all day in the cave. My back and my fingers ached from packing the treasure into bags.



I WAS KEPT BUSY PACKING THE MINTED MONEY  
INTO BREAD-BAGS

Day after day, this work went on. I think it was on the third night that the wind brought us a noise between shrieking and singing. “It’s the mutineers!” said the doctor.

“All three drunk, sir,” struck in the voice of Silver from behind us. Silver tried to be friendly with us but we did not trust him.

\*\*\*\*

We held a council and made a difficult decision. We would have to leave the three mutineers on the island — with gunpowder and shot for them to hunt with. We also left a few medicines, and some other necessaries.

Then, one fine morning, we sailed away. The three remaining pirates rushed onto the beach. They threw themselves to their knees, with their arms were raised. They were begging us to take them with them.



The doctor called out to them. “We have left you supplies,” he cried into the wind.

“Please Doctor - take us off this island! Do not leave us to die in this miserable place!”

It was a difficult choice but the captain could not risk another mutiny.

The cries eventually faded away. Before they did one of the mutineers leapt to his feet. Pulling his musket to his shoulder, he sent a shot whistling over Silver's head.

When next I looked, I could not see anyone on the beach. By noon, Treasure Island was disappearing over the horizon into the blue sea.

\*\*\*\*

On our journey home, we stopped in a port in Spanish America. Silver escaped from us while we were onshore, taking one of the sacks of gold coins with him.



The *Hispaniola* reached Bristol in 17—. All of us had a share of the treasure. We used it wisely or foolishly, according to our natures.

Captain Smollett is now retired from the sea. Ben Gunn spent or lost his thousand pounds in just three weeks.

We have heard no more of Silver. Perhaps he still lives in comfort with his parrot, Captain Flint.

More treasure remains where Flint buried it. Let it stay there. Nothing would tempt me back to that island.



In my worst nightmares I still hear the surf booming. I hear the sharp voice of Captain Flint still ringing in my ears: “Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!”

\*\*\*

*Adapted by Kieran McGovern 2025. Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International (CC BY-SA 4.0) Please include link to [this page](#).*