



CHAPTER 1

the old sea dog at the admiral benbow

SQUIRE TRELAWNEY, Dr. Livesey, and the rest of these gentlemen asked me to write down the story of Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that only because the treasure is still there. I take up my pen in the year of grace 17__ and go back to the time when my father kept the Admiral Benbow inn and the brown old seaman with the sabre cut first took up his lodging under our roof.

I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, whistling to himself and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards:

“Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest—Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!” in the high, old tottering voice that seemed to have been tuned and broken at the capstan bars. Then he rapped on the door with a bit of stick like a handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly, like a connoisseur, lingering on the taste and still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our signboard.

“This is a handy cove,” says he at length; “and a pleasant sittyated grog-shop. Much company, mate?”

My father told him no, very little company, the more was the pity.

“Well, then,” said he, “this is the berth for me. Here you, matey,” he cried to a man

who trundled his barrow; “bring up alongside and help up my chest. I’ll stay here a bit,” he continued. “I’m a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that head up there for to watch ships off. What you mought call me? You mought call me captain.”



He was a very silent man by custom. 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 the fire and drank rum and water very strong.

Every day when he came back from his stroll he would ask if any seafaring men had gone by along the road. At first we thought it was the want of company of his own kind that made him ask this question, but at last we began to see he was desirous to avoid them.

For me, at least, there was no secret about the matter, for I was, in a way, a sharer in his alarms. He had taken me aside one day and promised me a silver fourpenny on the first of every month if I would only keep my “weather-eye open for a seafaring man with one leg,” and let him know the moment he appeared.

How that personage haunted my dreams. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the four corners of the house and the surf roared along the cove and up the cliffs, I would see him in a thousand forms, and with a thousand diabolical expressions. Now the leg would be cut off at the knee,

now at the hip; now he was a monstrous kind of a creature who had never had but the one leg, and that in the middle of his body. To see him leap and run and pursue me over hedge and ditch was the worst of nightmares. And altogether I paid pretty dear for my monthly fourpenny piece, in the shape of these abominable fancies. But though I was so terrified by the idea of the seafaring man with one leg, I was far less afraid of the captain himself than anybody else who knew him. His stories were what frightened people worst of all. Dreadful stories they were—about hanging, and walking the plank, and storms at sea, and wild deeds and places on the Spanish Main. By his own account he must have lived his life among some of the wickedest men that God ever allowed upon the sea, and the language in which he told these stories shocked our plain country people almost as much as the crimes that he described.

People were frightened at the time, but on looking back they rather liked it; it was a fine excitement in a quiet country life, and there was even a party of the younger men who pretended to admire him, calling him a “true sea-dog” and a “real old salt” and such names, and saying there was the sort of man that made England terrible at sea.

He was only once crossed, and that was towards the end, when my poor father was far gone in a decline that took him off. Dr. Livesey came late one afternoon to see the patient and I remember observing the contrast the neat, bright doctor made with that filthy, heavy, bleared scarecrow of a pirate of ours, sitting, far gone in rum, with his arms on the table. Suddenly he—the captain, that is—began to pipe up his eternal song:

“Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum! Drink and the Devil had done for the rest—yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!”

At first I had supposed “the dead man’s chest” to be that identical big box of his upstairs in the front room, and the thought had been mingled in my nightmares with that of the one-legged seafaring man. Dr. Livesey went on speaking clear and kind and drawing briskly at his pipe between every word or two. The captain glared at him and broke out with a villainous, low oath, “Silence, there, between decks!”

“Were you addressing me, sir?” says the doctor; and when the ruffian had told him, with another oath, that this was so, “I have only one thing to say to you, sir,” replies the doctor, “that if you keep on drinking rum, the world will soon be quit of a very dirty scoundrel!”

The old fellow’s fury was awful. He sprang to his feet, drew and opened a sailor’s clasp-knife, and balancing it open on the palm of his hand, threatened to pin the doctor to the wall.

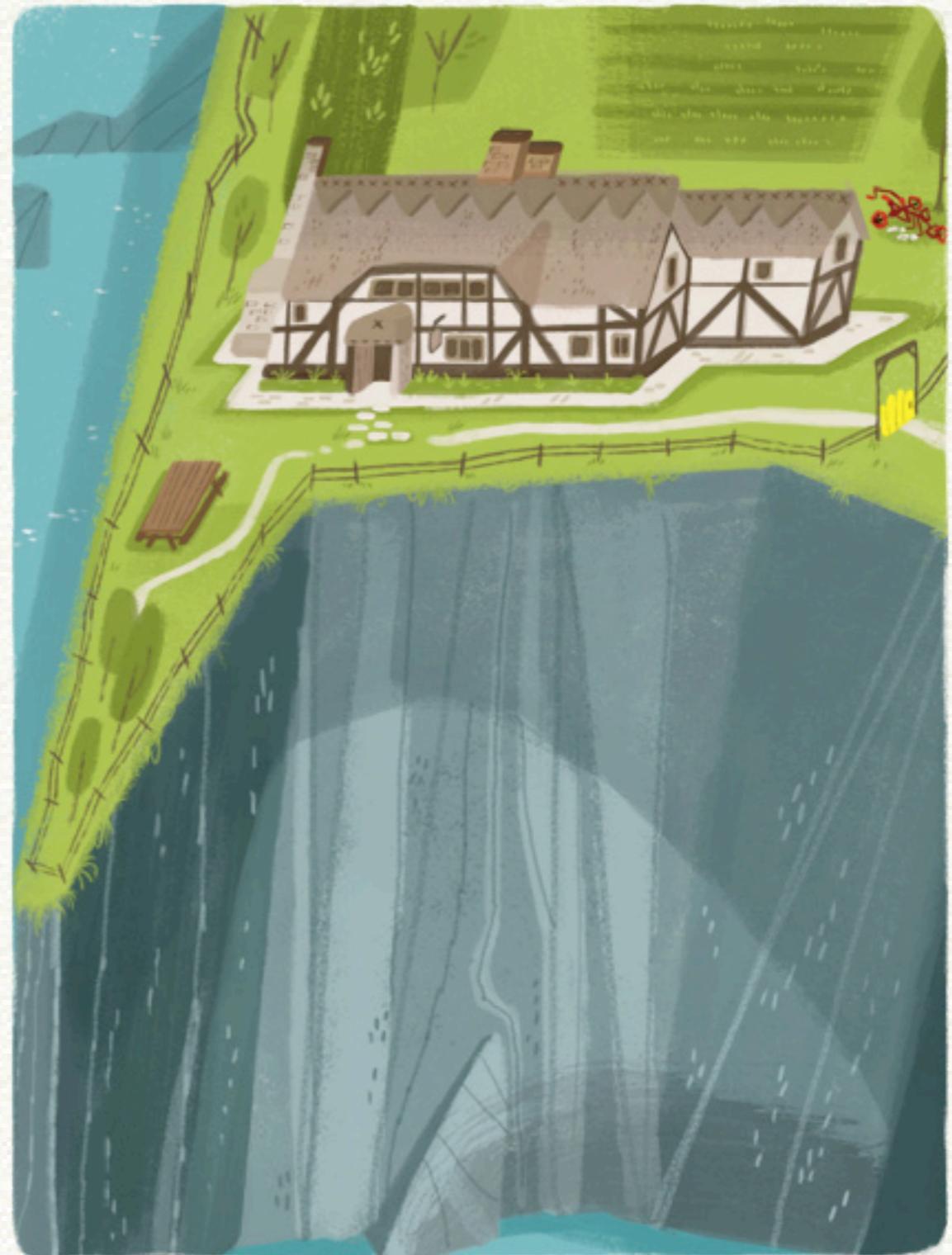
The doctor spoke to him as before, over

his shoulder and in the same tone of voice:

“If you do not put that knife this instant in your pocket, I promise you shall hang at the next assizes.”

The captain soon knuckled under, put up his weapon, and resumed his seat, grumbling like a beaten dog.

“And now, sir,” continued the doctor, “since I now know there’s such a fellow in my district, you may count I’ll have an eye upon you day and night. I’m not a doctor only; I’m a magistrate; and if I catch a breath of complaint against you, I’ll take effectual means to have you hunted down and routed out.” The captain held his peace that evening, and for many evenings to come. ☺





CHAPTER 2

black dog appears and Disappears

IT WAS NOT VERY LONG after this that there occurred the first of the mysterious events that rid us at last of the captain, though not, as you will see, of his affairs. It was a bitter cold winter, with long, hard frosts and heavy gales; and it was plain from the first that my poor father was little likely to see the spring. He sank daily, and my mother and I had all the inn upon our hands.

It was one January morning, the captain had risen earlier than usual and set out down the beach. I remember his breath hanging like

smoke in his wake as he strode off.

I was laying the breakfast-table against the captain's return when the parlour door opened and a man stepped in on whom I had never set my eyes before. He was a pale, tallowy creature, wanting two fingers of the left hand, and though he wore a cutlass, he did not look much like a fighter. I had always my eye open for seafaring men, with one leg or two, and I remember this one puzzled me. He was not sailorly, and yet he had a smack of the sea about him.

I asked him what was for his service, and he said he would take rum; but as I was going out of the room to fetch it, he sat down upon a table and motioned me to draw near. I paused where I was. "Is this here table for my mate Bill?" he asked with a kind of leer.

I told him the captain was out walking and pointed out the rock and told him how soon he was likely to return.

At last in strode the captain, slammed the

door behind him and marched straight across the room to where his breakfast awaited him.

"Bill," said the stranger in a voice that I thought he had tried to make bold and big.

The captain spun round on his heel and fronted us; all the brown had gone out of his face, and even his nose was blue; he had the look of a man who sees a ghost. I felt sorry to see him all in a moment turn so old and sick.

"Come, Bill, you know me; you know an old shipmate, Bill, surely," said the stranger.

"Black Dog!" said he.

"Black Dog as ever was, come for to see his old shipmate Billy, at the Admiral Benbow inn. Ah, Bill, Bill, we have seen a sight of times, us two, since I lost them two talons," holding up his mutilated hand. "Now, look here," said the captain; "you've run me down; here I am; well, then, speak up; what is it?"

"That's you, Bill," returned Black Dog, "you're in the right of it, Billy. I'll have a glass of rum from this dear child here, as I've took

such a liking to; and we'll sit down, if you please, and talk square, like old shipmates."

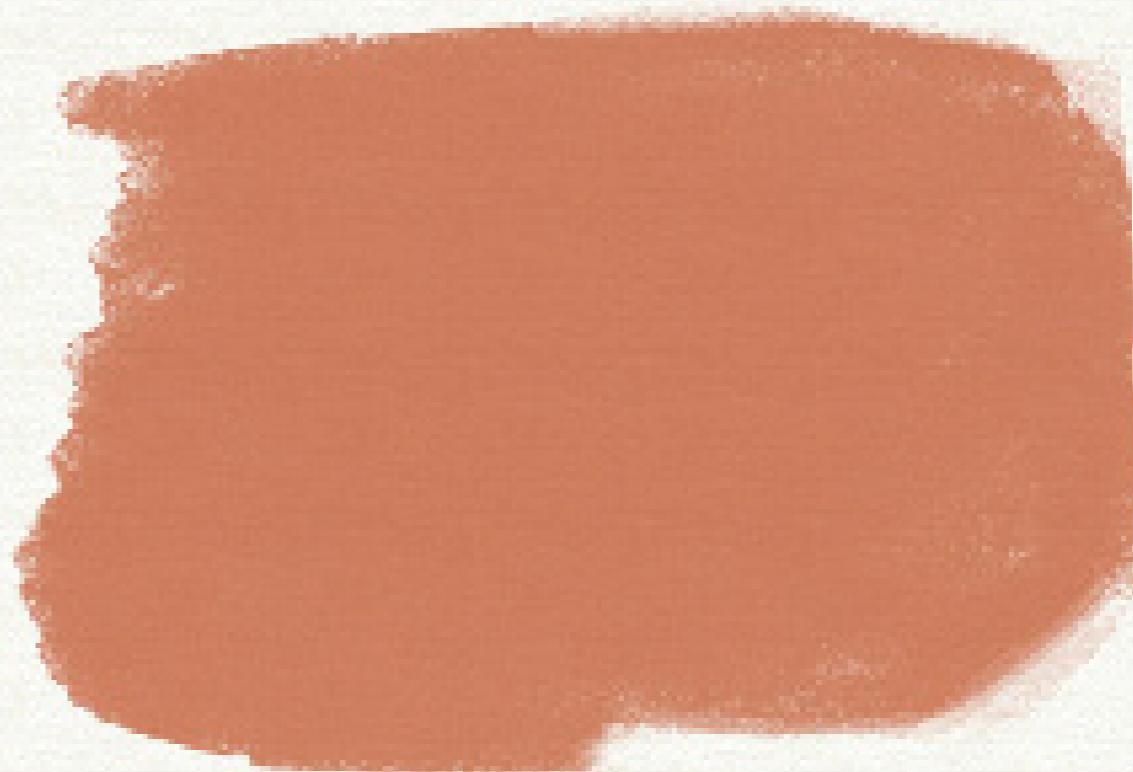
When I returned with the rum, they were already seated on either side of the captain's breakfast-table—Black Dog next to the door and sitting sideways so as to have one eye on his old shipmate and one, as I thought, on his retreat.

He bade me go and leave the door wide open. "None of your keyholes for me, sonny," he said; and I left them together and retired into the bar.

For a long time, though I certainly did my best to listen, I could hear nothing but a low gattling; but at last the voices began to grow higher, and I could pick up a word or two, mostly oaths, from the captain. "NO, NO, NO, NO; and an end of it!" he cried once. And again, "If it comes to swinging, swing all, say I."

Then all of a sudden there was a tremendous explosion of oaths and other noises—the chair and table went over in a lump, a clash of steel followed, and then

a cry of pain, and the next instant I saw Black Dog in full flight, and the captain hotly pursuing, both with drawn cutlasses, and the former streaming blood from the left shoulder. Just at the door the captain aimed at the fugitive one last tremendous cut, which would certainly have split him to the chine had it not been intercepted by our big signboard of Admiral Benbow. You may see the notch on the lower side of the frame to this day.



That blow was the last of the battle. Once out upon the road, Black Dog, in spite of his wound, showed a wonderful clean pair of heels and disappeared over the edge of the hill in half a minute. The captain, for his part, stood staring at the signboard like a bewildered man. Then he passed his hand over his eyes several times and at last turned back into the house.

“Jim,” says he, “rum”; and as he spoke, he reeled a little, and caught himself with one hand against the wall.

“Are you hurt?” cried I.

“Rum! I must get away from here. Rum! Rum!”

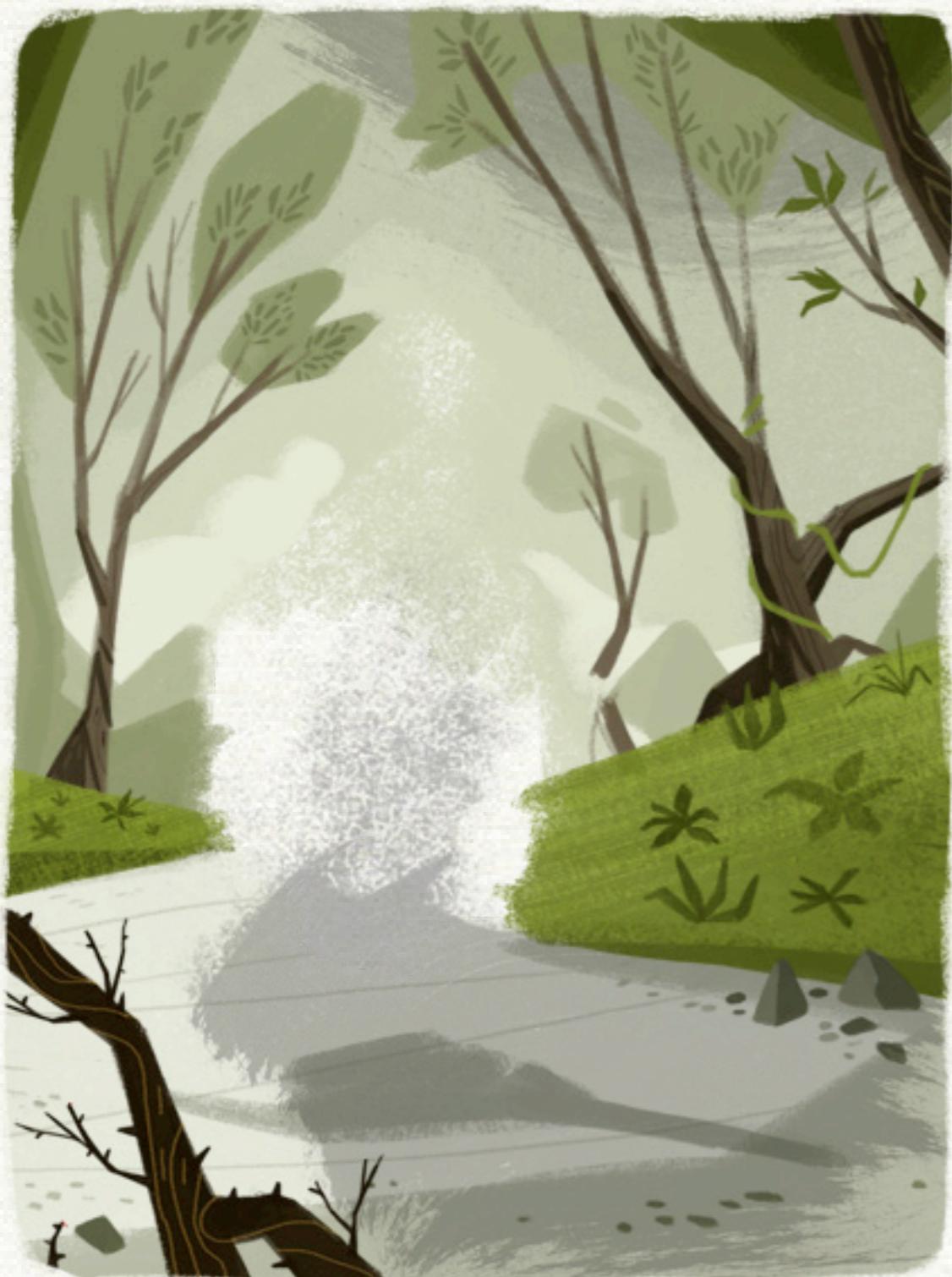
I ran to fetch it, but heard a loud fall in the parlour, and running in, beheld the captain lying full length upon the floor. At the same instant my mother, alarmed by the cries and fighting, came running downstairs to help me. Between us we raised his head. He was breathing very loud and hard, but his eyes were closed and his face a horrible colour.

It was a happy relief for us when the door opened and Doctor Livesey came in, on his visit to my father.

“The man has had a stroke, as I warned him,” said the doctor. He ripped up the captain’s sleeve and exposed his great sinewy arm. It was tattooed in several places. “Here’s luck,” “A fair wind,” and “Billy Bones his fancy,” were very neatly and clearly executed on the forearm; and up near the shoulder there was a sketch of a gallows and a man hanging from it.

A great deal of blood was taken before the captain opened his eyes and looked mistily about him.

“You have been drinking rum,” the doctor said to him, “you have had a stroke, precisely as I told you; and I have just, very much against my own will, dragged you headforemost out of the grave. One glass of rum won’t kill you, but if you take one you’ll take another and another, you’ll die—do you understand that? The name of rum for you is death.” ☩



CHAPTER 3

the black spot

AT NOON I STOPPED at the captain's door with some cooling drinks and medicines.

"Jim," he said at length, "you saw that seafaring man today? If I can't get away nohow, and they tip me the black spot, mind you, it's my old sea-chest they're after; you get on a horse, and go to that eternal doctor swab, and tell him to pipe all hands and he'll lay 'em aboard at the Admiral Benbow—all old Flint's crew, man and boy, all on 'em that's left. I was first mate, I was, old Flint's first mate, and I'm the on'y one as knows the place. He gave it

me at Savannah, when he lay adying, like as if I was to now, you see."

"But what is the black spot, captain?" I asked.

"That's a summons, mate." He wandered a little longer, his voice growing weaker; but soon after I had given him his medicine, which he took like a child, with the remark,

"If ever a seaman wanted drugs, it's me," he fell at last into a heavy, swoon-like sleep, in which I left him. But as things fell out, my poor father died quite suddenly that evening, which put all other matters on one side. Our natural distress, the visits of the neighbours, the arranging of the funeral, and all the work of the inn to be carried on in the meanwhile kept me so busy that I had scarcely time to think of the captain, far less to be afraid of him.

The day after the funeral, I was standing at the door for a moment, full of sad thoughts about my father, when I saw someone drawing slowly near along the road. He was

plainly blind, for he tapped before him with a stick and wore a great green shade over his eyes and nose; and he was hunched, as if with age or weakness, and wore a huge old tattered sea-cloak with a hood that made him appear positively deformed. I never saw in my life a more dreadful-looking figure. He stopped a little from the inn, and raising his voice in an odd sing-song, addressed the air in front of him, "Will any kind friend inform a poor blind man where he may now be?"

"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, and the horrible, soft-spoken, eyeless creature gripped it in a moment like a vise. I was so much startled that I struggled to withdraw, but the blind man pulled me close up to him with a single action of his arm.

"Now, boy," he said, "take me in to the captain."

"Sir," said I, "upon my word I dare not."

"Oh," he sneered, "that's it! Take me in straight or I'll break your arm." And he gave it, as he spoke, a wrench that made me cry out. "Lead me straight up to him, and when I'm in view, cry out, 'Here's a friend for you, Bill.' If you don't, I'll do this," and with that he gave me a twitch that I thought would have made me faint. Between this and that, I was so utterly terrified of the blind beggar that I forgot my terror of the captain, and as I opened the parlour door, cried out the words he had ordered in a trembling voice.

"Now, Bill, sit where you are," said the beggar.

"If I can't see, I can hear a finger stirring. Business is business. Hold out your left hand. Boy, take his left hand by the wrist and bring it near to my right."

We both obeyed him to the letter, and I saw him pass something from the hollow of

the hand that held his stick into the palm of the captain's, which closed upon it instantly.

"And now that's done," said the blind man; and at the words he suddenly left hold of me, and with incredible accuracy and nimbleness, skipped out of the parlour and into the road, where, as I still stood motionless, I could hear his stick go tap-tap-tapping into the distance.

I released the captain's wrist and he drew in his hand and looked sharply into the palm.

"Ten o'clock!" he cried. "Six hours. We'll do them yet," and he sprang to his feet.

Even as he did so, he reeled, put his hand to his throat, stood swaying for a moment, and then, with a peculiar sound, fell from his whole height face foremost to the floor. The captain had been struck dead by thundering apoplexy. As soon as I saw that he was dead, I burst into a flood of tears. It was the second death I had known, and the sorrow of the first was still fresh in my heart. ☺



CHAPTER 4

the sea-chest

SOME OF BILLY BONES' MONEY—if he had any—was due to my mother and me, but it was not likely that our captain's shipmates would be inclined to give up their booty in payment of the dead man's debts. It seemed impossible for us to remain much longer in the house; the fall of coals in the kitchen grate, the very ticking of the clock, filled us with alarms. The neighbourhood, to our ears, seemed haunted by approaching footsteps; and what between the dead body of the captain on the parlour floor and the thought of that detestable blind beggar hovering near at hand and ready to return, there were moments when I jumped

in my skin for terror. It occurred to us at last to go forth together and seek help in the neighbouring hamlet. No sooner said than done, we ran out at once in the gathering evening and the frosty fog.

It was already candle-light when we reached the hamlet, and I shall never forget how much I was cheered to see the yellow shine in doors and windows; but that was the best of the help we were likely to get in that quarter. For—you would have thought men would have been ashamed of themselves—no soul would consent to return with us to the Admiral Benbow. The name of Captain Flint, though it was strange to me, was well enough known and carried a great weight of terror.

While we could get several who were willing enough to ride to Dr. Livesey's, not one would help us to defend the inn. They say cowardice is infectious; but then argument is, on the other hand, a great emboldener; and so when each had said his say, my mother made them a speech.



She would not, she declared, lose money that belonged to her fatherless boy; "If none of the rest of you dare," she said, "Jim and I dare. Back we will go, the way we came, and small thanks to you big, hulking, chicken-hearted men. We'll have that chest open, if we die for it."

Of course I said I would go with my mother, and of course they all cried out at our foolhardiness, but even then not a man would go along with us. All they would do was to give me a loaded pistol lest we were attacked, and to promise to have one lad ride to the doctor's in search of armed assistance. My heart was beating finely when we set forth in the cold night upon this dangerous venture. A full moon was beginning to rise and peered redly through the upper edges of the fog, and this increased our haste, for it was plain that all would be as bright as day, exposed to the eyes of any watchers. We slipped along the hedges, noiseless and swift, nor did we see or hear anything to increase our terrors, till the door

of the Admiral Benbow had closed behind us.

I slipped the bolt at once, and we stood and panted for a moment in the dark, alone in the house with the dead captain's body. He lay as we had left him, on his back, with his eyes open and one arm stretched out.

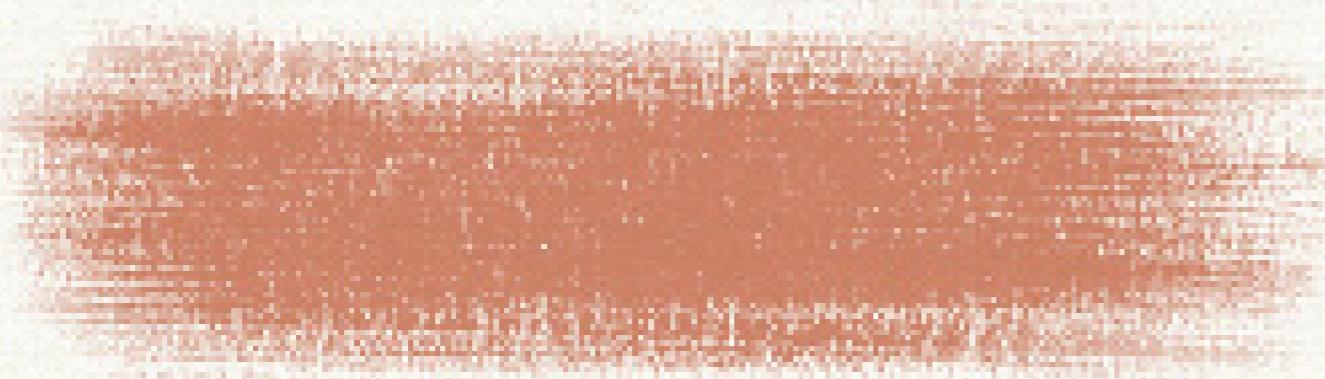
"And now," whispered my mother, "we have to get the key off THAT!" and she gave a kind of sob as she said the words. I went down on my knees at once. On the floor close to his hand there was a little round of paper, blackened on the one side. I could not doubt that this was the **BLACK SPOT**; and taking it up, I found written on the other side, in a very good, clear hand, this short message: "You have till ten tonight."

"He had till ten, Mother," said I; and just as I said it, our old clock began striking. This sudden noise startled us shockingly; but the news was good, for it was only six.

I felt in his pockets, one after another. A few small coins, a thimble, and some thread and big needles, a piece of pigtail tobacco bitten away

at the end, his gully with the crooked handle, a pocket compass, and a tinder box were all that they contained, and I began to despair.

Then, I tore open his shirt at the neck, and there, hanging to a bit of tarry string, we found the key. We hurried upstairs to the little room where he had slept so long and where his box had stood since the day of his arrival.



The chest itself was like any other seaman's chest, the initial "B" burned on the top of it with a hot iron, and the corners somewhat smashed and broken as by long, rough usage.

A strong smell of tobacco and tar rose from the interior, but nothing was to be seen on the top except a suit of very good clothes,

carefully brushed and folded. They had never been worn, my mother said.

Under that, the miscellany began—a quadrant, a tin canikin, several sticks of tobacco, two brace of very handsome pistols, a piece of bar silver, an old Spanish watch and some other trinkets of little value and mostly of foreign make, a pair of compasses mounted with brass, and five or six curious West Indian shells. I have often wondered since why he should have carried about these shells with him in his wandering, guilty, and hunted life.

Underneath there was an old boat-cloak, whitened with sea-salt on many a harbour-bar. My mother pulled it up with impatience, and there lay before us, a bundle tied up in oilcloth, looking like papers, and a canvas bag that gave forth, at a touch, the jingle of gold.

"I'll show these rogues that I'm an honest woman," said my mother. "I'll have my dues, and not a farthing over." She began to count over the amount of the captain's score from

the sailor's bag into the one that I was holding.

Suddenly, I heard the tap-tapping of the blind man's stick upon the frozen road. It drew nearer and nearer, while we sat holding our breath. Then it struck sharp on the inn door, and then we could hear the handle being turned and the bolt rattling as the wretched being tried to enter; and then there was a long time of silence both within and without. At last the tapping recommenced and died slowly away again until it ceased to be heard.

"Mother," said I, "take the whole and let's be going," for I was sure the bolted door must have seemed suspicious and would bring the whole hornet's nest about our ears.

But my mother, frightened as she was, would not consent to take a fraction more than was due to her and was obstinately unwilling to be content with less. Then we heard a little low whistle a good way off upon the hill. That was enough for both of us.

"I'll take what I have," she said, jumping

to her feet. "And I'll take this to square the count," said I, picking up the oilskin packet.

Next moment we were both groping downstairs, and the next we had opened the door and were in full retreat. The fog was rapidly dispersing; already the moon shone quite clear on the high ground on either side. The sound of footsteps running came already to our ears, and as we looked back in their direction, a light tossing to and fro and still rapidly advancing showed that one of the newcomers carried a lantern.

This was certainly the end for both of us, I thought. We were just at the little bridge and I helped my mother, tottering as she was, to the edge of the bank, where she gave a sigh and fell on my shoulder. I managed to drag her down the bank and a little way under the arch. Farther I could not move her, the bridge was too low to let me do more than crawl below it. So there we had to stay—my mother almost entirely exposed and both of us within earshot of the inn. ☺



CHAPTER 5

the last of the blind man

MY CURIOSITY WAS STRONGER than my fear, for I could not remain where I was, but crept back to the bank again, whence I might command the road before our door. I was scarcely in position ere my enemies began to arrive, seven or eight of them, running hard, their feet beating out of time along the road and the man with the lantern some paces in front.

Three men ran together, hand in hand; and I made out, even through the mist, that the middle man of this trio was the

blind beggar.

“Down with the door!” he cried.

“Aye, aye, sir!” answered two or three; and a rush was made upon the Admiral Benbow, the lantern-bearer following; and then I could see them pause, as if they were surprised to find the door open. But the pause was brief, for the blind man again issued his commands. His voice sounded louder and higher, as if he were afire with eagerness and rage.

“In, in, in!” he shouted.

Four or five of them obeyed at once. There was a pause, then a cry of surprise, and then a voice shouting from the house, “Bill’s dead.”

“Search him, and the rest of you aloft and get the chest,” the blind man cried.

Fresh sounds of astonishment arose as the window of the captain’s room was thrown open with a slam and a jingle of

broken glass, and a man leaned out into the moonlight, head and shoulders, and addressed the blind beggar on the road below him.

“Pew,” he cried, “they’ve been before us. Someone’s turned the chest out a low and aloft.”

“Is Flint’s fist there?” roared Pew.

“We don’t see it here nohow,” returned the man. “It’s these people of the inn—it’s that boy. I wish I had put his eyes out!” cried the blind man, Pew. “Scatter and find ‘em!”

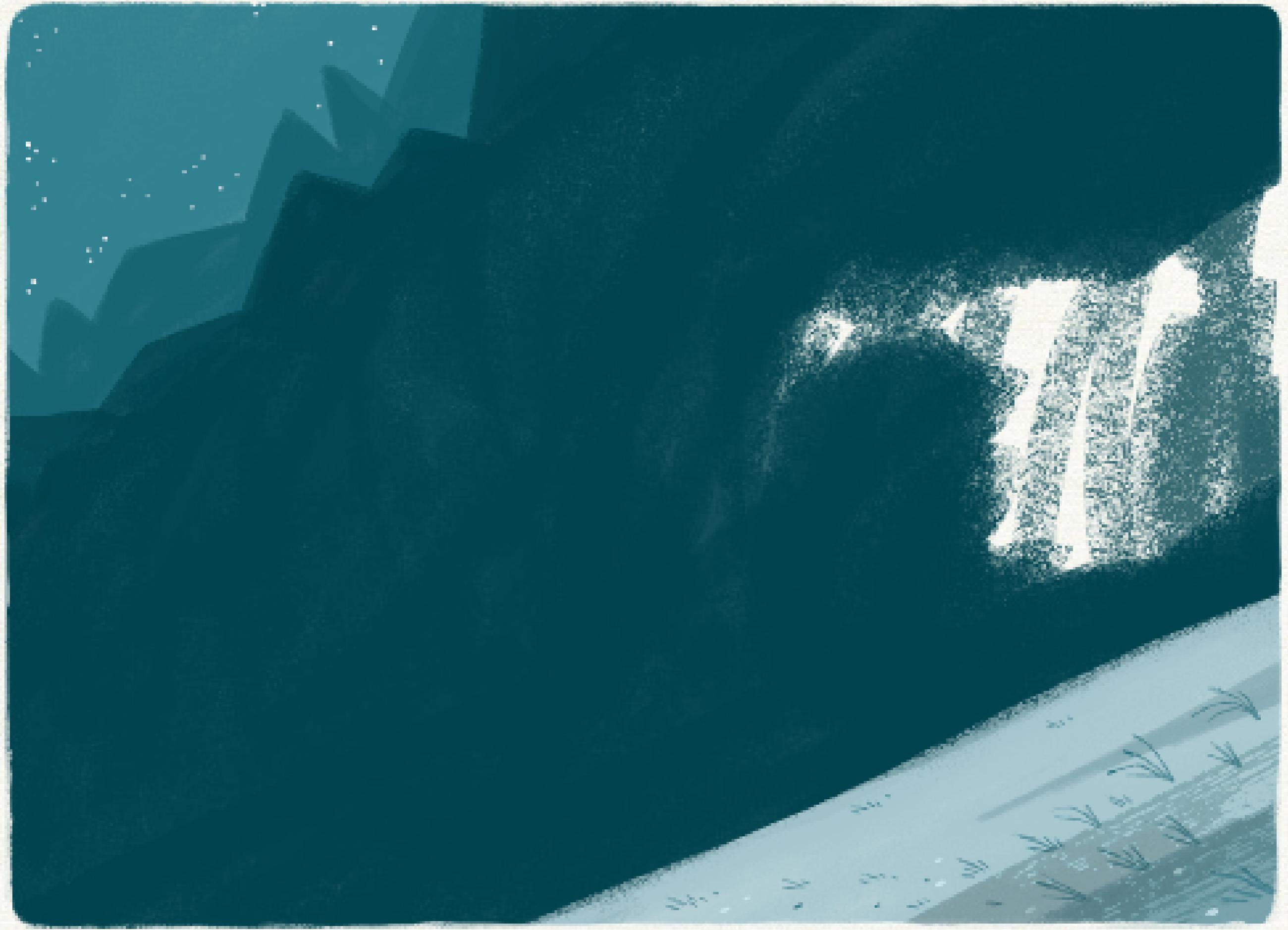
The same whistle that had alarmed my mother and myself over the dead captain’s money was once more clearly audible through the night, but this time twice repeated. I had thought it to be the blind man summoning his crew to the assault, but I now found that it was a signal from the hillside towards the hamlet, and from

its effect upon the buccaneers, a signal to warn them of approaching danger.

Then another sound came from the top of the hill on the side of the hamlet—the tramp of horses galloping. Almost at the same time a pistol-shot, flash and report, came from the hedge side. And that was plainly the last signal of danger, for the buccaneers turned at once and ran, so that in half a minute not a sign of them remained but Pew, tapping up and down the road in a frenzy, groping and calling for his comrades. Finally he took a wrong turn and ran a few steps past me, towards the hamlet, crying, “You won’t leave old Pew, mates—not old Pew!”

Just then the noise of horses topped the rise, and four or five riders came in sight in the moonlight and swept at full gallop down the slope.

At this Pew saw his error, turned with



a scream, and ran straight for the ditch, into which he rolled. But he was on his feet again in a second and made another dash, now utterly bewildered, right under the nearest of the coming horses.

The rider tried to save him, but in vain. Down went Pew with a cry that rang high into the night; and the four hoofs trampled and spurned him and passed by. He fell on his side, then gently collapsed upon his face and moved no more.

I leaped to my feet and hailed the riders. One was a lad that had gone from the hamlet to Dr. Livesey's; the rest were revenue officers, whom he had met by the way.

Pew was dead, stone dead. As for my mother, when we had carried her up to the hamlet, a little cold water and salts and that soon brought her back again, and she was none the worse for her terror, though

she still continued to deplore the balance of the money. "They got the money?" they asked, "Well, then, Hawkins, what in fortune were they after? More money, I suppose?"

"No, not money, I think," replied I. "I believe I have the thing in my breast pocket; and to tell you the truth, I should like to get it put in safety."

"To be sure, boy; quite right," said one of the revenue officers. "I'll take it, if you like."

"I thought perhaps Dr. Livesey—" I began.

"Perfectly right," he interrupted very cheerily, "perfectly right—a gentleman and a magistrate." ☺



CHAPTER 6

the captains papers

We rode hard all the way till we drew up before Squire Trelawney's door.

The servant showed us into a great library, all lined with bookcases and busts upon the top of them, where the squire and Dr. Livesey sat, pipe in hand. The squire was a tall man, over six feet high, and broad in proportion, and he had a bluff, rough-and-ready face, reddened and lined in his long travels. His eyebrows were very black, and moved readily, and this gave him a look of some temper, not bad, you would say, but quick and high.

"Good evening, Dance," says the doctor

with a nod. “And good evening to you, friend Jim. What good wind brings you here?”

The supervisor stood up straight and stiff and told his story like a lesson. Long before it was done, Mr. Trelawney had got up from his seat and was striding about the room, and the doctor had taken off his powdered wig and sat there looking very strange.

Mr. Dance finished the story, was further complimented, and at last dismissed.

“And so, Jim,” said the doctor, “you have the thing that they were after?”

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

The doctor looked it over, as if his fingers were itching to open it; but instead, he put it quietly in the pocket of his coat.

“And now, squire,” said the doctor, “You have heard of this Flint, I suppose?”

“Heard of him!” cried the squire. “He was the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that ever sailed.”

“Supposing that I have here in my pocket

some clue to where Flint buried his treasure,” replied the doctor, “will that treasure amount to much?”

“It will amount to this,” cried the squire, “If we have the clue you talk about, I fit out a ship in Bristol dock, and I’ll have that treasure if I search a year.”

“Now, then, if Jim is agreeable,” said the doctor, “we’ll open the packet.”

The bundle was sewn together, and the doctor got out his instrument case and cut the stitches with his medical scissors. It contained two things—a book and a sealed paper.

On the first page of the book there were only some scraps of writing. One was the same as the tattoo mark, “Billy Bones his fancy”; then there was “Mr. W. Bones, mate,” “No more rum,” and “Off Palm Key he got itt.” I could not help wondering who it was that had “got itt,” and what “itt” was that he got. A knife in his back as like as not.

The paper had been sealed in several places

with a thimble by way of seal. The doctor opened the seals with great care, and there fell out the map of an island, with latitude and longitude, soundings, names of hills and bays and inlets. It was shaped like a fat dragon standing up, and had two land-locked harbours, and a hill in the centre part marked "The Spy-glass." There were three crosses of red ink and in a small, neat hand, very different from the captain's tottery characters, these words: "Bulk of treasure here."

Over on the back, the same hand had written this further information: Tall tree, Spy-glass shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of N.N.E.

Skeleton Island E.S.E. and by E.
Ten feet.

The bar silver is in the north cache; you can find it by the trend of the east hummock, ten fathoms south of the black crag with the face on it.

The arms are easy found, in the sand-hill, N. point of north inlet cape, bearing E. and a

quarter N.

J.F.

That was all; but brief as it was, and to me incomprehensible, it filled the squire and Dr. Livesey with delight.

"Tomorrow I start for Bristol," said the squire, "In three weeks' time, we'll have the best ship and the choicest crew in England. Hawkins shall come as cabin-boy. You, Livesey, are ship's doctor; I am admiral."

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "there's only one man I'm afraid of."

"And who's that?" cried the squire. "Name the dog, sir!"

"You," replied the doctor; "for you cannot hold your tongue. These fellows who attacked the inn tonight—bold, desperate blades—are, one and all, through thick and thin, bound that they'll get that money. Not one of us must breathe a word of what we've found."

"Livesey," returned the squire, "I'll be as silent as the grave." ☺

CHAPTER 7

I go to bristol

IT WAS LONGER THAN THE SQUIRE IMAGINED ere we were ready for the sea, and none of our first plans could be carried out as we intended. I brooded by the hour together over the map, all the details of which I well remembered. Sitting by the fire, I approached that island in my fancy from every possible direction; I explored every acre of its surface; I climbed a thousand times to that tall hill they call the Spyglass, and from the top enjoyed the most wonderful and changing prospects. Sometimes the isle was thick with savages, with whom we fought, sometimes full of dangerous animals that hunted us, but in all my fancies nothing

occurred to me so strange and tragic as our actual adventures.

So the weeks passed on, till one fine day there came a letter addressed to Dr. Livesey, with this addition, “To be opened, in the case of his absence, by Tom Redruth or young Hawkins.” Obeying this order, I found the following important news:

“Dear Livesey—As I do not know whether you are at the hall or still in London, I send this in double to both places. The ship is bought and fitted. She lies at anchor, ready for sea. You never imagined a sweeter schooner—a child might sail her—two hundred tons; name, *Hispaniola*. I got her through my old friend, Blandly, who has proved himself throughout the most surprising trump. The admirable fellow literally slaved in my interest, and so, I may say, did everyone in Bristol, as soon as they got wind of the port we sailed for—treasure, I mean.”

Blandly himself found the *Hispaniola*, and by the most admirable management got her



for the merest trifle. There is a class of men in Bristol monstrously prejudiced against Blandly. They go the length of declaring that this honest creature would do anything for money, that the *Hispaniola* belonged to him, and that he sold it me absurdly high—the most transparent calumnies. None of them dare, however, to deny the merits of the ship.

So far there was not a hitch. The workpeople, to be sure—riggers and what not—were most annoyingly slow; but time cured that. It was the crew that troubled me.

I wished a round score of men—in case of natives, buccaneers, or the odious French—and I had the worry of the deuce itself to find so much as half a dozen, till the most remarkable stroke of fortune brought me the very man that I required.

I was standing on the dock, when, by the merest accident, I fell in talk with him. I found he was an old sailor, kept a public-house, knew all the seafaring men in Bristol, had lost his health

ashore, and wanted a good berth as cook to get to sea again. He had hobbled down there that morning, he said, to get a smell of the salt.

I was monstrously touched—so would you have been—and, out of pure pity, I engaged him on the spot to be ship's cook. Long John Silver, he is called, and has lost a leg; but that I regarded as a recommendation, since he lost it in his country's service, under the immortal Hawke. He has no pension, Livesey. Imagine the abominable age we live in!

Well, sir, I thought I had only found a cook, but it was a crew I had discovered. Between Silver and myself we got together in a few days a company of the toughest old salts imaginable—not pretty to look at, but fellows, by their faces, of the most indomitable spirit. I declare we could fight a frigate.

Long John even got rid of two out of the six or seven I had already engaged. He showed me in a moment that they were just

the sort of fresh-water swabs we had to fear in an adventure of importance.

I am in the most magnificent health and spirits, eating like a bull, sleeping like a tree, yet I shall not enjoy a moment till I hear my old tarpaulins tramping round the capstan. Seaward, ho! Hang the treasure! It's the glory of the sea that has turned my head. So now, Livesey, come post; do not lose an hour, if you respect me. Let young Hawkins go at once to see his mother, with Redruth for a guard; and then both come full speed to Bristol.

John Trelawney Postscript—

I did not tell you that Blandly, who, by the way, is to send a consort after us if we don't turn up by the end of August, had found an admirable fellow for sailing master—a stiff man, which I regret, but in all other respects a treasure. Long John Silver unearthed a very competent man for a mate, a man named Arrow. I have a boatswain who pipes, Livesey; so things shall go man-o'-war fashion on board

the good ship *Hispaniola*.

I forgot to tell you that Silver is a man of substance; I know of my own knowledge that he has a banker's account, which has never been overdrawn. He leaves his wife to manage the inn; and as she is a woman of colour, a pair of old bachelors like you and I may be excused for guessing that it is the wife, quite as much as the health, that sends him back to roving.

J. T.

P.P.S.—Hawkins may stay one night with his mother.

J. T.

I said good-bye to Mother and the cove where I had lived since I was born, and the dear old Admiral Benbow. One of my last thoughts was of the captain, who had so often strode along the beach with his cocked hat, his sabre-cut cheek, and his old brass telescope.

The mail picked us up about dusk at the Royal George on the heath. I was wedged in between Redruth and a stout old gentleman,

and in spite of the swift motion and the cold night air, I slept like a log up hill and down dale through stage after stage, for when I was awakened at last it was by a punch in the ribs, and I opened my eyes to find that we were standing still before a large building in a city street and that the day had already broken a long time. "Where are we?" I asked.

"Bristol," said Tom.

Mr. Trelawney had taken up his residence at an inn far down the docks to superintend the work upon the schooner. Thither we had now to walk, and our way lay along the quays and beside the great multitude of ships of all sizes and rigs and nations. In one, sailors were singing at their work, in another there were men aloft, high over my head, hanging to threads that seemed no thicker than a spider's.

Though I had lived by the shore all my life, I seemed never to have been near the sea till then. The smell of tar and salt was something new. I saw the most wonderful figureheads

that had all been far over the ocean. I saw many old sailors, with rings in their ears, and whiskers curled in ringlets, and tarry pigtails, and their swaggering, clumsy sea-walk; and if I had seen as many kings or archbishops I could not have been more delighted.

And I was going to sea myself, to sea in a schooner, with a piping boatswain and pig-tailed singing seamen, to sea, bound for an unknown island, and to seek for buried treasure!

While I was still in this delightful dream, we came suddenly in front of a large inn and met Squire Trelawney, all dressed out like a seaofficer, in stout blue cloth, coming out of the door with a smile on his face and a capital imitation of a sailor's walk.

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



CHAPTER 8

At the sign of the spyglass

THE SQUIRE GAVE ME A NOTE addressed to John Silver, at the sign of the Spy-glass, and told me I should easily find the place by following the line of the docks and keeping a lookout for a little tavern with a large brass telescope for sign. It was a bright enough little place of entertainment. The sign was newly painted; the windows had neat red curtains; the floor was cleanly sanded. The customers were mostly seafaring men, and they talked so loudly that I hung at the door, almost afraid to enter.

As I was waiting, a man came out of a side

room, and at a glance I was sure he must be Long John. His left leg was cut off close by the hip, and under the left shoulder he carried a crutch, which he managed with wonderful dexterity, hopping about upon it like a bird.

He was tall and strong, with a face as big as a ham—plain and pale, but intelligent and smiling.

Now, to tell you the truth, from the very first mention of Long John in Squire Trelawney's letter I had taken a fear in my mind that he might prove to be the very one-legged sailor whom I had watched for so long at the old Benbow. But one look at the man before me was enough. I had seen the captain, and Black Dog, and the blind man, Pew, and I thought I knew what a buccaneer was like—a very different creature from this clean and pleasant-tempered landlord. I plucked up courage at once, crossed the threshold, and walked right up to the man where he stood, propped on his crutch, talking to a customer. "Mr. Silver, sir?" I asked, holding out the note.

"Yes, my lad." said he; "And who may you be?"



And then as he saw the squire's letter, he seemed to me to give something almost like a start.

"Oh!" said he, quite loud, and offering his hand. "I see. You are our new cabin-boy; pleased I am to see you." And he took my hand in his large firm grasp.

Just then one of the customers rose suddenly and made for the door. I recognized him at glance. It was the tallow-faced man, wanting two fingers, who had come first to the Admiral Benbow.

"Oh," I cried, "stop him! It's Black Dog!"

"Run and catch him," cried Silver.

One of the others who was nearest the door leaped up and started in pursuit.

"If he were Admiral Hawke he shall pay his score," cried Silver; and then, relinquishing my hand, "Who did you say he was?" he asked.

"Black what?"

"Dog, sir," said I. "Has Mr. Trelawney not told you of the buccaneers? He was one of them."

"So?" cried Silver. "In my house! One of those swabs, was he? Let's see—Black Dog? No,

I don't know the name. Yet I think I've—yes, I've seen the swab. He used to come here with a blind beggar."

"You may be sure," said I, "his name was Pew."

"It was!" cried Silver, now quite excited. "If we run down this Black Dog, now, there'll be news for Cap'n Trelawney!"

My suspicions had been reawakened on finding Black Dog at the Spy-glass, and I watched the cook narrowly. But he was too deep and clever for me, and by the time the men had come back and confessed that they lost the track in a crowd, and been scolded like thieves, I would have gone bail for the innocence of Long John Silver.

"See here, Hawkins," said he, "here's a blessed hard thing on a man like me, now, ain't it? There's Cap'n Trelawney—what's he to think? This won't do. Dooty is dooty, messmates. I'll put on my old cockerel hat, and step along of you to Cap'n Trelawney, and report this here affair."



On our walk, he made himself the most interesting companion, telling me about the different ships we passed by, their rig, tonnage, and nationality, explaining the work that was going forward, and telling me some little anecdote of seamen or repeating a nautical phrase till I had learned it perfectly. I began to see that he was one of the best of possible shipmates.

When we got to the inn, Long John told the story from first to last, with a great deal of spirit and the most perfect truth. "That was how it were, now, weren't it, Hawkins?" he would say, now and again, and I could always bear him entirely out.

The squire and the doctor regretted that Black Dog had got away, but we agreed there was nothing to be done, and after he had been complimented, Long John departed.

"Well, squire," said Dr. Livesey, "I don't put much faith in your discoveries, as a general thing; but I will say this, John Silver suits me."

"The man's a perfect trump," said the squire. ☠



CHAPTER 9

powder and arms

THE *HISPANIOLA* LAY SOME WAY OUT, and, at last, we got alongside, and were met and saluted as we stepped aboard by the mate, Mr. Arrow, a brown old sailor with earrings in his ears and a squint. He and the squire were very thick and friendly, but I soon observed that things were not the same between Mr. Trelawney and the captain.

This last was a sharp-looking man who seemed angry with everything on board and was soon to tell us why, for we had hardly got down into the cabin when a sailor followed us.

“Captain Smollett, sir, axing to speak with you,” said he.

“Well, Captain Smollett, what have you to say?” said the squire. “All shipshape and seaworthy?”

“Well, sir,” said the captain, “I don’t like this cruise; I don’t like the men; and I don’t like my officer. That’s short and sweet.”

“Possibly, sir, you may not like your employer, either?” says the squire.

Dr. Livesey cut in.

“Stay a bit,” said he, “stay a bit. No use of such questions as that but to produce ill feeling. I’m bound to say that I require an explanation of the captain’s words.”

“I learn we are going after treasure,” said the captain. “Now, treasure is ticklish work; I don’t like treasure voyages on any account, and I don’t like them, above all, when they are secret and when (begging your pardon, Mr. Trelawney) the secret has been told to the parrot.”



“Silver’s parrot?” asked the squire.

“Blabbed, I mean,” said the captain. “It’s my belief neither of you gentlemen know what you are about, but I’ll tell you my way of it—life or death.”

“That is all clear,” replied Dr. Livesey. “We take the risk, but we are not so ignorant as you believe us.”

“Well, gentlemen, are you determined to go on this cruise?” asked the captain.

“Like iron,” answered the squire.

“Very good,” said the captain. “They are putting the powder and the arms in the fore hold. You have a good place under the cabin; why not put them there? You are bringing four of your own people with you, and they tell me some of them are to be berthed forward. Why not give them the berths here beside the cabin? There’s been too much blabbing already. I’ll tell you what I’ve heard myself,” continued Captain Smollett: “that

you have a map of an island, that there’s crosses on the map to show where treasure is, and that the island lies —” And then he named the latitude and longitude exactly.

“I never told that,” cried the squire, “to a soul!”

“The hands know it, sir,” returned the captain.

“Livesey, that must have been you or Hawkins,” cried the squire.

“It doesn’t much matter who it was,” replied the doctor. And I could see that neither he nor the captain paid much regard to Mr. Trelawney’s protestations. Neither did I, to be sure, he was so loose a talker; yet in this case I believe he was really right and that nobody had told the situation of the island.

“You wish us to keep this matter dark,” said the doctor, “and to make a garrison of the stern part of the ship, manned with my friend’s own people, and provided with all the arms and powder on board. In other words, you fear a mutiny.”

"Doctor," said the captain, "you are smart. You'll find I do my duty."

And with that he took his leave.

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "contrary to all my notions, I believed you have managed to get two honest men on board with you—that man and John Silver."

"Silver, if you like," cried the squire; "but as for that intolerable humbug, I declare I think his conduct unmanly, unsailorly, and downright un-English."

When we came on deck, the men had begun already to take out the arms and powder, yo-ho-ing at their work, while the captain and Mr. Arrow stood by superintending.

We were all hard at work, changing the powder and the berths, when the last man or two, and Long John along with them, came off in a shore-boat.

"You may go below, my man," the captain said to him shortly. "Hands will want supper."



"Aye, aye, sir," answered the cook, and touching his forelock, he disappeared at once in the direction of his galley.

"That's a good man, captain," said the doctor.

"Very likely, sir," replied Captain Smollett. And then suddenly observing me, "Here you, ship's boy," he cried, "Off with you to the cook and get some work."

And then as I was hurrying off I heard him say, quite loudly, to the doctor, "I'll have no favourites on my ship."

I assure you I was quite of the squire's way of thinking, and hated the captain deeply. ☠



CHAPTER 10

the voyage

ALL THAT NIGHT WE WERE IN A GREAT BUSTLE getting things stowed in their place. We never had a night at the Admiral Benbow when I had half the work; and I was dog-tired when, a little before dawn, the boatswain sounded his pipe and the crew began to man the capstan-bars. I might have been twice as weary, yet I would not have left the deck, all was so new and interesting to me—the brief commands, the shrill note of the whistle, the men bustling to their places in the glimmer of the ship's lanterns.

Long John, who was standing by, with his

crutch under his arm, broke out in the air and words I knew so well: "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—" And then the whole crew bore chorus:—"Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

And at the third "Ho!" drove the bars before them with a will.

Even at that exciting moment it carried me back to the old Admiral Benbow, and I seemed to hear the voice of the captain piping in the chorus.

I am not going to relate that voyage in detail. The ship proved to be a good ship, the crew were capable seamen, and the captain thoroughly understood his business. But before we came the length of Treasure Island, two or three things had happened which require to be known.

Mr. Arrow, first of all, turned out even worse than the captain had feared. After a day or two at sea he began to appear on deck with hazy eye, red cheeks, stuttering tongue, and other marks of drunkenness.

Time after time he was ordered below in disgrace. In the meantime, we could never make out where he got the drink.

That was the ship's mystery.

He was not only useless as an officer and a bad influence amongst the men, but it was plain that at this rate he must soon kill himself outright, so nobody was much surprised, nor very sorry, when one dark night, with a head sea, he disappeared entirely.

And there we were, without a mate; and it was necessary, of course, to advance one of the men. The coxswain, Israel Hands, was a careful, wily, old, experienced seaman who could be trusted at a pinch with almost anything.

He was a great confidant of Long John Silver, and so the mention of his name leads me on to speak of our ship's cook, Barbecue, as the men called him.

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

was unweariedly kind, and always glad to see me in the galley, which he kept as clean as a new pin, the dishes hanging up burnished and his parrot in a cage in one corner.

“Come away, Hawkins,” he would say; “Have a yarn with John. Nobody more welcome than yourself. Here’s Cap’n Flint—I calls my parrot Cap’n Flint, after the famous buccaneer—predicting success to our v’yage.”

And the parrot would say, with great rapidity, “Pieces of eight!” till you wondered that it was not out of breath.

“Now, that bird,” he would say, “is, maybe, two hundred years old, Hawkins—they live forever mostly; and if anybody’s seen more wickedness, it must be the devil himself.”

In the meantime, the squire and Captain Smollett were still on pretty distant terms with one another. The squire made no bones about the matter; he despised the captain. The captain, on his part, never spoke but when he was spoken to, and then sharp and short and dry.

We had some heavy weather, which only proved the qualities of the *Hispaniola*. Every man on board seemed well content—it is my belief there was never a ship’s company so spoiled since Noah put to sea.

Double grog was going on the least excuse; there was duff on odd days, as, for instance, if the squire heard it was any man’s birthday, and always a barrel of apples standing broached in the waist for anyone to help himself that had a fancy.

“Never knew good come of it yet,” the captain said to Dr. Livesey.

“Spoil forecastle hands, make devils. That’s my belief.”

But good did come of the apple barrel, as you shall hear, for if it had not been for that, we should have had no note of warning and might all have perished by the hand of treachery.

We had run up the trades to get the wind of the island we were after — some time that night, we should sight the Treasure Island. The

Hispaniola rolled steadily, dipping her bowsprit now and then with a whiff of spray. Everyone was in the bravest spirits because we were now so near an end of the first part of our adventure.

Now, just after sundown, when all my work was over and I was on my way to my berth, it occurred to me that I should like an apple. I ran on deck and in I got bodily into the apple barrel, and found there was scarce an apple left; but sitting down there in the dark, what with the sound of the waters and the rocking movement of the ship, I was on the point of falling asleep when a heavy man sat down close by. The barrel shook as he leaned his shoulders against it, and I was just about to jump up when the man began to speak. It was Silver's voice, and before I had heard a dozen words, I would not have shown myself for all the world, but lay there, trembling and listening, in the extreme of fear and curiosity, for from these dozen words I understood that the lives of all the honest men aboard depended upon me alone. ☺





CHAPTER 11

what i heard in the apple barrel

"NO, NOT I," SAID SILVER. "Flint was cap'n; I was quartermaster, along of my timber leg. The same broadside I lost my leg, old Pew lost his deadlights."

"Ah!" cried another voice, that of the youngest hand on board, and evidently full of admiration. "He was the flower of the flock, was Flint!"

"Tain't earning now, it's saving does it, you may lay to that," said Silver. "Old Pew, as had lost his sight, spends twelve hundred pound in a year, like a lord in Parliament.

Where is he now? Well, he's dead now and under hatches; but for two year before that, shiver my timbers, the man was starving! He begged, and he stole, and he cut throats, and starved at that, by the powers!"

"Here it is about gentlemen of fortune. They lives rough, and they risk swinging, but they eat and drink like fighting-cocks, and when a cruise is done, why, it's hundreds of pounds instead of hundreds of farthings in their pockets. Now, the most goes for rum and a good fling, and to sea again in their shirts. But that's not the course I lay. I puts it all away, some here, some there, and none too much anywhere, by reason of suspicion."

"Well, I tell you," replied the lad, "I didn't half a quarter like the job till I had this talk with you, John; but there's my hand on it now."

By this time I had begun to understand the meaning of their terms. By a "gentleman



of fortune" they plainly meant neither more nor less than a common pirate, and the little scene that I had overheard was the last act in the corruption of one of the honest hands — perhaps of the last one left aboard. But on this point I was soon to be relieved, for Silver giving a little whistle, a third man strolled up and sat down by the party.

"Israel," said Silver, "here's what I say: you'll berth forward, and you'll live hard, and you'll speak soft, and you'll keep sober till I give the word."

"What I say is, when?" growled the coxswain.

"When! By the powers!" cried Silver. "The last moment I can manage, and that's when. Here's a first-rate seaman, Cap'n Smollett, sails the blessed ship for us. Here's this squire and doctor with a map and such — I don't know where it is, do I? This squire and doctor shall find the stuff, and help us to get it aboard. Then we'll see. If I was sure of

you all, sons of double Dutchmen, I'd have Cap'n Smollett navigate us half-way back again before I struck."

"Easy all, Long John," cried Israel. "Who's a-crossin' of you?"

"Why, how many tall ships, think ye, now, have I seen laid aboard? And how many brisk lads drying in the sun at Execution Dock?" cried Silver. "And all for this same hurry and hurry and hurry. You hear me? I seen a thing or two at sea, I have."

"But," asked Dick, "when we do lay 'em athwart, what are we to do with 'em, anyhow?" "That's what I call business," cried the cook admiringly. "Put 'em ashore like maroons? That would have been England's way. Or cut 'em down like that much pork? That would have been Flint's, or Billy Bones's."

"Billy was the man for that," said Israel. "'Dead men don't bite,' says he. Well, he's dead now hisself; he knows the long and short on it now; and if ever a rough hand

come to port, it was Billy."

"Right you are," said Silver; "rough and ready. But mark you here, this time it's serious. Dooty is dooty, mates. I give my vote—death! Only one thing I claim—I claim Trelawney. I'll wring his calf's head off his body with these hands, Dick!" he added, breaking off. "You just jump up, like a sweet lad, and get me an apple, to wet my pipe like."

You may fancy the terror I was in! I should have leaped out and run for it if I had found the strength, but my limbs and heart alike misgave me.

I heard Dick begin to rise, and then someone seemingly stopped him, and the voice of Hands exclaimed, "Oh, stow that! Don't you get sucking of that bilge, John. Let's have a go of the rum."

"Dick," said Silver, "I trust you. I've a gauge on the keg, mind. There's the key; you fill a pannikin and bring it up."

Terrified as I was, I could not help thinking to myself that this must have been how Mr. Arrow got the strong waters that destroyed him.

Dick was gone but a little while, and during his absence Israel spoke straight on in the cook's ear. I gathered some important news, for this whole clause was audible: "Not another man of them'll jine." Hence there were still faithful men on board.

When Dick returned, one after another of the trio took the pannikin and drank—one "To luck," another with a "Here's to old Flint," and Silver himself saying, in a kind of song, "Here's to ourselves, and hold your luff, plenty of prizes and plenty of duff."

Just then a sort of brightness fell upon me in the barrel, and looking up, I found the moon had risen and was silvering the mizzen-top and shining white on the luff of the fore-sail; and almost at the same time the voice of the lookout shouted, "Land ho" 



CHAPTER 12

council of war

THERE WAS A GREAT RUSH OF FEET across the deck, and slipping outside my barrel, I made a double towards the stern, and came out upon the open deck in time to join Dr. Livesey in the rush for the weather bow.

A belt of fog had lifted almost simultaneously with the appearance of the moon. Away to the south-west of us we saw two low hills, and rising behind one of them a third and higher hill, whose peak was still buried in the fog.

“And now, men,” said the captain, “has

any one of you ever seen that land ahead?"

"Yes, sir; Skeleton Island they calls it. It were a main place for pirates once. That hill to the nor'ard they calls the Fore-mast Hill; there are three hills in a row running south'ard—fore, main, and mizzen. But the main—that's the big un, with the cloud on it—they usually calls the Spy-glass."

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

Long John's eyes burned in his head as he took the chart, but by the fresh look of the paper I knew he was doomed to disappointment. This was not the map we found in Billy Bones's chest, but an accurate copy, complete in all things with the single exception of the red crosses and the written notes. Sharp as must have been his annoyance, Silver had the strength of mind to hide it.

"Yes, sir," said he, "this is the spot,

to be sure, and very prettily drawed out. Who might have done that, I wonder? The pirates were too ignorant, I reckon," says he.

I was surprised at the coolness with which John avowed his knowledge of the island, and I was half-frightened when I saw him drawing nearer to myself. He did not know that I had overheard his council from the apple barrel, and yet I had by this time taken such a horror of his cruelty, duplicity, and power that I could scarce conceal a shudder when he laid his hand upon my arm.

"Ah," says he, "this here is a sweet spot for a lad to get ashore on."

You'll bathe, and you'll climb trees, and you'll hunt goats, you will; and you'll get aloft on them hills like a goat yourself. It's a pleasant thing to be young and have ten toes. When you want to go a bit of exploring, you just ask old John, and he'll

put up a snack for you to take along."

Captain Smollett, the squire, and Dr. Livesey were talking together on the quarter-deck, and anxious as I was to tell them my story, I durst not interrupt them openly. While I was still casting about in my thoughts to find some probable excuse, Dr. Livesey called me, and as soon as I was near enough to not to be overheard, I broke immediately, "Doctor, get the captain and squire down to the cabin, and then make some pretence to send for me. I have terrible news." The doctor changed countenance a little, but next moment he was master of himself.

"Thank you, Jim," said he quite loudly, "that was all I wanted to know," as if he had asked me a question.

And with that he turned on his heel and rejoined the other two. They spoke together for a little, and though none of them so much as whistled, it was plain

enough that Dr. Livesey had communicated my request, for the next thing that I heard was the captain giving an order and all hands were piped on deck.

"My lads" said Captain Smollett, "I've a word to say to you. This land that we have

sighted is the place we have been sailing for. We are going below to the cabin to drink YOUR health and luck, and you'll have grog served out for you to drink OUR health and luck."

On the top of that the three gentlemen went below, and not long after, word was sent forward that Jim Hawkins was wanted in the cabin.

"Now, Hawkins," said the squire, "you have something to say. Speak up."

I did as I was bid and told the whole details of Silver's conversation.

And they made me sit down at table beside them, poured me out a glass of wine, and all three drank my good health and their service to me for my luck and courage.

"First point," said the captain, "we must go on, because we can't turn back. If I gave the word to go about, they would rise at once. Second point, we

have time before us—at least until this treasure's found.

Third point, there are faithful hands. Now, sir, it's got to come to blows sooner or later, and what I propose is to take time by the forelock, as the saying is, and come to blows some fine day when they least expect it."

"Jim here," said the doctor, "can help us more than anyone. The men are not shy with him, and Jim is a noticing lad."

"Hawkins, I put prodigious faith in you," added the squire.

I began to feel pretty desperate at this, for I felt altogether helpless; and yet, by an odd train of circumstances, it was indeed through me that safety came. In the meantime, there were only seven out of the twenty-six on whom we knew we could rely; and out of these seven one was a boy, so that the grown men on our side were six to their nineteen. ☠



CHAPTER 13

how my shore adventure began

THE APPEARANCE OF THE ISLAND when I came on deck next morning was altogether changed. A grey-coloured tint was broken up by streaks of yellow sand-break in the lower lands, and by many tall trees of the pine family, out-topping the others. The hills ran up clear above the vegetation in spires of naked rock. All were strangely shaped, and the Spy-glass was the strangest in configuration, running up sheer and then suddenly cut off at the top like a pedestal to put a statue on.

The *Hispaniola* was rolling scuppers under in the ocean swell. The booms were tearing at the blocks, the rudder was banging to and fro, and the whole ship creaking, groaning, and jumping like a manufactory. I had to cling tight, and the world turned giddily before my eyes.

Although the sun shone bright and hot, and the shore birds were fishing and crying all around us, and you would have thought anyone would have been glad to get to land after being so long at sea, my heart sank, as the saying is, into my boots; and from the first look onward, I hated the very thought of Treasure Island.

The heat was sweltering, and the men grumbled fiercely over their work. I thought this was a very bad sign, for up to that day the men had gone briskly and willingly about their business; but the very sight of the island had relaxed the cords of discipline.

The place was entirely land-locked, buried in woods, the trees coming right down to the high-water mark, the shores mostly flat, and the hilltops standing round at a distance in a sort of amphitheatre. Two little rivers, or rather two swamps, emptied out into this pond; and the foliage round that part of the shore had a kind of poisonous brightness. From the ship we could see nothing of the house or stockade, for they were quite buried among trees; and if it had not been for the chart, we might have been the first that had ever anchored there since the island arose out of the seas.

There was not a breath of air moving. A peculiar stagnant smell hung over the anchorage—a smell of sodden leaves and rotting tree trunks.

I observed the doctor sniffing and sniffing, like someone tasting a bad egg.

“I don’t know about treasure,” he said,

"but I'll stake my wig there's fever here."

If the conduct of the men had been alarming in the boat, it became truly threatening when they had come back aboard. They lay about the deck growling together in talk. The slightest order was received with a black look and grudgingly and carelessly obeyed. Mutiny, it was plain, hung over us like a thunder-cloud.

And it was not only we of the cabin party who perceived the danger. Long John was hard at work going from group to group, spending himself in good advice. If an order were given, John would be on his crutch in an instant, with the cheeriest "Aye, aye, sir!" in the world; and when there was nothing else to do, he kept up one song after another, as if to conceal the discontent of the rest.

Of all the gloomy features of that gloomy afternoon, this obvious anxiety on the part of Long John appeared the worst.

We held a council in the cabin.

"Sir," said the captain, "if I risk another order, the whole ship'll come about our ears by the run. I get a rough answer, do I not? If I speak back, pikes will be going in two shakes; if I don't, Silver will see there's something under that, and the game's up. Now, we've only one man to rely on: Silver. He's as anxious as you and I to smother things up. Let's allow the men an afternoon ashore. If some go, Silver'll bring 'em aboard again as mild as lambs."

It was so decided, and the captain went on deck and addressed the crew.

"My lads," said he, "we've had a hot day and are all tired and out of sorts. A turn ashore'll hurt nobody—the boats are still in the water; as many as please may go ashore for the afternoon."

I believe the silly fellows must have thought they would break their shins

over treasure as soon as they were landed, for they all came out of their sulks in a moment and gave a cheer that started the echo in a faraway hill and sent the birds once more flying and squalling round the anchorage.

The captain was too bright to be in the way. He whipped out of sight in a moment, leaving Silver to arrange the party. Had he been on deck, he could no longer so much as have pretended not to understand the situation. It was as plain as day. Silver was the captain, and a mighty rebellious crew he had of it.

Then it was that there came into my head the first of the mad notions that contributed so much to save our lives: it occurred to me to go ashore. In a jiffy, I had slipped over the side and curled up in the foresheets of the nearest boat, and almost at the same moment she shoved off.

No one took notice of me, only the bow oar saying, "Is that you, Jim? Keep your head down." But Silver, from the other boat, looked sharply over and called out to know if that were me; and from that moment I began to regret what I had done.

The crews raced for the beach, but the boat I was in shot far ahead of her consort, and the bow had struck among the shore-side trees and I had caught a branch and swung myself out and plunged into the nearest thicket while Silver and the rest were still a hundred yards behind.

"Jim, Jim!" I heard him shouting. But I paid no heed; jumping, ducking, and breaking through, I ran straight before my nose till I could run no longer. ☺



CHAPTER 14

the first blow

I WAS SO PLEASED AT HAVING GIVEN the slip to Long John that I began to enjoy myself and look around me with interest on the strange land.

The isle was uninhabited; nothing lived in front of me but dumb brutes and fowls. Here and there were flowering plants, unknown to me; here and there I saw snakes.

I came to a long thicket of oaklike trees, which grew along the sand like brambles, the boughs curiously twisted, the foliage compact, like thatch. The marsh was

steaming in the strong sun.

All at once there was a bustle among the bulrushes; a wild duck flew up with a quack; soon over the whole surface of the marsh a great cloud of birds hung screaming and circling in the air. I judged at once that some of my shipmates must be drawing near. Soon I heard the distant and low tones of a human voice.

The least I could do was to overhear them at their councils; my plain and obvious duty was to draw as close as I could manage, under the favourable ambush of the crouching trees.

Crawling on all fours, I made steadily towards them, till I could see where Long John Silver and another of the crew stood in conversation.

“Silver,” said the other man, “you’re old, and you’re honest, or has the name for it; and you’ve money too, which lots of poor sailors hasn’t; and you’re brave, or



I'm mistook. And will you tell me you'll let yourself be led away with that kind of a mess of swabs? Not you! I'd sooner lose my hand. If I turn agin my dooty—”

And then all of a sudden he was interrupted by a noise. Far away out in the marsh there arose a sound like the cry of anger and one horrid, long-drawn scream. The rocks of the Spy-glass re-echoed it a score of times; the whole troop of marsh-birds rose again, darkening heaven, with a simultaneous whirr; and long after that death yell was still ringing in my brain, silence had re-established its empire, and only the rustle of the redescending birds and the boom of the distant surges disturbed the languor of the afternoon.

Tom had leaped at the sound, like a horse at the spur, but Silver had not winked an eye.

“John!” said the sailor, “What was that?”
“That?” returned Silver, smiling away,

but warier than ever, his eye a mere pinpoint in his big face, but gleaming like a crumb of glass.

“That? Oh, I reckon that'll be Alan.”

“Alan!” he cried. “Then rest his soul for a true seaman! And as for you, John Silver, long you've been a mate of mine, but you're mate of mine no more. If I die like a dog, I'll die in my dooty. You've killed Alan, have you? Kill me too, if you can. But I defies you.” And with that, this brave fellow turned his back directly on the cook and set off walking for the beach. With a cry John seized the branch of a tree, whipped the crutch out of his armpit, and sent that uncouth missile hurtling through the air. It struck poor Tom right between the shoulders in the middle of his back. His hands flew up, he gave a sort of gasp, and fell.

His back was broken on the spot. Silver was on the top of him next moment and

had twice buried his knife up to the hilt in that defenceless body.

The monster pulled himself together, his crutch under his arm, his hat upon his head. Everything else was unchanged, the sun still shining mercilessly on the steaming marsh and the tall pinnacle of the mountain, and I could scarce persuade myself that murder had been actually done and a human life cruelly cut short a moment since before my eyes.

But now John put his hand into his pocket and blew upon a whistle several modulated blasts that rang far across the heated air. It instantly awoke my fears: more men would be coming. I might be discovered. They had already slain two of the honest people; might not I come next?

I began to crawl back to the more open portion of the wood. As I did so, sounds of danger lent me wings. As soon as I was clear of the thicket, I ran as I never ran

before, scarce minding the direction of my flight, so long as it led me from the murderers; and as I ran, fear grew upon me until it turned into a kind of frenzy.

Could anyone be more lost than I? When the gun fired, how should I dare to go down to the boats among those fiends? Would not my absence itself be an evidence to them of my alarm, and therefore of my fatal knowledge? It was all over. Good-bye to the *Hispaniola*; good-bye to the squire, the doctor, and the captain! There was nothing left for me but death by starvation or by the hands of the mutineers.

All this while, I was still running and had come to where the air smelt more freshly than down beside the marsh.

And here a fresh alarm brought me to a standstill with a thumping heart. ☩



CHAPTER 15

the man of the island

FROM THE SIDE OF THE HILL, a spout of gravel fell rattling and bounding through the trees. I saw a figure leap behind a pine. What it was, whether bear or man or monkey, I couldn't tell.

I was now cut off upon both sides; behind me the murderers, before me this lurking nondescript. And immediately I began to prefer the dangers that I knew to those I knew not. Silver himself appeared less terrible in contrast with this creature of the woods, and I began to retrace my steps.

From trunk to trunk the creature flitted like a deer, running manlike on two legs, but

unlike any man that I had ever seen, stooping almost double as it ran.

I began to recall what I had heard of cannibals. But the mere fact that he was a man, however wild, had reassured me, and my fear of Silver began to revive in proportion. The recollection of my pistol flashed into my mind and I set my face resolutely for this man of the island and walked briskly towards him.

He must have been watching me, for as soon as I began to move in his direction he appeared and took a step to meet me, threw himself on his knees, and held out his clasped hands in supplication.

“Who are you?” I asked.

“Ben Gunn,” he answered, and his voice sounded hoarse and awkward, like a rusty lock, “and I haven’t spoke with a Christian in three years.”

I could now see that he was a white man like myself and that his features were pleasing. His skin, wherever it was exposed, was burnt

by the sun; even his lips were black, and his fair eyes were startling in so dark a face. He was clothed with tatters of old ship’s canvas and old sea-cloth. About his waist he wore an old leather belt—one thing solid in his whole accoutrement.

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

“Nay, mate,” said he; “marooned.”

I had heard the word, and I knew it stood for a horrible kind of punishment common among the buccaneers, in which the offender is put ashore with a little powder and shot and left behind on some desolate and distant island.

“Marooned three years agone,” he continued, “and lived on goats since then, and berries, and oysters. But my heart is sore for a Christian diet. You mightn’t happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now?”

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

“If ever you can get aboard again?” he

repeated. “Why, who’s to hinder you? What do you call yourself, mate?”

“Jim,” I told him.

“Well, now, Jim, I’m rich.”

I now felt sure that the poor fellow had gone crazy in his solitude, and I must have shown the feeling in my face, for he repeated the statement hotly: “Rich! I says. And I’ll tell you what: I’ll make a man of you, Jim. Ah, Jim, you’ll bless your stars you was the first that found me!”

And at this there came suddenly a lowering shadow over his face, and he tightened his grasp upon my hand and raised a forefinger threateningly before my eyes.

“Now, Jim, you tell me true: that ain’t Flint’s ship?” he asked.

“It’s not Flint’s ship, and Flint is dead; but there are some of Flint’s hands aboard.”

“Not a man with one leg?” he gasped.

“Silver?” I asked.

“Ah, Silver!” says he. “That were his name.”

I told him the whole story of our voyage and the predicament in which we found ourselves. When I had done he patted me on the head.

“You’re a good lad, Jim,” he said; “and you’re all in a clove hitch. Would you think it likely that your squire would prove a liberal-minded one in case of help? Would he likely come down to the toon of, say one thousand pounds of money that’s as good as a man’s own already?”

“I am sure he would,” said I. “As it was, all hands were to share.”

“AND a passage home?” he added with a look of great shrewdness.

“Why,” I cried, “if we got rid of the others, we should want you to help work

the vessel home."

"Ah," said he, "so you would." And he seemed very much relieved.

"Now, I'll tell you what," he went on. "I were in Flint's ship when he buried the treasure; he and six strong seamen. One fine day here come Flint by himself in a little boat. There he was and the six all dead — dead and buried. How he done it, not a man aboard us could make out. It was battle, murder, and sudden death—him against six. Billy Bones was the mate; Long John, he was quartermaster; and they asked him where the treasure was. "Ah," says he, "you can go ashore, if you like, and stay," he says.

"I was in another ship three years back, and we sighted this island."

"Boys," said I, "here's Flint's treasure; let's land and find it." Twelve days they looked for it, until one fine morning all hands went aboard. "As for you, Benjamin Gunn," says they, "here's a musket, a spade, and pickaxe.

You can stay here and find Flint's money for yourself," they says.

"Three years have I been here."

"Well," I said, "how am I to get on board?"

"Ah," said he, "that's the hitch, for sure. Well, there's my boat, that I made with my two hands. I keep her under the white rock. If the worst come to the worst, we might try that after dark. "Hi!" he broke out.

"What's that?"

For just then, although the sun had still an hour or two to run, all the echoes of the island awoke and bellowed to the thunder of a cannon.

"They have begun to fight!" I cried.

And I began to run towards the anchorage, my terrors all forgotten, while close at my side the marooned man in his goatskins trotted easily and lightly.

Not a quarter of a mile in front of me, I beheld the Union Jack flutter in the air above a wood. ☺



CHAPTER 16

how the ship was abandoned

narrative continued by the doctor

IT WAS ABOUT HALF PAST ONE that the two boats went ashore from the *Hispaniola*. Had there been a breath of wind, we should have fallen on the six mutineers who were left aboard with us, slipped our cable, and away to sea. But the wind was wanting; and to complete our helplessness, Jim Hawkins had gone ashore with the rest.

It never occurred to us to doubt Jim Hawkins, but we were alarmed for his

safety. With the men in the temper they were in, it seemed an even chance if we should see the lad again. The pitch was bubbling in the seams; the nasty stench of the place turned me sick; if ever a man smelt fever and dysentery, it was in that abominable anchorage. The six scoundrels were sitting grumbling under a sail in the forecastle; one of them was whistling "Lillibullero."

Waiting was a strain, and it was decided that Hunter and I should go ashore with the jolly-boat in quest of information.

The gigs had leaned to their right, but Hunter and I pulled straight in, in the direction of the stockade upon the chart. There was a bend in the coast and even before we landed we had lost sight of the gigs. I jumped out and had not gone a hundred yards when I reached the stockade.

A spring of clear water rose almost

at the top of a knoll. There was a stout loghouse fit to hold two score of people and loopholed for musketry. All round this they had cleared a wide space, and then the thing was completed by a paling six feet high, without door or opening.

The people in the log-house had them in every way; they stood quiet in shelter and shot the others like partridges. All they wanted was a good watch and food; for, short of a complete surprise, they might have held the place against a regiment.

What particularly took my fancy was the spring. For though we had a good enough place of it in the cabin of the *Hispaniola*, with plenty of arms and ammunition, and things to eat, and excellent wines, there had been one thing overlooked—we had no water. I was thinking this over when there came ringing over the island the cry of a man at the point of death. "Jim Hawkins is gone," was my first thought.

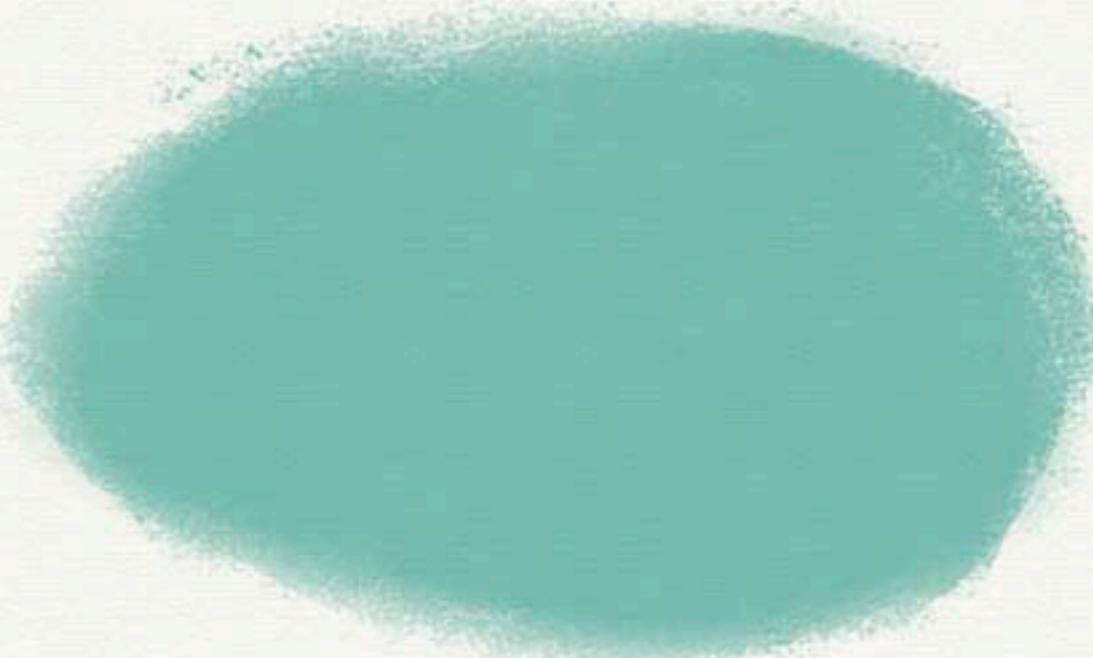
It is something to have been an old soldier, but more still to have been a doctor. There is no time to dilly-dally in our work. And so now I made up my mind instantly, and with no time lost returned to the shore and jumped on board the jolly-boat.

We made the water fly, and I was soon aboard the schooner. I told my plan to the captain. We put old Redruth in the gallery between the cabin and the forecastle, with three or four loaded muskets and a mattress for protection and set to work loading the jolly-boat.

In the meantime, the squire and the captain stayed on deck, and the latter hailed the coxswain, who was the principal man aboard.

“Mr. Hands,” he said, “here are two of us with a brace of pistols each. If any one of you six make a signal, that man’s dead.”

They were a good deal taken aback,



and after a little consultation one and all tumbled down the fore companion, and we heard no more, for the time, of these six very faint-hearted seamen.

By this time, we had the jolly-boat loaded as much as we dared.

We had soon touched land in the same place as before and set to provision the block house. All three made the first journey, heavily laden, and tossed our

stores over the palisade. So we proceeded without pausing to take breath, till the whole cargo was bestowed.

That we should have risked a second boat load seems more daring than it really was. They had the advantage of numbers, of course, but we had the advantage of arms.

The squire was waiting for me at the stern window. We fell to loading the boat for our very lives. Pork, powder, and biscuit was the cargo, with only a musket and a cutlass apiece for the squire and me and Redruth and the captain. The rest of the arms and powder we dropped overboard, so that we could see the bright steel shining far below us in the sun, on the clean, sandy bottom.

By this time the tide was beginning to ebb, and the ship was swinging round to her anchor. Voices were heard faintly hallooing in the direction of the two gigs,

and it warned our party to be off.

"Now, men," said Captain Smollett, "do you hear me? It's to you, Abraham Gray, I am speaking. I am leaving this ship, and I order you to follow your captain. I know you are a good man at bottom, and I dare say not one of the lot of you's as bad as he makes out. I have my watch here in my hand; I give you thirty seconds to join me in. I'm risking my life and the lives of these good gentlemen every second."

There was a sudden scuffle, a sound of blows, and out burst Abraham Gray with a knife cut on the side of the cheek, and came running to the captain like a dog to the whistle.

"I'm with you, sir," said he.

And the next moment he and the captain had dropped aboard of us, and we had shoved off and given way.

We were clear out of the ship, but not yet ashore in our stockade. ☠



CHAPTER 17

the jolly-boat's last trip

narrative continued by the doctor

THIS FIFTH TRIP WAS QUITE DIFFERENT from any of the others. In the first place, the boat was gravely overloaded. Five grown men was more than she was meant to carry; add to that the powder, pork, and breadbags.

Several times we shipped a little water, and my breeches and the tails of my coat were all soaking wet before we had gone a hundred yards.

The captain made us trim the boat, and we got her to lie a little more evenly. All the same,

we were afraid to breathe.

In the second place, the ebb was now making—a strong rippling current running westward through the basin. If we let the current have its way we should come ashore beside the gigs, where the pirates might appear at any moment.

"I cannot keep her head for the stockade," said I to the captain. "The tide keeps washing her down."

"You must bear up until you see you're gaining," said he.

I tried and found by experiment that the tide kept sweeping us westward until I had laid her head due east, or just about right angles to the way we ought to go.

"We'll never get ashore at this rate," said I.

"If it's the only course that we can lie, we must even lie it," returned the captain.

"The current's less a'ready, sir," said the man Gray, who was sitting in the fore-sheets; "you can ease her off a bit."



"Thank you, my man," said I, quite as if nothing had happened, for we had all quietly made up our minds to treat him like one of ourselves.

Suddenly the captain spoke up again, and I thought his voice was a little changed. "The gun!" said he. "Look astern, doctor!"

We had entirely forgotten the long nine; and there, to our horror, were the five rogues busy about her. Not only that, but it flashed into my mind at the same moment that the round-shot and the powder for the gun had been left behind, and a stroke with an axe would put it all into the possession of the evil ones abroad.

"Israel was Flint's gunner," said Gray hoarsely.

At any risk, we put the boat's head direct for the landing-place. But with the course I now held we turned our broadside instead of our stern to the Hispaniola and offered a target like a barn door.

I could hear as well as see that brandy-faced rascal Israel Hands plumping down a round-shot on the deck.

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

"Mr. Trelawney, out and away," said I.

"Mr. Trelawney, pick me off one of these men. Hands, if possible," said the captain.

Trelawney was as cool as steel. He looked to the priming of his gun.

"Now," cried the captain, "easy with that gun, sir, or you'll swamp the boat. All hands stand by to trim her when he aims."

The squire raised his gun, the rowing ceased, and we leaned over to the other side to keep the balance, and all was so nicely contrived that we did not ship a drop.

They had the gun, by this time, slewed round upon the swivel, and Hands, who was at the muzzle with the rammer, was the most exposed. However, we had no luck, for just as Trelawney fired, down he stooped, the ball whistled over him, and it was one of the other four who fell.

The cry he gave was echoed not only by his companions on board but by a great number of voices from the shore, and looking in that direction I saw the other pirates trooping out

from among the trees and tumbling into their places in the boats.

“Only one of the gigs is being manned, sir,” I said; “the crew of the other most likely going round by shore to cut us off.”

“It’s not them I mind,” returned the captain, “it’s the round-shot. My lady’s maid couldn’t miss us. Tell us, squire, when you see the match, and we’ll hold water.”

In the meanwhile, we had been making headway at a good pace for a boat so overloaded, and we had shipped but little water in the process. We were now close in; thirty or forty strokes and we should beach her. The one source of danger was the gun.

“Stop and pick off another man,” said the captain.

But it was plain that they meant nothing should delay their shot. They had never so much as looked at their fallen comrade, though he was not dead, and I could see him trying to crawl away.

“Ready!” cried the squire.

“Hold!” cried the captain, quick as an echo.

And he and Redruth backed with a great heave that sent her stern bodily under water. The report fell in at the same instant of time. This was the first that Jim heard, the sound of the squire’s shot not having reached him. Where the ball passed, not one of us precisely knew, but I fancy it must have been over our heads and that the wind of it may have contributed to our disaster.

The boat sank by the stern, quite gently, and we could wade ashore in safety. But there were all our stores at the bottom, and to make things worse, only two guns out of five remained in a state for service. Mine I had snatched from my knees and held over my head, by a sort of instinct.

To add to our concern, we heard voices already drawing near us in the woods along shore.

We waded ashore as fast as we could, leaving behind us the poor jolly-boat and a good half of all our powder and provisions. ☺



CHAPTER 18

End of the first day's fighting

narrative continued by the doctor

EVERY STEP WE TOOK THE VOICES of the buccaneers rang nearer. We could hear their footfalls as they ran and the cracking of the branches as they breasted across a bit of thicket.

“Captain,” said I, “Trelawney is the dead shot. Give him your gun; his own is useless.”

They exchanged guns, and Trelawney, silent and cool as he had been since the

beginning of the bustle, hung a moment on his heel to see that all was fit for service. At the same time, observing Gray to be unarmed, I handed him my cutlass. It did all our hearts good to see him spit in his hand, knit his brows, and make the blade sing through the air. It was plain from every line of his body that our new hand was worth his salt.

Forty paces farther we came to the edge of the wood and saw the stockade in front of us. We struck the enclosure and seven mutineers appeared in full cry.

They paused as if taken aback, and before they recovered, we had time to fire. The four shots came in a scattering volley, but they did the business: one of them fell and the rest, without hesitation, turned and plunged into the trees.

After reloading, we walked down the palisade to see to the fallen enemy. He was

stone dead—shot through the heart.

We began to rejoice over our good success when just at that moment a pistol cracked in the bush, a ball whistled close past my ear, and poor Tom Redruth stumbled and fell. Both the squire and I returned the shot, but had nothing to aim at, and we turned our attention to poor Tom.

Poor old fellow, he had not uttered one word of surprise, complaint, fear, or even acquiescence from the very beginning of our troubles till now, when we had laid him down in the log-house to die. He had lain like a Trojan behind his mattress in the gallery; he had followed every order silently, doggedly, and well; he was the oldest of our party by a score of years; and now, sullen, old, serviceable servant, it was he that was to die.

The squire dropped down beside him

on his knees and kissed his hand, crying like a child.

"Be I going, doctor?" he asked.

"Tom, my man," said I, "you're going home."

After a little while of silence, he said he thought somebody might read a prayer. "It's the custom, sir," he added apologetically. And not long after, without another word, he passed away.

In the meantime the captain had turned out a great many various stores—the British colours, a Bible, a coil of stoutish rope, pen, ink, the log-book, and pounds of tobacco. He had found a fir-tree lying felled and trimmed in the enclosure and had set it up at the corner of the log-house and run up the colours.

This seemed mightily to relieve him. He re-entered the log-house and set about counting up the stores as if nothing else

existed. But he had an eye on Tom's passage, and as soon as all was over, came forward with another flag and reverently spread it on the body.

"Dr. Livesey," he said, "in how many weeks do you and squire expect the consort?"

I told him it was a question not of weeks but of months. "I should say we were pretty close hauled," returned the captain, scratching his head; "It's a pity we lost that second load. As for powder and shot, we'll do. But the rations are short—so short, Dr. Livesey, that we're perhaps as well without that extra mouth."

And he pointed to the dead body under the flag.

Just then, with a roar and a whistle, a round-shot passed high above the roof of the log-house and plumped far beyond us

in the wood.

“Captain,” said the squire, “the house is quite invisible from the ship. It must be the flag they are aiming at. Would it not be wiser to take it in?”

“Strike my colours!” cried the captain. “No, sir, not I”; and as soon as he had said the words, I think we all agreed with him. For it was not only a piece of stout, seamanly, good feeling; it was good policy besides and showed our enemies that we despised their cannonade.

All through the evening they kept thundering away. Ball after ball flew over or fell short or kicked up the sand in the enclosure, but they had to fire so high that the shot fell dead and buried itself in the soft sand.

The captain sat down to his log, and here is the beginning of the entry:

Alexander Smollett, master; David Livesey, ship’s doctor; Abraham Gray,

carpenter’s mate; John Trelawney, owner; John Hunter and Richard Joyce, owner’s servants, landsmen—being all that is left faithful of the ship’s company—with stores for ten days at short rations, came ashore this day and flew British colours on the loghouse in Treasure Island. Thomas Redruth, owner’s servant, landsman, shot by the mutineers; James Hawkins, cabin-boy—At the same time, I was wondering over poor Jim Hawkins’ fate.

A hail on the land side.

“Somebody hailing us,” said Hunter, who was on guard.

“Doctor! Squire! Captain! Hullo, Hunter, is that you?” came the cries.

And I ran to the door in time to see Jim Hawkins, safe and sound, come climbing over the stockade. ♣



CHAPTER 19

the garrison in the stockade

narrative continued by the doctor

AS SOON AS BEN GUNN SAW THE COLOURS he came to a halt, stopped me by the arm, and sat down.

“Now,” said he, “there’s your friends, sure enough.”

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

“That!” he cried. “Why, in a place like this, where nobody puts in but gen’lemen of fortune, Silver would fly the Jolly

Roger. No, that's your friends and here they are ashore in the old stockade, as was made years and years ago by Flint. Barring rum, his match were never seen. He were afraid of none, not he; on'y Silver."

"Well," said I, "all the more reason that I should hurry on and join my friends."

"Nay, mate," returned Ben, "rum wouldn't bring me there, where you're going—not till I see your born gen'leman and gets it on his word of honour. And when Ben Gunn is wanted, you know where to find him, Jim. And him that comes is to have a white thing in his hand, and he's to come alone."

"Well," said I, "I believe I understand."

Here he was interrupted by a loud report, and a cannonball came tearing through the trees and pitched in the sand not a hundred yards from where we two were talking. The next moment each of

us had taken to his heels in a different direction.

For a good hour to come frequent reports shook the island, and balls kept crashing through the woods. I moved from hiding-place to hidingplace, always pursued, or so it seemed to me, by these terrifying missiles.

The *Hispaniola* still lay where she had anchored; but, sure enough, there was the Jolly Roger—the black flag of piracy—flying from her peak. Even as I looked, there came another red flash and another report that sent the echoes clattering, and one more round-shot whistled through the air. It was the last of the cannonade.

Men were demolishing something with axes on the beach near the stockade—the poor jolly-boat, I afterwards discovered. Away, near the mouth of the river, a great fire was glowing among the trees, and between that point and the ship

one of the gigs kept coming and going, the men, whom I had seen so gloomy, shouting at the oars like children. But there was a sound in their voices which suggested rum.

I skirted among the woods until I was warmly welcomed by my faithful party.

All hands were called up before Captain Smollett, and he divided us into watches. The doctor and Gray and I for one; the squire, Hunter, and Joyce upon the other. Tired though we all were, two were sent out for firewood; two more were set to dig a grave for Redruth; the doctor was named cook; I was put sentry at the door; and the captain himself went from one to another, keeping up our spirits and lending a hand wherever it was wanted.

From time to time the doctor came to the door for a little air and to rest his eyes, which were almost smoked out of his head, and whenever he did so, he had

a word for me.

One time he came and asked, "Is this Ben Gunn a man?"

"I am not very sure whether he's sane," said I.

"If there's any doubt about the matter, he is," returned the doctor. "A man who has been three years biting his nails on a desert island, Jim, can't expect to appear as sane as you or me. Was it cheese you said he had a fancy for?"

"Yes, sir, cheese," I answered.

"Well, Jim," says he, "you've seen my snuff-box, haven't you? And you never saw me take snuff, the reason being that in my snuff-box I carry a piece of Parmesan cheese. Well, that's for Ben Gunn!"

Before supper was eaten we buried old Tom in the sand and stood round him for a while bare-headed in the breeze. When we had eaten our pork and each had a good stiff glass of brandy grog, the three

chiefs got together in a corner to discuss our prospects.

It appears they were at their wits' end what to do, the stores being so low that we must have been starved into surrender long before help came. But our best hope, it was decided, was to kill off the buccaneers until they either hauled down their flag or ran away with the Hispaniola. From nineteen they were already reduced to fifteen, two others were wounded, and one at least severely wounded, if he were not dead. Every time we had a crack at them, we were to take it, saving our own lives, with the extremest care. And besides that, we had two able allies—rum and the climate.

As for the first, though we were about half a mile away, we could hear them roaring and singing late into the night; and as for the second, the doctor staked his wig that, camped where they were in

the marsh and unprovided with remedies, the half of them would be on their backs before a week.

"So," he added, "if we are not all shot down first they'll be glad to be packing in the schooner."

"First ship that ever I lost," said Captain Smollett.

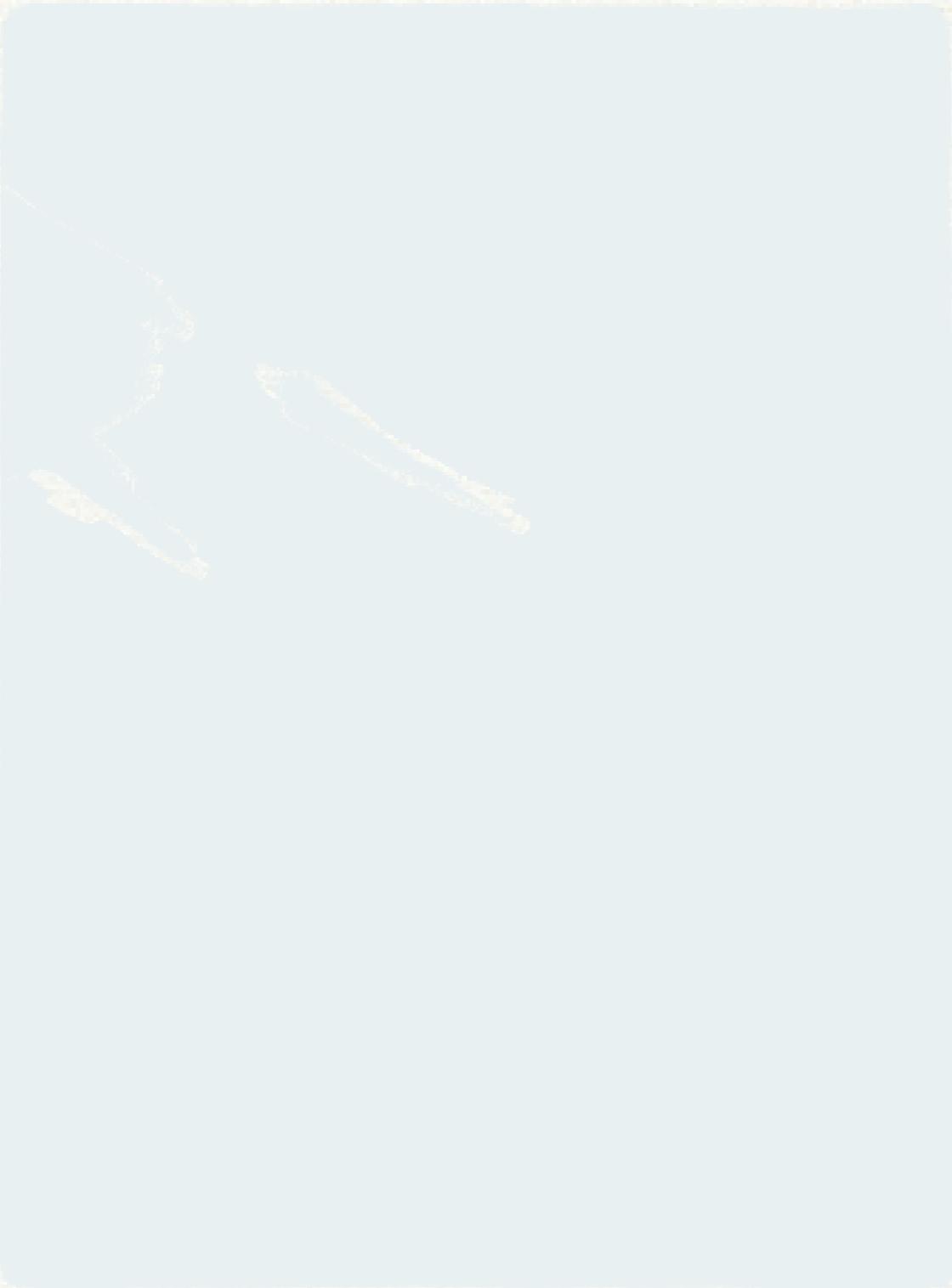
I was dead tired and when I got to sleep, which was not till after a great deal of tossing, I slept like a log of wood.

The rest had long been up and had already breakfasted and increased the pile of firewood by about half as much again when I was wakened by a bustle and the sound of voices.

"Flag of truce!" I heard someone say; and then, immediately after, with a cry of surprise, "Silver himself!"

And at that, up I jumped, and rubbing my eyes, ran to a loophole in the wall. ☺

CHAPTER 20



silver's embassy

SURE ENOUGH, THERE WERE TWO MEN just outside the stockade, one of them waving a white cloth, the other, no less a person than Silver himself, standing placidly by, knee-deep in a low white vapour that had crawled during the night. The chill and the vapour taken together told a poor tale of the island. It was plainly a damp, feverish, unhealthy spot.

“Keep indoors, men,” said the captain.

“Ten to one this is a trick.”

Then he hailed the buccaneer.

“Who goes? Stand, or we fire.”

“Flag of truce,” cried Silver.

The captain turned and spoke to us, "Doctor's watch on the lookout. Dr. Livesey take the north side, if you please; Jim, the east; Gray, west."

And then he turned again to the mutineers.

"And what do you want with your flag of truce?" he cried.

This time it was the other man who replied.

"Cap'n Silver, sir, to come on board and make terms," he shouted.

"Cap'n Silver! Don't know him. Who's he?" cried the captain. And we could hear him adding to himself, "Cap'n, is it? My heart, and here's promotion!"

Long John answered for himself. "These poor lads have chosen me cap'n, after your desertion, sir"—laying a particular emphasis upon the word "desertion."

"My man," said Captain Smollett, "I have not the slightest desire to talk to you. If you

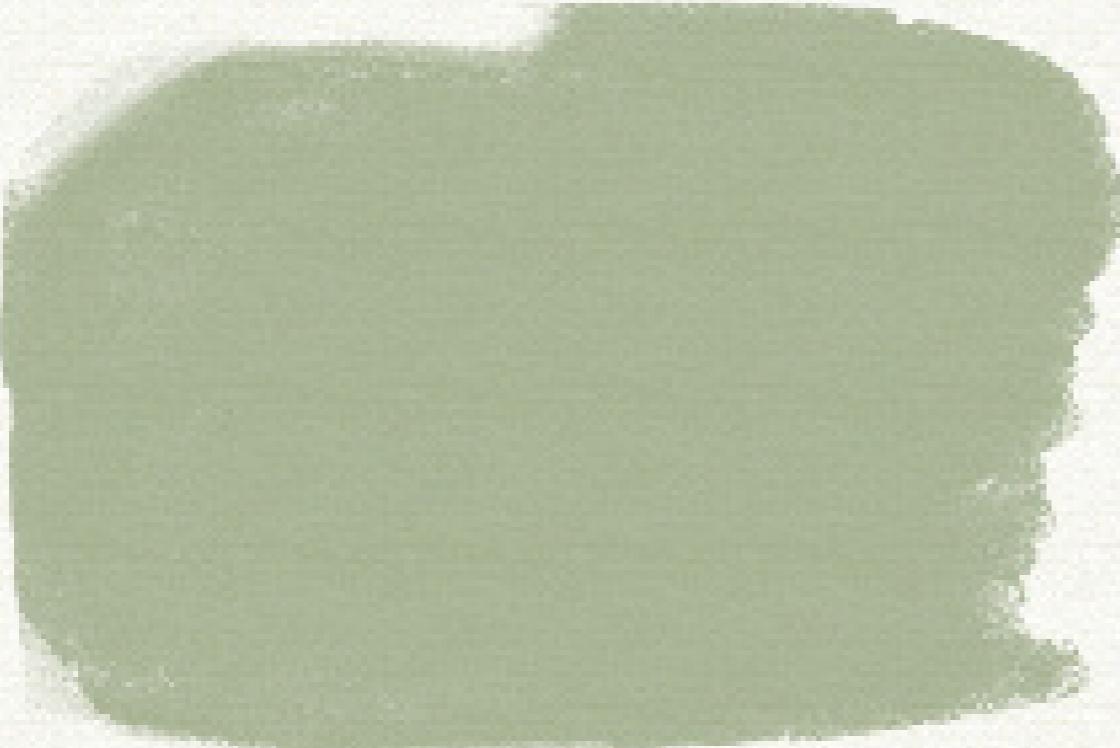
wish to talk to me, you can come, that's all."

Silver advanced to the stockade, threw over his crutch, got a leg up, and with great vigour and skill succeeded in surmounting the fence and dropping safely to the other side.

I was far too much taken up with what was going on to be of the slightest use as sentry; indeed, I had already deserted my eastern loophole and crept up behind the captain.

Silver had terrible hard work getting up the knoll. What with the steepness of the incline, the thick tree stumps, and the soft sand, he and his crutch were as helpless as a ship in stays. But he stuck to it and at last arrived before the captain, whom he saluted in the handsomest style. He was tricked out in his best; an immense blue coat, thick with brass buttons, hung as low as to his knees, and a fine laced hat was set on the back of his head.

"Here you are, my man," said the captain,



raising his head. “You’re either my ship’s cook or Cap’n Silver, a common mutineer and pirate, and then you can go hang! If you have anything to say, my man, better say it,” said the captain.

“Well, here it is,” said Silver. “We want that treasure, and we’ll have it!

You would just as soon save your lives, I

reckon; and that’s yours. You have a chart, haven’t you? We want your chart. Now, I never meant you no harm, myself.”

“That won’t do with me, my man,” interrupted the captain. “We know exactly what you meant to do, and we don’t care, for now, you see, you can’t do it.”

Silver filled a pipe and lighted it; and the two men sat silently smoking for quite a while, now looking each other in the face, now stopping their tobacco, now leaning forward to spit.

“Now,” resumed Silver, “here it is. You give us the chart to get the treasure by and we’ll offer you a choice. Either you come aboard along of us, once the treasure shipped, and then I’ll give you my affy-davy, upon my word of honour, to clap you somewhere safe ashore. Or if that ain’t to your fancy, then you can stay here, you can. We’ll divide stores with you, man for man; and I’ll give my affy-davy, as before to speak

the first ship I sight, and send ‘em here to pick you up.”

Captain Smollett rose from his seat and knocked out the ashes of his pipe in the palm of his left hand.

“Is that all?” he asked.

“Every last word, by thunder!” answered John. “Refuse that, and you’ve seen the last of me but musket-balls.”

“Very good,” said the captain. “Now you’ll hear me. If you’ll come up one by one, unarmed, I’ll engage to clap you all in irons and take you home to a fair trial in England. If you won’t, my name is Alexander Smollett, I’ve flown my sovereign’s colours, and I’ll see you all to Davy Jones. You can’t find the treasure. You can’t sail the ship—there’s not a man among you fit to sail the ship. You can’t fight us—Gray, there, got away from five of you. Your ship’s in irons, Master Silver.”

Silver’s face was a picture; his eyes started in his head with wrath. He shook the fire out of his pipe.

“Give me a hand up!” he cried.

“Not I,” returned the captain.

“Who’ll give me a hand up?” he roared.

Not a man among us moved. Growling the foulest imprecations, he crawled along the sand till he got hold of the porch and could hoist himself again upon his crutch. Then he spat into the spring.

“There!” he cried. “That’s what I think of ye. Before an hour’s out, I’ll stove in your old block house like a rum puncheon. Laugh, by thunder, laugh! Before an hour’s out, ye’ll laugh upon the other side. Them that die’ll be the lucky ones.”

And with a dreadful oath he stumbled off, ploughed down the sand, was helped across the stockade, after four or five failures, by the man with the flag of truce, and disappeared in an instant afterwards among the trees. ☺



CHAPTER 21

the attack

AS SOON AS SILVER DISAPPEARED, the captain, who had been closely watching him, turned towards the interior of the house and found not a man of us at his post but Gray. It was the first time we had ever seen him angry.

“My lads,” said he, “We’re outnumbered, I needn’t tell you that, but we fight in shelter; and a minute ago I should have said we fought with discipline. I’ve no manner of doubt that we can drub them, if you choose. Doctor, you will take the door. Hunter, take the east side.

Joyce, you stand by the west. Mr. Trelawney, you are the best shot—you and Gray will take this long north side, with the five loopholes; it’s there the danger is. If they can get up to it and fire in upon us through our own ports, things would begin to look dirty. Hawkins, neither you nor I are much account at the shooting; we’ll stand by to load and bear a hand.”

As soon as the sun had climbed above our girdle of trees, it fell with all its force upon the clearing and drank up the vapours at a draught.

Soon the sand was baking and the resin melting in the logs of the block house. Jackets and coats were flung aside, shirts thrown open at the neck and rolled up to the shoulders; and we stood there, each at his post, in a fever of heat and anxiety.

An hour passed away.

“Hang them!” said the captain. “This is as dull as the doldrums. Gray, whistle for a wind.”

Suddenly Joyce whipped up his musket and fired. The report had scarcely died away ere it was repeated from without in a scattering volley, shot behind shot, like a string of geese, from every side of the enclosure. There had come many from the north. It was plain, therefore, that the attack would be developed from the north and that on the other three sides we were only to be annoyed by a show of hostilities.

Suddenly, with a loud huzza, a little cloud of pirates leaped from the woods on the north side and ran straight on the stockade. At the same moment, the fire was once more opened from the woods, and a rifle ball sang through the doorway and knocked the doctor's musket into bits.

The boarders swarmed over the fence like monkeys. Squire and Gray fired again and yet again; three men fell, one forwards into the enclosure, two back on the outside.

Two had bit the dust, one had fled, four

had made good their footing inside our defences, while from the shelter of the woods seven or eight men, each evidently supplied with several muskets, kept up a hot though useless fire on the log-house.

Another pirate grasped Hunter's musket by the muzzle, wrenched it from his hands, plucked it through the loophole, and with one stunning blow, laid the poor fellow senseless on the floor. Meanwhile a third, running unharmed all around the house, appeared suddenly in the doorway and fell with his cutlass on the doctor.

Our position was utterly reversed. A moment since we were firing, under cover, at an exposed enemy; now it was we who lay uncovered and could not return a blow.

The log-house was full of smoke, to which we owed our comparative safety.

“Out, lads, out, and fight ‘em in the open! Cutlasses!” cried the captain.

I snatched a cutlass from the pile, and



someone, at the same time snatching another, gave me a cut across the knuckles which I hardly felt. I dashed out of the door into the clear sunlight.

“Round the house, lads! Round the house!” cried the captain; and even in the hurly-burly, I perceived a change in his voice.

Mechanically, I obeyed, with my cutlass raised, ran round the corner of the house. Next moment I was face to face with Anderson. He roared aloud, and I had not time to be afraid, but as the blow still hung impending, leaped aside, and missing my foot in the soft sand, rolled headlong down the slope.

When I found my feet again all was in the same posture, the fight was over and the victory was ours. In three seconds nothing remained of the attacking party but the five who had fallen, four on the inside and one on the outside of the palisade.

The doctor and Gray and I ran full speed

for shelter. The survivors would soon be back where they had left their muskets, and at any moment the fire might recommence.

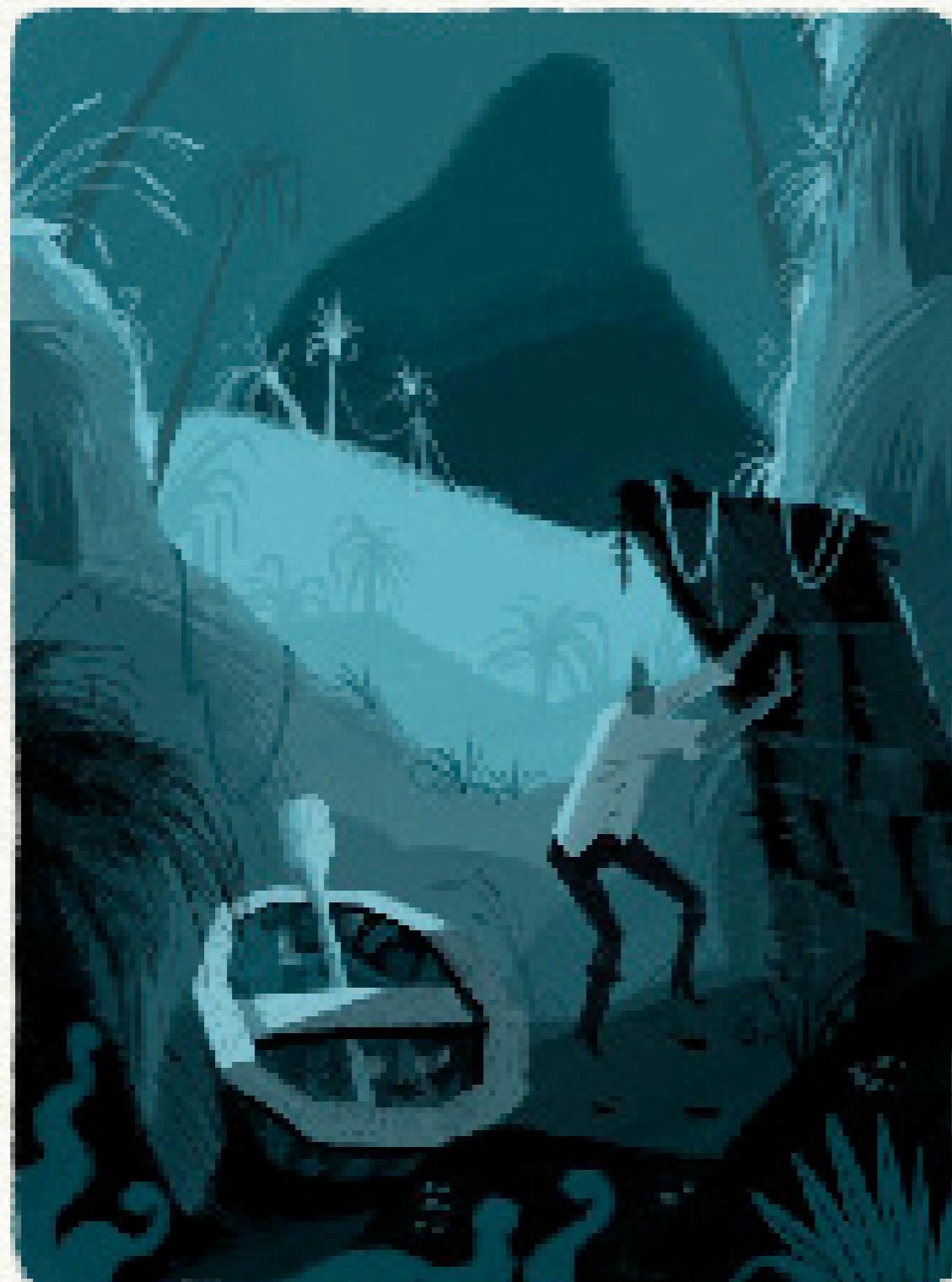
The house was by this time somewhat cleared of smoke, and we saw at a glance the price we had paid for victory. Hunter lay beside his loophole, stunned; Joyce by his, shot through the head, never to move again; while right in the centre, the squire was supporting the captain, one as pale as the other.

“The captain’s wounded,” said Mr. Trelawney.

“Have they run?” asked Mr. Smollett.

“All that could, you may be bound,” returned the doctor; “but there’s five of them will never run again.”

“Five!” cried the captain. “Come, that’s better. Five against three leaves us four to nine. That’s better odds than we had at starting. We were seven to nineteen then, or thought we were, and that’s as bad to bear.” ☺



CHAPTER 22

how my sea adventure began

THERE WAS NO RETURN OF THE MUTINEERS—not so much as another shot out of the woods.

Out of the eight men who had fallen in the action, only three still breathed—that one of the pirates who had been shot at the loophole, Hunter, and Captain Smollett; the mutineer indeed died under the doctor’s knife, and Hunter, do what we could, never recovered consciousness in this world.

As for the captain, his wounds were grievous indeed, but not dangerous. No organ was fatally injured. He was sure to recover, the doctor said, but in the meantime, and for weeks to come, he must not walk nor move his arm, nor so much as speak when he could help it.

After dinner the squire and the doctor sat by the captain's side awhile in consultation; the doctor took up his hat and pistols, girt on a cutlass, put the chart in his pocket, and with a musket over his shoulder crossed the palisade on the north side and set off briskly through the trees.

Gray and I were sitting together at the far end of the block house; Gray took his pipe out of his mouth and fairly forgot to put it back again, so thunder-struck he was at this occurrence.

"I take it," I said to him, "the doctor has his idea; and if I am right, he's going

now to see Ben Gunn."

I was right, as appeared later; but in the meantime, the house being stifling hot and the little patch of sand inside the palisade ablaze with midday sun, I began to get another thought into my head, which was not by any means so right. What I began to do was to envy the doctor walking in the cool shadow of the woods with the birds about him and the pleasant smell of the pines, while I sat grilling, with my clothes stuck to the hot resin, and so much blood about me and so many poor dead bodies lying all around that I took a disgust of the place that was almost as strong as fear.

I took the first step towards my escapade and filled both pockets of my coat with biscuit. The next thing I laid hold of was a brace of pistols, and as I already had a powder-horn and bullets, I felt myself

well supplied with arms.

As for the scheme I had in my head, it was not a bad one in itself. I was to go find the white rock I had observed last evening, and ascertain whether it was there or not that Ben Gunn had hidden his boat.

The squire and Gray were busy helping the captain with his bandages, the coast was clear, I made a bolt for it over the stockade and into the thickest of the trees, and before my absence was observed I was out of cry of my companions.

This was my second folly, far worse than the first, as I left but two sound men to guard the house; but like the first, it was a help towards saving all of us.

It was already late in the afternoon, although still warm and sunny.

Soon cool draughts of air began to reach me, and a few steps farther I came

forth into the open borders of the grove, and saw the sea lying blue and sunny to the horizon and the surf tumbling and tossing its foam along the beach.

I have never seen the sea quiet round Treasure Island. The sun might blaze overhead, the air be without a breath, the surface smooth and blue, but still these great rollers would be running along all the external coast, thundering and thundering by day and night; and I scarce believe there is one spot in the island where a man would be out of earshot of their noise.

It took me a goodish while to get to the white rock. Night had almost come when I laid my hand on its rough sides. Right below it there was an exceedingly small hollow of green turf, hidden by banks and a thick underwood about knee-deep; and in the centre of the dell, sure enough, a

little tent of goat-skins.

I dropped into the hollow, lifted the side of the tent, and there was Ben Gunn's boat—home-made if ever anything was home-made; a rude, lop-sided framework of tough wood, and stretched upon that a covering of goat-skin, with the hair inside. The thing was extremely small, even for me, and I can hardly imagine that it could have floated with a full-sized man.

I had not then seen a coracle, such as the ancient Britons made, but I have seen one since, and I can give you no fairer idea of Ben Gunn's boat than by saying it was like the first and the worst coracle ever made by man.

Well, now that I had found the boat, you would have thought I had had enough of truancy for once, but in the meantime I had taken another notion. This was to slip out under cover of the night, cut the

Hispaniola adrift, and let her go ashore where she fancied. I had quite made up my mind that the mutineers, after their repulse of the morning, had nothing nearer their hearts than to up anchor and away to sea.

Down I sat to wait for darkness. It was a night out of ten thousand for my purpose. The fog had now buried all heaven. As the last rays of daylight dwindled and disappeared, absolute blackness settled down on Treasure Island.

I came to the edge of the retreating water, and wading a little way in, set my coracle, keel downwards, on the surface. ☺



CHAPTER 23

the ebb-tide runs

THE CORACLE WAS A VERY SAFE BOAT for a person of my height and weight, both buoyant and clever in a seaway; but she was the most cross-grained, lop-sided craft to manage.

She turned in every direction but the one I was bound to go. By good fortune, paddle as I pleased, the tide was still sweeping me down; and there lay the *Hispaniola* right in the fairway, hardly to be missed.

First she loomed before me like a blot of something yet blacker than darkness,

then her spars and hull began to take shape, and the next moment, I was alongside of her hawser and had laid hold.

So far so good, but it occurred to my recollection that a taut hawser, suddenly cut, is a thing as dangerous as a kicking horse. If I were so foolhardy as to cut the *Hispaniola* from her anchor, I and the coracle would be knocked clean out of the water.

As I was meditating, a puff of wind came, caught the *Hispaniola*, and forced her up into the current; and to my great joy, I felt the hawser slacken in my grasp, and the hand by which I held it dip for a second under water.

With that I made my mind up, took out my gully, opened it with my teeth, and cut one strand after another, till the vessel swung only by two. Then I lay quiet, waiting to sever these last when

the strain should be once more lightened by a breath of wind.

All this time I had heard the sound of loud voices from the cabin. One I recognized as Israel Hands, who had been Flint's gunner in former days. Both men were plainly the worse of drink, and they were still drinking. But they were not only tipsy; it was plain that they were furiously angry. Oaths flew like hailstones, and every now and then there came forth such an explosion as I thought was sure to end in blows.

On shore, I could see the glow of the great camp-fire burning warmly through the shore-side trees. Someone was singing, a dull, old, droning sailor's song, with a droop and a quaver at the end of every verse:

“But one man of her crew alive,
What put to sea with seventy-five.”

And I thought it was a ditty rather too dolefully appropriate for a company that had met such cruel losses in the morning. But, indeed, from what I saw, all these buccaneers were as callous as the sea they sailed on.

At last the breeze came; the schooner sidled and drew nearer in the dark; I felt the hawser slacken once more, and with a good, tough effort, cut the last fibres through.

The breeze had but little action on the coracle, and I was almost instantly swept against the bows of the *Hispaniola*. At the same time, the schooner began to turn upon her heel, spinning slowly, end for end, across the current.

My hands came across a light cord that was trailing overboard across the stern bulwarks. Instantly I grasped it.

Why I should have done so I can hardly say. It was at first mere instinct, but once

I had it in my hands and found it fast, curiosity began to get the upper hand, and I determined I should have one look through the cabin window.

Until I got my eye above the windowsill I could not comprehend why the watchmen had taken no alarm. One glance showed me Hands and his companion locked together in deadly wrestle, each with a hand upon the other's throat.

I could see nothing for the moment but these two furious, encrimsoned faces swaying together under the smoky lamp.

The endless ballad had come to an end at last, and the whole diminished company about the camp-fire had broken into the chorus I had heard so often:

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

Drink and the devil had done for the rest—Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!”

I was just thinking how busy drink and the devil were at that very moment in the cabin of the *Hispaniola*, when I was surprised by a sudden lurch of the coracle. At the same moment, she yawed sharply and seemed to change her course.

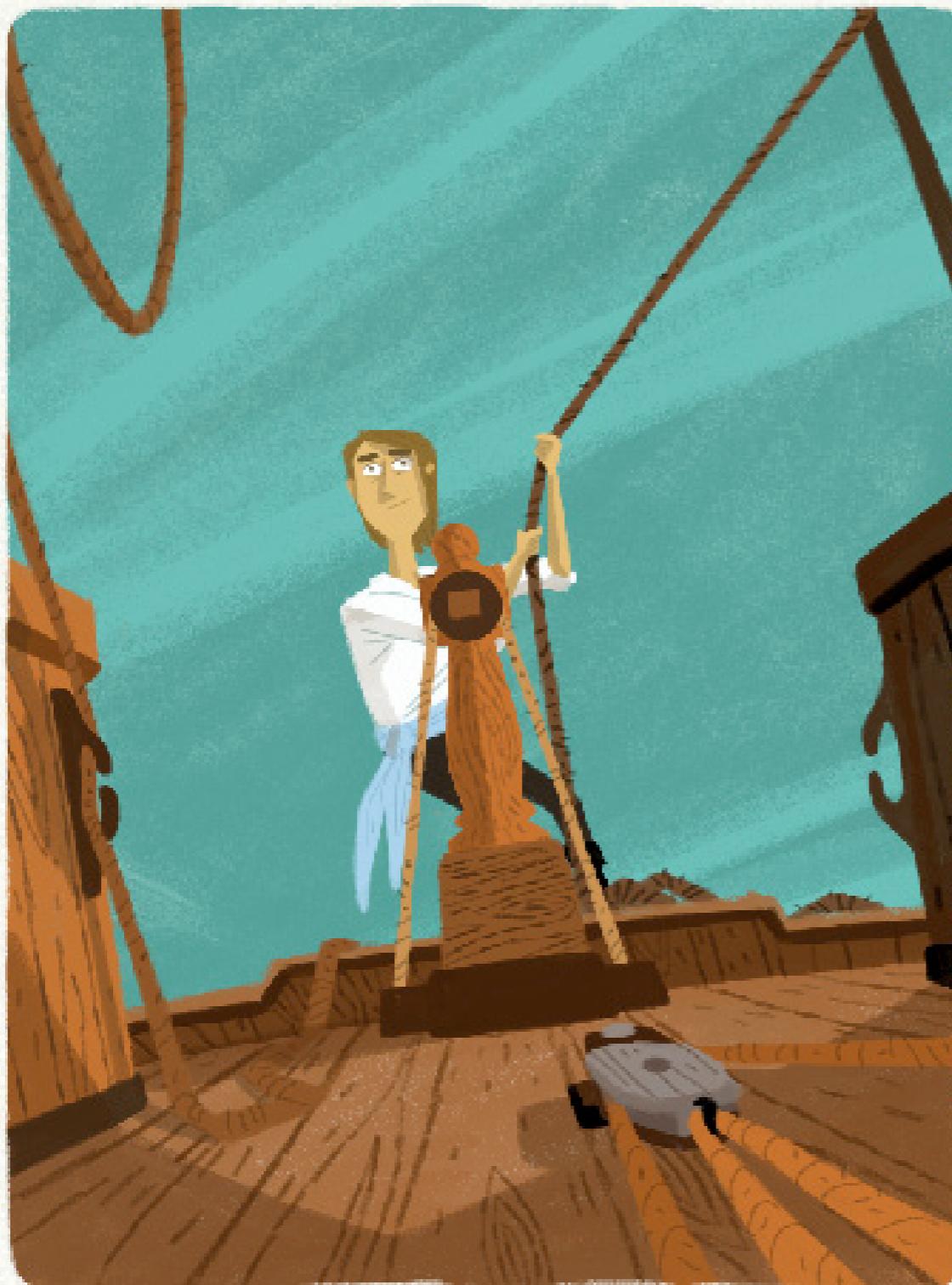
All round me were little ripples, combing over with a sharp, bristling sound and slightly phosphorescent. The *Hispaniola* herself, a few yards in whose wake I was still being whirled along, seemed to stagger in her course.

The current had turned at right angles, sweeping round along with it the tall schooner and the little dancing coracle; ever quickening, ever bubbling higher, ever muttering louder, it went spinning through the narrows for the open sea.

Suddenly the schooner in front of me gave a violent yaw; and almost at the same moment one shout followed another from

on board; I could hear feet pounding on the companion ladder and I knew that the two drunkards had at last been interrupted in their quarrel and awakened to a sense of their disaster.

I lay down flat in the bottom of that wretched skiff and so I must have lain for hours, continually beaten to and fro upon the billows, now and again wetted with flying sprays, and never ceasing to expect death at the next plunge. Gradually weariness grew upon me; a numbness, an occasional stupor, until sleep at last supervened and in my sea-tossed coracle I lay and dreamed of home and the old Admiral Benbow. ☺



CHAPTER 24

the cruise of the coracle

IT WAS BROAD DAY WHEN I AWOKE and found myself tossing behind the great bulk of the Spy-glass, which descended almost to the sea in formidable cliffs.

Among the fallen rocks the breakers spouted and bellowed; loud reverberations, heavy sprays flying and falling, succeeded one another from second to second; and I saw myself, if I ventured nearer, dashed to death upon the rough shore.

Crawling together on flat tables of rock or letting themselves drop into the sea with loud reports I beheld huge

slimy monsters—soft snails, as it were, of incredible bigness—two or three score of them together, making the rocks to echo with their barkings.

I have understood since that they were sea lions, and entirely harmless. But the look of them, added to the difficulty of the shore and the high running of the surf, was more than enough to disgust me of that landing-place. I felt willing rather to starve at sea than to confront such perils.

There was a great, smooth swell upon the sea and the billows rose and fell unbroken. Had it been otherwise, I must long ago have perished; but as it was, it is surprising how easily and securely my little and light boat could ride.

I began after a little to grow very bold and sat up to try my skill at paddling. But even a small change in the disposition of the weight will produce violent changes in the behaviour of a coracle. And I had

hardly moved before the boat, giving up at once her gentle dancing movement, ran straight down a slope of water so steep that it made me giddy, and struck her nose, with a spout of spray, deep into the side of the next wave.

I was drenched and terrified, and fell instantly back into my old position, whereupon the coracle seemed to find her head again and led me as softly as before among the billows. It was plain she was not to be interfered with, and at that rate, since I could in no way influence her course, what hope had I left of reaching land?

I set myself to study how it was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers. "Well, now," thought I to myself, "it is plain I must lie where I am and not disturb the balance; but it is plain also that I can put the paddle over the side and give her a shove towards land."

It was very tiring and slow work, yet I did visibly gain ground; I could see the cool green tree-tops swaying together in the breeze, and I felt sure I should make the next promontory without fail.

I now began to be tortured with thirst. The glow of the sun from above, its thousandfold reflection from the waves, the sea-water that fell and dried upon me, caking my very lips with salt, combined to make my throat burn and my brain ache. The sight of the trees so near at hand had almost made me sick with longing, but the current had soon carried me past the point, and as the next reach of sea opened out, I beheld a sight that changed the nature of my thoughts.

The *Hispaniola* was under her main-sail and two jibs, and the beautiful white canvas shone in the sun like snow or silver. Presently she fell right into the wind's eye, was taken dead aback, and stood there awhile helpless, with her sails shivering.

"Clumsy fellows," said I; "they must still be drunk as owls."

Meanwhile the schooner gradually fell off and filled again upon another tack, sailed swiftly for a minute or so, and brought up once more dead in the wind's eye. To and fro, up and down, north, south, east, and west, the *Hispaniola* sailed by swoops and dashes, and at each repetition ended with idly flapping canvas. It became plain to me that nobody was steering. And if so, where were the men? Either they were dead drunk or had deserted her, I thought, and perhaps if I could get on board I might return the vessel to her captain.

I set myself, with all my strength and caution, to paddle after the unsteered *Hispaniola*. I could not choose but suppose she was deserted. If not, the men were lying drunk below, where I might batten them down, perhaps, and do what I chose with the ship.

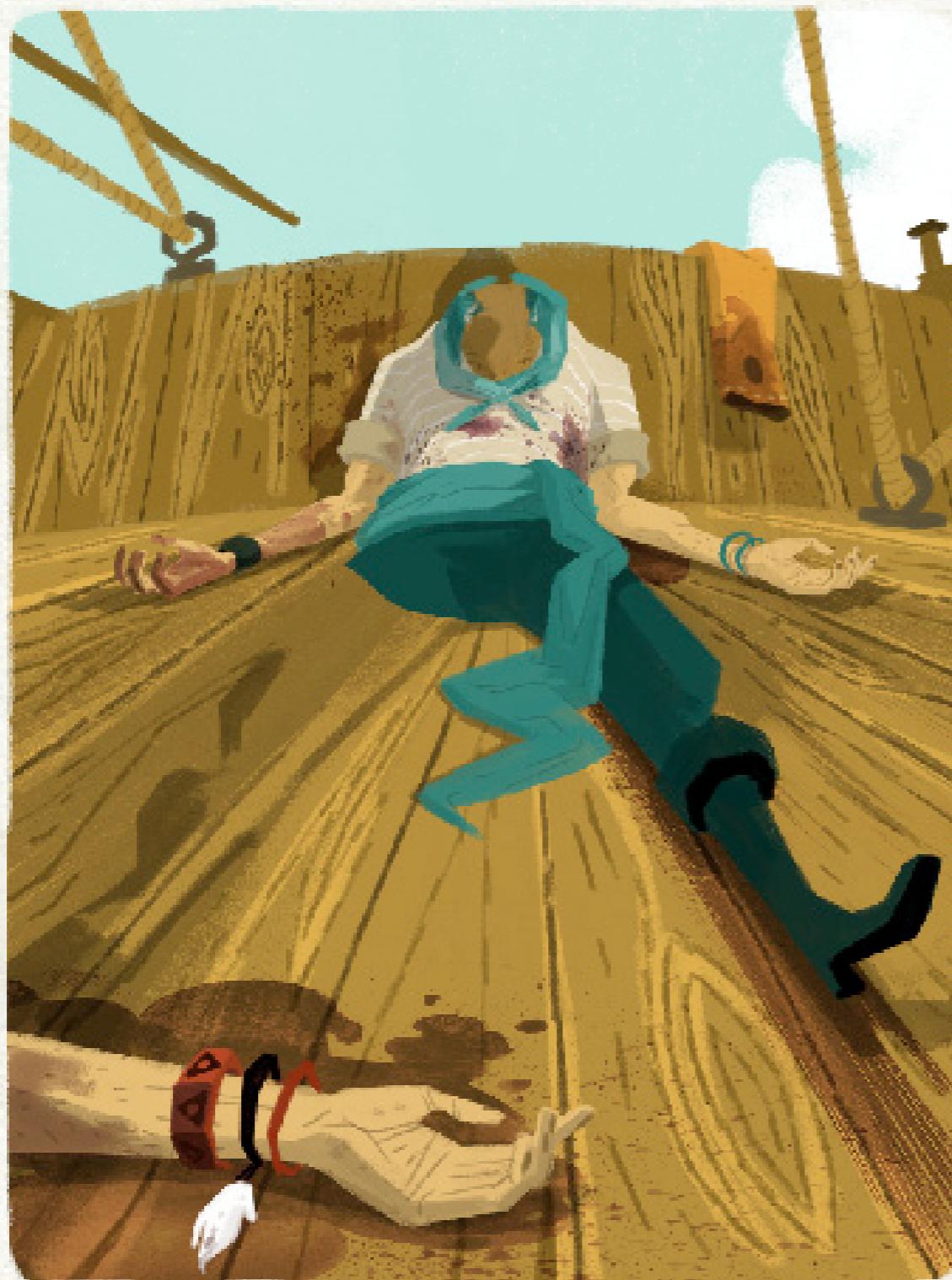


At last, I had my chance. The breeze fell for some seconds, very low, and the current gradually turning her, the *Hispaniola* revolved slowly round her centre and at last presented me her stern,

with the cabin window still gaping open and the lamp over the table still burning on into the day.

Round she came, till she was broadside on to me—round still till she had three quarters of the distance that separated us. I could see the waves boiling white under her forefoot. Immensely tall she looked to me from my low station in the coracle.

I had scarce time to think—scarce time to act and save myself. I was on the summit of one swell when the schooner came stooping over the next. The bowsprit was over my head. I sprang to my feet and leaped, stamping the coracle under water. With one hand I caught the jib-boom, while my foot was lodged between the stay and the brace; and as I still clung there panting, a dull blow told me that the schooner had charged down upon and struck the coracle and that I was left without retreat on the *Hispaniola*. ☩



CHAPTER 25

I strike the jolly roger

NOT A SOUL WAS TO BE SEEN. The planks bore the print of many feet, and an empty bottle, broken by the neck, tumbled to and fro in the scuppers.

Suddenly the *Hispaniola* came right into the wind. The jibs behind me cracked aloud, the rudder slammed to, the whole ship gave a sickening heave and shudder.

There were two watchmen: red-cap on his back, as stiff as a handspike, with his arms stretched out like those of a crucifix and his teeth showing through his open lips; Israel Hands propped against the

bulwarks, his chin on his chest, his hands lying open before him on the deck, his face as white, under its tan, as a tallow candle.

At every jump of the schooner, red-cap slipped to and fro, but neither his attitude nor his fixed teeth-disclosing grin was anyway disturbed by this rough usage. At every jump too, Hands appeared still more to sink into himself and settle down upon the deck, so that his face became, little by little, hid from me.

At the same time, I observed splashes of dark blood upon the planks and began to feel sure that they had killed each other in their drunken wrath.

Then Israel Hands turned partly round and with a low moan writhed himself back to the position in which I had seen him first. The moan, which told of pain and deadly weakness, and the way in which his jaw hung open went right to my heart.

But when I remembered the talk I had overheard from the apple barrel, all pity left me.

“Come aboard, Mr. Hands,” I said ironically.

He rolled his eyes round heavily, but he was too far gone to express surprise. All he could do was to utter one word, “Brandy.”

Dodging the boom as it once more lurched across the deck, I slipped down the companion stairs into the cabin.

All the lockfast places had been broken open in quest of the chart.

The floor was thick with mud where ruffians had sat down to drink or consult after wading in the marshes round their camp. Dozens of empty bottles clinked together in corners to the rolling of the ship.

I went into the cellar; all the barrels were gone, and of the bottles a most

surprising number had been drunk out and thrown away.

Certainly, since the mutiny began, not a man of them could ever have been sober.

Foraging about, I found a bottle with some brandy left, for Hands; and for myself I routed out some biscuit, some pickled fruits, a great bunch of raisins, and a piece of cheese.

He must have drunk a gill before he took the bottle from his mouth.

“Aye,” said he, “by thunder, but I wanted some o’ that!”

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

“Much hurt?” I asked him.

He grunted, or rather, I might say, he barked.

“If that doctor was aboard,” he said, “I’d be right enough in a couple of turns, but I don’t have no manner of luck. As for that swab, he’s good and dead, he is,”

he added, indicating the man with the red cap. “And where mought you have come from?”

“Well,” said I, “I’ve come aboard to take possession of this ship, Mr. Hands; and you’ll please regard me as your captain until further notice.”

He looked at me sourly enough but said nothing.

“By the by,” I continued, “I can’t have these colours, Mr. Hands; and by your leave, I’ll strike ‘em.”

And again dodging the boom, I ran to the colour lines, handed down their cursed black flag, and chucked it overboard.

“God save the king!” said I, waving my cap. “And there’s an end to Captain Silver!”

He watched me keenly and slyly.

“I reckon,” he said at last, “Cap’n Hawkins, you’ll kind of want to get ashore now. S’pose we talks.”

"Why, yes," says I, "say on." And I went back to my meal with a good appetite.

"This man," he began, nodding feebly at the corpse—"O'Brien were his name—this man and me got the canvas on her, meaning for to sail her back. Well, HE'S dead now, he is—as dead as bilge; and who's to sail this ship, I don't see. You gives me food and drink and a old scarf to tie my wound up, and I'll tell you how to sail her."

"I'll tell you one thing," says I: "I mean to get into North Inlet and beach her quietly there."

"To be sure you did," he cried. "I can see, can't I? Why, I haven't no ch'ice, not I! I'd help you sail her up to Execution Dock, by thunder!"

In three minutes I had the *Hispaniola* sailing easily before the wind along the coast of Treasure Island.

I lashed the tiller and went below,

where I got a silk handkerchief of my mother's. Hands bound up the bleeding stab he had received in the thigh, and after he had eaten a little and had a swallow or two more of the brandy, he began to pick up visibly.

I was greatly elated with my new command, and pleased with the bright, sunshiny weather and these different prospects of the coast. I should have had nothing left me to desire but for the eyes of the coxswain as they followed me derisively about the deck and the odd smile that appeared continually on his face. There was, besides that, a grain of derision, a shadow of treachery, in his expression as he craftily watched, and watched, and watched me at my work. ☹



CHAPTER 26

Israel Hands

THE COXSWAIN TOLD ME how to lay the ship to; after a good many trials I succeeded, and we both sat in silence over another meal.

“Ah!” Hands said, “I’ll take it kind if you’d step down into that there cabin and get me a bottle of wine, Jim—this here brandy’s too strong for my head.”

His hesitation seemed to be unnatural. He wanted me to leave the deck—so much was plain; but with what purpose I could in no way imagine. He kept smiling and putting his tongue out in the most guilty, embarrassed manner, so that a child could

have told that he was bent on some deception. I was prompt with my answer, however, for I saw where my advantage lay and that with a fellow so densely stupid I could easily conceal my suspicions to the end.

“All right,” I answered. “I’ll bring you port, Mr. Hands. But I’ll have to dig for it.”

With that I scuttled down the companion with all the noise I could, slipped off my shoes, ran quietly along the sparr'd gallery, and popped my head out of the fore companion. I knew he would not expect to see me there.

He had risen from his position to his hands and knees, and in half a minute he had reached the port scuppers and picked, out of a coil of rope, a short dirk, discoloured to the hilt with blood. He hastily concealed it in the bosom of his jacket and trundled back again into his old place against the bulwark.

This was all that I required to know. Israel could move about, he was now armed,

and it was plain that I was meant to be the victim.

Yet I felt sure that I could trust him in the disposition of the schooner.

We both desired to have her stranded safe in a sheltered place; and until that was done I considered that my life would certainly be spared.

I had stolen back to the cabin, slipped once more into my shoes, and laid my hand at random on a bottle of wine, and made my reappearance on the deck.

Hands lay as I had left him, all fallen together in a bundle and with his eyelids lowered as though he were too weak to bear the light. He looked up, however, at my coming, knocked the neck off the bottle, and took a good swig, with his favourite toast of "Here's luck!"

We had scarce two miles to run; but the navigation was delicate, the entrance to this anchorage was narrow and shoal. Scarcely

had we passed the heads before the land closed around us. We saw the wreck of a ship in the last stages of dilapidation. It had been a great vessel of three masts but had lain so long exposed to the injuries of the weather that it was hung about with great webs of dripping seaweed, and on the deck of it shore bushes had taken root and now flourished thick with flowers. It was a sad sight, but it showed us that the anchorage was calm.

Hands issued his commands, which I breathlessly obeyed, till, all of a sudden, he cried, "Now, my hearty, luff!" And I put the helm hard up, and the *Hispaniola* swung round rapidly and ran stem on for the low, wooded shore.

The next moment, I might have fallen without a struggle for my life had not a sudden disquietude made me turn my head. Perhaps I had seen his shadow moving with the tail of my eye; perhaps it was an instinct



like a cat's; but, sure enough, when I looked round, there was Hands, already half-way towards me, with the dirk in his right hand.

We must both have cried out aloud when our eyes met, but while mine was the shrill cry of terror, his was a roar of fury like a charging bully's.

I let go of the tiller and it struck Hands across the chest.

Suddenly the *Hispaniola* struck, staggered, ground for an instant in the sand. We were both of us capsized in a second, and both of us rolled, almost together, into the scuppers, the dead red-cap, with his arms still spread out, tumbling stiffly after us. Quick as thought, I sprang into the mizzen shrouds, rattled up hand over hand, and did not draw a breath till I was seated on the cross-trees.

I had been saved by being prompt; the dirk had struck not half a foot below me as I pursued my upward flight.

I lost no time in changing the priming

of my pistol. Hands began to see the dice going against him, and after an obvious hesitation, he also hauled himself heavily into the shrouds. With a pistol in either hand, I addressed him.

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

Dead men don’t bite, you know,” I added with a chuckle.

He stopped instantly. Then, all in a breath, back went his right hand over his shoulder. Something sang like an arrow through the air; I felt a blow and then a sharp pang, and there I was pinned by the shoulder to the mast. In the horrid pain and surprise of the moment, both my pistols went off, and both escaped out of my hands. They did not fall alone; with a choked cry, the coxswain loosed his grasp upon the shrouds and plunged head first into the water. ☺





CHAPTER 27

pieces of eight

OWING TO THE CANT OF THE VESSEL, the masts hung far out over the water, and from my perch I had nothing below me but the surface of the bay.

Hands rose to the surface in a lather of foam and blood and then sank again for good. He was dead, being both shot and drowned, and was food for fish in the very place where he had designed my slaughter.

I began to feel sick, faint, and terrified. The hot blood was running over my back and chest. The dirk, where it had pinned

my shoulder to the mast, seemed to burn like a hot iron; I had upon my mind the horror of falling from the cross-trees into that still green water, beside the body of the coxswain.

The knife had come the nearest in the world to missing me altogether; it held me by a mere pinch of skin, and soon I was only tacked to the mast by my coat and shirt. These last I broke through with a sudden jerk, and then regained the deck by the starboard shrouds. I went below and did what I could for my wound; it pained me a good deal and still bled freely, but it was neither deep nor dangerous.

The jibs I speedily doused and brought tumbling to the deck, but the main-sail was a harder matter. At last I got my knife and cut the halyards. The peak dropped instantly, a great belly of loose canvas floated broad upon the water. For the rest, the *Hispaniola* must trust to luck,

like myself.

I scrambled forward and looked over. Holding the cut hawser in both hands, I let myself drop softly overboard. I waded ashore in great spirits, leaving the *Hispaniola* on her side, with her mainsail trailing wide upon the surface of the bay.

There lay the schooner, clear at last from buccaneers and ready for our own men to board and get to sea again. I had nothing nearer my fancy than to get home to the stockade and boast of my achievements.

The dusk had come nigh hand completely, and as I opened out the cleft between the two peaks, I became aware of a wavering glow against the sky, where, as I judged, the man of the island was cooking his supper before a roaring fire. And yet I wondered, in my heart, that he should show himself so careless.

The moon was climbing higher, its

light began to fall here and there in masses through the more open districts of the wood, and right in front of me a glow of a different colour appeared among the trees. It was red and hot, and now and again it was a little darkened—as it were, the embers of a bonfire smouldering.

For the life of me I could not think what it might be. At last I came right down upon the borders of the clearing. The block house lay in a black shadow chequered with long silvery streaks of light. On the other side of the house an immense fire had burned itself into clear embers and shed a steady, red reverberation. There was not a soul stirring nor a sound beside the noises of the breeze.

I stopped, with much wonder in my heart, and perhaps a little terror also. It had not been our way to build great fires, and I began to fear that something had gone wrong while I was absent.

I got upon my hands and knees and crawled, without a sound, towards the corner of the house. As I drew nearer, my heart was suddenly and greatly lightened. It is not a pleasant noise in itself, and I have often complained of it at other times, but just then it was like music to hear my friends snoring together so loud and peaceful in their sleep.

But there was no doubt of one thing; they kept an infamous bad watch. If it had been Silver and his lads that were now creeping in on them, not a soul would have seen daybreak.

All was dark within, so that I could distinguish nothing by the eye. With my arms before me I walked steadily in. I should lie down in my own place (I thought with a silent chuckle) and enjoy their faces when they found me in the morning.

My foot struck something yielding—

it was a sleeper's leg; and he turned and groaned, but without awaking.

And then, all of a sudden, a shrill voice broke forth out of the darkness:

"Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!
Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces
of eight!" and so forth, without pause
or change, like the clacking of a
tiny mill.

Silver's green parrot, Captain Flint! It was she, keeping better watch than any human being, who thus announced my arrival with her wearisome refrain.

At the sharp, clipping tone of the parrot, the sleepers awoke and sprang up; and with a mighty oath, the voice of Silver cried, "Who goes?"

I turned and ran full into arms that held me tight. ☺





CHAPTER 28

in the enemy's camp

THE RED GLARE OF THE TORCH SHOWED ME the worst of my apprehensions realized. The pirates were in possession of the house and stores: what tenfold increased my horror was not a sign of any prisoner. I could only judge that all had perished, and my heart smote me sorely that I had not been there to perish with them.

There were six of the buccaneers, all told; not another man was left alive. Five of them were on their feet, flushed and swollen, suddenly called out of the first sleep of drunkenness. The sixth had only risen upon his elbow; he was deadly pale, and the blood- stained bandage round his

head told that he had recently been wounded.

The parrot sat, preening her plumage, on Long John's shoulder. He himself, I thought, looked somewhat paler and more stern than I was used to. He still wore the fine broadcloth suit in which he had fulfilled his mission, but it was bitterly the worse for wear, daubed with clay and torn with the sharp briers of the wood.

"So," said he, "here's Jim Hawkins, shiver my timbers! Dropped in, like, eh? Well, come, I take that friendly."

I made no answer. They had set me with my back against the wall, and I stood there, looking Silver in the face, pluckily enough, I hope, to all outward appearance, but with black despair in my heart.

"Now, you see, Jim, so be as you ARE here," says Silver, "I'll give you a piece of my mind. I've always liked you, I have, for a lad of spirit, and the picter of my own self when I was young. You can't go back to your own lot, for they won't have you; you'll have to jine with Cap'n Silver."

So far so good. My friends, then, were still alive, and though I partly believed the truth of Silver's statement, that the cabin party were incensed at me for my desertion, I was more relieved than distressed by what I heard.

"I don't say nothing as to your being in our hands." continued Silver, "If you like the service, well, you'll jine; and if you don't, Jim, why, you're free to answer no—free and welcome, shipmate!"

"Am I to answer, then?" I asked with a very tremulous voice. Through all this sneering talk, I was made to feel the threat of death that overhung me, and my cheeks burned and my heart beat painfully in my breast.

"Lad," said Silver, "no one's a-pressing of you. None of us won't hurry you, mate; time goes so pleasant in your company, you see."

"Well," says I, growing a bit bolder, "if I'm to choose, I have a right to know what's what, and why you're here, and where my friends are."

"Yesterday morning," said he, "down came Doctor Livesey with a flag of truce. Says he,

'Cap'n Silver, you're sold out. Ship's gone.' We looked out, and by thunder, the old ship was gone! We bargained, him and I, and here we are: stores, brandy, block house, the firewood you was thoughtful enough to cut. As for them, they've tramped; I don't know where's they are."

"And lest you should take it into that head of yours," he went on, "that you was included in the treaty, here's the last word that was said: 'As for that boy, I don't know where he is, confound him,' says he, 'nor I don't much care. We're about sick of him.'"

"Well," said I, "here you are, in a bad way—ship lost, treasure lost, men lost, your whole business gone to wreck; and if you want to know who did it—it was I! I was in the apple barrel the night we sighted land, and I heard you, John, and Hands, who is now at the bottom of the sea, and told every word you said before the hour was out. And as for the schooner, it was I who cut her cable, and it was I that killed the men you had aboard of her, and it was I who brought her

where you'll never see her more. The laugh's on my side; I no more fear you than I fear a fly. If you spare me, bygones are bygones, and when you fellows are in court for piracy, I'll save you all I can. It is for you to choose. Kill another and do yourselves no good, or spare me and keep a witness to save you from the gallows."

Not a man of them moved, but all sat staring at me like as many sheep. I broke out again, "Mr. Silver," I said, "I believe you're the best man here, and if things go to the worst, I'll take it kind of you to let the doctor know the way I took it."

"I'll bear it in mind," said Silver with an accent so curious that I could not decide whether he were laughing at my request or had been favourably affected by my courage.

"I'll put one to that," cried an old seaman whom I had seen in Long John's public-house upon the quays of Bristol. "It was him that knowed Black Dog."

And he sprang up, drawing his knife.

"Avast, there!" cried Silver. "Who are you, Tom Morgan? Maybe you thought you was cap'n here. Cross me, and you'll go where many a good man's gone before you. There's never a man looked me between the eyes and seen a good day a'terwards, Tom Morgan."

Morgan paused, but a hoarse murmur rose from the others. "Tom's right," said one. "I'll be hanged if I be hazed by you, Silver," added another.

"Did any of you gentlemen want to have it out with ME?" roared Silver. Not a man stirred; not a man answered.



"That's your sort, is it?" he added. "I'm cap'n here because I'm the best man by a long sea-mile. I never seen a better boy than Jim. He's more a man than any pair of rats of you in this here house: let me see him that'll lay a hand on him."

There was a long pause after this. I stood straight up against the wall, my heart still going like a sledge-hammer, but with a ray of hope now shining in my bosom. Silver leant back against the wall, his arms crossed, his pipe in the corner of his mouth, as calm as though he had been in church; yet his eye kept wandering furtively. The others drew together towards the far end of the block house. One after another, they would look up, and the red light of the torch would fall for a second on their nervous faces; but it was towards Silver that they turned their eyes.

"Ax your pardon, sir," said one of the men; "This crew's dissatisfied; I claim my right, and steps outside for a council."

And with an elaborate sea-salute, this fellow disappeared out of the house. One after another

the rest followed his example, each making a salute as he passed, each adding some apology.

"Now, look you here, Jim Hawkins," Silver said in a steady whisper, "you're within half a plank of death. They're going to throw me off. But, you mark, I stand by you through thick and thin. I says to myself, you stand by Hawkins, John, and Hawkins'll stand by you. You're his last card, and by the living thunder, John, he's yours! You save your witness, and he'll save your neck!"

"You mean all's lost?" I asked.

"Aye, by gum, I do!" he answered. "Ship gone, neck gone—that's the size of it. Once I looked into that bay, Jim Hawkins, and seen no schooner—well, I'm tough, but I gave out. Understand me, Jim, I'm on squire's side now. I know you've got that ship safe somewhere. But why did that doctor give me the chart?"

My face expressed a wonder so unaffected that he saw the needlessness of further questions. "Ah, well, he did, though," said he. "And there's something under that, no doubt—bad or good." ☠

CHAPTER 29

the black spot again

"THERE'S A BREEZE COMING, JIM," said Silver, who had adopted quite a friendly and familiar tone.

I turned to the loophole nearest me and looked out. They were collected in a group; one held a light, another was on his knees in their midst, and I saw the blade of an open knife and a book in his hand. The kneeling figure rose to his feet and the whole party began to move together towards the house.

The door opened, and the five men pushed one of their number forward.

"Step up, lad," cried Silver. "I won't eat you. Hand it over, lubber. I know the rules."

The buccaneer stepped forth more briskly and passed something to Silver.

"The black spot! I thought so," Silver observed. "Where might you have got the paper? Look here, now; this ain't lucky! You've gone and cut this out of a Bible. What fool's cut a Bible?"

"Ah, there!" said Morgan. "There! Wot did I say? No good'll come o' that, I said."

"Well, you'll all swing now, I reckon," continued Silver.

But here the long man with the yellow eyes struck in.

"Belay that talk, John Silver," he said. "This crew has tipped you the black spot in full council. You're a funny man, by your account; but you're over now, and you'll maybe step down off that barrel and help vote."

"I'm still your cap'n, mind," returned Silver contemptuously, "till you outs with your grievances and I reply; in the meantime, your black spot ain't worth a biscuit. After that, we'll see."

"First," replied George, "you've made a hash of this cruise. Second, you let the enemy out o' this here trap for nothing. Third, you wouldn't let us go at them upon the march. And then, fourth, there's this here boy."

"Is that all?" asked Silver quietly.

"Enough, too," retorted George.

"Well now, look here, I'll answer these four p'ints. I made a hash o' this cruise, did I? Well now, you all know what I wanted, and if that had been done that we'd 'a been aboard the Hispaniola this night, every man of us alive and the treasure in the hold of her! Well, who tipped me the black spot the day we landed? Why, it was Anderson, and Hands, and you, George Merry!"

Silver paused, and I could see by the faces of George and his late comrades that these words had not been said in vain.

"That's for number one," cried the accused. "You've neither sense nor memory, and I leave it to fancy where your mothers was that let you come to sea."

"Go on, John," said Morgan. "Speak up to the others."

"Ah, the others!" returned John. "If you want to know about number four, and that boy, why, shiver my timbers, isn't he a hostage? Are we a-going to waste a hostage? No, not us; he might be our last chance. And number three? Maybe you don't count it nothing to have a real college doctor to see you every day? And maybe, perhaps, you didn't know there was a consort coming either? But there is, and not so long till then; and we'll see who'll be glad to have a hostage when it comes to that. And as for number two, and why I made a bargain—well, you came crawling on your knees to me to make it!"

And he cast down upon the floor none other than the chart on yellow paper, with the three red crosses, that I had found in the oilcloth at the bottom of the captain's chest. Why the doctor had given it to him was more than I could fancy.

The appearance of the chart was incredible

to the surviving mutineers. They leaped upon it like cats upon a mouse. It went from hand to hand, one tearing it from another; and by the oaths and the cries and the childish laughter with which they accompanied their examination, you would have thought, not only they were fingering the very gold, but were at sea with it, besides, in safety.

"Mighty pretty," said George. "But how are we to get away with it, and us no ship."

Silver suddenly sprang up, and supporting himself with a hand against the wall: "Now I give you warning, George," he cried. "One more word of your sauce, and I'll call you down and fight you. How? Why, how do I know? You had ought to tell me that—you and the rest, that lost me my schooner! You lost the ship; I found the treasure. And now I resign! Elect whom you please to be your cap'n now; I'm done with it."

"Silver!" they cried. "Barbecue forever! Barbecue for cap'n!"

"So that's the toon, is it?" cried the cook.

"And now, shipmates, this black spot? 'Tain't much good now, is it? Here, Jim—here's a cur'osity for you," said Silver, and he tossed me the paper.

One side was blank; the other contained a verse or two of Revelation. The printed side had been blackened with wood ash; on the blank side had been written the word "Deposed." I have that curiosity beside me at this moment, but not a trace of writing now remains beyond a single scratch.

That was the end of the night's business. Soon after, with a drink all round, we lay down to sleep.

It was long ere I could close an eye, and I had matter enough for thought in the man whom I had slain that afternoon, in my own most perilous position, and in the remarkable game that I saw Silver now engaged upon—keeping the mutineers together with one hand and grasping with the other after every means, possible and impossible, to make his peace and save his miserable life. ☠



CHAPTER 30

on parole

"Block house, ahoy!" cried a clear, hearty voice. "Here's the doctor."

I remembered with confusion my insubordinate and stealthy conduct, and when I saw where it had brought me—among what companions and surrounded by what dangers—I felt ashamed to look the doctor in the face.

When I ran to a loophole and looked out, I saw him standing, like Silver once before, up to the mid-leg in creeping vapour. "Top o' the morning to you!" cried Silver, broad awake and beaming

with good nature. “We’ve quite a surprise for you,” he continued. “We’ve a little stranger here! Looking fit and taut as a fiddle.” Dr. Livesey was by this time across the stockade, and I could hear the alteration in his voice as he said, “Not Jim?”

“The very same Jim as ever was,” says Silver.

“Well, well,” the doctor said at last, “duty first and pleasure afterwards, as you might have said yourself, Silver. Let us overhaul these patients of yours.”

He entered and with one grim nod to me proceeded with his work among the sick.

“Since I am mutineers’ doctor, or prison doctor as I prefer to call it,” says Doctor Livesey in his pleasantest way, “I make it a point of honour not to lose a man for King George and the gallows.”

The rogues looked at each other but swallowed the home-thrust in silence.

“Dick don’t feel well, sir,” said one.

“Don’t he?” replied the doctor. “Well, step up here, Dick, and let me see your tongue. Another fever. That comes of not having sense enough to know honest air from poison, and the dry land from a vile, pestiferous slough. Silver, I’m surprised at you. You’re less of a fool than many, but you don’t appear to me to have a notion of the rules of health.

“Well,” he added after he had dosed them round and they had taken his prescriptions, with really laughable humility, more like schoolchildren than blood-guilty—“now I should wish to have a talk with that boy, please.”

And he nodded his head in my direction carelessly. “Hawkins,” Silver said in his usual tones, “will you give me your word of

honour as a young gentleman not to slip your cable?" I readily gave the pledge required.

"Then, doctor," said Silver, "you just step outside o' that stockade, and I'll bring the boy down on the inside. Good day to you, sir, and all our dooties to the squire and Cap'n Smollett."

Silver was roundly accused of playing double—of trying to make a separate peace for himself—the identical, exact thing that he was doing. But he was twice the man the rest were, saying it was necessary I should talk to the doctor, fluttered the chart in their faces, asked them if they could afford to break the treaty the very day they were bound a-treasure-hunting.

And then he bade them get the fire lit, and stalked out upon his crutch, leaving them in a disarray, and silenced by his volubility rather than convinced.

Very deliberately we advanced across

the sand to where the doctor awaited us on the other side of the stockade.

"You'll make a note of this here, doctor," says he, "and the boy'll tell you how I saved his life, and were deposed for it too. When a man's steering as near the wind as me, you wouldn't think it too much to give him one good word? You'll please bear in mind it's not my life only now—it's that boy's into the bargain."

Silver was a changed man once he was out there and had his back to his friends and the block house; his cheeks seemed to have fallen in, his voice trembled; never was a soul more dead in earnest.

He stepped back a little way, till he was out of earshot, and there sat down upon a tree-stump and began to whistle, spinning round now and again upon his seat so as to command a sight, sometimes of me and the doctor and sometimes of

his unruly ruffians.

“So, Jim,” said the doctor sadly, “as you have brewed, so shall you drink, my boy.”

“Doctor,” I said, “you might spare me. I have blamed myself enough; my life’s forfeit anyway, and I should have been dead by now if Silver hadn’t stood for me—”

“Jim,” the doctor interrupted, and his voice was quite changed, “Jim, I can’t have this. Whip over, and we’ll run for it.”

“No,” I replied; “you know right well you wouldn’t do the thing yourself—neither you nor squire nor captain; and no more will I. Silver trusted me; I passed my word. But, doctor, if they come to torture me, I might let slip a word of where the ship is, for I got the ship, and she lies in North Inlet, on the southern beach, and just below high water.”

Rapidly I described to him my adventures, and he heard me out in silence.

“Every step, it’s you that saves our lives,” he observed when I had done. “and do you suppose by any chance that we are going to let you lose yours? Silver!” he cried. “I’ll give you a piece of advice: don’t you be in any great hurry after that treasure.”

“Sir,” said Silver, “as between man and man, that’s too much and too little. If you won’t tell me what you mean plain out, just say so and I’ll leave the helm.”

“No,” said the doctor musingly; “I’ve no right to say more; it’s not my secret, you see. If we both get alive out of this wolf-trap, I’ll do my best to save you, short of perjury. Keep the boy close beside you, and when you need help, halloo.”

Dr. Livesey shook hands with me through the stockade, nodded to Silver, and set off at a brisk pace into the wood. ☺



CHAPTER 31

the treasure-hunt— flint's pointer

"JIM," SAID SILVER WHEN WE WERE ALONE, "if I saved your life, you saved mine; and I'll not forget it. I seen the doctor waving you to run for it; and I seen you say no, as plain as hearing. Jim, that's one to you. And now, we're to go in for this here treasure-hunting, with sealed orders too; you and me must stick close, back to back like, and we'll save our necks in spite o' fate and fortune."

Just then a man hailed us that breakfast was ready, and we were soon seated here and there about the sand over biscuit and fried junk.

"Aye, mates," said Silver, "lucky you have Barbecue to think for you with this head. They

have the ship. Where they have it, I don't know; but once we hit the treasure, we'll find out. Us that has the boats has the upper hand."

"As for hostage," he continued, "that's his last talk with them he loves so dear. I'll take him in a line when we go treasure-hunting, for we'll keep him like so much gold, in case of accidents. Once we got the ship and treasure both and off to sea like jolly companions, why then we'll talk Mr. Hawkins over, and we'll give him his share, to be sure, for all his kindness."

Should the scheme he had now sketched prove feasible, Silver, already doubly a traitor, would not hesitate to adopt it. He had still a foot in either camp, and there was no doubt he would prefer wealth and freedom with the pirates to a bare escape from hanging, which was the best he had to hope on our side.

Nay, even if he was forced to keep his faith with Dr. Livesey, what danger lay before us! What a moment that would be when the suspicions of his followers turned to certainty and he and I should have to fight for dear life—he a cripple and



I a boy— against five strong and active seamen! Add to this double apprehension the mystery that still hung over the behaviour of my friends, their unexplained desertion of the stockade, their inexplicable cession of the chart, or harder to understand, the doctor's last warning to Silver, "Look out for squalls when you find it," and you will believe with how uneasy a heart I set forth behind my captors on the quest for treasure.

We made a curious figure—all in soiled clothes and all but me armed to the teeth. Captain Flint sat upon Silver's shoulder and gabbling purposeless sea-talk. I had a line about my waist and followed after the sea-cook, who held the loose end of the rope, now in his free hand, now between his powerful teeth.

There was some discussion on the chart. The red cross was, of course, far too large to be a guide; and the terms of the note on the back admitted of some ambiguity.

We were approaching the brow of the plateau when one man began to cry aloud, as if in terror. Shout after shout came from him,

and the others began to run in his direction.

We found, when we reached him at the foot of a pine, a human skeleton on the ground. A chill struck for a moment to every heart.

"What sort of a way is that for bones to lie?" said Silver, "'Tain't in natur'."

It seemed impossible to fancy it was in a natural position. But for some disarray (the work, perhaps, of the birds that had fed upon him or of the slow-growing creeper that had gradually enveloped him), the man lay perfectly straight—his feet pointing in one direction, his hands, raised above, pointing directly in the opposite.

"I've taken a notion into my old numbskull," observed Silver. "Here's the compass; there's the tip-top p'int o' Skeleton Island, stickin' out like a tooth. Just take a bearing, will you, along the line of them bones."

It was done. The body pointed straight in the direction of the island, and the compass read duly E.S.E. and by E.

"I thought so," cried the cook; "this here is a p'inter. Right up there is our line for the jolly

dollars. If it don't make me cold inside to think of Flint. This is one of HIS jokes, and no mistake. Him and these six was alone here; he killed 'em, every man; and this one he hauled here and laid down by compass, shiver my timbers! Great guns, but if Flint was living, this would be a hot spot for you and me. Six they were, and six are we; and bones is what they are now."

"I saw him dead with these here deadlights," said Morgan. "There he laid, with penny-pieces on his eyes. Dead—dead and gone below, but if ever sperrit walked, it would be Flint's!"

"Aye, that he did," observed another; "now he raged, and he hollered for the rum, and sang. 'Fifteen Men' were his only song, mates; and I tell you true, I never liked to hear it since."

"Come, come," said Silver; "stow this talk. He's dead, and he don't walk, that I know; leastways, he won't walk by day."

Yet, in spite of the hot sun and the staring daylight, the pirates kept side by side. The terror of the dead buccaneer had fallen on their spirits. ☺





CHAPTER 32

the treasure-hunt— the voice among the trees

THE SPOT ON WHICH WE PAUSED commanded a wide prospect on either hand. We not only looked down upon the anchorage and Skeleton Island, but saw a great field of open sea. Not a man, not a sail, upon the sea; the very largeness of the view increased the sense of solitude.

Ever since they had found the skeleton and got upon this train of thought, the pirates had spoken lower and lower, and they had

almost got to whispering by now, so that the sound of their talk hardly interrupted the silence of the wood. All of a sudden, out of the middle of the trees in front of us, a thin, high, trembling voice struck up:

“Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!”

I never have seen men more dreadfully affected than the pirates. The colour went from their six faces like enchantment; some leaped to their feet, some clawed hold of others.

“It’s Flint!”

The song had stopped as suddenly as it began. Coming through the clear, sunny atmosphere among the green tree-tops, I thought it had sounded airily and sweetly; and the effect on my companions was the stranger.

“Come,” said Silver, struggling with his ashen lips to get the word out; “this won’t do. Stand by to go about. I can’t name the

voice, but it’s someone skylarking—someone that’s flesh and blood, and you may lay to that.”

His courage had come back as he spoke, and some of the colour to his face along with it. Already the others had begun to lend an ear to this encouragement and were coming a little to themselves, when the same voice broke out again—not this time singing, but in a faint distant hail that echoed yet fainter among the clefts of the Spy-glass.

“Darby M’Graw,” it wailed—for that is the word that best describes the sound—again and again and again; and then rising a little higher, and with an oath that I leave out: “Fetch aft the rum, Darby!”

The buccaneers remained rooted to the ground, their eyes starting from their heads. Long after the voice had died away they still stared in silence, dreadfully, before them.

“They was his last words,” moaned

Morgan, “his last words above board.” Still Silver was unconquered. I could hear his teeth rattle in his head, but he had not yet surrendered.

“Nobody in this here island ever heard of Darby,” he muttered; “not one but us that’s here.” And then, making a great effort: “Shipmates,” he cried, “I’m here to get that stuff, and I’ll not be beat by man or devil. I never was feared of Flint in his life, and, by the powers, I’ll face him dead. There’s seven hundred thousand pound not a quarter of a mile from here. When did ever a gentleman o’ fortune show his stern to that much dollars for a boozy old seaman with a blue mug—and him dead too?”

But there was no sign of reawakening courage in his followers, rather, indeed, of growing terror at the irreverence of his words. They would have run away had they dared; but fear kept them together, and kept them

close by John, as if his daring helped them.

“There’s one thing not clear to me,” said Silver, “there was an echo. Now, no man ever seen a sperrit with a shadow; what’s he doing with an echo to him, I should like to know? That ain’t in natur’, surely? By the powers, Ben Gunn!”

“Why, nobody minds Ben Gunn,” cried Merry; “dead or alive, nobody minds him.”

It was extraordinary how their spirits

had returned and how the natural colour had revived in their faces. Soon they were chatting together, with intervals of listening; and not long after, hearing no further sound, they shouldered the tools and set forth again.

The first of the tall trees was reached, and by the bearings proved the wrong one. So with the second. The third rose nearly two hundred feet into the air above a clump of underwood.

But it was not its size that now impressed my companions; it was the knowledge that the gold lay somewhere buried below its spreading shadow. The thought of the money, as they drew nearer, swallowed up their previous terrors. Their eyes burned in their heads; their feet grew speedier and lighter; their whole soul was found up in that fortune, that whole lifetime of extravagance and pleasure, that lay waiting there for each of them.

Silver hobbled, grunting, on his crutch;

he plucked furiously at the line that held me to him and from time to time turned his eyes upon me with a deadly look. In the immediate nearness of the gold, all else had been forgotten: his promise and the doctor's warning were both things of the past, and I could not doubt that he hoped to seize upon the treasure, find and board the Hispaniola under cover of night, cut every honest throat about that island, and sail away as he had at first intended, laden with crimes and riches.

And suddenly, not ten yards further, a low cry arose. Before us was a great excavation, not very recent, for the sides had fallen in and grass had sprouted on the bottom. In this were the shaft of a pick broken in two and the boards of several packing-cases strewn around. On one of these boards I saw, branded with a hot iron, the name Walrus—the name of Flint's ship. The cache had been found and rifled; the seven hundred thousand pounds were gone! ☹



CHAPTER 33

the fall of the chieftain

EACH OF THESE SIX MEN was as though he had been struck. But with Silver the blow passed almost instantly, and he kept his head, found his temper, and changed his plan before the others had had time to realize the disappointment.

"Jim," he whispered, "take that, and stand by for trouble." And he passed me a double-barrelled pistol.

He began to quietly put the hollow between us two and the other five. His looks were not quite friendly, and I was

so revolted at these constant changes that I could not forbear whispering, “So you’ve changed sides again.”

The buccaneers, with oaths and cries, began to leap into the pit and to dig with their fingers. Morgan found a piece of gold. He held it up with a perfect spout of oaths. It was a two-guinea piece, and it went from hand to hand among them for a quarter of a minute.

“Two guineas!” roared Merry, shaking it at Silver. “That’s your seven hundred thousand pounds, is it? I tell you now, that man there knew it all along. Look in the face of him and you’ll see it wrote there.”

They began to scramble out of the excavation, darting furious glances behind them. One thing I observed, which looked well for us: they all got out upon the opposite side from Silver.

Well, there we stood, two on one side, five on the other, the pit between us. Silver

never moved; he watched them, very upright on his crutch, and looked as cool as ever I saw him.

“Mates,” says Merry, “there’s two of them alone there; one’s the old cripple that brought us all here; the other’s that cub that I mean to have the heart of. Now, mates—”

He was raising his arm and his voice, and plainly meant to lead a charge. But just then—crack! crack! crack!—three musket-shots flashed out of the thicket. Merry tumbled into the excavation; the man with the bandage fell, where he lay dead, but still twitching; and the other three turned and ran for it with all their might.

Before you could wink, Long John had fired two barrels of a pistol into the struggling Merry.

At the same moment, the doctor, Gray, and Ben Gunn joined us, with smoking muskets, from among the nutmeg-trees.

“Forward!” cried the doctor. “We must

head ‘em off the boats.”

And we set off at a great pace, sometimes plunging through the bushes to the chest.

I tell you, but Silver was anxious to keep up with us. The work that man went through, leaping on his crutch till the muscles of his chest were fit to burst, was work no sound man ever equalled.

“Doctor,” he hailed, “see there! No hurry!”

We could see the three survivors still running in the same direction as they had started. We were already between them and the boats; and so we four sat down to breathe, while Long John, mopping his face, came slowly up with us.

Ben, in his long, lonely wanderings about the island, had found the skeleton and the treasure; he had dug it up; he had carried it on his back, in many weary journeys, from the foot of the tall pine to a cave, and there it had lain stored in safety since two months before the arrival

of the *Hispaniola*.

When the doctor had wormed this secret from him on the afternoon of the attack, and when next morning he saw the anchorage deserted, he had gone to Silver, given him the chart, which was now useless—given him the stores, for Ben Gunn’s cave was well supplied with goats’ meat salted by himself—given anything and everything to get a chance of moving in safety from the stockade to the two-pointed hill, there to be clear of malaria and keep a guard upon the money.

“As for you, Jim,” he said, “it went against my heart, but I did what I thought best for those who had stood by their duty; and if you were not one of these, whose fault was it?”

And by this time we had reached the gigs. The doctor, with the pick-axe, demolished one of them, and then we all got aboard the other and set out to go round by sea for North Inlet. Silver, though he was almost

killed already with fatigue, was set to an oar, like the rest of us, and we were soon skimming swiftly over a smooth sea.

Just inside the mouth of North Inlet, what should we meet but the *Hispaniola*, cruising by herself? We all pulled round again to the nearest point for Ben Gunn's treasure-house; and then Gray returned with the gig to the *Hispaniola*, where he was to pass the night on guard.

The squire met us. To me he was cordial and kind, saying nothing of my escapade either in the way of blame or praise. At Silver's polite salute he somewhat flushed.

"John Silver," he said, "you're a prodigious villain and imposter. I am told I am not to prosecute you. But the dead men, sir, hang about your neck like mill-stones."

"Thank you kindly, sir," replied Long John, again saluting.

And thereupon we all entered the cave. Before a big fire lay Captain Smollett; and

in a far corner, only duskily flickered over by the blaze, I beheld great heaps of coin and quadrilaterals built of bars of gold. That was Flint's treasure that we had come so far to seek and that had cost already the lives of seventeen men from the *Hispaniola*.

"Come in, Jim," said the captain. "Is that you, John Silver? What brings you here, man?" "Come back to my dooty, sir," returned Silver. "Ah!" said the captain, and that was all he said.

What a supper I had of it that night, with all my friends around me. And there was Silver, sitting back almost out of the firelight, but eating heartily, prompt to spring forward when anything was wanted, even joining quietly in our laughter—the same bland, polite, obsequious seaman of the voyage out. ☺



CHAPTER 34

And last

THE NEXT MORNING WE FELL early to work, for the transportation of this great mass of gold by land to the beach. Gray and Ben Gunn came and went with the boat, while the rest during their absences piled treasure on the beach.

It was a strange collection, like Billy Bones's hoard for the diversity of coinage, but so much larger and so much more varied that I think I never had more pleasure than in sorting them. English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Georges, and Louises, doubloons and double guineas and moidores and sequins, the pictures of all the kings of Europe for the last hundred years, strange Oriental pieces stamped with what

looked like wisps of string or bits of spider's web, round pieces and square pieces, and pieces bored through the middle, as if to wear them round your neck—nearly every variety of money in the world must, I think, have found a place in that collection.

Day after day this work went on; by every evening a fortune had been stowed aboard, but there was another fortune waiting for the morrow; and all this time we heard nothing of the three surviving mutineers.

At last, the doctor and I were strolling on the shoulder of the hill when, from out the thick darkness below, the wind brought us a noise between shrieking and singing. It was only a snatch that reached our ears, followed by the former silence.

"Heaven forgive them," said the doctor; "'tis the mutineers!" "All drunk, sir," struck in the voice of Silver from behind us.

Silver, I should say, was allowed his entire

liberty, and in spite of daily rebuffs, seemed to regard himself once more as quite a privileged and friendly dependent. Yet, I think, none treated him better than a dog, unless it was Ben Gunn, who was still terribly afraid of his old quartermaster, or myself, who had really something to thank him for.

“Drunk or raving,” answered the doctor.

“Right you were, sir,” replied Silver; “and precious little odds which, to you and me.”

Well, that was about the last news we had of the three pirates. A council was held, and it was decided that we must desert them on the island—to the huge glee, I must say, of Ben Gunn, and with the strong approval of Gray. We left a good stock of powder and shot, the bulk of the salt goat, a few medicines, and some other necessaries, tools, clothing, a spare sail, a fathom or two of rope, and by the particular desire of the doctor, a handsome present of tobacco.

One fine morning, we weighed anchor, the same colours flying that the captain had flown and fought under at the palisade.

We saw the three pirates kneeling together on a spit of sand, with their arms raised in supplication. It went to all our hearts, I think, to leave them in that wretched state; but we could not risk another mutiny; and to take them home for the gibbet would have been a cruel sort of kindness. The doctor hailed them and told them of the stores we had left, and where they were to find them. But they continued to call us by name and appeal to us to be merciful and not leave them to die in such a place.

At last, seeing the ship still bore on her course, one of them leapt to his feet with a hoarse cry, whipped his musket to his shoulder, and sent a shot whistling over Silver’s head and through the main-sail.

After that, we kept under cover of the bulwarks, and when next I looked out they

had disappeared from the spit, and the spit itself had almost melted out of sight in the growing distance.

We were so short of men that everyone on board had to bear a hand—only the captain lying on a mattress in the stern and giving his orders. We laid her head for the nearest port in Spanish America, for we could not risk the voyage home without fresh hands.

It was just at sundown when we cast anchor in a most beautiful land-locked gulf. The sight of so many good-humoured faces, the taste of the tropical fruits, and above all the lights that began to shine in the town made a most charming contrast to our dark and bloody sojourn on the island; and the doctor and the squire, taking me along with them, went ashore to pass the early part of the night.

As soon as we came on board Ben Gunn began to make us a confession. Silver was gone. The maroon had connived at his escape in a shore boat some hours ago, and he now

assured us he had only done so to preserve our lives, which would certainly have been forfeit if “that man with the one leg had stayed aboard.”



The sea-cook had not gone empty-handed. He had cut through a bulkhead unobserved and had removed one of the sacks of coin, worth perhaps three or four hundred guineas.

I think we were all pleased to be so cheaply quit of him.

We got a few hands on board, made a good cruise home, and the *Hispaniola* reached Bristol just as Mr. Blandly was beginning to think of fitting out her consort. Five men only of those who had sailed returned with her. "Drink and the devil had done for the rest," with a vengeance, although, to be sure, we were not quite in so bad a case as that other ship they sang about:

With one man of her crew alive, What put to sea with seventy-five.

All of us had an ample share of the treasure and used it wisely or foolishly, according to our natures. Captain Smollett is now retired from the sea.

Gray not only saved his money, but also studied his profession, and he is now mate and part owner of a fine full-rigged ship, married besides, and the father of a family.

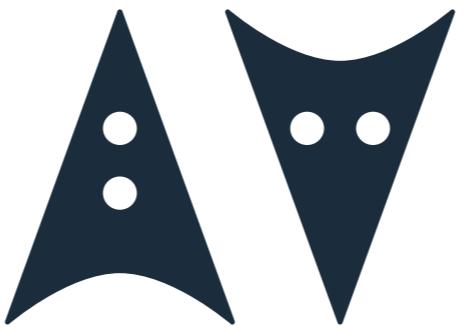
As for Ben Gunn, he got a thousand pounds,

which he spent or lost in three weeks, or to be more exact, in nineteen days, for he was back begging on the twentieth. He still lives, a great favourite, though something of a butt, with the country boys, and is a notable singer in church on Sundays and saints' days.

Of Silver we have heard no more. That formidable seafaring man with one leg has at last gone clean out of my life; but I dare say he met his old Negress, and perhaps still lives in comfort with her and Captain Flint. It is to be hoped so, I suppose, for his chances of comfort in another world are very small.

The bar silver and the arms still lie, for all that I know, where Flint buried them; and certainly they shall lie there for me. Oxen and wain-ropes would not bring me back again to that accursed island; and the worst dreams that ever I have are when I hear the surf booming about its coasts or start upright in bed with the sharp voice of Captain Flint still ringing in my ears: "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!" ☺





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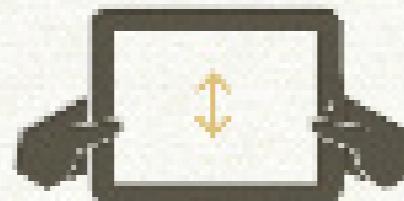
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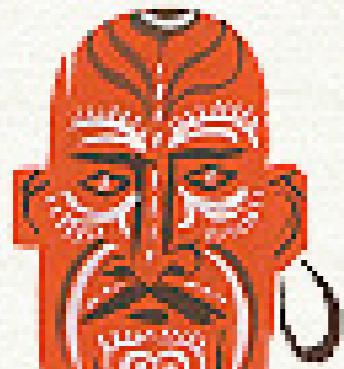
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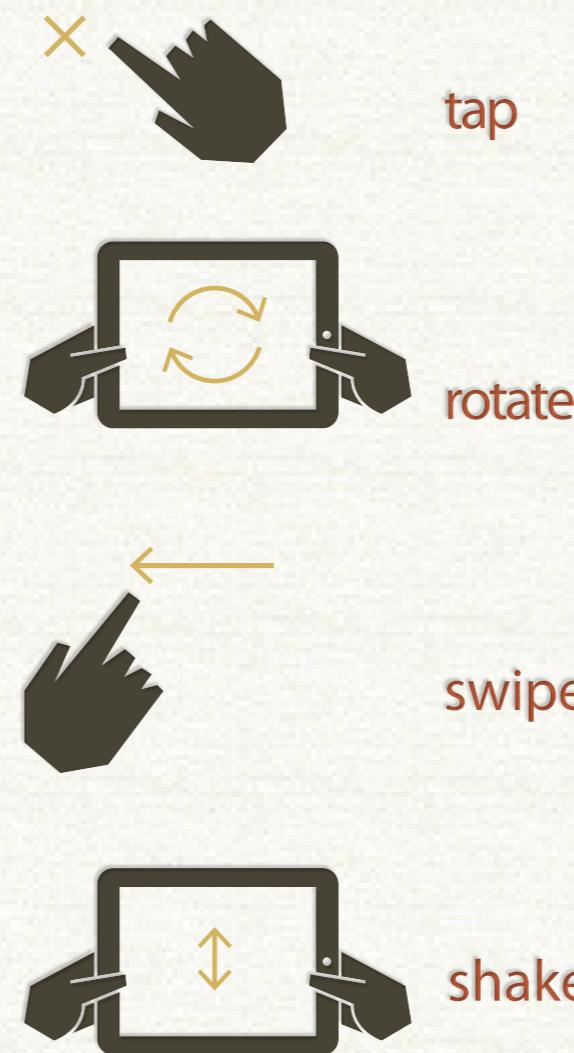
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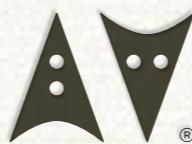
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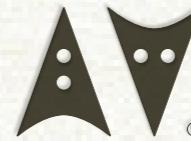
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