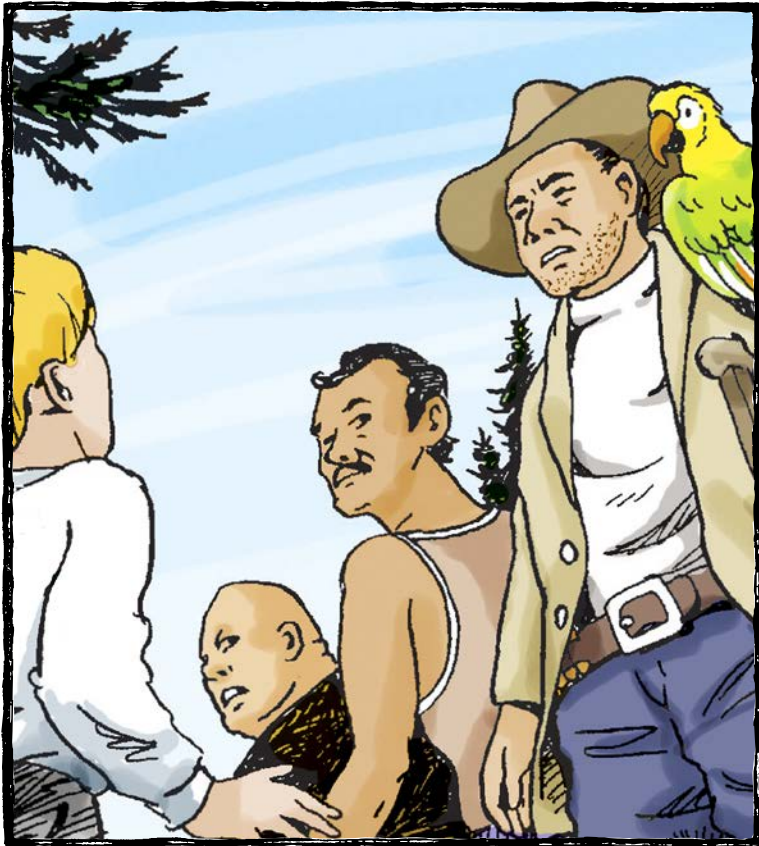


Treasure in Puget Sound

A Reading A-Z Level V Leveled Book

Word Count: 3,620

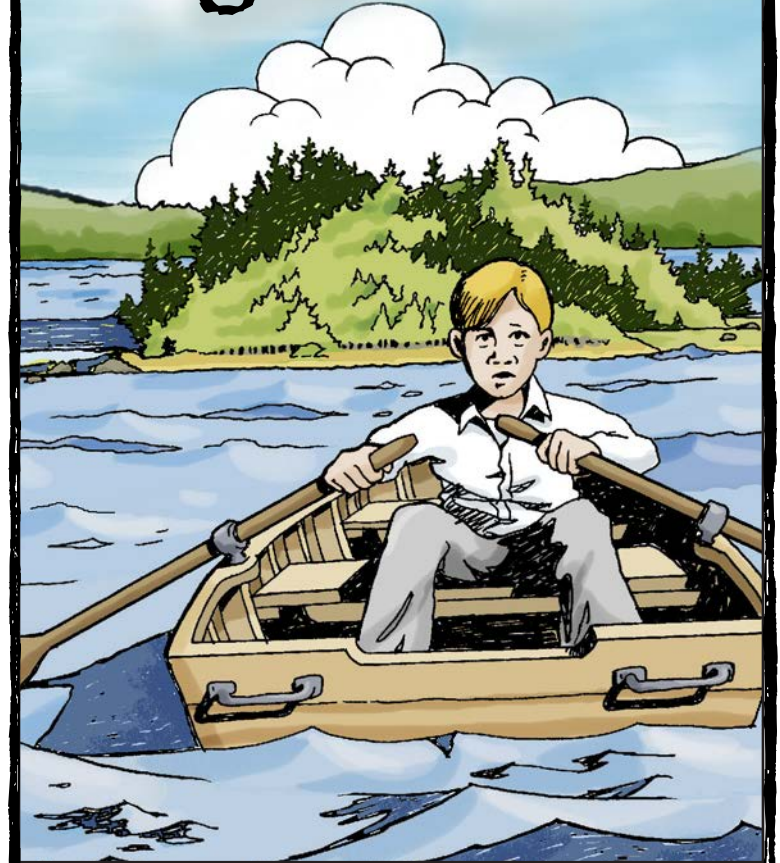


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Treasure in Puget Sound



Written by William Harryman
Illustrated by John Kastner

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This story is a modern adaptation of the classic pirate tale *Treasure Island*, first published in book form by Robert Louis Stevenson in 1883.



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Level V Leveled Book
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Correlation

LEVEL V

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Reading Recovery	40
DRA	40

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Chapter One

My name is Tim Hawkins. My friends suggested that I record the story of the treasure on an island in Puget Sound. My friends want the entire story to be told, but there is one thing I can't reveal. I can't tell you where the island is because there are still riches on that island.

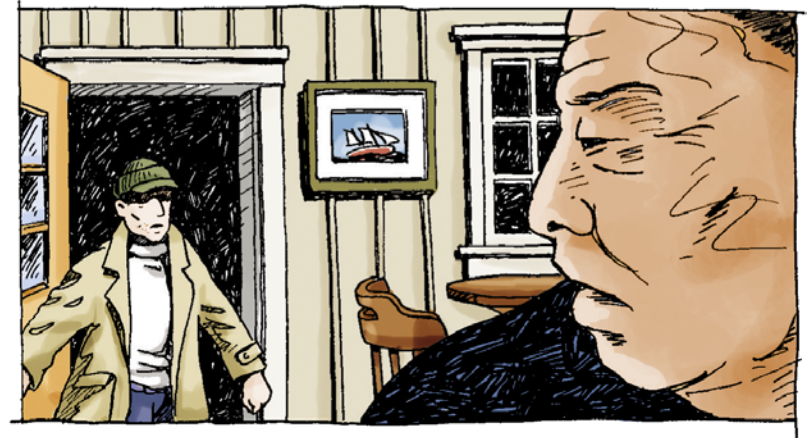
The adventure began when Johnny Bones came to stay at the Lewis & Clark Inn. My parents owned the inn, and I worked for them.

Bones was a large man with a **hideous** knife scar across his cheek. He was an old seaman and looked the part. Bones swaggered into the inn, placed \$200 on the counter, and demanded a room. That was an awful lot of money when I was a kid, so my father gave him a room without question. Bones dragged his sailor's chest upstairs and settled in.

Most days Bones was quiet and remained in his room, but in the evenings he came downstairs to drink rum. After a few drinks, he got loud and swore. A couple more drinks and he sang old, **vulgar** sailing songs.

Nobody was willing to **confront** Bones and request that he be more **civil**. One night he kicked over a chair and Dr. Living, my dad's best friend, got angry and told Bones to shut up.

Bones stared Dr. Living in the eye, and Dr. Living stared right back. I thought they were going to fight, but Bones turned and walked away without saying a word. Dr. Living suggested Bones might stop drinking so much rum before the drink killed him.



Chapter Two

After Bones had been staying at the inn for a few weeks, he hired me to be his lookout. If I ever spotted a one-legged man coming toward the inn, he wanted me to **alert** him. Bones seemed very afraid of the one-legged man, so I was curious. It seemed like a harmless adventure. I told him I would do it.

Ignoring the doctor, Bones continued drinking rum every night. When I asked why he didn't listen to the doctor, he said he'd get sick without his rum. If you ask me, he already looked sick.

One night when Bones was drinking and singing, a pale, short man came to the inn. He was dirty and looked like he had just returned from a long **voyage**. That was common. But this man was missing two fingers on his left hand and walked with a limp.

When the man saw Bones, he went straight at him. Bones turned and saw him. "Black Dog!" Bones exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"I have come for what is owed me," Black Dog replied. He seemed ready to kill to get whatever it was he wanted.

"I have nothing," Bones said. He took a couple of steps backward, seeming a little less tough right then.

"Where is it?" Black Dog demanded. He pulled a long, **shimmering** knife from his jacket.

Customers began to scatter toward the walls. I was shaking. This was more adventure than I wanted.

"Leave me alone." Bones pulled his own knife. They stared at each other for what seemed like hours.

Suddenly, Black Dog jumped at Bones and slashed him on the arm. They wrestled for a few minutes, breaking tables and chairs. The rest of us edged toward the door.

Black Dog appeared to maintain the advantage. Then the fight stopped. Suddenly, everything was quiet and no one moved. Black Dog pulled his knife from Bones's chest and wiped the blade on Bones's shirtsleeve.

Chapter Three

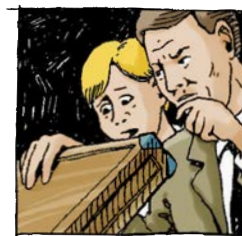
Black Dog left Bones and went upstairs. I heard him going from room to room, kicking in doors as he looked for the room that was Bones's.

Just then, Dr. Living arrived. He went to Bones immediately, but the old seaman was already dead. I explained what had happened and told him Black Dog was still upstairs. After the doctor called the police, I followed him upstairs.

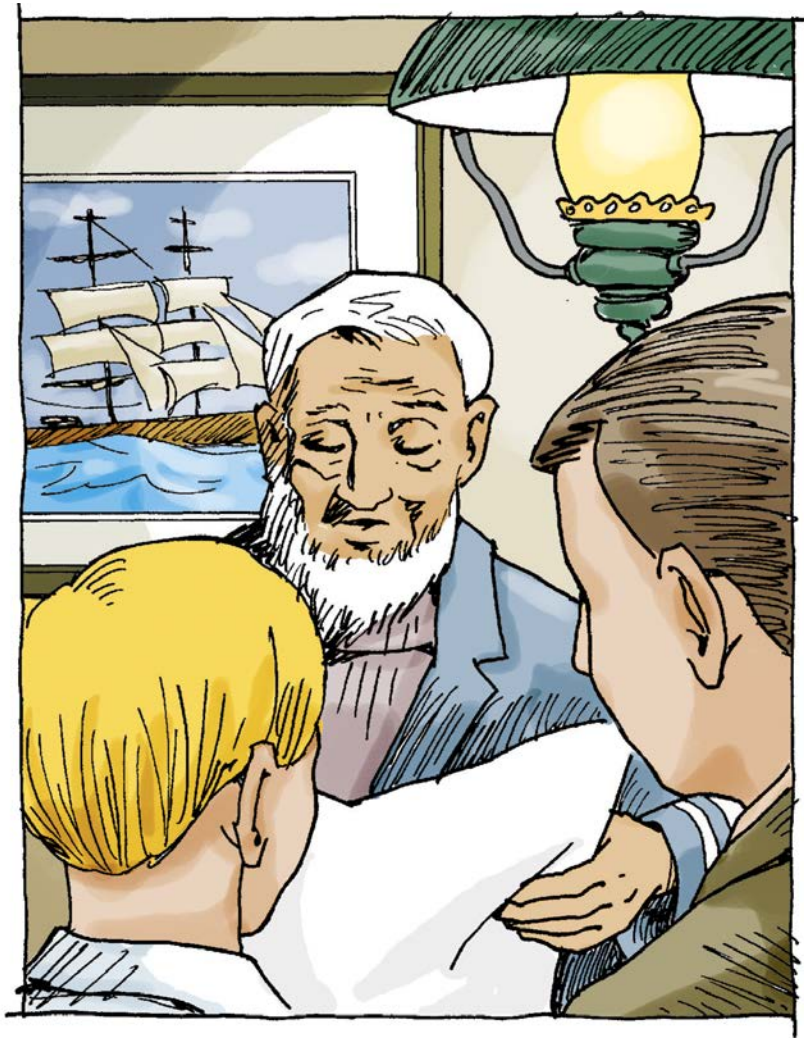
We found Black Dog trying to pry open the lock on Bones's chest. When the doctor kicked Black Dog in the back, sending him sprawling, the knife slid under the bed. Black Dog got to his feet and the doctor told him to give up, that the police were on their way.

Black Dog had no desire to talk to the police. He ran to the window and climbed down the fire escape.

The doctor finished opening the chest. It was filled with some clothes, an old compass, two pistols, and a birth certificate. Under that layer was a false bottom. There was some money in



the bottom of the chest, all brand-new-looking, and some papers. Among the papers was a handmade map with three red crosses drawn on an island.



Chapter Four

In the packet with the map was a slip of paper with the name *Captain Glint* written on it. There were also badly written notes that suggested a huge treasure of money might be hidden on the island shown on the map.

Dr. Living thought we should take what we knew to Robert Jacks. He was an older, retired fishing captain. If anyone might know about the island on the map, it would be Jacks. We took the map and notes to him, and I related as much as I knew about the map and about Bones. I also told him about the one-legged man.

Jacks knew the story. And he knew all about Captain Glint. He believed that if the map was real, there could be a lot of money buried there. The reward would be large.

During World War II, Glint and his men were able to **hijack** a military ship carrying payroll for 10,000 soldiers and officers. The ship was outfitted like a fishing vessel so that it wouldn't attract attention. It wasn't well armed and there weren't many gunboats to guard it because of the war. The Navy thought they could sneak it into the naval base at Bremerton. Somehow, Glint and his men found out about it and planned an attack.

Glint and his men got away with the payroll and hid the money before they were caught. Most of them got away. Glint was put in prison, where he was killed. He didn't reveal the location of the buried money during the trial, or afterwards.

Chapter Five

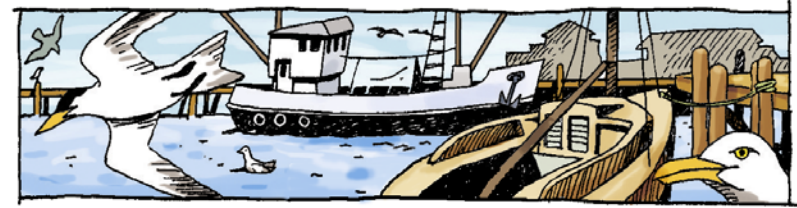
After hearing about Bones and the one-legged man, Jacks believed the map was real. He said he would personally find a crew to search for the money. He thought he knew the island in the drawing. On the condition that I could serve as cabin boy, Dr. Living agreed to let Jacks plan the voyage. The doctor wanted me to have a share of the reward, thinking it might help repair the damage to my parents' inn.

I was excited. It's every boy's dream to go on a voyage searching for buried treasure. I couldn't have asked for a better adventure.

When I got home, the police were just leaving. They asked me what I knew. I was afraid to lie to them, but I knew I had to keep the money a secret. As my stomach filled with butterflies, I told them I knew nothing. I hate to tell lies.

Two days later, a boy my age named Frank came to the inn. Frank told me to say goodbye to my parents and meet the *Spokane*, the boat we would be sailing on, down at the fisherman's **terminal** on the docks. Jacks sent Frank to work for my parents while I was gone.

This was the first time I'd ever left home, and I was sad to say goodbye to my mom. I have to admit I cried a bit. As excited as I was, I was also afraid. I ran all the way to the waterfront.



Chapter Six

When I got to the boat, Captain Elliott welcomed me aboard the *Spokane*. He told me to report to Old John Gold in the **galley**. Gold was a tall man, missing his left leg from the knee down, and with a green parrot on his shoulder. He had a wooden leg and used a crutch to get around.

Gold looked like the man Bones had been afraid would find him. I was shaking a bit when he reached to shake my hand.

"John Gold's the name, ship's cook."

"Tim Hawkins," I replied, still shaking.

"Well, you look fit for an adventure. I hear we are sailing to find some silver." Gold seemed to know more than he should about the voyage. Jacks was supposed to keep the money a secret.

"I wouldn't know," I replied. "I'm just the cabin boy." I hate lying.

John Gold was a strange man, but he didn't seem to be the **ruthless** pirate that Bones thought he was. I couldn't imagine Jacks would hire a pirate as ship's cook, so maybe it wasn't the same man.



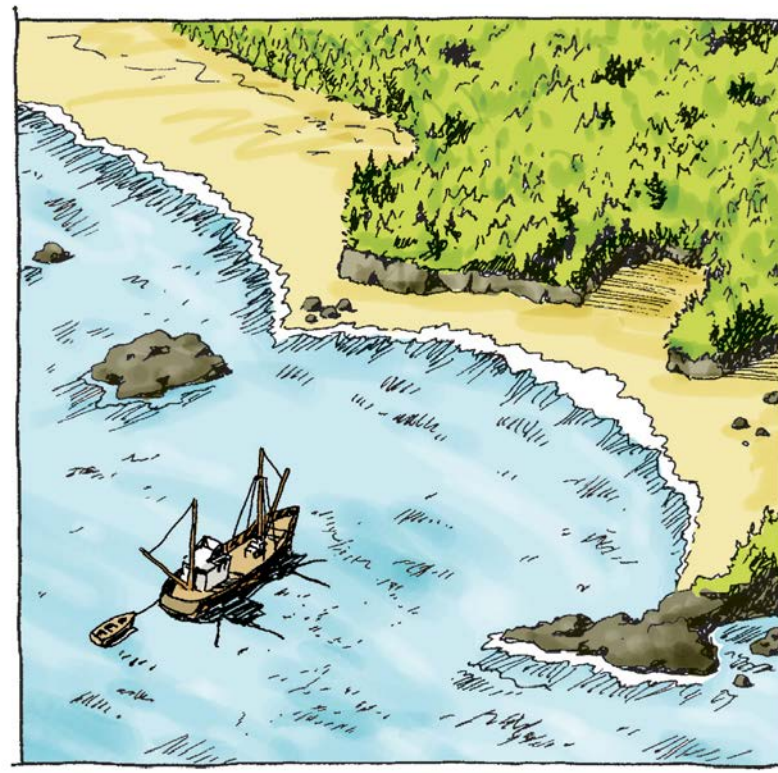
Chapter Seven

Captain Elliott didn't like the crew—any of them. He also didn't like that we were sailing to an island based on a handmade map and looking for buried government money. He thought the whole thing was a foolish plan.

Jacks protested that he didn't tell anyone about the mission, but the doctor and I ignored his defense. Dr. Living agreed that the crew seemed untrustworthy. He believed the captain and John Gold were the only honest men on the ship.

Too many of the crew had guns for me to feel safe, and I only trusted the doctor and the captain. Maybe John Gold was a good man, but I didn't understand why he would leave his own pub behind to be a cook on a ship. He had to know something about the money.

The captain agreed to stay on board and lead the voyage, but he brought a few of his own men as part of the crew. I suspected we might need some friends when we reached the island.



Chapter Eight

The voyage to the island took only a few hours. Between Jacks and the captain, there was no problem reading the map. There were so many islands in the Puget Sound, it confounds me how anyone could tell one from another.

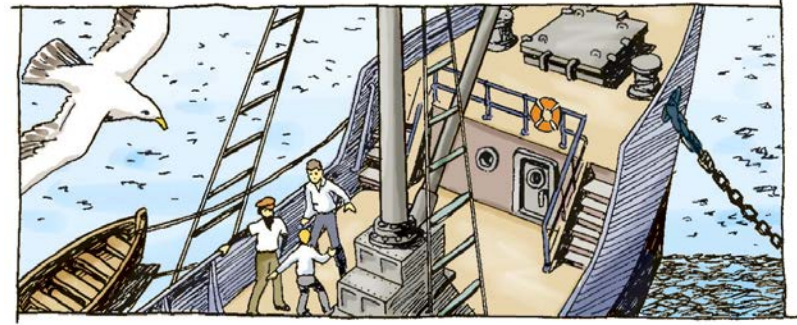
We dropped anchor just off shore from a large island covered with forest. When Jacks told the captain to pull into a small cove with a sandy beach, I could feel my heart race. This was it—we had found the island.

It was late in the day, so a thorough search of each possible site wouldn't begin until the morning. For now, everyone wanted a place to sleep. I found an old apple barrel on deck and climbed inside to get out of the wind that seemed to never stop blowing.

As I got settled to sleep a bit, I overheard Gold and some of the crew talking nearby. What I heard frightened me. I became convinced that the lives of all the honest men on board were in danger.

John Gold's words were terrifying. He had served under Captain Glint and called himself a "man of opportunity." I assumed this meant he was a pirate and a killer. The plan, as he explained it, was to wait until the doctor and Jacks discovered the money and loaded it onto the ship. Once we were heading toward home, he and his men would **mutiny** and **commandeer** the ship. All those who opposed him would be killed.

I was very afraid. Gold explained the details of his plan to his men. Then, suddenly, he told one of the sailors to see if there were any apples in the barrel. I panicked and just before he reached into the barrel, another of the men suggested they drink to seal their plan. Agreeing enthusiastically, they all went to get their rum. I jumped from the barrel and ran to find the doctor.



Chapter Nine

I explained to the doctor and captain what I had overheard, and they agreed that we were in danger. The captain suggested we should continue with the mission. If we stopped now, he thought, Gold would stage a mutiny and kill us immediately. We would wait for the right moment and launch our own attack.

The following morning was, as usual, cold and rainy. I was feeling a touch of seasickness, so I skipped breakfast. I went to the island with the captain and the doctor. As soon as we reached shore, I slipped away on my own because I didn't want to be around Gold and the other men any longer.

As I explored the island, I found the foliage thick and the ground rough. After an hour or so, I was standing in a clearing not far from a creek that ran down to a beach. For the first time since I heard Gold and his men discussing their plan, I felt

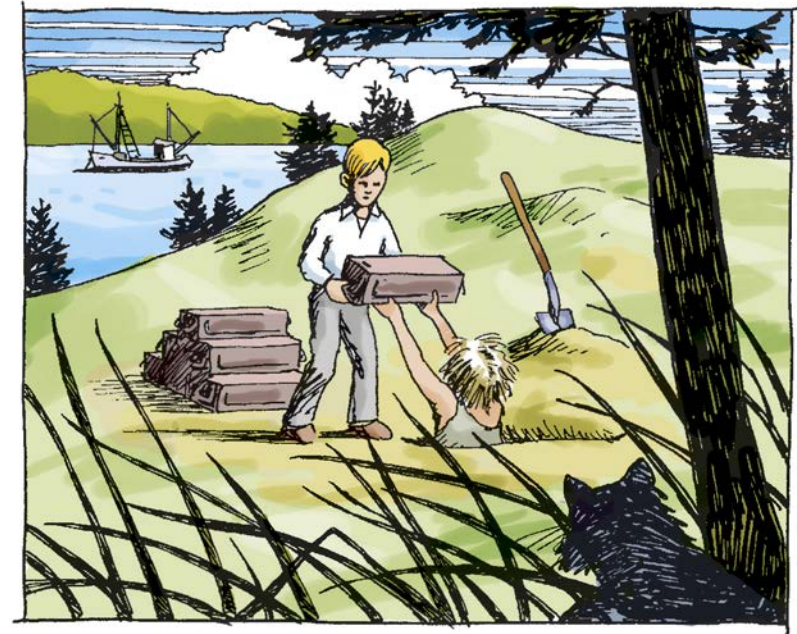
excited again. I experienced the thrill of exploration as I heard wild birds and strange noises I couldn't identify.

While I stood in the clearing, I saw something moving just beyond the trees. I had no idea what kind of animals might live on this island. Given the choice, I would rather have gone back to the search group. At least with Gold, I knew what I was up against.

As I walked, the creature seemed to move very swiftly from tree to tree, as though it was trying to head me off. I pulled my knife from my belt, hoping to defend myself as best I could. To my surprise, the creature leapt from the trees and threw itself at my feet. It was a man.

He begged to be taken from the island. He said his name was Ron Gunn and that he had been stranded for many years. Dressed in old rags, he was very tan and dirty. He said he was a member of Glint's crew who had been left behind when he disagreed with their plans for the money. I told him some of Glint's men were on the island now.

Gunn knew the island well, and he knew where the money was buried. He thought for a minute and decided he had a plan, but he needed to know if there were any crewmen who were not with Gold. I said there were at least ten honest sailors, including Gunn.



Chapter Ten

While the rest of the crew searched for landmarks that might lead to the red crosses on the map, we dug up the money from its hiding place. Gunn said two of the crosses were false marks—that only one cross was the true location where the money was buried. We pulled twenty boxes of money from the hole and then put the dirt back. After Gunn hid his shovel, we moved the money to a shallow cave he had dug into a small mountain on the island.

There was a lot of money in those boxes, easily more than a million dollars. That's not an amazing amount of money today, but back then it was a

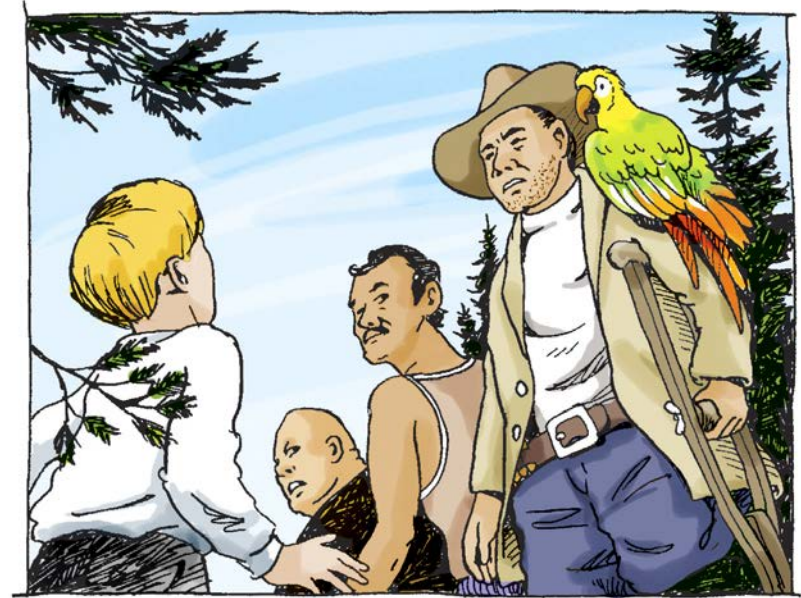
fortune. **Scoundrels** would do anything to get their hands on that much money.

Gunn figured they would split up to search for the money. When one of the smaller groups found the actual spot, we would try to split them up. While we waited, I felt more and more afraid. Gunn's plan didn't seem too intelligent to me.

It seemed like hours had passed before a group of seven men found the hole we had dug. Three of them were the captain's men, which made me feel a little better. We threw rocks at them and they scattered to avoid getting hit. While Gunn stayed hidden, I ran toward the men that I trusted. Gunn continued throwing rocks at Gold's men.

I told the captain's men what was happening. They each had pistols, so we surrounded the others and confronted them. They surrendered and begged us not to kill them. Gunn helped us tie them up, then we stuffed their shirtsleeves in their mouths. We left them secured to a tree.

We discovered the second group and easily captured them as well. We now had seven good men with us, but the captain and the doctor were with John Gold. As a group we could take them, although it would be difficult. Gold's men were loyal, and he would do anything to get that money.



Chapter Eleven

After nearly an hour, we found them. The doctor and the captain were with John Gold and five of his men. Gunn wanted to separate Gold from the others so that he could get **revenge** for being left behind on the island all those years. He said it was Gold who gave the orders for him to be **marooned**.

We devised a plan. I would walk into the open and act like I had been lost all morning. The others would then jump Gold's men and subdue them.

I was very nervous. I hate lying, and I was very afraid of Gold. He was a **perceptive** man, and he might suspect I wasn't telling the truth.

When I walked into the clearing and greeted the doctor, he seemed relieved to see me. “We thought you were lost, young man,” he said.

“I was,” I replied. “I’m glad I found you. How is the search going?”

“This cross was nothing. Maybe the others have found something.” The doctor had the original map, and he was ready to move to another location.

“Maybe the boy knows more than he reveals,” Gold said. His parrot echoed him: “The boy knows. The boy knows.” The parrot’s voice made my spine crawl.

“I don’t know anything. I was lost all morning,” I protested. As I said the words, Gunn and the others raced from the trees and jumped Gold’s men. The captain and the doctor quickly realized what was happening and joined the attack. When I took my eye off Gold, he struck me with his crutch. As I got to my feet, he grabbed me by the hair.

One of Gold’s men pulled a pistol and started firing. He hit three of the captain’s men, though the wounds were mild, and they returned fire. I tried to escape, but Gold held me tight. He just stood there like he couldn’t be hit. When the firing stopped, only the captain, the doctor, Gold, and

I were still standing. All the others had been hit, including Gunn, and some were clearly dead.

“Now let’s talk about the money,” Gold demanded. “I’ll give you young Tim, here, for a portion of the money.”

“No deal, Gold,” the doctor replied.

“Do what he says,” I said. “I don’t want to die.”

“Well, then, we have ourselves a **standoff**,” Gold said. He seemed to be enjoying the tension of the situation. I was squirming and he pulled on my hair until I stood still.

I took a deep breath and **summoned** up all the courage I could find. “Gold, I’m the only one who knows where the money is hidden. If you don’t let me go, you’ll never get any of the money.”

“Okay, boy, here’s the deal. You lead us to the money, give me a fair share, and I’ll let you go. My conditions are that no one tries to kill me, I keep my gun, and I am allowed to leave the island in one of the landing boats. Do we have a deal?”

“Do what he says,” I said.

“We have a deal,” the captain said. With the agreement, Gold tied a rope around my waist and tied the other end around his waist. He kept his gun pointed at my back.



Chapter Twelve

I led them to the **stashed** money, and we began to move the boxes out of the cave, with the captain and the doctor doing most of the work. When we were nearly finished, three of Gold's men jumped us. They were wounded, but not badly.

The captain knifed one of them, and Gold shot another. The third man ran when he realized he was now outnumbered. When the conflict ended, I was standing against a tree and felt a shooting pain in my left shoulder. I looked down and saw a knife blade sticking out of my shirt and felt warm blood trickling down my arm. One of Gold's men had thrown a knife and hit me.

I screamed when the doctor pulled out the blade. It had only nicked my skin, but the pain was intense. I noticed the rope around my waist was loose, and I looked for Gold but didn't see him. Gold was gone. He must have escaped in the **commotion**. Two of the boxes of money were also missing.

After we gathered the survivors of the captain's men and helped them to the boat, we loaded the rest of the money onto the ship. We planned to send the police for Gold's men when we arrived back in Seattle.

I think we were all glad to be rid of Gold, and no one seemed too concerned that he had escaped. When we reached Seattle, we turned over the money we had to the authorities. It was much less than the total that originally went missing. We figured there was still some money that Gunn had stashed on the island. We were given a reward of \$25,000, a lot less than the money we could have kept, but it was enough. There was plenty of money in my share to help my parents fix their inn.

So, that is the story of the treasure in Puget Sound. It is an unpleasant memory I have recorded, but it needed to be told. To this day, I still have nightmares. I still can hear Gold's parrot: "The boy knows. The boy knows."

Glossary

alert (<i>v.</i>)	to warn or inform (p. 6)
civil (<i>adj.</i>)	polite and courteous (p. 5)
commandeer (<i>v.</i>)	to assume authority and command either by right or by force (p. 15)
commotion (<i>n.</i>)	confusion; a chaotic disturbance (p. 24)
confront (<i>v.</i>)	to oppose directly and openly; to stand up to (p. 5)
galley (<i>n.</i>)	the kitchen of a ship or an airplane (p. 12)
hideous (<i>adj.</i>)	horribly ugly and revolting (p. 5)
hijack (<i>v.</i>)	to steal or seize control of a vehicle by force (p. 10)
marooned (<i>v.</i>)	abandoned and left stranded in a deserted place (p. 20)
mutiny (<i>v.</i>)	to rebel (p. 15)
perceptive (<i>adj.</i>)	observant and insightful (p. 20)

revenge (<i>n.</i>)	the act of harming a person or a group in response to an earlier injury by that same person or group (p. 20)
ruthless (<i>adj.</i>)	pitiless and cruel; completely lacking morals (p. 12)
scoundrels (<i>n.</i>)	wicked people (p. 19)
shimmering (<i>adj.</i>)	shining with a wavering, unsteady light, as in reflection off of water or metal (p. 7)
standoff (<i>n.</i>)	a draw where both parties are equally matched and unable to proceed (p. 22)
stashed (<i>adj.</i>)	hidden away (p. 23)
summoned (<i>v.</i>)	called upon (p. 22)
terminal (<i>n.</i>)	the end of a transportation line, often with a station of some sort (p. 11)
voyage (<i>n.</i>)	a relatively long journey, typically by sea (p. 6)
vulgar (<i>adj.</i>)	crude and obscene (p. 5)