

## Chapter 1

### A Visitor to the Inn

I am writing this story about Treasure Island on the request of my friends, Squire Trelawney and Dr. Livesey. All of the things I shall tell happened to me many years ago.

It all began when I, Jim Hawkins, was just a boy and my father ran the Admiral Benbow Inn. I remember it as if it were yesterday. A large, heavy man burst in the inn door. He carried a large sea chest and wore a soiled blue coat. His hands were ragged and scarred, and his fingernails were black and broken. He had a white scar across one cheek. I re-

member him looking around and whistling to himself. Then he broke out in that old sea-song that he sang so often:

“Fifteen men on the Dead Man’s Chest,  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!”

After finishsing his song, he asked for a bottle of rum and introduced himself. He told us only that we should call him “captain.” He threw several gold coins on the table, and my father showed him to his room.

The captain stayed with us for a long time. He was a silent man by custom. All day long he hung around the cove or sat on the cliffs with a brass telescope. During the evening, he sat by the fire and drank rum and water. Every day when he came back from his stroll he would ask if any seafaring men had passed by. I soon figured out that the captain asked this question because he was hiding from someone or something.

One day he took me aside and promised me

a silver coin on the first of every month if I would only keep my eye out for a seafaring man with one leg and let him know the moment he appeared.

The image of this frightening person haunted my dreams and caused me many sleepless nights. 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 the one-legged man in a thousand forms. Sometimes the leg would be cut off at the knee, other times at the hip, and still other times I imagined him as a monstrous creature who had only one leg which grew from the middle of his body.

But although I was terrified by the idea of the seafaring man with one leg, I was far less afraid of the captain than were most people who came to the inn. His stories frightened them. They were dreadful tales about hanging, walking the plank, and wild storms at

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sea. When the captain told his tales, he grew red in the face, and his voice boomed like cannon fire. Although the people were frightened at the time, when I look back I realize that the stories provided their dull country lives with some excitement and adventure.

The captain stayed with us many months. After a while he had no more gold coins, but my poor father was too afraid to ask him to leave. All the time he stayed with us, the captain never changed his clothes, except for his socks. His coat was patched and re-patched, but never replaced. He never wrote or received a letter, and he spoke only with patrons of the inn.

During these months, Dr. Livesey visited us many times. My father was very sick, and we all feared he would never live to see the spring. The doctor took an immediate dislike to the captain. One evening the two men got into a quarrel. In a fit of temper the captain

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drew a sharp sailor's knife from his pocket and threatened to pin the doctor to the wall.

The doctor never so much as moved. He spoke in his usual calm tone of voice:

"If you do not put that knife away, I promise, upon my honor, that you shall hang for your actions."

The two men stared silently at each other, but the captain soon knuckled under, put away his knife, and sat down. All the while he grumbled like a beaten dog.

## Chapter 2

### Black Dog

It was not long after this that there occurred the first of the mysterious events that rid us at last of the captain. It was a bitter cold winter. Hard frosts came and heavy gales blew around the little cove. I knew that my poor father had not long to live.

One cold January morning, a pale, thin man came to the inn door. He was missing two fingers from his left hand, and he spoke in a quiet but determined manner. He asked me first what my name was. When I replied "Jim Hawkins," he nodded as if he already

knew this. Then he asked me to bring him a glass of rum. After he drained the glass he looked up at me and said:

“Come here, Jim. Is this table over here for my mate Bill?”

I told him I did not know his mate Bill. The only person who lived at the inn besides my family was the captain. I then described the captain. The man smiled in recognition.

“That’s my mate Bill, all right,” he said. “You and I will just go back into the parlor, Jim, and we’ll get behind the door and give Bill a little surprise when he comes in.”

So the stranger and I hid behind the large oak parlor door.

At last, in strode the captain, slamming the door behind him. He looked straight ahead as he headed right for the breakfast table.

“Bill!” said the stranger in a loud voice.

The captain spun around on his heel and

faced us. He turned totally white. He had the look of a man who had just seen a ghost.

"Come, Bill, you know me. You must remember your old shipmate," said the stranger.

The captain gasped.

"Black Dog!" he said.

"That's right," laughed the stranger. "And I think it's time we had a little talk."

With that, Black Dog asked me to bring two glasses of rum so he and the captain could have their little talk. When I returned with the rum, they were already seated on either side of the table.

For a long time, though I certainly did my best to listen, I could hear nothing but low voices. Soon the voices grew louder and louder.

Then all of a sudden there was a tremendous explosion of curses and other noises. The chair and the table went over in a crash. A clash of steel followed and then a cry of pain,



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and the next instant I saw Black Dog in full flight. The captain was running after him, and both men had drawn swords. Blood was streaming from Black Dog's left shoulder. As they reached the door, the captain aimed a blow at Black Dog that surely would have cut him in two, had it not been for the low-hanging signboard of the Admiral Benbow Inn. You can see the notch on the lower side of the frame to this day.

Once out on the road, Black Dog, in spite of his wound, ran away and disappeared over the edge of the hill. The captain stood staring at the signboard like a bewildered man.

He passed his hand over his eyes and shouted for me to bring him some rum and to be quick about it. The next thing I heard was a loud fall in the parlor. I ran in and saw the captain lying full length upon the floor. At that instant, my mother came running downstairs to help me. Between us we raised

the captain's head. He was breathing very loudly, but his eyes were closed and his face was drained of all color.

"Dear, dear!" cried my mother. "What a disgrace upon the house! And with your poor father so sick."

It was a great relief to us when the door opened and Dr. Livesey came in to pay a visit to my father.

"Oh, doctor," I cried, "what shall we do? Where is he wounded?"

The doctor soon discovered that the captain had not been wounded at all. He had had a stroke. In no time at all, the doctor rolled up the captain's sleeve and prepared to take some blood. On the captain's arm we noticed many tattoos. One said, "Here's luck," another, "A fair wind," and a third said, "Billy Bones, his fancy."

From that tattoo we figured out that Billy Bones must be the captain's real name. In a

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little while the captain came to, and we managed to hoist him upstairs and put him in his bed. The doctor warned all of us that any rum drinking would be the death of the captain. He also confided in me that the old sailor would have to stay in bed for at least a week, or he might suffer still another stroke.

## Chapter 3

### The Black Spot

The next afternoon I stopped to bring the captain some cooling drinks and medicine. He was lying very much as we had left him the day before. Although he was still weak, he seemed excited.

“Jim,” he said, “you’re the only one here that I can depend upon. You know that I have given you a silver coin every month I’ve been here. I’m pretty low now, but do you think you could bring me a glass of rum?”

I tried to tell him what the doctor had said, but he dismissed it as nonsense. As he talked

and tried to convince me how badly he needed the rum, his voice grew louder. I was thinking only of my father, who needed quiet, and I agreed to get him the rum if he would be still. Then he asked me how long the doctor said he would be in bed. When I told him it would be at least a week, he looked angry.

"Thunder!" he cried. "A week's more than I have. They will have the black spot on me by then. I won't let 'em get me this time, I swear to it!"

As he was speaking, he tried to get out of bed, but he collapsed in weakness.

"Jim," he said, "that Black Dog, he was a bad one, but there are worse out there to get me. Now, if I can't get away, they'll tip me the black spot. Mind you, it's my old sea chest that they're after. You get on a horse and go to that doctor. Tell him to send all the men he can find here to the inn. All of old Flint's crew will be here. I was Flint's first mate,

and I'm the only one who knows where it is. He gave it to me as he died. But don't tell this to anyone unless they give me the black spot or you see Black Dog or that man with the one leg."

None of this made any sense to me at all. I asked him again and again what the black spot was and who Flint was, but he slowly drifted into sleep.

I scarcely had time to think about what the captain had told me, when my poor father in the other room took a turn for the worse and died suddenly.

My sadness, the visits of our friends, and all the details of the funeral made me forget my strange conversation with the captain.

So things passed until the day after the funeral. At about three o'clock, I was standing at the door, full of sad thoughts about my father, when I saw someone coming towards the inn. He was obviously blind, for he tapped

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in front of himself with a stick and wore dark glasses over his eyes. He was hunched over and wore a huge tattered seacloak with a hood. I never saw a more dreadful-looking creature. He stopped a little ways from the inn and said in a singsong voice:

“Will someone tell a poor blind man where or in what part of this country he is?”

I told the man that he was at the Admiral Benbow Inn in Black Hill Cove. With that, he asked me to show him inside. When he gripped my hand, he held on like a vise and pulled me close to him.

“Now, boy,” he said, “take me to the captain.”

I tried to refuse, but he gave me a wrench that made me cry out. Then, holding me with his iron grasp, he made me lead him upstairs to the sick man’s room.

When the captain raised his eyes, I saw in them a look of fear and weakness. He tried to rise, but did not have the strength.

"Now, Bill, sit where you are," said the blind man. "Even though I can't see, I can hear if you move a finger. Now you, Jim, take his left hand and bring it close to mine."

We both obeyed him to the letter, and I saw him pass something from his hand to the captain's hand.

"And now that's done," said the blind man. And he walked slowly out of the inn. I could hear his sick tap-tap-tapping into the distance.

It was some time before either I or the captain seemed to gather our senses. When I let go of his wrist, he drew in his hand and looked into the palm.

"Ten o'clock!" he cried. "Six hours. I'll escape them yet!" And he sprang to his feet.

As he did this, he grabbed at his throat, swayed for a moment, and then fell with a loud thud upon the floor.

I ran to him at once and called my mother.



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The captain had died of a stroke! Although I never liked the man, when I saw him there on the floor 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.