

## Chapter 8

### At the Sign of the "Spy-Glass"

The ride to Bristol was long and uneventful. When I finally arrived, Squire Trelawney was there to meet me. We walked together along the docks, and to my great delight, I was able to see many ships of all sizes and types. In one, sailors were singing at their work: in another, seamen were climbing high above me on masts that seemed no thicker than a spider's web. Although I had lived by the shore all my life, it seemed I had never been near the sea till then.

When we finished eating our breakfast, the

squire gave me a note addressed to John Silver. He owned a tavern called the Spyglass, and I was to go there to meet him and give him the note.

I soon found the place. It was bright and freshly painted, the windows had neat red curtains, and the floor was cleanly sanded. 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 to the hip, and under the left shoulder he carried a crutch. He managed to get around quite well in spite of his handicap. He was very tall and strong, with a face as big as a ham. But there seemed something pleasant and intelligent about him. He whistled as he moved among the tables.

I had not forgotten what Captain Bill had told me long ago in the inn. He had been very wary of a one-legged seafaring man and had actually paid me to keep a lookout for the

man. But one look at this man before me was enough. I had seen Black Dog and the blind man, whose name I found was Pew, and I was pretty sure I knew what a buccaneer was like. Long John didn't look like one.

So I got up my courage at once, crossed the threshold, and walked right up to the man and introduced myself. I was right, he was indeed Long John Silver. He took my hand in his large firm grasp.

Just then, one of the customers at the back of the tavern rose suddenly and made for the door. His haste attracted my attention, and I recognized him at once. It was Black Dog!

"Oh!" I cried. "Stop him! It's Black Dog!"

Long John sent one of his men out the door after the man. I explained that Black Dog was a buccaneer who had come to my own home not too long ago. Long John looked very serious and showed excitement and surprise.

"Well, I never—a buccaneer—here in my tavern. And with a name like Black Dog!"

All the while he talked, Long John stumped up and down the tavern on his crutch, slapping tables with his hand. He gave such a show of outrage that it would have convinced even a judge. My suspicions had been awakened when I saw Black Dog at the tavern. But now Long John had me thoroughly convinced that he had never seen the man before.

He praised my sharp eyes for spotting the scoundrel and sat down to have a glass of rum. I immediately liked Long John. He seemed to have a sense of humor and an adventuresome spirit.

After this incident with Black Dog, Long John and I walked back to the ship. On the way he told me all about the different ships that we passed by—their rig, tonnage, and nationality. He related bits of stories and jokes he had heard at sea. I began to see that here was one of the best of possible shipmates.

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When we got to the ship, Dr. Livesey and the squire greeted us warmly. Long John told them what had happened from beginning to end with a great deal of spirit and total honesty.

"That was how it were, now, weren't it, Hawkins?" he would say now and again.

We all regretted that the scoundrel Black Dog had gotten away, but the squire soon cheered us all up with some good news. We would leave on our voyage the very next morning!

## Chapter 9

### The Captain and the Crew

After our meeting, the squire and the doctor introduced me to the ship's crew. The captain's name was Smollett, and the first mate was a weathered-looking old sailor named Arrow.

We had been in the squire's cabin only about five minutes when there was a knock at the door. It was Captain Smollett. He had come to tell the squire that he felt uneasy about the crew and our mission.

"I thought we were sailing on a secret mission," said Smollett, "and now I find that the

crew is talking about going after treasure. Now, treasure is ticklish work. I don't like treasure voyages—especially when they are secret. But it seems that with this one, rumors are spreading like wildfire. Why, some of the men are even talking about a map with red crosses on it that show where the treasure is hidden.”

The squire and the doctor exchanged looks of surprise and shock. They had told no one about the map. But somehow there had been a leak, and now the secret was not so well kept.

Dr. Livesey scratched his head and asked the captain what else he was worried about and what ideas he had for dealing with his misgivings about the voyage.

“Well,” answered Smollett, “I don't like the looks of the crew—especially Arrow. He drinks a bit too much and he mixes too freely with the men. A mate should keep to himself.

What worries me about all of this is simply that I can't fully trust my own crew. And once we are out at sea, anything can happen.

"I only ask three things. First, I beg you to hide this map carefully and to keep it a secret—even from me. Second, the crew is just now loading the powder and the guns in the forehold. I suggest you have them put here under the cabin. Third, you are bringing four of your own people with you. Instead of putting them in the front of the ship, I advise you to keep them in the cabins here so they will be close by."

All the captain said made sense, but it had an air of foreboding about it. The doctor at once agreed to all of Smollett's suggestions, but the squire doubted his wisdom. He took an instant dislike to the captain and only agreed to go along with the doctor because he wanted to start the voyage peacefully.



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### The Voyage

All that night we were in a great bustle, getting things stowed in their places and bidding farewell to all of the squire's friends.

It was a little before dawn when the boatswain sounded his pipe and the crew began to man the decks. As we pulled away from the dock, one of the men asked Long John—whom they all called Barbecue, since he was the cook—to sing a song. He at once broke out with the words I knew so well:

“Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest,  
And then the whole crew sang the chorus:

“Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!”

That exciting moment carried me back to the old Admiral Benbow Inn, and I could almost hear the voice of Captain Billy Bones piping in the chorus.

I am not going to relate the voyage in detail. It was fairly prosperous. The ship proved to be a good ship, the crew were capable seamen, and the captain knew his business well. But before we came to Treasure Island, two or three things happened that are important to my story.

Mr. Arrow turned out to be even worse than the captain had feared. He had no command among the men, and they ignored him when they wanted to. After a day or two at sea, he began to appear on deck with hazy eyes, red cheeks, and slurred speech. He was obviously drinking. But none of us could figure out where he got the rum. Of course, we had made it very plain that there would be

no rum or other alcohol allowed on board. No matter how carefully we watched him, we simply could not figure it out.

Arrow was not only useless as an officer and a bad influence among the men, but it was plain that at this rate he would soon kill himself. No one was very surprised nor very sorry when one night, during a rough sea, he disappeared entirely and was never seen again.

Long John, or Barbecue, as the crew called him, had great respect among the men. He was always kind to me and was always glad when I stopped by in the kitchen to talk with him.

"Come away, Hawkins," he would say, "come and have a yarn with John. Nobody's more welcome than yourself, my son. Here's Cap'n Flint—that's what I call my parrot, after the famous buccaneer—here's Cap'n Flint predicting success to our voyage."

And the parrot would say over and over, "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!" until I wondered why it was not out of breath.

We had some rough weather on the voyage, but as we neared our destination, we had a steady breeze and a quiet sea. The *Hispaniola* rolled steadily, dipping her bow now and then with a whiff of spray.

Just after sundown, when all my work was over and I was on my way to my berth, it occurred to me that I would like an apple. The squire had stocked the ship with several barrels of apples, which he thought would be pleasant for the crew.

When I looked into the large barrel, it seemed so dark that I couldn't tell if there were any apples left. So I got inside the barrel itself. Sitting there in the dark, with the sound of the water and the rocking movement of the ship, I either fell asleep or was on the point of doing so, when a heavy man sat down

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close by. The barrel shook as he leaned his shoulders against it. I was about to speak when I heard the man begin to talk. It was Long John Silver, and before I had heard a dozen words, I would not have shown myself for all the world. I lay there trembling and listening in fear and curiosity. I soon understood that the lives of all the honest men on board 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 because of my wooden leg. The same time I lost my leg, old Pew lost his eyes. That was some voyage, it was."

"Ah!" cried another voice. "Flint was the best there ever was!"

"We were the roughest crew afloat, we were. And we got ourselves plenty of gold on those voyages. That's how I was able to buy myself that little tavern and wait for the time to find the rest of Flint's treasure."

From what Silver was saying to his mate,

Israel Hands, I could figure out that he had known about our voyage from the start. Indeed, Silver had been a buccaneer with Captain Flint himself. Now, one by one, he was turning the crew into common pirates like him.

“What I want to know,” asked Israel Hands, “is how long we intend to sit here quietly and wait. I’ve just about had it with Smollett. I want to break into their cabin. I want their fine food and wine. I want to let them know just who we *really* are.”

“I’ll give the word,” answered Silver. “And it won’t happen until the very last moment. Captain Smollett is a first-rate seaman, and we’ll let him sail the ship for us. The squire and the doctor have the map, and I don’t know where it is, do I? When the right time comes, after they’ve found the treasure for us, then we’ll get rid of ’em. As my friend Billy Bones would say, ‘Dead men don’t bite.’”

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—I was shivering with fear. I could hardly believe all that I had heard. Just then a sort of brightness fell upon me in the barrel. Looking up, I found the moon had risen and was shining on the foresail. I heard a voice shout, "Land ho!"



## Chapter 12

### Council of War

As soon as everyone heard that land was spotted, there was a great rush of feet across the deck. When Long John and his mate were out of sight, I made my escape from the apple barrel.

Everyone had gathered on the top deck and were talking and gesturing with wild excitement. I felt as if I were in a dream. I was still in shock over what I had heard.

When Captain Smollett appeared on deck, he carried with him a map of the island. Long John's eyes burned in his head when he saw

the paper, but I knew it wasn't what he expected. I could tell by the fresh look of the paper that this was not the same map we had found in Billy Bones' trunk. The map was an exact copy, except that it did not show the red crosses that marked the treasure sites. Even though he was disappointed, Silver was clever enough to hide it.

Long John acted so cool and collected that I could not help being amazed at his ability to hide his true feelings. I shuddered when he even looked my way.

As soon as I was able, I made my way over to the doctor. I told him that I had some important and frightening news. The doctor nodded and motioned towards his cabin. On the way there he alerted Captain Smollett and the squire. So by the time I reached his cabin the three men were waiting to hear me out.

As briefly as I could, I told my friends all

I had overheard in the barrel. They remained silent for a few moments after I had finished. Then the doctor poured everyone a glass of red wine.

"Now, captain," the squire said to Smollett, "I see that you were right from the start. I was foolish not to have listened to you."

"Believe me," answered the captain, "I never saw a crew as sneaky as this one. They mean to mutiny but have cleverly disguised their true feelings all this time. That John Silver is a remarkable man!"

"He'd look more remarkable hanging from the gallows where he belongs!" added the doctor.

We then asked the captain for his advice. He acknowledged that we were in a bad position. We could not tell for sure how many of the men were loyal to us and how many were loyal to Silver. Since it was too late to turn back, we could only be wary and wait for the right moment to plan our next move.

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## Chapter 13

### My Shore Adventure Begins

The next morning I got my first look at the island. It was covered with gray-colored woods, and I could see yellow streaks of land between the trees. The hills ran up above the trees until they ended in naked rock jutting in sharp points towards the sky.

The island looked gray and sad. As the ship drew closer to shore, the birds flew over our heads and the waves thundered against the deck. I hated the very thought of setting foot on that island.

We had a dreary morning's work before us.

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There was no sign of any wind. But the boats had to be manned and the ship had to be anchored. I volunteered to work on one of the small boats. The heat was sweltering, and the men grumbled fiercely over their work. As soon as land was sighted, the men began to show their real feelings. Mutiny was in the air. They no longer did their work cheerfully, and I could detect a feeling of open anger and resentment among them. I knew it would not be long before they turned against us. It was clear that Long John Silver was now calling the shots.

Captain Smollett detected what was happening and decided to give the men leave to go ashore. He figured that would give the squire, the doctor, and him time to plan their strategy.

I decided to go ashore with the men. So I slipped into one of the boats and sat quietly in the back. No one seemed to notice except

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for Long John himself. He looked sharply over at me from another boat and called:

“Hawkins, is that you?”

From that time on, I began to regret what I had done.

The crew raced for the beach, but the boat I was in had the lead. As we went under some trees, I caught a branch and swung out, plunging myself into the nearest bush. I heard Long John shout my name, but I broke into a run and ran until I was out of sight of the boats.