

Treasure Island



AN ARMCHAIR THEATRE



PRODUCTION

How To Play

Armchair Theatre Plays are audio plays designed to be performed by you, your friends and your family. With no need for any acting movements, your part(s) can be spoken from the comfort of your armchair, the dinner table or around the fire!

For multiple players, the recommended method of play is DIRECTORS MODE. However there are 3 modes of play to choose from:

DIRECTORS MODE (For multi players)

In this mode, the characters have been 'grouped' into numbered batches by the Director depending on how many players there are. This means that, if for example there are 5 players, he has split the characters into 5 groups. He has done this in an attempt to not only spread the amount of words spoken around the players equally but also to try and avoid, where possible, a single player speaking multi characters within the same scene (this is not always possible to avoid, but when kept to the bear minimum will provide good fun when it does!). To play, write out slips of paper each containing a number corresponding to the number of players playing (i.e. 5 players = 5 pieces of paper numbered 1 to 5). Fold up the slips of paper and place them in a bag or pocket. Each player now takes a slip of paper. The number on the paper tells him which 'group' of characters he has picked, and by referring back to the DIRECTORS CAST LIST and looking under the correct number he will see a list of his group of characters. **IMPORTANT!!** Ensure you read the headings under GENERAL PLAY.

SHUFFLE MODE (For multi players)

In this mode, the characters are cast between the players at random. To start, write down the characters names on separate pieces of paper and crunch up the names so that they may be drawn at random. Now the players pick one character each in turn until all characters have been picked. The SHUFFLE mode of play means that you may end up with any combination of characters and, if you have trebled up then it is possible you may end up having a three-way conversation between your own characters, all in different voices, in the same scene! **IMPORTANT!!** Ensure you read the headings under GENERAL PLAY.

MONOLOGUE MODE (For single player)

In this mode, one player takes on all the characters. This is ideal for storytelling to children.

GENERAL PLAY GUIDELINES

1. In all modes of play, players may be required to play more than one character, remember to use different voices for each character.
2. In all ARMCHAIR THEATRE plays there is a WILD character. This is a character that must be played by ALL players at once. The wild card character for Treasure Island is CAPTAIN FLINT (Long John Silver's Parrot).
3. Any sound effects that have not been scripted should be made by any player when they feel it appropriate.
4. There is no right or wrong way to play any of the characters, it is *your* part, do with it what you will!
5. After you have gone through the instructions for whichever mode of play you have chosen, study your characters and decide what sort of voice you are going to use for each of your characters.
6. Then all of you sit back, take a script each (or share with someone close) and open to the first page. The play should now be started, with each person reading their lines as appropriate to the characters they have picked.
7. Break a leg!

DIRECTORS CAST LIST

TREASURE ISLAND

No of PLAYERS - 18						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JIM HAWKINS	LONG JOHN SILVER	DR LIVESEY	CAPTAIN SMOLLETT	SQUIRE TRELAWNY	BILLY BONES	ISRAEL HANDS
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
BEN GUNN	GEORGE MERRY	BLIND PEW	TOM MORGAN	BLACK DOG	MOTHER	DICK
15	16	17	18			
MR DANCE	ABRAHAM GRAY	REDRUTH	TOM			

No of PLAYERS - 17						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JIM HAWKINS	LONG JOHN SILVER	DR LIVESEY	CAPTAIN SMOLLETT	SQUIRE TRELAWNY	BILLY BONES	ISRAEL HANDS
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
BEN GUNN	GEORGE MERRY	BLIND PEW	TOM MORGAN	BLACK DOG	MOTHER	DICK
15	16	17				
MR DANCE	ABRAHAM GRAY	REDRUTH				

No of PLAYERS - 16						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JIM HAWKINS	LONG JOHN SILVER	DR LIVESEY	CAPTAIN SMOLLETT	SQUIRE TRELAWNY	BILLY BONES	ISRAEL HANDS
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
BEN GUNN	GEORGE MERRY	BLIND PEW	TOM MORGAN	BLACK DOG	MOTHER	DICK
15	16					
MR DANCE	ABRAHAM GRAY					
TOM	REDRUTH					

No of PLAYERS - 15						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JIM HAWKINS	LONG JOHN SILVER	DR LIVESEY	CAPTAIN SMOLLETT	SQUIRE TRELAWNY	BILLY BONES	ISRAEL HANDS
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
BEN GUNN	GEORGE MERRY	BLIND PEW	TOM MORGAN	BLACK DOG	MOTHER	DICK
					TOM	MR DANCE
15						
ABRAHAM GRAY						
REDRUTH						

No of PLAYERS - 14						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JIM HAWKINS	LONG JOHN SILVER	DR LIVESEY	CAPTAIN SMOLLETT	SQUIRE TRELAWNY	BILLY BONES	ISRAEL HANDS
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
BEN GUNN	GEORGE MERRY	BLIND PEW	TOM MORGAN	BLACK DOG	DICK	ABRAHAM GRAY
			MOTHER	TOM	MR DANCE	REDRUTH

No of PLAYERS - 13						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JIM HAWKINS	LONG JOHN SILVER	DR LIVESEY	CAPTAIN SMOLLETT	SQUIRE TRELAWNY	BILLY BONES	ISRAEL HANDS
8	9	10	11	12	13	
BEN GUNN	GEORGE MERRY	BLIND PEW	TOM MORGAN	DICK	ABRAHAM GRAY	
	BLACK DOG	TOM	MOTHER	MR DANCE	REDRUTH	

No of PLAYERS - 12						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JIM HAWKINS	LONG JOHN SILVER	DR LIVESEY	CAPTAIN SMOLLETT	SQUIRE TRELAWNY	BILLY BONES	ISRAEL HANDS
8	9	10	11	12		
BEN GUNN	GEORGE MERRY	TOM MORGAN	DICK	ABRAHAM GRAY		
				TOM		
BLIND PEW	BLACK DOG	MOTHER	MR DANCE	REDRUTH		

No of PLAYERS - 11						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JIM HAWKINS	LONG JOHN SILVER	DR LIVESEY	CAPTAIN SMOLLETT	SQUIRE TRELAWNY	BILLY BONES	ISRAEL HANDS
8	9	10	11			
BEN GUNN	GEORGE MERRY	TOM MORGAN	DICK			
BLIND PEW	BLACK DOG	MOTHER	MR DANCE			
	TOM	ABRAHAM GRAY	REDRUTH			

No of PLAYERS - 10						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JIM HAWKINS	LONG JOHN SILVER	DR LIVESEY	CAPTAIN SMOLLETT	SQUIRE TRELAWNY	BILLY BONES	ISRAEL HANDS
					TOM	BLACK DOG
8	9	10				
BEN GUNN	TOM MORGAN	DICK				
BLIND PEW	MOTHER	MR DANCE				
GEORGE MERRY	ABRAHAM GRAY	REDRUTH				

No of PLAYERS - 9						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JIM HAWKINS	LONG JOHN SILVER	DR LIVESEY	CAPTAIN SMOLLETT	SQUIRE TRELAWNY	BILLY BONES	BEN GUNN
				DICK	REDRUTH	BLIND PEW
					TOM	GEORGE MERRY
8	9					
TOM MORGAN	ISRAEL HANDS					
MOTHER	BLACK DOG					
ABRAHAM GRAY	MR DANCE					

No of PLAYERS - 8						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JIM HAWKINS	LONG JOHN SILVER	DR LIVESEY	CAPTAIN SMOLLETT	SQUIRE TRELAWNY	BILLY BONES	BEN GUNN
			TOM	DICK	REDRUTH	BLIND PEW
				MOTHER	TOM MORGAN	GEORGE MERRY
8						
ISRAEL HANDS						
BLACK DOG						
MR DANCE						
ABRAHAM GRAY						

No of PLAYERS - 7						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JIM HAWKINS	LONG JOHN SILVER	DR LIVESEY	CAPTAIN SMOLLETT	SQUIRE TRELAWNY	BILLY BONES	BEN GUNN
			MR DANCE	DICK	REDRUTH	BLIND PEW
			TOM	MOTHER	TOM MORGAN	GEORGE MERRY
				BLACK DOG	ISRAEL HANDS	ABRAHAM GRAY

No of PLAYERS - 6					
1	2	3	4	5	6
JIM HAWKINS	LONG JOHN SILVER	DR LIVESEY	SQUIRE TRELAWNY	BILLY BONES	BEN GUNN
			DICK	REDRUTH	BLIND PEW
			MOTHER	TOM MORGAN	GEORGE MERRY
			BLACK DOG	ISRAEL HANDS	ABRAHAM GRAY
			TOM	CAPTAIN SMOLLETT	MR DANCE

No of PLAYERS - 5				
1	2	3	4	5
JIM HAWKINS	LONG JOHN SILVER	DR LIVESEY	SQUIRE TRELAWNY	BILLY BONES
	MR DANCE	BLIND PEW	DICK	REDRUTH
		TOM	MOTHER	TOM MORGAN
			BLACK DOG	ISRAEL HANDS
			ABRAHAM GRAY	CAPTAIN SMOLLETT
			GEORGE MERRY	BEN GUNN

No of PLAYERS - 4			
1	2	3	4
JIM HAWKINS	LONG JOHN SILVER	DR LIVESEY	BILLY BONES
	MR DANCE	BLIND PEW	REDRUTH
	MOTHER	DICK	TOM MORGAN
		BLACK DOG	ISRAEL HANDS
		ABRAHAM GRAY	CAPTAIN SMOLLETT
		GEORGE MERRY	BEN GUNN
		TOM	SQUIRE TRELAWNY

No of PLAYERS - 3		
1	2	3
JIM HAWKINS	LONG JOHN SILVER	DR LIVESEY
TOM	MR DANCE	BLIND PEW
	MOTHER	DICK
	BILLY BONES	BLACK DOG
	REDRUTH	ABRAHAM GRAY
	SQUIRE TRELAWNY	GEORGE MERRY
		TOM MORGAN
		ISRAEL HANDS
		CAPTAIN SMOLLETT
		BEN GUNN

No of PLAYERS - 2	
1	2
JIM HAWKINS	DR LIVESEY
DICK	BLIND PEW
TOM MORGAN	BLACK DOG
REDRUTH	ABRAHAM GRAY
CAPTAIN SMOLLETT	ISRAEL HANDS
GEORGE MERRY	BEN GUNN
TOM	MOTHER
	LONG JOHN SILVER
	MR DANCE
	BILLY BONES
	SQUIRE TRELAWNY

Cast

JIM HAWKINS
BILLY BONES
Dr LIVESEY
BLACK DOG
BLIND PEW
MOTHER
MR DANCE
SQUIRE TRELAWNY
CAPTAIN SMOLLETT
REDRUTH
LONG JOHN SILVER
CAP'N FLINT
DICK
ISRAEL HANDS
TOM MORGAN
BEN GUNN
ABRAHAM GRAY
GEORGE MERRY

IMPORTANT!

The story of Treasure Island is written as a narrative told by Jim Hawkins. Therefore his lines are split between direct speech and narrative. The narrative lines are written in italics. Whoever plays Jim must ensure they treat these two different angles as different parts and play them as such.

The same also applies to the section of the narrative taken over by the Doctor.

Act One

The Old Buccaneer

JIM HAWKINS: *I have been asked to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from beginning to end. I take up my pen and go back to the time when my father kept the Admiral Benbow Inn.*

I remember as if it were yesterday the time when the old seaman with the sabre cut across one cheek first took up lodging under our roof, singing that old sea-song –

BILLY BONES: [singing]

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

[spoken]

This is a handy cove and a pleasant sittiyated grog-shop.
Much company mate?

JIM HAWKINS: No, sir.

BILLY BONES: Well then, this is the berth for me. I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and egg is what I want; and that head up there to watch for ships.

JIM HAWKINS: What might we call you, sir?

BILLY BONES: You mought call me the Captain.

JIM HAWKINS: *He threw some gold coins upon the threshold.*

BILLY BONES: You can tell me when I've worked through that lot.

JIM HAWKINS: *All day he hung around the cove and cliffs with his brass telescope and by evening in a corner of the parlour next to the fire drinking rum. Everyday he would ask people the same question.*

BILLY BONES: Happen there been any seafaring men gone by along the road?

JIM HAWKINS: *It was soon obvious that he was desirous to avoid them. Then one day he took me aside.*

BILLY BONES: Now listen close. I will give ye a silver fourpenny on the first of every month if ye keep a weather-eye open for a seafaring man with one leg. But you must let me know the moment he appears.

JIM HAWKINS: I will, sir.

BILLY BONES: Remember, a seafaring man with one leg!

JIM HAWKINS: *Oh how the thought of this man haunted my dreams!. My father thought the Captain would be the ruin of the inn and yet there were some who pretended to admire him, calling him such names as-*

ALL: A true sea dog!

JIM HAWKINS: Or-

ALL: A real old salt!

JIM HAWKINS: *Some time later my poor father was far gone in a decline that would take him off and Dr Livesey had reason to call. After he had seen his patient the Doctor awaited his horse in the parlour.*

BILLY BONES: Fifteen men on the dead mans 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!

JIM HAWKINS: *The noise from the Captain gradually grew louder until at last he flapped his hand upon the table.*

BILLY BONES: Silence!

JIM HAWKINS: *All voices stopped, except for that of Dr Livesey.*

BILLY BONES: Silence, there, between decks!

DR LIVESEY: Were you addressing me, sir?

BILLY BONES: I was, by God!

DR LIVESEY: I have only one thing to say to you, sir. That if you keep on drinking rum, the world will soon be quit of a very dirty scoundrel!

BILLY BONES: What!

JIM HAWKINS: *The Captains fury was awful, he sprang to his feet, drew a knife and threatened to pin the doctor to the wall. The doctor never so much as moved.*

DR LIVESEY: If you do not put that knife in your pocket, I promise, upon my honour, you shall hang at next assizes. And now I 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 only a doctor you know; I'm a magistrate. And if I catch a breath of complaint against you I'll have you hunted down. Let that suffice.

JIM HAWKINS: *Soon after Dr Liveseys horse came. The Captain held peace that evening and for many evenings to come. It was not very long after this, when one morning the parlour door opened and a man stepped in whom I had never set eyes upon.*
Can I be of service?

BLACK DOG: Rum. Is this here table for my mate Bill?

JIM HAWKINS: I'm not sure I know your friend. This is for the Captain.

BLACK DOG: Well my mate Bill would be called the Captain, as like it not. Happen your Captain has a scar on his right cheek, eh? Ah, well! I told you. Now, is my mate Bill in this here house?

JIM HAWKINS: He's out walking, sir. Though likely to return soon.
The stranger hung around the inn until eventually the Captain strode in.

BLACK DOG: Hello, Bill.

JIM HAWKINS: *The Captain spun round and had the look of a man who sees a ghost.*

BLACK DOG: Come, Bill, you know me, you know an old shipmate, surely?

BILLY BONES: Black Dog!

BLACK DOG: Who else? Black Dog as ever was, to see his old shipmate Billy.

BILLY BONES: What do you want?
BLACK DOG: I'll take a glass of rum from this dear child, and then we'll sit down and talk square, like old shipmates.

JIM HAWKINS: *From the bar I could only make out odd words and oaths from the Captain.*

BILLY BONES: No, no, no. If it comes to swinging, swing all I say!
JIM HAWKINS: *Then all of a sudden they exploded and chairs and tables went over. Cutlasses were drawn and they clashed before Black Dog fled with a wound.*

BILLY BONES: Jim. Rum.
JIM HAWKINS: Are you hurt?
BILLY BONES: Rum. I must get away from here. Rum! Rum!
JIM HAWKINS: *With that he collapsed to the floor just as Dr Livesey came to visit my father.*

JIM HAWKINS: Oh doctor, what shall we do? Where is he wounded?
DR LIVESEY: Wounded? He's no more wounded than you or I. The man has had a stroke, as I warned him. Now let's see if we can save the fellows worthless life.

JIM HAWKINS: *Dr Livesey rolled up the Captains sleeve which was covered in tattoos. Such things as 'Here's luck', 'A fair wind' and 'Billy Bones his fancy.'*

DR LIVESEY: Now Master Billy Bones, if that be your name, we'll have a look at the colour of your blood. Are you afraid of blood, Jim?

JIM HAWKINS: No sir.
DR LIVESEY: Well then you hold the basin as I open his vein.
JIM HAWKINS: *A great deal of blood was taken before the Captain opened his eyes.*

BILLY BONES: Where's Black Dog?
DR LIVESEY: There's no Black Dog here, you have been drinking rum and have had a stroke.

DR LIVESEY: Now listen to me, the name of rum for you is death. One glass won't kill you but your likely to take another and another.

JIM HAWKINS: *Between us, with much trouble we hoisted him upstairs and laid him on the bed.*

DR LIVESEY: Now I must see your father.
JIM HAWKINS: *As he left he took my arm and led me out.*
DR LIVESEY: I have drawn enough blood to keep him quiet a while, he should lie for a week where he is, that is the best thing for him.

JIM HAWKINS: *About noon that day I stopped at the Captains door with some cooling drinks and medicines.*

BILLY BONES: Jim! You're the only one that's worth anything and you know I've always been good to you. Now Jim, you'll bring me the one noggin of rum now, won't you matey?

JIM HAWKINS: But the doctor-
BILLY BONES: Doctors is all swabs, and that doctor don't know about seafaring men. I've lived on rum, I tell you. It's been meat and drink, and man and wife to me, and without it my

blood'll be on you, Jim, and that doctor swab. I'll give you a golden guinea for a noggin, Jim.

JIM HAWKINS: I want none of your money but what you owe my father. I'll get you one glass, and no more.

BILLY BONES: *Upon my return he seized it greedily and drank it out.*

JIM HAWKINS: Ah that's some better, sure enough. Jim, you saw that Black Dog?

BILLY BONES: Ah! Black Dog. He's a bad 'un. Now that doctors done me and if I can't get away, they'll tip me the black spot, it's my old sea chest their after. You get on a horse and get that doctor swab and all his magistrates to the Admiral Benbow and get all old Flint's crew, man and boy, all that's left of them. I was old Flint's first mate and I'm the only one as knows the place. He gave it to me when he lay a-dying. But only peach if I get the black spot, or if you see Black Dog again, or above all a seafaring man with one leg Jim!

JIM HAWKINS: But what is the black spot?

BILLY BONES: A summons, mate. I'll tell you if I get that. But keep your weather eye open, Jim, and I'll share with you equals.

JIM HAWKINS: *What I should have done then I don't know, but as things fell out my poor father died that evening, which put all other matters on one side. My time was awash with the funeral and I scarcely had time to think of the Captain until the day after the funeral when I was standing at the door for a moment and saw someone drawing slowly near. He was plainly blind, for he tapped before him with a stick. He stopped a little from the inn and addressed the air in front of him-*

BLIND PEW: Will any kind friend inform a poor blind man where or in what part of the country he may now be?

JIM HAWKINS: You are at the Admiral Benbow, my good man.

BLIND PEW: I hear a young voice. Will you give me your hand, my kind young friend, and lead me in?

JIM HAWKINS: *I held out my hand and the horrible eyeless creature gripped it like a vice and pulled me close.*

BLIND PEW: Now boy, take me in to the Captain.

JIM HAWKINS: Sir, upon my word I dare not.

BLIND PEW: Take me straight in or I'll break you arm.

JIM HAWKINS: Sir it is for you I mean. The captain is not what he used to be. He sits with a drawn cutlass.

BLIND PEW: Lead me straight up to him and when I'm in full view, cry out these words-

JIM HAWKINS: "Here's a friend for you, Bill."

BLIND PEW: *When the poor captain raised his eyes the rum went out of him.*

JIM HAWKINS: Now Bill, sit where you are. If I can't see, I can hear a finger stirring. Business is business. Hold out your left hand.

BLIND PEW: *I saw him pass something into the captain's palm.*

JIM HAWKINS: There, that's done.

JIM HAWKINS: *And with that the blind man suddenly left hold of me and skipped into the road. The captain slowly looked at the item in his hand.*

BILLY BONES: Ten o'clock! That gives us six hours. We'll do them yet!

JIM HAWKINS: *He sprang to his feet but as he did so he reeled and put his hand to his throat and fell to the floor. I ran to him at once but haste was in vain. The captain had been struck 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.*

I lost not time in telling my mother all that I knew. After I had finished, my mother got a candle, and holding each other's hands, we advanced into the parlour. He lay as I had left him, on his back with his eyes open.

MOTHER: Draw Down the blind, Jim. They might come and watch outside. Now, we have to get the key to the chest off him.

JIM HAWKINS: *I went down on my knees at once. In his hand I found a piece of paper, blackened on one side. The black spot. On the other side there was short message:*

BLIND PEW: You have until ten tonight.

JIM HAWKINS: *We had time, it was only six now. I felt in his pockets. A few coins, some thread, a pocket compass were all that they contained.*

MOTHER: Perhaps its round his neck?

JIM HAWKINS: *Sure enough, I tore open his shirt and there it was.*

MOTHER: Give me the key.

JIM HAWKINS: *Though the lock was stiff, she turned it and threw back the lid in a twinkling.*

MOTHER: Let's see, a quadrant, several sticks of tobacco, a brace of pistols, nothing of any great value.

JIM HAWKINS: *However underneath all these was an old boat-cloak and my mother pulled it up to reveal a bundle tied up in oilcloth and a canvas bag that jingled with gold.*

MOTHER: I'll show these rogues that I'm an honest woman. I'll have my dues, and not a farthing more.

JIM HAWKINS: *She began to count from a mixture of doubloons, guineas and pieces of eight. But as she was about halfway through I suddenly heard the tap-tapping of the blind mans stick upon the frozen road. Finally it struck upon the inn door and we could hear the rattling of the bolt as the wretched being tried to enter without success. Eventually it stopped and the tapping recommenced, dying slowly into the distance. Mother, take the whole lot and let's be going. I won't take a fraction more than I'm due.*

MOTHER: I won't take a fraction more than I'm due.

JIM HAWKINS: *We continued to argue until suddenly there was the sound of a distant whistle.*

ALL: [whistle]

MOTHER: I'll take what I have!

JIM HAWKINS: And I'll take the oilskin packet to square the account.
Leaving the empty chest we began our escape. We were less than halfway to the nearby hamlet when the sound of footsteps came to our ears.

MOTHER: My dear, take the money and run on. I am going to faint.

JIM HAWKINS: *With that she gave a sigh and fell on my shoulder. I managed to drag her under an arch and there we had to stay, within earshot of the inn.*
My curiosity was stronger than my fear and I crept back to see seven or eight men running hard along the road. Among them I could make out the blind beggar.

BLIND PEW: Down with the door!

ALL: Ay, ay sir!

JIM HAWKINS: *I saw that they were surprised to find that the door was open.*

BLIND PEW: In, in, in!

JIM HAWKINS: *There was a pause as they rushed through the inn.*

ALL: Bill's dead!

BLIND PEW: Search him, some of you shirking lubbers and the rest of you aloft and get the chest.

ALL: Pew! They've been here before us. Someone's turned out the chest.

BLIND PEW: Is it there?

ALL: The moneys there.

BLIND PEW: Flint's fist I mean.

ALL: We don't see it.

BLIND PEW: Here, you below. Is it on Bill?

BLACK DOG: He's been overhauled already. Nothin' left.

BLIND PEW: It's that boy! I wish I had put his eyes out! They were here not long ago – they had the door bolted when I tried it. Scatter lads, and find 'em. Rout the house!

JIM HAWKINS: *There followed a great to do, furniture thrown over and doors kicked in before the same whistle as before once more pierced the night.*

ALL: [whistle].

JIM HAWKINS: *It was obviously a signal to warn them.*

ALL: [whistle] – [whistle]

BLACK DOG: Twice! We'll have to budge mates.

BLIND PEW: Budge you skulk! They must be close by, they can't be far. Scatter and look for them, dogs! You'd be as rich as kings if you could find it, and you know its here, and you stand there malingering. There wasn't one of you dared face Bill, and I did it – a blind man!

BLACK DOG: Hang it Pew, we've got the doubloons! They might have hid the blessed thing.

JIM HAWKINS: *This quarrel proved to be the saving of us for while it was raging the sound of horses galloping came from the top of the hill, followed by a pistol-shot.*

ALL: BANG!

JIM HAWKINS: *The Buccaneers turned at once and ran, leaving Pew deserted.*

BLIND PEW: Johnny, Black Dog, Dirk, you won't leave old Pew, mates, not old Pew!

JIM HAWKINS: *The horses swept down the slope. Pew turned with a scream and ran right under the nearest of the coming horses and went down with a scream and moved no more. Pew was dead, stone dead. At this I went back to the inn and could see at once that we were ruined. One of the riders followed me in.*

MR DANCE: Well then, Hawkins, what in fortune were they after? Money, I suppose?

JIM HAWKINS: No sir, not money. I believe I have the thing in my breast pocket. To tell the truth I should like to get it put in safety.

MR DANCE: To be sure, boy, quite right. I'll take it if you like.

JIM HAWKINS: I thought perhaps, Dr Livesey-

MR DANCE: Perfectly right, a gentleman and a magistrate. Now I'll tell you Hawkins, if you like, I'll take you along.

JIM HAWKINS: Thank you sir.
I jumped up with one the riders and we struck out on the road to Dr Livesey's house. We rode hard all the way only to find upon arriving that he had gone up to the hall to dine and pass the evening with the squire. The distance this time was short and I ran to the hall and entered with Mr Dance.

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Come in, Mr Dance.

DR LIVESEY: Good evening, Dance and good evening to you friend Jim. What good wind brings you here?

JIM HAWKINS: *Mr Dance stood up straight and told the story of events.*

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Mr Dance you are a very noble fellow. And as for running down that black, atrocious miscreant, I regard it as an act of virtue, sir.

DR LIVESEY: And so Jim, you have the thing that they were after, have you?

JIM HAWKINS: Here it is sir.
I gave him the oilskin packet. He was itching to open it but instead put it in his pocket until Mr Dance had been dismissed.

DR LIVESEY: You have heard of this Flint, I suppose?

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Heard of him! He was the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that ever sailed. Blackbeard was a child compared to Flint.

DR LIVESEY: I've heard of him myself, but the point is, had he money?

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Money! Have you heard the story? What were these villains after but money?

DR LIVESEY: That we shall soon know. But what I want to know is this. Supposing that I have here in my pocket some clue to where Flint buried his treasure, will that treasure amount to much?

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Amount, sir! It will amount to this; if we have the clue you talk about, I fit out a ship in Bristol dock, and take you and Hawkins here along, and I'll have that treasure if I search a year.

DR LIVESEY: Very well. Now then, if Jim is agreeable, we'll open the packet.

JIM HAWKINS: *The bundle was sewn together and the doctor cut the stitches with his medical scissors. It contained two things – a book and a sealed paper.*

DR LIVESEY: First of all we'll try the book.

JIM HAWKINS: *On the first page there were scraps of writing.*

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: "Mr W. Bones, mate."

DR LIVESEY: "No more Rum. Off Palm Key."

JIM HAWKINS: "Billy Bones his fancy". It's the same as his tattoo.

DR LIVESEY: Yes, but not much instruction there.

JIM HAWKINS: *The next pages were filled with curious entries. There were dates and sums of money with a varying number of crosses between the two. There were also entries of latitude and longitude and in a few cases the name of a place. The record seemed to last over twenty years, the entries growing larger as time went and at the end these words appended- 'Bones, his pile.'*

DR LIVESEY: I can't make head nor tail of this.

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: The thing is as clear as noonday. This is the black hearted hounds account-book. These crosses stand for the names of ships or towns that they sunk or plundered. The sums are the scoundrels share.

DR LIVESEY: Right! And the amounts increase as he rose in rank.

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: And now for the paper.

JIM HAWKINS: *The doctor opened the seals with great care and there fell out the map of an island, with latitude and longitude, names of hills, one of which was in the centre marked 'The spy-glass'. There were three crosses of red ink, of which beside one was written in red 'Bulk of treasure here'.*

DR LIVESEY: There's something written on the back.

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: What does it say?

DR LIVESEY: "Tall tree, Spy-glass shoulder, bearing a point to the North of North North East.
Skeleton Island East South East and by East.
Ten feet.
The bar silver is in the north cache; and 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, North point of North inlet cape, bearing East and a quarter North."

JIM HAWKINS: *That was all but it filled the squire and Dr Livesey with delight.*

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Livesey, you will give up your wretched practise at once. Tomorrow I start for Bristol. In three weeks time we'll have the best ship, sir, and the choicest crew in England. Hawkins shall come as cabin boy. You, Livesey, are ship's doctor; I am admiral. We'll take Redruth, Joyce, and Hunter. We'll have favourable winds, a quick passage, and not the least difficulty in finding the spot, and money to eat – to roll in – to play duck and drake with ever after.

DR LIVESEY: Trelawny I'll go with you and so will Jim. There's only one man I'm afraid of.

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: And who's that? Name the dog, sir!

DR LIVESEY: You, for you cannot hold your tongue. We are not the only men who know of this paper. These fellows who attacked the inn tonight, and the rest who stayed aboard their lugger. We must none of us go alone until we get to sea. Jim and I shall stick together and you take Joyce and Hunter when you go to Bristol. And from first to last, not one of us must breath a word of what we've found.

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Livesey, you are always in the right of it. I'll be as quiet as the grave.

Act Two

The Sea Cook

- JIM HAWKINS: *It was longer than the Squire imagined before we were ready for the sea and the doctor had to go to London. Then one day a letter arrived addressed to Dr Livesey, with this addition:*
- SQUIRE TRELAWNY: *To be opened, in the case of his absence, by Tom Redruth, or young Hawkins.*
- JIM HAWKINS: *Obeying this order I found the following important news-*
- SQUIRE TRELAWNY: *Dear Livesey. The ship is bought and fitted, ready for sea and is named the Hispaniola. Everyone in Bristol has slaved in my interest as soon as they got wind of the port we sailed for – treasure, I mean.*
- JIM HAWKINS: *I looked up at Redruth.*
The Doctor will not like that, the Squire has been talking, after all.
- SQUIRE TRELAWNY: *So far there was not a hitch. But it was the crew that troubled me. I wished a round score of men and I had a worry to find so much as half a dozen, till the most remarkable stroke of fortune brought me the very man that I required. By the merest accident, I found he was an old sailor and wanted a good berth as cook to get to sea again. I was monstrously touched and I engaged him on the spot. Long John Silver, he is called, and has lost a leg, but that I regard as recommendation, for he lost it in his country's service. Well with the help of Silver we got together in a few days a company of the toughest old salts imaginable. I am in the most magnificent health and spirits. So now, Livesey, do not lose an hour and come with Hawkins and Redruth full speed to Bristol.*
- JIM HAWKINS: *The mail picked Redruth and I up at dusk. I must have dozed from the first for when I awoke we were already in Bristol.*
- JIM HAWKINS: *We were met by the Squire.*
- SQUIRE TRELAWNY: *Here you are, and the doctor came last night from London. Bravo! The ships company complete!*
- JIM HAWKINS: *Oh, sir, when do we sail?*
- SQUIRE TRELAWNY: *Sail! We sail tomorrow!*
- JIM HAWKINS: *After I had breakfasted the squire gave me a note addressed to Long John Silver at the sign of the 'Spy-glass' and I picked my way through the crowds until I found the tavern. I hung at the door until I saw a man emerge from a side room, his left leg was cut off close by the hip, and under the left shoulder he carried a crutch. I was sure he must be Long John Silver.*
Mr Silver, sir?

LONG JOHN SILVER: Yes, my lad, such is my name, to be sure. And who may you be?

JIM HAWKINS: *Before I could answer he saw the squire's letter.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Oh! I see. You are our new cabin boy; pleased I am to see you.

JIM HAWKINS: *He took my hand firmly in his grasp. But then one of his customers rose to leave. I recognised him in a glance. Stop him! It's Black Dog!*

LONG JOHN SILVER: I don't care who he is, he hasn't settled his score. Harry, run and catch him.

JIM HAWKINS: *A man nearby leapt in pursuit.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Who did you say he was? Black what?

JIM HAWKINS: Dog, sir. Has Mr Trelawny not told you of the buccaneers? He was one of them.

LONG JOHN SILVER: So? In my house! One of those swabs was he? Let me see – Black Dog? No, I don't know the name, not I. Yet I kind of think I've – yes, I've seen the swab. He used to come here with a blind beggar.

JIM HAWKINS: Yes, I knew that blind man, too! His name was Pew.

LONG JOHN SILVER: It was! Pew! That were his name for certain. If we run down this Black Dog, now, there'll be news for Cap'n Trelawny!

JIM HAWKINS: *My suspicions had been thoroughly re-awakened on finding Black Dog at the 'Spy-glass', but by the time the man came back to confess he had lost Black Dog in the crowds I would have gone bail for the innocence of Long John Silver. When we met up with the squire and Dr Livesey, Long John told them the story first to last.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: That was how it were, now, weren't it, Hawkins?

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: It is a great shame he got away. Now all hands on deck by four this afternoon.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Ay, ay sir.

JIM HAWKINS: *With that Long John departed.*

DR LIVESEY: Well, squire, I don't put much faith in your discoveries, as a general thing, but I will say this, John Silver suits me.

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: The man's a perfect trump.

JIM HAWKINS: *A little later I stepped aboard the Hispaniola for the first time but I soon observed that things were not friendly between Mr Trelawny and the captain.*

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Well captain, what have you to say? All shipshape and seaworthy?

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Well sir, I better speak plain. I don't like this cruise, I don't like the men, and I don't like my officer.

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Perhaps you don't like the ship as well?

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: I can't speak to that, sir, not having seen her tried.

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Possibly, sir, you may not like your employer, either?

DR LIVESEY: Stay a bit, gentleman. Now, I require an explanation. You don't like this cruise, captain, now why?

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: I was engaged, sir, on what we called sealed orders, to sail this ship for that gentleman where he should bid me. So far so

good. But now I find that every man before the mast knows more than I do. I don't call that fair, do you?

DR LIVESEY: No, I don't.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Next, I learn we are going after treasure. Now I don't like treasure voyages on any account, above all when they are meant to be secret but the secret has been told to the parrot.

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Silver's parrot?

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: It's a way of speaking, sir. Blabbed, I mean.

DR LIVESEY: Next, you say you don't like the crew. Are they not good seamen?

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: I don't like them, and I think I should have the choosing of my own hands.

DR LIVESEY: Perhaps you should, but the slight, if there be one, was unintentional. And you don't like your officer, Mr Arrow.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: I don't, sir. I believe he's a good seaman, but he's too free with the crew. A mate should keep himself to himself and not drink with the men before the mast!

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: You mean he drinks?

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: No, sir, just too familiar.

DR LIVESEY: Well, all that as it may, is there anything else?

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: There's been too much blabbing already. I'll tell you what I've heard myself. You have a map of an island, with crosses on it to show where treasure is.

JIM HAWKINS: *We stood aghast as he went on to name the exact latitude and longitude.*

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: I never told that to a soul!

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: The hands know it, sir.

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Livesey, this must have been you or Hawkins!

DR LIVESEY: It doesn't much matter who it was.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Well gentleman. I don't know who has this map but it must be kept secret even from me and Mr Arrow. Otherwise I must resign.

DR LIVESEY: I see, you wish to keep this matter dark, you fear a mutiny?

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Sir, I believe Mr Arrow to be thoroughly honest, as well as some of the men, perhaps even all. But I am responsible for the ship's safety and the life of every man Jack aboard her. I ask you to take certain precautions, that's all.

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: I do not like it, but I will do as you desire.

JIM HAWKINS: *The captain departed.*

DR LIVESEY: Trelawny, contrary to all my notions I believe you have managed to get two honest men aboard with you – that man and John Silver.

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Silver if you like, but as for that intolerable humbug, I think his conduct unmanly, unsailorly, and downright un-English.

DR LIVESEY: Well, we shall see.

JIM HAWKINS: *We were all hard at work when the last few men come aboard, including Long John.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: So ho, mates! What's going on, are we going to miss the morning tide?

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Hands are on my orders! You may go below, my man. Hands will want supper.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Ay, ay sir.

DR LIVESEY: That's a good man, captain.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Very likely, sir. Here you, ship's boy! Off with you to the cook and get some work. I'll have no favourites on my ship.

JIM HAWKINS: *I can assure you, I was quite of the squire's way of thinking and hated the captain deeply.*
A little before dawn the anchor was up and the Hispaniola had begun her voyage to the Isle of Treasure. I am not going to relate that voyage in detail. It is enough to say the ship proved to be good, the crew were capable seaman and the captain thoroughly understood his business. Long John Silver our cook was always glad to see me in the galley, which he kept as clean as a new pin, his parrot in a cage in one corner.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Come away, Hawkins, come and have a yarn with John. Nobody more welcome than yourself, my son. Sit you down and hear the news. Here's Cap'n Flint. I calls my parrot Cap'n Flint, after the famous buccaneer – he's predicting success for our voyage, wasn't you Cap'n?

CAP'N FLINT: Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!

JIM HAWKINS: *The parrot squawked on and on until Long John threw his handkerchief over the cage.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Now, that bird is two hundred years old, Hawkins. She's sailed with the great Cap'n England, the pirate. She's been at Madagascar, Malabar and at the fishing up of the wrecked Plate ships. It's there she learned "Pieces of eight", a little wonder, three hundred and fifty thousand of 'em, Hawkins. To look at you'd think she was a babby, but you smelt powder – didn't you Cap'n?

CAP'N FLINT: Stand to go about!

JIM HAWKINS: *And so it was that about the last day of our outward journey, just after sundown, it occurred to me I should like an apple. In I got bodily into the apple barrel and found there was scarce an apple left. But, sitting there in the dark, with the sound of the waters and the rocking of the ship, I was on the point of falling asleep when a heavy man sat down close by. I was about to jump when the man began to speak. It was Silvers voice.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: No, not I, Flint was Cap'n, I was quartermaster. The same broadside I lost my leg, old Pew lost his daylights. Where's all Flint's men now? Why, most of 'em aboard here. Now look here, you're young, you are, but you're as smart as paint. I see that when I set my eyes on you and I'll talk to you like a man.
 Here it is about gentleman 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 there was some that was feared of Flint, but Flint his own self was

feared of me. They was the roughest crew afloat, was Flint's, the devil himself would have been feared to go to sea with 'em. Well I'm not a boasting man, and you seen yourself how easy I keep company, but when I was quarter-master, lambs wasn't the word for Flint's old buccaneers. Ah, you may be sure of yourself in old John's ship.

DICK: Well, I tell you now, I didn't like the job till I had this talk with you, John. But there's my hand on it now.

LONG JOHN SILVER: And a brave lad you are, and smart too and a finer figurehead for a gentleman of fortune I never clapped my eyes on.

JIM HAWKINS: *By this time I understood that by a 'Gentleman of Fortune' they plainly meant a common pirate and the little scene I had overheard was the last act in the corruption of one of the last honest hands left aboard. I heard a third man stroll up.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Dick's square.

ISRAEL HANDS: Oh I know'd Dick was square.

JIM HAWKINS: *I recognised the voice of that of the coxswain, Israel Hands.*

ISRAEL HANDS: He's no fool, is Dick. But look here, how long are we a-going to stand off. I've had a'most enough o' Cap'n Smollett.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Israel, here's what I say, you'll berth forward, live hard, speak soft and you'll keep sober till I give the word; and you may lay to that, old son.

ISRAEL HANDS: Well, I don't say no, do I? What I say is, when?

LONG JOHN SILVER: When! By the powers! I'll tell you when. The last moment I can manage, that's when. Cap'n Smollett, sails this blessed ship for us. Here's this squire and doctor with a map and I don't know where it is, do I? Well, then, they shall find the stuff, and help us get it aboard and then we'll see. If I had my way I'd have Cap'n Smollett work us back into the trades at least. But I know the sort you are and I'll finish with 'em at the island, as soon as the blunt's aboard. Mark my words, this time it's serious. Dooty is dooty, mates. I give my vote – death. When I'm in Parlyment, and riding in my coach, I don't want none of this lot in the cabin a-coming home. Wait is what I say, but when the time comes, why let her rip!

ISRAEL HANDS: John, you're a man!

LONG JOHN SILVER: One thing only I claim- I claim Trelawny. I'll wring his calf's head off his body with these hands. Dick! Just you jump down and get me an apple, to wet my pipe like.

JIM HAWKINS: *You may fancy the terror I was in as I heard Dick rise.*

ISRAEL HANDS: Oh stow that John! Let's have a go at the rum instead.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Alright. Dick! I trust you. There's the key, you fill a pannikin and bring it up. I've a gauge on the keg, mind.

JIM HAWKINS: *While Dick was gone the two men spoke in low voices and I could only make out the odd word. But those I did were significant for I gathered important news that there were still faithful men on board. When Dick returned the trio drank to their fortune.*

DICK: To luck!

ISRAEL HANDS: Here's to old Flint!

LONG JOHN SILVER: Here's to ourselves, and hold your luff, plenty of prizes and plenty of duff.

JIM HAWKINS: *Just then the voice of the look-out shouted-*

ALL: Land-ho!

JIM HAWKINS: *All hands now rushed on deck.*

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Now men, has any of you ever seen that land ahead?

LONG JOHN SILVER: I have sir, I've watered there with a trader I was cook in.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: The anchorage is on the south, behind an islet, I fancy?

LONG JOHN SILVER: Yes sir, Skeleton Island they calls it. It were a main place for Pirates once, and a hand we had aboard knowed all their names of it. That hill to the north they calls it the Fore-mast Hill. There are three hills in a row running south – fore, man, and mizzen, sir, But the main, the big 'un with the cloud on it – they usually calls the spy-glass, by reason of a look out they kept.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: I have a chart here. See if it's the place.

JIM HAWKINS: *Long John's eyes burned in his head as he took the chart. 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 written notes.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Yes sir, this is the spot to be sure, and very prettily drawed out. Ay, here it is, "Capt. Kidd's Anchorage" – just the name my shipmate called it.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Thank you, my man. You may go.

JIM HAWKINS: *I was anxious to tell the captain, the squire and the doctor my story when perchance Dr Livesey called me to his side. Fearing I maybe overhead I waited till I was at his side and whispered low-*

Doctor, let me speak, get the captain and the squire down to the cabin and then make some pretence to send for me. I have terrible news.

He replied loudly as if normal.

DR LIVESEY: Thank you, Jim, that is all I wanted to know.

JIM HAWKINS: *I watched him speak with the other two and though neither showed it, it was plain enough that he had communicated my request.*

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: My lads, I've a word to say to you. This land we have sighted is the place we have been sailing to. Mr Trelawny, being a very open-handed gentleman, is about to go below with the doctor to drink your health and luck, and you'll have grog served out for you to drink our health and luck. I'll tell you what I think of this, I think it handsome. And if you think as I do, you'll give a good sea cheer for the gentleman that does it.

ALL: Hoorah!!!

LONG JOHN SILVER: One more cheer for Cap'n Smollett!

ALL: Hoorah!!!

JIM HAWKINS: *Word soon came that I was wanted in the cabin.*

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Now Hawkins, you have something to say. Speak up.

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

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Now, captain, you were right, and I was wrong. I own myself an ass, and I await your orders.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: No more an ass than I, sir, for I never saw a sign to take steps according. But this crew beats me.

DR LIVESEY: Captain, with your permission, that's Silver. A very remarkable man.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: He'd look remarkably well from a yard-arm, sir. But I see three or four points and with Mr Trelawny's permission, I'll name them.

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: You, sir, are the captain.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: First point. We must go on. If I gave the word to go about, they would rise at once. Second point, we have time before us, until this treasure's found. Third point, there are faithful hands. Now sir, its got to come to blows sooner or later, and what I propose is we come to blows some fine day when they least expect it. We can count, I take it, on your home servants, Mr Trelawny?

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: As upon myself.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: With we three, that makes seven, counting Hawkins here and perhaps some honest hands.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Well gentleman, we must lay to and keep a bright outlook. It would be pleasanter to come to blows but there's no help for it till we know our men.

DR LIVESEY: Jim here, can help us. The men are not shy with him.

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Hawkins, I put prodigious faith in you.

JIM HAWKINS: *I began to feel pretty desperate at this. There were only seven out of the twenty-six on whom we could rely, and out of these seven, one was a boy.*

Act Three

My Shore Adventure

- JIM HAWKINS: *Next morning, the look of treasure island made my heart sink and I observed the doctor sniffing and sniffing.*
- DR LIVESEY: I don't know about treasure but I'll stake my wig there's fever here.
- JIM HAWKINS: *The conduct of the men was truly threatening and mutiny, it was plain, hung over us like a thunder-cloud. We held a council in the cabin.*
- CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Sir, if I risk another order, the whole ship'll come about our ears. Now we've only one man to rely on.
- SQUIRE TRELAWNY: And who is that?
- CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Silver, sir. He's as anxious as you and I to smother things up. This is a tiff, he'd as soon talk 'em out of it if he had the chance. Let's allow the men an afternoon ashore. If they all go, why, we'll fight the ship. If they none of them go well, then, we hold the cabin, and God defend the right. If some go, you mark my words, sir, Silver'll bring 'em aboard again as mild as lambs.
- JIM HAWKINS: *It was decided, loaded pistols were served out to all sure men and then the captain went on deck and addressed the crew.*
- CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: My lads, we've had a hot day and a turn ashore will hurt nobody. As many as please can go ashore for the afternoon. I'll fire a gun half an hour before sundown.
- ALL: (Cheer).
- JIM HAWKINS: *The party was made up. Six fellows to stay on board, and the remaining thirteen, including Silver to embark. It occurred to me at once to go ashore. I slipped over the side into the nearest boat. Silver glared from another boat.*
- LONG JOHN SILVER: Is that you Jim?
- JIM HAWKINS: *The crews raced for the beach, but the boat I was in shot ahead and when it struck among the shore-side trees I caught a branch and swung myself out and plunged into the thicket.*
- LONG JOHN SILVER: Jim! Jim!
- JIM HAWKINS: *I paid no heed. I ran until I could run no more and I began to enjoy myself on the strange land. But soon I heard the bustle of my shipmates drawing near and the tones of a human voice. I recognised it to be Silver's and another of the crew in conversation.*
- LONG JOHN SILVER: Mate, it's because I thinks gold dust of you that I'm here a-warning you. All's up – you can't make or mend.
- TOM: Silver, you're old, you're honest 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! As sure as God sees me, I'd sooner lose my hand. If I turn agin my dooty –

JIM HAWKINS: *It was obvious I had discovered one of the honest hands. Then from in the distance.....*

ALL: (Long drawn out scream)
AAAAAGGHHHH!

TOM: John! What was that?

LONG JOHN SILVER: Oh I reckon that'll be Alan.

TOM: Alan! John Silver, long you've been a mate of mine but you're mate no more. You've killed Alan have you? Kill me, too, if you can, I defies you!

JIM HAWKINS: *The brave fellow turned his back on the cook. I watched as Silver hurled his crutch and strike poor Tom between the shoulders. Even without his crutch he was on top of him next moment, his knife buried to the hilt in that defenceless body. He then put a whistle to his lips.*

ALL: (whistle, whistle, whistle)

JIM HAWKINS: *I began to crawl back and then ran as I have never ran before. It was all over for me. Goodbye to the Hispaniola, the squire, the doctor, the captain. There was nothing left but death by starvation or death at the hands of the mutineers. But then a fresh alarm brought me to a stand still. I saw a figure behind the trunk of a pine. I cast about for some method of escape and then remembered my pistol. I walked toward him and at last he threw himself upon his knees.*

Who are you?

BEN GUNN Ben Gunn. I'm poor Ben Gunn. I haven't spoken with a Christian these three years.

JIM HAWKINS: Three years! Were you shipwrecked?

BEN GUNN Nay mate. Marooned. Three years gone and lived on goats, berries and oysters. You mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you now? No? Well, many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese.

JIM HAWKINS: If ever I can get aboard again you shall have cheese by the stone.

BEN GUNN What do you call yourself mate?

JIM HAWKINS: Jim.

BEN GUNN Well now Jim. I've lived that rough as you'd be ashamed to hear of. But I'm rich, rich! You'll bless the stars that you was first to find!

Now tell me true, that ain't Flint's ship?

JIM HAWKINS: No it's not Flint's ship and Flint is dead, though there are some of Flint's hands aboard.

BEN GUNN: Not a man – with one – leg?

JIM HAWKINS: Silver? He's the cook and ring leader.

BEN GUNN: If you was sent by Long John then I'm as good as pork.

JIM HAWKINS: *I made up my mind in a moment to tell him the whole story of our voyage.*

BEN GUNN: You're a good lad Jim and you're in a clove hitch, ain't you? Well, you just put your trust in Ben Gunn. Would you think it likely that your Squire would come to the ton of say, one thousands pounds out of money that's as good as a man's already?

JIM HAWKINS: I am sure he would.

BEN GUNN: And a safe passage home?

JIM HAWKINS: Why the Squire's a gentleman.

BEN GUNN: Well then, I were in Flint's ship when he burried the treasure, Billy Bones was mate and Long John was quartermaster. Flint went ashore with six strong seamen and they was ashore nigh on a week. One day come Flint by himself in a little boat and all the six dead and buried. How he done it, not a man aboard could make out. Well I was in another ship three years back and we sighted this island. "Boys," says I, "Here's Flint's treasure; let's land and find it." Twelve days we looked until at last the hands went aboard and left me behind with a spade and pick axe.

ALL: (Boom!)

JIM HAWKINS: They've begun to fight! Follow me.
Quarter of a mile ahead of me I beheld the Union Jack flutter in the air above the wood.

BEN GUNN: Now there's your friends sure enough.

JIM HAWKINS: Far more likely it's the mutineers.

BEN GUNN: Silver would fly the Jolly Roger, no that's your friends and now they're ashore and in the old stockade made by Flint.

JIM HAWKINS: I must hurry to them.

BEN GUNN: You're a good boy but Rum wouldn't bring me there until I get's your Squire on his word of honour. And when Ben Gunn is wanted you know where to find him, same place as today. He that comes is to come alone and say this "Ben Gunn has reasons of his own."

JIM HAWKINS: May I go?

BEN GUNN: You won't forget – Reasons of his own. And if you see Silver you wouldn't sell poor Ben Gunn?

JIM HAWKINS: No, on my word.
I moved on until I saw the Hispaniola where she had anchored, sure enough under the Jolly Roger, the black flag of piracy. I skirted among the woods until I had regained the shoreward side of the stockade.
"Doctor! Squire! Captain! Hello?"
I then climbed over the stockade and was soon welcomed by the faithful party.
Once I had assured them that I was safe and sound, I asked the doctor to relay their part of the tale while I had been ashore.

DR LIVESEY: *Hearing the news that you had slipped ashore with the rest we were alarmed for your safety. Waiting was a strain. It was decided that Hunter and I should go ashore in quest of information. When ashore I had not gone a hundred yards*

when I came upon the stockade. A spring of clear water was enclosing a stout log-house fit to hold two-score people and completed by a paling six feet high.

I then heard the cry of a man at the point of death.

ALL: AAAAAAHHHHHH!

DR LIVESEY: *“Jim Hawkins is gone” was my first thought. I made up my mind instantly and we returned to the ship to tell the Captain my plan. We put old Redruth in the gallery with three or four loaded muskets and we set to work loading the little boat with powder, muskets, biscuits, pork and my invaluable medicine chest. The Captain stayed on deck as we rode ashore to provision the stockade. Leaving two servants ashore I sculled back to the ship to pick up the squire, the captain and Redruth and when in the boat the captain spoke to those still aboard.*

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Now men 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. You’re a good man and I give you thirty seconds to join me.

DR LIVESEY: *There was a sudden scuffle, the sound of blows and out burst Gray with a knife cut on his cheek.*

GRAY: I’m with you Sir!

DR LIVESEY: *Our little boat was gravely overloaded.*

I cannot keep her head for the stockade. Could you pull a little stronger?

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Not without swamping the boat.

DR LIVESEY: But we’ll never get ashore at this rate.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: It’s the only course we can lie, Sir. The gun!

DR LIVESEY: I have thought of that, they could never get it ashore.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Look astern Doctor.

DR LIVESEY: *We had entirely forgotten the long nine.*

GRAY: Israel was Flint’s gunner.

DR LIVESEY: *We were turned broadside on the Hispaniola and offered a target like a barn door.*

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Who’s the best shot?

DR LIVESEY: Mr Trelawny, out and away.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Mr Trelawny, will you please pick me off one of these men, sir? Hands, if possible.

DR LIVESEY: *Trelawny fired.*

ALL: BANG!

DR LIVESEY: *Hands stooped and the ball whistled over his head and one of the other men fell.*

ALL: Aaaaghhhh!

DR LIVESEY: *His cry was echoed by the men on the shore and they ran to their boats.*

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Give way, if we can’t get to shore then all’s up.

DR LIVESEY: *For a boat overloaded we made good headway but we still had the danger of the gun.*

ALL: BOOM!

DR LIVESEY: *The ball passed over our heads but the wind of it was our disaster and our boat sank by the stern. No lives were lost but our stores were now at the bottom of the sea and only two guns remained in a state of service.*
We made our best speed to the stockade, the voices of the Buccaneer near. We made it at the same time as seven mutineers. Hunter and Joyce fired from their place in the stockade and one of the enemy fell, the rest plunged into the trees.
There was a pistol crack.

ALL: CRACK!

REDRUTH: Aaaaggh.

DR LIVESEY: *We entered the stockade.*

REDRUTH: Be I going Doctor?

DR LIVESEY: Tom , my man you're going home.

REDRUTH: I wish I had a lick of them with the gun first.

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Tom, say you forgive me, won't you?

REDRUTH: Would that be respectful of me, Squire?

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Howsoever, so be it, amen!

DR LIVESEY: *Not long after he passed away.*
In the meantime the Captain ran up the British colours.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Dr Livesey, in how many weeks do you and the squire expect the consort?

DR LIVESEY: Not weeks, but months. If we were not back by the end of August, Blandly was to send to find us.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Then I should say we are pretty well hauled.

DR LIVESEY: How do you mean?

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: It's a pity we lost that second load. Rations are very short.

DR LIVESEY: *Just then....*

ALL: (ROAR!)
(WHISTLE)

DR LIVESEY: *A round shot passed high over the stockade.*

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Oho! Blaze away lads, you've precious little powder left already!

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Captain, the house is quite invisible from the ship. It would be the flag they are aiming at. Would it not be wiser to take it in?

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Strike my colours! Not I, Sir!

DR LIVESEY: *They kept thundering away all evening.*

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: The tide has made a good while, our stores should be uncovered. Volunteers to go and bring in the pork?

ALL: Aye!

DR LIVESEY: *It was a useless mission for the mutineers were already carrying off our stores.*
A little later the Captain sat down to write in his log....

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Alexander Smollet, master. David Livesey, ship's doctor. Abraham Gray, carpenter's mate. John Trelawny, owner. John Hunter and Richard Joyce, owner's servants are all that is left faithful of the ship's company with stores enough for

ten days at short rations. Thomas Redruth, owners servant, shot dead by mutineers. James Hawkins, cabin boy-

JIM HAWKINS: Doctor! Squire! Captain! Hello?
 GRAY: Somebody hailing us!
 DR LIVESEY: *I ran to the door in time to see Jim Hawkins climbing over the stockade*

JIM HAWKINS: *We were divided into watches and I was put sentry at the door when the Doctor came over.*

DR LIVESEY: Is this Ben Gunn a man?
 JIM HAWKINS: I do not know sir. I am not very sure he's sane.
 DR LIVESEY: A man whose been three years on a desert island can't expect to appear as sane as you and me. Was it cheese you said he had a fancy for?

JIM HAWKINS: Yes sir.
 DR LIVESEY: Well Jim, just see the good that comes of being dainty in your feed. You've seen my snuff box, but you never saw me take snuff, eh? The reason being that I carry a piece of Parmesan cheese, a cheese made in Italy. Well that's for Ben Gunn!

JIM HAWKINS: *After supper was eaten the three chiefs got together.*
 SQUIRE TRELAWNY: With the stores so low we will be starved into surrender long before help comes.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Our best hope is to kill off the buccaneers until they either haul down their flag or run away with the Hispaniola.

DR LIVESEY: We have an ally in the climate. I'll stake my wig that camped where they are in the marshes, and without remedies, that half of them will be on their backs before a week. So if they are not all shot down first, they'll be glad to be off buccaneering again I suppose.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: First ship that I ever lost.
 JIM HAWKINS: *I was tired and when finally I found sleep I slept like a log of firewood. But I was soon awakened by voices.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Flag of truce!
 GRAY: It's silver himself!
 CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Keep indoors men, ten to one this is a trick. Who goes? Stand, or we fire.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Flag of truce!
 CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: And what do you want with your flag of truce?
 LONG JOHN SILVER: Cap'n Silver, Sir, to come on board and make terms.
 CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Cap'n Silver! Don't know him. Who's he?
 LONG JOHN SILVER: Me sir. These poor lads have chosen me cap'n, after your desertion. We're willing to submit, if we can come to terms, and no bones about it. All I ask is your word, Cap'n Smollett, to let me safe.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: If you wish to talk to me, you can, that's all. If there's any treachery it'll be on your side.

LONG JOHN SILVER: That's enough cap'n, a word from you's enough.

JIM HAWKINS: *Silver advanced to the stockade and with great skill surmounted the fence.*

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Well?

LONG JOHN SILVER: Well here it is. We want that treasure that's our point! You would just as soon save your lives. I reckon. You have a chart, haven't you?

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: That's as maybe.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Well you have, I know that. What I mean is, we want your chart.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: I would see you and this whole island blown clean out of the water first!

LONG JOHN SILVER: Now here it is. You give us the chart and we'll offer you a choice. Either come aboard once the treasure's shipped or you can stay here and we'll divide the stores, man for man. I'll give my affy-davy to speak to the first ship I sight and send 'em to pick you up.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Is that all?

LONG JOHN SILVER: Refuse that and you've seen the last of me but musket balls.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Very well. Now hear me. Come up one by one, unarmed and I'll clap you all in irons and take you home to a fair trial in England. If you won't, then I'll see you all to Davy Jones. You can't find the treasure and there's not a man among you fit to sail the ship and that's that. In the name of heaven I'll put a bullet in your back when next I meet you.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Before an hour's out I'll stove in this old block house and them that'll die'll be the lucky ones!

JIM HAWKINS: *With that he stormed off.*

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: My lads I've given Silver a broadside and before the hour's out we shall be boarded. We're outnumbered but we fight in shelter. Hunter, serve out a round of Brandy to all hands. Doctor, you take the door. Hunter the East, Joyce the West. Mr Trelawny, you and Gray take the North and Hawkins, you and I will stand by to load.

JIM HAWKINS: *And so we waited in a fever of heat and anxiety until Joyce suddenly whipped up his musket and fired. In a scattering reply several bullets struck the log-house.*

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: How many should you say there were on your side, doctor?

DR LIVESEY: Three shots were fired.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Three! And how many on yours, Mr Trelawny?

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Seven I should think.

GRAY: Or perhaps as many as eight or nine.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: If the mutineers cross the stockade then they'll be able to shoot us down like rats.

ALL: (BATTLE CRY!)
AAAAAGGGHHHH!

JIM HAWKINS: *A cloud of pirates ran for the stockade as a rifle-ball sang through the doorway and knocked the doctors musket into bits. Squire and Gray fired again and three men fell but four made it inside our defences and were upon us. One grasped*

Hunter's musket and with one terrible blow laid the poor fellow senseless on the floor.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Out lads, out, and fight them in the open! Cutlasses!

JIM HAWKINS: *The doctor managed to send one mutineer sprawling with a great slash across his face.*

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Round the house, lads! We have them!

JIM HAWKINS: *Suddenly the fight was over and the victory ours, though the price was high. Hunter lay stunned and Joyce shot through the head, never to move again.*

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: The captains wounded.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Have they run?

DR LIVESEY: All that could, but there's five of them will never run again.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Five! That leaves us four to nine, that's better odds than when we started.

JIM HAWKINS: *There was no return of the mutineers and later that night Hunter went to his maker. As for the captain, his wounds were grievous but not dangerous.*

DR LIVESEY: He'll recover, but he must not walk nor move his arm nor speak when he can help it.

JIM HAWKINS: *The three of them set again to council. Then a little past noon the doctor took up his hat, pistols and cutlass before putting the chart in his pocket and setting off through the trees.*

GRAY: Why, in the name of Davy Jones is Dr Livesey mad?

JIM HAWKINS: He's about the last of his crew for that. The doctor has his idea, and if I'm right he's going now to see Ben Gunn. *As for me I had an idea to, to steal away and find Ben Gunn's boat so when the coast was clear I made a bolt for it. I made for the East coast of the island and walked beside the surf. Night had almost come when I found a small hollow, hidden by banks, and there in the centre was the boat. But now I had another notion; to cut the Hispaniola adrift and let her go ashore. I waited until absolute blackness settled on Treasure Island.*

The boat was very buoyant and I paddled until the Hispaniola loomed before me and I took the hawser in my grasp and cut the fibres through. Immediately the Hispaniola turned upon her heel and glided off through the water wheeling southward. It sailed in swoops, up and down, east and west and it was then obvious to me that no-one was steering. Where were the men? Perhaps if I could get aboard, I might return the vessel to her captain? I scarce had time to think before the schooner turned toward me. With one hand I caught the jib-boom, crawled along the bowsprit and tumbled onto the deck.

There were two watchmen lying upon the planks, dark blood around them.

ISRAEL HANDS: Oohhhh! (moan of pain)

JIM HAWKINS: Come aboard, Mr Hands.

ISRAEL HANDS: Brandy.

JIM HAWKINS: *I found a bottle and passed it over.*

ISRAEL HANDS: Aye by thunder, but I wanted some o' that!

JIM HAWKINS: Much hurt?

ISRAEL HANDS: If that doctor was aboard I'd be right enough in a couple of turns. As for this other swab he's good and dead. And where mought you have come from?

JIM HAWKINS: I've come aboard to take possession of this ship, Mr Hands; and you'll please regard me as your captain until further notice.

ISRAEL HANDS: Aye, aye cap'n Hawkins. In that case s'pose we talks.

JIM HAWKINS: Say on, Hands.

ISRAEL HANDS: Who's to sail this ship, not you me thinks. Now, you gives me food and drink and an old scarf to tie my wound and I'll tell you how to sail her.

JIM HAWKINS: I mean to get into the North Inlet and beach her quietly there.

ISRAEL HANDS: To be sure you does. I've tried my fling and I've lost. It's you has the wind of me. North Inlet? Why I'd help you sail her up to execution dock, by thunder!

JIM HAWKINS: *We struck our bargain on the spot and in three minutes I had the Hispaniola sailing easily along the coast of Treasure Island.*

ISRAEL HANDS: Ah Jim, I'll take it kind if you'd step down into that there cabin and get me a – shiver my timbers! You get me a bottle of wine, Jim – this here brandy's too strong for my head.

JIM HAWKINS: *The notion of him preferring wine to brandy I entirely disbelieved. He wanted me to leave the deck – so much was plain.*

Some wine, white or red?

ISRAEL HANDS: I reckon it's about the blessed same to me.

JIM HAWKINS: Then I'll bring you port, but I'll have to dig for it.

With that I scuttled along the gallery, mounted the forecastle ladder and popped my head out of the fore companion. My suspicions proved true. Though obviously in pain, in half a minute he had picked a long knife out of a coil of rope and thrust it into the bosom of his jacket before trundling back to his old place. He was armed and I was meant to be the victim. Rushing to retrieve the port I then made my re-appearance on deck. He knocked off the neck of the bottle.

ISRAEL HANDS: Here's luck! You just take my orders cap'n Hawkins and we'll sail slap in and be done with it.

JIM HAWKINS: *Soon the land closed in around us.*

ISRAEL HANDS: Look there, there's a pet bit to beach a ship in.

JIM HAWKINS: And once beached how shall we get her off again?

ISRAEL HANDS: Why you take's a line ashore, take a turn around the capstan and come high water all hands take a pull upon the line and off she comes sweet as nature. Now boy, steady! Steady!

JIM HAWKINS: *I breathlessly obeyed.*

ISRAEL HANDS: Now! My hearty, luff!

JIM HAWKINS: *I put the helm hard up and the Hispaniola swung around for the low wooded shore. With the excitement I almost forgot the peril that hung over my head but perhaps I heard a creak or*

seen his shadow but when I looked around he was half-way toward me.

ISRAEL HANDS:

(ROAR!)

JIM HAWKINS:

I leapt sideways and let go of the tiller which struck hands across the chest. Before he could recover I was safe out of the corner where I had been trapped. Wounded as he was, he was fast. I could see no hope for my eventual escape. But suddenly the ship struck ground and we were both sent sprawling into the scuppers. Upon the instant I sprang into the mizzen shrouds, hand over hand till I was seated on the cross trees. I primed my pistols as he started up.

ISRAEL HANDS:

One more step Mr Hands and I'll blow your brains out! Jim, I reckon I'd have had you but for that there lurch, but I don't have no luck, not I.

JIM HAWKINS:

I was smiling away when back went his hand and I felt a blow. I was pinned to the mast with his knife. In the horrid pain of the moment both my pistols went off.

ALL:

(BANG!) (BANG!)

ISRAEL HANDS:

(CHOCKED CRY!)

JIM HAWKINS:

He plunged head first into the water.

Act Four

'Pieces of Eight'

- JIM HAWKINS: *The knife held me by a mere pinch and with a sudden jerk I was free and had regained the deck. Leaving the Hispaniola to luck I let myself drop softly overboard and I waded ashore. In famous spirits I set for the log-house and my companions, keeping an eye on every side. As I drew nearer, my heart lightened and it was like music to my ears to hear their snoring.*
All was dark within and I entered steadily. My foot struck a sleeper's leg but he turned without waking.
- CAPTAIN FLINT: Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!
- JIM HAWKINS: *I had no time to recover and shock froze my body.*
- LONG JOHN SILVER: Who goes? Bring a torch Dick.
So, here's Jim Hawkins, shiver my timbers! Dropped in like eh? Well I take that friendly!
Now Jim, I'll give you a piece of my mind. Your Cap'n Smollett is stiff on discipline and I reckon you can't go back to your own lot. Even the doctor is gone dead against you. You'll have to jine with Cap'n Silver.
- JIM HAWKINS: *At least this told me my friends were still alive.*
- LONG JOHN SILVER: If you like the service, well you'll jine; and if you don't, Jim, why you're free to answer no – shiver my sides!
- JIM HAWKINS: Well if I'm to choose I have a right to choose what's what, and why you're here, and where my friends are.
- MORGAN: Wot's wot?
- LONG JOHN SILVER: Batten down your hatches till you're spoke to, my friend. Yesterday morning your doctor come down with a flag of truce. Says he "Cap'n Silver, you're sold out. Ship's gone so let's bargain." So here we are; stores, brandy and block-house. As for them they've tramped, I don't know where's they are.
- JIM HAWKINS: Is that all?
- LONG JOHN SILVER: Well it's all your to hear my son.
- JIM HAWKINS: And now I'm to choose?
- LONG JOHN SILVER: Aye, and you may lay to that.
- JIM HAWKINS: Well there's a thing or two I have to tell you. First is this; you're 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. As for the schooner it was I who cut her cable. The laughs on my side. Kill me if you please, or spare me. Bygones are bygones and when you fellows are in court for

piracy, I'll save all I can. You choose. Either kill another, and do yourselves no good, or spare me and keep a witness to save you from the gallows.

MORGAN: I'll put one to that, it was him that knowed Black Dog.

LONG JOHN SILVER: I'll put another again to that, by thunder! For it was the same boy that faked the chart from Billy Bones. First and last, we've split upon Jim Hawkins!

MORGAN: Then here goes!

LONG JOHN SILVER: Avast there Tom Morgan! Maybe you thought you was cap'n here but I'll teach you better. Cross me and you'll go feed the fishes.

DICK: Tom's right.

MERRY: I'll be hanged if I be hazed by you, John Silver.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Did any of you Gentleman want to have it out with me? Well I'm ready. Take a cutlass, him that dares and I'll see the colour of his insides.

JIM HAWKINS: *Not a man stirred.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: P'r'aps you can understand King George's English. I'm cap'n here because I'm the best man be a long sea-mile. If you won't fight as gentleman o' fortune should, then you'll obey. I like that boy, let me see him that'll lay a hand on him.

JIM HAWKINS: *There was a pause. Silver leant back as calm as though in church as the men drew together at the far end of the block-house, whispering.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: You seem to have a lot to say.

MERRY: I asks your pardon sir, acknowledging you as captain at this present, but I claim my right, and steps outside for a council.

MORGAN: That's accordin' to rules.

JIM HAWKINS: *And so all marched out and left Silver and me alone.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Now, look you here, Jim Hawkins. You're within a plank of death. But I stand by you through thick and thin. I said to myself: You stand by Hawkins, John, and Hawkins'll stand by you. You save your witness, and he'll save your neck.

JIM HAWKINS: You mean all's lost?

LONG JOHN SILVER: Aye, by gum I do! Ship's gone, neck gone – that's the size of it. I'll save your life – if so be as I can – from them. But see here, Jim – tit for tat – you save Long John from swinging.

JIM HAWKINS: What I can do, I'll do.

LONG JOHN SILVER: It's a bargain! By thunder, I've a chance! Understand me Jim. I've a head on my shoulders. I'm on squire's side now. I know you've got that ship safe somewhere's. How you done it, I don't know, but safe it is. Now you mark me there's trouble on hand. And talking o' trouble, why did that doctor give me the chart, Jim?

JIM HAWKINS: What!

LONG JOHN SILVER: Ah well he did. And there's something under that Jim – bad or good.

JIM HAWKINS: Here they come.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Well let 'em come, lad. I've still a shot in my locker.

JIM HAWKINS: *The door opened and the men pushed one of their number forward.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Step up lad, I won't eat you.

JIM HAWKINS: *The buccaneer stepped forth and passed something to Silver.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: The black spot! I thought so. Where might you have got the paper? Why, hillo! You've gone and cut this out of a bible. What fool's cut a bible?

MORGAN: It was Dick.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Then Dick can get to prayers.

MERRY: Belay that talk, John Silver. This crew has tipped you the black spot. Just you turn it over and see what's writ there.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Thankee, George. You always was brisk for business. Ah! "Deposed" – that's it, is it? Very pretty wrote, to be sure. Your hand, George? You'll be cap'n next, I shouldn't wonder.

MERRY: Come now, step down off that barrel.

LONG JOHN SILVER: I'm still your cap'n and till you outs with your grievance, and I reply – your black spot ain't worth a biscuit.

MERRY: First, you've made a hash of this cruise. Second, you let the enemy out o' this here trap. Third, you wouldn't let us go at them upon the march. Oh we see through you, John Silver; you want to play the booty, that's what's wrong with you. And then, fourth, there's this here boy.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Is that all?

MERRY: Enough too! We'll all swing for your bungling.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Well I'll answer these four points. I made a hash of this cruise did I? Well you all know what I wanted and we'd a been aboard the Hispaniola this night full of good plum-duff, and the treasure in her hold, by thunder! Well, who crossed me? Who forced my hand? Who tipped me the black spot the day we landed? Why it was Anderson, and Hands, and you George Merry! And you're the last above board of that same meddling crew; and you have the Davy Jones's insolence to up and stand for cap'n over me – You sank the lot of us! By the powers!

JIM HAWKINS: *Silver paused and I could see from the men that his words had not been in vain.*

MERRY: And what of the other points?

LONG JOHN SILVER: Ah the others! By gum we're that near the gibbet that my neck's stiff with thinking on it. If you want to know about number four, and that boy, why, shiver me timbers! Isn't he a hostage? Are we a-going to waste a hostage? No, not us; he might be our last chance. Kill that boy! Not me, mates. And number three? Maybe you don't count it nothing to have a real college doctor come to see you every day. And as for number two, and why I made a bargain – well, you came crawling on your knees to me to make it – and you'd have starved too, if I hadn't. But all that's a trifle, you look here – that's why!

JIM HAWKINS: *He cast down on the floor the chart on yellow paper with three red crosses that I found in the old captains chest. Why the doctor had given it to him was more than I could fancy. The appearance of the chart was incredible to the mutineers.*

MORGAN: J.F. That's Flint's sure enough!

MERRY: Mighty pretty. But how are we to get away with it, and us no ship?

LONG JOHN SILVER: Now I give you warning George. One more word of your sauce, and I'll call you down and fight you. You and the rest lost me my schooner, burn you! And now I resign, by thunder! Elect whom you please to be your cap'n now, I'm done with it.

ALL: SILVER! Barbecue for ever! Barbecue for cap'n!

LONG JOHN SILVER: So that's the toon is it? George I reckon you'll have to wait another turn, friend; and lucky for you as I'm not a revengeful man.

JIM HAWKINS: *That was the end of the night's business. Silver's vengeance was to put George Merry up for sentinel. It was long ere I could close an eye and heaven knows I saw Silver sleeping peacefully and my heart was sore to think on the shameful gibbet that waited him.*

DR LIVESEY: Block-house, ahoy! Here's the doctor!

LONG JOHN SILVER: You, doctor! Top o' the morning to you, sir! Bright and early, to be sure. We've quite a surprise for you, too, sir. We've a little stranger here.

DR LIVESEY: Not Jim?

LONG JOHN SILVER: The very same, Jim as ever was.

DR LIVESEY: Well, well. Duty first and pleasure afterwards, Silver. Let us overhaul these patients of yours.

George, how goes it? Did you take that medicine?

MORGAN: Ay, ay, sir, he took it sure enough.

DR LIVESEY: Because since I am mutineers' doctor I make it a point of honour not to lose a man for King George and the gallows.

MORGAN: Dick don't feel well, sir.

DR LIVESEY: Well step up here Dick and let me see your tongue. My, the man's tongue is fit to frighten the French. Another fever.

MORGAN: Ah there, that comed of spilling Bibles.

DR LIVESEY: That comed – as you call it – of being arrant asses and striking camp in a bog. I think it most probable that you'll have the deuce to pay before you get that malaria out of your systems. Silver, I'm surprised at you, you don't appear to have a notion of the rules of health.

Well that's done for the day, and now I should wish to have a talk with that boy, please.

MERRY: No!

LONG JOHN SILVER: Silence! Hawkins, will you give me your word of honour as a young gentleman, not to slip your cable?

JIM HAWKINS: I do, sir.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Then doctor, you just step outside o' that stockade and once you're there, I'll bring the boy down on the inside. I reckon you can yarn through the spars.

JIM HAWKINS: *Shortly after, we advanced across the sand to where the doctor awaited us on the other side of the stockade.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Doctor, the boy'll tell you how I saved his life. You'll please bear in mind it's not my life now – it's that boy's into the bargain; and you'll speak me fair, doctor, and give me a bit o' hope to go on, for the sake of mercy.

DR LIVESEY: Why John, you're not afraid?

LONG JOHN SILVER: Doctor, I'm no coward! But I'll own up fairly, I've the shakes upon me for the gallows. You're a good man, you just remember the good I done as well as the bad. And I step aside – see here – and leave you and Jim alone. And you'll put that down for me, too, for it's a long stretch is that!

JIM HAWKINS: *He stepped out of earshot.*

DR LIVESEY: So, Jim, here you are. Heavens knows, I cannot find it in my heart to blame you; but this much I will say, be it kind or unkind: when Captain Smollett was well, you dared not have gone off; and when he was ill, and couldn't help it, by George, it was downright cowardly.

JIM HAWKINS: Doctor, 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 – but what I fear is torture.

DR LIVESEY: Jim, I can't have this. Whip over, and we'll run for it.

JIM HAWKINS: But I passed my word.

DR LIVESEY: I know, I know, we can't help that, Jim. I'll take it on my shoulders, holus bolus, blame and shame, my boy. But stay here, I cannot let you. Jump! One jump, and you're out and we'll run for it like antelopes.

JIM HAWKINS: No, you know right well you wouldn't do the thing yourself, nor squire, nor captain and no more will I. Silver trusted me; I passed my word, and back I go. But, doctor, you did not let me finish. If they come to torture me, I might let slip a word of where the ship is; for I got the ship, part by luck and part by risking, and she lies in North Inlet on the southern beach.

DR LIVESEY: The ship! Oh but there is a kind of fate in this. Every step it's you that saves our lives; and do you suppose that we are going to let you lose yours? You found the plot; you found Ben Gunn. Oh, by Jupiter, and talking of Ben Gunn! Silver! Silver!

JIM HAWKINS: *Long John drew near again.*

DR LIVESEY: Don't you be in any great hurry after that treasure.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Why, sir, I can only save my life and the boy's by seeking for that treasure.

DR LIVESEY: Well Silver, if that is so, I'll go one step further, look out for squalls when you find it.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Sir, that's too much and too little. What you're after, why you left the block-house, why you given me that there chart, I don't know, now do I? And yet I done your bidding with my

eyes shut and never a word of hope! But no, this here's too much. If you won't tell me what you mean plain out, just say so, and I'll leave the helm.

DR LIVESEY: I've no right to say more, it's not my secret, you see, Silver, or I give you my word, I'd tell you. But I'll go as far with you as I dare. And I'll give you a bit of hope: Silver, if we both get alive out of this wolf-trap, I'll do my best to save you, short of perjury.

LONG JOHN SILVER: You couldn't say more, I'm sure, not if you was my mother.

DR LIVESEY: Well that's my first concession. My second is a piece of advice; Keep the boy close beside you, and when you need help, halloo. I'm off to seek it for you. Goodbye, Jim.

JIM HAWKINS: *He shook hands with me through the stockade and set off into the wood.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Jim if I saved your life, you saved mine; and I'll not forget it. I seen the doctor waving you to run; and I seen you say no. This is the first glint of hope I had since the attack failed and I owe it to you. And now, we're to go in for this here treasure hunting and you and me must stick close, back to back like and we'll save our necks in spite of fate and fortune.

JIM HAWKINS: *Just then a man hailed us for breakfast and we returned.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Ay, mates it's lucky you have Barbecue to think of you with this here head. I got what I wanted, I did. Sure enough they have the ship but once we hit the treasure we'll find out where and then we'll have the upper hand.

JIM HAWKINS: *Thus he restored their hope and confidence.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: As for hostage. I'll take him in a line when we go treasure-hunting. Once we get the ship and treasure both, why, then we'll talk Hawkins over, we will, and we'll give him his share, to be sure, for all his kindness.

JIM HAWKINS: *A little later we all set out, the men carrying picks and shovels, and pork, bread and brandy for the midday meal. There was much discussion on the chart and the terms on the back.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Tall tree, Spy-glass shoulder, bearing a point to the North of North North East.

MORGAN: Skeleton Island East South East and by East.

MERRY: Ten feet.

LONG JOHN SILVER: A tall tree is the principal mark.

JIM HAWKINS: *By Silver's directions we began to ascend the slope towards the plateau. The party spread itself out in a fan. About the centre, Silver and I followed, tethered by a rope.*

ALL: (A distant cry of terror)
AAAAAGGGHHH!

JIM HAWKINS: *Everyone began to run in the direction of the cry.*

MORGAN: He can't 'a' found treasure for that's clean a-top.

JIM HAWKINS: *But it was something very different. At the foot of a big pine, a human skeleton lay.*

MERRY: He was a seaman. Leastways his clothes are good sea-cloth.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Ay, ay, like enough. But what sort of way is that for bones to lie? 'Tain't in nature.
I've taken a notion into my old numskull. Here's the compass; there's the tip top point o' Skeleton Island, stickin' out like a tooth. Just take a bearing, will you, along the line of them bones.

MORGAN: East South East and by East.

LONG JOHN SILVER: I thought so, this 'ere is a pointer. Right up there is our line for the Pole Star and the jolly dollars. But, by thunder! This is one of Flint's jokes. 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! They're long bones, and the hair's been yellow. Ay, that would be Allardyce. You mind Allardyce, Tom Morgan?

MORGAN: Ay, I mind him, he took my knife ashore with him.

DICK: Speaking of knives, why don't we find his'n lying round? Flint weren't the man to pick a seaman's pocket.

LONG JOHN SILVER: By the powers, and that's true!

MERRY: There ain't a thing left here, not a copper doit nor a baccy box. It don't look nat'ral to me.

LONG JOHN SILVER: No by gum it don't. Great guns! Messmates, but if Flint was living this would be a hot spot for you and me. Six they were, and six we are; and bones is what they are now.

MORGAN: I saw him dead with these here deadlights. Billy took me in. There he laid, with penny-pieces on his eyes.

DICK: Sure enough he's dead and gone below, but if ever spirit walked, it would be Flint's.

MERRY: Aye. "Fifteen men" were his only song, mates; and I tell you true, I never rightly liked to hear it since.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Come, come, stow this talk. He's dead and he don't walk and you may lay to that. Fetch ahead for the doubloons.

JIM HAWKINS: *We started off but the pirates no longer ran separate but kept side by side. The terror of the dead buccaneer had fallen on their spirits.
As soon as we gained the brow, Silver took certain bearings with his compass.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: There are three "tall trees" about in the right line from Skeleton Island. "Spy-glass shoulder" I take it, means that lower point there. It's child's play to find the stuff now.

MORGAN: I don't feel sharp, thinkin' o' Flint as done me.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Ah, well, my son, you praise your stars he's dead.

ALL: (in a trembling voice, singing...)
Fifteen men on a 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!

JIM HAWKINS: *The colour went from the pirates faces at this haunting voice from nowhere.*

MERRY: It's Flint!

MORGAN: By the powers!

LONG JOHN SILVER: Come this won't do. Stand by to go about. This is a rum start, and I can't name that voice: but it's someone sky-larking – someone that's flesh and blood, and you may lay to that.

ALL: (in the same trembling voice...)
Darby M'Graw! Darby M'Graw! Darby M'Graw!

DICK: That fixes it – let's go!

MORGAN: They were his last words. His last words above board.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Nobody in this here island ever heard of Darby, not one but us that's here. Shipmates, 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 – and him dead, too?

MERRY: Belay there, John! Don't you cross a spirit.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Spirit? Well maybe. But there's one thing not clear to me. There was an echo. Now no man ever seen a Spirit with a shadow so what's he doing with an echo? That ain't in natur', surely?

MERRY: That's so. You've a head upon your shoulders John, and no mistake. 'Bout ship, mates! This here crew is on a wrong tack. And come to think of it, it was like Flint's voice, I grant you, but not just so clearaway like it. It was like somebody else's voice. Now, it was liker –

LONG JOHN SILVER: By the powers, Ben Gunn!

MORGAN: So it were. Ben Gunn it were!

DICK: It don't make much odds, do it now. Ben Gunn's not here in the body, any more'n Flint.

MERRY: Why, nobody minds Ben Gunn, dead or alive.

JIM HAWKINS: *Their spirits returned and the colour revived in their faces. It was not long before the first of the tall trees was reached, and by the bearing it proved the wrong one. So it was with the second. The third rose nearly two hundred feet into the air.*

MERRY: Huzza mates, all together!

ALL: Aaaaggghhhh!!!!!!

JIM HAWKINS: *Before us was a great excavation, not very recent and the boards of several packing cases were strewn around. On the side of one of these, branded with a hot iron, the name WALRUS – the name of Flint's ship. The cache had been found and the seven hundred thousand pounds were gone!*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Jim, take this pistol and stand by for trouble.

JIM HAWKINS: So you've changed sides again?
There was not time for him to answer. The buccaneers leapt, one by one, into the pit and began to dig with their fingers. Morgan found a piece of gold and it went from hand to hand.

MERRY: Two guineas, Silver! That's your seven hundred thousand pounds, is it? You're the man for bargains, ain't you?

LONG JOHN SILVER: Dig away boys, you'll find some pig-nuts and I shouldn't wonder.

MERRY: Pig-nuts! Mates, do you hear that? I tell you, now, that man there knew it all along. Look in the face of him and you'll see it there.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Ah, Merry, standing for cap'n again?

JIM HAWKINS: *So there we stood, two on one side, five on the other and the pit between us.*

MERRY: Mates, there's two of them alone there; one's the cripple that brought us all here and blundered us down to this; the others that cub that I mean to have the heart of. Now, mates –

ALL: CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

JIM HAWKINS: *On the sorry end of a musket-shot Merry tumbled head foremost into the pit. Another spun around like a teetotum and fell dead. The others ran for it with all their might. The doctor, Gray and Ben Gunn stepped out from among the nutmeg trees.*

DR LIVESEY: Forward! Double quick, my lads. We must head 'em off the boats.

JIM HAWKINS: *We set off at a great pace. Silver, on his crutch, fell thirty yards behind.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Doctor see there! No hurry!

JIM HAWKINS: *Sure enough we were already between the three survivors and the boats.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Thank ye kindly, doctor, you came in about the nick, I guess, for me and Hawkins. And so it's you, Ben Gunn! Well, you're a nice one to be sure.

BEN GUNN: I'm Ben Gunn I am. And how do, Mr Silver? Pretty well, I thank ye, says you.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Ben, Ben, to think as you've done me!

JIM HAWKINS: *As we proceeded leisurely downhill the doctor related what had taken place.*

DR LIVESEY: Ben Gunn, the half-maroon idiot, was the hero from beginning to end. Ben, in his lonely wanderings about the island, had found the skeleton – it was he that rifled it; it was he that found the treasure and he that dug it up. He carried it on his back from the foot of the tall pine to a cave he had on the north east angle of the island. Once I knew this secret and then saw the anchorage deserted I went to Silver and gave him the chart – which was now useless – gave him the stores – for Ben Gunn's cave was well stocked with salted goat meat – all in order to get a chance of moving in safety from the stockade to the cave, to be clear of malaria and keep a guard upon the money.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Ah it were fortunate for me that I had Hawkins here. You would have let old John be cut to bits, and never given it a thought, doctor.

DR LIVESEY: Not a thought!

JIM HAWKINS: *We reached the boats and got aboard to go around by sea to the North Inlet. Just inside the mouth we met the Hispaniola, cruising be herself! Another anchor was got ready and Gray was left to pass the night on guard.*

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: *A gentle slope ran up to the cave where the squire met us.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: John Silver, you're a prodigious villain and impostor – a monstrous impostor, Sir. I am told I am not to prosecute you. Well then I will not. But the dead men, sir, they hang about your neck like millstones.

SQUIRE TRELAWNY: Thank you kindly, sir.

LONG JOHN SILVER: I dare you to thank me! It is a gross dereliction of my duty. Stand back.

JIM HAWKINS: *There upon we entered the cave. Before a big fire lay Captain Smollett and in a far corner great heaps of coins and bars of gold.*

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Come in, Jim. You're a good boy but I don't think you and me'll go to sea again. You're too much of the born favourite for me. Is that you, John Silver? What brings you here, man?

LONG JOHN SILVER: Come back to do my dooty, sir.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Ahh.

JIM HAWKINS: *The next morning we fell early to the transportation of this great mass of gold. A mile by land and three by sea to the Hispaniola. It was a strange collection – English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, doubloons, guineas and sequins. Round pieces, square pieces and pieces bored through the middle. At last, one fine morning we weighed anchor, leaving the three mutineers deserted, though we left them a good stock of powder and shot, some salted goat, some medicines and other necessities.*

Before noon Treasure Island had sunk into the sea behind us. We laid for the nearest port and at sundown cast anchor. The doctor, squire and myself went ashore only to return and discover that Silver had gone – along with a sack of coins for good measure. I think we were all pleased to be rid of him so cheaply.

To cut a long story short we made a good cruise home. All of us had ample share of the treasure and Ben Gunn got his thousand pounds as promised.

Of Silver we heard no more, that formidable sea-faring man with one leg has at last gone clean out of my life.

The bar silver and arms, for all that I know, still lie where Flint buried them, and certainly they shall lie there for me. Oxen and wain-ropes would not bring me back again to the accursed island; and the worst dreams that ever I have are when I hear the surf booming about it's coasts, or when I start upright in bed, with the sharp voice of Captain Flint still ringing in my ears –

ALL: Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!