

## **SECTION 1.**

**Edited by Steele Sullivan and Alexis Hay**

Squire Trelawney and Dr. Livesey asked me to write down the story of Treasure Island. It took some time but I wrote everything except where the island is because there is still treasure there. Of course, my story begins by remembering the time when my father owned the Admiral Benbow Inn.

One day, a strange old sailor came to the inn. He was tall and strong and carried a big sea chest. He had dark skin from the sun and a long scar on his cheek. His clothes were old and dirty, and his hands were rough.

The sailor entered, looked around the room, and began to sing a sea song about treasure. He knocked on the door with a stick and asked my father for a glass of tea. As he drank, he slowly looked at the cliffs through the window and the front door as if he was watching everything closely.

The old sailor said the inn and the sea cove it was on were a good place and asked my father if many people came to the inn. My father said there were not many guests.

The old sailor decided he would stay at our inn and he asked me to carry in his sea chest. He said he only wanted tea, bacon, and eggs to eat and that he wanted a seat where he could watch the ships. He told us all to call him "Captain." Then he threw a surprising number of gold coin on the floor, told me to give it to my father, and told us to let him know when the money was used. Even though his clothes were rough and dirty, the Captain acted like a man used to giving orders.

In the beginning, the Captain was very quiet. During the day, he walked the shores and hills of the cove, sometimes standing along the cliffs using a telescope, looking out at the ocean. At night, he sat by the fire and drank strong tea. He did not talk much and looked angry when spoken to, so everyone learned to leave him alone.

Every day, the Captain asked if any sailors had passed by the inn. At first, everyone thought he wanted company, but soon they knew he was trying to avoid other seamen. If a sailor stayed at the Admiral Benbow, the Captain would watch quietly and say nothing.

One day, the Captain said, 'Ay, boy. Come here.' I came just as he called. He handed me a large silver coin. It was the most money I had ever held. "This is yours, boy. And there's more besides if you will watch the streets for a seafaring man like me but with a peg leg." He promised me a silver coin each month if I warned him.

From that time on, I often had bad dreams about the seafaring man with one leg. On stormy nights, I imagined the man coming into the inn and scaring us all. I began to wonder if a silver coin was worth all the nightmares.

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*abridged by the Middle School's "Off the Page" Book Club*

Still, I think I was less afraid of the Captain than most people were. Sometimes the Captain drank too much tea and water. On those nights, he sang loud sea songs or told wild stories. He made all of the guests of the inn listen and sing along.

The Captain would sometimes bang his hand on the table and shout if anyone spoke or stayed quiet too long. No one was allowed to leave the dining room until he was ready for bed. The whole inn would shake with his singing and everyone joined in because they were afraid to stop.

The Captain's stories scared people the most. He told terrible tales about storms, pirates, sharks, and sword fights. His stories and the words he used shocked the quiet country people that visited our inn. My father soon worried that our inn would lose guests because everyone left frightened.

But, years later, people talked about their time in the inn with the captain and said they liked the excitement. Some young men even admired the Captain. They called him a "real sea-dog" and said men like him made England strong on the sea.

Still, the Captain caused trouble. He stayed for many weeks and then many months. His money ran out, but my father was too afraid to ask for more. When he tried, the Captain only glared at him. My mother began to say that the stress and the fear were beginning to make my father weak and sick.

The Captain never changed his clothes and his coat was worn, dirty, and filled with patches. His big sea chest stayed closed and no one ever saw inside it.

As my father grew sicker my mother asked our town's doctor, Dr. Livesey, to visit the inn and check on my father. After visiting my father in his room, I remember Dr. Livesey and my mother whispering with very sad looks on their faces. I had no real idea what they were saying but I could guess and it broke my heart.

Because we could not afford to pay him, Dr. Livesey sat in the dining room and took a dinner instead. After dinner, he lit a cigar and began talking with one of his friends who was staying at the inn.

The Captain began singing his sea song again and banged his hand on the table for silence. Everyone stopped talking except Dr. Livesey who ignored the Captain and kept speaking calmly. This made the Captain angry.

"Keep yer mouth closed, chump!" the Captain shouted.

Dr. Livesey calmly turned to face the Captain and said in a quiet but firm voice, "You will do well not to be rude to me. You might soon need a doctor's care. I can see that all the tea you drink is slowly making you very sick."

The Captain jumped up, knocking over his chair, and pulled out a hidden sword, threatening the doctor. But Dr. Livesey did not move and continued to look at the Captain.

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"My good, sir," said the doctor calmly. "In addition to being the town doctor, I am also the town judge. If you don't immediately put away that sword, I'll have you in jail for threatening a town official."

The Captain and Dr. Livesey stared at each other. At last, the Captain put his sword away and sat down, grumbling. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Soon after, Dr. Livesey rode away. That night and for many nights after, the Captain stayed quiet but angry.

Not long after that night, something strange happened that would finally help us to be free of the Captain. However, though the Captain would be gone, my adventure was only beginning.

I remember that it was a bitter, cold winter and my father grew weaker every day. Because he could not work, my mother and I did everything to run inn and care for our few guests.

One frosty morning, the Captain went for his usual walk along the beach, his sword under his coat and telescope under his arm. I watched him go, seeing his breath like smoke in the cold air.

Soon after he left, a man I had never seen came into the inn. He was pale, missing two fingers, and carried a sword. He did not look very strong. I was always watching for sailors but this one was puzzling.

The stranger asked for tea but then sat on a table and called me over. He asked about his "ol' mate Bill".

"I don't know any Bill, sir," I replied.

The stranger's face was not friendly and he continued peering around the room like a cat. "You'd know him," the man said, "he has a scar on his cheek."

I quickly stepped outside realizing that the stranger was talking about the Captain. The stranger called for me to return and when I did not answer, he shouted a curse. Scared, I ran back in.

The stranger smiled, patted my shoulder, and said, "I like you, boy. I have a son like you. But, boys need discipline. If you had sailed with Bill he'd have your hide for lying." I was worried that he was going to hit me. But, suddenly, he stopped, looking out the window. "And now, look — here's my old mate Bill, with his spyglass!"

The stranger grabbed me and took me into the front hall where he hid behind a door. I was scared but when I realized that the stranger looked scare too, I was terrified. He drew out his sword, held it tightly, and kept swallowing nervously.

Then the Captain came in and went straight to his breakfast.

"Bill!" said the stranger in a loud voice.

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The Captain turned and saw him. His face went pale and his nose turned blue. He looked shocked, like he had seen a ghost.

"Black Dog!" the Captain gasped.

The stranger smiled. "Yes, Black Dog, come to see his old shipmate Billy at the Admiral Benbow Inn. Bill, we've been through a lot since I lost these two fingers." He held up his hand.

"Now, look here," said the Captain, "you've chased me, found me, and here I am. Well, then, speak up; what do you want?"

"That's you, Bill," returned Black Dog, "you're right to business on the right side of it too, Billy. I'll have a glass of tea from this dear boy here, as I've taken such a liking to; and we'll sit down, if you please, and talk fairly, like old shipmates." Black Dog kept his sword ready. I could see the Captain's sword hand twitching and ready.

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

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

For a long time, I certainly did my best to listen, I could hear nothing but low and angry voices. Eventually, the voices began to grow louder and I could hear a phrase here and there.

"No, no, no, no; and an end to it!" cried the Captain. "If it comes to walking the plank, let 'em all walk, say I."

Then all of a sudden there was a tremendous explosion of noise — the chair and table went over in a lump, a clash of steel followed, and then a cry of pain. In the next instant, I saw Black Dog in full flight, and the Captain hotly pursuing, both with drawn swords waving as they ran. I could see that Black Dog's shoulder was bleeding.

Just as they reached the door, the Captain swung his sword hard at Black Dog and, had it found its mark, it would have been the end of Black Dog. But, the sword was intercepted by our big Admiral Benbow Inn sign. To this day, you can see the deep notch on the lower side of the frame, a notch that could have been on Black Dog.

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

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"Jim," says he, "tea, if you please!"; and as he spoke, he reeled a little, and caught himself with one hand against the wall.

"Are you hurt?" I cried.

"Tea, if you please," he repeated. "I must get away from here. Tea!"

I ran to fetch it, but I was quite shaky from fear. I accidentally broke one glass and spilled the tea. Then, I heard a loud fall in the parlour and, running in, saw the Captain lying upon the floor. At the same instant, my mother, alarmed by the cries and fighting, came running downstairs to help me.

Between us we raised his head. He was breathing very loud and hard, but his eyes were closed and his face a horrible colour.

"Dear, deary me," cried my mother, "what a disgrace upon the house! And your poor father is sick!"

In the meantime, we had no idea what to do to help the Captain, nor any other thought but that he had got seriously hurt in the scuffle with Black Dog. I got the tea and tried to put it down his throat, but his teeth were tightly shut and his jaws were as strong as iron. It was a happy relief for us when the door opened and Doctor Livesey came in, on his visit to my father.

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

"Wounded? A fiddle-stick's end!" said the doctor. "No more wounded than you or I. The man has had a stroke, as I warned him. Now, Mrs. Hawkins, just run upstairs to your husband and tell him, if possible, nothing about it. For my part, I must do my best to save this fellow's life. Jim, you get me a basin."

When I got back with the basin, the doctor had already ripped up the captain's sleeve and exposed his great sinewy arm. It was tattooed in several places. "Here's luck," "Fair Winds," and "Billy Bones" were very neatly and clearly tattooed on his arm.

"Interesting," said the doctor, touching the tattoos with his finger. "And now, Master Billy Bones, if that be your name, we'll have a look at making you comfortable and reducing any fever."

"Now, then," said he, "Jim, you hold the basin"; and with that he took out a cloth, dipped it in the cold water in the basin, and dabbed the Captain's forehead.

Before long, the captain opened his eyes and looked mistily at him. First he recognized the doctor with an unmistakable frown; then his glance fell upon me, and he looked relieved. But suddenly his colour changed, and he tried to raise himself, crying, "Where's Black Dog?"

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"There is no Black Dog here," said the doctor, "except what you have on your own back. You have had a stroke, precisely as I told you; and I have just saved your life and dragged you out of the grave. Now, Mr. Bones —"

"That's not my name," the Captain said rudely.

"Much I care," said the doctor. "The tea is killing you. If you continue to drink it, you'll be dead and no one will remember your name, whatever it is."

Between us, with much trouble, we managed to hoist him upstairs, and laid him on his bed, where his head fell back on the pillow as if he were almost fainting.

"Now, mind you," said the doctor, "I am telling the truth — for you, tea is death."

And with that he went off to see my father, taking me with him by the arm.

As soon as he had closed the door, he said, "He should lie for a week where he is — that is the best thing for him and you; but another stroke will end him for sure."

Later, I stopped at the Captain's door with some cooling drinks and medicines. He was lying very much as we had left him, only a little higher, and he seemed both weak and excited.

"Jim," he said, "you're the only one here that's worth anything, and you know I've always been good to you. Each month, I've given you a silver coin. And now you see, mate, I'm pretty low, and deserted by all; and Jim, you'll bring me one noggin of tea, now, won't you, matey?"

"The doctor —" I began.

But he interrupted. "Doctors are all swabs," he said; "and that doctor there, why, what do he know about sailors like me? I have been in places hot as lava, and I have seen mates dropping round me with tropical diseases this doctor doesn't know, and I have seen islands shake and ocean roar. What does the doctor know of dangers like that? And, I lived on tea, I tell you. It's been my only friend; and if I'm not to have my tea now, I am a goner for sure."

He was growing more and more excited, and this made me afraid for my father, who was very low that day and needed quiet.

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

When I brought it to him, he seized it greedily and drank it out.

"Aye, aye," said he, "that's some better, sure enough. And now, matey, did that doctor say how long I was to lie here in this bed?"

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"A week at least," I said.

"Thunder!" he cried. "A week! I can't do that! Black Dog will tell them where I am and I'll be a double goner."

As he was speaking, he had risen from bed with great difficulty, holding onto my shoulder with a grip that almost made me cry out. "That doctor's done me," he said. "My ears are singing. Lay me back."

Before I could do much to help him he had fallen back again to his former place, where he lay for a while silent.

"Jim," he said at length, "you saw that seafaring man today?"

"Black Dog?" I asked.

"Yes, Black Dog," he answered. "He's a bad one for sure but there are others who are after me and that are worse than Black Dog. The man with the peg leg. He is the worst. It's my old sea chest they're after. I need you to find me a horse that can carry me and my chest far away. Can you do that, Jim?"

He mumbled a little longer and his voice became quiet. He drank the medicine I gave him and fell asleep.

Sadly, that same night, my poor, sick father died. My mother and I were so sad that we forgot all about the Captain in his room.

He came downstairs the next morning and had his usual meal. He ate very little and he helped himself to the tea. My mother and I did not try to stop him.

On the night before my father's funeral, the Captain was as loud and rude as ever. It was shocking, in that house of sadness, to hear him singing away at his ugly old sea song. And, though he was weak, we were so sad and scared that we did not stop him.

For the next several days he went up and down the stairs to his room but that was all that he had the strength to do. This went on for several days until one cold, frosty afternoon. I was standing at the door for a moment, full of sad thoughts about my father, when I saw someone walking towards the inn.

This new stranger was clearly blind. He tapped before him with a stick and wore a great green shade over his eyes. He was hunched over, as if with age or weakness, and wore a huge old tattered sea-cloak with a hood that made him appear positively deformed. I never saw in my life a more dreadful-looking figure.

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He stopped a little ways from the inn and yelled out, "Will any kind friend tell this poor blind man where he is?"

"You are at the Admiral Benbow Inn, near the Black Hill Cove," I yelled back.

"I hear a voice," said he, "a young voice. Will you give me your hand, my kind young friend, and lead me to the inn?"

I held out my hand, and the old man grabbed it with surprising strength. I tried to pull away and run but he pulled me closer and held me tighter.

"Now, boy," he said, "take me to your Captain."

"Sir," said I, "I cannot!"

"Oh," he sneered, "is that right? You won't? Take me right now or you will find yourself in a world of hurt and trouble!" As spoke, he jerked my arm so hard that I cried out.

"Please, sir," I said, "The Captain is too sick to see visitors."

"Come, now, march," he growled with a mean voice. The blind man held me with an iron fist and said, "Lead me into the inn and take me right to him. Because I will not be able to see him, when he is in front of me, you call him Bill and tell him an old friend has come to see him."

In that moment, I was more afraid of the blind man than the Captain and I did what he asked me to do.

The poor Captain raised his eyes from his meal and his face went white with fear. Just as the blind man told me, I said, "Bill, you have a visit from a friend."

"Now, Bill, sit where you are," said the blind man. "I can't see but I can hear if you reach for your sword. If you do, I'll hurt this boy. Is that what you want?" The blind man's smile made me even more afraid. He said, "Bill, hold out your left hand. Boy, take his left hand by the wrist and bring it near to my right."

We both obeyed him to the letter, and I saw the blind man give Bill a note.

"And now that's done," said the blind man. Suddenly, he let me go and walked with no trouble out of the inn and up the road.

It was some time before either I or the captain seemed to gather our senses, but at length, and about at the same moment, I released his wrist, which I was still holding, and he drew in his hand and looked at the note.

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"The pirates will be here in six hours!" he cried. "Six hours!" He stood up suddenly and fell over flat on the ground.

I ran to him at once, calling my mother. But, it was too late. The Captain had died. I burst into a flood of tears. It was the second death I had experienced and all the sadness of my father's death was still in my heart.