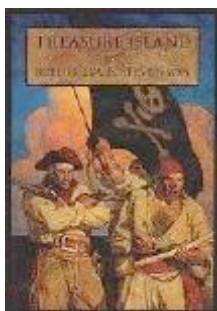


# TREASURE ISLAND



**Author – Robert Louis Stevenson**

Adapted for The Ten Minute Tutor by: Debra Treloar

## BOOK ONE – THE OLD BUCCANEER

### CHAPTER 2.

#### BLACK DOG APPEARS AND DISAPPEARS

It was not long after the Doctor had been to the Inn, the first strange events started, that made the Captain leave. It was a very cold winter, with white frosts and strong winds. With my father getting sicker, my mother and I were busy looking after the Inn. We had not taken much notice of our old guest.

Early one very frosty morning, the Captain got up earlier than usual and went down to the beach.

His cutlass was swinging under his old

blue coat. His brass telescope was

under his arm and his hat tilted back upon his head.



His breath was puffing like smoke in the air as he walked off. The last sound I heard was a loud snort, like he was still mad at Dr. Livesey.

My mother was upstairs with my father. I was getting the breakfast table ready for the Captain's return, when the front door opened and a new stranger walked in.

He was a pale man, missing two fingers on the left hand, and even though he wore a cutlass, he did not look like a fighter. I still had my eye open for a sea-faring man, with one leg, but this one puzzled me.

He did not look like a sailor, but he did look like he came from the sea. He asked me for some rum and just as I was going out of the room to get it, he sat down at the table and waved his finger for me to come closer.

I stopped where I was, with my cloth in my hand.

"Come here, son. Come closer," he said.

I took a step.

"Is this here table for my mate Bill?" he asked with a side look.

I told him I did not know his mate Bill. This table was for a person we called the Captain.

"Well...," he said, "my mate Bill could be called the Captain.

He has a nasty cut on one cheek and he's not so nice when he drinks, my mate Bill. Let's just say..., your Captain has got a cut on one cheek... and let's say, that the cheek is the one, on the right. Well!... is my mate Bill in this house?"

I told him, he was out walking.

"Which way, son? Which way did he go?"

I pointed to the cliff and said when the Captain might return.

"Ah," he said, "then I will drink to my mate Bill."

The look on his face did not seem to match the words that he said. But it was nothing to do with me and I didn't know what I could do.

The stranger kept hanging about just inside the door, peering around the corner like a cat waiting for a mouse. Once I walked out onto the road, but he called me back in. When I didn't come straight away, he yelled at me.

With his hand on my shoulder he said, "I have a son of my own, so much like you and I am very proud of him. But, the main thing, you must learn, is discipline, son... discipline. Now, if you had sailed with Bill, you wouldn't have stood there to be told twice... no, no. That was never Bill's way and not the way of the men who sailed with him.

Ah... look, here is my mate Bill, with a spy-glass under his arm, bless his old heart. We will just go back into the lounge, son and get behind the door. We'll give Bill a little surprise... bless his heart again."

The stranger walked back with me into the lounge and put me behind him in the corner so that we were both hidden by the open door.

I was very nervous and it added to my fears to see that the stranger was also a little scared himself.

He put his hand on his cutlass and kept swallowing as if he had a lump in his throat.



At last the Captain came in, and slammed the door behind him. Without looking to the right or left, he marched straight across the room to where his breakfast was.

"Bill," said the stranger in a big, bold voice.

The Captain spun around and looked at us. All the colour had gone out of his face but his nose looked blue. He looked like he had just seen a ghost.

I almost felt sorry for him. He now looked old and sick.

"Come on Bill, you know me... I'm your old ship mate," said the stranger.

The Captain did a short gasp.

"Black Dog!" he said.

"Yes, I am. I have come to see my old ship mate Billy, at the Admiral Benbow Inn. Bill, Bill, we have seen a thing or two in our time, since I lost my two fingers," he said holding up his hurt hand.

"Now, look here," said the Captain, "you found me, so speak up,... tell me what you want?"

"It's you, Billy," replied Black Dog, "you are what I want. I'll have a glass of rum from this dear boy here and we will sit down and talk like old ship mates."

When I came back with the rum, they had sat at the Captain's breakfast-table... Black Dog next to the door and sitting side on. He could keep one eye on his old ship mate and one eye on the door for escape.

Black Dog told me to go, but to leave the door wide open.

"No looking through the key hole, son," he said. So I left them and went into the next room.

I did try my best to listen but could only hear a low whisper.

Then the voices got louder and I could pick up a word or two, which were mostly curses, from the Captain.

"No, no, no, no... and an end to it!" he cried once.

And later on I heard, "If it comes to swinging... swing away, is all I say."

All of a sudden there was a huge crash and more curses.

The table and chair went over in a thud, a clash of steel followed by a cry of pain.

The next minute I saw Black Dog in full flight, and the Captain hotly chasing. Both had drawn their cutlasses, and Black Dog had blood coming from his left shoulder.



When they got to the front door, the Captain aimed at Black Dog one last time. It would have split him to the bone had he not hit the sign-board of The Admiral Benbow first. (You can still see the cut on the bottom of the sign!)

But that cut was the last one of the battle. Black Dog took off over the hill, even with his cut shoulder.

The Captain stood staring at the sign-board like he did not know what had just happened.

"Jim, get me some rum!" he said. He shook a bit and had to put one hand against the wall.

"Are you hurt?" I asked.

"Rum," he repeated. "I must get away from here. Rum! Rum!"

I ran to get it for him, but I broke the glass and ruined the drink. While I was trying to clean it up, I heard a loud crash in the lounge and when I ran in, I saw the Captain lying flat on the floor.

At the same time my mother, who had heard all the noise, came running down stairs to help me. We both lifted his head. His eyes were shut and his face was a bad colour.

"Dear me" cried my mother, "what's going on? And just when your poor father is so sick!"

We really thought the Captain had been killed in the fight with Black Dog. I got rum and tried to pour it down his throat, but his teeth were shut so tight I could not open his mouth. Just then, the door opened and Dr. Livesey came in for my father's visit.

"Oh, Doctor," we both cried. "What will we do? We can't see where he is wounded?"

"Wounded? What rubbish!" said the Doctor. "No more wounded than you or I. The man has had a heart attack, as I warned him he would. Now, Mrs. Hawkins, you run upstairs to your husband and don't tell him anything about it.

I will do my best to save this crazy man's life. Jim, you get me a bowl."

When I came back with the bowl, the Doctor had torn the Captain's sleeve. On his big old arm were tattoos in several places; "Here's Luck," "A Fair Wind," and "Billy Bones his Fancy."

Up near the shoulder there was a picture of gallows and a hangman's noose.



The Doctor, touched the picture with his finger. "Well, Mr. Billy Bones, if that is your name, we'll have a look at the colour of your blood."

"Jim, are you scared of blood?" asked the Doctor.

"No, sir," I said.

"Well, then, you hold the bowl" he said.

He took his knife and made a small cut in his arm.

A lot of blood came out before the Captain opened his eyes and looked around.

He tried to lift himself up, saying, "Where's Black Dog?"

"There is no black dog here!" said the Doctor. "You have been drinking rum and you have had a heart attack. I told you this would happen and I have just saved your life. Now then, Mr. Bones..."

"That's not my name," he interrupted.



"I don't care," said the Doctor. "But, I am telling you, if you drink too much rum... you will die... do you understand that?"



The Doctor and I helped him upstairs to his bed and his head fell back on the pillow with a thud.

The Doctor took me to see my father and told me he had taken out enough blood to make sure the Captain would lie still in bed for the rest of the week.

"If he has another heart attack, he will die," the Doctor said.