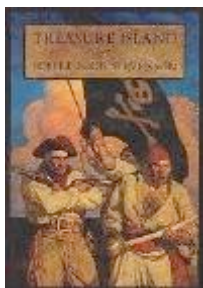


TREASURE ISLAND



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Adapted for The Ten Minute Tutor by: Debra Treloar

BOOK ONE – THE OLD BUCCANEER

CHAPTER 6.

THE CAPTAIN'S PAPERS

We rode very fast all the way to Dr. Livesey's door, but there was no light coming from the front windows. Mr. Dance told me to jump down and knock. Dogger took his foot out of the stirrups so I could get down from the horse.

The maid opened the door and I asked if Dr. Livesey was there?"

She said that he had gone up to eat and talk with the Squire.

"Then we will go there, boys," said Mr. Dance. This time, it wasn't far. So I just ran along side Dogger's horse to the lodge gates and up the avenue to a line of buildings that looked over old gardens.

Mr. Dance got off his horse and took me with him into the house. The servant led us down a hall and into a great library, lined with books. The Squire and Dr. Livesey sat on either side of a warm fire smoking pipes. I had never seen the Squire close up before. He was a large, tall man with a rough and reddish, lined face from his many long travels away. His eyebrows were very black and moved when he spoke.



"Come in, Mr. Dance," said the Squire.

"Good evening, Dance," said the Doctor with a nod. "And good evening to you, Jim. What brings you both here?"

The Supervisor stood straight and tall as he told his story, like a speech. You should have seen how the two men leaned forwards and looked at each other. They even forgot to smoke their pipes as they listened.

When they heard how my mother went back to the Inn for the money, Dr. Livesey slapped his leg, and the Squire cried "Bravo!" tapping his long pipe against the fireplace.

Before the story was finished, Mr. Trelawney, the Squire, had got up from his chair and was walking around the room until Mr. Dance finished the story.

"Mr. Dance," said the Squire, "you are a very fine man. Although you rode over that blind beggar, I look at it, as an act of service, sir. A bit like stomping on a cockroach.

This boy Hawkins, is a winner, I think. Jim, will you ring that bell? Mr. Dance needs a drink."

"So, Jim," said the Doctor, "you have what they were after, do you?"

"Yes sir," I said, as I gave him the oilskin packet.

The Doctor looked at it, as if his fingers wanted to open it, but he put it slowly into his coat pocket.

"Squire," he said, "after Dance has had his drink, he must go back to work but I think Jim Hawkins should have cold pie for dinner and sleep at my house."

"I think, Hawkins needs a hot pie!" said the Squire.

While I ate a big meat pie, because I was so hungry, Mr. Dance kept on talking to the two men before leaving us.

"And now" said the Doctor and the Squire, both in the same breath.

"One at a time, one at a time," laughed Dr. Livesey. "You have heard of this Mr. Flint, I suppose?"

"Heard of him!" cried the Squire. "Heard of him, you ask! He was the most blood thirsty, buccaneer that ever sailed the seas. Blackbeard was a baby compared to Flint. The Spanish were so afraid of him sir, that I was almost proud he was an English man.

I've seen his sails with my own eyes and the coward skipper that I sailed with, turned back... turned back, sir, to the Port of Spain!"

"Well, I have heard of him too," said the Doctor. "But the point is, did he have money?"

"Money!" cried the Squire. "These villains are always after money and nothing but money!"

"Well, we will soon know," replied the Doctor. "But you are talking so much, I can't get a word in. What I want to know is... If, what I have in my pocket, is a clue to where Flint buried his treasure, would it be worth very much?"

"Worth!" cried the Squire. "Let me put it this way, if we have the clue you talk about, I will get a ship ready, and take you and young Hawkins here, with me. I would even search for a year to find that treasure."

"Very well," said the Doctor. "If Jim agrees, we will open the packet."

The cloth was sewn together, and the doctor had to get out his medical scissors to cut the stitches. It had two things in it... a book and a sealed piece of paper.



"First of all, we'll look at the book," said the Doctor.

The Squire and I were both leaning over his shoulder as he opened it. On the first page there were only some scraps of writing.

One was the same as his tattoo mark:

"Billy Bones his fancy".

Then there was "Mr. W. Bones, mate,"

"No more rum,"

"Off Palm Key he got itt," and some other single words we could not read.

I wondered who had "got itt," and even what "itt" was.

No doubt "itt" was a knife in his back, I thought.

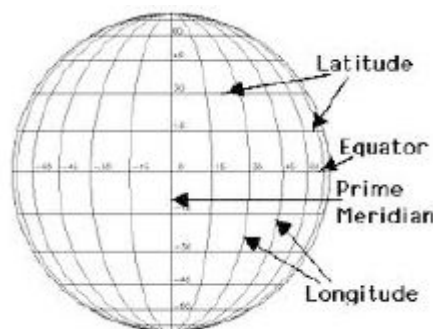
"Not much information there," said Dr. Livesey, as he turned the pages. The next ten or twelve

pages were better. There was a date at one end of the line and at the other end a sum of money, like a bank statement.



Written on the 12th June, 1745, a sum of seventy pounds was owed to someone, but there were only six crosses to explain the why.

On some lines, the name of a place would be added, like "Off Caraccas," or a measurement of *latitude and *longitude, as



"62° 17' 20", 19° 2' 40"."

*Longitude: Any imaginary line perpendicular to the equator and part of a great circle through the North Pole and South Pole.

*Latitude: Any imaginary line around the planet parallel to the equator.

The book had lines that went for over twenty years, with the amount of each line growing bigger as time went on. At the end, there was a total sum, which had been crossed out five or six times and the words added, "**Bones, his pile.**"

"I have no idea what this is," said Dr. Livesey.

"It's as clear as day," cried the Squire. "This is the villain's account book. These crosses are for the names of ships they sank or towns they robbed. The amounts are the villain's share. When he thought a line was not clear, he added extra words like, '**Off Caracas**'. (A city on the coast of South America)

You see here, this was some unhappy boat they attacked off that coast. The poor souls that were sailing her... gone down to rest on the coral a long time ago."

"Right!" said the Doctor. "Good thing you are a traveller. And now I can see... the amounts got bigger, as he rose in rank."

There was not much more in the book except at the back, where he had a times-table to work out all the different countries money converted back to English pounds.

"Clever man!" cried the Doctor. "He was not going to be cheated."

"And now," said the Squire, "what is the other thing?"



The paper was sealed in several places with a thimble pressed into melted wax. Perhaps it was the

thimble I'd found in the Captain's pocket. The Doctor opened each seal with great care before a map of an island, with latitude and longitude, names of hills, bays and coves and everything needed to take a ship to a safe place. It was about nine miles long and five miles across, shaped, a bit like a fat dragon standing up. It had two good harbours and a hill in the middle part marked "The Spy-Glass."



There were three crosses of red ink... two on the north part of the island, one in the southwest. Written beside this last cross in the same red ink was: "Bulk of treasure here."

Over on the back was also written:

Tall tree, Spy-glass shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of N.N.E.

Skeleton Island E.S.E. and by E.Ten feet.

The bar silver is in the north cache; you can find it by the trend of the E. hummock, ten fathoms south of the black crag with the face on it.

The arms are easily found, in the sand-hill, N. point of north inlet cape, bearing E. and a quarter N. J.F.

That was all. I didn't know what it meant but Mr. Trelawney and Dr. Livesey seemed very happy.

"Livesey," said the Squire, "tomorrow I will go to Bristol to get a ship ready. In two weeks we'll have the best ship and the best crew in England. Hawkins will be cabin-boy. You will become a famous cabin-boy, Hawkins.

Livesey, you will give up your surgery at once and be the ship's doctor and I will be the Admiral. We will take Redruth, Joyce, and Hunter. We'll have good winds to make a fast trip and have no trouble finding the spot. Then we'll have money to eat, to roll in, to play with forever."

"Trelawney," said the Doctor, "I will go with you and so will Jim, but there's one man I'm afraid of."

"And who is that?" cried the Squire. "Name the dog, sir!"

"You!" said the Doctor, "you cannot hold your tongue. We are not the only men who know about this map. The men who attacked the Inn tonight are bold and dangerous, for sure. Then there are the others who stayed aboard that boat and most likely, more of them not far away. They will all be trying to get that money. We must travel alone until we get to sea. You take Joyce and Hunter with you when you ride to Bristol, and none of us must breathe a word about what we found."

"Livesey," returned the Squire, "as always, you are right. I will be as silent as the grave."