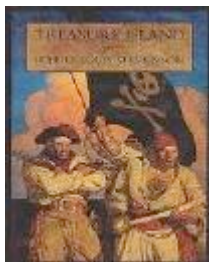


# TREASURE ISLAND



**Author - Robert Louis Stevenson**

Adapted for The Ten Minute Tutor by: Debra Treloar

## BOOK TWO – THE SEA-COOK

### CHAPTER 7.

#### I GO TO BRISTOL

It took longer than the Squire thought before we were ready to sail, and even Dr. Livesey's plan, to keep me beside him did not happen. The Doctor had to go to London to find another doctor to take his place in the village. The Squire was hard at work in Bristol. I lived at the lodge and was looked after by old Redruth, the Gamekeeper\*. (\*Gardener and caretaker of the house)

I was often alone, but I was full of dreams about the sea, strange islands and adventures. I sat by the fire and thought about the map and all the things I could remember.

In my mind, I climbed the tall cliff they called the Spy-Glass, a thousand times. Sometimes the island had many savages to fight and other times we were hunted by wild animals.

The weeks went by, until one day a letter came for Dr. Livesey, with a note: "To be opened, in case he is away, by Tom Redruth or young Hawkins."

Opening the letter we read the following important news:

Old Anchor Inn, Bristol, March 1, 1791

Dear Dr. Livesey,

As I do not know whether you are at the lodge or still in London, I send this to both places.

The ship is paid for and finished. She is anchored, ready for sea. You have never seen a better schooner.

A child could sail her, two hundred tonnes; name, HISPANIOLA.

I got her through my old friend, Mr. Blandly, who has proved himself to be most helpful. The man worked so hard for me, and so, may I say, did everyone in Bristol, as soon as they got wind of the port we sailed for...

Treasure, I mean.

"Redruth," I said, stopping reading the letter, "Dr. Livesey will not like that. The Squire has been talking!"

"Well, who's to say he was right?" growled the gamekeeper. "I don't think Dr. Livesey can tell the Squire what to do."

At that, I gave up talking about it and just kept reading:

Blandly found the HISPANIOLA, and somehow got her for a small amount of money. Some men in Bristol are not like Blandly. They say he would do anything for money. They say the HISPANIOLA was already his, and that he sold it to me for a high price. How crazy!

At the start, the workers and riggers were very slow, but time fixed that. It was finding a crew that was hard. I wanted around twelve men (in case of savages, buccaneers, or the awful French) and I could only find six men. Then with luck, I met the very man I needed.

I was standing on the dock, when, I met a man who had been an old sailor but now owned an Inn. He knew all the sea-faring men in Bristol. He was not happy on shore and wanted to be a cook so he could go to sea again. He said he had walked down that morning, to smell the sea salt.

I liked his story so much, that I hired him on the spot for our ship's cook. He is called Long John Silver, and he has lost one leg serving his country.

He does not get any pension money at all. Imagine that!  
What terrible times we live in!

Well, sir, I didn't just find a cook, but I got a whole crew. Silver and I, found the toughest old salts ever. Not pretty to look at, but men of high spirit. I think we could fight an army!

Long John even got rid of two of the six men I had hired. He showed me that they were just the kind of fresh-water sailors we did not want on our adventure.

I am well and eating like a bull, sleeping like a tree, but I will not enjoy a minute until we are on the seas.

Ho, ho! Never mind the treasure! It's the glory of the sea, I want. So now, Livesey, hurry and come as fast as you can.

Let young Hawkins go and see his mother, with Redruth for a guard; and then both come quickly to Bristol.

John Trelawney

P.S. Mr. Blandly, who, by the way, will send a search party after us if we don't turn up by the end of August, had found a good man for our Sailing Master.

He is a stiff man, which I don't like - but very good.  
Long John Silver found a man named Arrow for a mate.  
I found a Warrant Officer for our sails who plays the  
pipes, Livesey. Things look right on board the good ship  
HISPANIOLA.

P.P.S. Long John Silver has money and a good bank  
account. He is leaving his wife to look after the Inn.  
J. T.

P.P.P.S. Hawkins may stay one night with his mother.  
J. T.

You cannot believe how excited the letter made me. Old  
Tom Redruth, only grumbled. All the other gamekeepers  
would have jumped at the chance to go in his place, but the  
Squire wanted Redruth and what he said was like the law.

The next morning we walked to the Admiral Benbow, to see  
my mother. Now that the Captain was gone my mother was  
much happier.

The Squire had even paid for the Inn to be fixed and painted.

He had bought her a new armchair and had found a boy to  
help her while I was gone.

When I saw the boy, I knew for the first time, I was really going on an adventure and had not thought about the home I was leaving behind. Looking at this clumsy stranger in my place, I had my first attack of tears.

Then I spent the whole time telling him what he had to do and how he had to do it.

The next evening, Redruth and I said good-bye to my mother and the place where I had lived since I was born.



The dear old Admiral Benbow Inn did not seem quite the same with the new paint.

One of my last thoughts was of the Captain, with his old hat, his sabre-cut cheek, and his old brass telescope.



A coach picked us up at the Royal George Hotel. I was squashed in between Redruth and another big old man. Even with the cold night air and the rough ride, I must have gone to sleep. After I was woken up by a punch in the ribs, I found we had stopped in front of a large building in the city and that it was nearly mid day.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Bristol," said Tom Redruth. "Get down."

Mr. Trelawney was living at an Inn near the docks. We had to walk beside great ships of all sizes and countries. On one, sailors sang while they worked, on another men were high over my head, hanging on ropes that seemed no thicker than a spider's web.

Although I had lived by a cove all my life, it felt like I had never been near the sea until then. The smell of sweat and salt was something new. I saw the most amazing ships that had been all over the oceans.



I saw, old sailors with rings in their ears, beards curled in ringlets, and pigtails down their backs with a funny sea-walk. I was going to sea too, in a ship, with a man who played pipes and pig-tailed, singing seamen. I was off to an unknown island to seek buried treasure! While I was still dreaming about this, we arrived at the Inn to meet Squire Trelawney. He was all dressed up like a Sea-Officer, in new blue cloth. He was coming out the door with a smile on his face and copying the funny sailor's walk.

"You're here," he cried, "and the Doctor came last night from London. Bravo! The ship's crew is complete!"

"Oh, sir," I cried "when do we sail?"

"Sail!" he said. "We sail tomorrow!"