

# TREASURE ISLAND



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Adapted for The Ten Minute Tutor by: Debra Treloar

## BOOK ONE – THE OLD BUCCANEER

### CHAPTER 5.

#### THE LAST OF THE BLIND MAN

I wanted to know what was happening, more than my fear of being caught. I crept out from under the bridge, back to the road and hid behind a bush so I could see what was going on. I had just made it, when I saw seven or eight men running along the road with one of them holding a lantern out in front.

Three of the men ran, holding hands and I could just make out, through the mist, that the man in the middle, looked like the blind beggar. Then I heard his voice and I knew I was right.

"Down with the door!" he cried.

"Aye, aye, sir!" said a couple of men as they rushed at the door of the Admiral Benbow. I could just hear that they were surprised to find the door open.

The blind man started shouting again in rage, "In, in, in!" as he cursed them for being slow.

Most of them went in, with two remaining on the road with the blind beggar. There was a pause, then a cry of surprise, as the voice shouted from the Inn, "Bill's dead."

The blind man swore at them again for taking so long and shouted "search him, you lazy lubbers, and the rest of you, get the chest."

I could hear their feet stomping up our old stairs. Sounds of surprise came as the window of the Captain's room was thrown open with a slam and the jingle of broken glass. A man leaned out and shouted to the blind beggar on the road below him.

"Pew," he cried, "they've been here before us. Someone's tipped the chest out."

"Is it there?" roared the blind beggar.

"The money's there."

The blind man cursed the money. "Flint's chart, I mean," he cried.

"We don't see it here," shouted the man.

"You below there, is it on Bill?" cried the blind man again.

The man who had stayed below to search the Captain's body, came to the door of the Inn. "Bill's been searched already," he said. "Nothin' left."

"I bet it was the people of the Inn... I bet it's that boy. I wish I had put his eyes out!" cried Pew. "It was not long ago... they had the door bolted when I tried it. Scatter, lads, and find them."

"You're right, they left their candle here," said the man from the window.

"Scatter and find them! Search the house!" yelled Pew, striking his stick on the road.

I could hear furniture being thrown over and doors kicked in, until the men came out on to the road and said that we were nowhere to be found.

Just then, I could hear the same whistle that had alarmed my mother and myself as we sorted the dead Captain's money.

But this time it blew twice.

I thought it was the blind man's way to call his crew, but now I could tell it was a signal from the side of the hill towards the village. It was a signal to warn the buccaneers of danger coming.

"There's Dirk again," said one of the men. "Twice! We'll have to go, mates."

"Go? You scum!" cried Pew. "Dirk has always been a fool and a coward. They must be getting close. You go and look for them, you dogs! Oh, shiver me...," he cried, "if I only had eyes!"



Two of the men began to look among the wood stack, but not very well, I thought, and the rest of them just stood on the road.

"You almost have your hands on thousands, you fools! You'd be as rich as kings if you could find it. You know it's here, and yet you stand there. Not one of you dared face Bill. I did it... a blind man! And I'm going to lose my chance because of you! I will be a poor, crawling beggar, asking for rum, when I could be travelling in a coach!"

"Forget it, Pew, we've got the money!" grumbled one.

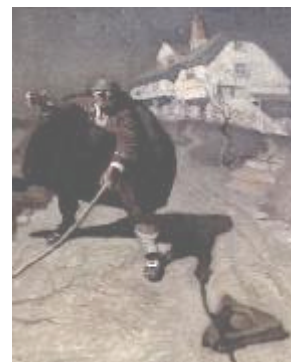
"They might have hidden the jolly thing," said another. "Take the money, Pew... don't stand here carrying on like thunder."

Thunder was the right word for it, Pew's anger rose so high that he struck at them, right and left with his stick, until he had hit some of them. They cursed back at the blind man and threatened him with bad words but they couldn't take the stick from him.

At least while all this fighting was going on, we were safe for a bit longer. Then another sound came from the top of the hill on the side of the village.

We could hear horses galloping and almost at the same time, a pistol-shot. The buccaneers turned around and ran in all directions. One towards the sea along the cove, one across the hill and then a minute later, not one of them were left, except Pew.

They had left him behind, tapping up and down the road and calling for his mates.



Then he took a wrong turn and ran a few steps past me, towards the village, yelling, "Johnny, Black Dog, Dirk," and other names, "you won't leave old Pew, mates... not old Pew!"

Just then, the noise of horses came over the hill and four or five riders came at full gallop, down the slope. Pew suddenly knew he had made a big mistake and turned with a loud scream. He fell straight into a ditch, but he got to his feet again in a second and tried to make another dash. He got confused and ran straight under the first horse.



The rider saw him at the last minute and tried to dodge him, but Pew went down, with a cry that rang out into the night. He fell on to his side, then gently on his face and did not move again...

I jumped to my feet and called to the riders as they started to pull up. We were all horrified by the accident. One rider, at the back, was the young boy that had gone from the village to get Dr. Livesey. The rest of them were law officers, he'd met on the way.

The Supervisor of the officers, Mr. Dance, had already heard about a strange boat that had arrived, which was why he was already heading our way that night. It was because of that, my mother and I were saved from death.

Pew was stone dead.

We carried my mother up to the village and with a little cold water and salts, she soon felt better again. In the meantime, the Supervisor, Mr Dance, rode as fast as he could, down to the boat, but when he got there, it had already left the shore.

He called out and a voice replied, telling him to keep out of the light of the moon or he would get shot. At the same time, a bullet flew close by his arm. Soon after, the boat went round the point and out of view.

Mr. Dance stood there like a fish out of water. All he could do was to warn every one in the area.

"Looks like they got clean away," he said and then added, "I am glad I trod on Mr. Pew's feet."

I went back with him to the Admiral Benbow. The Inn had been smashed to pieces and was in a real mess. Nothing had been taken, except the Captain's money bag and a bit of silver from the cash till. I could see at once that we were ruined.

Mr. Dance could not work out what had happened.

"They got some money, you say? Well, then, Jim Hawkins, what in the world were they after? More money, I suppose?"

"No, sir... not money, I think...," I replied. "In fact, sir, I think I have what they wanted in my pocket. To tell you the truth, I would like it to be put away for safety."

"Yes, of course, boy... quite right," he said. "I'll take it, if you like."

"I thought perhaps Dr. Livesey..." I began.

"Quite right," he said very happily, "... a gentleman and a magistrate.

Now I come to think of it, I might as well ride there myself and report that Mr. Pew is dead. Now, young Hawkins, you may join me if you like."

I thanked him for the offer and we walked back to the village to where the horses were and I told my mother.



"Mr. Dogger," said Mr. Dance, "you have a good horse, put this lad on his back behind you."

As soon as I was on and holding on to Dogger's belt, the Supervisor gave the word, and we started trotting down the road to Dr. Livesey's house.