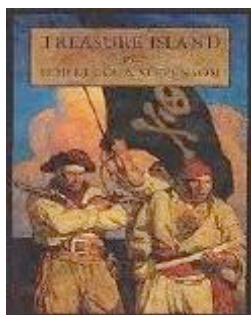


TREASURE ISLAND



Author - Robert Louis Stevenson

Adapted for The Ten Minute Tutor by: Debra Treloar

BOOK TWO – THE SEA-COOK

CHAPTER 10.

THE VOYAGE

For the whole of the first night on the ship, we were in a great hurry to get things put away in their place. Many of the Squire's friends, Mr. Blandly and others, came by the boat to wish him a good voyage and a safe return.

I had never worked as hard at the Admiral Benbow, as I had that day and I was dog-tired. Just before the sun came up, the boatswain sounded his pipe and the crew began to jump to work again. Even if I had been twice as tired, I would not have left the deck. It was all so new to me. There were men yelling short orders, a high whistle, and men running to their places by the light of the ship's lanterns.

"Now, Barbecue, sing us a song," cried one voice.

"The old song," cried another.

This Ten Minute Tutor print out is part of a learn to read program and comes with a video. It is © Copyright by Transformation Trust.
Go to www.thetenminutetutor.com to find out more.

"Aye, aye, mates," said Long John, who was standing by, with his crutch under his arm. Then words I knew so well rang out;



"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest..."

And then the whole crew sang the chorus...



"Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

And at the third "Ho!" pushed the bars in front of them as hard as they could.

I was, so excited, I thought I could still hear the voice of the old Captain singing in the chorus.

Soon the anchor was up, hanging and dripping at the bow. Then the sails began to go up and the land and the ships started to go past on either side. So, before I could lie down to grab one hour of sleep, the HISPANIOLA had started her voyage to the Island of Treasure.

I am not going to tell about that voyage in detail. It was a fairly good trip with the ship, captain and the crew working well together. But before we got to Treasure Island, I need to tell you about two or three things that happened on the way.

First of all, Mr. Arrow, turned out to be even worse than the Captain thought. He had no control over the men, and they did whatever they wanted.

Then after a day or two at sea, he was drunk on deck with red eyes, red cheeks and mumbling his words. He often fell and hurt himself and other times he lay all day long in his bunk on one side of the round-house. No-one could work out where he got the drink from.

He was not a good officer and I could see that he would end up dead like the old Captain if he did not stop drinking. Then one dark, rough night, he fell into the sea and that was the end of him, no one ever saw him again.

"Man overboard!" yelled Captain Smollett, but there was nothing we could do.

Now we did not have a mate and so we had to give the job to one of the other men. Bob Anderson, was the next best man on board, and so he became the new mate.

Mr. Trelawney had also sailed a lot and he often took the wheel in fine, easy weather.

Israel Hands, was a careful, old seaman who could be trusted with almost any job and he spent a lot of time with Long John Silver, the ship's cook.

The men called the cook, Barbecue because on the ship, Silver held on to his crutch using a rope around his neck, so he could have both hands free to cook with.

Even in the really bad weather, he could cross the deck with ropes and lines that he had rigged up to help him. Some of the men, who had sailed with him before, felt bad to see him doing this, since he had lost his leg.

"He is a smart man, Barbecue," said Israel to me. "He went to school when he was young and can read any book he likes. He is as brave as a lion! I have seen him fight four men and knock their heads together with his own arms."

All the crew liked him and even did what he said. He spoke to all of them and was always helping them in some way. He was kind and always glad to see me in the galley. He kept it very clean, with all the shiny pots hanging up and his parrot in a cage in one corner.

"Come here, Hawkins," he would say, "come and have a chat with John. Sit down and hear the news... I call my parrot Captain Flint, after the famous buccaneer. Captain Flint says we will have a rich voyage, don't you Captain!"



And the parrot would screech, "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!" until you thought it would be out of breath or John threw his tea towel over the cage.

"Hawkins," he would say, "that bird could be two hundred years old... they live forever, you know."

She's sailed with great pirates and has been everywhere. She has seen the lifting up of old ship-wrecks. That's where she learned 'Pieces of eight,' Hawkins... because there were three hundred and fifty thousand of them!

To look at her you would think she was a baby. But you smelt gun powder... didn't you, captain?"

"Stand by to go about," the parrot would scream.



"Ah, she's lovely, she is," the cook would say, and he would give her sugar from his pocket. The bird would peck at the bars and then swear some awful words.

"Well," John would say, "you can't touch horse poo and not get muck on your boots, boy! This poor old bird of mine is swearing blue fire, but she doesn't know what she is saying."

Mean while, the Squire and Captain Smollett were still not getting along and only spoke when they had to.

Captain Smollett had started to think he may have been wrong about the crew as some of them were very good. He thought the ship was great to sail, but he still didn't like the reason for the trip. He would not like it, until they were all back home again.

We had some bad weather on the voyage, but the HISPANIOLA handled it very well. Every man on board seemed happy.



If the Squire heard it was a man's birthday, there was always a barrel full of apples for anyone to help himself.

"I have never yet seen any good come of spoiling the crew," the Captain said to Dr. Livesey one day.

"If you spoil crews, you'll make devils. That's my belief," he said.

But the apple barrel did do some good, because if we had not had one, we may have all been killed that night.

This is what happened.

We had worked out that it was about the last day of our voyage before we landed on the island and that we should see Treasure Island by noon the next day.

We had a steady breeze in our sails and a calm sea. The HISPANIOLA moved through the water making a gentle sea spray. Every one was starting to get excited, as we got closer. When all my work was done and I was on my way to bed, I felt like an apple. I ran on to the main deck and saw all the men looking out for the island.

The man at the wheel was watching the sails and whistling softly to himself. That was the only sound, other than the waves against side of the ship.

I got into the apple barrel and there were hardly any apples left, so I sat down in the dark and listened to the sound of the water and the felt the rocking of the ship. I must have just gone to sleep when a heavy man sat down with a thud close by.

I was just about to jump up when the man began to speak.

It was Silver's voice and before I had heard all his words, there was no way I would have stood up. I just sat there, in fear.

I knew it was up to me alone, to help save the lives of all the honest men on board.

