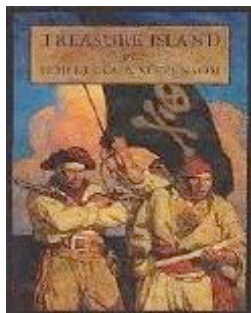


TREASURE ISLAND



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Adapted for The Ten Minute Tutor by: Debra Treloar

BOOK TWO – THE SEA-COOK

CHAPTER 11.

WHAT I HEARD IN THE APPLE BARREL

"No, no, not me," said Silver. "Flint was the captain. I was only the quartermaster, assisting him because of my wooden leg.



At the same time I lost my leg, old Pew lost his eyes. A young doctor cut off my leg for me. He was just out of doctor school, but he was hanged and dried in the sun like the rest of them on the docks.

It was Roberts' men that did that and then they changed the name of their ship to ROYAL FORTUNE.

I say once a ship is named, it should stay as that name.

The ship CASSANDRA kept her name even after Captain England left her. She brought us all home safe and sound.

Same with Flint's old ship, the WALRUS and I have seen it covered in red blood and ready to sink to the bottom of the sea with heavy gold."

"Ah!" cried another voice, "Captain Flint was best on the seas!"

"Davis was a good man too, I heard," said Silver. "I never sailed with him though. I sailed with England, then with Flint, and now I am here. I earned nine hundred, with England, and two thousand with Flint. That's a lot of money for a seaman and it's all put away safe.

Of course, earning money doesn't make you rich, it's saving it, you know. I don't know where all of England's men are now but most of Flint's are on board this ship and happy about it. Some of them became beggars like old Pew, who lost his sight and spent twelve hundred in one year, living like a King. Well, he's dead now. But, for two years... shiver me timbers, the man was starving! He begged, he stole, and he killed and yet he still starved!"

"So, money isn't much use, after all," said the young seaman.

"It isn't much use, if you are a fool, anyway..." cried Silver.

"You are young and I can see you are as smart as point so I can talk to you like a man."

I felt mad when I heard the old cook saying the same words he had said to me. If I could have, I would have killed him right through the barrel. But I kept quiet to listen.

Silver was saying, "I'll tell you a story about men who hunt for riches. They live a rough life and risk being killed at sea. They don't have manners and when a voyage is over, they have more money than you could dream of, in their pockets. They end up spending it on having a good time and then when they have nothing left, they set off to sea again.



But, I don't! I put all my money away in lots of places to keep it safe. I am nearly fifty years old and when this voyage is over, I want to relax and become a true Gentleman. I have had a good life and how did I begin? As a seaman on a ship, just like you!"

"Well," said the other man, "all of your other money has gone now though, hasn't it? You wouldn't go back to Bristol after this would you?"

"Where do you think the money is?" asked Silver.

"At Bristol, in banks and maybe other places," said the other.

"It was when we pulled up our anchor," said the cook "but my old wife has taken it all by now. She will have sold The Spy-Glass Inn and she will be on her way to meet me.

I would tell you where because, I trust you... but I don't want to upset the rest of the crew."

"But can you trust your wife?" asked the other.

"Rich Gentlemen, don't really trust any one. But I am, a little bit different. You see, some men were afraid of Pew and some men were afraid of Flint, but Flint was afraid of me!

Flint had the meanest crew on the sea and even though I am friendly... when I was Quartermaster, every one did as they were told on old John Flint's ship."

"Wow! I tell you," replied the young boy, "I didn't like this job until I had a talk with you, but now I do!"

"You are a brave lad and a smart one too," said Silver, shaking hands so hard that the apple barrel shook. "I have never seen a lad better suited to be a Gentleman of fortune."

By now I was starting to understand what they were saying. By "Gentleman of fortune" what they really meant was a 'common pirate'. From what I heard, the young lad who had started this trip as a good boy, was just about to be caught up in their evil plans.

Just then Silver did a little whistle, a third man walked up and sat down with the group.

"Dick's with us all the way," said Silver.

"Oh, I knew Dick would be good," said the voice of Israel Hands. "He is not silly." And he turned his head and spat.

Israel said "But look here, Barbecue, what I want to know is... how long are we going to play this silly game? I have had enough of Captain Smollett! I want to go into his cabin, and eat his food and drink his wine."

"Israel," said Silver, "you may not have many brains but I think your ears are big enough to hear! Now listen, you will work hard and hold your tongue. You will stay sober until I say the word."

"Well, I'm not saying I won't," growled Israel. "But I want to know when? That's all."

"When? On me king's crown!" cried Silver. "When, I'll tell you when. At the very last minute... that's when. Captain Smollett is a first class seaman and he sails the ship well for us. The Squire and the Doctor have a map but we don't know where it is. So, the plan is... I will get the Squire and the Doctor to find the treasure. They will help us get it on board and then we will see. I may even get Captain Smollett to sail us half way back again before we strike."

"Why do you need him? We are all good seamen on board here, I think," said the young lad, Dick.

"We are all good deck hands, you mean," snapped Silver.

"We can set the sails but who is going to read the sea charts to point us the right way? If I could, I'd have Captain Smollett take us all the way back into the main shipping lanes at least. At least he would make sure we did not die of thirst on the way. I know you men... you are never happy until you are drunk and we would be out of food and drink in no time! I'll finish with the other two on the island, as soon as the stuff is on board."

"Easy, Long John," cried Israel. "No-one is arguing with you."

"Well, I have seen many tall ships sunk and many young lads drying in the sun at Dead Man's Cove?" cried Silver. "All because of the same hurry, hurry and hurry. You hear me?"

I have seen a thing or two at sea. If you follow my rules, you could ride in style. But I know you... you'll have your mouth full of rum tomorrow, and we will all die hanging."

"Wow! Every one knew you were a bit lively, John. But there are other men that can sail as good as you," said Israel. "Only, they like to have a bit of fun on the way too."

"So?" said Silver. "Where are they now? Pew was like that and he died a beggar-man. Flint was too and he died of rum."

Aye, they were a fun crew, they were! Only, where are they now?"

"John," asked Dick, "what will we do with them, once we get rid of them?"

"Well done young man!" cried the cook. "That's what I call a good head. What would you think? Leave them on shore all alone?"

That would have been England's way. Or cut them down like a leg of lamb? That would have been Flint's, or Billy Bones's way."

"Billy would have done that," said Israel. "'Dead men don't bite,' he used to say. Well, now he is dead! Billy was a rough old man."

"You are right," said Silver; "rough and ready. But listen, I am an easy man. A gentle man you say, but this time I am serious. Duty is duty, mates. I vote death because when I am back home riding in my coach, I don't want any of the men in that cabin coming home and finding me. I say we wait... and when the time comes, we get rid of them!"



"John, you are a clever man!" said Israel.

"You will see," said Silver. "The only thing I want to do is wring Trelawney's neck with by bare hands. Dick!" he added, "Can you jump up and get me an apple?"

Oh boy! I should have jumped out of the barrel and made a run for it, but my legs and heart stopped me.

I heard Dick start to get up but then someone seemed to stop him. I heard the voice of Dick Hands say, "Oh, you don't need an apple, John, let's go and get rum."



"Dick," said Silver, "I trust you. But I am watching that barrel of rum. Here is the key... just fill one jug and bring it up."

Even though I was scared, I started to think that this must have been how Mr. Arrow was able to get the drink that made him fall over board. Dick was only gone for a little while, but while he was away, I could hear Israel talking straight into the cook's ear. All I heard was "No other man will join us."

I took this to mean there were still some men on board, I could trust. When Dick came back, they all took turns drinking from the jug.



One said "To luck," another said "Here's to old Flint," and Silver sang a kind of song, "Here's to us and hold your luff, plenty of prizes and plenty of duff."

Just then the moon came up and put a light on me in the barrel and almost at the same time, a voice up in the lookout shouted, "Land Ho!"