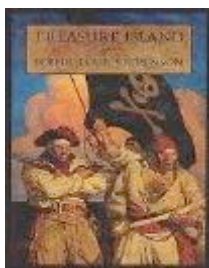


TREASURE ISLAND



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Adapted for The Ten Minute Tutor by: Debra Treloar

BOOK FOUR – THE STOCKADE

CHAPTER 18.

END OF FIRST DAY'S FIGHTING BY: THE DOCTOR

We moved as fast as we could through the forest to the stockade. We could hear the voices of the buccaneers getting nearer. They were getting so close, we could hear their footsteps on the leaves and branches.

"Captain," I said, "Trelawney is the best shot. Give him your gun because his own is useless while it is wet."

They swapped guns and Trelawney, stopped for just a moment to check it was alright to use. At the same time, I gave my cutlass to Gray and he swung the sword through the air with a lot of skill. We could now see the stockade. At the same time, the seven mutineers also appeared, yelling from the other side. When they saw us, they stopped as if surprised. They gave the Squire, myself, as well as Hunter and Joyce from the log-house, time to shoot.

Four shots went all over the place but they must have done the job, as one of the mutineers fell and the rest turned around and ran back into the trees. We reloaded our guns and walked down the outside of the fence to see the man who was shot. He was stone dead. Shot through the heart.

We were just about to pat each other on the back at our good shot, when at the same time, a pistol went off from the bushes and poor Tom Redruth stumbled and fell on the ground.

The Squire and I fired another shot, but we couldn't see what we were aiming at.

Our second shot must have done enough to scatter the mutineers, as we now had time, to get poor old Tom hoisted over the stockade and into the log-house.



Poor old Tom!

He was the oldest man on the voyage and had been a loyal servant to the Squire. He was about to die.

The Squire started to cry. He knelt down on his knees beside him and kissed his hand.

"Am I going to die, Doctor?" asked Tom.

"My good man," I said, "you are going home."

"I wish I had got a shot at them with my gun first," he replied.

After a little while of not speaking Tom asked if someone would read a prayer and then without another word, he died quietly. The Captain started pulling out a whole lot of things from his pockets.

British flags, a bible, some rope, pen, ink, a log-book and lots of tobacco. He had found a thin, tall, pine-tree close to the log-house and with the help of Hunter they made a flagpole and put up the flag.



Then he put another flag over the body of Tom.

"He was a brave man, sir," he said, shaking the Squire's hand.

Then he turned and spoke to me quietly.

"Dr. Livesey," he said, "how many weeks do you and the Squire think it will be before help arrives?"

I told him it would be months. If we were not back by the end of August, Mr. Blandly was told to send a ship to find us.

"Well," said Captain Smollett, scratching his head, "with only these supplies, I think we will have to make sure they last. "

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Sir, we have enough gun powder but there is not a lot of food and maybe we have been lucky. We will have a better chance without that extra mouth to feed now."

He pointed to the dead body under the flag. Just then, with a roar and a whistle, another shot passed high above the roof of the log-house and landed far off in the wood.

"Oh good!" said the Captain. "Fire away! You don't have much gun powder already, my lads."

The next time, the aim was better, and the shot landed inside the stockade.

"Captain," said the Squire, "the house can't been seen from the ship. So they must be able to see the flag. Should we take it down?"

"Strike me colours!" cried the Captain. "No, I do not, sir!"

I think we all agreed with him. We all felt that flying the flag was what, shipmates did. It made us all feel good and showed our enemy that we were not scared of them.

All through the evening they kept firing at us from the ship.



Shot after shot flew over us, or fell short and kicked up the soft sand in the yard. We got used to it and it started to feel like a good game of cricket.

Then the Captain said, "The tide should be going out by now. We need someone to go down to the water and bring back the things we dropped."

Gray and Hunter said they would go and with fresh guns they set off.

But Israel Hands was clever. He already had four men busy taking our supplies to their boat and Silver was in charge. Now all his men had a gun from some secret place of their own.

Gray and Hunter came back with nothing.

The Captain sat down and wrote in his log-book:

Alexander Smollett, captain;

David Livesey, ship's doctor;

Abraham Gray, carpenter's mate;

John Trelawney, owner of ship;

John Hunter and Richard Joyce, owner's servants (land men)

These are all that are left faithful of the ship's company. With supplies for ten days at short rations, came ashore this day and flew British colours on the log-house on Treasure Island.

Thomas Redruth, owner's servant, (land man), shot by the mutineers

James Hawkins, cabin-boy.....



At the same time, I was thinking about poor Jim Hawkins and what had happened to him.

"Somebody is calling us," said Hunter, who was on guard.

"Doctor! Squire! Captain! Hello, Hunter! Is that you?" came the cries.

I ran to the door to see Jim Hawkins, safe and sound and climbing over the stockade.

