

TREASURE ISLAND



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BOOK FOUR – THE STOCKADE

CHAPTER 19.

THE GARRISON IN THE STOCKADE BY: JIM HAWKINS

When Ben Gunn saw the flag flying, he stopped. He grabbed my arm and we sat down.

"There's your friends, now" he said.

"More likely to be the mutineers," I answered.

"No way! Silver would fly the pirate flag, the Jolly Roger!" he cried.

"No, they're your friends and there has been a fight too. I reckon your friends are on shore and in the old stockade that Flint made years ago. Old Flint! He wasn't afraid of anybody. Well... except for Silver."

"Well, then, we should hurry and join my friends," I said.

"No, mate," replied Ben, "I still need you to talk to your gentleman and get his word of honour. You need to tell them all about me, just as I asked you to before."

He pinched me on the arm.

"Jim, when he wants to see Ben Gunn, you know where to find me. He must have a white thing in his hand and he must come alone. Oh! And you'll say this: 'Ben Gunn, 'has his reasons.'"

"Well," I said, "I think, what you want me to say is... you have a plan and you want to see the Squire or the Doctor alone and you will be, where I found you. Is that all?"

"And you say when too," he added, "from about noon."

"Good," I said, "now may I go?"

Still holding me... "You won't forget?" he asked again. "His own reasons, that's the main thing. I reckon you can go, Jim. Oh and, Jim, if you see Silver, you won't tell him a word about Ben Gunn, will you? Wild horses wouldn't get it out of you would they? No? That's good."

Next thing we heard was a loud bang and a cannon ball came flying through the trees and landed in the sand not far from where we were talking. We both moved as fast as we could. For over an hour, more shots shook the island and cannon balls kept crashing through the trees. I moved from spot to spot trying to find somewhere to hide.

After a while, I began to creep down to the trees along the shore. The sun was going down, the tide was a long way out and you could see the wet sand. The day was also getting colder.



I could see the HISPANIOLA still where she had anchored and sure enough, there was the Jolly Roger. The black flag of the pirates was flying.

I lay among the trees watching the men who were chopping up the poor jolly-boat with an axe. I could also see a huge fire glowing among the trees on the river. It sounded as though, the men who kept coming and going in their boats, had been drinking rum.

When I thought it was safe, I stood up again and looked further down the bay.



I could see a strange white rock among the low bushes. I thought this might be the white rock, which Ben Gunn said there might be a boat for us, if we needed it one day. Then I crept among the trees until I had reached the rear of the stockade. I had found my friends and told them my story.

I looked around the log-house that was made of rough, pine logs. There was a porch at the door, and under the porch was the fresh water supply. Inside, there was only a big flat stone with an old rusty bucket to light a fire in.

The cold wind blew through every hole and crack in the building. The sand blew in and got in our eyes, our teeth and our food. The smoke from the fire filled the house making us cough and our eyes water.

Gray, the new man, had his face wrapped in a bandage for the cut he got, when he broke away from the mutineers on the ship. Poor old Tom Redruth, was lying along one wall, stiff as a board under the Union Jack flag.

Captain Smollett told us to take it in turns keeping watch for the mutineers. We were in two groups. The Doctor, Gray and I were in one group and the Squire, Hunter, and Joyce in the other. Even though we were tired, two men went out for firewood and two started to dig a grave for old Redruth.

The Doctor became the cook and I kept an eye on the door. The Captain checked on all of us and offered help when we needed it. Sometimes the Doctor came to the door to get the smoke out of his eyes. When he did, he asked, "Is this Ben Gunn a good man?"

"I do not know, sir," I said. "I'm not even sure, if he's not mad."

"He is likely to be a bit mad, Jim," said the Doctor. "A man who has been biting his finger nails for three years on a desert island, can't stay the same as you and me. You said he wanted cheese?"

"Yes, sir, cheese," I replied.

"Jim, you've seen my tobacco box, haven't you?

Well... in my tobacco box I carry a piece of



'Italian Parmesan' cheese. That cheese will now be, for Ben Gunn!"

Before we had dinner, we buried old Tom Redruth in the sand.

We had also collected a good bit of firewood, but not enough for the Captain. He shook his head and told us we "must get more than that, tomorrow."

Once we had eaten our pork and all of us had a sip of rum, the men got together in a corner to talk about our next plan.

With the supplies being so low, we could starve before our help came. Our best hope seemed to be to kill off the buccaneers until they either, pulled down their flag, or sailed away with the HISPANIOLA.



From starting with nineteen men, they were already down to fifteen. Two others had been wounded. The man, who had been shot beside the cannon, may now also be dead. Every time we had a chance to shoot at them, we had to do it. At the same time, we had to take care of our own lives.

Though tonight, we had two things on our side... the weather and their rum.

With the weather being so still, we could hear them singing late into the night, even though we were a long way away.

As for the rum, the Doctor bet his white, wig, that they would all be flat on their backs and drunk before the week was up.



"So," he added, "if we, don't all get shot first, I think they'll be glad to get sailing again. Then they can go buccaneering again, all they like."

"It would be the first ship I ever lost," said Captain Smollett.

I was dead tired and when I got to sleep, I slept like a log of wood.

I woke up to the sound of voices. The others had already had breakfast and got more firewood.

"Flag of peace!" I heard someone say. Then, straight after that, with a cry of surprise, "Silver himself!"



At that, I jumped up, rubbed my eyes and ran to a hole in the log-house wall to see.