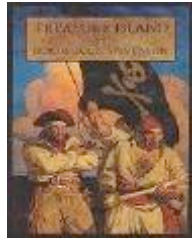


TREASURE ISLAND



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Adapted for The Ten Minute Tutor by: Debra Treloar

BOOK FOUR – THE STOCKADE

CHAPTER 21.

THE ATTACK BY: JIM HAWKINS

The Captain kept watch until, Silver was out of sight. He came into the log-house and found none of us at our post, except for Gray. It was the first time we had ever seen him angry.

"Places!" he roared.

As we all raced back to our spots, he said "Gray, I'll put your name in the log book. You were the only one to do your duty like a seaman. I'm surprised at you, Mr. Trelawney, sir. Doctor, I thought you had served the King!"

Everyone went back to their places and got busy loading the spare guns. Everyone had a red face and our ears were burning. The Captain glared at us in silence. Then he spoke.

"Men," he said, "I have given Silver a big red target to aim at. I spoke to him in red-hot words on purpose. As Silver said, before the hour is over, they will be back. There are more of them than us. But we fight from a shelter and a minute ago, I would have said, we fight with order. Now I'm not so sure, but it's up to you, if you want to beat them."

Then he walked around and made sure all was ready.

On the east and west sides of the house, there were only two gun holes. On the south side, where the porch was, were another two holes.

On the north side, there were five holes to shoot through. We had twelve guns for the seven of us.

The firewood had been put into four piles along each of the walls. The bullets and spare guns were put on top ready to use. The cutlasses lay in the middle of the room.

"Put out the fire," said the Captain "it's warmer now and we don't want smoke in our eyes."

Mr. Trelawney took it outside and put sand on it to put it out.

"Hawkins, get some breakfast then get back to your post to eat it," continued Captain Smollett. "Hurry up now, lad. You'll need it before we are finished. Hunter, pour a round of brandy to all the men." Then the Captain told us his plan.

"Doctor, you will take the door," he ordered.

"Make sure you stay inside and shoot through the porch.

Hunter, take the east side, there. Joyce, you stand by the west.

Mr. Trelawney, you are the best shot. You and Gray will take the longer north side with the five gun holes.

If they get up to that side and fire at us through our own holes, things could start to get nasty.

As Hawkins and I are not very good at shooting, we will help load the guns."

The sun was up now and we threw our coats to one side and rolled up our sleeves. We all stood at our gun holes, in a sweat and waited for the trouble to start. An hour passed by...

"Blast them!" said the Captain. "This is as dull as a brick dust. Gray, fire a shot and let's see what's out there."

"Sir," said Joyce, "if I see anyone, do I fire?"

"Of course you do! That's an order!" replied the Captain.

"Thank you, sir," returned Joyce with quiet manners.

Some more time passed, then Joyce pulled up his gun and fired. His shot had hardly gone off, when shot, after shot, after shot, came back at us from every side of the stockade. Several bullets hit the log-house, but none came in. As the smoke from the guns cleared away, the trees went still again and nothing gave away where our enemy were.

"Did you hit your man?" asked the Captain.

"No, sir," replied Joyce. "I don't think so, sir."

"It's good to tell the truth," muttered Captain Smollett.

"Load his guns, Hawkins. How many would you say there are on your side, Doctor?"

Dr. Livesey said, "There were exactly three shots fired on his side. I saw three flashes... two close together... one away to the west."

"Three!" repeated the Captain. "How many on your side, Mr. Trelawney?"

The Squire thought maybe seven but Gray thought eight or nine. From the east and west only one shot had been fired. It looked like the attack would mainly be from the north. But Captain Smollett did not change his plans. If the mutineers made it across the stockade, he argued, they would take hold and shoot us, like rats in our own trap.

Suddenly, with a loud yelling, a cloud of pirates charged from the trees on the north side and ran straight at the stockade.

At the same time, shots came from the forest, and a gun ball flew through the doorway and knocked the Doctor's gun to bits. The pirates climbed over the fence like monkeys. Squire and Gray fired again and again.

Three men fell. One fell in to the stockade. Two fell back on the outside. Of the two on the outside, one was more scared than hurt and he ran back into the trees.

Two hit the ground, dead. One had run away and four had made it inside our fence. From the trees, seven or eight men, kept firing at the log-house.

The four inside the fence, were shouting to the men in the trees as they ran. We fired a few shots but in our hurry, none of them hit the targets. The four pirates had made it up the sand hill and were on us. Suddenly, Bob Anderson was at the middle gun hole on the north.



"Get 'em, men!" he roared in a voice like thunder.

At the same time, another pirate grabbed Hunter's gun by the barrel and pushed it through the hole, which knocked poor Hunter back on to the floor.

A third pirate had run around the house and charged at the Doctor with his cutlass.

Now we couldn't even fire a shot. The log-house was full of smoke from the guns. Then a loud groan rang in my ears.

The Captain cried out, "Out, lads, out and fight them in the open! Cutlasses, now!"

I snatched a cutlass from the pile, but at the same time, someone else snatched one and although I hardly felt it, they had cut me across the back of my hand. I dashed out the door into the sun. Someone was close behind me, but I didn't know who it was. In front, the Doctor was chasing a pirate down the hill. He sent him down on his back with a great cut across the face.

"Around the house, men! Around the house!" cried the Captain.

I just did what he said and ran with my cutlass raised. In the next moment, I was face to face with Anderson. He roared out loud, and lifted his cutlass above his head.

I didn't have time to be afraid when I saw his cutlass in the air. I jumped to one side, as it came down in the soft sand. It just missed my foot. I started rolling head first down the slope.

When I got on my feet again, I saw a pirate with a red scarf on his head, climbing half way over the fence and another one running as fast as he could, to join him.

Suddenly, the fight was over and we had won.

Gray, who was the man close behind me, had cut down Bob Anderson before he had time to lift up his cutlass again.

Another had been shot at one of the gun holes and was in agony. His pistol was still in his hand. The Doctor had got another one. Four had made it over the fence, but one of them was still trying to get out, as he had dropped his cutlass on the ground.



"Fire... shoot from the house!" cried the Doctor. "Hawkins, get back under cover."

But no shot was fired and the last pirate made his escape back into the trees. The Doctor, Gray and I ran full speed for the shelter. They might be back at any time and the fight might start again. The house had now cleared of smoke, and we could see the price we had paid for our victory.

Hunter lay beside his gun hole, hurt. Joyce was shot through the head, never to move again.

In the middle of the room, the Squire was holding the Captain, and they both looked as pale as each other.

"The Captain is wounded," said Mr. Trelawney.

"Have they run?" asked Captain Smollett.

"Those that could, yes," said the Doctor, "but five of them will never run again."

"Five!" cried the Captain. "That's better. Five against three! That leaves four to us, to *nine of them. That's better than what we had at the start. We were seven to nineteen at the start."

*There are only eight mutineers left, because the man shot by Mr. Trelawney on board the ship, had died of his wound. But they didn't know this yet.