

Treasure Island by Robert Louis Stevenson



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PART SIX—CAPTAIN SILVER

28: In the Enemy's Camp



The red glare of the torch lit the interior of the blockhouse. This confirmed my worst fears. The pirates had taken over the stockade.

There was no sign of my friends. It seemed that they had all perished. My heart ached that I had not perished with them.

Five of the six mutineers were on their feet in front of me, flushed and swollen. The sixth man stayed down. He had a bloodstained bandage round his head.

Captain Flint sat on Long John's shoulder. Silver still wore his fine suit, but it was dirty and torn.

“So, here's Jim Hawkins,” said he. “Shiver my timbers! He's come to visit us. Why are you here, Jim?”

Standing with my back against the wall, I did not answer.

Puffing on his pipe, Silver said. “I've always liked you, Jim. But now you are in serious trouble. You can't go back to Cap'n Smollett and the doctor. They are very angry with you.”

My heart leaped. My friends were alive!

Silver stared at me. He was paler and sterner than before. “So are you going to join us, Jim?”

“What would I be joining?” I asked. My cheeks burned and there was terror in my heart. “Why are you here? Where are my friends?”

A Deal

“Yesterday morning, Doctor Livesey came with a white flag. He says, 'Cap'n Silver, your ship has gone'. I looked out, and saw he was right. The old ship was gone! Then the doctor says, 'Let's make a deal.'”

Silver drew again quietly at his pipe. “We have the stores, brandy, blockhouse and the firewood. I don't know where they are.

“Our deal didn't include you,” he went on. “What about that boy?’ says I. “I don't know where he is,’ says he, 'nor I do I care. We're sick of him.' Those were his words.”

“Is that all?” I asked.

“It's all that you're going to hear, my son,” returned Silver. “Now you must choose.”

“And now you are to choose,” said Silver.

Into the silence, I spoke directly to Silver. “Well,” said I. “Here you are, in a bad way—ship lost, treasure lost, men lost. And I did it. It was I! I was in the apple barrel the night we sighted land. I heard you, talking to Hands, John! I told every word you said before the hour was out.

“I cut the cable of the *Hispaniola*. I killed the men you had aboard her. I took her where you'll never see her more, not one of you.

“You don't frighten me. Kill me, if you please, or spare me.

“If you spare me, I will try to help you. When you fellows are in court for piracy, I'll do all I can to save you. It is for you to choose. Kill another and do yourselves no good. Or spare me and keep a witness to save you from the gallows.”

Silver decides

Out of breath, I stopped. I feared the worst but to my amazement, nobody moved. All sat staring at me like sheep.

While they were still staring, I continued my speech, “And now, Mr. Silver,” I said, “I believe you're the best man here. If things go to the worst, please let the doctor know I died bravely.”

“I'll bear it in mind,” said Silver in strange voice. I could not decide whether he were laughing at my request or admired my courage.

“Morgan jumped up, drawing his knife.

“Stop, there!” cried Silver.

Morgan paused. The others protested “Did any of you gentlemen want to argue with *me*?” roared Silver. He bent far forward, with his pipe still glowing in his right hand. “Well, I'm ready. Take a cutlass, if you dare.”



Not a man stirred. Not a man answered.

“I’m cap’n here,” he added, returning his pipe to his mouth. “I like that boy. He’s more a man than any of you rats.”

There was a long pause after this. I stood straight up against the wall. My heart was still beating fast. But I now had hope.

Silver leant back against the wall. His arms were crossed. His pipe was in the corner of his mouth.

His followers retreated together to the far end of the blockhouse. I could hear them whispering continuously. The red light of the torch lit their nervous faces.

It was towards Silver that they turned their eyes.

“You seem to have a lot to say,” remarked Silver, spitting far into the air. “Let me hear it!”

“This crew is unhappy, sir,” replied one of the men. “We’re going outside for a council.”

The men marched out. Each made a salute as he passed. Each added some apology. This left Silver and me alone with the torch.

Danger

The sea-cook instantly removed his pipe. “Now, look you here, Jim Hawkins,” he whispered. “The ship is gone and all is lost. I’ll save your life—if I can—from them. But, in return, Jim—you save Long John from hanging.”

I was bewildered. It seemed a thing so hopeless he was asking. He was Long John Silver, the ringleader of the mutineers throughout.

“I’ll do what I can,” I said.

“It’s a bargain!” cried Long John. “You speak up and I’ve a chance! I’m on squire’s side now. I know you’ve got that ship safe somewhere. I guess Hands and O’Brien are dead?”

“They are at the bottom of the sea.”

“I never much believed in either of *them*,” said Long John. “I ask no questions, nor will I let others. I know when a game’s up.”

He drank more rum. "There's trouble coming. And talking of trouble, why did that doctor give me the chart, Jim?"

My surprised expression on my face told him what he needed to know. Long John asked no further questions, but took another swallow of the brandy, shaking his great fair head.

29. The Black Spot Again



XXIX

The council of mutineers lasted some time. We stood together in the dark. The embers of the great fire now glowed low.

About halfway down the slope to the stockade, they were collected in a group. One held a light. Another was on his knees.

I saw the blade of an open knife shine in his hand in the moon and torchlight. There was a book as well as a knife in his hand.



I SAW THE BLADE OF AN OPEN KNIFE SHINE IN HIS HAND

The kneeling figure rose once more to his feet. Then the whole party began to move together towards the house.

“Here they come,” said I.

“Well, let 'em come, lad,” said Silver cheerily. “I've still a shot in my locker.”

The door opened. The five men, standing huddled together just inside, pushed one of their number forward. He had something in his hand.

“Step up, lad,” cried Silver. “I won't eat you. Hand it over.”

The mutineer stepped forth more quickly. He passed something to Silver, from hand to hand. Then he moved quickly back again to his companions.

The Black Spot

The sea-cook looked at what had been given to him.

“The black spot! I thought so,” he observed. “Where did you get the paper? Oh, I see. You've cut this out of a Bible. What fool's cut a Bible?”

“Ah, there!” said Morgan. “What did I say? No good will come of that, I said.”

“You'll all hang now, I reckon,” continued Silver.

“You messed up the whole plan!” said George. “You allowed our enemies leave their fort for nothing in return. You stopped us from attacking our enemies as they were leaving the fort. You have let Jim Hawkins live.”

“Is that all?” asked Silver quietly. “I didn't cause our problems on this voyage. And the boy is a hostage! He might be our last chance!”

“Why did you allow our enemies to leave?”

“You look there—that's why!”

Silver lay down upon the floor the treasure map. Why had the doctor given it to Silver?



The mutineers leaped upon the chart like cats upon a mouse. Silver jumped up, supporting himself with a hand against the wall: “I found the treasure. Now who's the best man?”

“Silver!” they cried. “Barbecue forever! Barbecue for cap'n!”

That was the end of the night's business. Soon after, we lay down to sleep. I stayed awake, thinking about the man I had killed that afternoon.

I also considered the remarkable game Silver was playing. He was keeping the mutineers together — but only to save his miserable life. He slept peacefully and snored aloud. Despite everything, my heart was sore for this wicked man.

I tried not to think about the hangman's noose waiting for Long John Silver.

30. On Parole



XXX

Early the next morning we all woke to a clear, familiar voice. It was the doctor.

Although I was glad to hear the sound, I felt ashamed to look him in the face.

“You, doctor! Good morning to you, sir!” cried Silver. “We’re all doing well here.”

Long John was standing on the hilltop with his crutch under his elbow. With one hand upon the side of the log-house, he seemed quite the old John in voice, manner, and expression.

“We’ve quite a surprise for you too, sir,” he continued. “We’ve a little stranger here! A new member of our camp.”

Dr. Livesey was by this time across the stockade. I could hear the change in his voice as he said, “Not Jim?”

“The very same Jim as ever was,” says Silver.

The doctor stopped outright. He did not speak for some seconds.

“Well, well,” he said at last. “Let me see these patients of yours.”

A moment afterwards, he entered the blockhouse. With a grim nod to me proceeded with his work among the sick.

The doctor knew his life was in serious danger among these terrible men. Yet he was calm and showed no fear.

“You’re doing well, my friend,” he said to the fellow with the bandaged head,

The rogues looked at each other in silence.

“Dick doesn’t feel well, sir,” said one.

“Doesn't he?” replied the doctor. “Well, let me see your tongue, Dick. Yes, it's another case of fever. That's from camping in a swamp — a sure way to get malaria.

“That's done for today,” said the doctor, after the pirates had taken his prescriptions like shy schoolchildren. “And now I should wish to have a talk with that boy, please.”

And he nodded his head in my direction.

The other pirates shouted, “No!”

Silver struck the barrel with his open hand.

“Silence!” he roared. “Hawkins,” he went on in his usual tones, “Do you give me your word of honour as a young gentleman not to try and escape?”

“Yes, sir. I give you my word.”

“Then, doctor,” said Silver, “you can speak to the boy outside. Good day to you, sir, and our best wishes to the squire and Cap'n Smollett.”

Silver talks to his men

I could hear angry shouting as we left the house. The pirates accused Silver of double-crossing them. “You're trying to make a separate deal for yourself!”

“Don't be fools!” said Long John calmly. He held up the map. “How can we break our treaty on the day we go treasure-hunting? We must wait until we have everything we need. Now light the fire!”

Alone with the doctor, I said. My life's over! I am only alive because Silver saved me. Doctor, believe this, I may deserve to die—”

“Jim,” the doctor interrupted. His voice was quite changed, “Jim, I can't have this. Jump over the fence.”

“Doctor,” said I. “I gave Silver my word.”

“I know, I know,” he cried. “We can't help that, Jim, now. Jump! One jump, and you're out, and we'll run for it like antelopes.”



“ONE JUMP AND YOU'RE OUT, AND WE'LL RUN FOR IT LIKE ANTELOPES”

“No,” I replied. “You wouldn't break a promise. I can't either. I gave my word, and back I go. But, doctor, I will tell you where the ship is.”

“The ship!” exclaimed the doctor.

Rapidly, I described to him my adventures. He heard me out in silence.

“Jim, you've saved our lives again,” said Doctor Livesey.

Suddenly Long John came out behind me. “Silver!” cried the doctor, as the cook drew near again; “Stay away from the treasure.”

“Why, sir, I have no choice,” said Silver. “I can only save my life - and the boy's - by seeking for that treasure. Tell me, why you gave me that map?”

“I can't tell you,” said the doctor; “But I do promise you one thing, Silver. If we both get out alive, I'll do my best to save you.”

Silver's face was radiant. “Thank you, sir!” he cried.

“One more piece of advice,” added the doctor. “Keep the boy close beside you. Goodbye, Jim.”

Dr. Livesey shook hands with me through the stockade. Then he nodded to Silver, and walked quickly into the wood.

31. The Treasure-hunt



XXXI

“Jim,” said Silver when we were alone. “I saw the Doctor waving you to run for it. I saw you say no. You saved my life. I’ll not forget that. And now, Jim, we go treasure hunting. We must stick close together.”

Just then, a man called from the fire that breakfast was ready. We went back to join them.

“Aye, mates,” said Silver, “It’s lucky you have Barbecue to think for you. I got what I wanted.”

“What did the doctor tell you?”

“They have the ship,” Silver continued. “Where they have it, I don’t know yet. Once we find the treasure, we’ll find out. Remember, mates, we have their rowboats. That gives us the advantage.”

He kept talking, with his mouth full of the hot bacon. This was how he restored their hope and confidence. I think repaired his own at the same time.

“Our hostage will stay with me when we go treasure-hunting.”

“Then what do we do with him Barbecue?”

“Once we got the ship and treasure?” Silver winked at his companions. “Why then we’ll give Mr. Hawkins his share.”

The men were in a good humour now. I felt terrible. Silver still had a foot in both camps.

What could our side offer him? At best to escape hanging. There was no doubt he would prefer wealth and freedom with the pirates.

I was also anxious about my friends. I still needed answers to important questions. Why had they left the stockade? Why had they given up the treasure map?

I took no pleasure from my breakfast. Then with a heavy heart, I went with my captors on the quest for treasure.

Prisoner

The men all wore dirty sailor clothes. All but me were armed. Silver had two guns slung about him—one before and one behind. He also had the great cutlass at his waist and a pistol in each pocket of his square-tailed coat.



To complete his strange appearance, Captain Flint sat perched upon his shoulder. The parrot talked endlessly, strange things about ships and the life at sea.



FOR ALL THE WORLD, I WAS LED LIKE A DANCING BEAR

I had a line about my waist, tying me to the sea-cook.

I was being led, like a dancing bear.

The other men carried different stores and equipment. Some had picks and shovels. Others brought pork, bread and brandy for the midday meal.

We set off in the jolly boats. After a long journey, we landed at the mouth of the second river under the Spyglass. We began walking up through the wood. The air was fresh and stirring.

Into the wood

Our party spread out in a fan shape. A good way behind the rest, Silver and I followed.

After about half a mile the man farthest left began to cry aloud, as if in terror. Shout after shout came from him. Others began to run in his direction.

“He can't have found the treasure,” said old Morgan, hurrying past us from the right. “We haven't reached it yet.”

We reached the spot where the man was still screaming.

At the foot of a big pine tree was a human skeleton. A chill filled every heart.

One of the mutineers went up close. He examined the rags of clothing “This was a seaman,” he said. “This is good sea-cloth.”

“Aye, aye,” said Silver; “You wouldn't look to find a bishop here! But why are the bones laid out like that?”

The body was not in a natural position. The man lay perfectly straight, his feet pointing in one direction. His hands, raised above his head like a diver's, were pointing directly in the opposite.

“This is Flint’s work,” observed Silver. “It’s a compass— showing the direction to follow for the treasure. This is one of Flint’s jokes!”

“What do you mean?”

“Flint came here with six men — and killed them all! This one he laid down as a compass. I think it is Allardyce. You remember Allardyce, Tom Morgan?”

“Aye, aye,” returned Morgan. “He owed me money.”

“Anyway,” said Silver; “Enough of this talk. He's dead. He won't walk again — not by day, at least. Let's carry on towards the treasure.”

We set off again. But the pirates were no longer running and shouting. They kept side by side and spoke in whispers

A terror created by the dead pirate had fallen on their spirits.

32. The Treasure-hunt



XXXII

We sat down when we reached the top of the hill.

Before us, we could see all of the island. There was no sound but that of the distant waves and the insects around us. We could see no man or ship anyway. It felt very lonely

Silver took a reading with his compass.

“There are the three 'tall trees,'” said he. “It will be easy to find the stuff now. Perhaps we can eat first.”—

“I don't feel good,” growled Morgan. “I've been thinking about old Flint.”

“You're lucky he's dead,” said Silver.

“He was an ugly devil,” cried a third pirate, with a shudder.

Since finding the skeleton, the men had been anxious. They were speaking in lower and lower voices.

Suddenly, out of the middle of the trees in front of us, a thin, high, trembling voice sang:

*Fifteen men on the dead man's chest
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!*

The colour went from the faces of the six pirates. "It's Flint!" cried Merry.

Darby M'Graw

The song stopped as suddenly as it began. It was as though someone had laid his hand upon the singer's mouth.

"Come," said Silver. "This is someone fooling with us."

His courage was returning, along with some of the colour to his face. Then we heard the same distant cry echo in the Spyglass.

"Darby M'Graw! Darby M'Graw! Darby M'Graw!" again and again and again.



"DARBY M'GRAW!" IT WAILED. "DARBY M'GRAW!"

Long after the voice had died away, the mutineers stood in silence, terrified.

"That fixes it!" gasped one. "Let's go."

"They were Flint's last words," moaned Morgan.

Silver put on a brave face and spoke calmly.

"Shipmates," he cried, "I'm here to get that stuff. I'll not be beat by man or devil. I never feared Flint when he was alive and I'll face him dead. "

"Don't say that, John!" said Merry. "Never cross a spirit."

The rest of his followers were all too terrified to reply. Fear kept them together, and kept them close by John.

"Spirit?" he said. "Ghosts don't have shadows! So they can't make echoes, either."

This argument seemed weak to me. But George Merry was greatly relieved. “Well, that's so,” he said. “You're a clever man, John. The voice sounded different to Flint's voice. It was like somebody else's voice —it was like—”

“Ben Gunn!” roared Silver.

“Aye!” cried Morgan. “Ben Gunn it was!”

The Ghost of Gunn?

“That doesn't matter, does it?” asked Dick. “Ben Gunn's as dead as Flint.”

But the older pirates laughed at this remark.

“Nobody is afraid of Ben Gunn,” cried Merry. “Dead or alive, nobody minds him.”

Their good spirits returned and they began chatting together. Soon after, they picked up the tools and set forth again, though Dick was clearly unwell.

We reached the first of the tall trees described on the map. It was not the one we were looking for. Nor was the second.

The third rose nearly two hundred feet into the air. This was it.

My companions believed that a fortune in gold lay somewhere buried below the tree's spreading shadow. Their eyes burned in their heads. Their feet grew speedier and lighter.

Silver hobbled on his crutch. He cursed the flies settling on his hot and shiny face. He pulled furiously at the line that held me to him.

From time to time, he turned his eyes upon me with a deadly look.

I could easily read his thoughts. With the nearness of the gold, all else had been forgotten. His promise and the doctor's warning were both things of the past.

I knew that he hoped to seize the treasure. He would then cut every honest throat he saw and sail away.

It was hard for me to keep up with the rapid pace of the treasure-hunters. When I stumbled, Silver pulled roughly at the rope.

Dick had dropped behind us. He was cursing to himself, as his fever kept rising.

I thought of the pirate Flint and the six accomplices he murdered. Was that their cries still ringing in this peaceful grove.

We were now at the spot described by the map.

“All together, mates!” shouted Merry. They all began to run.

Suddenly, not ten yards further, they stopped. A low cry arose. Silver doubled his pace, pushing with the foot of his crutch like one possessed.

The next moment he and I also stopped.



Before us was a large hole, with grass growing over the dug earth. In this hole were the boards of several packing-cases. On one of these boards, I saw the word *Walrus*. That was the name of Flint's ship.
The treasure, the fortune the pirates dreamed of was gone!

33. The Fall of a Chieftain



For a moment, there was shocked silence. Silver reacted fastest. He changed his plan before the others had had time to think.

“Jim,” he whispered. “Take this, and stand by for trouble.”

He passed me a pistol.

At the same time, he began quietly moving northward. In a few steps, he put distance between us two and the other five. Then he looked at me and nodded.

This look was not quite friendly. I shook my head in disgust, whispering, “So you've changed sides again.”

There was no time left for him to answer. The pirates, with oaths and cries, began to leap, one after another, into the pit. They dug with their fingers, throwing the boards aside as they did so.

Morgan found a piece of gold and held it up. It was a two-guinea piece.

The coin it went from hand to hand among them.

“Two guineas!” roared Merry, shaking it at Silver. “That's your fortune, is it?”

“Dig away, boys,” said Silver coolly. “You'll find a few pennies in there.”

“Pennies!” repeated Merry, in a scream. “Mates, do you hear that? I tell you now, that man there knew it all along. Look at his face.”

“Ah, Merry,” remarked Silver, “Are you trying to be cap'n again?”

But this time all the pirates were with Merry. They began to scramble out of the hole, upon the opposite side from Silver.

Well, there we stood. Two men on one side. Five on the other. The pit between us.

Musket shots



Nobody offered the first blow. Silver never moved. He watched them, very upright on his crutch. He looked as cool as ever I saw him. He was brave, and no mistake.

Then Merry seemed to think a speech might help matters.

“Mates,” says he, raising his arm and his voice. “There are only two of them. One's the old cripple that brought us all here. The other's a boy I am personally going to kill. Now, mates—”

Just then there were three musket-shots. Merry fell forward into the hole. The man with the bandage spun round and fell down dead upon his side.

The other three turned and ran.

At the same moment, the doctor, Gray, and Ben Gunn joined us.

“Run!” cried the doctor. “We must beat them to the boats!”



And we raced through the bushes to the chest.

Ben

Silver, leaping on his crutch, somehow kept up with us.

We reached the brow of the slope. Below, we could see the three survivors still running in the same direction. We were already between them and the boats

“Doctor,” said Silver. “We don’t need to hurry!”

We four sat down to breathe. Long John slowly caught up with us.

“Thank you, doctor,” says he. “You came just in time for me and Hawkins. And so it's you, Ben Gunn!”

“I'm Ben Gunn, I am,” replied Ben. “And,” he added, after a long pause. “How are you, Mr. Silver?”

“Ben, Ben,” murmured Silver, “We thought you were dead!”

We walked slowly downhill to where the boats were lying. Ben Gunn told his incredible story. It turned out that he was the hero from beginning to end.

Ben, in his long, lonely wanderings about the island, had found the skeleton. He then located the treasure buried by Captain Flint. After digging this up this fortune, he had carried it on his back, in several journeys to a cave in the north of the island.

There it had been stored safely for two months before the arrival of the *Hispaniola*.

The doctor learned this secret from him on the afternoon of the attack. The next morning, Doctor Livesey had Silver him the chart because was now worthless.

“I also let Silver have the stores,” the doctor explained. “So that I had cover to move from the stockade to the cave.”

By this time, we had reached the rowboats. The doctor destroyed one of them with a pick-axe. Then we all got aboard the other.

To the Cave

We set out to row to the North Inlet – about eight or nine miles. Silver, though he was almost dead already with fatigue, rowed like the rest of us.

Soon we were skimming swiftly over a smooth sea until we could see the black mouth of Ben Gunn's cave.

A man was standing by it, leaning on a musket. It was the squire. We waved a handkerchief and gave him three cheers. The voice of Silver was as loud as any.

Three miles further on, we found the *Hispaniola*. It was drifting in the wind. Gray went aboard to guard her.

We landed on the beach near the entrance of the cave. The squire met us. To me he was friendly and kind. He was not pleased to see Silver.



“John Silver,” he said. “We have agreed not to prosecute you. But you are a murderer.”

“Thank you kindly, sir,” replied Long John, with a polite salute.

We all entered the cave. It was a large, airy place, with a little spring and a pool of clear water. The floor was sand.

Before a big fire lay Captain Smollett. In a far corner, flickered over by the fire, I saw great heaps of coins and bars of gold. This was Flint's treasure.

It had already cost the lives of seventeen men from the *Hispaniola*. How many it had it cost over the years? No man alive could tell.

“Come in, Jim,” said the captain. “Is that you, John Silver? What brings you here, man?”

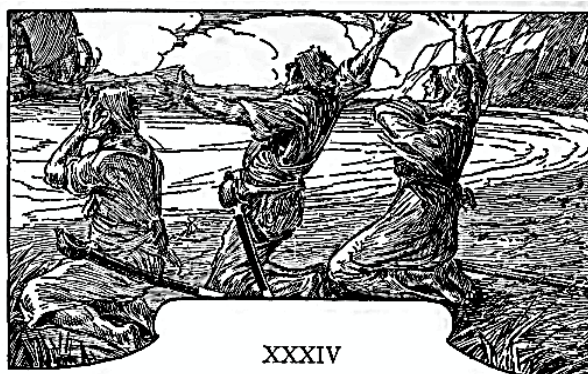
“I’m back to do my duty, sir,” returned Silver.

“Ah!” said the captain, and that was all he said.

What a supper I had with all my friends around me that night! How happy we were!

Silver, sat back almost out of the firelight. He joined quietly in our laughter. Now he had changed back into another imposter — the polite seaman of the voyage out.

34. And Last



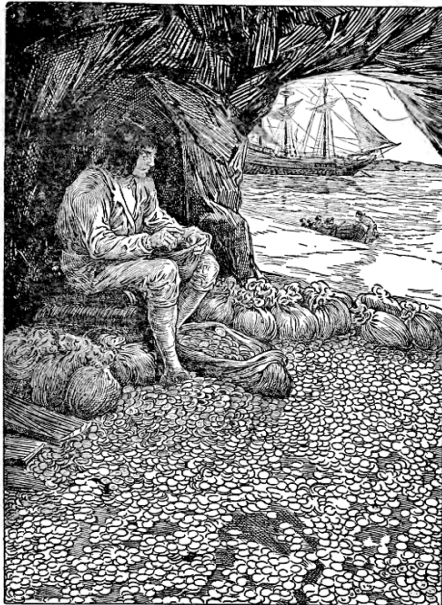
The next morning we began work early. Transporting this great mass of gold to the *Hispaniola* was a considerable task. First, there was nearly a mile by land to the beach. Then it was three miles by boat to the ship.

The three fellows still on the island did not trouble us. A single sentry on the shoulder of the hill was enough to warn us of any sudden attack.

We set about the work. Gray and Ben Gunn came and went with the boat.



I was kept busy all day in the cave. My back and my fingers ached from packing the treasure into bags.



I WAS KEPT BUSY PACKING THE MINTED MONEY
INTO BREAD-BAGS

Day after day, this work went on. And all this time we heard nothing of the three surviving mutineers.

I think it was on the third night that the wind brought us a noise between shrieking and singing. “It’s the mutineers!” said the doctor.

“All drunk, sir,” struck in the voice of Silver from behind us.

Silver tried to be friendly with us but we did not trust him.

“Take us off this island!”

We held a council and made a difficult decision. We would have to leave the three mutineers on the island — with gunpowder and shot for them to hunt with. We also left a few medicines, and some other necessaries.

Then, one fine morning, we sailed away.

The three fellows must have been watching us closer than we thought. They rushed onto the beach and threw themselves to their knees. Their arms were raised, begging us to take them with them.



But we could not risk another mutiny.

The doctor called out to them. “We have left you supplies,” he cried into the wind. “On the northern beach.”

“Please Doctor - take us off this island!” Do not leave us to die in this miserable place!”

The cries eventually faded away. Before they did one of the mutineers leapt to his feet. Pulling his musket to his shoulder, he sent a shot whistling over Silver's head.

When next I looked, I could not see them on the beach. Before noon, to my joy, Treasure Island disappeared —into the blue sea.

Homeward

On our journey home, we stopped in a port in Spanish America. Silver escaped from us while we were onshore. The sea-cook took one of the sacks of coin to help him on his further wanderings.



I think we were all pleased to be so cheaply quit of him.

The *Hispaniola* reached Bristol in 17---. All of us had a share of the treasure. We used it wisely or foolishly, according to our natures. Captain Smollett is now retired from the sea. Ben Gunn spent or lost his thousand pounds in three weeks.

We have heard no more of Silver. Perhaps he still lives in comfort with his parrot, Captain Flint.

More treasure remains where Flint buried it. Certainly, it will lie there for me. Nothing would bring me back again to that island.



In my worst nightmares I still hear the surf booming. I hear the sharp voice of Captain Flint still ringing in my ears: “Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!”

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