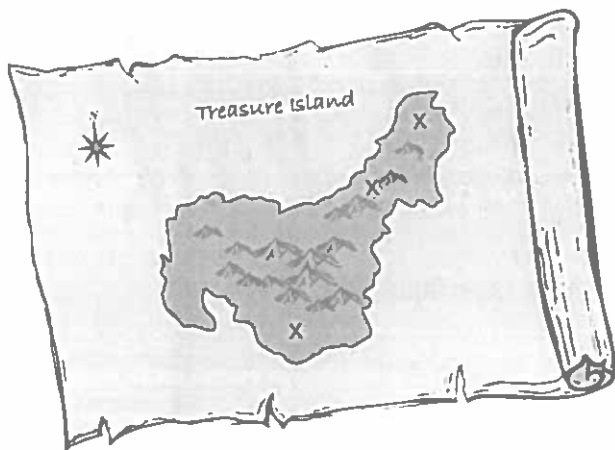


## Treasure Island — Fiction

*Treasure Island is an adventure novel written by Robert Louis Stevenson. It's an exciting story full of pirates, mysterious maps and even a talking parrot. The main character is a boy called Jim Hawkins. This abridged extract tells the story of how Hawkins' adventure first began.*



“Money!” cried the squire. “Have you heard the story? What were these villains after but money? What do they care for but money? For what would they risk their rascal carcasses\* but money?”

“That we shall soon know,” replied the doctor. “What I want to know is this: supposing that I have here in my pocket some clue to where Flint buried his treasure, will that treasure amount to much?”

“Amount, sir!” cried the squire. “It will amount to this: if we have the clue you talk about, I fit out a ship in Bristol dock, and take you and Hawkins here along, and I’ll have that treasure if I search a year.”

“Very well,” said the doctor. “Now, then, if Jim is agreeable, we’ll open the packet,” and he laid it before him on the table.

\*\*\*

“I can’t make head or tail of this,” said Dr Livesey.

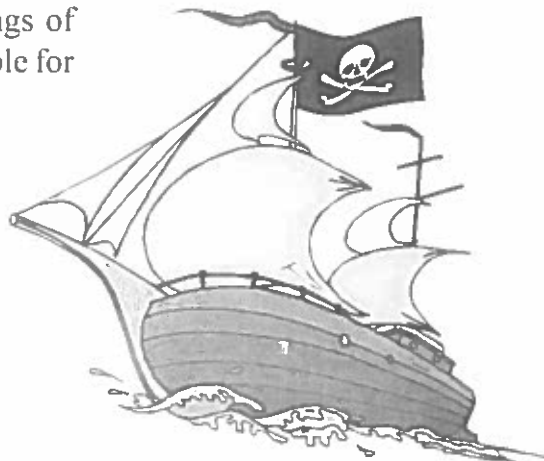
“The thing is as clear as noonday,” cried the squire. “This is the black-hearted hound’s account-book. These crosses stand for the names of ships or towns that they sank or plundered\*. The sums are the scoundrel’s share, and where he feared an ambiguity, you see he added something clearer.

There was little else in the volume but a few bearings of places noted in the blank leaves towards the end and a table for reducing French, English, and Spanish moneys to a common value.

“Thrifty man!” cried the doctor. “He wasn’t the one to be cheated.”

“And now,” said the squire, “for the other.”

\*\*\*



The paper had been sealed in several places with a thimble by way of seal; the very thimble, perhaps, that I had found in the captain's pocket. The doctor opened the seals with great care, and there fell out the map of an island, with latitude and longitude, soundings, names of hills and bays and inlets, and every particular that would be needed to bring a ship to a safe anchorage\* upon its shores. It was about nine miles long and five across, shaped, you might say, like a fat dragon standing up, and had two fine land-locked harbours, and a hill in the centre part marked "The Spy-glass". There were several additions of a later date, but above all, three crosses of red ink — two on the north part of the island, one in the southwest — and beside this last, in the same red ink, and in a small, neat hand, very different from the captain's tottery characters, these words: "Bulk of treasure here".

Over on the back the same hand had written this further information:

*Tall tree, Spy-glass shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of N.N.E.  
Skeleton Island E.S.E. and by E.  
Ten feet.  
The bar silver is in the north cache\*.  
J.F.*

That was all; but brief as it was, and to me incomprehensible, it filled the squire and Dr Livesey with delight.

"Livesey," said the squire, "you will give up this wretched practice at once. Tomorrow I start for Bristol. In three weeks' time — three weeks! — two weeks — ten days — we'll have the best ship, sir, and the choicest crew in England. Hawkins shall come as cabin-boy. You'll make a famous cabin-boy, Hawkins. You, Livesey, are ship's doctor; I am admiral. We'll take Redruth, Joyce, and Hunter. We'll have favourable winds, a quick passage, and not the least difficulty in finding the spot."



### Glossary

**carcasses** — human bodies  
**plundered** — robbed

**anchorage** — securing a boat so it doesn't float away  
**cache** — hiding place