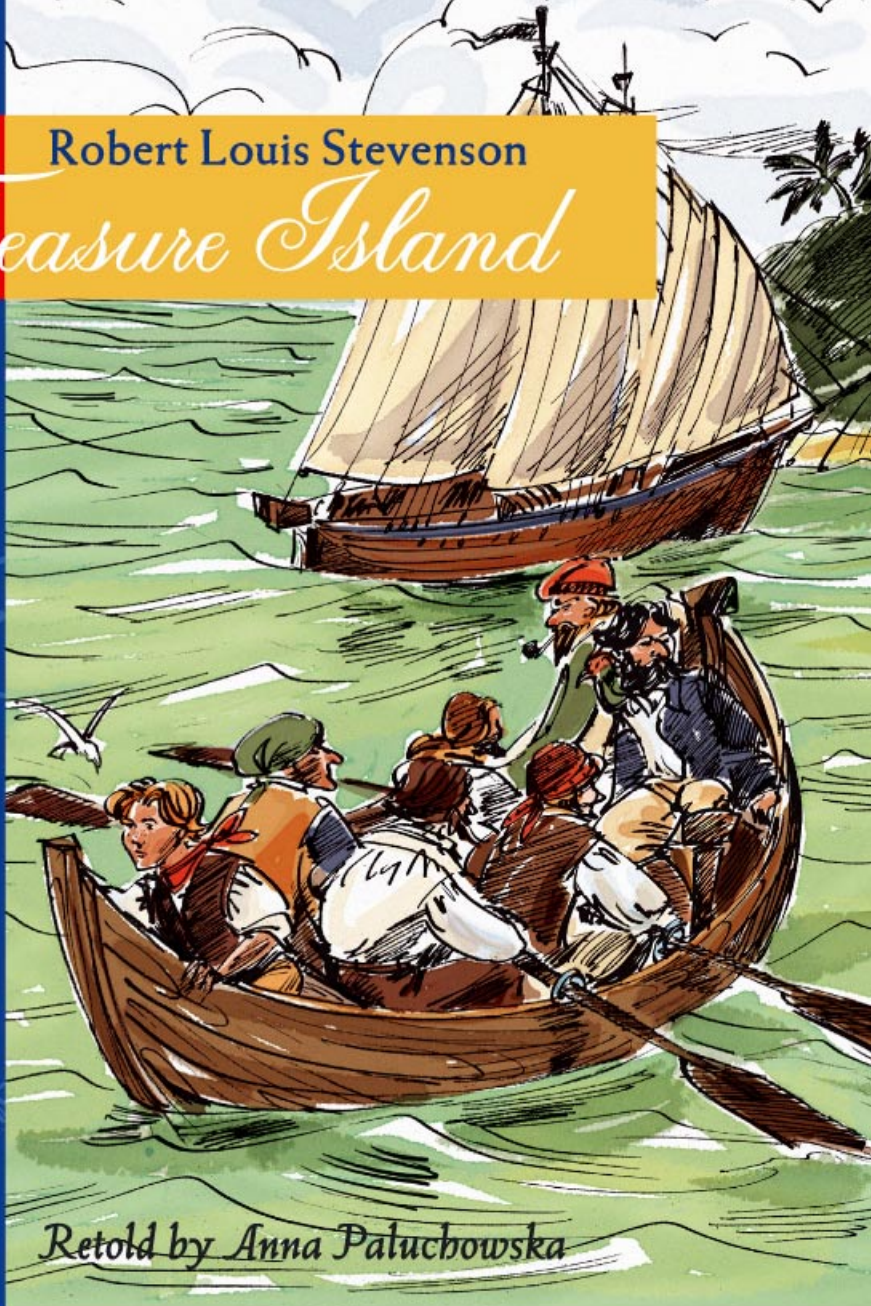


Robert Louis Stevenson

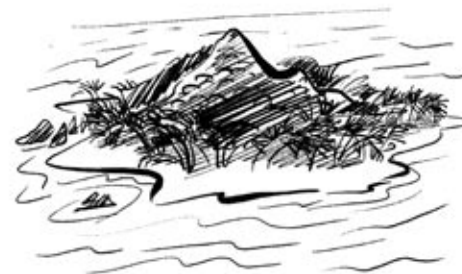
Treasure Island

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Retold by Anna Paluchowska

Robert Louis Stevenson *Treasure Island*



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Chapter I

'The Old Sea-Dog'



Squire Trelawney, Dr Livesey and the other gentlemen have asked me to write everything I know about the Treasure Island. Everything apart from where it is, and that's only because there is still some treasure left there. My name is Jim Hawkins and it was with me that the whole story started. I was just a boy then, working at my father's guest-house „Admiral Benbow“, but I still remember very clearly how the brown, old seaman first came to live under our roof.

He was tall and strong, and was wearing an old dirty blue coat. He had a white sword cut across his right cheek. I remember him looking around the room that my father had offered him, and singing that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards:

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

'This is a nice room,' he said. 'Do many people come here?'

My father told him no, very few.

'Well then,' he said. 'This is the place for me. I'll bring up my chest. You can call me captain.' and he threw three or four gold coins on the floor. 'Tell me when I've spent that.'

He was a very silent man. He spent all day in his room or walking on the cliffs, looking for ships. Every day, he asked if we had seen any seamen around. At first we thought that he missed other sailors, but soon we understood that he was really trying to avoid them. I knew even more than the rest of my family. One day the captain took me aside and offered me a silver coin every month for keeping my eyes open for a seaman with one leg. The captain seemed afraid of him, and I began to have nightmares about a one-legged seaman too.

But though I was so terrified by the idea of the one-legged seaman, I was less afraid of the captain than everyone else in the guest-house. In the evening he drank lots

of rum and frightened all the other guests in the dining room. They had to listen to the terrible stories he told about his sea adventures, and sing his sea-songs with him. My father was worried that soon we would have no customers at all, but he was a weak man, and ill too. He was so afraid of the captain that he never asked him for more money, even after his gold coins were long gone. We were sure he had money in his sea chest but we never saw it open.

There was only one man who was not afraid of the captain. That was Dr Livesey. One day the doctor came to our guest-house, and just then the captain started to sing his:

*'Fifteen men on the dead man's chest -
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest -
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!'*

He had already drunk a lot that day and was singing loudly. Dr Livesey didn't



like the song and he started to talk to old Taylor, our gardener.

'Silence there!' shouted the captain.

But Dr Livesey paid no attention.

'Silence!' shouted the captain again.

'Are you talking to me, sir?' asked the doctor calmly. 'If so, I have only one thing to tell you, sir, if you drink more rum, soon there will be one dirty scoundrel less in the world.'

The old seaman was very angry. He took out his knife and jumped towards Dr Livesey. But the doctor was very calm.

'If you do anything now, or ever I hear anybody complain about you,' he said. 'I'll find you and put you in prison immediately. I'm not only a doctor but also a magistrate.'

The captain went back to his seat like a beaten dog and it was much calmer in our guest-house for some time.

But not for very long. One cold January morning, when my mother was upstairs with my sick father, and the captain was on the beach, I was alone downstairs preparing

the captain's breakfast. Suddenly the door opened and a thin man with a white face came in. I noticed that he had only three fingers on his left hand. But he had two legs, so he wasn't the terrible one-legged sailor I was looking out for.

'Is this table for my friend, Bill?' he asked me. I told him I didn't know any Bill, and that the table was for the captain.

'Has your captain got a cut on his right cheek? Yes? Well, then he is my friend Bill! Is he in the house?'

I told him the captain was out walking. He decided to wait for Bill, as he called him. He didn't look nice and I began to feel worried. He went outside the inn and was looking around like a cat waiting for a mouse. When he saw the captain coming back, he jumped back and hid behind the door. The captain came into the room and went straight to the table.

'Bill!' said the stranger. The captain turned around.

'Black Dog!' he said and his face changed.

'What do you want?'

'Bill, let's talk, like old friends,' Black Dog said. They asked me to bring them rum and then sent me back to the kitchen. I did my best to listen, but I couldn't hear much because they were talking very quietly. But then they both got angry and started to shout. Soon they were fighting and throwing chairs and tables in anger. It didn't last long and as I came into the room, I saw Black Dog running away. The captain clearly won this battle but he didn't look good himself. He fell on the floor and couldn't get up again. Fortunately Dr Livesey came into the guest-house at that very moment. He examined the captain and told me that he had just had a stroke. Then he helped me carry the captain to bed.

'Just as I told you, Billy Bones! Now, stay in bed for at least a week and no rum,' the doctor said. 'One glass won't kill you but if you have one you'll have more, and then you'll die.'



It was about noon that day when I went upstairs to give the captain his medicine. He was very weak and looked frightened.

'You saw that seaman today, Jim? He's bad, but the others are worse than him. They want my sea chest, but they can't get it before they give me the black spot. So Jim, if you see that Black Dog again or the seaman with one leg, get on a horse and tell the doctor to bring help.

But for the next few days I had no time to look out for any seamen or look after the captain much. My poor father died suddenly and I both was sad and shocked. I was also very busy helping my mother run the guest-house and preparing everything for the funeral.

Chapter II

'The Brown Packet'



It was the day after the funeral that the old blind man appeared. He knocked with his stick on the inn door.

'Can you kindly inform me, my dear friend,' he said. 'Where I am now?'

He was wearing an old, dirty sea coat with a hood over his eyes.

'You're at the „Admiral Benbow“ inn, my good man,' I answered.

'I can hear you have a young voice. Will you give me your hand, my friend, and take me inside.' As I gave him my hand, he gripped it with such strength that I couldn't move.

'Now, boy, take me to the captain or I'll break your arm,' he whispered in a cold, ugly voice. I was too frightened to protest and we went straight upstairs.

When the captain saw us come in, his face suddenly changed. He was frightened. He didn't move.

'Now Bill, business is business. Give me your left hand.' The captain did so and I saw the blind man put a piece of paper into it.



'And now, that's done.' he said and left the room quickly.

The captain looked at the piece of paper and said, 'That's a black spot.'

The paper was blackened on one side.

'But what is a black spot, captain?' I asked.

'It's a message, my boy.' he said. 'I have time till ten o'clock to save my life.' Then he tried to get up from bed, but he couldn't. He fell on the floor with his face turned white. He was dead. I ran to my mother, and told her everything about Black Dog, the blind man and the black spot.

'It's six o'clock now and we have time till ten,' she said. 'We'll run to the village for help, but first we have to take the money that the captain still owes us. It must be in his chest.' It sounds easy now, but first it took us a lot of time to find the key to the chest. Finally we found it around the captain's neck. Then we found a lot of coins in the chest but they came from around the world and my mother had to count how much they were worth in English pounds.



This took hours.

'I'm an honest woman,' my mother was saying as she was counting the coins. 'I don't want to take any more or any less than he owes us.'

It got darker and darker and she was still counting. Suddenly we heard some voices outside. We both got really afraid.

'I'll take this,' my mother said and took one more handful of coins from the chest.

'And I'll take this,' I said and took a brown bag with some papers inside.

And we ran out and hid under the bridge behind the guest-house. Just then we heard three men running into the guest-house.

'Bill is dead, Pew!' one of them shouted. 'Someone was here before us.'

'But is it there?' I heard the blind man's voice asking.

'The money's here,' the others answered. 'But we can't find Flint's map.'

'It's the boy. He took it!' shouted the blind man Pew. 'We must find him!'

My mother fainted under the bridge and I nearly did as well, I was so afraid. But then we heard horses coming in our direction. All the men ran away, apart from the blind Pew. The horses were galloping down the hill and Pew wanted to escape but made a mistake and ran straight under one of the horses' hooves. The rider tried to save him, but he couldn't. Pew was dead.

The rider was Captain Dance, a police officer. He had heard of a pirate ship on the beach and had come to look for the pirates. I ran to him and told him my story while his men ran after the pirates. But by the time they reached the beach, the pirate ship had already gone.

'Well, at least I'm finished with this man Pew,' said Captain Dance. We took my mother to the village and went back to the guest-house. Everything was broken, furniture, glasses, everything.

'Did they take anything?' asked the Captain.

'They took all the money from the chest,' I said. 'But I think I have the thing they wanted most. I would like to get it to a safe place. Maybe Dr Livesey ...'

'Absolutely!' Captain Dance said. 'We'll go straight there.'

When we arrived at Dr Livesey's place, we discovered that he had gone to have dinner with Squire Trelawney so we went there too. I had never seen the squire so

near. He was a very tall man, with a big red face and black bushy eyebrows. Everybody knew he was a good man even if sometimes quick-tempered.

'Come in Captain Dance!' he said with a smile. 'What brings you here?' As Mr. Dance was telling the story, the squire and the doctor became more and more interested in it. They invited us to dinner and after we had finished and Captain Dance had left, the doctor asked me,

'So, Jim. You have the thing that those pirates wanted so much, is that right?'

'Here it is, sir,' said I and gave him the packet.

'Well, Squire, you have heard of this Flint, I think.'

'Heard of him?' cried the squire. 'He was the worst pirate that ever sailed. Even the Spaniards were afraid of him!'

'Yes, I've heard about him myself,' said the doctor. 'But did he have money, is the question.'

'Money! Of course he had lots of money!' cried the squire. 'Those pirates were looking for his money!'

'So, I guess, in this packet here should be a map which shows how to find Flint's treasure.'

'True!' exclaimed the squire.

The doctor carefully opened the packet and we found a map of an island with all the hills and bays drawn, and with precise directions how to get there. There were three red crosses on the map. Beside one of them it was written: 'Most of the treasure here.' After a moment of silence, the squire started to speak quickly.

'Livesey, we'll all go - to the sea and we'll find it. I'll be the admiral, you'll be the ship's doctor and Hawkins here will be our cabin-boy. We'll take my servants Redruth, Joyce, and Hunter. I'll go to Bristol tomorrow to find the ship you'll go to London to find another doctor to work here. We'll clean the guest-house and then Jim will find another boy to help Mrs.

Hawkins while he's away.'

'I agree,' said the doctor, 'And I'm sure, so will Jim -. But there is one man I am afraid of.'

'Who?' cried the squire. 'Tell me his name!'

'You,' said the doctor. 'Because you can't hold your tongue'

'Livesey,' said the squire, 'I'll be as silent as a dead man.'

Chapter III

"We Go To Sea"



I had stayed with the squire's old servant, Tom Redruth, for several weeks when we got a letter to Dr Livesey from Bristol. It said 'To Dr Livesey, or to Jim Hawkins and Tom Redruth if the Doctor is absent. The doctor was still in London so Tom and I opened it and read:

Dear Livesey. - , As I don't know whether you are at home or still in London, I'm writing to both places. Thanks to my old friend, Blandly, I bought the best ship you can imagine named 'Hispaniola'. At first it was difficult to find men but later everybody wanted to help me when they found out we sailed for treasure.

'Dr Livesey won't like that,' I said to Tom interrupting the letter. 'The squire has been talking, after all.' And then we read on:

The best man I have found, a real treasure, is Long John Silver, as they call him. We met quite by accident and began a conversation. He is an

old sailor who now runs an inn in Bristol. The poor man has lost one leg but wanted to go to sea again as a cook. I couldn't say no, as I felt sorry for him. But as it turned out, he proved to be very useful as he knows all the seamen in Bristol. Between us we found the whole crew. Everyone is perfect for the job. I, myself, am in perfect health and can't wait to go to sea. So come quickly and bring Tom Redruth and young Hawkins with you. Squire Trelawney.

You can't imagine how excited I was after reading the squire's letter. I was still just as excited when after two days, me and Tom arrived in Bristol. It was early in the morning and we went straight to see squire Trelawney. We had breakfast with him and soon after the squire sent me with a message to John Silver's inn. I don't need to tell you that when the squire described him as a one-legged sailor, I was afraid that he might be the same person that our old captain had been talking about. But the moment I saw him I knew he couldn't be a

pirate. He didn't look like the other pirates I had seen. His clothes were clean and his face intelligent and smiling. He was tall and strong, and he hopped around on his one leg as quickly as any other man on two.

'Mr Silver, sir?' I asked and gave him the message from the squire

'To be sure it is my name,' he said and quickly read the note.

'Oh, I see, you are our new cabin-boy. Pleased to meet you.'

Just then one of the customers stood up and ran to the door. I knew him.

'It's Black Dog!' I cried. 'Stop him!'

'I don't care about his name,' cried Silver. 'But he hasn't paid his bill. Harry,' he turned to one man, 'Run and catch him!'

'Who did you say he was?'

'Black Dog. Has Mr Trelawney not told you about the pirates?'

'A pirate in my house!' shouted Silver. 'I had no idea!'

I watched him carefully, but when Harry came back without Black Dog, Silver was



so angry that I had no doubt at all that he was an honest man.

'This is really serious,' he said. 'I'll go to Mr Trelawney with you to tell him about it.'

As we were walking, he told me many interesting stories about the ships we saw and I was sure we would be the best of friends on the ship.

When we got to the squire's room, Dr Livesey was with him. We told them the whole story and we all agreed there was nothing we could do about Black Dog getting away. With that, Long John left.

'Everyone on board by four o'clock today!' shouted the squire after him.

'Ay, ay, sir!' cried the cook.

'Well, squire,' said the doctor. 'You know I generally don't trust your discoveries but I really like this man, Silver.'

'He's perfect!' cried the squire

By four o'clock we were all on board. It was clear that the squire liked all the sailors apart from the captain, who seemed to be

angry with everything on board, and was soon to tell us why for we had hardly got down into the cabin when he came in and said:

'Sir, I think it is better to tell you the truth. I don't like the men and I don't like this voyage.'

'And maybe you don't like the ship?' asked the squire angrily.

'I don't know about the ship yet, I have to see her at sea,' answered the captain calmly.

'And maybe you don't like me either?' cried the squire in anger.

'Now,' said Dr Livesey. 'Let's not argue. Captain Smollet, please can you explain why you don't like the voyage.'

'I became the captain of this ship in secret. I was told only you knew where we were going. But now I can see that all the men know more than me. Now, this is not fair, is it?'

'No.' agreed the doctor.

'Next,' said the captain. 'I hear from my men that we're looking for treasure. I don't

like treasure voyages. And I hate secret treasure voyages, but especially when the secret has been told. I've heard that you have a map of an island and that there are red crosses on the map, and that the island lies -' and here he gave the precise position. We all looked at the squire.

'I never told that,' cried the squire, 'to a soul!'

'It doesn't matter who it was now' said the doctor. 'Captain, are you trying to tell us there will be mutiny?'

'I don't have the right to say that, sir,' said the captain. 'But we need to be careful. I don't know who has this map, but I ask you, gentlemen, to keep it secret from me and my officer.'

'Thank you, Captain Smollet.' said the doctor. 'We'll do that.'

'I have heard you and I will do as you ask but I still think the worse of you, captain,' added the squire.

'As you wish, sir,' said the captain and left.

'Well, Trelawney,' said the doctor. 'You



know I don't trust you but I still think you found two honest men – that man and John Silver.'

'I agree about Silver but I can't say Smollet is a good man,' said the squire. 'We shall see,' said the doctor.

All night everyone was busy preparing things for the voyage. It was early the next morning and everyone was tired, when someone suddenly said:

'Hey, Long John, let's sing!'

'Ay, ay mates!' cried he and they started to sing:

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

It reminded me of all the pirates I knew but I didn't have much time to think about it because at that very moment the anchor was pulled and we began our voyage to the Treasure Island.

Chapter IV

'Silver'



Hispaniola was a very good ship and the captain did his job well. The crew looked happy but it was easy to see that they didn't like the captain very much. They all liked Long John and they treated him like the second captain. I really became good friends with him too. I often went to sit with him in the kitchen and we laughed at his old parrot, Captain Flint.

'I call her Captain Flint,' he said, 'after the famous pirate. She is probably two hundred years old now. She has sailed with many pirates in her life.'

And you could hear it too; this parrot really knew how to swear!

The squire made sure that all the men were happy and in good health. There was always lots of food and drink for everyone. It was also his idea to have a big barrel with apples for everyone to take one whenever they liked. And it was this apple barrel that saved our lives.

It was the night we were expecting to see the Treasure Island. I was going to



bed when I thought I would like an apple. I went to the apple barrel and put my hand into it. But there were only a few apples left at the bottom and I had to jump inside the barrel to get one. I ate my apple there and fell asleep. I woke up when someone sat beside the barrel and put his elbow on it. The man started to speak and I recognised Silver's voice.

'No, I wasn't the captain,' he said. 'Flint was the captain. I lost my leg in one of his battles and old Pew lost his eyes. But I got two thousand and now it's all safe in the bank.'

'But what if you die on this voyage?' asked another voice which I recognised as the youngest man on board.

'We pirates have to take the risk. Some of us have to die. But the ones that get back home live like kings, with pockets full of pounds not pennies. When I get back from this voyage I'll be a gentleman. But I started just like you - a clever young seaman before the mast.'

'Well, I tell you now,' said the young man. 'I didn't like this job till I had this conversation with you, Long John. But I'm with you now.'

I understood that Silver had just made a pirate of an honest man. Perhaps he was even the last one. Maybe all the men were pirates now. Then I heard a third man sit down.

'Dick is with us,' said Silver.

'Good! So, when can we finish with Smollet and the others?' asked Israel Hands.

'Captain Smollet is a good sailor and I would prefer to sail with him half-way home before killing him but I know the men won't wait that long. We'll kill them on the island. Now Dick, can you get me an apple?'

You can't imagine my horror when I heard that.

'Don't eat apples, John!' said Israel Hands. 'Let's have some rum!'

To this they all agreed and went to the kitchen. But I was still too afraid to get out

of the barrel. And then someone shouted: 'Land!' and I heard a great rush of feet across the deck. I quickly got out of the barrel and went quickly to Dr Livesey. While everyone was looking at the hills of the island on the horizon, I whispered into the doctor's ear:

'Doctor, ask the captain and the squire into the cabin. I have terrible news.'

Half an hour later they were all listening to my story in complete silence.

'Well, Captain Smollet,' said the squire when I finished. 'I was wrong and you were right.'

'That's because of Silver,' said the doctor. 'He's a very clever man.'

'We must make a plan how to save our lives' said the captain. 'We don't know yet who is honest and who is our enemy. We should wait until we know our men better, and only then attack the pirates'

The next morning we had to pull the ship around the island, to a safe place to drop the anchor. It was hot and the task was difficult.



When we finally dropped the anchor, all the men were tired and irritated.

'If I give them another order,' the captain finally said, 'there will be mutiny! They all want to go to the island. They probably think they can find the treasure without the map. There is only one man who can save us now.'

'And who is that?' asked the squire.

'Silver,' said the captain. 'Let him take the men to the island for the afternoon. If anything happens, we'll have the ship. But I think that he'll explain his plan to them and bring them back in the evening calm as sheep. Still, we must have our pistols on us at all times.'

When the captain told the men they could have the afternoon on the island, they all looked much happier. They were singing as they started to get the little boats ready. And then I had one of my mad ideas. I decided to go to the island with them. I slipped into one of the boats unseen and hid under a sheet. Our boat reached the

beach first. I got out and started to run.

'Jim, Jim! Wait!' Silver shouted after me, but I didn't wait for him. I ran as fast as I could towards the trees. I went across some wet ground and got to some thick bushes where I was safe to stop. Just then I heard two voices. I hid behind a tree and listened. It was Silver and another man.

'I'm telling you this because you're my friend, Tom,' said Silver.

'Silver,' said Tom. 'You're old and people say you have money. Why can't you live an honest life?' Suddenly there was a sound of a pistol in the distance and a loud scream.

'What was that?' asked Tom.

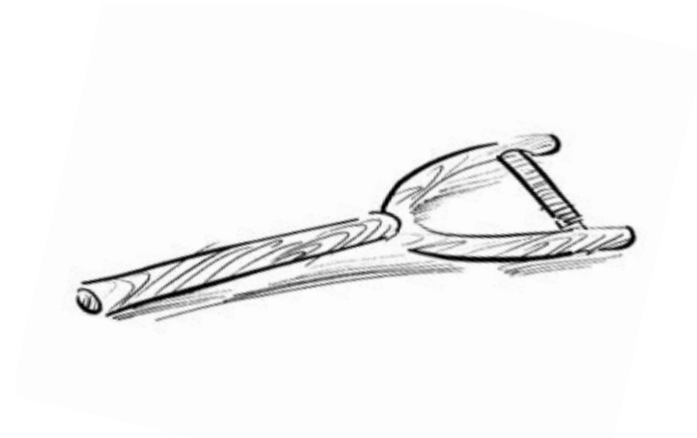
'That was probably Allan,' answered Silver calmly.

'Allan?' cried Tom. 'A true and honest seaman! John Silver you were my friend for a long time but you're not my friend anymore. You've killed Allan, haven't you? Kill me too, if you can!'

And the brave seaman turned around and started walking back to the beach. That

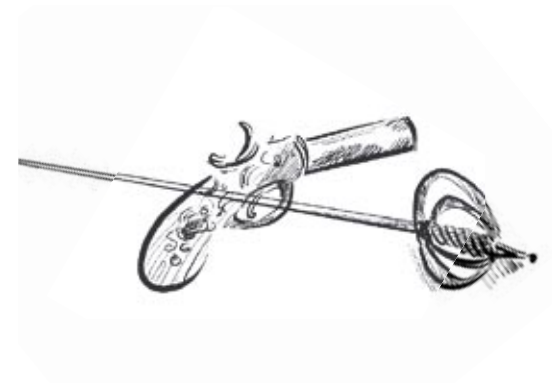
moment, Silver took his wooden crutch and threw it at Tom. It hit the poor man between the shoulders, and he fell to the ground. Silver took out his knife and, jumping on his one leg like a monkey, was on top of Tom within a second. I felt sick and couldn't look at it. When I looked again, Silver was standing with his crutch under his arm and was cleaning his knife with some grass. As silently as I could, I began to move away, and when I was sure he couldn't hear me any more, I started to run faster than I had ever run before.

But soon I ran into a new danger.



Chapter V

'The Man of The Island'



Running down the hill, I heard small stones falling behind the trees. I stopped to look around and saw someone jumping from behind a tree. At first I thought it was an animal, but then I saw it was a man. I was terrified and suddenly I remembered all that I had ever heard about cannibals. But then I remembered I had a gun on me and felt a little braver.

'Who are you?' I asked.

'Ben Gunn,' he said in a strange voice. 'I'm poor Ben Gunn. I haven't spoken to anyone for three years.'

I saw he was a white man but his face had been browned by the sun. His clothes were made from old ship's canvas and old sea cloth.

'Three years!' I cried. 'Were you shipwrecked?'

'No, my friend,' said he, 'marooned.'

I knew the word and knew it was a cruel punishment used by pirates - to leave a man alone on a desert island with only a gun and some powder.



'Three years,' he said, 'I've lived on goats and berries. I'd give anything for some good English cheese. You don't have a piece of cheese on you, do you? I've dreamed of cheese for many nights.'

'If I can get on board again, you'll have as much cheese as you like.'

'And who can stop you?' he asked.

'Not you, I know,' I replied.

'Right you are,' he cried. 'And what's your name?'

'Jim,' I said.

'Now Jim,' he said in a whisper. 'Listen to me, Jim. I'm rich! And I'll make you rich too. But tell me the truth now, Jim. This isn't Flint's ship, is it?'

'No,' I said. 'Flint's dead. But there are some of Flint's men on board, which is very bad for us.'

'Not the man with one leg?' he asked.

'Silver?' I asked.

'Yes, that was his name.' he said.

'He's the cook and the pirates' leader too.'

I decided to tell him the story of our voyage on Hispaniola. He listened to my every word, and said.

'You're a good boy, Jim, and you're in trouble. Well, Ben Gunn will help you,' he said. 'Do you think your squire will treat me kind if I help you? Will he take me on board with you?'

'I'm sure he will. The squire is a gentleman,' I said. 'Besides, if we leave the pirates here we will need men on board anyway.'

'True' said Ben. 'Now I'll tell you my story. I was on Flint's ship when he buried the treasure on this island. He went to the island in a small boat with six other men. Six strong seamen! The rest of us stayed on board. A week later he came back alone. He had killed the six men himself. We never knew how he did that. Anyway, three years ago I was on another ship with a different people. One day I saw the island.'

'Boys,' I said. 'Let's land and find Flint's treasure.'



We were looking for it for twelve days and we didn't find it, then the men got angrier and angrier and, eventually went on board without me. They left me a pistol, some powder and a spade. 'You can stay here and find Flint's money for yourself,' they said. And it's three years now. But I had things to do, I had – he said – smiling at me. 'Now, you go to your squire, Jim, and tell him Ben Gunn is a good man.'

'I will,' said I. 'But how will I get on board?'

'I have a little boat which I made. It's under the white rock. We can try to get on board when it's dark.'

And just then we heard the sound of ship's big gun

'Let's go!' I cried. 'They have started to fight.'

We ran in the direction of the fighting and after a few minutes we saw a big strong wooden house with the English flag flying over it.

'Your friends are there,' said Ben Gunn.

'Or the pirates,' said I.

'No,' said Ben. 'Silver would fly the Jolly Roger, the pirate's flag. There was probably a fight and your friends won. And now they're in this old house that Flint made a long time ago

'Let's go there then,' said I.

'I won't, until you ask your squire to promise that he will help Ben Gunn.'

At that moment the ship gun fired and Ben and me ran off in two different directions. I ran to the beach and there I saw the Jolly

Roger flying over Hispaniola. Then I saw the pirates breaking up the captain's little boat. When it got dark and the ship's cannons stopped firing, I went back to the wooden house and was welcomed by my friends. They gave me supper and Dr Livesey told me their story. When they saw I had gone with the pirates, they were worried and decided to look for me.

'I went with Hunter,' said the Doctor. 'And when we saw this house, we thought that it would be a good place to defend ourselves against the pirates. We just needed food and guns. So we went back on board, took one more boat and put the food, guns and my medicine chest in it. But when the pirates saw us returning to the beach, they started firing at us.'

'Yes, I heard that,' I said.

'They sank the boat with food and guns. But we got to the house and locked ourselves in. Then there was a fight. We killed two of them but we lost poor Tom Redruth.'

Then I told them my story and soon after I was fast asleep.

Early the next day, I was woken up by men shouting.

'Flag of truce!' I heard someone say.

'Who goes? Stand, or we fire,' hailed the captain. 'And what do you want with your flag of truce?'

'Captain Silver, sir, wants to talk about peace.' I heard one of the pirate's say.

'Captain Silver?' asked Captain Smollet. 'And who is he?'

'Me, sir,' answered Long John. 'The poor men chose me as their captain after you'd left the ship. We want peace now but on our conditions. Can I come inside?'

'No,' said Captain Smollet. 'If you were an honest man, you would be inside now. But we can talk,' he added.

'One of you was very quick with the knife last night. My men got really frightened. Maybe I was frightened too. Maybe that is why I am here.'

Captain Smollet nodded as if he understood,

but really he didn't know what Silver was talking about. But I thought I knew perhaps Ben Gunn had visited the pirates at night.

'Our point is,' Silver went on, 'we want the treasure and we'll have it. Now, if you give us the map, we'll save your lives. You can then go on board with us or stay here on the island.'

'Now, you listen to me,' said the Captain. 'If you come here one by one, without guns I'll take you home to a fair trial. If you say no, next time I see you I'll kill you without warning.'

'Before one hour is up,' cried Silver as he turned around in anger, 'I'll break your wooden house to pieces. And those that die will be the lucky ones!'



Chapter VI

'My Sea Adventure'



As soon as Silver disappeared, we started getting ready for the battle. The Captain placed us strategically around the house and told us to shoot if we see anything strange. Half an hour later Joyce saw the first pirate and the battle began. We saw seven pirates running towards the house. We all fired and three of them fell. The other four got into the house and started shooting at us. There was a thick cloud of smoke and it was difficult to see anything. In the end victory was ours but we had lost the squire's old servant Joyce and Captain Smollet was badly wounded.

'Five killed!' said the Captain and counted the pirates from memory.

'Now that's better.' he said. 'Eight of them and five of us. At the beginning there was seven of us and nineteen of them.'

The pirates didn't come back, but the house looked terrible. There was blood and dead bodies everywhere. Suddenly I got another of my mad ideas. I wanted to get away. I knew it was wrong to leave my



friends but I thought if I could find Ben Gunn's boat, it might come in useful later. So, I took some bread and two pistols and, when no one was looking, I silently left and ran to the beach.

It was easy to find the white rock that Ben told me about. I also found his boat. It was the smallest boat I had ever seen. It was getting dark when I got into it and tried to go in the direction of the Hispaniola. I wanted to cut the ship off its anchor. It felt like a good idea. The pirates would lose their ship, and I knew that Mr. Blandly, the squire's friend from Bristol, would send another ship to help us if we didn't come back home on time. So off I went!

Steering Ben Gunn's boat was very difficult but I was lucky because the sea was taking me in the right direction even if I didn't do anything. Still, it took me hours to get to the right place and it was in the middle of the night when I finally cut the Hispaniola loose. I was very proud of myself and wanted to go back and tell my friends all about it. But to



my horror, I found out I couldn't go back! Whatever I did, the sea was moving the boat in the opposite direction. I was fighting the current for hours but then I gave up. I was very tired and fell asleep.

When I woke up, it was already hot. I looked around and saw the Hispaniola on the horizon. She looked very strange, as if no one was controlling her. She moved around without any direction. I thought that maybe no one was on her. If so, maybe I could get on board and sail her to another beach where the pirates wouldn't be able to find her! Then we would have the ship! That sounded like another good idea!

I used all my strength to row in the ship's direction. Once again, the sea was helping me a lot. After a couple of hours I got very close to the Hispaniola. I was watching her carefully and just at the right moment I got hold of the anchor rope hanging down the side of the ship and climbed up. Just then, the Hispaniola changed direction and I heard her hitting Gunn's boat and sinking

it. Now there was no way back for me. I had to get control of the ship.

When I climbed on deck, I saw many empty rum bottles rolling from one side of the ship to the other. There were also two people lying on the deck, both covered in blood. One of them was the second most dangerous pirate after Silver, Israel Hands. I was sure that they had been drinking all night and had then killed each other. But then Israel Hands moved, opened his eyes and whispered:

'Rum,' his face was a picture of pain. 'I can't move.'

'Mr Hands, I've come to take control of this ship. And so from this moment I am your captain,' I said.

'I see, Captain Hawkins,' said he with an ugly smile. 'I guess, you would like to get to some beach to land, right? And you might need old Israel Hands, right?'

'Let's talk then,' said I.

'This man, O'Brien,' he pointed to the other man, 'is dead now. But last night he cut

my leg and I can't move now. So, if you bring me food and drink, and put some bandage onto my poor leg, I'll tell you how to sail this ship. That's fair, isn't it, Captain?'

'It is', I said and went to the kitchen. But I didn't believe all that he said. So I hid behind the door and watched him. As soon as he thought I was in the kitchen, he moved towards the dead man and took a large knife out of his hand and hid it in under his own coat. Then he went back to where he had been lying before. I could see he was in pain but he was able to move and he wanted to kill me.

'But he won't attack me before we land,' I thought to myself and touched the two pistols in my pockets. 'Now he needs me to sail the ship for him.'

I was right. Hands was one of the best teachers of sailing I could have had. Thanks to his directions, I was sailing the Hispaniola like an old sea-dog. I was really enjoying myself and sometimes I forgot about the danger I was in. We soon found a safe place on another beach and decided to land there.

Suddenly I heard something moving behind me. I turned round. It was Israel Hands jumping towards me with his big knife. I took out one of the pistols and tried to shoot ... but it didn't fire. It was wet.



I panicked. And then I instinctively ran in the direction of the mast and started climbing up the sails. Hands was all in pain, but didn't give up and started climbing behind me. But I was quicker. When I was high enough, I reloaded my other pistol and turned round pointing it at the pirate.

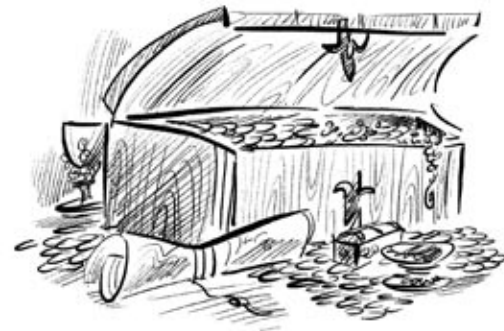
'Stop!' I shouted. 'Or I'll kill you.'

When he saw the pistol, Hands' face changed.

'Let's talk about peace, Captain Hawkins?' he said with a painful smile. 'Why don't we...' and in the middle of the sentence he threw the knife at me. It went through my shoulder and pinned me to the mast. At the same moment, I fired my pistol and a second later I saw it falling down to the sea. But with it fell Israel Hands. I had won!

Chapter VII

'The End Of The Adventure'



The knife fell out of my shoulder and I saw that the wound wasn't bad. I bandaged it up and still in pain I made sure the ship was safely landed. Then I threw the dead O'Brien overboard, and climbed out myself. Then I ran towards the wooden house. But it was far away and so when I reached it, it was already late at night. As I came nearer, I saw that everyone inside was asleep. That seemed strange, so I decided to go very silently inside to check what was happening. But the moment I went in, I heard a loud voice of Silver's old parrot shouting:

'Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!'

And at the same moment someone grabbed my arm and I heard Silver's voice:

'Who's that? Dick, bring a torch!'

The pirates were in the house. But what about my friends? Were they all dead?

'So, here's Jim Hawkins! Dropped in, like, eh?' said Silver as he took the torch from Dick.

'Where are my friends?' I asked and tried to look brave.

'Yesterday the doctor came to our camp to speak about peace as the ship had gone. So we talked and we have the house now.'

'I cut off the anchor of the Hispaniola and I killed the men aboard her, and then I sailed her to a place where you'll never find her!' I shouted. 'You can kill me now and you'll never go back home or you'll help me and when we get home, I'll save you in court.'

Just then one of the pirates jumped towards me with a knife.

'Stop it, Tom!' said Silver. 'We're not going to kill this boy.'

Tom Morgan stepped back angrily.

'Let's go outside men!' he said to the other pirates and they followed him outside the house.

'They want to kill you, Jim' said Silver when they had left. 'And they're angry with me too. Now that the ship's gone, it's all bad. The doctor gave me the map. I don't understand why but I think it's bad too.'

I couldn't understand why either.



'But I'll save you now, Jim,' Silver went on, 'if you promise to save me later in court.'

'I promise,' said I and at that moment Tom Morgan came back inside and gave Silver a piece of paper.

'A black spot!' said Silver. 'You idiots! You don't want me to be your captain. Now, look what I've got here!' and he took out Flint's map from his pocket. 'Without this boy and his ship, it's all useless, but with him we can start the adventure!'

The moment the pirates saw the map their faces changed. Silver was the captain again and I was safe.

When it got light, I saw Dr Livesey coming up to the wooden house. As a part of the peace conditions, he brought some medicine for the pirates.

'Hello, doctor, we have a surprise for you!' Silver shouted. 'Little Hawkins's here.'

'I want to speak to Jim alone!' the doctor said after he had seen his patients.

Before the other pirates managed to say a word, Silver said, 'I agree.' and then turned

to his men and said, 'And you remember who your captain is and keep silent.'

I went outside with the doctor and told him all about the ship and Israel Hands. And then Silver came up to us.

'What's the business with the map, doctor?' he asked.

'I can't tell you much,' said the doctor, 'But if I could, I would. I will promise you this though, if we ever get out of this alive, I'll do my best to save you.'

When he heard this, Silver looked much more optimistic. 'We're going to find the treasure today.'

'Be careful,' said the doctor. 'You and Jim keep together, and shout when you need help.'

After the doctor had gone, the pirates started getting ready for the treasure hunt. They were all singing and laughing when we finally left the house behind us. But this soon changed. We had been walking half an hour when suddenly one of the pirates screamed in a terrible voice. We all ran up



to him to see what had happened. There was a human skeleton lying on the grass. All the pirates fell silent.

'Wait!' said Silver. 'These bones are not in a natural position.' He looked at the map again and at his compass. Then he said:

'These bones are telling us where to go! That's Flint's joke.'

None of us thought it very funny and the pirates followed Silver in silence. Another half an hour passed and we heard a high, trembling voice singing among the trees in a distance.

'Fifteen men on the dead man's chest!'

'It's Flint's ghost!' shouted the pirates in panic.

'By thunder!' shouted Silver. 'I was not afraid of Flint when he was alive and I'm not afraid of his ghost either. I'm looking for the treasure and I'll find it. And you can go with me or stay here!'

And so the pirates started climbing again.

It took us the whole day to find the point marked on the map with the big red cross. When we finally found it, it turned out there was no treasure there - only a deep hole in the ground.

'There's nothing here!' shouted the pirates. 'John Silver! You cheated us! You've known all along that there was no treasure here.' And they all started moving towards me and Silver.

Then suddenly guns fired from behind the trees. It was my friends. They had come to help us. The battle began. An hour later, three of the pirates had managed to run away. All of the others were dead in the hole where the treasure once was.

Not long after, both me and Silver were safe up the hill in Ben Gunn's cave. It was Ben who had sung among the trees and frightened the pirates to delay them so the others could get into place in time for the attack. For three years he had been looking for Flint's treasure and he had found it three months before we came

to the island. He moved it all to his cave, which was now full of gold pieces. It took us all a week to move it secretly on board the Hispaniola and then with both Ben Gunn and Silver on board we set off on a short journey to the nearest port in Africa. There we wanted to find a new crew for the voyage back home. You wouldn't believe how happy I was to see the last of the Treasure Island on the horizon with the three pirates marooned on its shore.

Silver disappeared the night we reached the African port. The next day Ben Gunn admitted he had helped him and had given him some money. We have heard no more of him.

We had a good voyage home. But none of us wants to go back to the Treasure Island again. I still sometimes have bad dreams about it and I wake up with the sound of that old pirate song in my head:

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



Notes

Glossary

adventure – przygoda
anchor – kotwica



anger – złość
arm – ramię
bandage – bandaż
barrel – beczka



bay – zatoka
be placed – umiejscawiać się
be terrified with – truchleć
berry – jagoda
beside – poza tym
blind – ślepy

blood – krew
board – pokład
body - ciało
bottle – butelka



brake up – rozdrabniać
brave – odważny
bush – krzak
calm – spokojny
camp – biwak, obóz
cannibal – kanibal
captain – kapitan
carefully – uważnie
cave – jaskinia
cheek – policzek
chest – pierś, skrzynia, pudło
cliff - wybrzeże, urwisko
coin – moneta



condition – warunek
conversation – rozmowa
corner – róg
count – liczyć
couple – para
court – sąd
crew – załoga
cross – krzyż
cruel – straszliwy, okrutny
crutch – kula (kulawego)



current – bieżący
customer – klient
dark – ciemny, ponury
deck – pokład
defend – bronić, asekurować
desert – pustkowie, pustynia, porzucić
devil – diabeł
dining room – jadalnia
direction – kierunek
distance – odległość

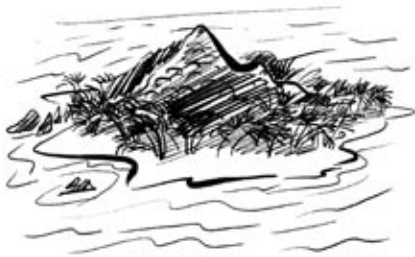
ear – ucho
empty – pusty
excite – ekscytować, podniecać
exclaim – zawołać, krzyknąć
eyebrow – brew
face – twarz
faint – zemdleć, nieśmiały
fall asleep – zasnąć
finger – palec
flag – flaga



funeral – pogrzeb
furniture – meble
gardener – ogrodnik
ghost – duch
goat – koza



guest – gość
guest- house – zajazd
hand – dłoń
handful – garść
hate – nienawidzić
hid – czas przeszły od
- hide – schować się
honest – uczciwy
hood – kaptur
hooves – kopyta
horizon – horyzont
ill – chory
instinctively – instynktownie
irritate – irytować, denerwować
island – wyspa



keep secret – dochować tajemnicy
land – ląd, ziemia
leader – przywódca, prowadzący

leg – noga
look around – rozglądać się
magistrate – sędzia
mast – maszt



medicine – lekarstwo
middle – środek
mistake – pomyłka
month – miesiąc
mutiny – bunt, rewolta
neck – szyja, kark
nightmare – koszmary sen
nod – skinienie, kiwnięcie głową
opposite – przeciwległy
order – rozkazywać
packet – paczuszka
pain – ból
painful – bolesny

parrot – papuga



patient – pacjent

pay attention – zwracać uwagę

peace – pokój

pistol – pistolet, rewolwer



pocket – kieszeń

poor – biedny

power – proch

precise – dokładny

proud – dumny

punishment – kara

reload – przeładować

rest – reszta

risk – ryzyko

rock – skała

rope – lina

sailor – marynarz

scoundrel – łotr, łajdak

scream – krzyk

sea – morze

sea – song

– pieśń żeglarska, shanta

seaman – żeglarz

servant – służący

several – poszczególny

ship – statek



shipwreck – katastrofa morska, wrak

shore – wybrzeże



sick – chory
silence – cisza
silver – srebrny
spade – łopata, szpadel
spot – punkt, miejsce, zauważać
squire – giermek, dziedzic
stroke – uderzenie, cios
stone – kamień
story – opowieść
strength – siła
sword – miecz
task – zadanie
terrible – straszliwy, straszny
terrify – przestraszyć
thunder – grzmot, huk
to admit – przyjąć, dopuszczać
to avoid – omijać
to be afraid – obawiać się
to beat – gryźć
to bring – przynieść
to bury – zakopać, pogrzebać
to buy – kupować
to cheat – oszukiwać
to climb – wspinać się



to complain about sth. – skarżyć się
to count – liczyć
to cover – przykrywać
to describe – opisywać
to discover – odkryć
to die – umierać
to fight – walczyć
to grab – porwać, chwycić, złapać
to grip – chwytać, ściskać
to hang – wisieć
to hop – podskakiwać, kicać
to imagine – wyobrażać sobie
to jump – skoczyć
to kill – zabijać
to knock – pukać
to laugh – śmiać się
to manage - kierować, podołać
to offer – oferować
to recognise – rozpoznać
to rest – odpoczywać
to shout – krzyczeć
to sing – śpiewać
to sink – tonąć
to slip – poślizgnąć, ześlizgnąć

to smile – uśmiechać się
to swear – przeklinać
to whisper – szeptać
to worry – martwić się
tongue – język
torch – pochodnia, latarka, żagiew
treasure – skarb



trouble – kłopot
useful – użyteczny
useless – bezużyteczny
village – wioska
voyage – podróż
weak – słaby
wooden – drewniany
wound – rana

Contents

Chapter 1 – <i>The Old Sea-Dog</i>	3
Chapter 2 – <i>The Brown Packet</i>	13
Chapter 3 – <i>We Go To Sea</i>	23
Chapter 4 – <i>Silver</i>	35
Chapter 5 – <i>The Man Of The Island</i>	45
Chapter 6 – <i>My Sea Adventure</i>	55
Chapter 7 – <i>The End Of The Adventure</i>	65
<i>Glossary</i>	75

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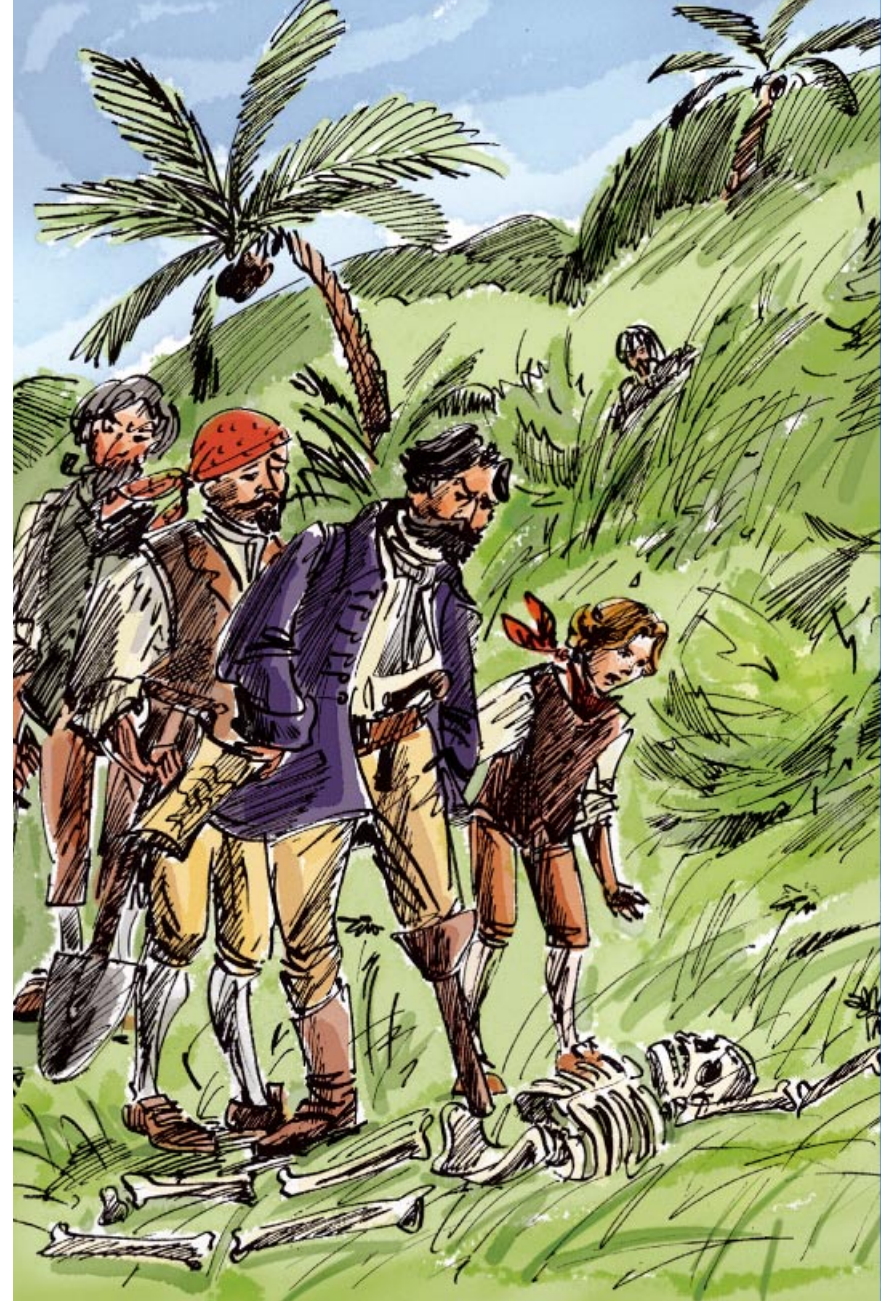


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