

## **AI-Generated Graded Readers**

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### **About This Edition**

This book is a simplified English adaptation created for extensive reading practice.

The text was generated using ChatGPT and prepared for intermediate English learners as part of an educational project.

Target reading level: CEFR A2-B1

This edition aims to support fluency development through accessible vocabulary, expanded narration, and improved readability while preserving the original story structure.

### **Source Text**

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Robert Louis Stevenson, *Treasure Island* (Simplified Edition, Adapted and Simplified by ChatGPT)

## Part 1

My name is Jim Hawkins. I write this story because Squire Trelawney and Doctor Livesey asked me to tell everything that happened during the adventure of Treasure Island. They told me to hide only one thing: the exact place of the island, because treasure may still remain there. All the rest must be told truthfully, just as I remember it. When I begin to write, many years have passed, yet the memories return clearly, as if I am again a boy standing at the door of my father's inn beside the cold sea.

At that time my father kept a small inn called the Admiral Benbow. It stood alone near a quiet bay, far from busy towns. The land around us was rough and lonely. High cliffs rose behind the house, and the sea stretched wide and gray before it. Travelers did not often come our way, and most days passed slowly. I helped my parents with small tasks, carrying wood, cleaning tables, and watching the road for guests.

One cold morning, when the wind moved slowly over the water and the sky looked pale and empty, I saw a strange man coming along the road. He walked heavily, step after step, as if each movement required effort. Behind him a boy pushed a wheelbarrow carrying a large sea chest. Even before he reached the door, I felt that this man would change our quiet life.

He was tall and strong, though his clothes were old and dirty. His face was dark from sun and weather, and a long white scar crossed one cheek. A thick queue of hair, tied with tarred cord, hung over the shoulder of his blue coat. His hands looked rough and cut, and his nails were black and broken. He stopped before the inn and stood still for a moment, looking carefully at the sea, the cliffs, and the lonely road, as if measuring the place.

Then he began to whistle softly. The sound rose and fell with the wind. After a moment he started singing in a cracked voice:

“Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum.”

The song sounded wild and old. It did not belong to our quiet shore. I felt uneasy though I did not know why.

He knocked loudly on the door using a heavy stick. My father came out, wiping his hands on his apron. The stranger asked roughly for rum. When my father brought it, the man drank slowly, holding the cup close to his face as if testing its smell before each swallow. While drinking, he kept looking outside toward the sea.

“This is a handy cove,” he said at last. “A good place. Quiet. Not many people come here, I suppose?”

My father answered that business was small and visitors were few. The stranger nodded with clear satisfaction. He turned toward the boy with the wheelbarrow and ordered him to bring in the chest. Then he threw several gold coins onto the ground near the door.

“You can tell me when that’s spent,” he said. “Call me captain.”

Though his speech sounded rough, he spoke like a man used to being obeyed. The boy who brought the chest soon left, and the captain remained. That was the beginning of his stay with us.

From the first day he followed a strange routine. Every morning he walked along the cliffs carrying a brass telescope. He stood for long periods watching the sea, turning slowly as ships passed far away. Sometimes he stayed there so long that the wind blew his coat hard against his body, yet he did not move.

In the evening he sat near the fire and drank rum mixed with water, always strong. He rarely spoke unless he wished to speak. When others tried conversation, he often answered only with a sharp look and a loud breath through his nose. Soon visitors learned to leave him alone.

Each afternoon, when he returned from his walk, he asked the same question: “Any seafaring men pass today?” At first we thought he hoped for company, but after some weeks I understood that he feared meeting certain sailors. If a sailor entered the inn, the captain watched secretly before joining the room. When such

men were present, he became silent and careful.

One evening he called me aside. His eyes searched my face closely before he spoke. He told me he would give me a silver coin each month if I watched carefully for a sailor with one leg. If such a man appeared, I must tell him at once. His voice grew low when he said this, and I felt a chill though the fire burned warm beside us.

From that day the thought of the one-legged sailor followed me everywhere. At night, when storms struck the house and waves crashed against the rocks, I imagined the man coming along the road. In dreams he chased me across fields, sometimes with one leg ending at the knee, sometimes higher, sometimes moving faster than any normal man. I woke often in fear, listening for footsteps outside.

Despite these fears, I grew used to the captain's presence. Many evenings he drank too much and forced everyone to listen to his songs. He struck the table for silence and demanded attention while he told stories of storms, battles, and cruel acts at sea. His voice grew loud, and people sang with him only because they feared his anger.

My father worried that customers would stop coming, yet the opposite happened. Some villagers visited only to hear the captain's stories. Young men admired him and called him a true sailor. They did not see how his temper frightened us at home.

Weeks became months. The gold coins he had given were long gone, yet my father never dared ask for more payment. Whenever money was mentioned, the captain stared so fiercely that my father stepped back without another word. I often saw my father afterward, his hands shaking slightly from worry.

The captain never received letters and never wrote any. His great sea chest remained closed at all times. Sometimes I wondered what lay inside, but I never dared ask.

One afternoon Doctor Livesey came to visit my sick father. The doctor looked clean and calm, dressed neatly, with bright eyes and polite manners. The contrast between him and the dirty captain seemed almost unreal. The doctor sat by the fire smoking while waiting for his horse.

The captain began singing loudly again. Everyone fell silent except the doctor, who continued speaking calmly. Suddenly the captain slammed his hand on the table and shouted for silence.

The doctor turned slowly. "Were you speaking to me?" he asked.

When the captain cursed again, the doctor answered calmly that if he continued drinking rum, he would soon die. The words shocked everyone. The captain jumped up, pulled out a knife, and threatened him.

Yet the doctor did not move. His voice remained steady as he warned that any violence would bring the law upon him. The two men stared at each other for a long moment. At last the captain lowered his weapon and sat down again, defeated.

From that evening onward, something changed. The captain grew quieter, though not calmer. A shadow seemed to follow him, and often I saw him listening suddenly, as if expecting footsteps outside.

None of us knew then how close danger already stood to our door.

## Part 2

The winter grew colder as the weeks passed, and frost covered the ground each morning like a thin white cloth. My father's illness became worse during this time. He moved slowly, spoke little, and often rested in bed while my mother and I managed the inn as best we could. Work filled our days, yet the captain remained a constant worry. Even when he sat quietly, his presence felt heavy, as though a storm waited just beyond sight.

One morning in January, before the sun had fully risen, the captain left the house earlier than usual. I watched him from the doorway. His breath showed white in the cold air as he walked toward the beach, the telescope under his arm and his cutlass swinging at his side. The sea lay gray and calm, and frost glittered on the stones. For a moment everything seemed peaceful.

After he disappeared behind a large rock along the shore, I returned inside to prepare breakfast. My mother was upstairs with my father, and the inn felt unusually still. I had just begun setting plates on the table when the door opened

quietly behind me.

A stranger entered.

I turned at once. The man stood just inside the doorway, looking around slowly. His face was pale and yellowish, and two fingers were missing from his left hand. Though he carried a sword, he did not appear strong. His eyes moved quickly, studying every corner of the room.

“Rum,” he said at last.

His voice sounded soft but unpleasant. I nodded and turned to fetch the drink, but before I could leave, he motioned for me to come closer. Something in his manner made me hesitate.

“Come here, sonny,” he said with a thin smile. “Just a word.”

I stepped nearer, holding my cloth tightly in my hands.

“This table here,” he asked, tapping it lightly, “is it for my old mate Bill?”

I told him I did not know anyone named Bill, only a man we called the captain.

The stranger’s smile widened slightly. “Ah,” he said, “that’ll be him. Cut across the cheek? Strong voice when he drinks?”

I nodded slowly.

“Good,” he whispered. “Very good.”

His eyes shifted toward the door again. He asked which way the captain had gone and how soon he would return. I answered without thinking, though uneasiness grew inside me. The stranger listened carefully, then gave a quiet laugh that did not sound friendly at all.

Instead of sitting calmly, he moved near the door and stood partly hidden behind it. He watched the road like a hunting animal waiting for prey. Once I stepped outside, hoping to escape his presence, but he called sharply for me to return. When I hesitated, his face changed suddenly, hard and cruel, and he swore at me so fiercely that I hurried back at once.

A moment later his smile returned, as if nothing had happened. He patted my shoulder and spoke gently, saying he liked me and had a son of his own. Yet his hand felt cold, and I wished only to be away from him.

“We’ll give Bill a little surprise,” he said. “You and me will wait.”

He pulled me behind the open door of the parlor so that we were hidden from anyone entering. Standing there, I noticed that he loosened his sword slightly, ready to draw it. Though he tried to appear calm, he swallowed often, and I realized he was nervous too.

At last heavy footsteps sounded outside. The captain entered, closing the door behind him without looking around. He walked straight toward the table where his breakfast waited.

“Bill,” said the stranger suddenly.

The captain spun around. The color drained from his face so quickly that I hardly recognized him. His mouth opened, and for a moment he looked like a man seeing a ghost.

“Black Dog!” he gasped.

“Aye,” said the stranger, smiling wider now. “Black Dog, your old shipmate.”

The two men stared at each other. The captain’s hands trembled slightly, though he tried to appear strong.

“Well,” he said at last, “you’ve found me. Speak, then.”

Black Dog asked for rum and sat opposite the captain. I brought the drink and was ordered to leave the door open. Their voices remained low at first, and I could hear only murmuring. I tried to listen from the next room, but the words were unclear.

Gradually their voices rose. Angry tones replaced quiet speech. I heard curses, then the captain shouting loudly, “No more of it!” A chair scraped sharply across the floor. Suddenly a crash sounded, followed by the clash of steel.

I ran toward the doorway just in time to see both men rushing outside with swords drawn. Black Dog’s shoulder bled where the captain had struck him. They fought briefly near the entrance. The captain swung his weapon in a powerful blow meant to kill, but it struck our hanging sign instead, leaving a deep cut in the wood.

Black Dog escaped down the road, running faster than I thought possible for a wounded man. The captain stood watching him disappear, breathing heavily.

Then he turned back inside. His face looked confused, almost lost.

“Jim,” he said weakly, “rum.”

As he spoke, he swayed and caught himself against the wall. I asked if he was hurt, but he only repeated his demand. I hurried to fetch the drink, my hands shaking so badly that I nearly dropped the glass.

Before I returned, a loud thud sounded from the parlor. I rushed back and found the captain lying flat on the floor. His eyes were closed, and his breathing came hard and loud.

My mother ran downstairs at the noise. We tried to lift him, believing he had been wounded, but we could find no injury. Fear filled us both.

At that moment the door opened again, and Doctor Livesey entered for his visit to my father. Seeing our distress, he immediately knelt beside the captain and examined him carefully.

“Not wounded,” the doctor said calmly. “A stroke. Just as I warned him.”

He ordered me to bring a basin and quickly opened a vein in the captain’s arm to bleed him. I watched nervously but followed instructions. After some time the captain’s eyes opened slowly. He looked first at the doctor with anger, then at me with relief.

“Where’s Black Dog?” he demanded.

The doctor ignored the question and spoke firmly. He told the captain that rum would kill him and that another attack would surely end his life. The captain protested weakly but lacked strength to argue long.

With our help he was carried upstairs and laid in bed. The doctor warned him clearly: even one glass of rum could mean death.

As the doctor left the room, I felt that greater danger had begun, though I could not yet understand how deeply our lives were already tied to the captain’s past.

### Part 3

The captain remained in bed for several days after his attack. The doctor ordered complete rest and strict avoidance of rum. At first the captain obeyed, though unwillingly. He lay still beneath the blankets, breathing heavily, his eyes

often open and staring toward the ceiling as if watching something invisible. When I entered the room with food or medicine, he followed me with restless attention.

One afternoon, when the winter light outside looked pale and weak through the window, I carried him a tray with broth and medicine. As soon as I placed it beside him, he motioned for me to come closer.

“Jim,” he said quietly, his voice rough but softer than before, “you’re a good lad. Better than most.” He paused to catch his breath. “You know I always treated you fair.”

I nodded, unsure what he wanted.

“You’ll bring me a little rum now,” he whispered. “Just one small glass.”

I hesitated. The doctor’s warning still sounded clearly in my mind. I told him the doctor had forbidden it. At once his face twisted with anger.

“Doctors!” he muttered. “They know nothing of a seaman’s life.” His voice grew stronger as he spoke, filled with old pride. He told stories of hot seas, storms, sickness, and long voyages where rum had kept men alive. Without it, he said, fear would take hold of him. His fingers shook badly, moving without control upon the blanket.

He leaned closer toward me. “I seen things already,” he whispered. “Old Flint himself. Standing there in the corner.” His eyes turned suddenly toward the empty wall, and for a moment I felt a chill run through me.

He promised me gold if I helped him. The offer frightened me more than tempted me. I refused the money but agreed at last to bring one glass only, thinking it might calm him. When I returned, he seized the drink eagerly and swallowed it in long gulps. A deep sigh escaped him afterward, and some color returned to his cheeks.

For a short time he seemed stronger. Then anxiety returned.

“How long must I lie here?” he asked.

I told him at least a week. At this he struggled to sit upright, panic clear in his face.

“A week!” he cried. “They’ll have me by then. They’ll give me the black spot

sure enough.”

I asked what the black spot meant, but he did not answer directly. Instead he spoke of sailors searching for his sea chest and warned me that dangerous men were coming. If strangers arrived, he said, I must ride to Doctor Livesey and bring help at once. He spoke of Captain Flint and claimed to have been his first mate. He insisted he alone knew certain secrets connected to hidden treasure.

His strength faded quickly, and he sank back onto the pillow. After taking his medicine he fell into a deep sleep, breathing slowly and heavily. I left the room troubled by his words.

That same evening tragedy struck our family. My father, who had been ill for many weeks, died suddenly. Grief filled the house, and all thoughts of the captain were pushed aside by sorrow and duty. Neighbors came and went, offering help and sympathy. My mother and I worked constantly arranging the funeral and managing the inn.

During these days the captain recovered enough to walk again. Though weak, he returned downstairs and resumed drinking whenever he could. Without the doctor nearby, no one dared stop him. His behavior grew strange. Sometimes he shouted angrily; other times he sat silently as if lost in memories only he could see.

The night before my father’s funeral he drank heavily and sang loudly despite the sadness in our home. The sound troubled me deeply, yet fear kept us silent.

The day after the funeral arrived cold and foggy. Around three in the afternoon I stood at the door of the inn, thinking sadly of my father. The road lay quiet beneath a thin gray mist. Then I noticed a figure approaching slowly.

The man walked carefully, tapping the ground before him with a stick. A large green shade covered his eyes and nose, and his back bent forward sharply. His clothes hung loosely, old and torn. Even from a distance he looked frightening.

He stopped near me and raised his voice in a strange singing tone. He asked where he was and begged for guidance from a kind person. I answered that he stood before the Admiral Benbow.

“Ah,” he said softly, “a young voice. Give me your hand, my kind young friend,

and lead me inside.”

Feeling pity, I held out my hand. Instantly his grip closed around it like iron. Pain shot through my arm. I tried to pull away, but he twisted my wrist sharply.

“Take me to the captain,” he said quietly.

I told him I dared not. At once his voice turned cold and cruel. He threatened to break my arm if I refused. Terrified, I obeyed.

As we entered the parlor, he whispered instructions. I must announce him as a friend for Bill. My voice trembled as I spoke the words aloud.

The captain looked up. The change in him was shocking. Sobriety returned instantly, and fear filled his face.

The blind man ordered him to sit still. Though unable to see, he seemed aware of every movement. He commanded me to place the captain’s left hand into his own. I obeyed, shaking.

Something small passed from the blind man’s hand into the captain’s palm. Then he released me and moved swiftly from the room, his stick tapping rapidly away down the road.

Silence filled the parlor. The captain stared at his hand. Slowly he opened it and read what lay there.

“Ten o’clock!” he cried. “Six hours left!”

He tried to stand but staggered violently. His hand clutched his throat. With a strange choking sound he collapsed face forward onto the floor.

My mother and I rushed to him, but nothing could be done. The captain had died instantly from another stroke. Though I had feared him often, tears came to my eyes. He was the second person I had seen die within such a short time, and sorrow weighed heavily upon me.

Only then did I realize that whatever danger he had feared was now coming for us.

#### Part 4

After the captain’s death my mother and I stood for some moments beside the

body, unable to speak. The room felt colder than before, though the fire still burned. Outside, the fog pressed softly against the windows, and every small sound seemed louder than usual. At last my mother drew a deep breath and said we must think carefully about what to do next.

I told her everything the captain had said to me during his illness: the fear of his old shipmates, the black spot, and the danger connected with the sea chest upstairs. As I spoke, her face grew pale. We both understood that the men who had visited—the pale stranger and the blind beggar—would likely return.

The captain owed us money for many months of food and lodging. My mother said firmly that we must take only what was rightfully ours. Yet she also knew we could not remain alone in the house if dangerous men were coming.

We decided to go at once to the nearby hamlet and ask for help.

The evening air felt sharp and cold as we left the inn together. Fog lay low across the ground, and the road seemed strangely quiet. We walked quickly, often looking behind us. Each sound of wind through the grass made my heart jump.

Lights appeared ahead as we reached the hamlet. Warm yellow glow shone from windows, and for a moment I felt safe. But when we told the villagers what had happened, their courage failed them. The name of Captain Flint frightened many of them deeply. Some had seen strangers near the coast and believed smugglers were active. Though they listened carefully, none wished to return with us to the Admiral Benbow.

A few agreed to send a rider for Doctor Livesey, but no one would come to defend the inn. My mother grew angry at their fear. She declared that she would not abandon money honestly owed to her and that she and her son would return alone if necessary.

At last they gave us small help. One man handed me a loaded pistol for protection. Others promised to prepare horses in case we needed escape later. Though their fear disappointed me, we wasted no more time and began the journey back.

The moon rose slowly as we walked. Its red light shone through the fog, making the road appear strange and unreal. We hurried along the hedges until at last the

dark shape of the inn appeared ahead.

Once inside, I quickly locked the door behind us. The silence felt heavy. Somewhere upstairs a board creaked softly, and both of us started at the sound. My mother lit a candle, and together we entered the parlor where the captain still lay on the floor exactly as we had left him.

His eyes remained open, staring upward. My mother turned away quickly and told me to close the window blinds so no one could see inside. After I finished, she said we must find the key to the sea chest.

Kneeling beside the body filled me with dread, yet I forced myself to search his pockets. I found small coins, tobacco, a compass, thread and needles, and other little objects, but no key. Then I noticed a small round piece of paper lying near his hand. One side was blackened. When I turned it over, I read the message written clearly: “You have till ten tonight.”

The clock in the room began striking just then. We both jumped at the sudden sound. It was only six o’clock, but fear rushed through me.

My mother suggested the key might hang around his neck. With great reluctance I opened his shirt and found a string beneath it. Cutting the string carefully, I lifted a small key free. Relief filled us both.

We hurried upstairs to the captain’s room. The sea chest stood exactly where it had always been. The letter “B” was burned into its lid, and the wood showed marks of long travel. My mother took the key with trembling hands and opened the lock.

A strong smell of tobacco and sea air rose from inside. On top lay a set of fine clothes, neatly folded but never worn. Beneath them we found many strange objects: pistols, silver pieces, a watch, shells from distant places, and tools used at sea. None of these mattered to us.

At last we discovered a heavy canvas bag filled with coins and a bundle wrapped carefully in oilcloth. My mother began counting the money owed to us. The coins came from many countries—large gold pieces, smaller ones, and silver mixed together. Counting them took time, and my impatience grew.

Suddenly I heard a faint sound outside—the tap of a stick upon frozen ground.

The blind man.

The tapping grew louder until it reached our door. We froze, holding our breath. The handle moved slightly as he tried to enter, but the bolt held firm. After a long moment of silence, the tapping slowly moved away again.

I urged my mother to take all the money and flee, certain the pirates would soon return. But she refused to take more than was owed. Even in fear she remained honest. Only when a distant whistle sounded from the hills did she finally agree we must leave at once.

She gathered the counted coins into a bag. I seized the oilcloth packet, feeling instinctively that it was important. We left the candle burning beside the open chest and hurried downstairs.

Outside, the fog had begun to lift. Moonlight spread across the road, making escape more dangerous. We had gone only a short distance when I heard running footsteps behind us. Turning back, I saw the swinging light of a lantern moving quickly toward the inn.

My mother suddenly stopped and clutched my arm. Her strength failed, and she said she could go no farther.

Fear filled me as the footsteps grew closer. With great effort I helped her down the bank beside a small bridge and hid with her beneath it. The space was narrow and cold, but it concealed us from view.

Above us the approaching men reached the inn.

Holding my breath, I crawled quietly back toward the road to see what would happen next.

## Part 5

I lay flat behind a bush near the road, hardly daring to breathe. From that place I could see the front of the Admiral Benbow clearly while remaining hidden in shadow. The lantern light grew brighter as several men arrived at a run. Their boots struck the frozen ground loudly, and their voices came quick and harsh through the cold air.

There were many of them—seven or eight at least. One carried the lantern high, its light shaking as he moved. In the center of the group walked the blind beggar. Though he could not see, he moved forward with confidence, tapping his stick sharply against the road.

“Down with the door!” he shouted.

Two men rushed forward, but almost immediately they stopped in surprise.

“Door’s open!” one called.

The blind man cursed angrily. “Inside, then! Move, you slow fools!”

Several pirates ran into the inn while two remained beside him outside. I heard heavy steps pounding across the floorboards, furniture crashing, and doors being kicked open. The noise echoed across the quiet bay.

Suddenly a voice shouted from inside, filled with surprise. “Bill’s dead!”

The blind man struck the ground with his stick in fury. “Search him! Get the chest!” he cried.

More crashing followed as the men rushed upstairs. The entire house shook with their movements. I felt both fear and strange anger watching them destroy our home.

Soon a window above flew open, glass breaking loudly. A pirate leaned out into the moonlight.

“Pew!” he shouted. “Someone’s been here before us. Chest’s been opened!”

“Is the money there?” cried the blind man.

“Aye, money’s there.”

“Curse the money!” the blind man screamed. “I want Flint’s papers!”

Another pirate appeared at the door. “Nothing left on Bill,” he said. “He’s been searched already.”

Rage filled the blind man’s voice. He shouted that we must have taken the papers and ordered the men to search the area. Pirates rushed out again, running around the inn and nearby ground. I pressed myself closer to the earth, afraid even my breathing might betray me.

Inside the house they continued smashing furniture and throwing objects aside. Every crash felt like a blow to my chest. The inn that had been my home now

sounded like a battlefield.

Then a whistle sounded far away on the hill.

The pirates froze. One muttered nervously that it was a warning signal. Fear spread quickly among them. Some wanted to leave at once, but the blind man refused. He shouted insults and struck at them with his stick, calling them cowards.

“You stand on fortune!” he cried. “Thousands of gold within reach—and you fear shadows!”

Another whistle sounded, clearer and closer than before.

At that moment a new sound rose above all others—the thunder of horses galloping down the hill. A pistol shot cracked through the night air.

Panic seized the pirates instantly. Without waiting for orders, they scattered in every direction. Some ran toward the shore, others up the hillside. Within moments the group dissolved completely.

Only the blind man remained.

He shouted desperately, calling the names of his companions, begging them not to leave him. Confused and terrified, he turned the wrong way and began running directly toward the approaching riders.

The horses appeared suddenly at full speed, their shapes bright in the moonlight. The riders shouted warnings, trying to slow, but it was too late. The blind man stumbled directly into their path. One horse struck him, knocking him down. Hooves passed over him, and he fell motionless upon the road.

Silence followed except for the heavy breathing of the horses.

I stood and called out to the riders. They turned toward me in surprise. One was the boy sent earlier from the hamlet to fetch Doctor Livesey. The others were revenue officers led by Supervisor Dance, who had been searching the coast after hearing reports of smugglers.

They quickly understood what had happened. Pew, the blind beggar, lay dead. Though his death shocked them, none mourned him.

With their help I returned to my mother beneath the bridge. She soon recovered once we brought her back to the village and gave her water. Meanwhile Supervisor Dance rode toward the hidden bay called Kitt’s Hole, hoping to capture the pirates’

ship.

I went with him later back to the Admiral Benbow. The sight filled me with sadness. Chairs lay broken, doors smashed, and objects scattered everywhere. Even the clock had been thrown to the floor. Nothing remained untouched.

The supervisor asked what the pirates truly wanted. I told him I believed it was the oilcloth packet I carried. He offered to keep it safe, but I suggested we give it directly to Doctor Livesey. He agreed at once and decided we would ride there together.

Soon we were mounted and traveling quickly through the cold night. I rode behind one of the officers, holding tightly as the horse moved fast along the road. Wind struck my face, and exhaustion finally began to replace fear.

When we reached the doctor's house, we learned he had gone to dine with Squire Trelawney at the great hall nearby. Without delay we continued onward beneath the bright moon.

The hall stood large and silent among wide gardens. Servants admitted us and led us through long corridors into a grand library filled with books and statues. A warm fire burned brightly inside.

Doctor Livesey and Squire Trelawney sat beside the fire smoking pipes. They looked surprised to see us arrive so late. Supervisor Dance told the full story carefully, from the captain's death to the pirate attack.

Both gentlemen listened with deep attention. The squire rose repeatedly in excitement, pacing across the room, while the doctor removed his wig and leaned forward thoughtfully.

When the story ended, the doctor turned toward me.

"And you have the thing they wanted?" he asked calmly.

I took the oilcloth packet from my pocket and handed it to him.

He examined it slowly but did not open it at once. Instead he placed it carefully inside his coat.

"You have done very well, Jim," he said quietly.

Though I did not yet know it, that small packet would soon lead us far from home and into the greatest adventure of my life.

## Part 6

After I handed the oilcloth packet to Doctor Livesey, the room grew quiet. The fire burned steadily, and its light moved across the shelves of books that filled the walls from floor to ceiling. Squire Trelawney could hardly remain still. He walked back and forth with long steps, his hands behind his back, waiting impatiently while the doctor examined the packet.

At last Doctor Livesey placed it carefully upon the table. He untied the string slowly, as if he understood the importance of every movement. I leaned forward, unable to hide my curiosity. The squire stood beside him, watching closely.

Inside the wrapping lay two objects: a small notebook, worn and stained, and a folded paper sealed carefully. The doctor opened the notebook first. Its pages were filled with writing in a rough hand—numbers, short notes, and strange marks. Some pages showed lists of ships and amounts of money beside them. Others contained dates followed by large totals added together.

The doctor studied the pages thoughtfully. “Accounts,” he said at last. “Records of plunder.”

The squire’s eyes shone with excitement. He asked if the treasure described there could still exist. The doctor nodded slowly. The entries covered many years and showed enormous sums gathered little by little.

Then he opened the folded paper.

A map spread across the table.

I moved closer. The drawing showed an island shaped almost like a fat dragon lying in the sea. Hills, trees, anchor places, and paths were marked clearly. Three red crosses stood out strongly against the paper. Near one cross were written simple words: “Bulk of treasure here.”

The squire gave a loud cry of joy. He struck the table with his hand and declared that we must sail at once to find the treasure. His excitement filled the room like sudden sunlight.

Doctor Livesey, however, remained calm. He reminded the squire that

dangerous men were already searching for this very map. If news spread, they would face great risk. Careful planning would be necessary.

They spoke together for a long time. I listened quietly while they decided what must be done. The squire would travel to Bristol to buy a ship and hire a crew. The doctor would manage supplies and keep the secret safe. Only a few trusted people would know the true purpose of the voyage.

Then the doctor turned toward me.

“Jim,” he said, “would you like to come with us?”

My heart leapt at once. Though fear still lived inside me after recent events, the thought of adventure and distant seas filled me with excitement stronger than anything I had known before.

“Yes, sir,” I answered quickly.

The squire laughed loudly and declared I was a brave lad. He promised I would see the world and return rich beyond dreams.

That night I slept at the doctor’s house, safe at last. For the first time in many days I rested without fear of footsteps outside the door.

In the following weeks preparations moved quickly. Letters arrived from Squire Trelawney describing his success in Bristol. He had purchased a fine ship called the *Hispaniola*, strong and swift, perfect for a long voyage. He wrote with great enthusiasm about the crew he had hired, especially a sea cook named Long John Silver, whom he praised as honest and capable.

When I heard the name, I remembered suddenly the captain’s warning about a sailor with one leg. Uneasiness touched me, though I said nothing at first.

Soon Doctor Livesey and I traveled to Bristol. The harbor amazed me beyond words. Ships stood everywhere, their tall masts rising like forests. Sailors shouted orders, ropes creaked, and gulls cried overhead. The smell of salt, wood, and tar filled the air.

The squire greeted us warmly and led us to an inn called the Spy-glass, owned by Long John Silver himself. The man stood behind the counter, tall and broad, supported by a wooden crutch where one leg was missing. His face looked open and cheerful, and his eyes shone with friendly humor.

He welcomed us politely and spoke kindly to me, asking about my journey. His laugh sounded warm and natural, and soon I felt ashamed of my earlier suspicion. Many sailors greeted him with respect, and he seemed well liked by everyone present.

While we spoke, Silver suddenly noticed a man slipping toward the door. With surprising speed he shouted and tried to stop him, but the man escaped into the street. Silver explained that the fellow was named Black Dog and claimed he had not known the man was a pirate. The squire believed him completely. Doctor Livesey listened carefully but said little.

Later we visited the *Hispaniola*. She lay ready at the dock, her deck clean and her sails neatly folded. Captain Smollett greeted us seriously. He spoke honestly about his concerns. Too many sailors seemed aware that treasure might be involved, and he disliked secrecy.

Though his manner felt strict, both the doctor and I respected him. Plans were adjusted so that weapons and powder were stored safely and trustworthy men were placed in important positions.

At last the day came when we sailed. The ropes were cast off, and the ship moved slowly from the harbor. I stood at the rail watching Bristol fade into the distance. Excitement filled me, mixed with nervous anticipation.

Life at sea soon formed a pattern. Sailors worked constantly, singing as they pulled ropes and raised sails. Long John Silver managed the galley with skill, joking with the crew and keeping good order. He treated me kindly, often sharing stories while preparing meals.

Yet beneath the calm surface something uneasy remained. I watched carefully now, remembering the captain's fear. Every smile from Silver seemed friendly, yet sometimes I noticed sharpness behind his eyes when he thought no one watched.

One evening, craving an apple, I climbed into a large barrel on deck. The ship moved gently beneath me, and I nearly fell asleep inside the dark space. Then voices sounded nearby.

Silver was speaking quietly with several sailors.

As I listened, my blood turned cold. They spoke openly of mutiny. Silver revealed himself as once a member of Captain Flint's crew. They planned to wait until the treasure was found before seizing the ship.

I remained perfectly still, afraid even to breathe, knowing that everything depended on what I had just heard.

## Part 7

I stayed hidden inside the apple barrel, hardly daring to move. The wood pressed against my shoulders, and the smell of apples filled the small dark space. Outside, Long John Silver's voice sounded calm and steady as he spoke with the sailors gathered near him. Each word made my fear grow stronger.

"Not yet," Silver said quietly. "We wait. Let the gentlemen find the treasure first. No need for trouble before that."

One of the men asked why they should delay if they already controlled most of the crew. Silver answered patiently, explaining that the captain and the others were skilled fighters. If the mutiny began too soon, many pirates might die before reaching the treasure. His tone sounded reasonable, almost fatherly, yet his words carried cold planning beneath them.

Another sailor asked what would happen to the gentlemen afterward. Silver laughed softly.

"What happens to all such men," he said. "Marooned, maybe. Maybe worse. Depends how they behave."

The men laughed quietly with him. Hearing this, I felt a chill run through my whole body. The friendly cook who had spoken kindly to me now sounded like a different person entirely.

After some time footsteps moved away. The voices faded, and silence returned to the deck. I waited a little longer to be certain they were gone. Then I slowly pushed open the lid and climbed out, my legs shaking badly.

Night had fallen. Lantern light swung gently with the motion of the ship. I hurried across the deck, trying to appear calm in case anyone watched me. My

only thought was to reach Doctor Livesey and tell him everything.

I found him below with Squire Trelawney and Captain Smollett. They looked surprised at my pale face.

“Jim, what is it?” the doctor asked.

I told them all I had heard, repeating Silver’s words as carefully as I could remember. As I spoke, the captain’s expression grew serious, while the squire’s excitement turned quickly into anger and disbelief.

When I finished, silence filled the cabin.

Captain Smollett nodded slowly. “I feared as much,” he said. “But now we know for certain.”

The doctor thanked me warmly and said my courage had likely saved their lives. They counted carefully who among the crew could be trusted. Only a few men remained loyal. The rest followed Silver.

A plan was formed at once. We would pretend ignorance. If the pirates believed we suspected nothing, they would delay their attack until treasure was found. That delay would give us our best chance to survive.

From that moment the voyage felt different. Every laugh on deck sounded false to my ears. Every friendly word from Silver carried hidden danger. Yet we all acted normally, hiding our knowledge carefully.

Days passed as we sailed steadily south. The weather grew warmer, and the sea changed from gray to deep blue. Flying fish leapt across the waves, and bright birds followed the ship. Though the beauty of the ocean amazed me, tension never left my thoughts.

At last, one clear morning, the lookout cried, “Land ho!”

Everyone rushed on deck. Ahead rose Treasure Island.

Green hills lifted from the sea, covered with thick trees. A tall peak stood near the center, rising above the rest like a watchtower. White sand shone along parts of the shore, while darker cliffs guarded others. Mist hung lightly over the forest, giving the island a mysterious appearance.

The pirates cheered loudly. Some danced with excitement. Silver watched quietly, his eyes studying every detail.

Captain Smollett gave orders calmly, guiding the ship into a sheltered bay. The anchor dropped with a heavy splash, and soon the *Hispaniola* rested peacefully upon the water.

The air felt heavy and still compared with the open sea. Strange cries echoed from the trees, and insects hummed loudly. Though beautiful, the island seemed wild and uneasy.

Before long the pirates asked permission to go ashore. The captain agreed, hoping to separate them from the ship and weaken their strength. Boats were lowered, and groups of men rowed eagerly toward land.

Without thinking clearly, I slipped into one of the boats among them. Excitement and curiosity pulled me forward before I realized the danger. No one stopped me, and soon we reached the beach.

The sand felt hot beneath my feet. Tall trees grew close together beyond the shore, their leaves thick and dark. The pirates spread out quickly, laughing and shouting as they disappeared into the forest.

Suddenly fear came over me. I understood I had left safety behind and stood alone among dangerous men. Unsure what to do, I moved quietly into the trees, hoping to return unnoticed.

The forest felt strange and silent except for distant bird cries. Sunlight fell in broken patches through the leaves. As I walked carefully, voices reached my ears ahead. I hid behind a tree and looked.

Two pirates argued fiercely. One sounded frightened and wished to remain loyal to the captain. The other threatened him. Then Long John Silver approached slowly, leaning on his crutch.

His voice sounded calm, almost gentle, as he spoke to the frightened sailor. He tried persuasion first, promising safety and reward. When the man refused, Silver's expression changed instantly. With sudden speed he attacked and killed him.

I watched in horror, unable to move. The friendly cook vanished completely, replaced by a ruthless pirate. Fear filled me so strongly that I turned and ran blindly through the forest.

Branches struck my face as I fled deeper into the island. I did not stop until my breath failed and my legs trembled. Only then did I realize I was completely lost.

As I stood trying to calm myself, a figure suddenly rose from behind a rock nearby—a wild-looking man dressed in torn animal skins, staring at me with desperate eyes.

## Part 8

The strange man stood before me, thin and sunburned, his clothes made from pieces of animal skin tied together with rough cords. His hair and beard had grown long and uneven, and his face showed both excitement and fear. For a moment neither of us spoke. I felt ready to run again, yet something in his expression seemed more hopeful than dangerous.

He raised his hands slowly to show he carried no weapon.

“Don’t be afraid,” he said quickly. His voice sounded rough, as if long unused. “Who are you?”

I told him my name and explained that I had come from a ship anchored in the bay. At the word “ship,” his eyes widened with sudden joy. He stepped closer, almost trembling.

“A ship!” he repeated. “You mean real men? Not pirates come back for me?”

I asked who he was. He straightened proudly, though his appearance remained wild.

“Ben Gunn,” he said. “Marooned three years ago. Left here by Flint’s crew.”

He spoke rapidly, words rushing from him as if he feared losing the chance to speak at all. He told me he had lived alone on the island ever since, surviving on goats and berries, dreaming constantly of rescue. He laughed suddenly and then grew serious again within the same breath.

“You got cheese aboard?” he asked suddenly. “I dream of cheese every night.”

His strange question surprised me so much that I almost laughed despite my fear. I promised that if he helped us, he would have all the cheese he wished when we returned to the ship.

At this he nodded eagerly and leaned closer.

“You’re not with Flint’s men, are you?” he asked.

I told him about the mutiny and how many sailors were pirates. When he heard this, he looked relieved.

“Good,” he said. “Then I’ll help you. I know things. Important things.”

He lowered his voice and hinted that he had found Flint’s treasure long ago. I did not fully understand what he meant, but his excitement convinced me he held valuable knowledge. Before I could ask more, the sound of distant gunfire echoed through the forest.

Both of us froze.

Smoke rose faintly above the trees. Fighting had begun.

I knew at once that my friends must be in danger. Without waiting, I ran toward the sound, promising Ben Gunn I would return. He called after me, telling me to remember his name when speaking to the gentlemen.

I hurried through the forest, guided by the noise of shots and shouting. Soon I reached the edge of a clearing where I saw Doctor Livesey, Squire Trelawney, Captain Smollett, and several loyal sailors retreating toward a wooden fort surrounded by a fence. They fired their weapons as they moved, keeping pirates at a distance.

I ran forward and joined them just as they reached the gate. Relief showed on their faces when they saw me alive. Inside stood a rough wooden house and a fresh water spring. The place was strong and well chosen for defense.

Captain Smollett immediately organized our positions. Some men carried supplies inside while others prepared weapons. The doctor checked the wounded, working calmly despite the danger.

Soon firing stopped. Silence returned except for distant voices among the trees.

Not long afterward a white flag appeared. Long John Silver approached slowly, leaning on his crutch. Though surrounded by danger, he looked confident.

Captain Smollett stepped forward to meet him outside the fence while the rest of us watched closely through openings in the wall.

Silver spoke politely, almost cheerfully. He said the pirates wished only for the

treasure map and promised safe passage if we surrendered it. His tone sounded friendly, yet his eyes remained cold.

The captain refused firmly. He warned Silver that the mutiny would fail and offered mercy only if the pirates surrendered immediately. Silver's smile faded. For a moment anger flashed across his face.

"Then you'll see us again," he said quietly.

He turned and left without another word.

The attack came later that day. Shots rang out suddenly from the trees. Bullets struck the wooden walls with sharp cracks. Smoke filled the air as we fired back. I loaded weapons as quickly as I could, my hands shaking but determined to help.

Pirates rushed the fence, shouting wildly. Captain Smollett's clear commands kept us steady. We fired carefully, forcing them back again and again. The fight felt endless, though it lasted only minutes.

At last the pirates retreated, leaving several dead behind. Silence returned slowly, broken only by groans of the wounded.

We had won the battle, but not without loss. Some of our loyal men lay injured, and one had died. Exhaustion settled over us. The heat inside the stockade felt heavy, and smoke lingered in the air.

Doctor Livesey moved among the wounded, speaking gently while treating injuries. The captain praised our courage but warned that more danger would come soon.

That night we kept watch in turns. As darkness deepened, my thoughts returned again and again to the ship anchored in the bay. If the pirates captured her, escape would become impossible. The idea troubled me so strongly that sleep would not come.

At last a reckless plan formed in my mind.

Without waking anyone, I slipped quietly through the gate and into the dark forest. The night air felt cool after the heat of the fort. Guided by moonlight, I made my way toward the shore where Ben Gunn had told me he kept a small boat hidden.

After searching among rocks, I found it—a strange round craft made from wood

and skin, hardly larger than a barrel. It looked fragile, yet it floated when pushed into the water.

My heart beat fast as I climbed inside. The sea moved gently beneath me, carrying me slowly toward the *Hispaniola*, which lay dark against the moonlit water.

Alone upon the silent sea, I realized fully the danger of what I had begun—but it was too late to turn back.

## Part 9

The small boat moved slowly over the dark water, turning gently with each wave. I held the sides tightly, afraid that even a small movement might throw me into the sea. The island lay behind me as a dark shape, while ahead the *Hispaniola* rose larger and clearer with every moment. Lantern light shone faintly from her deck, swinging with the motion of the ship.

The night felt quiet and wide. Only the soft sound of water against the boat and the distant cry of seabirds broke the silence. My heart beat loudly in my chest. I knew that if I were seen, the pirates aboard would surely kill me. Yet I also felt a strange excitement. For the first time I acted completely on my own.

The current carried me closer until I could see figures moving on deck. Voices drifted across the water. Two pirates remained aboard as guards. Their speech sounded slow and careless, and I soon understood they had been drinking heavily.

I allowed the little boat to drift beneath the shadow of the ship. The great hull towered above me like a dark wall. Finding a rope hanging over the side, I waited for the right moment, then climbed carefully upward. My hands slipped once, and cold fear shot through me, but I held fast and pulled myself onto the deck.

The ship rocked gently. I crouched low behind a barrel and listened.

The two pirates argued loudly near the stern. One was Israel Hands, the ship's gunner, a strong man with a cruel voice. The other sailor swayed unsteadily, clearly drunk. Their argument grew worse until suddenly steel flashed in the lantern light. A cry rang out, followed by the sound of a body falling.

Silence followed except for heavy breathing. Israel Hands had killed his companion.

I remained hidden, hardly daring to breathe. Hands staggered toward the rail and leaned there, wounded himself during the fight. Blood darkened his clothes. After a moment he sank down upon the deck, groaning softly.

Seeing my chance, I crept toward the anchor rope. Working carefully, I cut through it little by little with a knife. Each movement felt painfully slow. At last the rope parted. The ship drifted free, turning slowly with the tide.

The motion woke Hands. He looked around wildly, confused by the change. When he noticed me standing near the mast, surprise filled his face.

“Who’s there?” he demanded.

I stepped forward, trying to appear brave though fear shook me.

“Jim Hawkins,” I said. “And I’ve taken the ship.”

He stared at me, then gave a weak laugh. Blood loss had made him pale.

Hands pretended friendliness, saying he would help me sail the ship safely if I brought him food and drink. Though I distrusted him, I agreed, knowing I needed his knowledge to guide the vessel.

Together we raised part of the sail. The wind caught it, and the *Hispaniola* began moving slowly along the coast. Hands gave instructions while watching me closely. His voice sounded calm, yet something in his eyes warned me he waited for an opportunity.

As the sun rose, the island appeared bright and green around us. I felt proud steering the great ship, believing I had saved her for my friends. But danger remained near.

Hands asked me to fetch wine from below. As I turned away, I noticed him secretly pulling a knife closer. Realizing his plan, I moved carefully, keeping distance between us.

Suddenly he attacked.

I ran toward the rigging and climbed quickly upward. Hands followed despite his wound, driven by desperate strength. The ship rolled beneath us as we struggled. He threw his knife, striking my shoulder lightly and pinning my sleeve

to the mast.

Pain shocked me, but fear gave me courage. With trembling hands I drew my pistol and fired.

Hands cried out and fell backward into the sea. The water closed over him, and he disappeared.

For several moments I remained frozen, hardly believing what had happened. Then I freed my sleeve and climbed down slowly. I was alone aboard the ship.

The wind carried the *Hispaniola* toward a quiet inlet along the coast. After careful effort, I guided her into shallow water where she grounded safely upon sand. Exhausted but proud, I lowered a small boat and rowed ashore.

I believed my friends still held the stockade and would welcome the news of my success. Filled with excitement, I hurried through the forest toward the fort.

Evening shadows stretched across the ground as I approached. Smoke rose from inside the stockade, and voices sounded within. Relieved, I walked toward the gate and entered without caution.

At once rough hands seized me.

Pirates surrounded me on every side.

Shock froze me where I stood. The familiar faces of our enemies stared back, and beside the fire stood Long John Silver, smiling calmly as if greeting an old friend.

“Well now,” he said softly, “Jim Hawkins has come back to us.”

Only then did I understand that during my absence the pirates had captured the stockade—and I had walked straight into their hands.

## Part 10

For a moment I could not speak. The sudden change from hope to danger left me confused and breathless. Rough hands held my arms while several pirates gathered close, their faces hard and tired in the firelight. Smoke drifted upward into the dark sky above the stockade. I searched quickly for my friends, but none of them were there.

Long John Silver stood leaning on his crutch near the fire. His expression showed surprise at first, then amusement. He studied me carefully, as if trying to understand why I had returned alone.

“Now then,” he said calmly, “this is a curious meeting.”

One pirate shouted that I should be killed at once. Another agreed loudly, raising his weapon. Fear rushed through me, yet I forced myself to stand straight. Silver lifted his hand sharply.

“Hold!” he ordered. “The boy speaks first.”

The men grumbled but obeyed. Silver motioned for them to release me. Though free, I remained surrounded. The heat of the fire touched my face, and shadows moved across the rough wooden walls.

Silver asked how I had come there and where the others were. Instead of answering directly, I gathered my courage and spoke boldly. I told them that I knew their plans and that their ship was no longer under their control. I explained how I had cut the anchor and sailed her away.

Shock spread among the pirates. Angry voices rose at once. Some cursed Silver, believing he had allowed this disaster. Silver’s eyes narrowed, yet he said nothing for a moment.

At last he laughed softly.

“You see,” he told the men, “the boy’s worth more alive than dead.”

He pulled me aside and spoke quietly so others could not hear clearly. He admitted he admired my courage and said he intended to protect me. The pirates, he explained, were growing restless and difficult to control. If matters turned badly, he wished to keep a path open for himself.

Though I did not trust him fully, I understood he had saved my life for now.

Soon after, Doctor Livesey appeared outside the fence carrying a white flag. My heart leapt with relief at the sight of him alive. Silver allowed him to enter. The pirates watched carefully but did not interfere.

The doctor spoke calmly, examining several sick pirates and giving medicine as if nothing unusual surrounded him. His courage amazed me. After finishing, he asked permission to speak privately with me.

Silver agreed but warned me not to betray him.

Outside the stockade the doctor listened while I told him everything: how I had taken the ship and where I had hidden her safely. He showed clear relief but did not praise me loudly.

“You have done well,” he said quietly. “But now you must obey Silver for the moment. Trust me. Things are moving as planned.”

His calm confidence gave me hope. Before leaving, he spoke briefly with Silver again. I noticed them exchange serious looks, though I could not hear their words.

After the doctor departed, the pirates gathered around Silver angrily. They accused him of failure and demanded new leadership. One man produced the black spot and placed it in Silver’s hand.

The moment felt tense. Several pirates gripped their weapons, ready for violence.

Silver examined the black spot calmly. Instead of showing fear, he laughed.

He spoke strongly, reminding them that he alone had kept them alive. Without his planning, he said, they would already be captured or dead. He pointed out their mistakes and argued that abandoning him would lead only to ruin.

Then he revealed something unexpected—the treasure map.

Gasps rose from the pirates. Their anger faded instantly, replaced by excitement. Silver explained that the map was now in their possession and that treasure would soon be theirs. Cheers followed, and the challenge against him ended.

That night I remained under guard but was treated better than before. Silver even shared food with me and spoke almost kindly. Yet I never forgot that danger surrounded me.

Early the next morning we set out to search for the treasure. The pirates moved eagerly through the forest, guided by the map. Silver walked beside me, sometimes leaning on my shoulder when the ground grew rough.

The air felt hot and heavy. Insects hummed loudly, and sunlight fell through thick leaves. As we climbed hills and crossed valleys, tension grew among the men. Some whispered nervously about ghosts and Flint’s spirit guarding the treasure.

At last we reached the place marked by the red cross. A tall tree stood there exactly as shown on the map. The pirates rushed forward and began digging wildly.

Suddenly one man cried out.

The hole was empty.

The earth showed signs of earlier digging. The treasure was gone.

Rage exploded among them. They shouted accusations and turned toward Silver, believing he had betrayed them. Weapons rose, and for a moment I believed we would both be killed.

Then a strange voice echoed through the trees, singing an old pirate song once used by Captain Flint. Terror seized the men. Some dropped their tools, convinced they heard a ghost.

Gunfire burst suddenly from hidden positions. Doctor Livesey, Squire Trelawney, and their loyal men attacked from the forest. Ben Gunn appeared among them, laughing wildly.

The pirates broke into panic and fled in all directions.

In the chaos Silver moved quickly to our side, helping defend me. Within minutes the fight ended. Several pirates lay dead, and the rest disappeared into the forest.

I stood trembling, hardly able to believe the danger had passed.

## Part 11

Smoke drifted slowly through the trees after the shooting stopped. For a few moments no one moved. The sudden silence felt almost unreal after so much noise and fear. My ears still rang from the gunfire, and my hands trembled as I lowered the weapon I had been given.

Doctor Livesey stepped forward first, checking carefully that no pirates remained nearby. Squire Trelawney and the loyal sailors followed, watching the forest in every direction. Long John Silver stood beside me, breathing heavily, his face serious but calm.

“Well,” Silver said quietly, “seems I’ve chosen the right side after all.”

No one answered him immediately. Trust did not come easily after everything that had happened. Yet the doctor nodded slightly, accepting his help for the moment.

I looked toward the great hole the pirates had dug. Empty earth lay scattered everywhere. The treasure that had caused so much danger was nowhere to be seen.

“Where is it?” I asked.

At this, Ben Gunn burst into loud laughter. His wild appearance looked even stranger now that the danger had passed. He clapped his hands together like an excited child.

“Moved it!” he cried. “Moved it long ago! All safe!”

Slowly the truth became clear. During his years alone on the island, Ben Gunn had discovered Captain Flint’s treasure and carried it piece by piece to a hidden cave known only to him. The map had led the pirates to an empty place.

Captain Smollett, still weak from earlier wounds, smiled faintly when he heard this. The doctor explained that he had learned Ben Gunn’s secret earlier and had given the map to Silver on purpose. The empty treasure pit had been a trap designed to break the pirates’ courage.

Relief filled me. The long fear that had followed us since leaving England finally began to fade.

Soon we followed Ben Gunn through the forest to his cave. The entrance lay hidden among rocks and bushes near the shore. Inside, the air felt cool and dry. Lantern light revealed piles of gold coins, silver bars, and shining treasures stacked carefully along the walls.

The sight amazed me beyond words. Wealth gathered from many lands filled the cave, glowing warmly in the light. For a long time none of us spoke.

Work began immediately. Carrying the treasure to the ship required many journeys. Day after day we loaded coins into sacks and transported them carefully to the boats waiting along the shore. The labor felt heavy and tiring, yet excitement gave us strength.

Long John Silver worked harder than anyone, eager to prove his loyalty. Though some still watched him closely, he behaved respectfully and followed

every order.

Only a few pirates remained alive after the final battle. They hid somewhere on the island, afraid to approach us. At last Captain Smollett decided they would be left behind with supplies rather than taken back to England, where execution awaited them. Though they begged to come aboard, the captain refused.

When everything was ready, we returned to the *Hispaniola*. Seeing the ship again filled me with pride, knowing I had saved her earlier. Repairs were made quickly, and supplies loaded aboard.

At last the anchor rose, and sails filled with wind. Treasure Island slowly grew smaller behind us. I stood at the rail watching the hills fade into the distance. A strange feeling came over me—part relief, part sadness. The island had brought danger and fear, yet also adventure I would never forget.

Life aboard ship during the return voyage felt calmer. Without fear of mutiny, the crew worked peacefully. Doctor Livesey spent much time caring for Captain Smollett, whose health improved steadily.

Long John Silver behaved quietly and respectfully. He spoke kindly to me and sometimes shared stories of the sea, though now I listened carefully, never forgetting his past. Despite everything, I felt a complicated sympathy for him. He had shown both cruelty and kindness, and I could not fully hate him.

One morning, however, we discovered he was gone.

During the night Silver had escaped in a small boat, taking with him a bag of gold coins. No one had heard him leave. Though the loss angered some, the doctor said perhaps it was better this way. Silver would never stand trial, and we would never again need to choose between justice and gratitude.

The voyage home continued without further trouble. Weeks later we reached England safely. Friends and family welcomed us warmly, amazed by the story we brought and the treasure we carried.

Each man received his share of the gold. Captain Smollett retired from the sea. Squire Trelawney spoke often of new adventures, while Doctor Livesey returned peacefully to his medical work. Ben Gunn spent his money quickly but lived happily afterward.

As for me, I returned to ordinary life changed forever. Sometimes at night I still remembered the sound of waves against the island shore or the cry of birds above the forest. Even years later, the memory remained vivid.

Though treasure brought wealth, it also brought danger and loss. I learned that courage and loyalty mattered more than gold. And whenever the wind blows strongly across the sea, I sometimes hear again the old song carried faintly through memory:

“Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest—  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum.”

I have never wished to return to that island. Somewhere there, hidden beneath trees and silence, treasure may still lie buried. But for me, the adventure ended the day we sailed away, leaving Treasure Island behind forever.