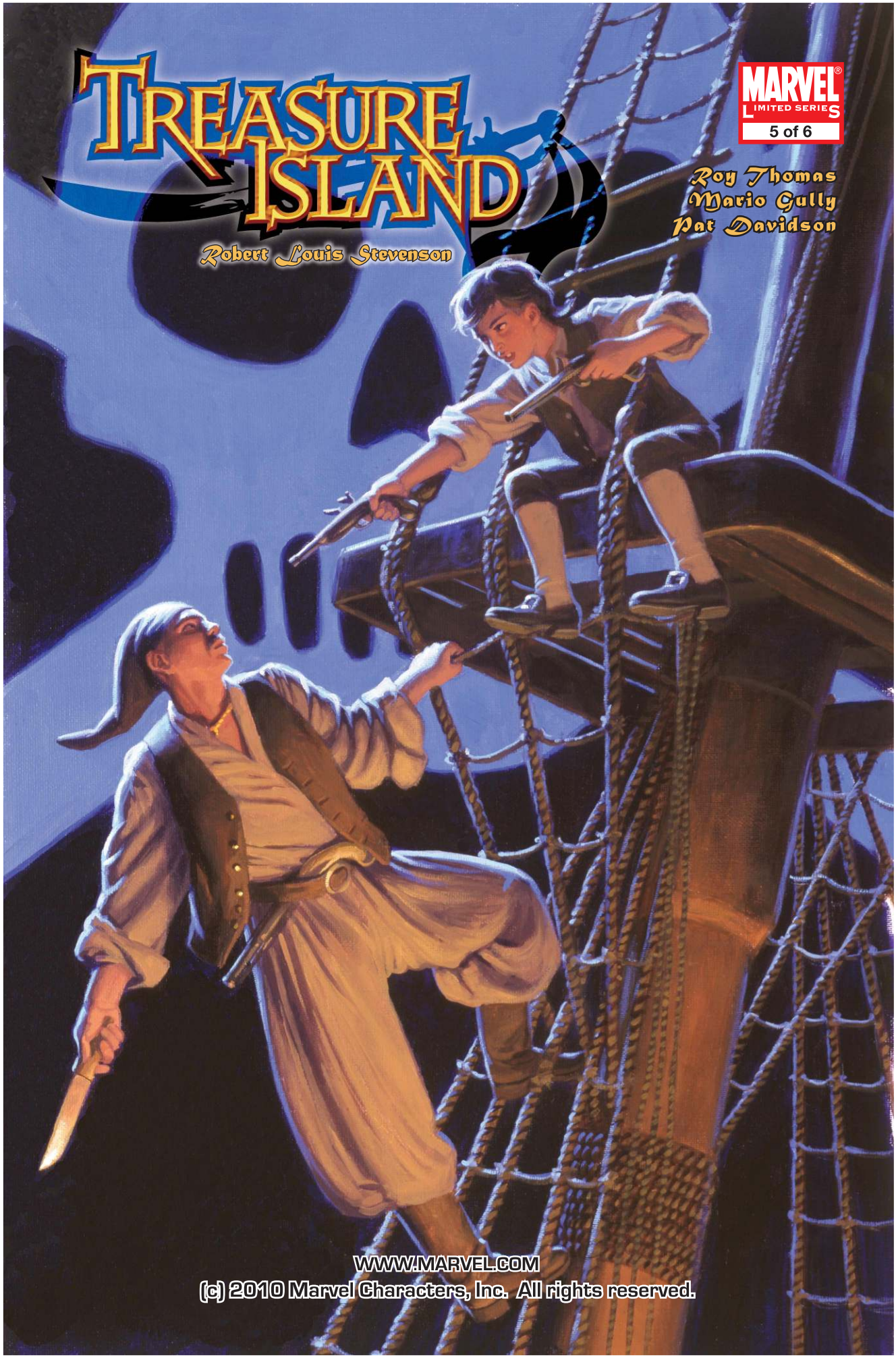
TREASURE ISLAND
Robert Louis Stevenson
MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
5 of 6
Roy Thomas
Mario Gully
Pat Davidson
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Adapted from the novel by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE STORY SO FAR:

***Jim Hawkins** relates his adventures as a boy during the quest for Treasure Island:*

*When seaman **Billy Bones** died at his family's "Admiral Benbow" inn on the English coast, a treasure map found in his sea-chest proved Billy had been in the crew of the late pirate, **Captain Flint**. With **Dr. Livesey**, **Squire Trelawney**, and **Captain Smollett**, they sailed on the schooner, Hispaniola.*

*But their crew included one-legged **Long John Silver** and others of Flint's old crew. Jim learned of their planned mutiny—and, ashore on Treasure Island, he encountered wild-looking **Ben Gunn**, one-time Flint crewman who had been marooned for three years. The pirates seized the schooner, but the treasure-hunters and their servants took over an abandoned stockade on the isle, which they held against attack.*

*Sneaking out of camp, Jim boarded the Hispaniola to find that one of its pirate guards, **Israel Hands**, had killed the other. He coerced Hands into helping him steer the schooner to a safe anchorage, but there the buccaneer tried to kill him. Pinned to the mast-head by Hands' knife, Jim fired one of his pistols... and Hands fell dead into the water....*

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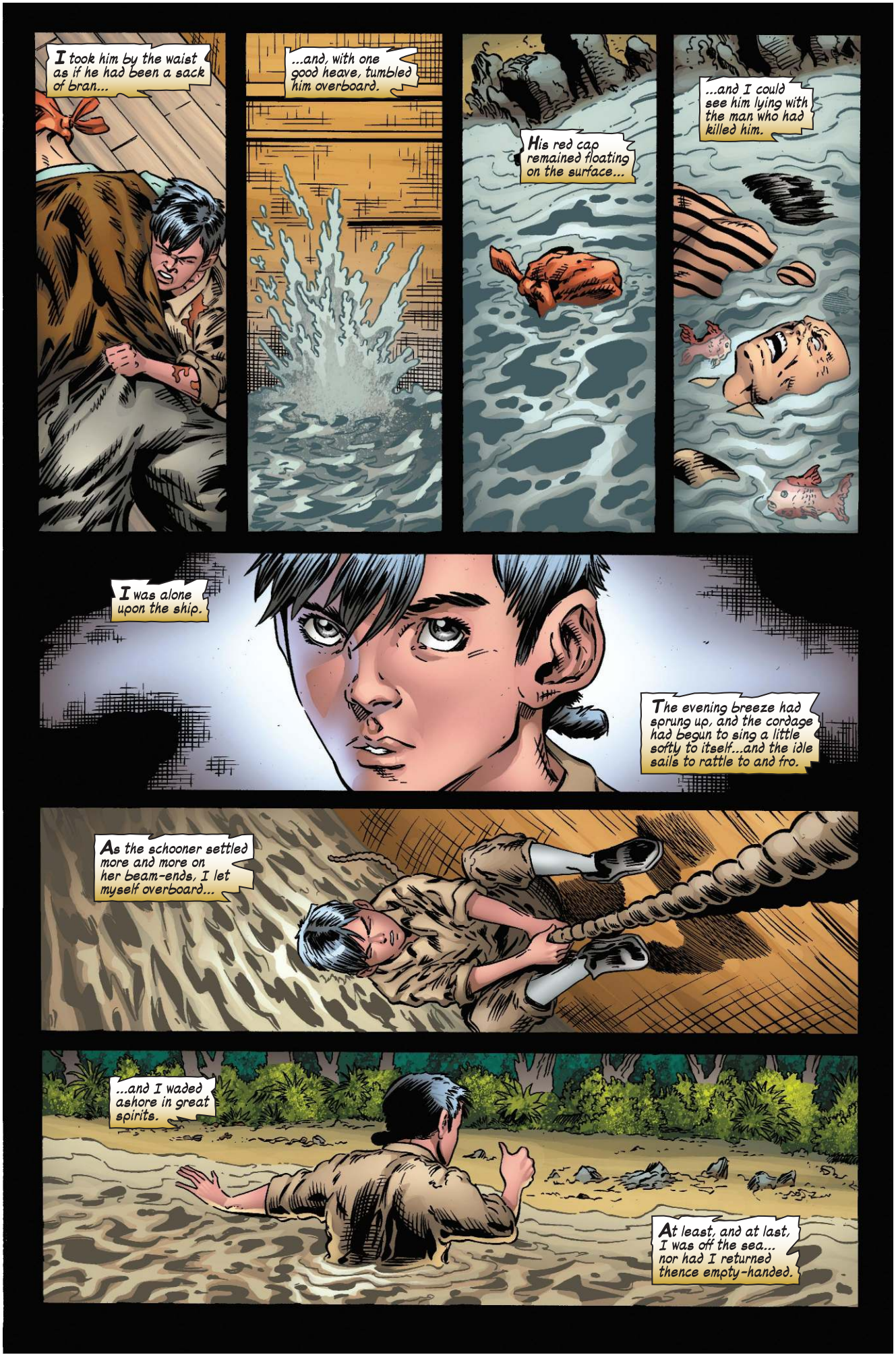
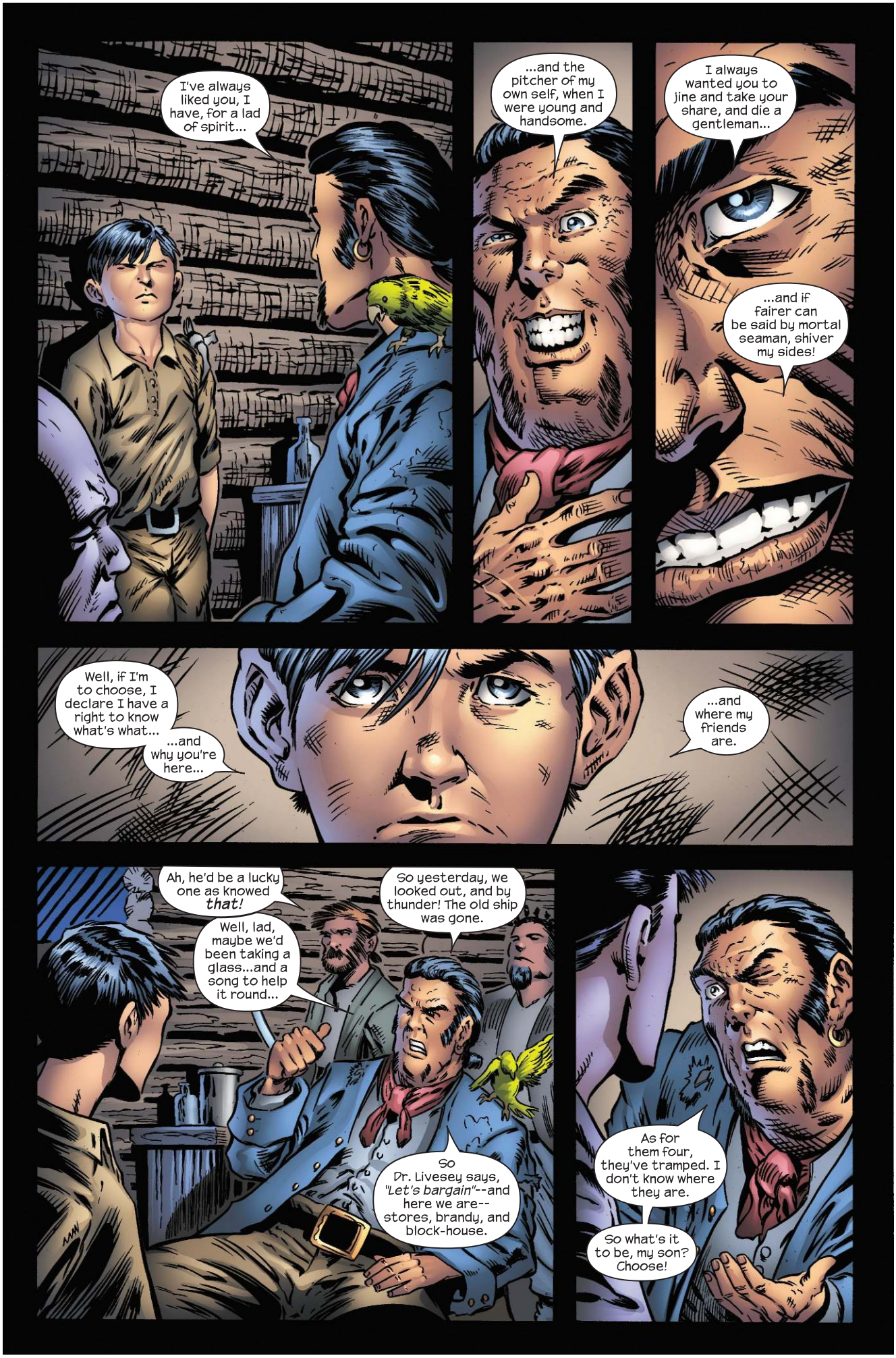
As the hot blood ran over my back and chest, I began to feel sick, faint...
...and terrified of falling into that still green water beside the body of Israel Hands.
Fortunately, his knife had come the nearest in the world to missing me altogether...
...and held me by a mere pinch of skin...
...so that my violent shudder tore it away.
I was my own master again...
...and I regained the deck.
After I had done what I could for my still-painful wound, I looked around me.
The ship was now, in a sense, mine.
I began to think of clearing it from its last passenger--the dead man O'Brien.


I took him by the waist as if he had been a sack of bran...
...and, with one good heave, tumbled him overboard.
His red cap remained floating on the surface...
...and I could see him lying with the man who had killed him.
I was alone upon the ship.
The evening breeze had sprung up, and the cordage had begun to sing a little softly to itself...and the idle sails to rattle to and fro.
As the schooner settled more and more on her beam-ends, I let myself overboard...
...and I waded ashore in great spirits.
At least, and at last, I was off the sea... nor had I returned thence empty-handed.

The schooner lay clear at last from buccaneers, and ready for our own men to board and get to sea again.
I had nothing nearer my fancy than to get home to the stockade and boast of my achievements.
Possibly I might be blamed a bit for my truancy, but the recapture of the Hispaniola was a clenching answer.
As the moon climbed higher, I saw before me a glow among the trees.
For the life of me, I could not think what it might be.
At the stockade, an immense bonfire had burned itself into clear embers.
It had not been our way to build great fires.
SNOOORRK
My friends kept an infamous bad watch.
If it had been Silver and his lads now creeping in on them, not a soul would have seen daybreak.

I should lie down in my own place, I thought with a silent chuckle...
...and enjoy their faces when they found me in the morning.
Hrrrrhhh...
The sleeper whose leg I struck groaned, but without awaking.
And then--
Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! SQUAWWWK!
Silver's parrot-- Captain Flint!
Who goes?!
I tried to run, but--
Hoooph...
Recoiling, I ran full into the arms of a second man...
Bring a torch, Dick!
It was Silver's voice.

Soon, one of the men returned with a lighted brand for their captain...
So...
...here's Jim Hawkins, shiver my timbers!
So the buccaneers were in possession of the house and stores--
--and not a sign of any prisoners!
Dropped in, like, eh?
Well, come, I take that friendly.
SQUAWWK! Pieces of eight, pieces of eight!


I've always liked you, I have, for a lad of spirit...
...and the pitcher of my own self, when I were young and handsome.
I always wanted you to jine and take your share, and die a gentleman...
...and if fairer can be said by mortal seaman, shiver my sides!
Well, if I'm to choose, I declare I have a right to know what's what...
...and why you're here...
...and where my friends are.
Ah, he'd be a lucky one as knowed *that!*
Well, lad, maybe we'd been taking a glass...and a song to help it round...
So yesterday, we looked out, and by thunder! The old ship was gone.
So Dr. Livesey says, "*Let's bargain*"--and here we are--stores, brandy, and block-house.
As for them four, they've tramped. I don't know where they are.
So what's it to be, my son? Choose!

Well...I know you're in a bad way...ship lost, treasure lost, men lost...
And if you want to know who did it--it was *I!*
I cut the schooner's cable...and killed the men you had aboard of her... and brought her to where you'll never see her more, not one of you.
Kill me, if you please, or spare me.
But if you spare me, bygones are bygones. When you fellows are in court for piracy, I'll be a witness to save you from the gallows.
Mr. Silver, I believe you're the best man here...
And, if things go the worst, I'll take it kind of you to let the doctor know the way I took it.
I'll bear it in mind.
It was him that knowed Black Dog--and faked the chart from Billy Bones.
He *goes!*
Avast there, Tom Morgan!
Maybe you thought *you* was cap'n here, perhaps?

Tom's right!
I stood hazing long enough from Flint.
I'll be hanged if I'll be hazed by you, John Silver!
Did any of you gentlemen want to have it out with *me*?
Take a cutlass, him that dares, and I'll see the color of his inside, crutch and all!
That boy's more a man than any pair of rats of you in this here house...
...and let me see him that'll lay a hand on him!
Ax your pardon, sir...
This crew don't value bullyin' by a marlin-spike.
We're acknowledgin' you to be capting at this present... but we claim our rights...
...to step outside for a council.

Jim Hawkins, you're within half a plank of death...and, what's worse, torture.
They're going to throw me off.
But I says to myself, you stand by Hawkins, John, and Hawkins'll stand by you.
You save your witness, and he'll save your neck!
You mean all's lost?
Ship's gone--neck's gone!
But I'll save your life from them fools and cowards--so be as I can--if you save Long John from swingin'.
What I can do, that I'll do.
That's a bargain, by thunder!
Understand me, Jim--I'm on the Squire's side now.
How you done it, I don't know...but I know you've got that ship safe somewheres.
And the doctor gave me Billy Bones' chart...
I don't know why, but there's surely something under that, Jim--bad or good.
Will you taste, messmate?
No? Well, I'll take a drain myself. I need a caulker...
...for there's trouble on hand.

The council of the buccaneers had lasted some time when they re-entered the block-house...
...and pushed forward one of their number, his closed right hand in front of him.
Step up, lad--I won't eat you.
Hand it over, lubber.
The black spot! I thought so.
And on the other side it says--"Deposed."
But--you've cut this out of a Bible. What fool did that?
Wot did I say, Dick? No good'll come o' that, I said!
So Dick had a Bible, did he? Then Dick can get to prayers.
HOLY BIBLE

Belay that talk, John Silver! You don't fool this crew no more.
You made a hash of this cruise--and yesterday you let the enemy out o' this here trap for nothing.
And then there's this here boy...
It was you and the rest that bungled things, George Merry--forcin' my hand too soon on the *Hispaniola*...
And that boy--are we a-going to waste a ***hostage?***
And maybe ***you*** don't count it nothing to have a real college doctor come to see us every day, with all our woes...
But ***here's*** what else they gave me when we let 'em pass.
It was the chart I'd found at the bottom of Billy Bones' sea-chest--
--and the mutineers leaped upon it like cats upon a mouse!
It went from hand to hand, one tearing it from another...
...with oaths and cries and childish laughter!

Yes, that's Flint sure enough--
--"J.F.," and a score below, with a clove hitch to it--so he done ever.
Mighty pretty--but how are we to get away with it, and us with no ship?
You hain't got the invention of a cockroach!
You lost the ship--I found the treasure.
Who's the better man?
And now I resign, by thunder!
Elect whom you please to be your cap'n now--
I'm done with it!
Silver!
Silver for cap'n--forever!
And quickly the cry went up all round--
--till even George Merry had to join the chorus...
I guess you stay the cap'n...
...Cap'n.
Lucky for you, George, I'm not a revengeful man...but that was never my way.
Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!

And this black spot-- 'tain't much good now, is it?
Jim, here's a curiosity for you.
DEPOSED
SNORRRR
Soon after, with a drink all round, we lay down to sleep.
And the outside of Silver's vengeance was to put George Merry up for sentinel...
...and threaten him with death if he should prove unfaithful.
SNORRR
It was long ere I could close an eye.
SNORRR
Silver slept peacefully, yet my heart was sore for him, wicked as he was.

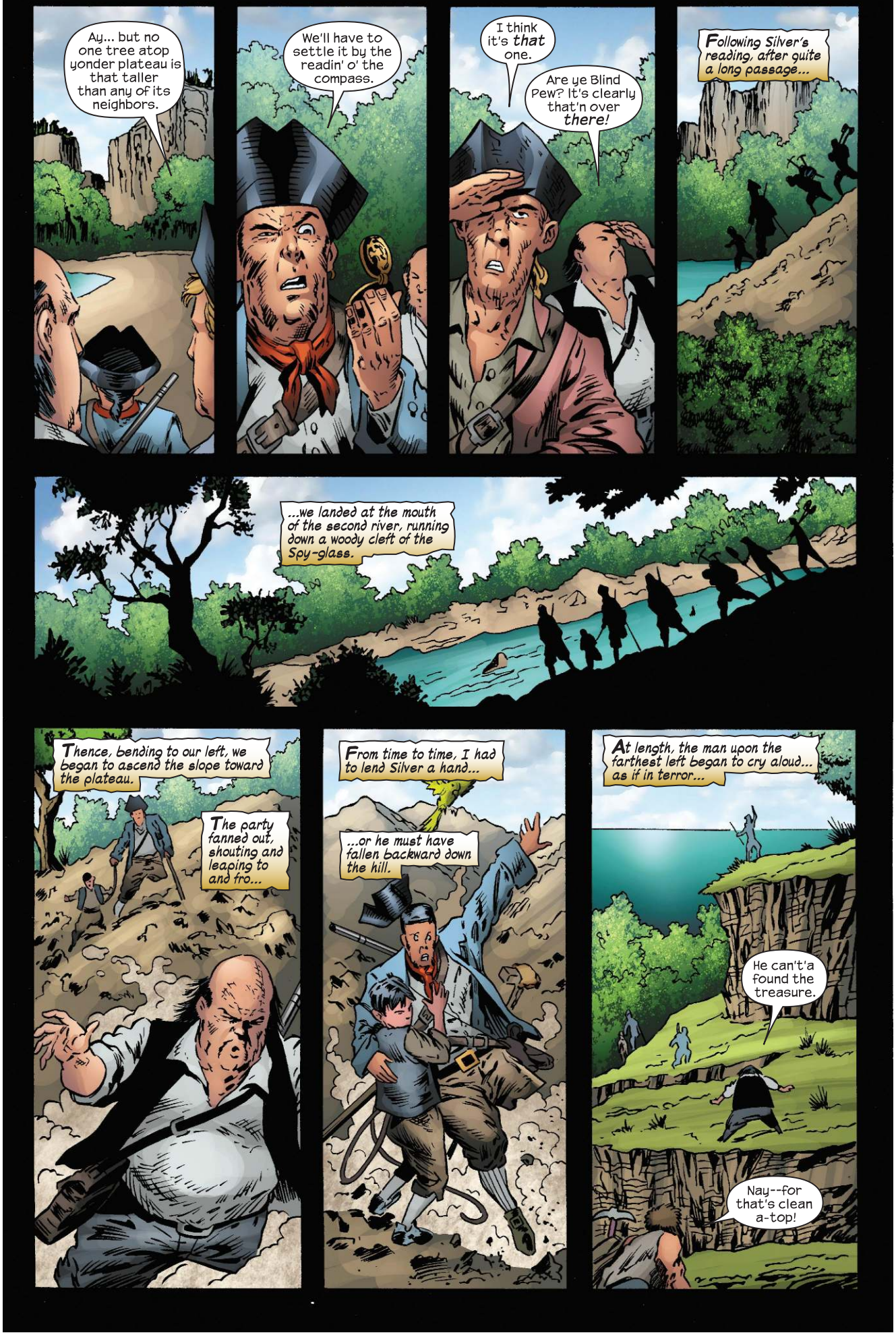
We were all awakened at dawn by Dr. Livesey's clear, hearty voice hailing us from the margin of the wood...
Block-house, ahoy!
Here's the doctor!
My gladness was not without admixture...
...given my insubordinate and stealthy conduct.
Top o' the morning to you, sir-- and it's the early bird, as the saying goes, that gets the rations.
Your patients are all well and merry.
We've got quite a surprise for you, too, sir...
...a new boarder and lodger.
JIM!?
Dr. Livesey quickly recovered himself...and with one grim nod to me...
...proceeded with his work among the sick.
He seemed under no apprehension, though he must have known that his life, among these treacherous demons, depended on a hair.
You're doing well, my friend...your head must be hard as iron.

Your tongue is fit to frighten the French, Dick. Another fever!
You'll pay the deuce before you get that malaria out of your system--but you mutineers *would* camp in a bog!
Still, I make it a point of honor not to lose a man for King George (God bless him!) and the gallows.
And now I should wish to have a talk with that boy, please.
NO!
SILENCE!
Would you break our treaty with the Doctor, the very day we're bound a-treasure-hunting?
Hawkins, will you give me your word of honor as a young gentleman--
For such you are, though poor born--
--not to try to escape if I let you talk with the Doctor?
I will.
Silver escorted me to where Dr. Livesey awaited us at the far end of the stockade...
The boy'll tell you how I saved his life... and I hope you'll speak me fair in court, Doctor.

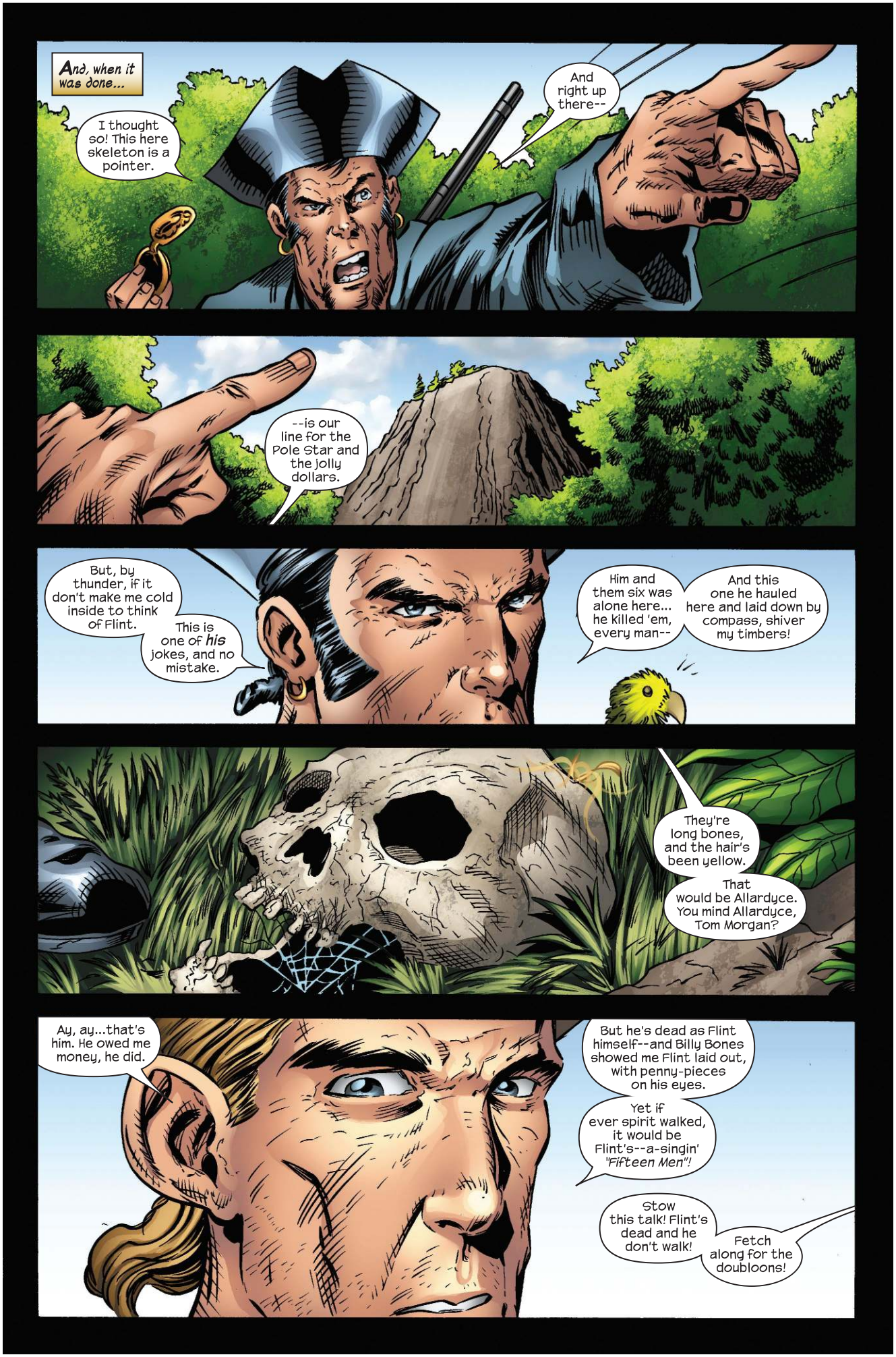
Then he stepped back, out of earshot...
Jim, you dared not have gone off while Captain Smollett was well...and when he was ill, it was downright cowardly.
I have blamed myself enough, sir.
I should have been dead by now, if Silver hadn't stood for me.
Whip over the stockade, and we'll run for it.
Doctor, I passed my word... so I'll have to stay.
But if they torture me, I might slip a word of where the ship is.
The ship!?
I got it, part by luck and part by risking, and she lies in North Inlet.
There is a kind of fate in this.
Every step, it's you that saves our lives... and if you suppose we are going to let you lose yours...!
Silver! I'll give you a piece of advice.
Don't be in any great hurry after that treasure.
Why you give me that there chart, I don't know...
If we both get alive out of this wolf-trap...
...I'll do my best to save you, short of perjury.
You couldn't say more, I'm sure, sir...
...if you was my mother.

Then... good-bye, Jim.
And about the treasure, Silver--
Look out for squalls when you find it!
Jim, I seen the Doctor wanting you to run for it--and I seen you say no, plain as hearing.
You and me must stick close, back to back, like...and we'll save our necks in spite o' fate and fortune.
Soon we were seated about the sand over biscuit and fried junk.
In wasteful spirit, they had cooked three times more than we could eat...
...and one of them, with an empty laugh, threw what was left into the fire.
I never saw men so careless of the morrow.
Sure enough, mates, they have the ship somewhere...
But once we hit the treasure, we'll find it.
Then we're off to sea like jolly companions!
Silver still had a foot in either camp, and there was no doubt he would prefer wealth and freedom with the pirates...
...to a bare escaping from hanging, which was the best he had to hope on our side.

We made a curious figure, had anyone been there to see me setting forth with my captors on the quest for treasure.
All in soiled sailor clothes, and all but me armed to the teeth.
Pieces of Eight! Pieces of Eight! ÷SQUAWWWKK÷
With a line about my waist, held fast by the sea cook, I felt for all the world like a dancing bear.
"Tall tree, Spy-glass Shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of N.N.E.--Skeleton Island E.S.E. and by E.--ten feet."
So, Cap'n Flint's tall tree is our principal mark, Cap'n Silver.


Ay... but no one tree atop yonder plateau is that taller than any of its neighbors.
We'll have to settle it by the readin' o' the compass.
I think it's *that* one.
Are ye Blind Pew? It's clearly that'n over *there!*
Following Silver's reading, after quite a long passage...
...we landed at the mouth of the second river, running down a woody cleft of the Spy-glass.
Thence, bending to our left, we began to ascend the slope toward the plateau.
The party fanned out, shouting and leaping to and fro...
From time to time, I had to lend Silver a hand...
...or he must have fallen backward down the hill.
At length, the man upon the farthest left began to cry aloud... as if in terror...
He can't'a found the treasure.
Nay--for that's clean a-top!

Indeed, as we found when we also reached the spot...
...it was something very different.
He was a seaman. Leastways, the rags of clothing left on 'im is good sea-cloth.
Ay, like enough. You wouldn't look to find a bishop here, I reckon.
But what sort of a way is that for bones to lie--
--feet pointing in one direction, hands raised above his head like a diver's, pointing in the opposite?
'Tain't in nature!
I've taken a notion into my own numbskull.
My compass says there's the tip-top point o' Skeleton Island, stickin' out like a tooth.
Just take a bearing, will you, along the lines of them bones.


And, when it was done...
I thought so! This here skeleton is a pointer.
And right up there--
--is our line for the Pole Star and the jolly dollars.
But, by thunder, if it don't make me cold inside to think of Flint.
This is one of his jokes, and no mistake.
Him and them six was alone here... he killed 'em, every man--
And this one he hauled here and laid down by compass, shiver my timbers!
They're long bones, and the hair's been yellow.
That would be Allardyce. You mind Allardyce, Tom Morgan?
Ay, ay...that's him. He owed me money, he did.
But he's dead as Flint himself--and Billy Bones showed me Flint laid out, with penny-pieces on his eyes.
Yet if ever spirit walked, it would be Flint's--a-singin' "Fifteen Men"!
Stow this talk! Flint's dead and he don't walk!
Fetch along for the doubloons!

Soon the whole party gained the brow of the ascent...
There are three "tall trees"...
...about in the right line from Skeleton Island.
"Spy-glass Shoulder," I take it, means that lower point up there.
It's child's play to find the stuff now. I've half a mind to dine fir--
Fifteen men on the dead man's chest--
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!--
It's Flint!