GREAT ILLUSTRATED CLASSICS

TREASURE ISLAND

Robert Louis Stevenson

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A Story Begins.

Chapter 1 A Visitor to the Inn

I am writing this story about Treasure Island on the request of my friends, Squire Trelawney and Dr. Livesey. All of the things I shall tell happened to me many years ago.

It all began when I, Jim Hawkins, was just a boy and my father ran the Admiral Benbow Inn. I remember it as if it were yesterday. A large, heavy man burst in the inn door. He carried a large sea chest and wore a soiled blue coat. His hands were ragged and scarred, and his fingernails were black and broken. He had a white scar across one cheek. I re-

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member him looking around and whistling to himself. Then he broke out in that old seasong that he sang so often:

"Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest, Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

After finishing his song, he asked for a bottle of rum and introduced himself. He told us only that we should call him "captain." He threw several gold coins on the table, and my father showed him to his room.

The captain stayed with us for a long time. He was a silent man by custom. All day long he hung around the cove or sat on the cliffs with a brass telescope. During the evening, he sat by the fire and drank rum and water. Every day when he came back from his stroll he would ask if any seafaring men had passed by. I soon figured out that the captain asked this question because he was hiding from someone or something.

One day he took me aside and promised me



"Captain"