

Famous Stories



NUMBER ONE

10¢



THE COMPLETE STORY OF

Treasure Island

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

has endeared himself to the youth of two continents by his yarn of pirate gold, "Treasure

Island." Every character in the book is true to life, as a normal boy would see him. Jim Hawkins, the hero, is a lively youngster between ten and twelve years of age. Caught in a whirlwind of dangerous adventure, he makes up for his boyish thoughtlessness by cool courage and loyalty. His best friends, Dr. Livesey and Squire Trelawney, are still boys at heart, despite their older heads. Long John Silver and his pirate mates are bad boys grown tall.



continued by Dr. Livesey, are here omitted, so that the reader need not lose track of the boy hero and narrator, Jim Hawkins, for one minute.

In a few instances this strip version simplifies the motives of some character. In Chapter XXXI of the book, Jim's meditations and Silver's tangled duplicity are not adaptable to pictures. Similarly references to the deceased Captain Flint, who is not an actor in the story, have been trimmed down to a word or two.

Every effort has been made, however, to preserve the substance, the spirit, and the atmosphere of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous novel. The Eighteenth Century speech, dress, customs, and background have been carefully studied so that nothing of the book's original flavor might be lost. Particular attention was given to the rigging and equipment of the schooner Hispaniola, so that each detail shown would be authentic for ships of her age and class.

It is the publisher's hope that this pictorial version will recommend itself especially to parents and teachers, since it makes "Treasure Island" live in a new and vivid way.



Re-telling "Treasure Island" in pictures, this story-strip follows faithfully the book's language and order of events. Necessarily some details of lesser importance have been eliminated. Such condensation, and the problems raised by an all-picture medium, have necessitated other angles. For instance, Chapters XVI, VII, and XVIII, where the narrative is

FAMOUS STORIES, No. 1—TREASURE ISLAND—PUBLISHED BY DELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Copyright, 1942, by R. S. Callender. Printed in U.S.A.

PRICE
New
\$ 8.00
Comics

TREASURE ISLAND

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



DRAWN
by
ROBERT
BUGG

THE DAY AFTER HIS FATHER'S FUNERAL YOUNG JIM HAWKINS STANDS SADLY IN THE DOOR OF THE ADMIRAL BENBOW INN ...

WHAT WILL BECOME OF MOTHER AND ME - WITH FATHER GONE AND THAT OLD PIRATE BILL BONES OUR ONLY BOARDER?

WILL ANY KIND FRIEND TELL A POOR BLIND MAN WHAT PLACE THIS MAY BE?

YOU ARE AT THE ADMIRAL BENBOW INN - NEAR BLACK HILL COVE.

LUNGING FORWARD, THE BEGGAR GRIPS JIM'S ARM

TAKE ME TO THE CAPTAIN-BOY!

PLEASE, SIR! I DARE NOT HE'S SITTING IN THE PARLOR WITH A DRAWN CUTLASS!

COME NOW MARCH! LEAD ME TO HIM!



BLIND PEW! YOU'VE COME TO-

SIT WHERE YOU ARE, BILL... AND HOLD OUT YOUR RIGHT HAND



TAKE OUR RIGHT HANDS, BOY- AND BRING THEM TOGETHER.

WHY Y-YES, SIR! I WILL, SIR!



SWIFTLY THE BLIND BEGGAR TUCKS A SCRAP OF PAPER INTO THE PALM OF THE OLD PIRATE...



AND NOW THAT'S DONE I'LL LEAVE YOU!

WAIT!



THE BLACK SPOT! IT GIVES ME UNTIL TEN O'CLOCK... THEN... THEY'LL COME!



A-A-H-H-H-H-H!

OH! CAPTAIN BONES... WHAT'S THE MATTER?



JIM! WHAT HAS HAPPENED? IS HE DEAD?

I'M AFRAID SO, MOTHER, WE'D BEST CALL DOCTOR LIVESEY!



WE CAN GET SOMEONE IN THE VILLAGE TO RIDE TO DR. LIVESEY'S HOUSE.

...AND SOME STOUT FELLOWS WITH WEAPONS TO HELP US DEFEND THE INN AGAINST THOSE ROGUES WHOLL BE COMING FOR THE CAPTAIN!



AS DARKNESS FALLS - JIM AND HIS MOTHER REACH THE LITTLE VILLAGE.

SEE, MOTHER, IT'S ALREADY CANDLE-LIGHT IN THE VILLAGE



WHY! IT'S THE WIDOW HAWKINS! WHAT'S WRONG CAPTAIN BONES IS DEAD - AND A RASCALLY CREW ARE ON THEIR WAY TO ROB US - WE'VE COME FOR HELP BEN THOMAS



YE SAY THE CAPTAIN'S ENEMIES ARE COMING TO THE ADMIRAL BENBOW? THEY'RE DESPERATE MEN!!

THEY'LL BE SMUGGLER FLINT'S CUTTHROATS - WED HAVE NO CHANCE IN A FIGHT WITH THEM!

YOU MEAN YOU'LL LET THEM ROB MY INN WITHOUT LIFTING A HAND TO STOP THEM?



AYE, MISTRESS HAWKINS, YE MAY CALL US COWARDS BUT WE'LL NOT FACE THAT CREW OF GALLOWS BIRDS!

IF WE DID THEY MIGHT MURDER THIS WHOLE VILLAGE IN REVENGE!



BUT NEIGHBORS, YOU MUST DO SOMETHING!

AT LEAST YOU CAN SEND A RIDER FOR DR. LIVESEY AND THE REVENUE OFFICERS!

AYE, WE'LL DO THAT. FIGHTING PIRATES AND SMUGGLERS IS THEIR DUTY, NOT OURS!



THEY'VE LEFT US... THOSE BIG HULKING CHICKEN HEARTED MEN... WE'LL GO BACK ALONE, JIM!!

BUT MOTHER! WE TWO CAN'T FIGHT OFF THE SMUGGLERS!



CAPTAIN BONES OWED ME MANY MONTHS BOARD. IF THERE IS ANY GOLD OR SILVER IN HIS OLD SEA CHEST, I INTEND TO TAKE WHAT IS DUE ME BEFORE SMUGGLER FLINT'S MEN STEAL IT ALL!



JIM AND HIS MOTHER RETURN BY MOONLIGHT TO THE DESERTED INN -

IT'S NEARLY TEN O'CLOCK, MOTHER. THE CAPTAIN SAID THEY'D BE COMING FOR HIM THEN!

WE'VE SEEN NO SIGN OF SMUGGLERS ON THE WAY.



ALL IS DARK AND QUIET

THEN WE'RE IN TIME! WE'LL GET OUR MONEY AND GO.



JIM LEADS HIS MOTHER THROUGH A DARK DOORWAY

THE CAPTAIN'S LYING WHERE WE LEFT HIM. I CAN SEE HIS BOOT-SOLES.



HE KEPT A KEY ON A STRING AROUND HIS NECK.

I'LL DRAW THE BLIND, SO THE SMUGGLERS CAN'T SEE INSIDE IF THEY COME.



THE STRING IS TOO STRONG TO BREAK. I'LL HAVE TO CUT IT.



IF I FEEL LIKE A THIEF, GOING INTO THE CAPTAIN'S BEDROOM EVEN THOUGH HE'S DEAD.

NONSENSE, JIM. WE'LL HAVE WHAT HE OWED US, BUT NOT A FARTHING OVER.



THAT'S CAPTAIN BONE'S SEA CHEST. GIVE ME THE KEY, JIM.



I SEE A BRACE OF PISTOLS AND A BAG THAT LOOKS LIKE MONEY!

MONEY!! THAT'S WHAT I WANT!!



IT'S GOLD! IN COINS OF ALL COUNTRIES AND SIZES - BUT I'LL ONLY TAKE MY DUES.

DON'T TAKE TOO LONG COUNTING IT, MOTHER. THE SMUGGLERS MAY COME AND CATCH US!



HARK! DID YOU HEAR THAT TAPPING... IT SOUNDED LIKE THE BLIND BEGGAR'S CANE!



THE INN REOUNDS TO THREE SHARP HEAVY BLOWS...



THERE'S NO SOUND WITHIN - AND MY EARS CAN CATCH A MOUSE'S SQUEAK!











THE BACK OF THE MAP GIVES CERTAIN WRITTEN INSTRUCTIONS

Tall Tree Spring glass shoulder
bearing a point to the N of N.E.
Skeleton Island E.S.E. and by E.
You feet
The low island is the North side
you can find it by the trend of
The East Hummock Ten Fathoms
south of the black rock with
The Fair on it.
The arms are say found in
the sand hills, N. point of north
inlet cape bearing E and a
quarter N. *J. H. L.*

LIVSEY, THERE'S NO DOUBT OF IT... THIS IS THE MAP OF TREASURE ISLAND! TOMORROW, I START FOR BRISTOL TO BUY US A SHIP! WE'LL BEAT FLINT'S OLD CREW TO HIS BURIED GOLD!

WE WILL, TRELAWNEY! I'LL BE SHIP'S DOCTOR, AND JIM HAWKINS SHALL COME AS CABIN BOY!

OH, THANK YOU SIR! I'LL DO MY BEST TO PLEASE YOU!

WHILE SQUIRE TRELAWNEY IS GONE TO BRISTOL FOR A SHIP, JIM HAWKINS STAYS AT THE HALL, DREAMING OF TREASURE ISLAND AND THE COMING VOYAGE.



AT LAST A LONG EXPECTED LETTER ARRIVES. (A LETTER FROM SQUIRE TRELAWNEY? WHO IS IT FOR, FOR DR LIVSEY, BUT REDRUTH? THE ADDRESS SAYS TO BE OPENED BY TOM REDRUTH OR YOUNG HAWKINS IN DR LIVSEY'S ABSENCE.)



SQUIRE SAYS THE SHIP IS READY TO SAIL AS SOON AS WE AND DR. LIVSEY CAN JOIN HIM ON BOARD.

SINCE THAT BE THE SQUIRE'S PLEASURE, WE'LL START FOR BRISTOL TOMORROW.



THE NEXT DAY, THE OLD GAMEKEEPER TAKES JIM FOR A BRIEF VISIT TO HIS MOTHER AT THE ADMIRAL BENBOW.

GOD BLESS YOU, DEAR, AND BRING YOU BACK SAFE TO ME!

GOODBYE, MOTHER! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW THAT SQUIRE TRELAWNEY HAS REFURNISHED THE INN FOR YOU!!

COME, JIM! WE MUST HURRY TO MEET THE MAIL!



AT DUSK, THE MAIL COACH PICKS UP THE TWO TRAVELERS

HOP IN, JIM, YOUR BAGS IN THE TRUNK BEHIND THE COACH.

I WONDER IF I'LL EVER SEE HOME AGAIN, REDRUTH!



AT BRISTOL PORT JIM AND HIS FRIENDS ARE ROWED OUT TO THEIR NEW FLOATING HOME.

THERE'S OUR SHIP, JIM... THE HISPANIOLA / A SWEETER SCHOONER NEVER SAILED!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE FEELING OF A SHIP'S DECK, SON?

OH SIR / IT'S WONDERFUL! I'VE SEEN SHIPS SAILING PAST THE ADMIRAL BENBOW, BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN ABOARD ONE!



CAPTAIN SMOLLETT, THIS IS OUR CABIN-BOY, JIM HAWKINS!

THE CABIN BOY? THEN HE SHOULD BE AT WORK! OFF TO THE GALLEY WITH YOU, HAWKINS, AND HELP THE COOK!

AYE AYE, SIR!

THAT CAPTAIN SMOLLETT IS A STIFF TASKMASTER! I HOPE I'LL BE ABLE TO KEEP OUT OF HIS WAY!



WORKING IN THE SHIP'S GALLEY JIM LISTENS TO PIRATE TALES TOLD BY THE ONE-LEGGED COOK... JOHN SILVER.

WHY DOES YOUR PARROT KEEP CRYING "PIECES OF EIGHT?" MR. SILVER?

WHY TO BE SURE, SHE USED TO BE A PIRATES BIRD, JIM... NO DOUBT SHE'S SEEN GOLD PIECES TAKEN FROM MANY A WRECKED TREASURE SHIP. NOW I'LL TELL YOU OF ONE...



CLEARING THE HARBOR, THE HISPANIOLA RUNS SWIFTLY SOUTHWARD BEFORE A FAVORING WIND.





AYE, DICK, WHEN I WAS THE QUARTERMASTER WITH FLINT'S BUCCANEERS EVEN FLINT WAS FEARED OF ME.

I CAN BELIEVE THAT, JOHN SILVER!



- I'D BE FEARED OF YOU MYSELF, IF YOU WASN'T MY FRIEND!

WE'RE ALL FRIENDS IN THIS VENTURE, DICK BUT I WARNS YOU WE GENTLEMEN OF FORTUNE LIVE ROUGH! I'VE SEEN FLINT'S SHIP A-MUCK WITH RED BLOOD!



MAYBE THIS DECK WILL RUN WITH BLOOD! WHEN WE CUT DOWN THE SQUIRE AND THE DOCTOR AND ALL THE BLOOMIN' AFTER GUARD... WHEN WE DO...



STOW THAT TALK TILL I GIVE THE WORD LAD! TIME ENOUGH WHEN WERE ALL ON THE ISLAND AND THE GENTLEMEN AFT HAVE FOUND FLINT'S CACHE, THEY'VE GOT THE MAP!!



WHY NOT SLIT THEIR THROATS AND TAKE THE BLESSED MAP AWAY FROM THEM NOW, JOHN? I'D LIKE A TASTE OF THEIR GOOD FOOD AND DRINK!

NO! THEY'RE SURE TO HAVE THE CHART HID, LET THEM FIND THE TREASURE FIRST... THEN WE'LL CUT THEM DOWN LIKE PORK!



OH THE PIRATES! THE MURDERERS! THEY'RE PLANNING TO KILL MY FRIENDS AND CAPTAIN SMOLLET!



AS JIM HAWKINS TREMBLES IN HIS BARREL, THE LOOK-OUT IN THE CROWS NEST GIVES A SHOUT.

LAND HO!!

AT THE NEWS, EVERY MAN ONDECK RUSHES TO THE BOW.



LAND! WE'VE SIGHTED THE ISLAND!

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET OUT, UNSEEN... THEY WON'T GUESS THAT I'VE BEEN LISTENING!

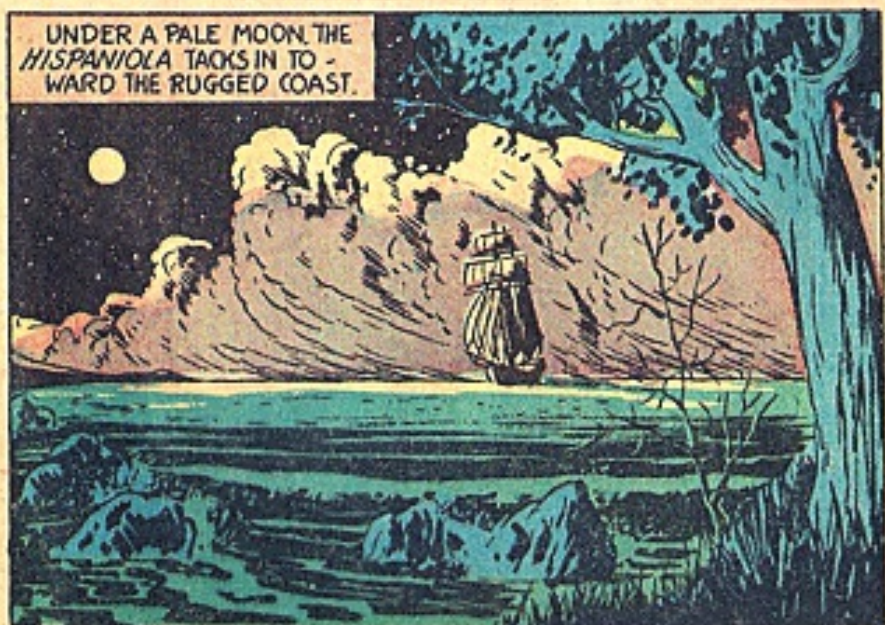


THERE ARE THE THREE MOUNTAIN PEAKS!

IT'S SKELETON ISLAND! I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE, IN A TRADING SHIP!

TRADING SHIP!
YOU LIAR!
IT WAS A PIRATE CRAFT!!

UNDER A PALE MOON, THE HISPANIOLA TACKS IN TOWARD THE RUGGED COAST.



HERE'S A CHART OF THE ISLAND WE'RE LOOKING FOR. SEE IF IT'S THE ONE WE JUST SIGHTED, SILVER!



I CAN TELL AT A GLANCE, SIR!

AYE, THIS IS SKELETON ISLAND AND NO MISTAKE. HERE'S THE COVE THEY CALLED CAPTAIN KIDD'S ANCHORAGE. I KNOW THE WAY INSIDE IF YOU NEED TO ENTER.



WE'LL ASK YOU TO PILOT US IN LATER MY MAN. YOU MAY GO NOW!

THANK YOU KINDLY, SIR!



WELL, WHAT IS IT, JIM?

DOCTOR, I'VE TERRIBLE NEWS. GET THE CAPTAIN AND SQUIRE TRELAWNEY DOWN TO THE CABIN AND THEN SEND FOR ME, SO THE CREW WON'T SUSPECT ANYTHING!



I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, JIM... AND I'LL DO AS YOU SAY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, JIM IS CALLED TO THE MAIN CABIN.

NOW HAWKINS, SPEAK UP! WHAT IS THIS TERRIBLE NEWS YOU'VE LEARNED?

PLEASE, SIR, IT'S MUTINY AND MURDER... TO SEIZE THE PIRATE GOLD AFTER YOU'VE DUG IT UP!



THE COOK, JOHN SILVER, WAS PIRATE FLINT'S QUARTERMASTER... AND MOST OF THE CREW ARE MEN OF HIS CHOOSING. I LEARNED THAT WHILE HIDING IN THE APPLE BARREL...



WHAT! MOST OF THE CREW PIRATES!! WHY, LIVESAY, I COULD FIND IT IN MY HEART TO BLOW THE SHIP UP!

CALM YOURSELF, TRELAWNEY! WE MUST THINK WHAT TO DO!



SQUIRE TRELAWNEY TAKES THE NEWS HARDEST

HERE'S MY PLAN, GENTLEMEN. WE'LL ANCHOR IN THE COVE TOMORROW AND LET THE CREW GO ASHORE FIRST.

GOOD! THAT WILL LEAVE US AND THE TWO OR THREE MEN WE CAN TRUST IN POSSESSION OF THE SHIP.

KEEP THESE PISTOLS UNDER YOUR COAT, JIM... THE PIRATES DON'T YET SUSPECT THAT WE KNOW THEIR PLOT, BUT WE MUST BE READY.



AT NOON THE NEXT DAY, THE HISPANIOLA ANCHORS IN A LANDED COVE

MY LADS, IT'S A HOT DAY AND A TURN ASHORE WILL HURT NOBODY. YOU HAVE MY LEAVE TO GO FOR THE AFTERNOON!

THREE CHEERS FOR CAPTAIN SMOLLET, LADS!

HURRAH!



THE TREASURE-HUNGRY PIRATES WELCOME THE SHORE LEAVE.

JIM OBEYS A RISKY IMPULSE... AND CLIMBS INTO AN EMPTY BOAT.

I'M GOING ASHORE, TOO... I'LL DO MORE GOOD BY KEEPING AN EYE ON THE PIRATES THAN BY STAYING ON BOARD.



I'LL HIDE IN HERE UNTIL THE BOAT REACHES SHORE.



CUT LOOSE AND OUT OARS!!

THE BOAT IS FILLED WITH MEN, AND QUICKLY LOWERED

AS JIM RISES TO HIS FEET, JOHN SILVER GIVES A SHOUT.

IT'S YOUNG JIM HAWKINS! WHAT'S HE DOING IN THAT BOAT?



IF ONLY SILVER DOESN'T SHOOT, NOW...



AFTER HIM!! STOP THAT BOY!

THEY CAN'T TRACK ME THROUGH THIS SWAMP!



SURE THAT HE HAS ESCAPED THE PIRATES, JIM STOPS TO REST.

I CAN'T GO ANY FARTHER WITHOUT A REST. THESE BUSHES WILL HIDE ME!



VOICES! ONE OF THEM SOUNDS LIKE JOHN SILVER'S!



SUDDENLY DANGER APPROACHES FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION.

SILVER, WILL YOU TELL ME YOU'VE LET YOURSELF BE TURNED AGIN YOUR DUTY BY A MESS OF SWABS AND MUTNEERS?

THERE'S NO OTHER CHOICE, TOM, THE WILD ONES WILL TAKE THE SHIP AND THE GOLD IN ANY CASE!



JOHN! WHAT WAS THAT SCREAM? IT SOUNDED LIKE A DEATH CRY!

THAT CRY? OH I RECKON THAT'LL BE ALAN, DYIN' OF TOO MUCH HONESTY!



SO YOU SWABS HAVE KILLED ALAN, HAVE YOU? KILL ME, TOO, IF YOU CAN THEN, BUT I DEFIES YOU, JOHN SILVER!



WITH FOOLISH BRAVERY, HONEST TOM TURNS HIS BACK.



THE ONE-LEGGED COOK HURLS HIS HEAVY, STEEL-SHOD CRUTCH.



OH! HE'S KILLED HIM! THE CRUTCH BROKE TOM'S BACK!



SICK AT THE SIGHT OF MURDER, JIM COVERS HIS EYES.

STANDING OVER HIS VICTIM'S BODY, SILVER BLOWS A SIGNAL ON A BOATSWAIN'S PIPE.



HE'S CALLING THE OTHER PIRATES. THEY'LL FIND ME IF I STAY HERE!



I'LL RUN TILL MY BREATH IS GONE. I DAREN'T STOP NOW!!



ENTERING A DARK PATCH OF FOREST, JIM SEES A WIERD FIGURE FLITTING THROUGH THE TREES.

WHA-
WHAT'S THAT
THING
AHEAD OF
ME?



WHO ARE YOU... AND
WHY ARE YOU SPYING ON
ME?

IT SPOKE TO ME,
RIGHT ENOUGH!
IT'S A REAL HUMAN
BEIN'!!



WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
AND HOW DID YOU COME HERE?

BEN GUNN! I'M
POOR BEN GUNN,
MAROONED HERE
THREE YEARS AGONE!



TELL ME YOU'RE REAL
FLESH AN' BLOOD! I AINT
HEARD A HUMAN VOICE
FOR THREE BLESSED
YEARS! TELL ME YOUR
NAME!



AN SO YOU'RE JIM HAWKINS... AND
YOU CAME ASHORE WITH JOHN SIL-
VER OO IS AFTER FLINT'S TREASURE?
WELL... HE WONT FIND IT!

WHAT'S THAT? WHY
WONT HE FIND IT, BEN?



HI!! WHAT'S THAT?

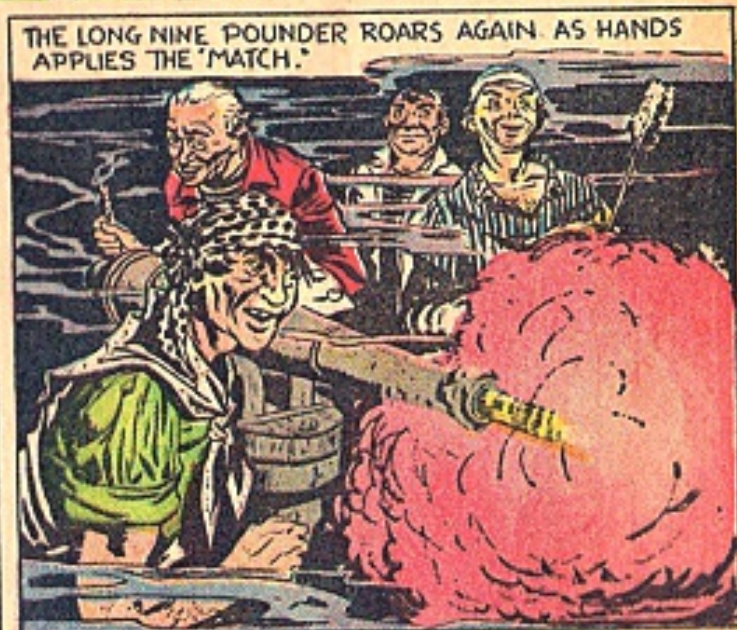
A CANNON BALL...
FIRED FROM THE
SHIP!



RUN, BEN! THE NEXT
BALL MAY COME
CLOSER!

AIN'T A WAITIN'
TO SEE!







HALLO, DOCTOR/ SQUIRE
TRELAWNEY/ IS ALL WELL?

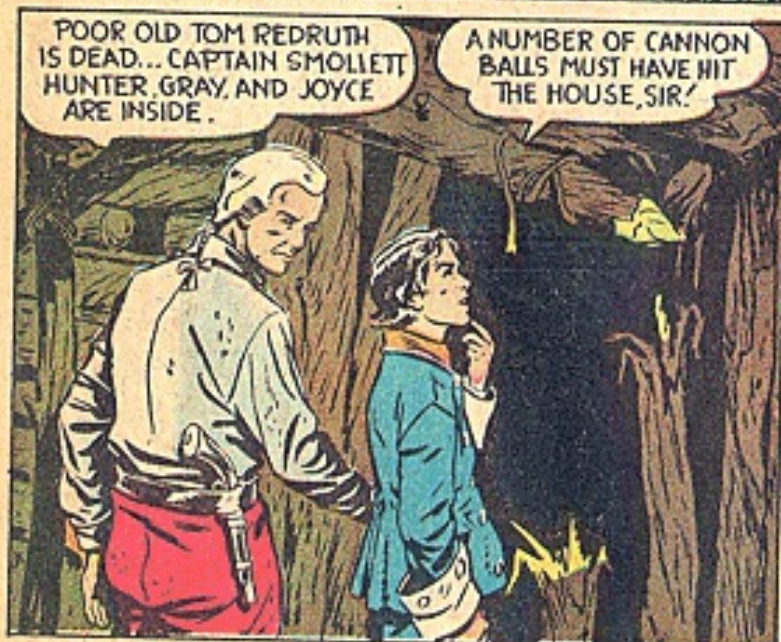
WHY STAY ME! IT'S
YOUNG HAWKINS!

IT'S JIM,
SAFE AND
SOUND!



WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD,
JIM... KILLED BY JOHN SILVER'S
CUTTHROATS!

THEY NEARLY CAUGHT
ME, SIR... WERE ANY
OF OUR PARTY HURT?



POOR OLD TOM REDRUTH
IS DEAD... CAPTAIN SMOLLETT
HUNTER, GRAY, AND JOYCE
ARE INSIDE.

A NUMBER OF CANNON
BALLS MUST HAVE HIT
THE HOUSE, SIR!



JIM HAWKINS ESCAPED
THE PIRATES AND IS RE-
PORTING TO YOU FOR DU-
TY, CAPTAIN SMOLLETT

GOOD! WE'LL NEED EVERY
HAND WHO CAN FIRE A
MUSKET. I'LL PUT YOU SEN-
TRY AT THE DOOR, HAWKINS.



I DOUBT IF THE PIRATES'LL
ATTACK TONIGHT. THEY'LL
BE TOO DRUNK WITH
STOLEN RUM.

ALL THE SAME WE'LL
KEEP A SHARP LOOK-
OUT DOCTOR,
THEY KNOW WE HAVE
THE TREASURE MAP.



FIFTEEN MEN
ON A DEAD MAN'S
CHEST...

YO, HO, HO, AND
A BOTTLE OF
RUM !!

SOME DISTANCE FROM
THE STOCKADE THE
PIRATES ROAR THEIR
DRUNKEN SONGS.

AT LAST, OVER COME BY DRINK AND WEARINESS, THE BUCCANEERS FALL ASLEEP.



TOWARDS DAWN A WILD, BEAST-LIKE FIGURE CREEPS INTO THE PIRATE CAMP.



AHA-A-A-A! NOW'S BEN GUNN'S CHANCE... THEY'RE ALL A'SNORIN'!

CHEESE! A REAL ENGLISH CHEESE... AND BEN GUNN'S HAD NO PROPER FOOD THESE LONG THREE YEARS!



AND THIS BOTTLE I'LL TAKE IT ALONG FOR SAFE KEEPING... AS YOU MIGHT SAY.



A WILD MAN! STEALING OUR GRUB! PUT THAT DOWN OR I'LL...



QUICK AS A FLASH, BEN GUNN HURLS THE BOTTLE

NO, YE WONT!



JOHN! WHAT WAS THAT SHOT?

IT'S SMOLLETT'S CREW! STAND BY TO REPEL BOARDERS!





COLLIN'S DEAD! 'T WAS HIS PISTOL WENT OFF, JOHN!

KILLED BY A RUM BOTTLE... IN THE HANDS OF SOME SPY FROM THE STOCKADE, I WARRANT YOU!



I'LL PAY CAPTAIN SMOLLETT A RETURN VISIT LADS... BUT BOLDLY AND IN THE OPEN! GEORGE MERRY, YOU'LL COME WITH ME TO CARRY A FLAG OF TRUCE.



IN THE MORNING MISTS, THE TWO BUCCANEERS APPROACH THE STOCKADE. WHY TROUBLE TO ARGY WITH 'EM, JOHN? WE COULD TAKE THE STOCKADE BY A SURPRISE ATTACK IN WHICH CASE THEY MIGHT BURN THE TREASURE CHART. IF WE CAN TRADE FOR IT THERE'LL BE NO NEED TO FIGHT.



WHO GOES THERE? STAND, OR WE FIRE!

FLAG OF TRUCE, CAPTAIN SILVER WANTS TO COME ON BOARD AND MAKE TERMS!



CAPTAIN SMOLLETT'S REPLY IS BITTER...

CAPTAIN SILVER, EH? DON'T KNOW HIM, YOU RASCAL! IF EITHER OF YOU WANTS TO TALK TERMS HE'LL COME TO US AT HIS OWN RISK!



GIVE ME A HAND UP, GEORGE, AND I'LL FOLLOW MY TIMBER LEG INSIDE!

AYE CAP'N BUT TAKE CARE OR THEY'LL SHOOT YE!



HERE'S THE KEY, CAP'N. WE'VE GOT THE SHIP, THE STORES AND THE MEN. YOU GIVE US THE TREASURE CHART AND WE'LL SAIL AWAY LEAVIN' YOU HERE IN PEACE!

IS THAT ALL?

HERE'S MY ANSWER, SILVER. YOU'LL NEVER GET THE TREASURE... YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO NAVIGATE THE SHIP.. AND IF YOU COME IN MUSKET SHOT OF HERE, AGAIN, I'LL SHOOT YOU DEAD!

WHY, YOU, YOU...



TRAMP, MY LAD / BUNDLE OUT OF HERE... DOUBLE QUICK!!

YOU'LL LIVE TO REGRET THIS, MARK MY WORDS!



HURRY, YOU ROGUE! YOU'RE NO ORNAMENT UP THERE!

YOU HEARD WHAT THE CAPTAIN SAID!!

LAUGH BY THUNDER! LAUGH! I'LL COME BACK AND STOVE IN YOUR BLOCKADE LIKE A RUM PUNCHION!

HA-HA-HA! HE DOES LOOK FUNNY!



THE RASCALS ARE GONE, AND SERIOUSLY CAPTAIN, WE'RE IN DANGER!

AYE, WE'RE OUT-NUMBERED, BUT WE CAN DRUB THOSE CUTTHROATS IF WE FIGHT WITH DISCIPLINE.



TO YOUR POSTS, MEN! DOCTOR, YOU TAKE THE DOOR... HUNTER, TAKE THE EAST SIDE LOOPHOLES... JOYCE, STAND BY THE WEST... TRELAWNEY AND GRAY, THE NORTH SIDE.



HAWKINS, TAKE THIS POWDER HORN AND BAG OF BULLETS, AND STAND BY TO LOAD FOR THE OTHERS.

AYE AYE SIR!



READY TO RELOAD MY GUN, JIM... SOMETHING'S MOVING AMONG THE TREES!

IS IT THE PIRATES, JOYCE?



SUDDENLY JOYCE WHIPS UP HIS MUSKET AND FIRES.

FROM THE EDGE OF THE WOODS A HALF DOZEN MUSKETS BANG...



YAAA-AH!! BOARD 'EM AND SINK 'EM!!

SHOOT 'EM THROUGH THEIR OWN LOOPHOLES!

INSIDE THE HOUSE, THE SQUIRE AND SEAMAN GRAY CALMLY PICK THEIR SHOTS...

I HOLED ONE OF 'EM, SIR!!

GOOD, HAND ME THAT SPARE GUN, HAWKINS.



SEVEN PIRATES RUSH THE NORTH SIDE.

AH-H!! I'M HIT!!

HEADS DOWN!!

REACHING THE WALL, THE PIRATES POUR A DEADLY FIRE THROUGH THE LOOPHOLES.

THIS ONE WON'T NEED HIS GUY AGAIN!

HAH! IT'S LIKE SHOOTING RABBITS IN THEIR HUTCH!!

RUN TO THE HOUSE BEFORE THEY CAN RELOAD!!!

FOUR ATTACKERS GAIN A FOOTING INSIDE THE STOCKADE.



CAPTAIN SMOLLETT FALLS, SHOT FROM BEHIND...



DR LIVESEY'S BULLET ANSWERS THE PIRATE'S PISTOL SHOT...



CUTLASSES, LIVESEY! GET OUT
AND FIGHT 'EM IN THE OPEN!!
NEVER MIND ME!!

YOU'RE RIGHT
CAPTAIN!
BUT WE'LL BE
BACK!



EVERYBODY OUTSIDE!
THIS FIGHT IS TO THE
DEATH, LADS!

WE'LL SELL
OUR LIVES
DEARLY, EH,
HAWKINS?

YES,
SIR!



HUZZA!! THEIR
GUNS ARE
EMPTY!

BUT NOT OUR
HANDS, YOU
ROGUE!

THE FIRST AT-
TACKER LEAPS
THROUGH
THE DOOR.



GIVE GROUND YOU DOG
OR I'LL CUT YOU TO
RIBBONS!

HELP,
MATES!
HELP!!







THAT'S O'BRIEN IN THE RED NIGHT-CAP... THE OTHER MAN IS ISRAEL HANDS... THEY MUST HAVE KILLED EACH OTHER!



MMM-MMMH, MY LEG!

HAH!

SO YOU'RE NOT DEAD AFTER ALL! COME AWAKE, MR HANDS!



BRAN-BRANDY! GIMME A DRINK, FOR PITY SAKE!



HMMMM! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE IF I'M TO SAVE THAT RASCAL'S LIFE... I'LL GET HIM A DRINK BUT NOT BRANDY.



IF HANDS HAD STUCK TO WATER, HE WOULDN'T BE LYING AT DEATH'S DOOR NOW... HE MUST HAVE A TERRIBLE THIRST AFTER LOSING ALL THAT BLOOD!



WATER-PHOOEY! HOW DARE YE BRING ME THAT STUFF- YE BRAT!

TAKE SOME MORE, MR HANDS, YOU'LL LIVE LONGER... THAT IS, PROVIDING I CHOOSE TO SAVE YOU FROM BLEEDING TO DEATH.



OW! TAKE CARE HOW YE HAUL ON THAT KNOT OR I'LL KNOCK YER HEAD OFF!

IT'S GOT TO BE TIGHT, OR IT WON'T STOP THE BLOOD!

AND NOW I'LL GET YOU A BITE TO EAT, TO BRING YOUR STRENGTH BACK.... IN RETURN, MR. PIRATE HANDS, I WANT YOU TO SHOW ME HOW TO GET THIS SHIP ASHORE.



GOING BELOW, JIM RAIDS THE CAPTAIN'S PANTRY.

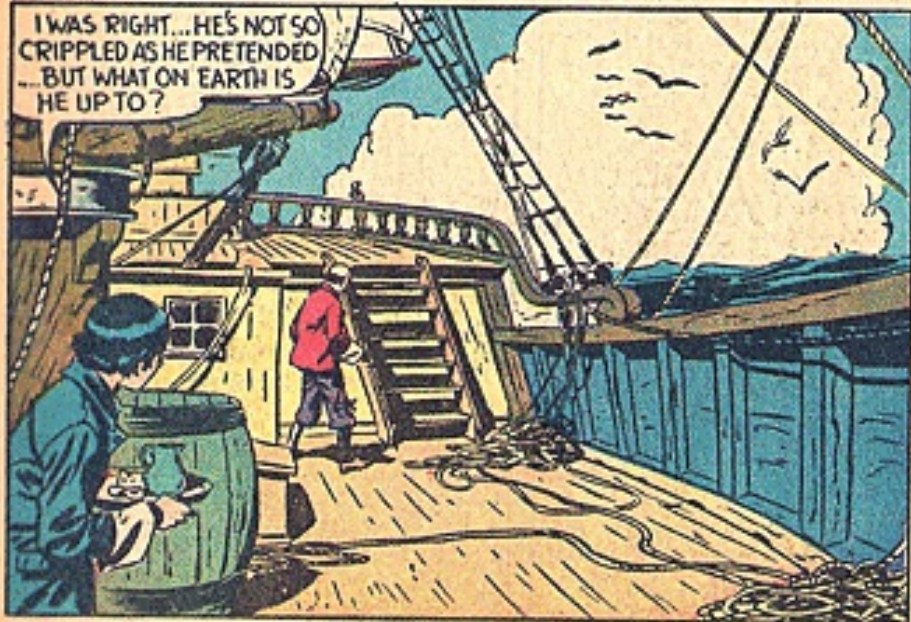
HERE'S BISCUIT... AND PICKLED FRUIT... AND RAISINS... AND GOOD ENGLISH CHEESE... I GUESS THAT'S ENOUGH.



I DON'T TRUST THAT OLD BUCCANEER... HANDS...WEAK AS HE IS.... I'LL TAKE A LOOK FROM THIS FORWARD COMPANIONWAY AND SEE WHAT HE'S DOING.



I WAS RIGHT... HE'S NOT SO CRIPPLED AS HE PRETENDED... BUT WHAT ON EARTH IS HE UP TO?



O'BRIEN'S KNIFE... JUST WHERE IT FELL WHEN I KILLED HIM! 'TIS A PITY MINE WAS LOST OVERBOARD, BUT THIS WILL DO!



WHEN THAT MEALLY MOUTHED BOY COMES BACK, I'LL SLIT HIS BELLY LIKE A RABBIT'S... AND SAIL THE SHIP MYSELF!



HOW ARE YOU FEELING, HANDS? ABLE TO EAT A BIT OF SHIP'S BREAD AND CHEESE?

WATER! GIVE ME A DRINK OF WATER! I'M...AH...DYIN', LAD!



WHY, WHAT DOES THIS MEAN, LAD? SURELY YE'RE NOT AFRAID OF A POOR, UNARMED SEAMAN AT THE VERY POINT OF DEATH?

YOU'RE NO NEARER DEATH, ISRAEL HANDS, THAN YOU ARE TO THE POINT OF THIS PISTOL... AND AS FOR BEING UNARMED, I SAW YOU GET THAT KNIFE!



BESIDES, WHEN A PIRATE ASKS FOR WATER INSTEAD OF RUM, HE'S TRYING DESPERATE HARD TO TRICK SOMEBODY... NOW EAT AND DRINK, YOU ROGUE ... I HAVE USE FOR YOU LATER.

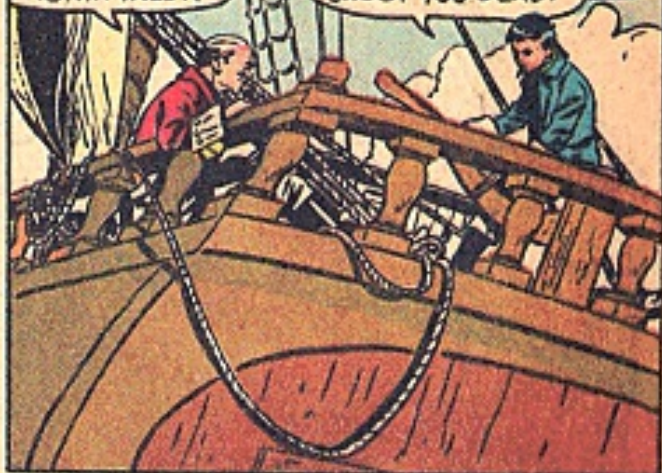


BEFORE STEERING FOR SHORE, I'LL HAUL DOWN THIS PIRATE FLAG.



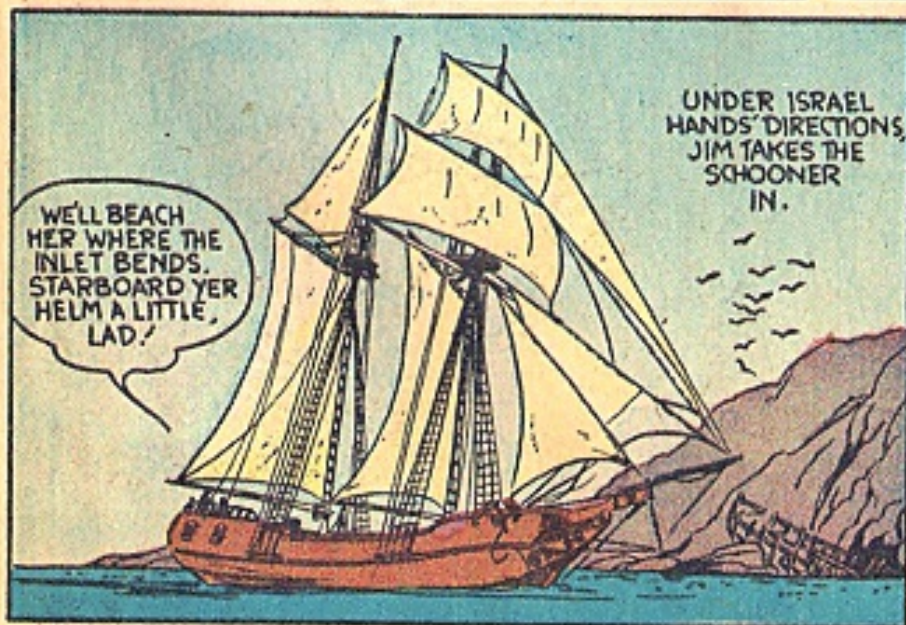
THREE POINTS TO THE STARBOARD, CAP'N HAWKINS! THAT WILL TAKE US FAIR INTO NORTH INLET.

THREE POINTS TO STARBOARD IT IS, MR HANDS... AND MIND YOU KEEP YOUR DISTANCE FROM ME, OR I'LL SHOOT YOU DEAD!



UNDER ISRAEL HANDS' DIRECTIONS, JIM TAKES THE SCHOONER IN.

WE'LL BEACH HER WHERE THE INLET BENDS. STARBOARD YER HELM A LITTLE, LAD!



PUSHING HIS PISTOL UNDER HIS BELT, JIM THROWS HIS WEIGHT AGAINST THE TILLER.

NOW, ME HEARTY, ...LUFF!!

AYE, AYE! LUFF IT IS!



FORGETFUL OF ALL BUT HIS STEERING, JIM WATCHES THE SCHOONER RUN AGROUND.

SHE'S COMING AROUND! HER BOW WILL STRIKE THAT SAND FLAT HARD!



HOLD HARD! WE'RE GOING TO STRIKE!



HAH HAH! WHO'S NEAREST DEATH NOW, ME CHICKEN?

OH...H, YOU...



THE RELEASED TILLER BAR STRIKES HANDS, STOPPING HIM SHORT.

HUNH..H!



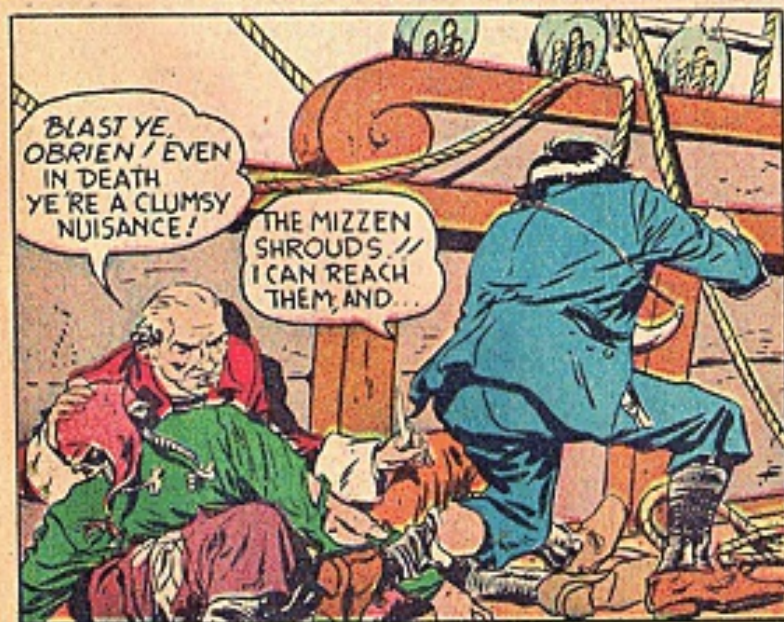
YOU TREACHEROUS DOG! I'LL RID MYSELF OF YOU ONCE FOR ALL!

BAH! YOU COULDN'T HIT THE MAINSAIL AT TEN PACES!



IT DIDN'T FIRE! MY GUNPOWDER MUST BE WET WITH SEAWATER!







I'VE GOT YE TREED NOW, ME CHICKEN! YE CAN'T GET DOWN, AND YER GUN-POWDER'S WET WITH SALT WATER!

NOT ALL OF IT! MY POWDER HORN DIDN'T LEAK... WHEN I FINISH RE-CHARGING, YOU'D BEST START RUNNING, ISRAEL HANDS!



HUH? RECHARGING HIS PISTOLS, IS HE NOW? THAT'S BAD!



HANDS STARTS CLIMBING, BUT HIS BAD LEG SLOWS HIS PROGRESS.

I'LL REACH HIM BEFORE HE FINISHES, WOUND OR NO WOUND! MHHH... MY LEG!



I MUST HURRY! HE'S A THIRD WAY UP AND THIS IS ONLY MY FIRST PISTOL!



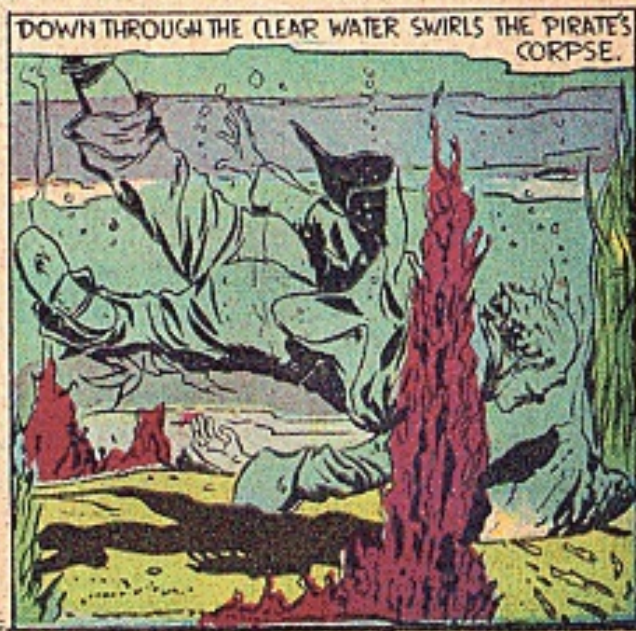
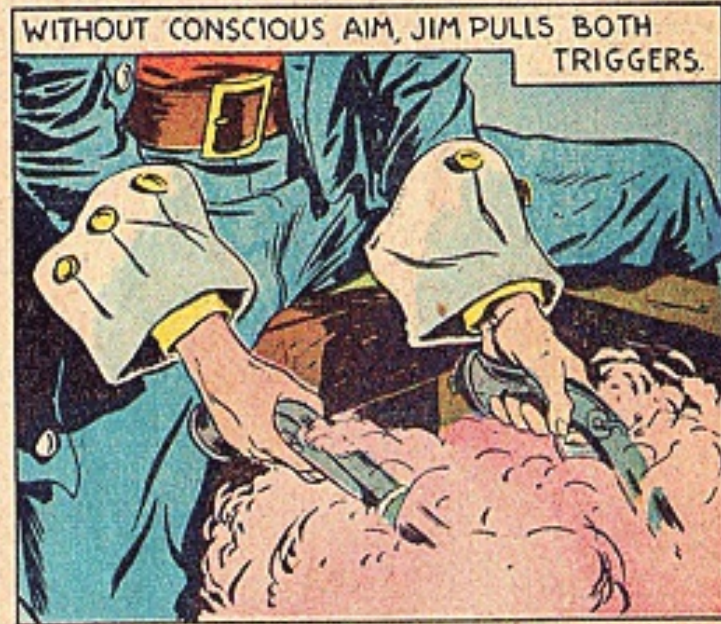
THE BULLET NEXT... AND A PATCH OF WADDING TO HOLD IT IN PLACE... HANDS IS CLIMBING FASTER!

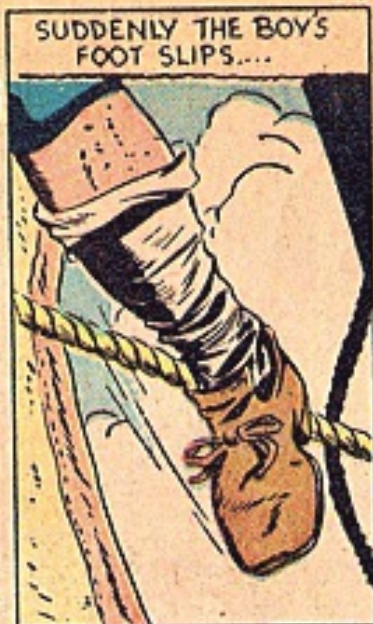


HE'S GOT ONLY ONE PISTOL READY... I'LL CHANCE HIS MISSING WITH THAT, CURSE HIM!



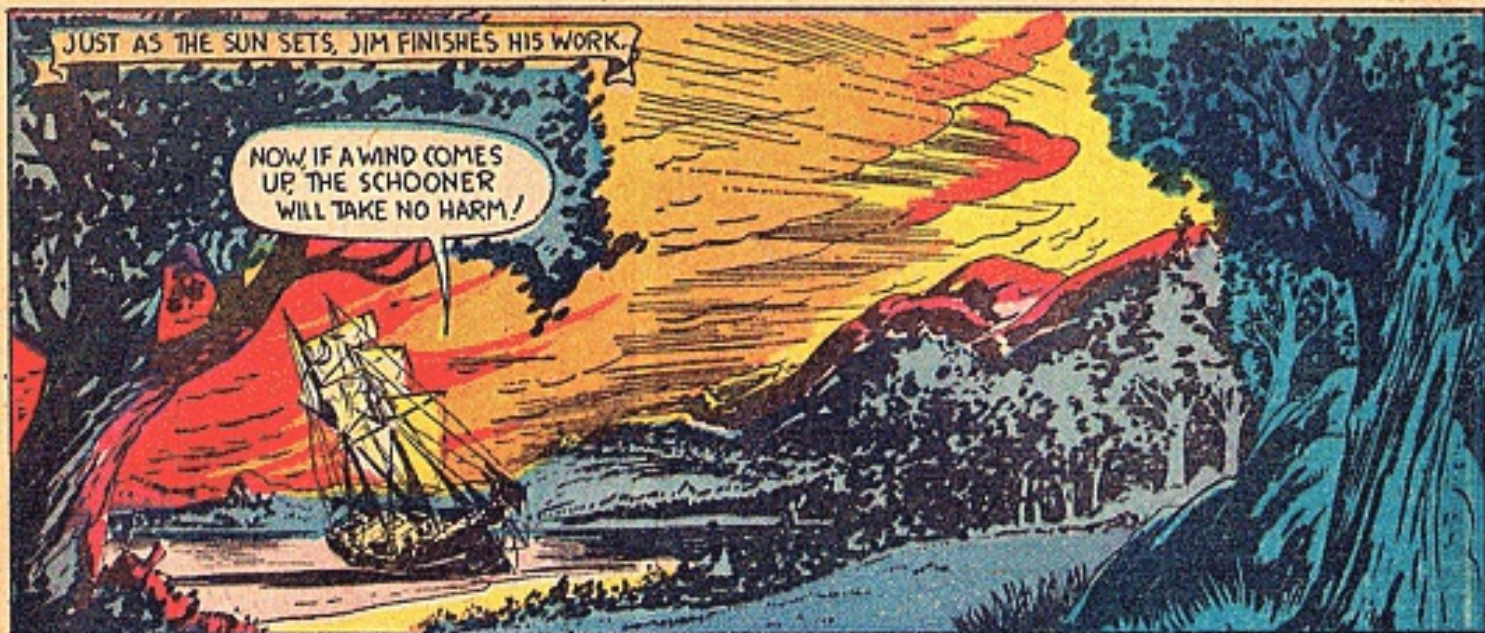
HE'S ALMOST UP TO ME... AND THIS SECOND PISTOL... COCKS... SO HARD!



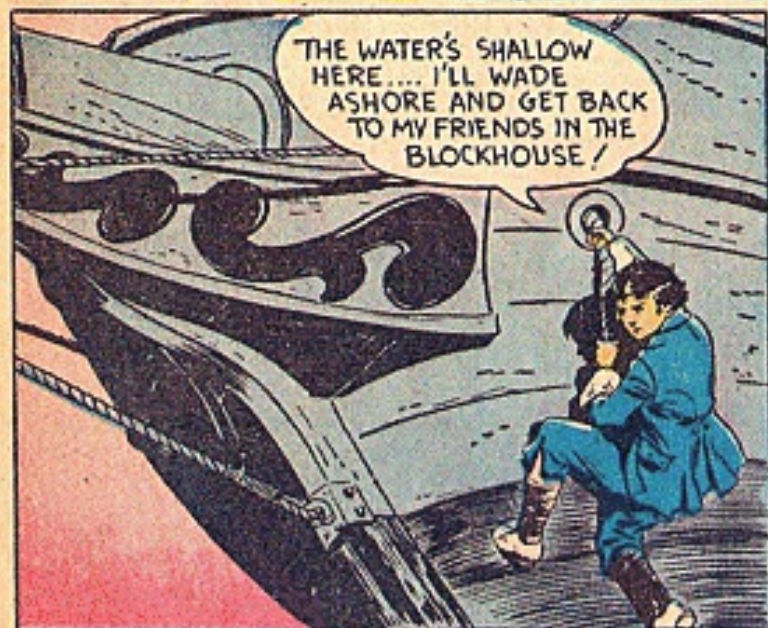


JUST AS THE SUN SETS, JIM FINISHES HIS WORK.

NOW IF A WIND COMES UP THE SCHOONER WILL TAKE NO HARM!



THE WATER'S SHALLOW HERE... I'LL WADE ASHORE AND GET BACK TO MY FRIENDS IN THE BLOCKHOUSE!



DR. LIVESEY WILL BLAME ME FOR PLAYING TRUANT WHEN HE WAS AWAY... BUT EVEN CAPTAIN SMOLLETT WILL CONFESS I'VE NOT BEEN WASTING TIME!



THERE'S THEIR FIRE INSIDE THE STOCKADE... WON'T THEY BE SURPRISED WHEN I TELL THEM... I BROUGHT THE HISPANIOLA SAFELY ASHORE!



I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO HAVE CALLED A WARNING... BUT IT'S FUN TO SURPRISE EVERYBODY, EVEN AT THE RISK OF STOPPING A BULLET!





THEY'RE ALL ASLEEP AND SNORING INSIDE... INCLUDING THE SENTRY! IF I WERE A PIRATE CREEPING UP ON THEM, THEY'D NEVER KNOW IT!



I'LL JUST LIE DOWN IN MY BUNK... AND LET THEM DISCOVER ME THERE IN THE MORNING! THE LOOK ON THEIR FACES WILL BE WORTH....



OH-H!! I STEPPED ON SOMEBODY!

MMMM-UGH! WHO GOES THERE?

DICK!! GEORGE! BRING A TORCH!!!

PIECES OF EIGHT!!
PIECES OF EIGHT!!
PIECES OF EIGHT!!!



SO HERE'S JIM HAWKINS, SHIVER ME TIMBERS! JUST DROPPED IN ON US FRIENDLY LIKE!

HAW HAW HAW! BUT HE WON'T DROP OUT ON US QUITE SO EASY!

WE'LL DROP HIM OVERSIDE, BELIKE... AFTER CUTTIN' HIS THROAT, EH, JOHN?



AVAST THERE! WHO ARE YOU, TOM MORGAN, TO BE TELLIN' WHAT WE'LL DO? I'M CAPTAIN HERE, AND I SAY THE BOY SHALL HAVE A CHANCE TO CHOOSE, IF HE WANTS TO JOIN US!



SPEAK UP, JIM HAWKINS! WILL YOU JOIN US NOW AGAINST YOUR FORMER FRIENDS... OR REFUSE AND TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES?

KILL ME, IF YOU PLEASE, BUT I'LL NOT JOIN YOU, JOHN SILVER!



ONE THING ONLY I'LL PROMISE: IF YOU SPARE ME NOW, I'LL BEG THE JUDGE TO SPARE YOU WHEN YOU'RE TRIED IN COURT FOR PIRACY, NOW IT'S FOR YOU TO CHOOSE!



HOLD OUT YOUR HAND, CAP'N SILVER! YOU CAN'T SAY WE AINT DONE THIS FAIR AND SQUARE, EVEN THOUGH YOU BUNGLED THIS CRUISE!

SO! WELL I CAN GUESS WHAT'S IN YOUR HAND, TOM MORGAN, BUT I SAY YOU'LL LIVE TO REGRET IT!



AYE THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT... THE BLACK SPOT! BUT I'M STILL YOUR CAP'N!



YOU SAY I'VE BUNGLED THIS CRUISE... BUT IF I'D HAD MY WAY, WE'D BE HALFWAY BACK TO ENGLAND NOW... WITH THE TREASURE BENEATH OUR HATCHES... YOU BLUBBERY FOOLS! I'M STILL YOUR ONLY HOPE OF FINDING IT!



LOOK AT THAT CHART, IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME!!



THE MAP! THE MAP OF THE BURIED TREASURE!

IT'S FLINT'S OWN FIST. I KNOW IT WELL, MATES!

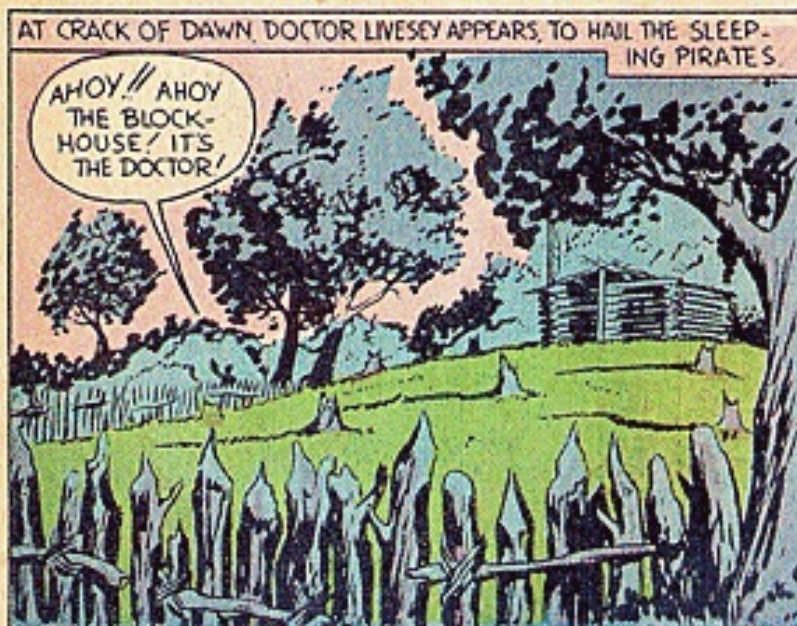
BUT WHERE DID SILVER GET IT?

AHA! THAT CHANGES YOUR TUNE, LADS, DOESN'T IT?



IT'S THE MAP FAIR ENOUGH, BUT HOW ARE WE TO GET AWAY WITH THE TREASURE, AND US NO SHIP? ANSWER ME THAT!







YOU CAN DO WITH A DOSE OF FEBRIFUGE, GEORGE MERRY... IT MAY KEEP YOU FROM DYING AND CHEATING THE GALLOWS.

UGH GLU-GLUG!



AGH/PHOOH! THE TASTE OF ITS WORSE THAN THE FEVER!

NOW THAT I'VE DOSED ALL YOUR MEN SILVER, DO ME THIS FAVOR... GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES WITH JIM HAWKINS ALONE.

VERY WELL, DOCTOR... FIVE MINUTES YE SHALL HAVE, WITH NONE LISTENING.



THE PIRATES GROWL SUSPICIOUSLY AS JIM EXITS WITH THE DOCTOR.

WHAT'S YOUR GAME, SILVER... YOU TRYIN' TO MAKE A SEPARATE PEACE WITH THE DOCTOR'S CREW BY LETTIN' THE BOY ESCAPE?

ENOUGH OF THAT, YOU FOOL! HE'LL NOT ESCAPE, FOR WE'LL ALL BE WATCHIN' HIM WHILE WE COOK BREAKFAST!

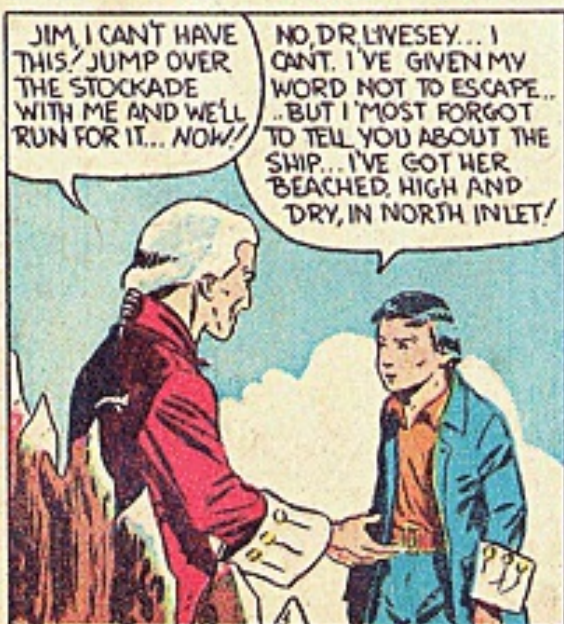


DON'T LOOK AT ME THAT WAY, DOCTOR, I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM BY RUNNING AWAY!

PERHAPS NOT, JIM, BUT YOUR LEAVING US WHEN I WAS GONE AND CAPTAIN SMOLLETT LAY HELPLESS WAS DOWNRIGHT COWARDLY.



Y-YES, SIR, I DARE SAY I DESERVE TO BE KILLED BY SILVER'S CUT-THROATS... BUT WHAT I FEAR IS THE TORTURE! IF THEY COME TO TORTURE ME I... I...



JIM, I CAN'T HAVE THIS! JUMP OVER THE STOCKADE WITH ME AND WE'LL RUN FOR IT... NOW!

NO, DR LIVESEY... I CAN'T. I'VE GIVEN MY WORD NOT TO ESCAPE... BUT I MOST FORGOT TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE SHIP... I'VE GOT HER BEACHED, HIGH AND DRY, IN NORTH INLET!



YOU AND SQUIRE AND CAPTAIN SMOLLETT AND ABE GRAY CAN SAIL HER HOME TO ENGLAND ONLY... DON'T FORGET TO MAKE A PRAYER FOR ME, SIR!

WE'LL NEVER SAIL WITH YOU, JIM! NOT IF WE ALL DIE HERE!



COURAGE, JIM, MY LAD... I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN!

MAYBE YOU'LL SEE HIM AND MAYBE YOU WON'T. BUT COME NOW TO BREAKFAST, MY CHICKEN!

GOODBYE, DOCTOR!



YOU SEE, MORGAN... HE TALKED WITH THE DOCTOR ALL OPEN AND ABOVE BOARD, NO HARM IN THAT!

SO YOU SAY, CAPTAIN... BUT IF ANY HARM COMES, I PROMISE YOU AND THE BOY WON'T LIVE TO PROFIT BY IT!



AND NOW, ME HEARTIES, IF YOU'VE EATEN YOUR FILL, WE'LL GO HAVE A LOOK FOR FLINTS BURIED TREASURE!

THE TREASURE!

AYE! LET'S GO LOOK FOR IT NOW!



LONG JOHN SILVER ARMS HIMSELF TO THE TEETH.

YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU EXPECTED TROUBLE, MR SILVER!

I DO LAD... FROM ONE QUARTER OR ANOTHER! AND MIND, THOUGH I'VE SAVED YOUR LIFE TILL NOW, YOU'RE STILL MY HOSTAGE! I'M NOT LETTING YOU OUT OF MY SIGHT!

PIECES OF EIGHT, PIECES OF EIGHT!



THE MAP SAYS TO HEAD FOR THE RIDGE OF LAND ACROSS THE ANCHORAGE!

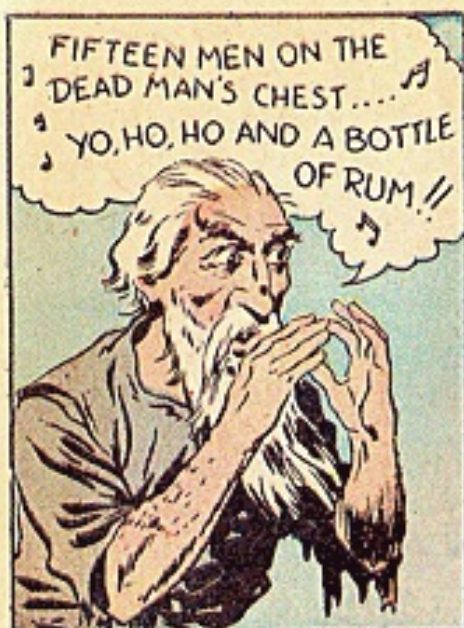
AND THE TREASURE'S BURIED ATOP OF IT, UNDER A GREAT PINE.



WHICH ONE OF THE PINES MIGHT IT BE, NOW?

THE MAP SAYS TO GET THREE OF THEM IN LINE!





FIFTEEN MEN ON THE
DEAD MAN'S CHEST...
YO, HO, HO AND A BOTTLE
OF RUM!!



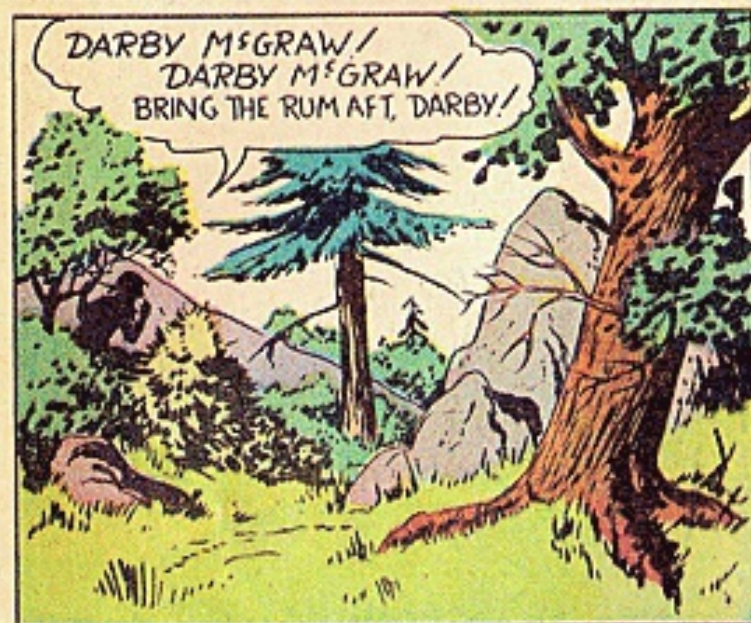
DID YOU
HEAR THAT,
MATES! IT
SOUNDED
LIKE...

...LIKE FLINT'S
OWN VOICE!
THAT WERE HIS
SONG AFORE
HE DIED!

BUT DEAD MEN
'DONT SING!
STOP SHAKIN'
LIKE SCARED SCHOOL
GIRLS!



GEORGE IS RIGHT, FOR
ONCE, YOU SUPERSTITIOUS
FOOLS! CAP'N FLINT IS
DEAD AND DUST... HE'S
SUNG HIS LAST SONG! THIS
HERE IS SOME TRICK TO
FRIGHTEN US!



DARBY M'GRAW!
DARBY M'GRAW!
BRING THE RUM AFT, DARBY!



FLINT USED TO HAIL THE
CABIN BOY LIKE THAT...
ABOARD THE OLD WALRUS.
...AND BEN GUNN USED TO
MIMIC HIM, REMEMBER?

BEN GUNN! NOW I KNOW
WHOSE VOICE THAT IS!
BEN GUNN'S GOT HERE
AHEAD OF US!



BUT THAT DON'T MEAN HE'S FOUND FLINT'S
TREASURE LADS! WE'VE GOT THE ONLY MAP!
WE'LL FIND THE GOLD THERE ONCE WE LINE
UP THREE PINE TREES WITH THIS HERE SKELETON!



THERE SHE STANDS, MATES...
THE THIRD TREE IN LINE!!

AND FLINT'S
TREASURE
BURIED AT
HER KEEL!



THERE'S A CLEARIN' IN THE BUSHES AHEAD... SOMEONE'S BEEN HERE BEFORE...

PIECES OF EIGHT... PIECES OF EIGHT!



IT'S GONE! BEN GUNN OR SOMEONE'S BEEN HERE AND DUG UP THE GOLD, MATES!

AND JOHN SILVER BROUGHT US HERE FOR THIS... CURSE HIM!



THERE'S ONE CHANCE... THAT THE 'DIGGER' DIDN'T FIND FLINT'S CACHE!

DIG NOW! IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO TELL!



A GOLD PIECE WORTH TWO GUINEAS! IT'S FLINT'S AND NO MISTAKE! THERE'S YOUR SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS, JOHN SILVER! WHAT'S LEFT OF IT!



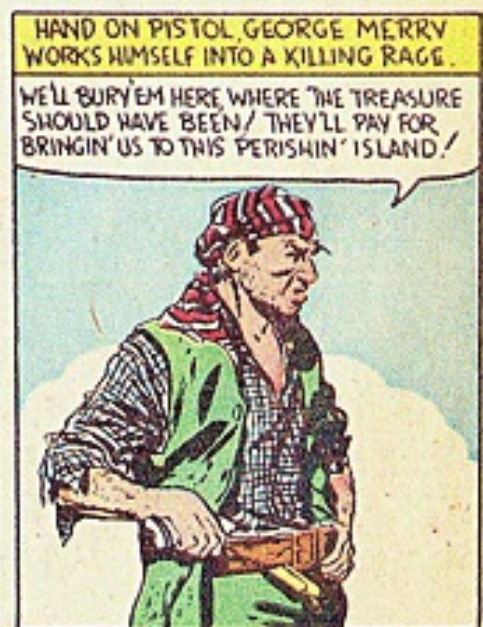
TAKE THIS PISTOL... WE'RE IN A TIGHT CORNER. THOSE LADS ARE MAD WITH DISAPPOINTMENT.

THANKS, SO YOU'VE CHANGED SIDES AGAIN, EH, MR. SILVER?



MATES, THERE'S THE TWO OF 'EM AFORE US... ONES THE OLD CRIPPLE WHO BLUNDERED US INTO THIS MESS... THE OTHER'S THAT TRICKY CUB, JIM HAWKINS!

HAWKINS... I'D LIKE TO HAVE SUT HIS THROAT BEFORE NOW!



HAND ON PISTOL, GEORGE MERRY WORKS HIMSELF INTO A KILLING RAGE. WE'LL BURY 'EM HERE WHERE THE TREASURE SHOULD HAVE BEEN! THEY'LL PAY FOR BRINGIN' US TO THIS PERISHIN' ISLAND!



WELL, DOCTOR, YOU THREE CAME IN THE NICK OF TIME FOR ME AND JIM HAWKINS... BUT TELL ME... WAS IT BEN GUNN AS DUG UP FLINT'S TREASURE?

AYE, IT WAS POOR HALF-WITTED 'BEN'!



IT WAS BEN GUNN WHO SAVED YOUR LIFE BY DELAYING YOUR PRECIOUS CUT-THROAT MATES UNTIL WE CAME WITHIN SHOOTING DISTANCE. YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO THANK HIM FOR, SILVER, AND SO HAVE WE ALL.



YOU MEAN YOU'VE GOT ALL OF CAPTAIN FLINT'S GOLD STORED AWAY IN YOUR CAVE, 'BEN? THEN YOU'RE THE RICHEST MAN I EVER KNEW!

NAY LAD! THE TREASURE WILL BE DIVVIED UP BETWEEN US ALL TO PAY FOR RESCUING ME FROM THIS ISLAND.



THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO BEN'S CAVE IS BY WATER... AROUND THE POINT AND PAST NORTH INLET.

THE *HISPANIOLA*! SHE'S ADRIFT ON THE TIDE AND HEADING OUT TO SEA!

YOU'RE RIGHT, LAD! IF WE'D COME BY TWO HOURS LATER, WE'D HAVE MISSED HER!



WE'LL GO ABOARD AND DROP THE ANCHORS, NOW!

CLEW UP THOSE SAILS TIGHTLY, MEN! WE DON'T WANT THE SHIP TO DRAG HER ANCHORS IF A BLOW COMES UP!

AYE, AYE, SIR! THE SCHÖONER'S OUR ONLY HOPE OF GETTING HOME TO ENGLAND!



WITH THE SHIP SAFE AT ANCHOR, THE CREW ROW ASHORE



AT THE MOUTH OF BEN GUNN'S CAVE, THE SQUIRE GREETS HIS FRIENDS.



CAPTAIN SMOLLETT HOW ARE YOU? CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME FOR DESERTING YOU?



BUT YOUR WOUND SIR! IT'S STILL DANGEROUS?



GOLD! ALL GOLD!! I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS SO MUCH IN THE WORLD!



IT'S WONDROUS HEAVY STUFF... AND SO RED IN THE CANDLELIGHT, I CAN SEE WHY PEOPLE VALUE IT, BUT I DREAD TO THINK OF THE BLOODY CRIMES IT HAS INSPIRED!



GOOD DAY TO YOU SQUIRE TRELAWNEY SIR! I HOPE YOU WON'T BE TOO HARD ON POOR JOHN SILVER, AS CRAVES YOUR MERCY, SIR!

HARRUMPH! JOHN SILVER, YOU'RE A PRODIGIOUS VILLAIN! YOU DESERVE HANGING A DOZEN TIMES, OVER! BUT THE DOCTOR AND JIM WON'T LET ME PROSECUTE YOU!

OH, THANK'E, SIR! THANK'E KINDLY FOR PROMISIN' TO SPARE ME WHEN I GET HOME TO ENGLAND!

BAH! HOW DARE YOU THANK ME? I'LL SIMPLY BE FAILING IN MY DUTY AS A MAGISTRATE... STAND BACK!



I SAY, DR. LIVESEY/ WHAT HAVE WE BESIDES DRIED GOAT MEAT FOR DINNER? I WANT JOHN SILVER TO COOK US A REAL CABIN STYLE MEAL SUCH AS WE'VE NOT HAD IN A WEEK!

THAT EVENING, THE HISPANIOLA'S COMPANY FEAST ON WELL-COOKED DAIRIES.

HERE YOU ARE, GENTLEMEN... FRESH FISH, AS ABE GRAY CAUGHT THIS AFTERNOON, WITH PALM CABBAGE AND WILD NUTMEG.

SPLENDID, SILVER! SPLENDID!

AND HE'S MADE A PLUM DUFF FOR DESSERT... WITH STORES FROM THE BLOCKHOUSE, I SAW IT MYSELF!



TOMORROW, SQUIRE, WE'LL START TRANSFERRING THE TREASURE TO THE SHIP... 'T WILL BE NO EASY TASK!

TRUE... AND THERE'LL BE DANGER TOO, WE MUST HAVE A CARE THAT THOSE THREE UNHANGED MUTINEERS DON'T AMBUSH US!

'BEGGIN' YER PARDONS, GENTLEMEN... BUT I RECKON THOSE SWABS WILL BE TOO DRUNK TO BOTHER US... 'BEN GUNN REPORTED THAT THEY TOOK ALL THE LIQUOR FROM THE BLOCKHOUSE TO THEIR HIDING PLACE!





HARK! DO YOU HEAR THAT SCREAMING, AND THOSE SHOTS?

AYE, SIR, BUT IT ISN'T SCREAMING EXACTLY... THAT BE MORGAN AND HIS DRUNKEN MATES, SINGIN, I RECKON.

ABE'S RIGHT, DOCTOR. I CAN CATCH THE TUNE NOW.



THEY'RE DANCIN' AROUND A BONFIRE DOWN IN YON ROCKY HOLLOW, THEY'RE DRUNK AS OWLS!



FIFTEEN MEN ON THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST... YO HO HO!!



SILVER WAS RIGHT... THOSE SCAMPS ARE TOO FAR GONE IN DRINK TO BOTHER US... LET'S GET TO THE SHIP!

AYE, AYE, SIR! LOADIN' THE TREASURE'S OUR FIRST BUSINESS.



WE'LL PUT ALL THE GOLD IN THE STRONGROOM AND RETURN FOR MORE.

IT WILL TAKE US SEVERAL DAYS TO BRING IT ALL, WONT IT, DOCTOR?



THE SACKS OF COIN ARE STOWED IN THE STRONGROOM BELOW DECKS.

LAY THE SACKS AGAINST THE WALL WE'LL NEED TO MAKE A SCORE OF TRIPS, WITH THE SQUIRE DOING GUARD DUTY AND THE OTHER TWO CRIPPLED.

SILVER COULD CARRY A LOAD, BUT WHO'D COOK FOR US THEN?

THREE DAYS LATER, CAPTAIN SMOLLETT IS BROUGHT ON BOARD

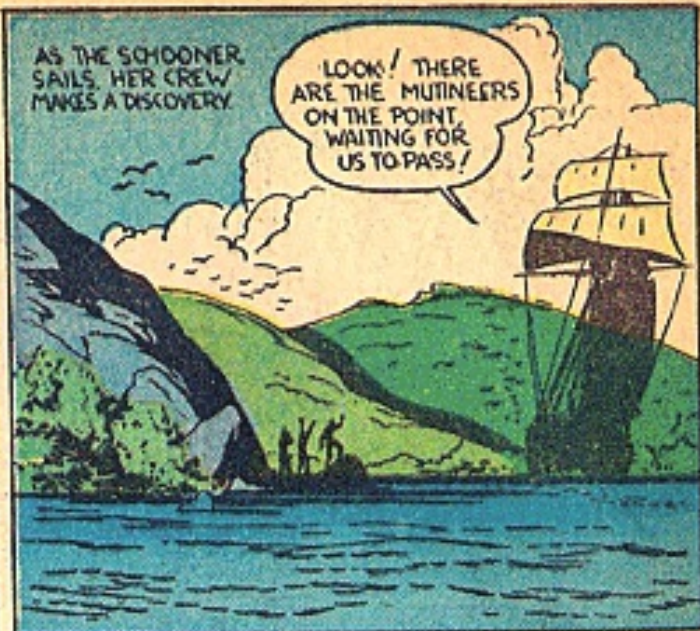
LAY MY STRETCHER ON THE AFTER DECK, GENTLEMEN.... I CAN STILL GIVE SAILING ORDERS, THOUGH I'M FLAT ON MY BACK.

VERY WELL, WE'LL DO THAT, CAPTAIN SMOLLETT.



AS THE SCHOONER SAILS, HER CREW MAKES A DISCOVERY.

LOOK! THERE ARE THE MUTINEERS ON THE POINT, WAITING FOR US TO PASS!



MERCY GENTLEMEN! DON'T LEAVE US TO DIE ON THIS FEVER CURSED ISLAND!

FOR PITY'S SAKE! TAKE US ABOARD!

TAKE US HOME! WE'D RATHER HANG THAN ROT HERE!

YOU'LL DIE NO SOONER WHERE YOU ARE... THERE'S NO ROOM ON THIS SHIP FOR YOU!

AYE, THAT'S THE TRUTH... YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE AND REFUSED IT!



STANDING AWAY FROM TREASURE ISLAND, THE HISPANIOLA RUNS INTO HEAVY WEATHER



WE'RE SHORT HANDED TO WEATHER A STORM LIKE THIS.

AYE, BUT WE'LL DO IT! JIM HAWKINS IS AS GOOD AS ANOTHER MAN I'M THINKING!

WORKING DESPERATELY, THE TINY CREW SHORTENS SAIL.



AT LAST, AFTER WEATHERING TWO GALES, THE HISPANIOLA ENTERS A WEST INDIAN PORT



AH, OH, BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIRS, BUT SILVER SAYS TO TELL YOU DINNER IS SERVED.

YOU'RE DOG TIRE, LAD, BUT SO ARE WE ALL AFTER THAT VOYAGE!

WE'LL SLEEP SOUND TO NIGHT, I FANCY.... EVEN JOHN SILVER.



THERE NOW, MY BOY YOU'RE ASLEEP ON YOUR PINS.... GO TURN INTO YOUR HAMMOCK AND LET OLD JOHN FINISH THESE DISHES.

OH THANK YOU, MR SILVER, I CAN...
AH...OH...I CAN'T KEEP MY EYES OPEN!



AN HOUR LATER, SILVER QUIETLY LEAVES HIS BUNK.

I RECKON ALL HANDS IS SLEEPIN' SOUND AS A BELL.... NOW'S MY CHANCE TO WORK BELOW!



AN AUGER, A SAW, AND A BRACE OF PISTOLS THEY'LL BE TOOLS ENOUGH, WHATEVER HAPPENS.



AND A BIT O' MARLINE ACROSS THE LADDER WILL GIVE ME WARNIN' IF ANYBODY SHOULD TRY SNEAKIN' UP BEHIND!



SILENTLY, SILVER CUTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE WALL OF THE STRONGROOM.

STOUT, TWO INCH OAK, THESE PLANKS BE... BUT A GOOD AUGER GOES THROUGH 'EM LIKE BUTTER!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE BAGS OF COIN ARE JUST INSIDE! ONE MINUTE MORE, AND....





HAH! SO YOU THOUGHT TO CATCH LONG JOHN IN THE ACT, DID YOU?



WITH FLAILING ARMS A DIM FIGURE PLUNGES FROM THE LADDER.

O-O-O-O-O-O-OH!!



SO IT'S YOU BEN GUNN! YOU'RE PULLIN' DEATH'S WHISKERS WHEN YOU SNEAK UP ON JOHN SILVER!

I NEVER KNEWED 'T WAS YOU, JOHN! I HEARD A NOISE AND CAME BELOW TO SEE. DON'T K-KILL ME! DON'T SHOOT POOR BEN GUNN!



LIFT ME OUT ONE OF THOSE BAGS O' GOLD GUINEAS, YOU FOOL! IF YOU OBEY ORDERS AND HELP ME, I MIGHT LET YOU LIVE!

YES, YES! I'LL HELP YOU! POOR BEN GUNN'S SEEN ENOUGH TROUBLE, WITHOUT GETTING SHOT AT THE END OF IT ALL!



PUT THE GUINEAS IN THE BOAT WITH MY PARROT... AND LOWER AWAY. IF YOU MAKE A NOISE, I'LL KILL YOU AND EVERY MAN-JACK ABOARD!

I'LL B-BE QUIET JOHN! QUIET AS A M-MOUSE!



WHERE WILL YE HAVE ME ROW, JOHN?

TO PIRATE'S COVE, TEN MILES DOWN THE COAST, I'LL DO THE STEERING.

SAFE ASHORE, WITH CAPTAIN FLINT ON MY SHOULDER, AND MY BAG OF GUINEAS IN HIS CAGE, SHOVE OFF, BEN! THIS IS THE LAST YOU'LL SEE OF ME!

AN' THANKUL I AM, JOHN SILVER, NOT MEANIN' NO OFFENSE! NO MOTHER'S SON IS SAFE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD... AS MANY HAS FOUND OUT TOO LATE!



MAYHAPS I SHOULD HAVE BRAINED THE BABBLING FOOL... BUT I'LL BE GONE BEFORE SQUIRE TRELAWNEY CAN START A HUNT FOR ME!

PIECES OF EIGHT! PIECES OF EIGHT!! PIECES OF EIGHT!!



AFTER A DESPERATE ROW AGAINST WIND AND TIDE, BEN GUNN RETURNS TO THE HISPANIOLA.

SQUIRE TRELAWNEY! DR LIVESEY!! WAKE UP!!



BEN GUNN! WHAT'S ALL THIS NOISE? I THOUGHT THE SHIP WAS ATTACKED-

OR THE STRONGROOM ROBBED AT VERY LEAST! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY WAKING US WITH SUCH CRIES?

O PLEASE, SIR... AND BEGGIN' YOUR PARDONS, BUT IT'S TRUE!!



LONG JOHN SILVER DID BREAK INTO THE STRONGROOM! I CAUGHT HIM TAKIN' OUT THE GOLD... BUT BEGGIN' YOUR PARDONS AGAIN, SIR...



QUICK, TRELAWNEY! PERHAPS WE CAN CATCH HIM IN THE HOLD!!

AYE... HE CAN'T GET FAR WITH THAT CRUTCH... I'M WITH YOU!



SQUIRE! DOCTOR! WAIT! LET ME TELL YOU.....



THE CORD, WHICH SILVER NEVER STOPPED TO REMOVE, CLAIMS A SECOND VICTIM.





ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1850, Robert Louis Stevenson studied first to be an engineer, and later for the legal profession. Poor health thwarted both these ambitions. Young Stevenson, with a hunger for adventure which his bodily weakness forbade, turned to travel. He traveled the rivers and canals of France and Belgium in a canoe—and wrote the story of his wanderings under the title of "An Inland Voyage." The following year, with his luggage loaded on a donkey, he tramped the byways of Southern France. "Travels With a Donkey,"

completed after his return, is one of his well known writings. Others that appeared within the same period include the "New Arabian Nights," "Virginibus Puerisque," and "Familiar Studies

of Men and Books."

When Stevenson was twenty-nine years old he sailed for America, traveling in the steerage class to make his funds go farther. Arriving here, he joined an emigrant train bound for California. The hardships he met were too much for his delicate health, but they could not discourage him. The results of this experience were his "Amateur Emigrant" and "Across the Plains."

In California he met once more a dear friend, Mrs. Fanny Osborne. She was quite ill, but recovered

"Tusitala."

On his mountain-top tomb is engraved an epitaph written by Stevenson himself.



during the following year and became Mrs. R. L. Stevenson. The newly wed couple spent a while in a western "ghost town" which had once been a flourishing mining community. Stevenson wrote the account of their stay under the title of "Silverado Squatters."

Returning with his wife to Scotland, the young author was forced into fresh exile by his persistent lung trouble.

This, however, did not prevent his writing some of his most famous stories: "Treasure Island," "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Kidnapped," "The Master of Ballantrae," and "Prince Otto."

He finally made his home on the South Sea Island of Upolu, Samoa, where his talent for story telling quickly made him a friend of the Island natives. In time they came to think of him as their chief and gave him the name of "Tusitala" which means story teller.

In this last period of his life Stevenson wrote the novel "David Balfour" and started two other books, "Saint Ives," and "The Weir of Hermiston." These last two stories were later completed by another hand.

When Robert Louis Stevenson died, the natives of Upolu cut a path through the jungle to the top of Mount Vaea and there laid to rest the body of their beloved



Strong tide here

North Inlet



Spyglass hill

Bulk of treasure here

Spring

Skeleton Island

