

Chapter 1

The Mysterious Chest

I'll tell you what happened on the mysterious Treasure Island. It all began years ago when an old buccaneer with a sinister scar across his face arrived at my father's inn. He carried with him an enormous chest which he dragged up to the door.

„Hey, boy!“ he shouted, „Help the captain. My legs can no longer bear such a heavy load!“

I helped him to carry the heavy chest into the inn. Grateful, the old sailor gave me a silver coin and asked me for a bottle of rum to quench his thirst. He finished it in a single gulp.

„I'll be staying a few days,“ he told my father. „I only need rum, bacon and eggs.“

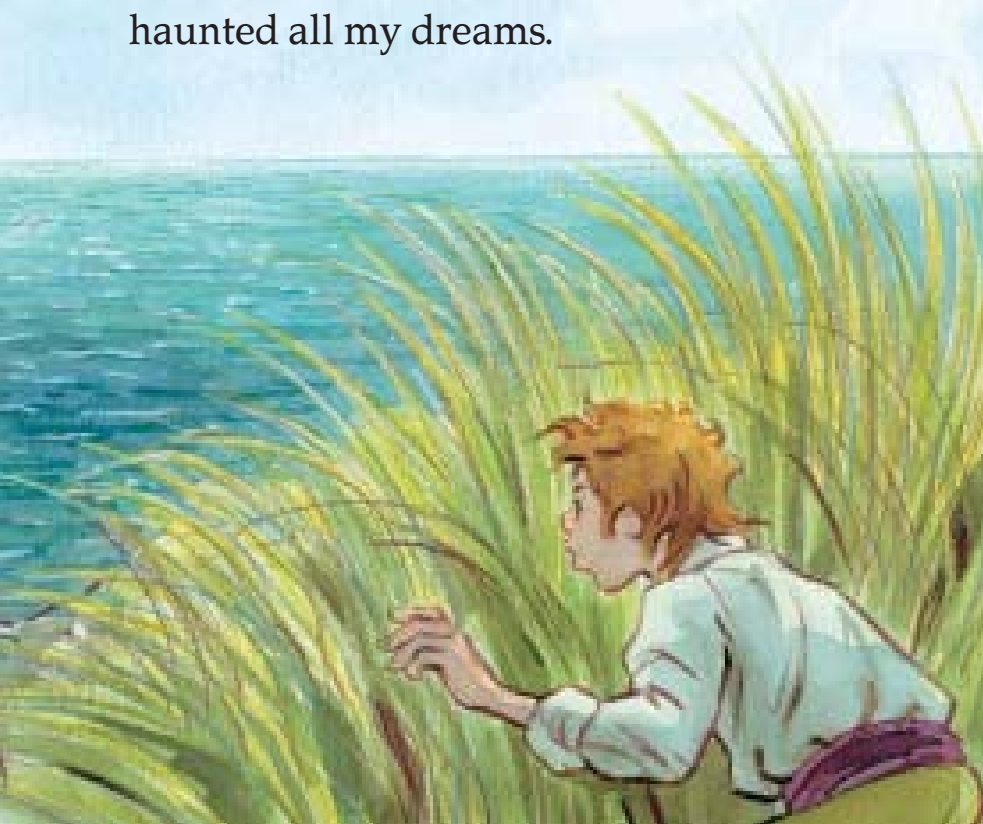
And he added, as he tossed me four or five gold pieces, „Tell me when that's been used up.“



That old sea dog used to walk along the cliffs. I was dying to know what he was doing spending so many hours gazing through his telescope. One afternoon I found him at the bay.

„Warn me,“ he said, „if you ever see a tall, straight-faced fellow with a wooden leg. I’ll pay you well for it.“

From then, that mutilated man with his wooden leg and scarred face haunted all my dreams.



When he was drunk the captain got very violent, forcing the other guests to listen to his terrible stories of piracy and singing an old seaman's song that went:
„Fifteen men on the dead man's chest.
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!“

Months passed and the captain never paid us again.



Whenever my father tried to ask for his money, the captain got so aggressive that my father ran away in fear.

I believe those quarrels weakened my father's health and caused his sudden death.

One day that hard winter a man missing two fingers on his left hand came to the inn asking for his friend Bill Bones.

„Black Dog!“ exclaimed the captain, suddenly pale, who was anything but pleased by this surprise visit.

I listened to them as they argued and then got into a fight. Black Dog ran out with a cut on his shoulder.



„Rum!“ the captain ordered in a very agitated state. „I’ve got to get away from here. Rum! Rum!“ he said before revealing a mysterious secret to me.

„Jim, I trust you. I was Captain Flint’s first mate and before he died he left me something very valuable that many a knave is searching for. That is why they follow me. I have to go now, or they’ll do away with me.

But the old buccaneer didn’t have time to escape and died suddenly. His problems with alcohol had finished him off. I was sorry for his death, but there was no time for grieving. And before anyone came asking questions, my mother gave me the keys to the chest and told me in a frightened voice:

„Quickly Jim, we have to go. Open the chest and take only the coins he owed us.“



Upon opening it, I saw an oilskin packet.
Remembering his words, I decided to take it.



Impatiently, I ripped open the packet and saw many sealed papers which I guarded jealously.

„Mother,“ I exclaimed, „report this to the law and tell them everything. Meanwhile, I’ll look for Doctor Livesey. He’ll know if these papers from the chest belong to the cruel pirate, Captain Flint.“

Quickly, I went to the home of Squire Trelawney, where the doctor was.



In the silence of the night, they listened to my story without batting an eyelid. As we unfolded the pale bundles of paper, we discovered the map of an island with three red crosses. Next to one of them it read: „Here lies the treasure“.

„We have in our hands a valuable treasure to discover,“ the doctor said excitedly, „but we must keep quiet.“

„Yes,“ I interrupted, „our lives could be at risk if Flint’s cruel comrades discover us.“

