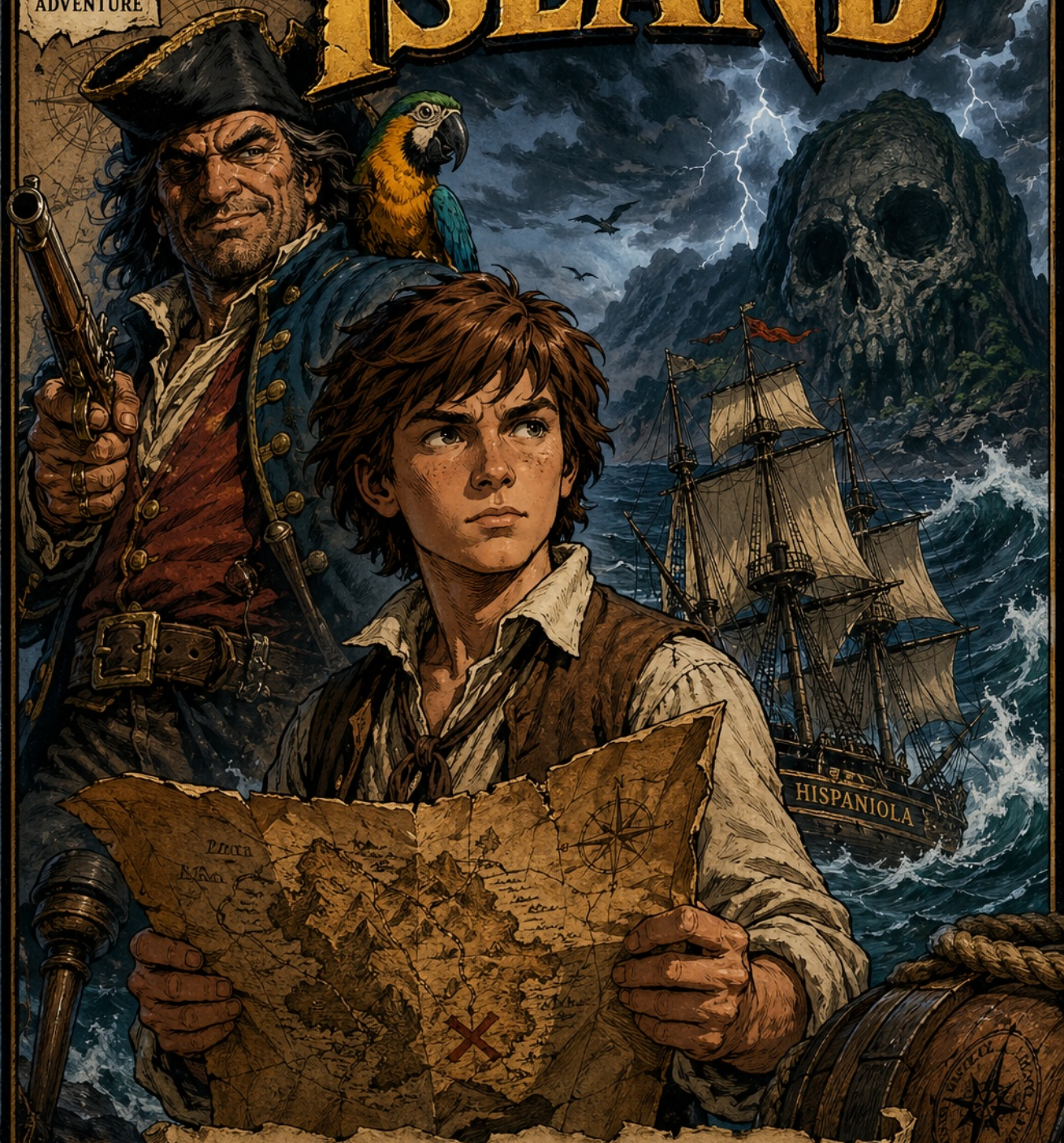




30-PAGE
COMIC
ADAPTATION

CLASSIC
ADVENTURE

TREASURE ISLAND



ADVENTURE. MUTINY. BURIED GOLD.
AND THE MOST DANGEROUS PIRATE ALIVE.



The Admiral Benbow Inn

My name is
Jim Hawkins.
Before I ever saw
Treasure Island,
before I knew the
name Flint, my
world was the
Admiral Benbow Inn.



The Old Sea Dog



Black Dog Arrives



Well now,
Billy Bones.
We meet again.



You keep
back, Black Dog!



The old captain had enemies.



And they were beginning to find him.



The Black Spot



Death of Billy Bones

1

Tonight.

2

3

4

Mother...
he's dead.

5

And with his death,
the real danger began.

The Sea Chest

We opened Billy Bones's sea chest.

Inside we found coins from many lands, pistols, and papers.

Tucked beneath everything, I found an oiled packet.

BREAK DOWN THE DOOR!

Mother, listen. Someone's coming.

We'll take only what he owed us.

Pirates at the Inn



The Map Revealed



Treasure?



We must be careful with this.



Treasure Island

Skeleton Island



Treasure Island



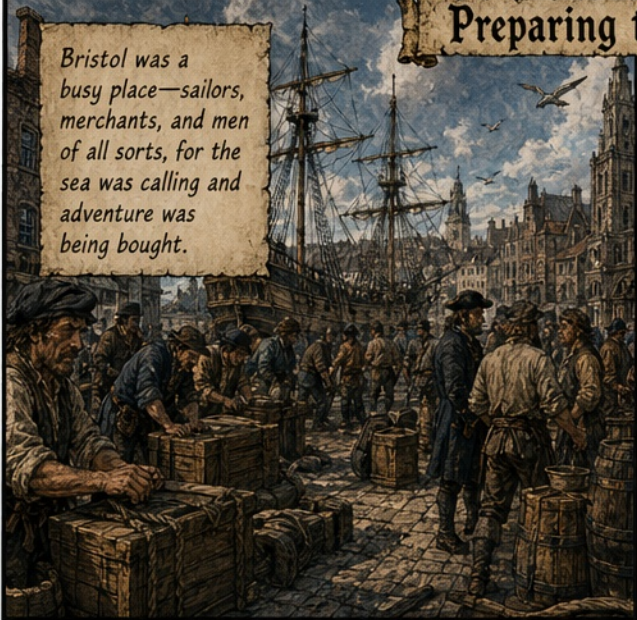
Gentlemen, we shall fit out a ship!

Carefully, Squire. This map is bloodstained in more ways than one.

Preparing the Voyage

Bristol was a busy place—sailors, merchants, and men of all sorts, for the sea was calling and adventure was being bought.

The Hispaniola was being fitted out strong and stout for our voyage.



Good men, every one of you! I offer fair wages, a share of the profit, and a voyage that will make our names stand proud!



So many ships... so many men. Everything is so big—so exciting. I'm really going!



Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!



Long John Silver, at your service. Cook, sailor, and honest man.

Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!

Had I known then what Silver truly was, I would have run.

Aboard the Hispaniola

The Hispaniola sailed from port, and with her my old life seemed to vanish into the mist.

HISPANIOLA

Everything aboard fascinated me—the ropes, the sails, the smell of tar and salt.

I don't like this voyage. I don't like the crew. And I don't like secrets.

Come along, Jim lad. A bit of apple pudding will set you right.

Silver could smile like a friend and watch like a hawk.

From the first, Captain Smollett mistrusted nearly everyone aboard.

Shipboard Days

Life aboard soon found its rhythm, and I learned the ways of the ship.

Silver's the best cook afloat!

A ship's company is like a family, Jim lad—best keep your ears open and your heart steady.

Only the captain never relaxed.

Some of the men were rougher than they seemed by daylight.

One night, wanting an apple, I hid myself in the barrel.

Voices in the Barrel

Then I heard voices—low, close, and terribly clear.

Captain Flint was feared by all—but I was quartermaster under Flint.

We wait till the treasure's found. Then we take ship, gold, and all.

It was mutiny.

And the gentlemen?

Those that stand with us may live. The rest—over the side.

In that barred I learned who Long John Silver truly was.

The Secret Council



Captain —
sir — we are
betrayed!



*I told them everything I had
heard in the apple barrel.*



We keep our heads,
trust only the loyal men,
and wait our moment.



Jim has saved
every life aboard
this ship.



My loose tongue
armed these
scoundrels.



Land ho!

*And before we could act,
the island itself rose
before us.*

Treasure Island

It was a fearful place—beautiful in one glance, sinister in the next.

HISPANIOLA

There she lies, lads—Treasure Island!

Let the mutineers go ashore first. That may buy us time.

The crew were wild to set foot on land.

Before I had thought it through, I had gone with them.

And so, without permission or plan, I found myself alone on the island.

Silver's True Face

I had not gone far before I heard voices ahead.

Be sensible, Tom. Join us, and no harm will come to you.

I'll not turn pirate. I'll keep my duty and my honor.

THRACK!

The friendly smile was gone. I saw the murderer underneath.

I ran for my life.

Ben Gunn

But on that wild island, I met someone stranger still.

You're not Flint's man, are you?

I'm Ben Gunn—
marooned these three years!

Have you got a bit of cheese?
I've dreamed of cheese by day and night!

He spoke in scraps and riddles, but I knew he had secrets of his own.

BOOM!

Then the island answered with gunfire.

The Stockade

While I wandered the island, our friends fought for a place to stand.



Redruth!



I'd do it all again, sir...



By hard fighting and harder luck, they won the fort.



The stockade became our refuge.



At last I found my way back to our own people.



Jim!
Thank heaven.



My tale of Silver's crime left no doubt what we faced.



We had won shelter, but already paid for it in blood.



Loaded muskets by the wall. Keep cool, and fire only when you must.



Before long, Silver came to bargain.



Under a Flag of Truce

Next morning Silver came under a flag of truce.

Captain Smollett, sir—I've come to make terms.

Give us the chart, and I'll see you all safe home.

You'll get nothing from me but lead.

Then laugh while you can, captain.

The truce ended, and war began in earnest.

The Attack on the Stockade

Silver kept his word no longer. Before noon the attack began.



Stand to your posts!
Give them a volley!



The whole fort
roared with smoke
and splinters.



They're beaten off—but we've
paid dearly.



We had won
the fight, but our
little company
was broken.

The Coracle

That night, full of pride and bad judgment, I slipped away alone.



Ben Gunn had told me where his strange little boat lay hidden.



I meant to reach the Hispaniola and cut her loose.



Never had the sea seemed so wide, nor I so small.



Cutting the Cable

At last I came beneath the ship herself.

More wine, you fool!

The current took hold, and the great ship answered.

She's moving!

I had cut her loose—and now the whole dark harbor moved with us.

The Drifting Ship

By dawn I had won aboard the drifting ship.

Food... and wine, lad. Then I'll help you beach her.

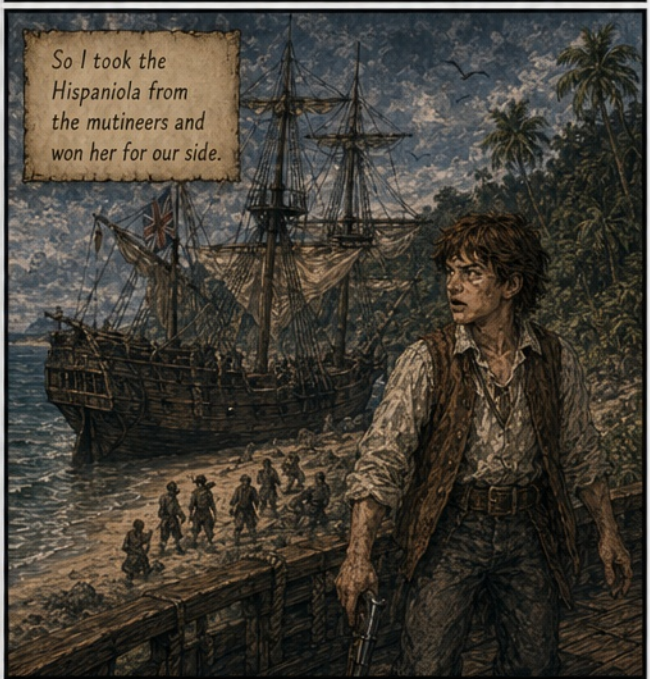
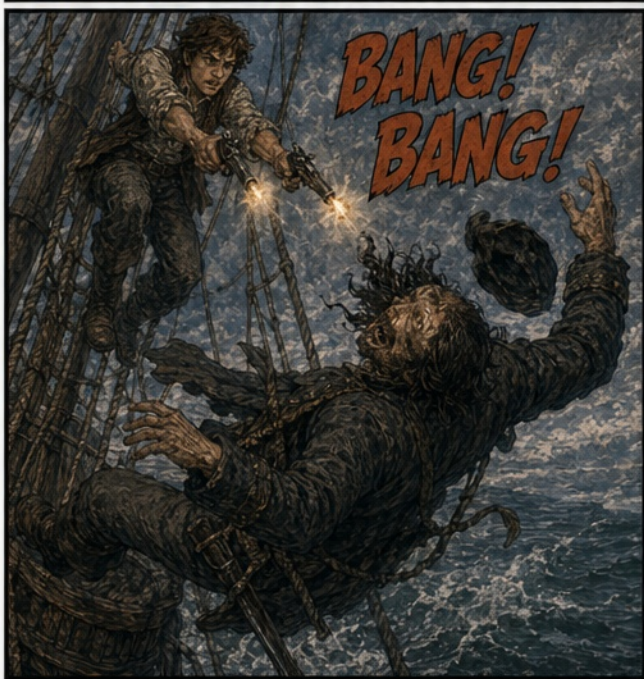
He spoke fair enough, but I trusted him little.

Starboard a touch—easy now.

For the first time I commanded a ship—and sailed with a murderer at my back.

Israel Hands

Then Hands made his play.



The Stockade Lost

Proud of my success, I made my way back to the fort.



I slipped into the blockhouse, expecting friends—but the room was dark and strange.



Stand fast, Jim Hawkins—you've come among old shipmates.



Kill him!



Not a man touches the boy. He's my hostage now.



I had escaped one trap only to walk straight into another.



The Black Spot

Before long the mutineers turned on Silver himself.

You're no captain now. Here's the black spot!

Hah! Is that your best? I've seen worse weather and kept my course!

And yet I still hold what you crave.

The chart!

Stand by me, and I'll stand by you.

Done, mate.

March of the Mutineers

At dawn we set off for the treasure.



Then we found one of Flint's old horrors.



Flint's handiwork!



Forward, lads. Bones don't bite.



The closer we came to the gold, the more uneasy every man grew.



Flint's Voice

By then every shadow seemed haunted.

Fifteen men on
the dead man's chest—
yo-ho-ho and a
bottle of rum!

Flint!
It's Flint!

That's no ghost.
That's a living man
playing tricks.

At last we stood
at the very place
marked on the map.

The Empty Pit

But when we came to the place, the treasure was gone.



Homeward Bound

Ben Gunn had found Flint's hoard long before us and carried it secretly to his cave.

Safe as a church vault, mates!

So we toiled for days, moving the treasure to the ship.

We left the worst of the mutineers behind, with food, powder, and a chance to mend or perish.

We will not murder them—only leave them to their fate.

At last we sailed away, rich in gold and richer still in hard-won wisdom.

Before we reached home, Silver gave us the ship—taking only a modest share.

Farewell, mates.

My part in Treasure Island was done. Yet in dreams I still hear surf on distant shores, and the old cry of Flint among the trees.