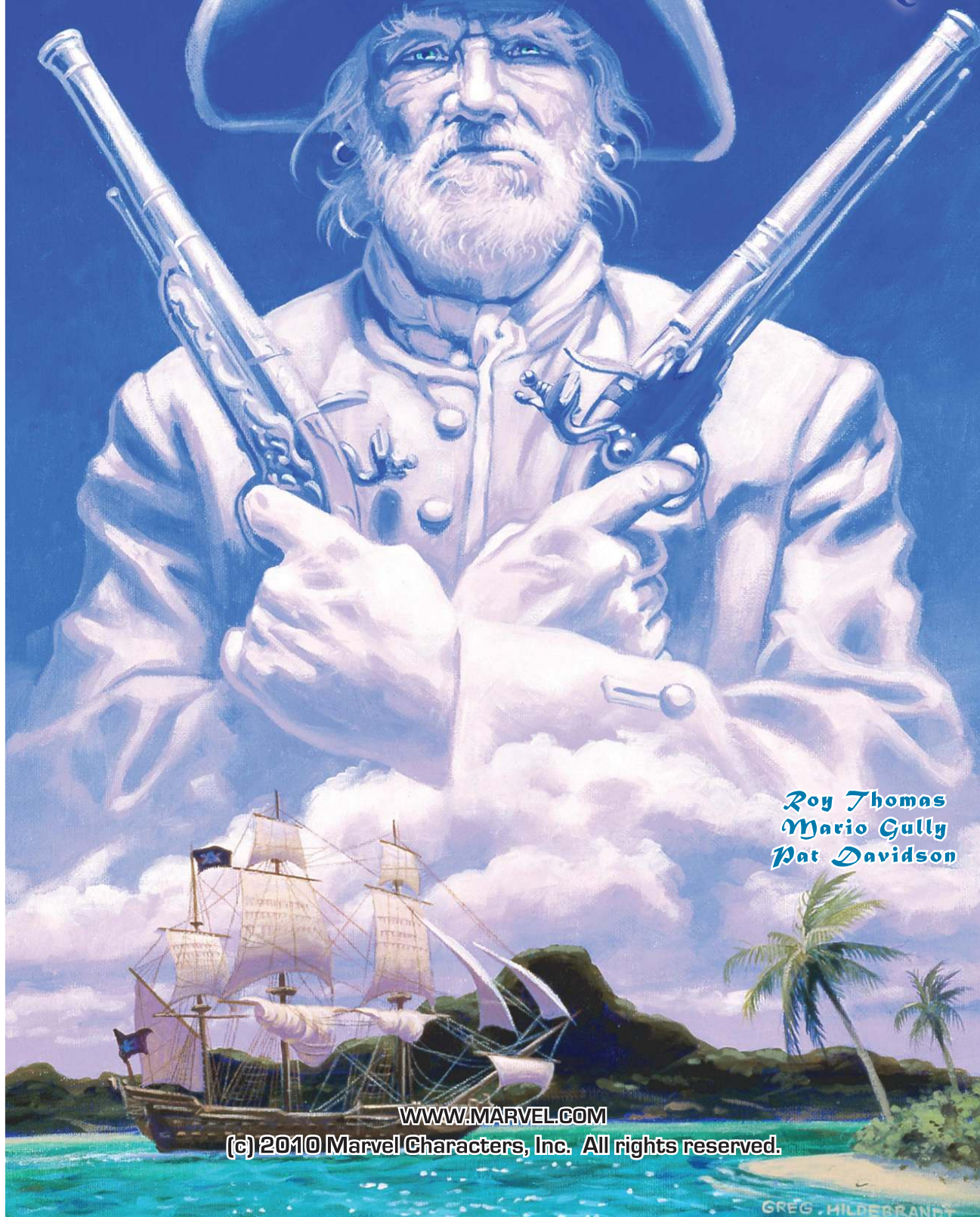


MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
2 of 6

TREASURE ISLAND

Robert Louis Stevenson



Roy Thomas
Mario Gully
Pat Davidson

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GREG HILDEBRANT

TREASURE ISLAND

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. A rough-looking seaman (whose name, Jim later learned, was Billy Bones) came to live at the "Admiral Benbow" inn, owned by Jim's father. Bones was constantly on the lookout for a one-legged sailor he feared. When a tall man called Black Dog came seeking him, Billy chased him off. Soon after the funeral of Jim's father, a sinister blind man named Pew handed Billy a paper containing a "black spot," which marked him for death—and Billy collapsed with a fatal stroke.

In Bones' sea-chest, Jim and his mother found money and papers...and learned that Billy was once in the crew of the late dreaded pirate, Captain Flint. Others of that murderous bunch, led by Pew, ransacked the inn while Jim and his fainting mother hid beneath a nearby bridge. The blind seaman's shouts made it clear he was looking for something far more important to him than money. Pew ordered his men to find the fugitives—who were, in truth, hiding fearfully, virtually under their feet....

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Find 'em,
says I!

Rout
the house
out!

We did,
Pew. They're
nowhere to
be found.



Oh, shiver my
soul--if I had
but eyes!

You have your hands
on thousands,
you fool, and you
hang a leg!

But,
Pew--!



You'd be
rich as kings if
you could find it--
and you know
it's here--

--and yet
you stand there
malingering.



WHEEEEEEE

There's Dirk's whistle!
A warning...

Cowards!
Mother and
son must be
close by--



--and then
you'll have
your hands
on it!



Just then, four or five riders topped the rise and swept at full gallop down the slope.

The first horseman tried to save him, but in vain...



Down went Pew with a cry that rang high into the night--

AAAAAHH



--and he moved no more, as the riders pulled up, horrified at the accident.



Seeing one of them was the lad who had gone from the hamlet to Dr. Livesey's, I leaped to my feet...



Wait! We're the ones you're looking for--Jim Hawkins--



* A type of small vessel, often used by smugglers.





And so, Jim...you have the thing that they were after, do you?

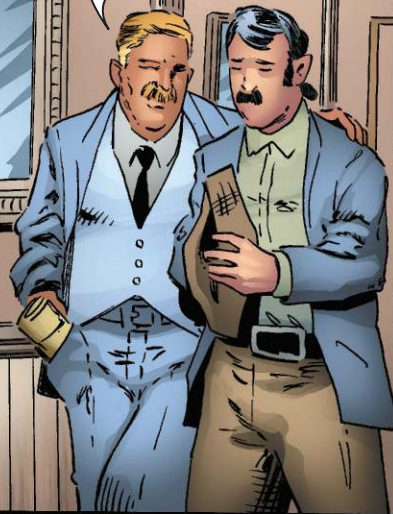


Here it is, Dr. Livesey.

Mr. Dance, I know you must be off on His Majesty's service.

But I mean to keep Jim Hawkins to sleep at my house, after he has supped here.

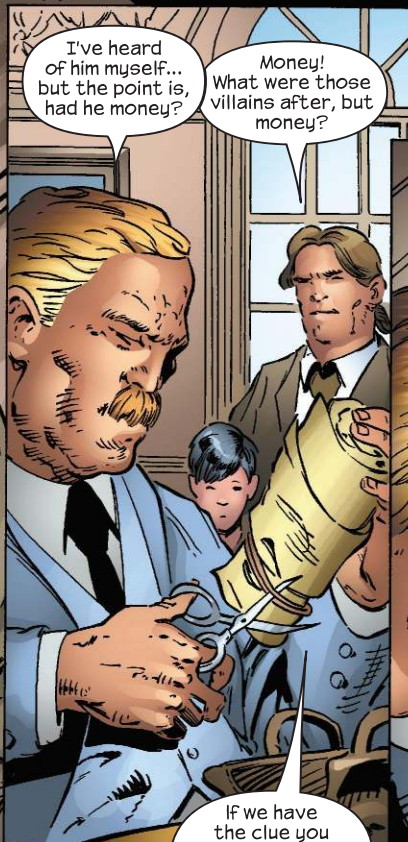
Very good, sir.



When the Supervisor had departed...

This "Captain Flint" those dogs served under was the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that sailed.

The Spaniards were so prodigiously afraid of him that, I tell you, I was sometimes proud he was an Englishman.



I've heard of him myself... but the point is, had he money?

Money! What were those villains after, but money?

If we have the clue you talk about, we'll have that treasure if we search for a year!



The packet contains a book... and a sealed paper.

First we'll try the book.

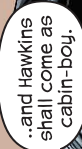
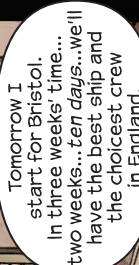


These crosses stand for the names of ships or towns they plundered.

A knife in the back,
as like as not, I could
not help thinking.



ALL TREE, SPY GLASS shoulder, bearing a P.
N.N.E. SKELETON Island E.S.E. and by E.
The bar SILVER is in the North CAPE; you
it by the trend of the east hummock, ten
South of the black CRAG with the face
the arms are easy found, is the SAND hill
of North inlet CAPE, bearing E. And A quarter
J.F.



I would like to see the paper and know of its quality
 for each trade city. I hope to see it.

It was longer than the Squire imagined ere we were ready for the sea.

While Dr. Livesey sought a London physician to take his practice, I lived on at Squire Trellawney's, under the charge of old Redruth, the gamekeeper.

As the weeks passed on, I was full of dreams of the sea and strange islands and adventures... but nothing so strange and tragic as what actually befell us.

And one fine day there came a letter...

It is addressed to Dr. Livesey...



...with this addition: "To be opened, in the case of his absence, by Tom Redruth..."



"...or young Hawkins."

The gamekeeper was a poor hand at reading anything but print, so...

The Squire says he's bought a ship, Tom...the Hispaniola...

But his letter reveals he's told "everyone in Bristol what port we sail for--treasure, I mean."

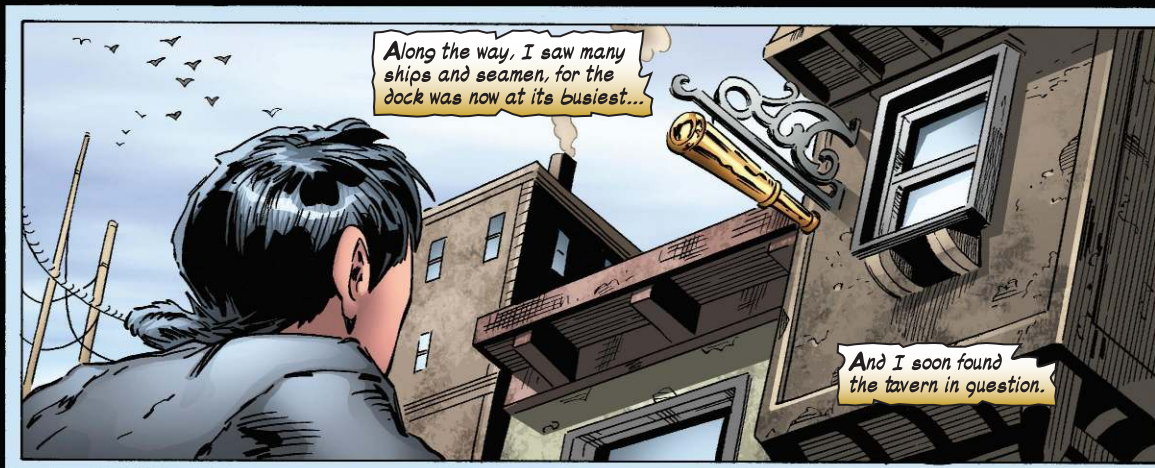
Dr. Livesey will not like that!

And he says he's met an old one-legged sailor whom he's engaged to be the ship's cook...

...and this "Long John Silver" found a whole crew for him in just a few days.



And--he says you and I are to come full speed to Bristol!



The customers, amid clouds of tobacco smoke, were mostly seafaring men... and they talked so loudly that I hung at the door, almost afraid to enter.

Then a man came out of a side room...and, at a glance, I knew he must be Long John...

Mr. Silver, sir?

Yes, my lad.

Such is my name, to be sure...

I'm Jim Hawkins, sir.

From the very first mention of Long John in the Squire's letter, I had feared he might prove to be the very one-legged sailor Billy Bones had paid me to watch for at the old "Benbow."







Morgan!
Was that
you drinking
with him?

Aye,
sir.

But you
never clapped
eyes on that Black
Dog before, did you,
now--or even know
his name?



No,
sir.

It's as
good for you,
or else you would
never have put another
foot in my house,
you may lay claim
to that.

And
what was he
saying to
you?



I don't
rightly know,
sir.



Come now, what
was he jawing--
voyages, cap'n's,
ships?

Pipe
up! What
was it?

We was
a-talkin' of keel-
hauling.



He's quite an
honest man,
Tom Morgan...
on'y stupid.

Ah,
here's Ben
back...



S-sorry, sir...
I...lost the track
of 'im in a
crowd.

*I must admit, my suspicions
had been thoroughly awakened
on finding Black Dog at the
"Spy-glass"...*



*...and I watched
the cook narrowly.*

*But he was too
deep, and too
ready, and too
clever for me.*

*And by the time
he finished scolding
Ben like a thief...*





d
e the
ola!



Ah...here comes Mr. Arrow, the first mate.



Welcome aboard, Captain... and your friends, o'course.



Is everything shipshape, Mr. Arrow?

Are we ready to set sail?

That we are, Cap'n...that we are...

...both I...



...and the crew!

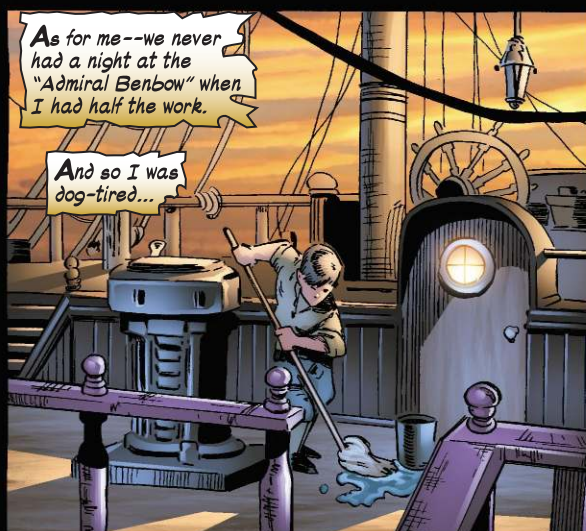
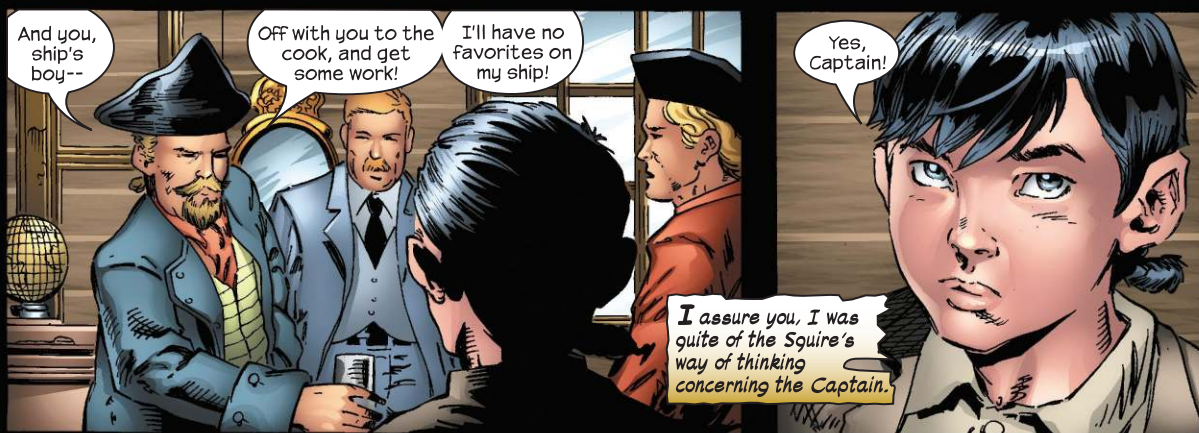


They're... rather a rough-looking lot, Squire.

John Silver hired them personally...and he knows what he's doing.

He even got rid of two of the men I had already engaged, saying they were just freshwater swabs.



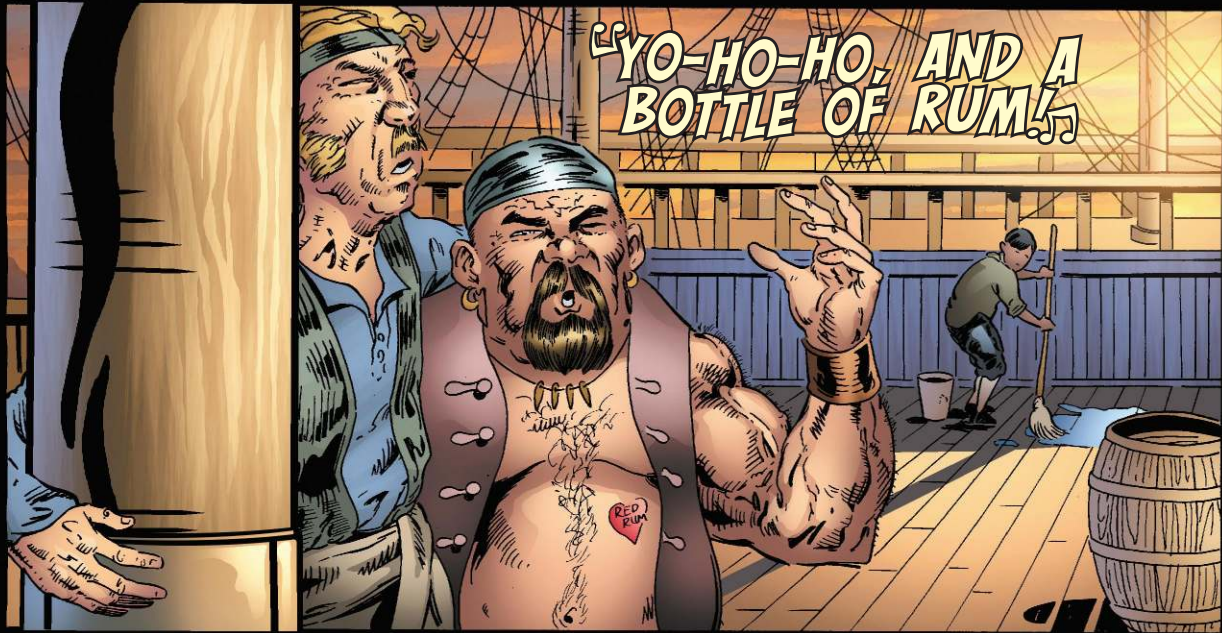




YO-HO-HO,
AND A BOTTLE
OF RUM!...♪

DRINK AND THE
DEVIL HAD DONE
FOR THE REST--♪

And then I heard
the whole crew
bearing chorus...

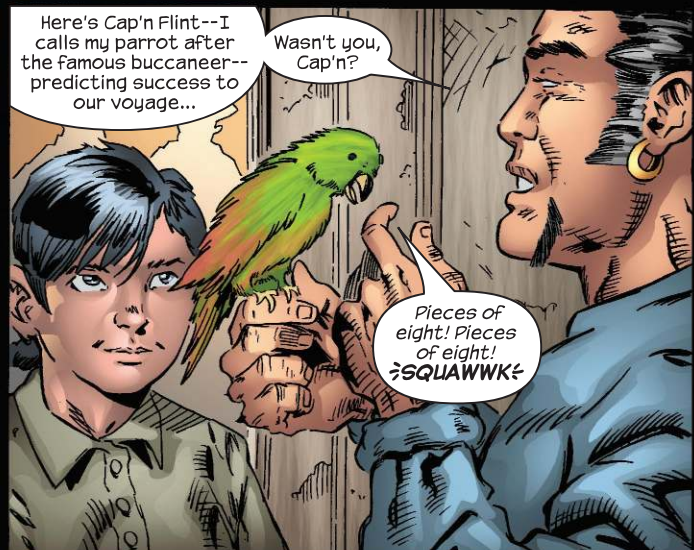


YO-HO-HO, AND A
BOTTLE OF RUM!♪



The same eternal song
that Billy Bones had sung
so often at the "Benbow"...

Sit
down and hear
the news,
Hawkins...



Here's Cap'n Flint--I
calls my parrot after
the famous buccaneer--
predicting success to
our voyage...

Wasn't you,
Cap'n?

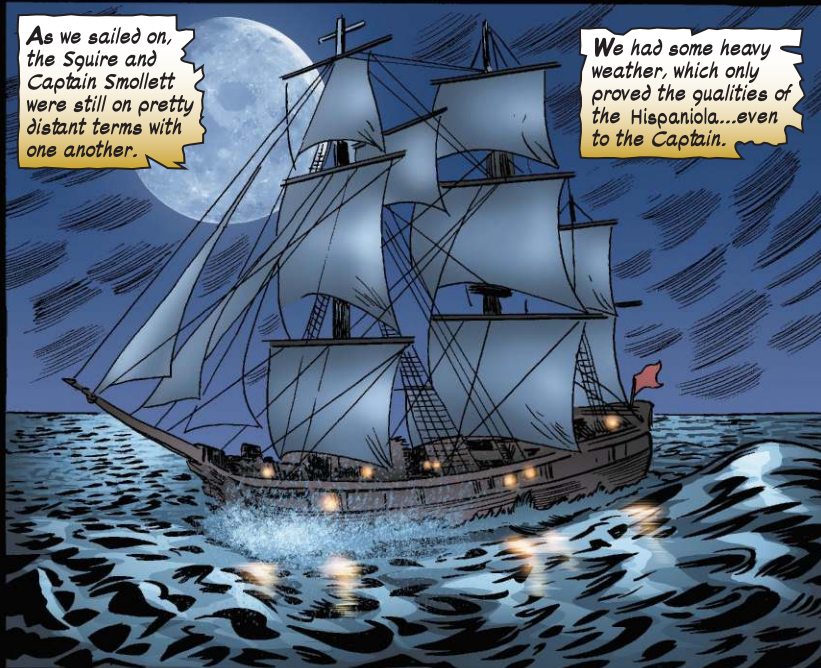
Pieces of
eight! Pieces
of eight!
SQUAWWK

That bird may be 200 years old, Hawkins--and if anybody's seen more wickedness, it must be the Devil himself!



“SQUAWWK!”
Stand by to go about!

As we sailed on, the Squire and Captain Smollett were still on pretty distant terms with one another.



We had some heavy weather, which only proved the qualities of the Hispaniola...even to the Captain.

Then, at sundown on the last day of our outward voyage--for, on the morrow, we should sight Treasure Island--



On my way to my berth, it occurred to me that I should like an apple.

There was scarcely an apple left...



So in I got bodily into the barrel.



Sitting down there in the dark, I had fallen asleep...



...when I heard Long John Silver's voice.



No, not I--

Flint was cap'n--I was quartermaster, acause of my timber leg.



The same broadside I lost my leg, Pew lost his deadlights.

I've seen Flint's ship, the *Walrus*, a-muck with the red blood and fit to sink with gold!

He was the flower of the flock, was Flint!





Ay, and most of his men's aboard *this* very ship!

There was some that was feared of Pew, and some that was feared of Flint...but Flint his own self was feared of *me*!



But how long are we a-going to stand off?

Till I give the word, Israel Hands!

Well, I don't say no, do I? What I say is, when?

The last moment I can manage...



...and that's when.



A first-rate captain sails the blessed ship for us.



And I don't know just where the map is, do I?
Now, when we've got the treasure--

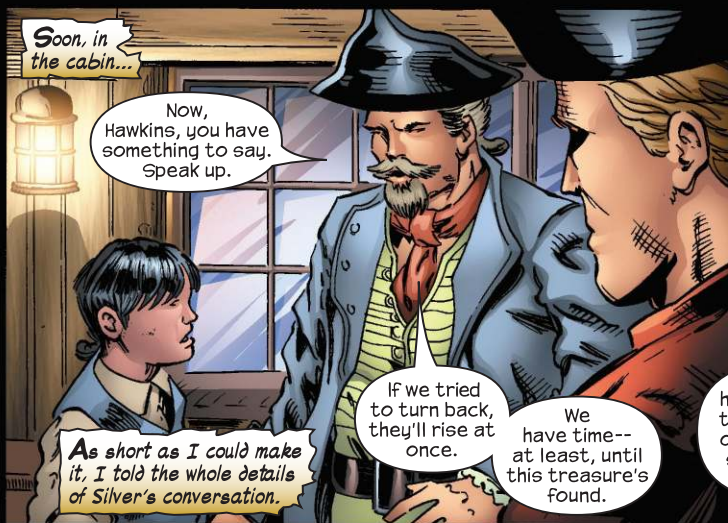


I give my vote--



Death.





Soon, in the cabin...

Now, Hawkins, you have something to say. Speak up.

As short as I could make it, I told the whole details of Silver's conversation.

If we tried to turn back, they'll rise at once.

We have time-- at least, until this treasure's found.



And we have the Squire's three servants-- ourselves making seven, counting Hawkins.



Jim, here, can help us more than anyone.



The men are not shy with him, and Jim is a noticing lad.

I'll keep alert, sir.



Hawkins, I have prodigious faith in you.

Yet I felt quite desperate and helpless.

For there were only seven out of the twenty-six on whom we knew we could rely...



And, of those seven, one was a boy.