

I heard stones moving down the hill and looked up. I saw something jump behind a tree. 'Did your ship go under the water in a storm?' 'No, friend,' he said. They marooned me. They left me here and sailed away. I've been alone these three years, with no food but fish and some fruit. Have you got any English food? I dream about cheese every night. 'Then they sailed away and marooned me here.' 'Well, I said, 'the Hispaniola's out there, and now we're both here. But how are we going to get on board?' 'Who are you?' I asked. 'Ben Gunn,' he answered. 'I'm poor Ben Gunn, and I haven't spoken to anyone for three years.' 'His clothes were old ship sails and the skin from wild goats. Is that Captain Flint's ship?' 'It's not Flint's ship, and Flint is dead, but I will tell you true. There are some of Flint's men on that ship.' 'We landed here, and Flint went to the island with six men and the treasure. They were six strong brave men, too. They were on the island for a week while we were waiting out on the ship. Then Flint came back, rowing a little boat. He was alone. The six men were dead. Dead and buried on the island. He killed them all. Just him against six. Billy Bones and Long John Silver were the officers, and they asked him where the treasure was, but he never told them. 'Twelve days they searched for it, and they got angrier every day. His face was dark, burnt by the sun. 'Marooned'. 'Jim Hawkins, I told him. 'You're a lucky lad', .Jim