

I'll start by writing about the time when my father owned an inn called the Admiral Benbow, many years ago. When he came back, he always asked, "Did any sailors visit the inn today?" At first, we thought he wanted to find some other sailors, but later we realised that he didn't want any sailors to find him. In the evenings, the Captain sometimes told stories about his time at sea. My father was worried that nobody would want to visit the inn because they would be frightened by the Captain's stories, but I think people liked them. One morning, the Captain went for a walk along the beach. I was helping my mother to make breakfast when another man walked into the inn. He was thin and pale, with three fingers on his left hand. He sat down and asked, "Is this table here for my friend Bill?" "You can call me Captain. And this is for you," he continued, handing my father three or four gold coins. "You are at the Admiral Benbow Inn in Black Hill Cove," I told him. We decided to go to the nearest village and ask our neighbours for help guarding the inn. "This is a nice, quiet place. I'll stay here. Please, take this up to my room," he said, pointing to a large wooden box. "I've found my friend Bill! We've had a lot of adventures since I lost these fingers!" He spent his days walking on the beach or on the cliffs. I pointed towards the beach. "That's right," he replied. Then suddenly there were loud shouts and both men stood up and ran outside. The man continued running until we could not see him. "Help us, Dr Livesy! The Captain is hurt!" He told me about his travels at sea, and said that he had something which people wanted. I thought about taking the box to Dr. Livesy, but I did not want to leave my mother. However, none of the people in the village wanted to help us. They did not come back with us, but one man went to tell Dr. Livesy. "Let's leave before the blind man and Black Dog return." "I'll only take the money which the Captain owes us," my mother said, opening the bag. I remember the day when a man walked into the inn. He was tall and strong, with an old blue coat and a scar on his face. He looked around him. The Captain was usually a quiet man. The Captain stayed at the inn for months. He did not give us any more money for his room and my father did not dare to ask him for more. I told him that I did not know Bill and said that the table was for the Captain. "Well, my friend Bill might say that he's the Captain," he said. "He has a scar on his face and likes to tell a story. Is that him?" "Yes," I said. "He's gone for a walk." "Which way did he walk?" he asked. The man stood up and waited by the door for the Captain to return. said my mother.