

TREASURE ISLAND

Robert Louis Stevenson

Now, just after sundown, when all my work was over, and I was on my way to my birth, it occurred to me that I should like an apple. The watch was all forward looking out for the island. The man at the helm was watching the luff of the sail, an whistling away gently to himself; and that was the only sound excepting the swish of the sea against the bows and around the sides of the ship.

In I got bodily into the apple barrel, and found there was scarce and apple left; but, sitting down there in the dark, what with the sound of the waters and the rocking movement of the ship, I had either fallen asleep, or was on the point of doing so, when a heavy man sat down with rather a clash close by. The barrel shook as he leaned his shoulders against it, and I was just about to jump up when the man began to speak. It was Silver's voice, and, before I had a dozen words, I would not have shown myself for all the world, but lay there, trembling and listening, in the extreme of fear and curiosity; for from these dozen words I understood that the lies of all the honest men aboard depended on me alone.