# The May Day Story Ends

**Jim Hawkins and the Pirates, Mutineers, and Men of Honor, Fortune and Misfortune, Treasure and Treachery, Life and Death, Love and Hate, Tragedy and Triumph, Sunshine and Shadow, Laughter and Tears**

**Chapter Twelve** (Part 1 of 2)

Long John Silver's Proposal

"Long John," I said, "I'm ready to hear what you have to say." I was very much surprised at the change in the cook's manner and bearing. He was no longer the humble, cringing, fawning creature we had left at the beginning of our journey. He was the old sea-dog again, the old mutineer and pirate, the old Long John who had sailed with Flint. I could see that he had been a leader of men in his day, and that he still was a dangerous man.

"Sit down," he said, "and make yourself comfortable. I'm going to tell you a story and a proposal. When I was a young man, I was a sailor on the Spanish Main. I sailed with Captain Flint, the greatest pirate of his time. We had a ship, the Walrus, and we sailed from port to port, looking for trouble and for treasure. We found both, many times. We took ships and we took towns, and we took gold and silver and jewels. We had a good life, a hard life, but a good life. I lost my leg in a fight with a Spanish man-of-war. We boarded her, and we took her, and we took her captain's daughter. She was a beautiful girl, and we took her to our island and we married her. We had a child, a boy, and we named him after his father. We were happy for a time, but then the fever came and she died, and we buried her on the island. We left the island and we sailed on, but we never forgot her. We never forgot the island. We never forgot the treasure. We never forgot the child."

"Your child?" I asked.

"My child," he said. "My son. My son by my wife, the Spanish lady. We left him on the island, with his mother's grave and with the treasure. We left him with a few men, to guard the treasure and to bury the dead. We left him with a few men, and we sailed on, and we never forgot the island and the treasure and the child."

"Your child?" I repeated, still not quite sure of what he was saying.

"My child," he said. "My son. My son by my wife, the Spanish lady. We left him on the island, with his mother's grave and with the treasure. We left him with a few men, to guard the treasure and to bury the dead. We left him with a few men, and we sailed on, and we never forgot the island and the treasure and the child. We never forgot the island. We never forgot the treasure. We never forgot the child. We never forgot the island. We never forgot the treasure. We never forgot the child. We never forgot the island. We never forgot the treasure. We never forgot