

Shankar was going to be the only official at the railway station.

There was one train in the morning

and the one that had dropped

Shankar off the afternoon - that

was all. Shankar, therefore had

a lot of time to spare. All he

needed to do was to understand

and take charge of his duties.

His predecessor at the station was

very happy to have him around.

Shankar asked him everything.
The gentlemen said, "That's nothing."
It's just that it's a lonely place.
Shankar felt that the man was
not telling him everything. But he
didn't persist. At night, the gentle
man made chapatis and invited
Shankar to dinner. He suddenly said,
"How terrible? How could I have for-
gotten?" "What happened?" "There is
no drinking water. I completely

forgot to take down some
from the train". "Why? Is there
no place to get water around here."
"There is a well, but its water
is bitter and alkaline. That water
is fit only for washing. Drinking
water comes by the train". What
a place! No drinking water, no human
beings! Shankar wondered, why they
had built a station here. All
around the station was littered

grassland - forests of tall grass,
hex and there a few yucca and
acacia trees - and in the distance
were rows of mountains, spread
across the entire horizon. A man
lost sight of. But the gentleman
warned him that he should
never go out alone ~~to~~ into these
grasslands. Shahkox asked why?
He did not get a satisfactory
reply to his question. He, however

received an answer the same night, from another quarter.

After an early dinner, Shenka had lit the lamp in the station office and was writing his

diary. He had planned to sleep there. The glass-paned door

was closed but not bolted.

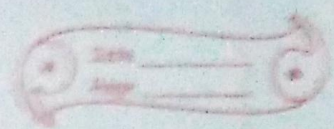
A sound made him look up

at the door - he saw a huge

lion with its muzzle agnast

Squire Trelawney, Dr. Livesey, and
the rest of these gentlemen having
asked me to write down the whole
particulars about Treasure Island,
from the beginning to the end, keep-
ing nothing back but the bearings
of the Island, and that only because
there is still treasure not yet lifted.

I take up my pen in the year
17— and go back to the time
when my father kept the Admiral



Benbow inn and the brown old
seaman with the sabre cut first
took up his lodging under our roof.
I remember him as if it were yes-
terday, as he came plodding to the
inn door, his sea-chest following
him behind him in a hand-barrow -
a tall, strong, heavy nut-brown, man
his tarry pigtail falling over the
shoulder of his soiled blue coat, his
hands ragged and swarred, with black