

Sink the *Titanic*

A novel by Steve Dunham

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www.stevedunham.50megs.com

Agent: [Dave Fessenden](#) at [Wordwise Media](#), (661) 381-8083.

*Based on a true story*¹

1

Holland & Werewolf, 1911

High above Belfast, Ireland, in the shipyard of Holland & Werewolf, on the deck of an ocean liner under construction, stood two workers, Pat and Mike, gazing out over the city below them. They were happy to be working on the biggest, best, safest ocean liner in the world: the *Titanic*. The ship was the superlative in almost every respect, except that it was virtually identical to sister ship *Olympic*, which was already sailing the world's oceans. In fact, the *Titanic* was not one inch longer than the *Olympic*, and a good many ships were faster than either the *Titanic* or *Olympic*.² Nonetheless, Pat and Mike were happy to be working on the ship, and would be even happier *not* to be working. They were looking forward to consuming a few (but not too few) pints of stout at a local pub. They stood listening for the steam whistle that would signal the end of their shift. They had been standing around waiting for some time listening for the whistle.

If truth be told, Pat and Mike were neither the most energetic workers in the Emerald Isle nor its brightest sons. As they waited for the official end of work, their coworker Sean was still working on the ship, down inside the double hull³ in the dim daylight that filtered down from above, augmented by a few electric lights. He too was anticipating the whistle, and knowing it would be sounding shortly, he climbed up a ladder out of the double hull and stood on the edge. He spied his co-workers Pat and Mike, and he waved and called out to them. Sean was a forgetful sort; happy to see his friends, he forgot that the steam whistle was about to blow. When it blew, it startled him, and he lost his footing and fell back inside the double hull.

Pat and Mike had heard Sean calling them, and they looked around, but Sean was nowhere to be seen.

"Where did Sean go?" asked Mike.

"I'm sure I heard his voice," replied Pat.

"Could Sean have had an accident?" asked Mike.

"An accident!" answered Pat. "Begorrah, no! This is a lucky ship! As lucky as a chim-i-ney sweep!"

As they stood staring in the direction of Sean's voice, they saw Sean's head appear at the top of the hull as once again he climbed out. This time Sean was filthy with dust and dirt.

"Sean!" called Pat. "You should see yourself! You look like a chim-i-ney sweep!"

"Chim-chim-i-ney, chim-chim-i-ney, chim-chim, chereee!" sang Mike.

"Well, at least Sean's all right," said Pat, turning away. "Shall we go off to the pub now?"

"I'm ready, Pat," said Mike, and they turned their backs on Sean and walked away.

But Sean again lost his footing and plunged back into the double hull.

¹ The screenplay *Sink the Titanic*, also by Steve Dunham

² This is really true.

³ The *Titanic* did not really have a double hull (though it did have a double bottom). In fact, most of this story is just made up.

Pat and Mike descended ladders to the ground far below, watching their step, not looking behind them. On the ground, they walked toward the exit from the shipyard, forgetting all about Sean. Then Pat and Mike stopped and turned around to look up at the ship under construction.

“A lucky ship indeed,” said Pat. “Unsinkable, too.”

“And sure she can’t sink sitting on dry ground like that,” said Mike.

“I mean when she puts to sea!” said Pat. “She’s the safest ship ever built.”

“What about her twin sister, the *Olympic*?” asked Mike. “Isn’t she just as safe? You can’t tell them apart.”

“Of course I can tell them apart,” said Pat. “Just look at her stern.”

On the stern the ship’s name was in giant letters: RMS TITANIC.

“They have their names painted on them so you can tell them apart,” said Pat. “I wish you weren’t so ignorant, Mike!”

“Say, I wonder where Sean went,” said Mike. “‘RMS’ must stand for ‘really mysterious ship.’”

“Mike, you’re so funny!” exclaimed Pat. “A mystery ship! No, this is a ship of beauty. It should be SOB Titanic. ‘SOB’ for ‘ship of beauty.’ Well, wait, maybe that wouldn’t work so well.”

“Maybe it’s a mystery ship and it’s cursed,” said Mike.

“Cursed?” said Pat. “Where would you get that idea?”

“That sign,” replied Mike.

Next to the spot where the *Titanic* was taking shape was a sign: “Hull no. 3909 04.”

“Well, what of it?” asked Pat.

“Backwards it spells, ‘NO POPE.’”⁴

Pat stared at the sign for a moment, trying to picture the numbers backwards. Crossing his eyes, he thought he could possibly see some letters: **NO POPE**

“I don’t think it says anything. And what would it mean anyway?” asked Pat. “Sure there’s a pope.”

“It means the owners don’t like the pope,” answered Mike.

“Why not?” asked Pat.

“Because he’s different,” replied Mike. “Same as we don’t get on with the people in the south of Ireland: because they’re different.”

“Well, if backwards it means ‘no pope,’ then forwards it must mean ‘yes pope.’ How do you explain that?”

“Backwards, forwards, yes, no, I still don’t like it,” said Mike. “Putting a coded message about the pope there can’t be a good omen.”

“Mike you are ignorant *and* superstitious,” said Pat. “I, on the contrary, believe in luck, and the *Titanic* has it.”

⁴ This is a real legend about the *Titanic*, but it’s nonsense. The hull number was not 3909 04.

Mike and Pat headed off to the pub, where they spent an evening downing enough stout to possibly float the *Titanic* out of her building dock. They did not speak of Sean, or even think of him.

The next day, Pat and Mike were back at work deep inside the *Titanic*. From the steel plating of the inner hull, they heard a tapping.

“What’s that tapping sound?” asked Pat.

Then they heard a moan.

“Maybe it’s Sean!” exclaimed Mike. “Sean, is that you?”

They heard another moan.

“Sean!” burst out Pat. “Oh, no! Laddy, you’re done for! They’ve sealed up the hull. You’re trapped! The only way you’ll ever get out is if an iceberg rips open the bottom of the ship. But that will never happen. No, this is a lucky ship. Oh, poor Sean!”

2

An Egyptian Tomb, 1912

Inside a dim, ancient Egyptian tomb, dressed in khaki and a safari hat, was Jersey Jones. Like many adventuresome archeologists, he had a state for his first name, and his family pronounced his name in Jersey City style: Joizy. He gazed at his latest discovery, a sarcophagus, and then carefully lifted the lid. Inside was a perfectly preserved mummy. As Jersey Jones looked at it with wonder, admiration, and pride in his find, he heard a noise behind him.

Jersey Jones spun around and saw a small Egyptian man peering at him from behind a corner in the stone tunnel. Jersey Jones took a step toward the man, then felt something cover his face. A sharp blow struck his head.

When he regained consciousness, his head throbbed and he was lying on the stone floor. He struggled to his knees and looked around. The little Egyptian man, the sarcophagus, and the mummy were gone.

3

Cairo, Egypt, 1912

Lady Guff-Gorgon, an American fashion designer, sauntered down a busy, noisy market street accompanied by her maid, Jane. Perspiration running down her face, Jane carried one of her mistress’s parcels in her hand and another tucked under the same arm. With her other hand she held a parasol over Lady Guff-Gorgon’s head to shade her from the Egyptian sun.

“Finest dates!” shouted a vendor, holding up bunches of the fruit.

“I’m not interested in dates,” stated Lady Guff-Gorgon without turning her head to look. “I’m quite satisfactorily married. Jane is not interested either. She is too busy with her duties to be entertaining thoughts of gentlemen.”

“Finest antique carpets!” called another vendor. “Made new by the best Egyptian craftsmen!”

“I *am* interested in antiques,” stated Lady Guff-Gorgon, pausing in the street. “Jane, inspect those carpets.”

Jane started towards the carpet vendor but was called back by her mistress.

“Jane! Where are you going? You must keep my head shaded!”

“But, Ma’am, the carpets ...”

“If you can’t do your duty and keep me comfortable while carrying out the other tasks I assign you, then you may have to yield your place to another, more competent girl.”

Lady Guff-Gorgon continued sauntering down the street, and Jane left the carpets behind in order to keep her mistress’s head shaded.

“I simply must bring some Egyptian antiques back to New York!” exclaimed Lady Guff-Gorgon.

“Yes, Ma’am,” replied Jane.

“Pay attention to the vendors and be on the watch for any more antiques,” Lady Guff-Gorgon instructed her.

“Aged goat cheese!” shouted another vendor.

“Never mind the goat cheese!” said Lady Guff-Gorgon sharply to preempt Jane. “I’m not interested in that sort of ancient artifact. I must have something that simply *reeks* of Egyptian antiquity.”

“That aged goat cheese reeks,” answered Jane, wrinkling her nose.

“Sure it does,” said her mistress, “but I don’t think you want it either.”

“No, Ma’am.”

Then Lady Guff-Gorgon paused on the street and breathed in deeply. Jersey Jones stepped into a shadow and paused too.

“This Cairo atmosphere is so invigorating!” said Lady Guff-Gorgon. “It stimulates my creativity.”

“Invigorating?” replied Jane, again wrinkling her nose. “Yes, Ma’am. If the odor of camels and their—uh—produce is invigorating. It does stimulate me after a fashion too.”

“Yes, fashion!” burst out Lady Guff-Gorgon. “I am so inspired by the native costumes that I can hardly wait to get back to New York and create a new line of clothing. But I must return with more than inspiration. Keep your eyes peeled for antiquities, Jane.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

As they resumed walking along the street, a little Egyptian man in native clothing stepped out of the shadow of an awning. He fell in step behind Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane and gradually overtook them.

In a shadow across the street, Jersey Jones was watching too. After days of wandering the streets of Cairo looking for a clue to the location of the missing mummy, he had spied the little Egyptian man who had been watching him in the tomb. Jersey Jones, wearing his usual safari costume, followed Lady Guff-Gorgon, Jane, and the little Egyptian man. Jersey Jones’s unusual costume attracted curious stares from Egyptians on the street, so he tried to blend in. He started walking with his palms horizontal in front of and behind him, the way he imagined that Egyptians walk. This gait attracted even more stares.

The little man was trailing Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane close enough to hear their conversation. He did not notice Jersey Jones despite Jones’s strange way of walking, and Jones kept nearby but out of their sight. “Good day, Madam,” said the little man, once he was alongside them. “Did Madam say New York?”

Lady Guff-Gorgon turned to look at him. “Oh, how charming! I just love your costume!”

“It’s not a costume, Madam. Just my ordinary clothes. And pardon me for not introducing myself. My name is Igor” (he pronounced it “Eeyore”). “But is Madam from New York?”

“Yes, New York, of course! All the great fashion comes from New York. I am so invigorated by the Cairo atmosphere that I must go back and create a new style based on the charming costumes I see here. But first I am shopping for some antiques to bring with me.”

“Oh, Madam, this is a happy day for you! I have an Egyptian antique that you will certainly want to possess. It will cause an uproar in New York.”

“A sensational Egyptian antique? Yes, I do want to see it.”

“Very good, Madam. This way, please.”

Igor led Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane down the busy street, and Jersey Jones followed a short distance behind. Then Igor turned down an alleyway, and another, and then led them down a back street until they were far from the main market. At last he stopped in front of a rundown building. Jersey Jones stopped too, stepped into a shadow, and watched and listened from a distance.

“The antiquity is in here,” said Igor. “Please follow me.”

He opened a door into the dimly lit building and led Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane down into a dark cellar.

When the door closed behind them, Jersey Jones hurried into an alley next to the building and crouched in the shadows, where he could peer into a cellar window and overhear the conversation. He skulked there watching and listening, careful not to be observed.

Once their eyes began to adjust to the dim light, Jane and Lady Guff-Gorgon could see that Igor was kneeling next to a sarcophagus, and they could hear him murmuring. As they watched, he gently cracked the lid open. Inside was a mummy, which opened its eyes but quickly closed them when it saw that Igor was not alone.

Jersey Jones covered his mouth to keep from gasping in astonishment. “The mummy!” he whispered to himself. “My mummy! It’s alive!”

“Behold, Madam!” said Igor. “A genuine mummy from the age of the pharaohs!”

“Phew!” said Jane. “It stinks.”

“It is thousands of years old,” replied Igor. “I think it should be displayed in New York. It will cause a sensation, and you will be famous.”

“I’m already famous,” said Lady Guff-Gorgon snootily. “I’m the foremost fashion designer in the New World.”

“A thousand pardons, Madam!” said Igor. “I confess that I did not recognize you at first.”

“Then I forgive you once,” said Lady Guff-Gorgon. “As for the other nine hundred and ninety-nine forgivenesses you crave, you will have to earn them. But first, business. What price is the mummy?”

“How much do you have?” asked Igor.

“I am rich beyond belief,” answered Lady Guff-Gorgon.

“That is good to hear, but this will not consume all your wealth,” said Igor. “Shall we say ten thousand dollars? A cheap but fair price for a genuine Egyptian antiquity.”

“I never pay full price,” answered Lady Guff-Gorgon. “What do you say to nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars?”

“A fair deal, Madam,” said Igor. “But there is one more thing. I must accompany the mummy. I must supervise its transportation and care, and I must do so in disguise. I must appear to be a member of the ship’s crew so that I can visit the cargo hold without suspicion.”

“Your concern and devotion are touching,” said Lady Guff-Gorgon.

“Jane, give the good man ten thousand dollars to show that we are magnanimous and appreciate loyal servants.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Jane.

Jane took ten thousand dollars from her purse and handed it to Igor, who accepted the money and bowed. “What transportation shall I arrange, Madam?” he asked Lady Guff-Gorgon.

“Bring the sarcophagus to Alexandria on Tuesday,” she said. “We will be sailing for England on the *Egyptian Queen*. Then we will take passage on to New York. We will be sailing on the maiden voyage of the biggest, best, safest, most luxurious ocean liner in the world, the *Titanic*. Only the best for me. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Ma’am. You will not be disappointed in this purchase,” answered Igor. “And we will have a wonderful voyage together. Please remember that I must travel in disguise.”

“I shall not forget,” Lady Guff-Gorgon assured him. “I am not only a giant of the fashion world, I am also an expert at disguise. Recall that you did not recognize me at first.”

“Just so, Madam,” said Igor. “I shall rely on you to conceal my presence on board the ships.”

Igor walked carefully to the alley entrance and opened the door. A blinding beam of sunlight shone in.

Once again, Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane waited for their eyes to adjust. Then they left the cellar via the open door and walked away down the alley. Jane opened the parasol and held it above Lady Guff-Gorgon’s head. Jersey Jones followed them discreetly and overheard them conversing.

“Jane, this day is just full of inspiration!” said Lady Guff-Gorgon, beaming. “I now have plans for *two* lines of clothing! One based on those quaint clothes that Igor was wearing, and one based on the mummy’s wrappings!”

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Jane.

“I will be even more famous, if that were possible,” stated Lady Guff-Gorgon.

She and Jane walked through the back streets of Cairo, returning to the market. Jersey Jones stopped and waited in the shadows until they were gone.

Once they had disappeared around a corner, he sprinted off in a different direction. Dodging camels and Egyptians, he ran down alleys and streets until he reached the center of Cairo. There he stopped for a moment, looking around. Seeing the place he was hunting for, he resumed running. Then, panting, he barged into a postal and telegraph office. He took off his hat and used his neckerchief to wipe away the sweat that was streaming down his face.

“An urgent message, sir?” asked the telegraph clerk, looking up.

“I’ll say!” replied Jersey Jones. “Send this to President Teddy Roosevelt, the White House,⁵ Washington, D.C.:

Teddy! Lady Guff-Gorgon is bringing an undead mummy to New York. J. Jones.”

“That’s all. I’ll wait here for a reply.”

“The White House?” asked the clerk. “Are you an American diplomat?”

⁵ Teddy Roosevelt was not really president in 1912, but he belongs in this adventure.

“An archaeologist and adventurer, but sometimes I do special jobs for the President.” Jersey Jones gave the clerk a handful of Egyptian coins.

“Sir,” said the telegraph clerk, “that is enough to pay for a cup of coffee, not an international telegram. The price is eighty piastres.”

Jersey Jones frowned, then took more money from his coin purse, and reluctantly counted out the money, severely depleting his funds. He stood there waiting as the telegraph clerk placed the money in his cash register. Meanwhile, a few Egyptians had entered the postal and telegraph office and were waiting behind Jersey Jones.

The blades of a fan hanging from the ceiling circled lazily, giving the faintest hint of a breeze on Jersey Jones’s face. Jones lifted his face to catch the moving air.

“Very good, sir, said the clerk. Perhaps you would care to wait outside and make room for other customers?”

Jersey Jones looked longingly up at the rotating fan. “All right,” he murmured and walked to the door. He opened it, stepped outside and into the street, and placed his safari hat back on his head. Then he sat down on the pavement and leaned against the wall of the postal and telegraph office. He pulled his hat down over his face to shield it from the hot Egyptian sun.

He drifted into slumber, and he dreamed fitfully and feverishly of a mummy following him through the streets of Cairo. In his dream, his legs moved slowly as the mummy overtook him, trying to stop him from sending the telegram.

Then Jersey Jones awoke and yelled. A camel’s face was inches from his own, sniffing him.

“Don’t like the way I smell?” he asked, returning to wakefulness. “Well, I don’t like the way you smell either.”

He pushed the camel’s head away, struggled to his feet, and opened the door of the postal and telegraph office. There were no other customers waiting, so he asked the clerk, “Any reply yet?”

“No, sir,” answered the clerk.

Jersey Jones lifted his face long enough to catch a slight breath of air from the fan, then once again stepped outside, slumped against the building, pulled his hat down over his face, and went back to sleep.

Hours later, he opened his eyes to the sound of the door. The sun had set, and the daylight was waning. The telegraph clerk stepped outside.

“Sir?” said the clerk. “The White House has replied. One word: Bully.”

“Bully?” exclaimed Jersey Jones.

“We’re closing now. Good night, sir.”

“No! Wait! Don’t close yet. This is an emergency! Send this:

Mister President, this is not bully. The mummy will wreak havoc in New York, and, what’s worse, Lady Guff-Gorgon plans to design a line of clothing based on the mummy. This is a disaster, and they must be stopped! J. Jones.”

Reluctantly the clerk stepped back inside, and he told Jersey Jones to repeat the message slowly. The clerk wrote it down, and Jersey Jones counted out eighty more piastres.

“Sir, that is not enough,” stated the telegraph clerk. “The charge is double for sending a telegram after hours, and this one is three times as long. Four hundred more piastres, please.”

With a sigh of frustration and stewing over the expense, Jersey Jones counted out the money and placed it on the counter.

“Bully,” said the clerk. “Is that the word you Americans use to express approval? Bully!”

Jersey Jones stalked out of the office into the gloom of the Cairo evening, muttering to himself. “No,” he said. “This is not bully.”

4

Alexandria, Egypt

Jersey Jones sat in a dockside café, watching out the window, keeping an eye on everyone who approached the docks. To keep his window seat, he kept drinking Egyptian coffee, which was far stronger than the American brew he was used to. He felt as though he would be wide awake for the entire voyage to England on the *Egyptian Queen*. Worse, if he had to switch to drinking tea on that British ship, it would be like going cold turkey. He thought about buying some coffee beans that he could simply eat if he became desperate.

Then a figure caught his eye: it was Igor, walking alongside a wagon drawn by a mule, driven by a wagon master, and loaded with the sarcophagus of the undead mummy. Igor was not in disguise at all. He was wearing the same clothes he’d had on in Cairo.

Then two more figures grabbed Jersey Jones’s attention: Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane were walking toward the ocean liner *Egyptian Queen*. Then they stopped in the middle of a plaza, looking around until Lady Guff-Gorgon spied Igor. She and Jane waited for Igor to reach them with the wagon.

“Ah, there you are. I made a sailor suit for you,” said Lady Guff-Gorgon.

“I am deeply grateful,” said Igor. “And you can see that I have brought the Egyptian antique you purchased. I will be a devoted servant and see that it arrives in New York safely.”

“How gratifying!” said Lady Guff-Gorgon. “I am inflated with American pride when inhabitants of the lesser nations recognize their role as servants. Now you must accept my efforts on your behalf.

“Give him the sailor suit, Jane.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” answered Jane.

Jane reached into her shoulder bag and drew out a folded-up sailor suit, which she handed to Igor.

“Put it on right away,” said Lady Guff-Gorgon.

Igor bowed and turned away. Then he walked across the plaza straight toward the café where Jersey Jones was sitting.

Jersey Jones felt a flash of panic. How could he tail Igor, the sarcophagus, and Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane to England and then across the Atlantic if Igor spotted him before they had even left Egypt?

Jersey Jones drew a deep breath and calmed himself. Surely he, the world’s greatest archaeologist *and* secret agent, had successfully tracked his quarry through Cairo and to Alexandria unseen. If not, then he too would have to adopt a disguise on board the ship.

Igor walked into the café, passed right by the table where Jersey Jones was sitting, and walked up to the café proprietor. After a few quiet words and some money changing hands, Igor vanished into a back room.

Jersey Jones kept shifting his glance from the door of the back room, then to Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane, then to the wagon loaded with the sarcophagus. He tried to remain calm, but the Egyptian coffee was making him fidgety. As his eyes flitted back and forth from the plaza to the inside of the café, he noticed the door to the back room opening. He turned away, towards the window, and pulled the brim of his hat down to better cover his face. He heard Igor speak some words to the café proprietor, then heard the proprietor laughing. As he heard the front door of the café open and shut, he continued watching out the window.

Jersey Jones watched Igor walk across the plaza wearing the sailor suit. It looked more like a sailor suit for a little boy than a real sailor's uniform. On the sleeve near the shoulder was the designer's name: LADY GUFF-GORGON.

Confident that he remained unseen and unknown, Jersey Jones followed Igor from a distance and stood in the shadow of a building where he could keep an eye on Igor, the wagon with the mummy's sarcophagus, and Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane.

Igor walked up to Lady Guff-Gorgon, who was standing next to the wagon and her newly acquired antiquity.

"You look splendid!" she said to Igor. "Now I am planning a *third* line of clothing I've conceived on this voyage. It certainly has been a productive trip for me!"

While Lady Guff-Gorgon was gushing with pride over her fashion prowess, a bugle call caught the attention of everyone in the plaza. It was followed by a call, in Egyptian, English, and French, for all passengers' baggage not needed during the voyage to be brought to the dockside for loading into the *Egyptian Queen's* hold.

Igor's wagon master led the mule and wagon over to the side of the ship. Presently the crew of the *Egyptian Queen* lowered a cargo net to the dock. The crew, the wagon master, and Igor placed the sarcophagus into the cargo net, and Igor jumped in alongside it. As a derrick lifted the net, Igor rode with the sarcophagus up into the air, over the side, and down into the hold of the ship.

Jersey Jones, observing the scene, hastened to get into the line of boarding passengers, carrying his luggage with him. Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane were already in line ahead of him. As the queue inched forward, he kept glancing back and forth from them to the ship, although Igor and the sarcophagus had long disappeared from sight.

5

On Board the *Egyptian Queen*

Following Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane and the other passengers ahead of him, Jersey Jones ascended the gangway. Once he was on board the ship, a steward offered to carry Jersey Jones's baggage and take him to his cabin. Jersey Jones answered that he wanted to remain on deck and watch for some friends who might be boarding. However, once the steward had turned away, instead of remaining on deck, Jersey Jones followed Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane at a distance. They were escorted by a stewardess, who led them to their cabin and entered ahead of them, leaving the door open. Near their cabin, leaning over the rail of the ship, Jersey Jones waited until he heard their cabin door shut and the stewardess's footsteps getting farther away along the deck; then he made a mental note of the cabin number and headed for his own quarters.

Soon he heard a blast from the ship's whistle and could feel the vessel gently pull away from the dock, en route to England. He sat in his cabin pondering his next move, then, like a chess player, thought ahead several moves.

Presently Jersey Jones heard the chimes rung by a steward to announce lunch. He waited in his cabin for a bit to give Lady Guff-Gorgon a chance to be seated first in the dining room. Then he strolled to lunch himself.

At the entrance to the dining room, he looked around for Lady Guff-Gorgon. Once he spotted her, careful not to be seen by her, he left and walked through the corridors to a dining-room entrance that was behind her. Spotting a table where he could hear her but not be seen by her, he sat himself down with some other passengers.

“Hello, young chap,” said a man in a British army uniform. “A countryman homeward bound?” he asked.

“Yes, but to a different country,” said Jersey Jones. “I’m an American.”

“Oh, how jolly,” said a woman next to the British soldier. “Been on a holiday in Egypt?”

“Not exactly a holiday,” answered Jersey Jones. “I’m an archaeologist.”

“Oh, how charming,” said the woman. “You must tell us all about it.”

“Yes, old man,” said the soldier. “We’ve been in Egypt ourselves, but we never have any excitement there. Nothing happens in Cairo, you know. Please tell us all about your digs. What did you uncover? Gold? Mummies?”

Afraid that Lady Guff-Gorgon would overhear their conversation and turn around, Jersey Jones tried to steer the talk in a different direction. “Actually, I’ve been digging for pottery fragments. We carefully unearth them with a horsehair brush, a few grains of grit at a time. Then we try to find any markings on them. We hardly ever find pieces that fit together.”

“Oh, how dreadfully dull!” said the woman.

While giving false answers to the British couple, Jersey Jones tried to hear what Lady Guff-Gorgon was saying: “Fashion ... famous ... rich ...”

Then he noticed that the couple were staring at him as if waiting for an answer to a question. He looked at them blankly, and the soldier said, “My dear man! I fear you’ve gotten too much sun. You look stupefied.”

“Stupefied ... oh, sorry. Maybe you’re right. I think I should go to my cabin and lie down. Maybe we’ll see each other later in the voyage.”

“Good idea, old man. You go and rest up.”

“Yes, dearie,” said the woman. “We’ll talk when you’re feeling better.”

Jersey Jones stood up, nodded to them, and left the dining room.

Down in the cargo hold of the *Egyptian Queen*, Igor waited until he was alone with the sarcophagus amid the other cargo. Then he carefully lifted open the lid, and the mummy opened its eyes.

“Master,” said Igor, “we are sailing for England!”

“Do not fail to take me all the way to New York,” answered the mummy. “I need to bring the Egyptian obelisk back to Egypt. It is mine!”

“Yes, Master! But why don’t we just go to London and get Cleopatra’s Needle and bring that back to Egypt?”

“We will get that one on our return, and the one in Paris too!”

“Yes, Master! Lady Guff-Gorgon is taking us to New York. There we will carry out our mission!”

“Do not fail me!” warned the mummy.

“Yes, Master! I mean, No, Master!”

The mummy closed its eyes, and Igor closed the lid of the sarcophagus.

Up on deck, Jersey Jones did not retire to his cabin. He walked along in a hurry. When he reached the radio-telegraph shack, he burst through the door.

“Urgent message for Scotland Yard!” he said loudly.

“Yes, sir,” answered the telegraph operator. “Be with you directly, sir.”

Jersey Jones stepped back out onto the deck, leaving the door open behind him, then fretted and paced while the telegraph operator finished sending a message. Jersey Jones, watching through the open door, started to step into the radio shack again, but the operator began sending another message. Jersey Jones grew even more impatient and paced the deck even faster. After he had waited for a time that seemed as long as the Age of the Pharaohs, the telegraph operator paused and looked up.

“What is your message, sir?” he asked.

“Send this to Scotland Yard, top priority:

Lady Guff-Gorgon en route England on Egyptian Queen with undead mummy. Jersey Jones.”

“I’ll wait for the reply.”

“Very good, sir,” replied the telegraph operator.

Again Jersey Jones paced and fretted until the telegraph operator was just as agitated as he was. “Perhaps you would care to wait outside and make room for other customers?” asked the telegraph operator.

With a sigh, Jersey Jones left the radio shack once more, again leaving the door open, and returned to the deck. He leaned on the rail of the ship, watching the sea streaming past, and fumed. The telegraph operator got up and closed the door.

After another age, the radio shack door opened and the operator stuck his head out. “Here comes your message, sir,” he said.

Jersey Jones heard the telegraph clattering and marveled that the operator could listen to the coded message while sticking his head out the door and speaking.

After a moment, the telegraph was silent.

“Your message, sir,” said the telegraph operator. ““Jolly good show. Mummy will go splendidly with Cleopatra’s Needle. S. Yard.””

““Jolly good show’?” exclaimed Jersey Jones. “No, no, no! Send this:

Meet ship Southampton with whatever you need to lift mummy curse. Urgent you comply. J. Jones.”

For a third time, Jersey Jones left the radio shack, and this time he closed the door behind him. He stalked back to his cabin, irritated by everyone else’s failure to perceive the seriousness of the situation. Then he collapsed into a chair and sulked.

Meanwhile, in the dim cargo hold of the *Egyptian Queen*, the sarcophagus lid creaked open. The mummy looked around and, seeing that it was alone, climbed out. It glanced around and spotted a vertical ladder. Then it walked over to the ladder and began climbing out of the hold.

Up on the deck of the *Egyptian Queen*, Lady Guff-Gorgon was taking the night air, leaning on the railing and looking out at the sea and the stars.

Then she looked along the deck and saw the mummy coming toward her. She stared for a moment, then turned and ran away screaming.

When she reached her cabin, she rushed inside, then slammed and locked the door. Jane, startled, stared at her.

“Aiiieeeee! Aiiieeeee!” screamed Lady Guff-Gorgon.

“Ma’am!” blurted Jane. “What’s the matter?”

“Oh! Oh! It was horrible!”

“What, Ma’am? What’s wrong?”

“Somebody stole my idea for a line of clothing based on mummy wrappings! I saw someone coming down the deck in clothes that were stolen straight out of my imagination! How wicked! This isn’t just imitation. It’s theft!”

“How terrible, Ma’am,” said Jane. “Imitating your idea would be a kind of flattery, but this is so underhanded!”

“Someone must have been spying on us and sold my idea to a competing fashion designer,” declared Lady Guff-Gorgon. “Maybe it was Igor. Just think: he’s wandering around the ship in a sailor suit, pretending to be a member of the ship’s crew, when he’s really an impostor. He’s no better than a spy. Not only is he taking advantage of the fashion I created for him, he’s certainly in the pay of another fashion designer and selling my ideas to her. The nerve!”

“Now, Ma’am,” said Jane. “We haven’t any proof.”

“Proof!” shouted Lady Guff-Gorgon. “How else could someone have created a competing design so quickly? He’s certainly guilty!”

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Jane.

Excited over her personal catastrophe, Lady Guff-Gorgon spun around and fainted onto her bunk. Jane stared at her, then went to the cabin door and made sure it was bolted securely. She wanted to be certain that there would be no more thievery that night.

Outside, on the deck of the *Egyptian Queen*, Jersey Jones was walking along, trying to shake the sense of despondency that weighed him down. The starry sky and the sea air didn’t help. Rather than give him some temporary relief, they only reminded him that when the night was spent, the world would be one day closer to disaster—a disaster he was struggling to prevent, but apparently failing.

When he turned away from the rail to walk back to his cabin, he spied the mummy walking on the deck, growing farther from him with every step. Jersey Jones raced after the mummy and tackled it, but the mummy, with superhuman strength, took Jersey Jones and threw him to the deck, knocking him unconscious. Then the mummy walked off, fading into the gloom of the night.

When Jersey Jones woke up, he staggered to his feet. He groggily leaned on the rail and breathed in the cool sea air, which cleared his brain. Realizing the emergency, he headed for the ship’s bridge at a run. He opened the door and burst in. The captain, the first officer, the quartermaster, and several sailors all turned and stared at Jersey Jones.

“Captain!” shouted Jersey Jones.

“Passengers are not allowed on the bridge,” said the captain firmly.

“Captain!” repeated Jersey Jones. “There’s an undead mummy stalking the ship. The crew, the passengers—everyone is in danger!”

“First officer,” said the captain, “arrest this man!”

The first officer beckoned to two sailors. They each grabbed one of Jersey Jones’s arms and forced him off the bridge. The first officer and the sailors took him down a succession of stairways until they reached a storage room several decks below, where the first officer took out a pair of handcuffs. “Put his arms around that pipe,” said the officer, and the two sailors each took an arm and placed them on either side of a drainpipe. The officer locked the handcuffs on Jersey Jones’s wrists. Then the officer led the sailors out of the room, leaving Jersey Jones chained to the pipe.

“We are all in danger!” shouted Jersey Jones. “You must stop that mummy from reaching England!”

The officer and sailors paused in the corridor. “That’s enough noise, now,” said the first officer. “You’ll be staying here until you calm down and behave yourself. And we’ll have no more nonsense about mummies.”

“Aye,” said one of the sailors. “What would *your* mummy think of you if she could hear you now?”

“Maybe you’ll sober up if you have enough time in here,” said the other sailor.

“That’s right,” said the first sailor. “Sober up. Don’t make your mummy die of shame.”

“Come on, lads,” said the first officer.

Then they all walked off down the corridor, leaving Jersey Jones chained in the storage room with the door open.

“Oh, no!” moaned Jersey Jones. “We’re doomed. The mummy will mesmerize everyone, just as it did to Igor. It will make slaves of us all, and we’ll have to dress like it.”

He slumped in despair, hanging from the pipe and trying to think of a way out. As a parade of all-too-likely horrible events marched through his mind, he gave into the hopelessness of it and dwelt on his final failure, which seemed to be playing out that very night.

He opened his eyes when he heard footsteps in the corridor, and he saw Jane passing by.

“Jane!” he hissed.

“Who are you?” demanded Jane. “And how do you know my name?”

“I’m Jersey Jones, and I’m here to protect you. Lady Guff-Gorgon is in great danger.”

“What kind of danger?”

“The mummy.”

“What about the mummy?”

“First get me out of here. I’m chained to this pipe.”

“Get you out how?”

“Get that fire axe from the hallway.”

Jane went back out into the corridor and opened the emergency fire cabinet. She took out the axe and reentered the cabin a moment later.

“Do you want me to chop through the handcuffs?” asked Jane.

“No!” replied Jersey Jones. “You might hit my hands. Hit the pipe with the axe.”

With both hands, Jane held the axe over her shoulder and took a wild swing at the pipe. It bounced off, narrowly missing Jersey Jones's head.

"Try again, but be careful!" he said.

Jane took another swing at the pipe, and again it bounced off.

"Again!" said Jersey Jones.

Once again Jane swung the axe against the pipe, and this time it cracked and started leaking liquid.

She swung again and struck the pipe, and it broke, gushing sewage onto Jersey Jones.

"Ugh! It's a toilet drain!" he said. "Let's get out of here."

Lifting the handcuffs off the broken pipe, he headed out into the corridor, with Jane following. He led her down a stairway.

"Phew!" she said. "You stink like that mummy."

After descending another stairway, they reached the cargo hold. In the faint light, Jersey Jones spotted the sarcophagus and crept up to it. The lid was closed.

"Open it," said Jersey Jones. "My hands are still cuffed."

Jane gingerly opened the lid. The mummy was lying perfectly still inside the sarcophagus.

Jersey Jones motioned to her to close the lid. She gently shut the lid. Then Jersey Jones turned away and beckoned to her to follow.

They left the cargo hold and ascended a succession of stairways until once again they were on the passenger decks.

"I don't see what you're so excited about," said Jane.

"That mummy isn't dead," said Jersey Jones.

"Not dead! Of course it's dead. It's thousands of years old."

"It's undead, and it's cursed, and unless we stop it, we're all in trouble."

"I can see why they locked you up," said Jane.

"It *is* why they locked me up, but we still have to stop that mummy."

"That's enough of your stories," said Jane. "I'm going back to my cabin."

Jane left Jersey Jones standing alone on the deck. He was still reeking from the sewage that had spilled onto him, but he couldn't ask a steward to draw a bath for him: he couldn't get undressed while wearing handcuffs, and he couldn't show up for a bath stinking of sewage without explaining himself. A steward's deference to the passengers went only so far. Even if the steward asked no questions, Jersey Jones would be the talk of the ship by morning unless he could discreetly clean up and shed the handcuffs.

"How can I get out of these handcuffs?" he asked himself as he stood on deck at the railing. "I'm not going to ask Jane to chop them apart. The crew doesn't seem to have left a hacksaw lying around. To break them will need more strength than I have. Ah! That gives me an idea."

Jersey Jones hid behind a deck chair and under a steamer rug. Passengers strolled by but did not notice him, although a few of them noticed the odd stench. They paused and looked out at the sea and the sky, then walked on. Other

passengers strolled by, but they too left, as one remarked to another, “It smells like a toilet backed up. I must mention it to the steward.”

As the evening passed, the deck remained empty except for Jersey Jones, but he patiently stayed hidden.

In the middle of the night, he heard footsteps. The mummy came walking down the deck. Jersey Jones waited until the mummy had passed, then threw off the steamer rug, leapt out from behind the deck chair, and jumped onto the mummy’s back and pulled the chain of the handcuffs against its throat. The mummy, startled, grabbed Jersey Jones’s wrists and yanked them apart, snapping the chain of the handcuffs. Jersey Jones kicked the mummy to the deck, then ran off in the other direction, eluding it.

Panting, he paused and turned around. He stared into the darkness but saw no sign of the mummy. Once he was sure that the mummy was not following him, he returned to his cabin and bolted the door. With the handcuff chain broken, he was able to get out of his stinking clothes. The room did not have its own bathtub, but it had a basin, a pitcher, and soap. He was able to cram his clothes into the basin and fill it with soapy water. He washed the clothes as best he could, then sponged himself off in an effort to decrease the stench. Then he dressed in some clean clothes, opened the door, and looked both ways to make sure no one was on deck. Certain that he was alone, he carried his clothes to the railing and wrung out the water over the side of the ship. “Rinse and repeat,” he said to himself. “I don’t know where I’ve heard that before, but somehow it feels like a cliché.” With his clothes rinsed and wrung out, he draped them over hangers in the closet and closed the door—not a good way to dry them, but he didn’t want to have to explain his dripping clothes to anyone who came into his cabin. Once they were dry he could take them to the ship’s laundry.

Later that night, in the cargo hold of the *Egyptian Queen*, Igor in his sailor suit approached the sarcophagus. He knelt beside it and quietly lifted the lid. The mummy sat up and snarled at Igor. “Twice tonight someone attacked me on deck,” said the mummy. “He was dressed like a safari hunter. I should have thrown him overboard the first time he attacked me.”

“Oh, no, Master!” said Igor.

“Oh, yes! He must be destroyed. We will hunt him down.”

“But, Master—if people keep seeing you, we might not make it to England.”

“*He* must not make it to England!”

“No, Master! I mean, yes, Master! But shouldn’t you—uh—lie low?”

“Move the sarcophagus to a new place in the hold where he won’t see it. Then, together, we will get rid of this troublemaker.”

“Yes, Master!”

The mummy climbed out of the sarcophagus and stood waiting angrily while Igor strained to shove it to a less conspicuous place in the hold. Then the mummy climbed back in and closed the lid.

Sitting in his cabin, Jersey Jones was hungry. The time was now well past midnight, and he was reluctant to call the steward. His stomach continued growling, however, and he gave in and rang the bell. Soon there was a knock on the door.

“Come in!” called Jersey Jones.

The door opened, and in walked a shifty-looking steward. “Sir?” he asked.

“I know it’s late, but is it possible to get some dinner?” asked Jersey Jones.

“No trouble at all, sir, said the steward. Anything is possible with the proper effort. The cooks have turned in, but I’m sure there’s some steamship roast beef in the larder. With some salad and potatoes? And some wine? Will that do?”

“Excellent,” responded Jersey Jones. “I’m grateful, er ...”

“Schmidt is my name,” said the steward. “But people call me ‘Shifty.’ I’ll be back soon with your dinner.”

“Very good, then, Shifty.”

Hungry and tired, Jersey Jones leaned back in a chair and wondered what to do next. With himself and his clothes poorly washed, he was at least presentable, but he was still wearing handcuffs.

A short while later Steward “Shifty” Schmidt entered, carrying a tray loaded with dinner. He set it down on the table.

Jersey Jones took out his wallet and handed him a generous tip. Then he pulled up a chair, but as he started to sit down, he felt the steward’s hand in his pocket, grasping his wallet.

Jersey Jones grabbed the steward’s wrist, forced him to let go of the wallet, and he twisted the steward’s arm, forcing “Shifty” Schmidt to the floor.

“So! You thought you could pull a fast one on me! I have you now!” exclaimed Jersey Jones.

Shifty noticed the broken handcuffs dangling from Jersey Jones’s wrists. “Maybe I have you too,” he said, eyeing the handcuffs. “It seems that we have something in common.”

Jersey Jones let go of the steward and hastily puts his own hands behind his back.

“There’s no time to explain.”

“There’s no need to explain,” replied Shifty. “Maybe we both overreached ourselves. But maybe we can help each other. Apparently you got caught. I got caught too, but I’m not in the hands of the law yet. I’d like to stay that way. Maybe you can use my talents.”

“What else can you do?” asked Jersey Jones

“Oh, lots of things,” answered “Shifty” Schmidt. “Forgery, safecracking ...”

“Well, I’ll have to think about those. But, all right, we have a deal. And I do have a job for you. I think you’ll find the keys to these handcuffs in the first officer’s pocket.”

“Very good, sir,” answered Shifty, winking.

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt exited the room, and Jersey Jones sat down to his dinner. As he was finishing, he heard a knock.

“Come in!” called Jersey Jones.

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt entered and placed the handcuff keys on the dinner tray.

“Very good!” said Jersey Jones. Then, holding up his hands, “Would you mind?”

“Shifty” picked up the key and unlocked the handcuffs.

“Thank you,” said Jersey Jones.

Then he gave the handcuffs to the steward. “Would you please give these the deep six? Or sixty, or six hundred, or however many fathoms of water are under us right now?”

“Closer to eight hundred, I believe, sir,” said Steward “Shifty” Schmidt. “Almost a mile to the bottom. And I’m happy to oblige.”

Shifty opened the cabin door and pitched the handcuffs over the rail into the ocean.

Jersey Jones, carefully guarding his wallet, gave the steward another tip.

“Now, before you go, I was thinking of one more thing you could do for me,” he said. “You mentioned forgery ...”

A short while later, Steward “Shifty” Schmidt stepped onto the bridge, where the first officer and others were on duty.

“Pardon me, sir ...” said Shifty.

“Yes, steward?” asked the first officer.

Shifty handed the first officer a calling card. It read:

Mr. Wellington Niles
Proprietor
London Near East Antiquities, Ltd.
22 Petticoat Lane
London

“Mister Niles, one of the first-class passengers, has a concern,” said Shifty. “He has some cargo in the hold, and he is a little unhappy with the way it is stowed. Now, I’m sure that the crew did it properly, but Mister Niles is a first-class passenger, and a cargo shipper too, so I thought I should mention it in case you think it’s proper to oblige him.”

“Bother!” said the first officer. “But you’re right, steward, we’d better keep him happy. Please escort Mister Niles to the hold so he can see that things are done to his satisfaction, but keep him out of the way. I’ll send down one of the petty officers with a few sailors.”

“Very good, sir,” replied Shifty.

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt met Jersey Jones at his cabin. Jersey Jones was wearing a fancy suit, pretending to be Wellington Niles. Shifty led him (as if Jersey Jones did not know the way) down stairways until they reached the hold of the *Egyptian Queen*. A petty officer and four sailors were standing by. Jersey Jones looked around and quickly spotted the sarcophagus in its new location.

“This is Mister Niles,” said “Shifty” Schmidt to the petty officer. “The first officer told me we should oblige him as to the stowage of his cargo.”

“Right,” said Jersey Jones. “I’m just a bit nervous about a few things. First, that sarcophagus. It needs to be crated properly.”

“See to it,” said the petty officer to the four sailors.

The sailors walked off to the carpenter’s shop. A few minutes later they returned carrying lumber and tools, and they began building a crate around the sarcophagus. The petty officer, Steward “Shifty” Schmidt, and Jersey Jones watched patiently.

“Make sure it’s a tight fit so that the lid can’t open accidentally,” said Jersey Jones.

“Do as Mister Niles says,” the petty officer told the sailors.

They carried on sawing and hammering until the sarcophagus was secured inside a stout wooden crate.

“Splendid,” said Jersey Jones. “Now one thing I don’t want is to have that sarcophagus moving about if we meet with any heavy weather. Please stow it against that bulkhead and place my other boxes around it and on top of it.” He gestured toward an assortment of other large, heavy crates that were not his any more than the sarcophagus was.

“Go ahead and do as he asks,” said the petty officer to the sailors.

The sailors placed the crated sarcophagus against a bulkhead. Then they lifted the other crates—so heavy that it took all four to lift each crate—and stacked them around and on top of it.

“Very good,” said Jersey Jones. “I know you did your best to begin with, but I just kept lying awake thinking about that sarcophagus and how it might start sliding around and getting damaged in a storm. Do you think it will stay put now?”

“Certainly, sir,” answered the petty officer.

“One more thing—a question actually,” said Jersey Jones. “Is it all right to tip the sailors and you?”

“Unusual, but not against the rules,” answered the petty officer. “In fact, it’s certainly welcome. Thank you, sir.”

Jersey Jones took out his wallet, careful to keep it out of reach of “Shifty” Schmidt, and handed money to the petty officer and the sailors. Then he handed some to Steward “Shifty” Schmidt.

“Thank you, sir,” said “Shifty” Schmidt.

“You are all quite welcome,” said Jersey Jones. “I appreciate your efforts. Now I feel confident that my antiques will reach London safely.”

Jersey Jones and Steward “Shifty” Schmidt left the hold, followed by the petty officer and sailors.

Once they had gone, Igor crept out from behind some cargo and got as close as he could to the crated sarcophagus, but there were many other crates in the way.

“Master!” called Igor.

Igor heard a muffled growl.

“Master! Is that you?”

Igor heard another muffled growl.

“Don’t worry, Master!” called Igor. “I’ll let you out when we get to Southampton and change ships.”

Igor heard another muffled growl.

The next morning, in his cabin, Jersey Jones heard a knock on the door.

“Come in!” he called.

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt entered carrying a tray of food for Jersey Jones’s breakfast. He set it down in front of Jersey Jones.

“Thank you, steward,” said Jersey Jones.

“You’re very welcome, sir.”

Keeping tight hold on his wallet, Jersey Jones gave Shifty a tip.

“I have some more extra work for you, steward,” he said. “In Southampton, I need to make a special shopping trip.”

“I’m afraid I’ll have very little time on shore, sir, but if I can’t accompany you, I can surely give you directions on where to go for whatever you need.”

“Thank you, steward. That should fit the bill.”

6

Southampton, England

The *Egyptian Queen* was tied up to a dock in Southampton. Derricks lifted cargo out of the hold into the sky and down onto the dock. Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane stood on the pier watching. Soon a cargo sling was lifted out of the hold bearing what they were waiting for. In the sling were Igor and the crated sarcophagus. The derrick lowered its load onto the pier.

Stevadores took the crated sarcophagus and some of the other cargo across the pier, to where the Royal Mail Steamer *Titanic* was loading cargo and passengers. Igor stayed with the sarcophagus as it was lifted in a cargo net up off the pier and then down into the *Titanic*’s hold. Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane watched until the sarcophagus and Igor had disappeared from sight. Then they joined the line of passengers boarding the *Titanic*.

Meanwhile, Jersey Jones had been shopping. With directions from Steward “Shifty” Schmidt, he had found the streets in Southampton where you could buy anything if you could pay cash and keep your mouth shut. He returned with a strange addition to his baggage. He approached the *Titanic*’s gangway with a suitcase in his left hand, another tucked under his left arm, a third bag tucked under his right arm, and the heaviest piece of all held in his right hand.

He struggled under the weight and, at the top of the gangway, set the heaviest bag down with a thud.

“May I help you with that, sir?” asked a steward, who bent over and gripped the handle of the bag but couldn’t budge it. He reached underneath it with both hands and lifted it, and inside he could feel a large, round, hard shape.

“Goodness, sir!” he exclaimed. “What do you have in there? A bowling ball?”

“Exactly!” answered Jersey Jones.

“Let me carry it for you, sir. Will you be needing it on the voyage?”

“Yes, right away,” replied Jersey Jones.

“The ship has no bowling alley, sir.”

“I’ll be using it for, uh, exercise. And be very careful with it. I can’t have it rolling about.”

“Very good, sir.” Hoisting the bag with the heavy, hard sphere, the steward led the way toward Jersey Jones’s cabin. Jersey Jones followed carrying his other three bags, which combined were less than half the weight of the bag the steward carried.

“You’ll certainly get exercise with this, sir,” the steward called over his shoulder, gasping. “Never mind tenpins, you could knock down the whole bowling alley with this ball.”

“You don’t know how right you are,” responded Jersey Jones, somewhat out of breath.

Meanwhile, in a waterfront pub near the *Titanic*’s pier in Southampton, three sailor men—Gus, George, and Ginger—sat around a table drinking stout and playing poker. The men were joining the crew of the *Titanic*, but they were squeezing in a little more shoreside fun before joining the ship.

Playing poker with them was long-haired Rose, the darling of the docks. Around her neck was a string of large white spheres. They might have been huge pearls, but they weren't. They certainly didn't smell like pearls, but their odor was scarcely noticeable in the sailors' haunt.

Gus dealt a new hand of cards with enthusiasm, pausing to swill some more stout. "I'm feeling lucky today!" he exclaimed.

"So am I!" stated George, picking up his cards between gulps of the brew. "The beginning of a lucky voyage on a lucky ship. And I plan to start it with a pocketful of cash."

"So do I!" said Ginger.

"Now, boys," said Rose, "you can't *all* win. Besides, I'm feeling lucky too. I think I'll be lucky all the way to New York: a lucky voyage for all of us. And isn't *Titanic* a beautiful ship? Just look at her!"

The sailors turned around to look out the pub window, across the docks, to the liner that was to be their workplace and their home for the next week. While their heads were turned, Rose brushed her hair away from her face, in the process slipping a card from her tresses and placing it on the table in front of her. It was the ace of hearts.

As the sailors placed their cards on the table, Rose realized that she had played five aces. To conceal her cheating, she did her best to distract the sailors again.

"Oh! Look! A black cat! Oh, no!" she cried, pointing at a black cat outside.

While the sailors again turned to look, she quickly took another card—the queen of hearts—from her hair and laid it on the table in place of the second ace of hearts.

"That's just Jenny, the ship's cat," said Gus. "What's the matter, Rose? Are you afraid that a black cat is going to spoil your luck?"

"No, no," answered Rose. "Not *my* luck."

"That's right," said George. "Jenny is a lucky cat. She knows the ship is lucky too. She's bringing her litter of kittens on the trip."

"Well, boys," said Rose. "Let's see what luck has dealt us."

The sailors swilled some more stout and returned their attention to the game.

"Hmm," said Rose. "My hand isn't too bad."

"Hmm," said Gus, echoing Rose. "My hand isn't too bad either."

"I'm still feeling lucky," said Ginger.

"I'll need to borrow Jenny and stroke her fur for a little extra luck," muttered George.

The sailors began discarding cards and drawing replacements, but Rose continually passed. She matched every bet while chiding the men. "What? Are you afraid to bet any higher? I thought you were all feeling lucky today. If you're unlucky, maybe I shouldn't play cards with you."

"Oh, Rose!" said George. "You're the luckiest card player of all. How could playing with us ever be bad for you?"

"I was just teasing you," said Rose. "Are you lucky boys ready to show your hands?"

"Aye, Rose," said George.

One at a time, the sailors laid their cards face up on the table. None of them had a particularly good hand. Finally Rose laid her cards down.

“Rose!” said Ginger. “Four aces and a queen! You win again!”

“Oh, my!” said Rose. “I *am* lucky today. I hope some of my luck rubs off on you.”

She scooped the pile of money from the center of the table and dragged it to her side.

“Still, you boys have been so nice, I’ll share the winnings with you.”

She called out, “Bartender! Bring these boys another round of stout.”

“Thanks, Rose,” said Gus.

After the bartender had brought three more pints of stout, Rose asked, “How about another hand of poker, boys?”

“No, sorry, Rose,” said George.

“Why, what’s the matter?” she asked. “Are you afraid of a black cat?”

“No, Rose,” he said. “Jenny’s a lucky cat. But we need to get on board and get to work.”

After finishing their stout, the three sailors got up and left.

They passed two more sailors who were walking by.

“Begorrah, Pat!” said one of the two, thrusting out his hand to halt his companion. “That black cat just went across the dock, and you and I nearly walked across the same spot!”

Pat and Mike had left the shipyard in Belfast and traveled to Southampton to join the *Titanic* as crew members on its maiden voyage.

“Mike,” said Pat, “you *are* a superstitious one! But this time you are right. Who knows what evil fate you saved us from? Instead of boarding the *Titanic*, we could have been walking straight into trouble.”

The pair took a long detour down a side street, down an alley, and up another side street to avoid the place where Jenny the cat had trod.

In the pub, alone at the table, Rose opened her handbag and took out a windup musical pig. She kissed it. “My lucky pig!” she said. “We did it again.”

Someone else appeared on the dock outside the pub: Jack. He was dressed in black and wearing a black cape and was followed by three creepy-looking women also dressed in black. Jack and the three women were vampires. When Jack came through the door of the pub, the three women remained outside. They kept to the shade and leered at sailors passing by, the women’s gaze concentrating on the men’s throats. Sailors avoided them as carefully as Mike and Pat had avoided Jenny the cat.

Just as Jack entered the pub, Rose got up from the table, and the ace of hearts fell from her hair.

Jack bent over and picked it up. “Excuse me,” he said, “did you drop this?”

“I guess I did!” answered Rose. “Thank you.”

As he handed her the card, Jack stared at her neck, wary of the necklace of white spheres, which were garlic bulbs. He smiled even though he was alarmed, and his fangs showed, but Rose didn’t notice.

“I’m Jack,” he said. “Are you going on board the *Titanic*?”

“I’m Rose. Yes, I am sailing to New York on the *Titanic*. And are you traveling on the *Titanic* too?”

“Yes,” answered Jack. “I hope to see you on board.”

As they parted, they looked over their shoulders at each other, feeling wishful for the voyage ahead. Rose was looking at another possible sucker from whom to steal money. Jack was out for blood.

Down in the hold of the *Titanic*, Igor, dressed in his sailor suit, struggled with a crowbar, trying to open the crate that held the sarcophagus. He had never used a crowbar before, nor was he used to working with packing crates. Lumber was scarce in Egypt, and it had taken him a long time to move the crates that had been stowed over the sarcophagus. As he slowly managed to pry apart one corner of the crate, the nails screeched.

A muffled voice came from within the sarcophagus: “Hurry up, you fool!”

“Yes, Master!” replied Igor, who continued prying at the wood. It was several more minutes before he had pried away enough wood and extracted enough nails to open the top of the packing crate. Then he lifted the lid of the sarcophagus.

“I was cooped up in there for five days!” complained the mummy.

“Yes, Master!”

The mummy climbed out of the sarcophagus and stood on the deck of the cargo hold.

“Is this ship going to New York?” the mummy demanded.

“Yes, Master!”

“Good!”

The mummy suddenly turned and stalked out of the hold.

“But, Master!” called Igor. “It’s daylight, and there are people about. You’ll be seen!”

The mummy ignored him and climbed up a ladder toward the passenger decks.

“Master!” called Igor again, but he did not follow. He was afraid to leave the hold and get involved in whatever incident was sure to happen once the mummy encountered people.

At the top of a stairway, the mummy came to a passageway. The mummy walked down the passageway and encountered an animal sacred to Egyptians: a cat. It was Jenny, who took one look at the mummy, arched her back, hissed, and ran off. She ran to the staircase and trotted down a flight of steps. On the next deck down, under the stairs, was a basket with her kittens in it. She gripped the handle of the basket in her mouth, picked up the basket of kittens, and hurried away.

Meanwhile, Igor left the cargo hold by way of another exit and tried to blend in with the ship’s crew.

Approaching a gangway leading from the pier onto the *Titanic* were Pat and Mike.

“Well, Mike,” said Pat. “Luck is surely with us. We quit our shipyard jobs and immediately found dream jobs on the world’s biggest, luckiest ship, sailing on her maiden voyage. What could be better than that?”

“Sure and we’re the fortunate ones,” replied Mike. “I feel sorry for poor Sean, though. He must still be trapped in the double hull.”

“Begorrah, you’re right!” said Pat. “Poor Sean!”

“Now with his skeleton trapped in the hull of the *Titanic*, maybe the ship is haunted!” said Mike.

“Mike, please, you’re being superstitious, and it’s giving me the creeps. We know for a fact that the ship is lucky. We helped build her. Haunted, indeed! More likely there are leprechauns on board ready to lead us to a pot of gold. You’ve brought a lucky shamrock with you from old Ireland, haven’t you?”

“Aye, for sure,” answered Mike. “A pot of gold would be a nice little luxury on this luxury ship. We’d come back not as crewmen but as first-class passengers!”

“That’s the spirit, Mike,” said Pat encouragingly. “Let’s go on board for the voyage of a lifetime, and be on the lookout for leprechauns and rainbows.”

“Do they have rainbows at sea?” asked Mike.

“Sure and they must,” answered Pat. “The ocean has rain, and it has sunshine, so there must be rainbows. When we see one, we’ll run right to the end of it.”

“Maybe we’ll have to launch a boat or dive overboard to catch it,” said Mike.

“Now, be sensible,” said Pat. “Nobody’s going overboard from this ship. We’ll just have to wait for the ship to pass *through* a rainbow. Then we’ll dash to the end of the rainbow while it’s touching the ship.”

“And we’ll scoop up our gold,” said Mike.

“Now you’re talking sense,” said Pat. “Let’s get started.”

He grabbed Mike by the arm and they started up the gangway. Jenny the cat was coming the other way, running down off the ship with her basket full of kittens.

“Look at that, Pat!” exclaimed Mike. “That looks like the same cat we saw on the dock, and she’s leaving the ship with her kittens. Does she know something we don’t?”

“Mike, you think a cat knows more than I do?” responded Pat. “Maybe it knows more than *you* do. I’ll tell you what’s going on, Mike. Black cats are unlucky. You should know that. Well, somebody saw her and told her to get off the ship. No unlucky animals allowed!”

“Pat, you are a man of the world,” replied Mike. “You certainly can size up a situation. I’m glad that you and me are shipmates.”

Far below them, Jersey Jones entered the cargo hold of the *Titanic*, carrying his heavy suitcase. He was in a different part of the hold than Igor and the sarcophagus. He set the suitcase down on the deck, opened it, and took out a black spherical bomb. “Lady Guff-Gorgon thinks we’re going to New York,” he said to himself. “No, we’re going to Kingdom come!”

He carefully placed the bomb on the deck, up against the hull of the ship, and lit the fuze. Then he scrambled to take cover behind a stack of crates. He bent down, closed his eyes, and covered his ears with his hands.

Up on the deck of the *Titanic*, Mike and Pat were now at work as part of the crew, polishing brass, along with Igor, who was trying hard to be inconspicuous while posing as a member of the crew. Igor didn’t know how to tie sailor’s knots or even find his way around the ship, but he thought he could polish brass well enough to attract no attention.

Nearby, Captain “Snuffy” Smith walked among the first-class passengers. “Welcome aboard!” he said cheerfully. “I’m so glad that you could join us for the ship’s maiden voyage. I promise you it will be unforgettable!”

“Will we see any icebergs?” asked one man. “It’s the time of year for icebergs, isn’t it?”

“Ho, ho, ho,” roared Captain Smith, sounding like a maritime Santa Claus. “Icebergs? Sorry, not a chance. The only ice you’ll see is in your glass in the first-class lounge. The North Atlantic is not much for scenery, I’m afraid, but the voyage will be unforgettable in other ways. This ship is the epitome of luxury.”

“O pity me’?” Mike asked Pat. “Why does he say that if the trip is going to be so much fun?”

“Mike,” said Pat, “how can you be so ignorant? That’s what they call British understatement. When the captain says, ‘O pity me,’ it really means he’s going to have a wonderful time.”

Igor nodded sagely, though he had been wondering the same thing as Mike.

As the three of them kept polishing brass, the captain moved on to another group of passengers who were gawking at the magnificent vessel.

“What a lovely ship! How inspiring!” exclaimed Lady Guff-Gorgon. “I must design some clothing based on it. The Titanic fashion for the, um, large woman.”

At that moment, an explosion rocked the ship. The passengers, startled, reached for something to hold onto and steady themselves while looking all around. Smoke belched from open portholes, and the deck tipped first to one side, then to the other.

“What was that?” Lady Guff-Gorgon asked frantically.

“Oh, I’m sure it was nothing, Ma’am,” said Captain Smith. “The *Titanic* is the safest ship afloat, not only unsinkable but lucky too. Maybe someone dropped a bowling ball.”

“Bowling?” asked a passenger. “I didn’t know the ship had a bowling alley.”

“Well, I haven’t been to every corner of the ship,” said Captain Smith. “It’s brand new, you know. But I’m sure it has everything.”

The steward who had led Jersey Jones to his cabin was passing by. “Captain, I’m sure you’re right,” he said. “One of the passengers boarding the ship today seemed to have a bowling ball in his luggage.” The steward judiciously did not mention the *Titanic*’s lack of a bowling alley.

“There, you see?” said Captain Smith. “That boom was just a passenger being a bit careless with his luggage. Always let a crew member help you with your luggage. We wouldn’t want the woodwork scratched. The crew look after you and earn their tips.”

The steward bowed and smile graciously, grateful for the captain’s mention of tips.

“We wouldn’t want the woodwork scratched, either,” said Pat to Mike and Igor. “It would just make more work for us.”

In the cargo hold of the *Titanic*. Jersey Jones peered out from behind the stack of crates. Looking through the dust and smoke created by the blast, he saw that the explosion of his bomb had made a hole in the ship’s inner hull. It must not have damaged the outer hull, he thought, because no water was coming in. Then Jersey Jones stared. Something was moving in the hole made by the bomb.

A hand emerged from the hole, then another hand, then a foot. Sean, now a zombie, staggered out.

“Oh, no,” said Jersey Jones, speaking quietly to himself. “The ship is still afloat, and I seem to have injured that poor man.” Sean the zombie lurched across the deck. He reached a door leading into a smokestack, opened the door, and staggered through it.

Jersey Jones watched, amazed at the sight, as he realized that the creature who had emerged from the hole in the hull was a zombie, and he was disappointed that the *Titanic* was still afloat.

On the deck of the *Titanic*, Lady Guff-Gorgon had calmed down and refocused her attention on the topic of most interest to her: herself.

“And I’ll be even more famous and rich ...” she was saying.

“Aiiieeee!” she shrieked, interrupting her self-praise. “Aiiieeee!”

“Why, what’s the matter, Ma’am?” asked Captain Smith.

Lady Guff-Gorgon was staring and pointing at the top of the smokestack, where Sean’s head was visible above the rim. “Death!” she cried. “Death is aboard this ship!”

At the top of the smokestack, Sean the zombie lost his grip and fell back inside.

Captain Smith looked to where Lady Guff-Gorgon was pointing. He saw nothing out of the ordinary.

“Death? No, no, Ma’am. We are perfectly safe, and lucky too.”

“Captain,” interjected another passenger, “is it being sensible to rely on luck when commanding a vessel like this with so many souls aboard?”

“As Marie Antoinette said,” replied the captain, “or maybe it was Charles the First, better to be lucky than rich. Nothing to worry about, my good man. I would not want any of my passengers to lose their heads with worrying. Everything is in our favor. In fact, here comes Lady Luck herself.”

Captain Smith gestured toward Rose, who was walking across the deck toward them.

“Rose! I’m so glad you’re on board,” said Captain Smith. “You’ve been delightful on my voyages on other ships.”

“Thank you, Captain. Your new ship is lovely. I seem to finish every voyage better off than when I started. I’m sure that this trip will be no different.”

As Rose was speaking, Jersey Jones appeared on deck, still baffled and frustrated by his experience in the cargo hold. As he looked around, he noticed a man in clerical clothes taking photographs of the ship. To get out of the clergyman’s way, Jersey Jones stepped aside and leaned on the ship’s railing.

“Thank you, sir!” said the clergyman.

“Glad to oblige,” said Jersey Jones.

“I can tell by your safari clothes that you are not an ordinary passenger. Permit me to introduce myself: I’m Father Brown.”

“And I am Jersey Jones, archaeologist, adventurer, and man of action. I presume that you are the ship’s chaplain?”

“No, no, just a humble traveler and photographer, not to mention solver of mysteries. Your clothes make *you* a bit mysterious. May I photograph you?”

“Glad to oblige,” said Jersey Jones again. He remained leaning against the railing while Father Brown took a photograph of him.

“And what will you be doing in New York?” inquired Jersey Jones. “Taking more photographs and solving a mystery?”

“No, no, I’m not even going to New York,” answered Father Brown. “My uncle the bishop, a most generous man, long ago bought me my first camera and now has purchased a ticket for me to travel on the *Titanic* from Southampton to Queenstown. So I’m going only as far as Ireland, but I’m fortunate that I can taste the experience of travel on this ship, and I do wish that I could make the entire voyage to New York.”

“Well, padre,” said Jersey Jones, “this ship has mysteries enough. Enjoy your time on board, but I may need to enlist your aid before you disembark. I think that a man acquainted with the supernatural may be just what I need.”

“I shall be happy to be of assistance,” said Father Brown.

A short distance away on the deck, Lady Guff-Gorgon, looking again at the top of the funnel, continued her previous train of thought. “I know I saw something hideous up there!”

“Now, now, Lady Guff-Gorgon,” said Captain Smith. “Once we put to sea, the salt air will have you feeling better. Meanwhile, maybe you should retire to your cabin and rest awhile. Rose, would you mind escorting Lady Guff-Gorgon to her cabin?”

“Not at all. Please come along, Lady Guff-Gorgon. The captain is right. You just need to rest for a spell. Maybe your corset is too tight.”

“A spell!” murmured Jersey Jones. “A spell may be exactly what is afflicting this ship.” He turned to speak to Father Brown, but the priest had disappeared. Jersey Jones continued leaning on the railing and watched as the captain conversed with other passengers.

First Officer Morlock came walking across the deck, followed by a Newfoundland dog. Officer Morlock strode across the deck to Captain Smith, halted, and saluted.

“Mister Morlock!” said Captain Smith. “Are we ready to sail?”

“Aye, sir,” replied Morlock. “Fit as a fiddle from stem to stern! I heard a loud bang, but the ship is steady in the water, so I’m sure it was nothing.”

“Very good, Mister Morlock. What’s this dog you have with you?”

“Not just a dog, Cap’n. This is Rigel the wonder dog. He’s a trained rescue dog.”

“Well, I hope he doesn’t get bored,” said Captain Smith. “He won’t have anything to do on the *Titanic*. And shouldn’t he have a cask of brandy around his neck?”

“You may be thinking of Saint Bernards, sir. Still, a cask of brandy might be a pleasant accessory. Rigel could rescue us from boredom.”

“I always have good ideas, Mister Morlock. A cask of brandy—see to it.”

“Aye, aye, sir.”

7

On Board the *Titanic*, during the Maiden Voyage

Captain “Snuffy” Smith and First Officer Morlock left the deck and headed to the bridge to oversee the *Titanic*’s departure. Sailors cast off the lines, and the ship’s whistle sounded. Jersey Jones looked over the railing and down at the ocean liner *New Yorker* alongside the *Titanic*. The *Titanic* was huge in comparison.

As tugboats nosed the *Titanic* away from the pier and out into the channel, the enormous *Titanic* moved a lot of water with it, creating an artificial current that pulled the *New Yorker* away from its pier. One of the lines holding the

New Yorker to the pier strained, and then snapped, with a loud bang. The *New Yorker* began sounding its whistle frantically as the small ship was pulled away from its pier by the *Titanic*.

At the sound of the bursting hawser and the subsequent whistling, Captain Smith on the *Titanic*'s bridge demanded, "What's all that noise?"

First Officer Murdock, followed by Rigel the wonder dog and then by Captain Smith, strode out onto the bridge wing to see what all the racket was about. As they watched from above and as Jersey Jones watched from one of the first-class passenger decks, another bang echoed around the piers and the ships as one more of the *New Yorker*'s lines parted, then another, until there were no more lines securing the *New Yorker* to the pier. Pulled by the moving water, the *New Yorker*, its whistle still screaming, was dragged away from its berth and followed the *Titanic* into the channel.

"Ho, ho, ho!" roared Captain Smith. "That little boat is trying to ride our wake to New York! Your wonder dog may have some work to do after all, Mister Morlock. That boat will be in trouble if its captain doesn't get it under control."

More tugboats moved in, however, sidled up to the *New Yorker*, and returned the little ship to its pier. The *Titanic* then moved out into the harbor and then the English Channel, headed not to New York, but across the English Channel to pick up more passengers at Cherbourg, France.

Also leaning on the railing of a first-class passenger deck watching the drama was Rose. As she stood watching the city of Southampton fall behind, Jack appeared on deck, followed by the three female vampires. Rose turned and watched them approach. Jack paused, turned, and spoke to the three female vampires: "Wait for me inside," he said, and the trio vanished through a doorway.

"Hello, Rose," said Jack.

"Who were they?" asked Rose.

"My French girls," answered Jack. "They travel with me. I'm expecting a few more to join us in Cherbourg."

"You must have quite a large entourage," said Rose.

"I am always, shall we say, thirsty for more."

"I'm thirsty too," said Rose. "Shall we go to the lounge for refreshments? I want to build an entourage of my own. By the way, do you play cards?"

"You could say that I'm a gambler," answered Jack. "Yes, let's go."

Rose took his arm and they walked off, each in search of more victims.

As they went inside, Father Brown was coming on deck. He eyed Jack suspiciously as they passed. Then he noticed Jersey Jones. "Hello again," said Father Brown.

"Hello, padre," said Jersey Jones. "As the captain promised, we're having an unforgettable trip so far."

"A lot of whistling and banging, anyway," said Father Brown. "What was that all about?"

"The *Titanic* tried to drag another liner along for the ride."

"How strange!" said Father Brown. "I have a feeling that something is not right with this ship. Some of the passengers seem a bit odd, too."

“Padre, if only you knew! Yet I doubt that you would believe me. The *Titanic* has supernatural problems. In fact, it seems to be under a curse.”

“Not believe in the supernatural!” exclaimed Father Brown. “Why, my vocation is predicated on belief in the supernatural.”

“Then, padre, suppose I told you that the *Titanic* has an undead mummy on board, and a zombie too.”

“Then I should reply, as Hamlet said to Horatio, ‘There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.’ To your undead mummy and zombie you can probably add a vampire.”

“Well, then, Father Brown, I can see that you are not only a believer but also, I hope, my ally.”

“Again, Mister Jones, you are too limited in your thinking. Of course I am a believer in the supernatural, but as in the natural world there are both good and evil. And, yes, I am your ally. My first name is Francis, after the gentle preacher, but my middle name is Van Helsing, after the great opponent of Dracula himself. However, if I am to help you, I have only one night. I am leaving the ship tomorrow in Queenstown.”

“I have been battling the mummy since we left Egypt,” said Jersey Jones. “With your help, maybe that battle will end tonight.”

“If we must fight a mummy, a zombie, and a vampire, then we should enlist even more help. I suspect that the captain and first officer would be too skeptical to come to our assistance, but not so my friend Officer Belltoller. Let us find him.”

“Let’s go right now,” said Jersey Jones, and he and Father Brown went off in search of a further ally.

That night, at dinner, Jack, Rose, Lady Guff-Gorgon, and the ship’s owner, Bruce Yamsi, sat at the captain’s table. Two stewards stood nearby, ready to wait on them. One of the stewards was “Shifty” Schmidt. As Jack sat at the table, his eyes were fixed on Rose’s neck.

“And then there was the typhoon in the Pacific,” Captain Smith was saying. “A few of the passengers were under the weather, so to speak, but the ship came through without a scratch.”

“How enchanting! I love sea stories,” said Lady Guff-Gorgon.

“I say, steward, could I have some ice for my drink?” asked Jack,

“Certainly, sir,” said one of the stewards.

“Speaking of ice, maybe you’ll get lucky and see some icebergs on this voyage,” said Captain Smith. “I hear that they’re coming farther south this year.”

“Didn’t he say earlier that there was no chance of seeing ice?” one steward said quietly to the other.

“Belay that,” said the captain to the stewards. “No chatter in the dining room, please.”

“Yes, sir,” said one of the stewards.

“I didn’t mean you, my guests,” said Captain Smith. “Please carry on. I enjoy conversation with my passengers.”

“Are you expecting a fast crossing?” asked Rose.

“Indeed,” said Captain Smith. “It will take a few days for the engines to warm up to maximum revolutions, but when we reach top speed it may get us into New York early.”

“Wouldn’t that mean arrival in the middle of the night?” asked Rose.

“What a knowledgeable young lady you are!” said the captain. “It certainly would. But before we put our first- and second-class passengers ashore in Manhattan, we have to drop the third-class passengers at quarantine. Even if we get to New York early, the sun will be shining by the time we tie up to the pier.”

“Oh, good,” said Rose. “I would not want the voyage to end too soon. I always find the trip so ... profitable.”

“I wouldn’t mind arriving in New York in the dark,” said Jack. “My friends call me a creature of the night.”

“Well, I hate to disappoint any of our passengers, especially when they have contradictory wishes,” said Captain Smith, “but I am confident that you will all enjoy a fast voyage and a timely arrival.”

“What if we *do* see icebergs?” asked Rose. “You will slow down for icebergs, won’t you?”

“Slow down?” asked Captain Smith, laughing and choking on his drink. “I should say not! It’s great fun to watch them go whizzing by.”

“But what if we should hit one?” asked Rose.

“Hit one?” asked Captain Smith, laughing again. “Ha, ha! Why do you think they call me ‘Lucky’ Smith?”

“They don’t call him ‘Lucky’ Smith, they call him ‘Snuffy’ Smith,” whispered one steward to the other, careful this time not to let the captain hear.

“Don’t forget, Captain, that I own this ship,” broke in Bruce Yamsi. “Be careful with it. I’d rather be late into New York than early at the bottom of the Atlantic.”

“Don’t worry, Mister Yamsi!” said Captain Smith. “I haven’t lost a ship yet!”

“Through all these adventures you’ve told us about, you’ve never lost a ship at sea?” asked Jack.

“No, never.”

“He’s never lost a ship at sea?” whispered one steward to the other.

“Never?” said Jack, persisting in his question.

“Hardly ever!” replied the captain.

“I’m lucky too!” said Rose, “Would you like to see my lucky pig?”

“Sorry, Rose,” said Captain Smith. “We don’t allow livestock in the dining room. Rigel the wonder dog maybe ... if I want a nip of brandy.”

“Oh, the pig isn’t alive, Captain,” said Rose. “It’s mechanical.”

Rose took the windup musical pig out of her handbag and set it on the table. She wound it up, and it played “My Heart Will Go On.”

“How enchanting!” said Lady Guff-Gorgon.

“I like that tune,” said Jack, still eyeing Rose’s neck. “It’s cheery. I think it would lift my spirits even if I were clinging to a piece of wreckage in the freezing waters of the North Atlantic.”

Captain Smith stared enviously at the pig.

“Well! Enough enchantment for now,” he said. “I must see how things are going on the bridge. I wish you all a wonderful evening.” He got up from the table and left the dining room.

Jack addressed Rose: “Would you care to go for a walk on deck?”

“Yes, Jack. I’d love to.”

Father Brown and Jersey Jones, meanwhile, had sought out Officer Belltoller, who was about to go on duty.

“My friend,” said Father Brown to Officer Belltoller, “only you can help us. There are an undead mummy, a zombie, and a vampire aboard this ship.”

“I’m most concerned about the mummy,” interrupted Jersey Jones. “It must not reach New York.”

“A vampire?” asked Officer Belltoller, ignoring Jersey Jones, “Lovely! I’ve been tracking a certain vampire and his three French female bloodsuckers for months, but I didn’t realize that he had gotten aboard the *Titanic*. I last saw him on our sister ship, the *Olympic*. The clock is five minutes before midnight for that twilight-dwelling character, and not in a way he will like. Time has run out for the count!”

“What about the mummy?” asked Jersey Jones.

“I’ll be making the rounds of the ship as soon as I go on duty,” said Officer Belltoller. “I’ll find the count and put a silver bullet through his heart,” he said, again ignoring Jersey Jones.

“Now, Mister Jones,” said Father Brown. “Maybe we can let Officer Belltoller take care of the vampire, and you and I can see to the zombie and the mummy. After all, what would your esteemed President Lincoln do? He would hunt the vampire.”

“Vampires,” said Jersey Jones, emphasizing the plural. “Don’t forget, there are four of them.”

“Without the count, the three females will be lost,” said Officer Belltoller. “As for the zombie and the mummy, we get all kinds of odd passengers now and then. They’re not a grave danger. After all, they’re dead.”

“Undead, both of them,” said Jersey Jones. “And Lady Guff-Gordon, the famous fashion designer, is on board. Can you imagine what will happen in New York if she uses them for models?”

“Lady Guff-Gordon?” asked Officer Belltoller. “Why didn’t you say so sooner? That is a serious threat. Still, I have to go on duty now. I’ll be looking for the count, and you two can go after the vampire and mummy and try to stop them from influencing Lady Guff-Gordon’s ideas of fashion. Mummy and vampire clothes? That would be a double disaster. Well, I must go now.”

Jersey Jones started to say that Lady Guff-Gorgon was planning a triple disaster, because she planned to imitate Igor’s clothes too, but he realized he might have lost count of how many bad fashion plans she had conceived since they were in Cairo.

Officer Belltoller was gone anyway, hurrying off toward the bridge to report for duty.

Out on the deck of the *Titanic*, the three French female vampires waited for Jack. When he and Rose came outside and began to stroll along the deck, they followed.

Jack and Rose paused and leaned on the railing, watching the water rush by. Jack spat over the side. To express camaraderie, Rose did too.

“It’s just getting dark,” said Rose. “Twilight is my favorite time. Let’s watch the stars come out.”

“Sure,” said Jack. “I like being out at night. It’s when I feel fully myself.”

They leaned on the rail in silence for a while, watching the stars and waves. The three French female vampires stayed nearby, watching from the shadows.

“Would you like to come to my cabin?” asked Rose.

“That’s an excellent idea,” said Jack. “I’m getting thirsty.”

His fangs glistened in the twilight. Rose noticed but still took his hand and led him to her cabin, leaving the three French female vampires behind. Jack’s French girls turned and followed Jack and Rose but kept at a distance.

Stepping through the doorway, Rose turned on the cabin light. She sat down on a sofa, and Jack sat down beside her.

At first they said nothing, Rose fingering her necklace and Jack staring at her neck. Then she said, “Jack, I want you to draw me wearing this.”

“I’m not that kind of artist,” said Jack. “All I can draw is blood. By the way, where did you get such huge pearls?”

“They’re not pearls, silly,” said Rose. “They’re garlic!”

“Rose, I hate garlic! Take it off.”

“But ... all right, if you insist. My mother told me to always wear it. She’ll be along soon. She and my auntie and uncle, and ...”

“You have a lot of people staying in this cabin, don’t you?” asked Jack.

“Oh, yes: my whole family. I’ll introduce you to them.”

“Why don’t we look for a spot with a little more privacy?”

“But ... oh, well—if you want to.”

“And take off that necklace. Please!”

“All right.”

Rose took off the necklace and placed it in a dresser drawer. Then she took Jack’s hand, and they walked back out onto the deck.

This time they did not lean over the railing. Jack led Rose through a door and down a stairway, then down another and another until they reached the cargo hold. The three female vampires again followed at a distance, keeping out of sight.

Jack and Rose walked around the cargo hold hand in hand, Jack looking intently at the packing crates and between them and behind them.

“What are you looking for?” asked Rose.

“I thought I’d find a motorcar down here.”

“Were you hoping to go for a drive?” asked Rose.

“More like go parking,” replied Jack.

Igor, wearing his sailor suit, was sitting behind a packing crate, guarding the mummy’s sarcophagus. When Jack and Rose came near, he stepped out into view.

“This is no place for young people,” said Igor. “You two should go back up to your cabins.”

“I know what I’m doing,” answered Jack. “I’m looking for a motorcar. I saw one listed on the manifest of the ship’s cargo.”

“Ignorant young man!” cackled Igor. “Do you think you’d find it parked at a meter? They transport motorcars disassembled. It’s in a crate somewhere.”

Jack kept hunting around the cargo. Then he heard something creaking.

The lid of the sarcophagus opened a crack. The mummy peered out at Jack and Rose, then shut the lid with a thump.

Jack looked for the source of the sound, and he peered behind the crate where Igor had been skulking. The mummy’s sarcophagus was there, but Jack wasn’t interested. He was still looking for the motorcar.

After Jack turned away, the sarcophagus lid creaked open again, and the mummy hissed to Igor, “Get rid of them!”

“Yes, Master!” whispered Igor.

Jack turned around, but the sarcophagus was closed again.

“What was that?” demanded Jack.

“I told you: this is no place for young people,” answered Igor.

“We can take care of ourselves, old timer,” Jack said sarcastically, for Igor was not particularly old. “Why don’t you go for a walk? Here’s sixpence.”

Jack handed a coin to Igor. Igor took the coin and pocketed it but did not leave.

“Come on, Rose,” said Jack. “Let’s find a spot to ourselves.” Jack took Rose’s hand, and together they wandered around the cargo hold until they found a secluded spot and a piled-up cargo net. “This looks cozy,” said Jack. “Let’s get more comfortable.”

Rose sat down on the cargo net. “These ropes aren’t soft,” she said. “They’re like a pile of wood.”

“Oh, you’re just like Goldilocks!” complained Jack. “Do we have to try every quiet spot till you find one you like?”

He sat beside her and put his arms around her. “I’ll make you forget all about the ropes,” he said.

He opened her collar and spread it away from her neck. As she put up her lips to be kissed, his fangs glistened.

“Are you afraid?” he asked.

“No, Jack,” she answered.

She opened her eyes, and then she screamed: “Aaiieeee! Mummy!”

The mummy was behind Jack, watching them.

“You want your mother?” asked Jack. He looked at Rose, then behind him, but the mummy had disappeared.

Rose scrambled to her feet and started running.

“Rose! Wait!” called Jack.

“I’m not staying here one more minute!” she yelled over her shoulder.

Igor watched them run past.

Rose dashed up stairways, one after another, followed by Jack, until at last they emerged on a deck.

“This isn’t the deck with my cabin,” said Rose.

“No, it’s not,” answered Jack. “We’re near the very front of the ship. But we seem to have left that mummy behind. Let me show you something.”

“It’s so dark,” said Rose.

Jack took her hand and led her toward the very tip of the *Titanic*, with the water rushing by below. “Close your eyes, Rose,” said Jack, holding her.

Just then Officer Belltoller came out onto the deck and strained his eyes to see. Then he spotted Jack and Rose.

“Count Jackula!” said Officer Belltoller triumphantly but quietly. “I knew I’d find you here.”

He took out his revolver and loaded a silver bullet into a chamber. He raised the gun and fired, but as he pulled the trigger, Jack turned into a bat and flitted about, evading the gunfire.

“Jack!” exclaimed Rose. “You’re flying!”

While she watched Jack, Officer Belltoller ran over to her. He put his hand on her shoulder.

“Miss,” he said, “go back to your cabin. “You’re in great danger. He’s a vampire.”

“Oh, I know!” replied Rose. “Isn’t he just darling?”

At the same time, Jersey Jones was leading Father Brown down to the cargo hold. “I’ll show you the mummy’s resting place,” said Jersey Jones to the priest. When they reached the cargo hold, no one was there, not even Igor. With Father Brown following him, Jersey Jones made his way to the sarcophagus. The lid was open, and the sarcophagus was empty. “The mummy is at large,” said Jersey Jones, stating the obvious. “We have to find it.”

“When solving a mystery,” said Father Brown, “I try to find out what benefit the evildoer gets from committing the crime. What is it the mummy wants? That will help us locate it.”

“I’m not sure the mummy wants anything on this ship,” replied Jersey Jones. “It earnestly wants to go to New York, so whatever crime the mummy plans will pay off after the ship is in the United States.”

“But it has some reason for walking around the ship right now,” said Father Brown.

“True,” said Jersey Jones, “but I have no idea ...”

“Brains!” said a distant voice.

“The zombie!” said Jersey Jones. “At least we know what the zombie is looking for. Follow that voice!”

Jersey Jones and Father Brown hurried toward the sound. They looked behind packing crates and other cargo, lifted cargo nets, and stopped frequently to listen. Suddenly Father Brown put up his hand, then put his finger to his lips. “I heard footsteps on the stairway,” he whispered. He motioned to Jersey Jones to take up a position at the bottom of the stairs but out of sight, and Father Brown took a spot on the other side. “What do we do when we catch it?” whispered Father Brown.

“Tie it up in a cargo net and throw it overboard,” Jersey Jones whispered back.

The footsteps were closer. A shape reached the bottom of the stairway, and Jersey Jones and Father Brown pounced on it.

It was the mummy. Enraged, and with superhuman strength, it threw them both off. They landed on the deck painfully and staggered to their feet.

“You!” said the mummy reaching for Jersey Jones, who jumped back, eluding the mummy’s grasp, but the mummy got hold of Jersey Jones’s safari hat.

Father Brown had jumped back too, and he felt a hand on his shoulder, and he jumped again. It was Igor.

“Sailor, help us!” said Father Brown to Igor, not realizing that Igor was the mummy’s slave. Instead of helping, Igor grabbed Father Brown and held him for the mummy.

Jersey Jones grabbed Igor’s arms and broke his grasp. “Run!” he said to Father Brown, throwing Igor to the deck to block the mummy’s path. Jersey Jones bent over to pick up his hat, which was lying where the mummy had dropped it, and then he and Father Brown ran up the stairway.

Between deep breaths, Father Brown said, “Find Officer Belltoller.”

“After them!” said the mummy, and Igor ran up the stairway, followed by the mummy.

Five levels up, Jersey Jones and Father Brown reached a first-class passenger deck, where Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane were strolling.

“Your mummy almost killed me again!” burst out Jersey Jones.

Lady Guff-Gorgon, surprised, was silent for a moment. Then she retorted, “Piffle!”

After pondering the situation for a moment, she said, “So jealousy rears its ugly head. In the dining room I overheard you criticizing my fashions. Ignorant young man!”

Then she saw Igor charging up the stairs. “Why, here comes proof of my fashion genius right now.”

Igor stopped, looked at Lady Guff-Gorgon, and then started back down the stairs, colliding with the mummy.

“You fool!” snarled the mummy. “After them!”

“But, Master,” said Igor. “It’s Lady Guff-Gorgon. If she sees you, it will upset all our plans. We’ll never reach New York.”

The mummy hesitated a moment, then turned and, growling, started back down the stairway.

Lady Guff-Gorgon then noticed Father Brown. “Oh, what an exquisite costume!” she said. “It inspires my fashion sense. Please be my guest at dinner tomorrow evening.”

Not being a rude man, Father Brown did not mention that meals were included in the fare. Instead, he produced the trump card of excuses for refusing an invitation: “I’m sorry, Madam, but I will not be aboard the *Titanic* tomorrow evening. I have a ticket only to Queenstown.”

“Oh, but I must draw inspiration from you for my next line of clothing. I’ll pay for your ticket to New York and home again, only let me breathe the atmosphere of elegant design exuded by your garb. It’s positively divine!”

“Thank you, Madam. Perhaps. But first I must consult my superiors.”

“Please telegraph them right away,” said Lady Guff-Gorgon.

“A fine idea,” said Father Brown, taking Jersey Jones by the sleeve. “I’ll ask their permission to continue the voyage.”

He led Jersey Jones toward the radio shack, but once they were out of sight, he changed direction and headed for the bridge. When they reached the bridge, Officer Belltoller was there, along with Captain Smith and others of the ship’s crew. “Officer Belltoller ...” began Father Brown.

“Passengers are not allowed on the bridge!” said the captain firmly.

“Please! Only a moment! I have an urgent matter to discuss with Officer Belltoller,” said Father Brown.

“Not now,” said the captain. “You two leave my bridge.”

“Not now,” said Officer Belltoller to Jersey Jones and Father Brown, echoing the captain. “Wait until I’m off duty. I can talk to you after eight bells.”

Father Brown and Jersey Jones, disappointed, left the bridge, but once again Father Brown took his companion’s sleeve and pulled him along as he headed toward the radio shack.

“The nerve and foolishness,” said Father Brown. “Imagine making a fashion line out of my priest’s black clothes. What rubbish!”

“You’re right, of course,” answered Jersey Jones, “though I suppose that nerve and foolishness have made her rich. Yet you’re going to ask permission to remain on the ship?”

“Yes, but not to serve as a dressmaker’s dummy,” said Father Brown. “It will give me more time to battle the supernatural forces of evil. With six of the devil’s beings at large, not to mention that sailor, you’re going to need more help than Officer Belltoller can give you even when he’s off duty.”

They had just reached the radio shack. Father Brown knocked at the door, and one of the radio operators opened it. “Pardon me for calling on you so late in the evening, but is it possible for me to send a message?” he asked.

“It’s a bit late, sir,” said the radio man, “but I presume that a man of the cloth would have a good reason for sending a message.”

“Indeed I do,” said Father Brown. “I’m supposed to leave the ship at Queenstown but want to travel to New York instead, to take care of a serious matter.”

“Matters of the soul are always serious,” said the radio operator, who was a pious man. “Please do not give me any details. Just write down your message and where I should send it, and I’ll take care of it. Consider it confidential, and you may return to your cabin. A steward will bring you any reply we receive. And there will be no charge.”

Jersey Jones, who up till now had stood by silently, spoke up: “Your kindness is appreciated, for Father Brown is truly dependent on others’ generosity. But I will pay for it. I may be needing your services myself soon, and I don’t want you to think I’m expecting free service the next time I show up.” He handed the radio operator payment and a generous tip.

“Thank you, sir,” said the radio operator.

Father Brown had just finished writing and addressing his message, and he handed it to the radio operator. “Thank you,” he said. “I’ll wait up in case there’s a reply.”

As they left the radio shack, Father Brown turned to Jersey Jones. “Will you wait up with me in my cabin?”

“Glad to oblige,” answered Jersey Jones. “The radio operator was considerate, but I doubt he realizes that your serious matter probably won’t stay confidential for long. I suspect that our supernatural enemies will be making headlines once we reach the United States.”

“Ah,” said Father Brown. “Matthew, chapter ten: what you have heard in locked rooms will be shouted from the housetops.”

“I confess that I’m not as familiar as I should be with the Bible,” said Jersey Jones, “but that quotation does seem to describe the circumstances.”

They had arrived at Father Brown's cabin, and they stepped inside, lit a lamp, and sat down in armchairs. They tried to begin a conversation to help them stay awake, but both were tired and were soon dozing. More than an hour had passed when a knock came at the door. Father Brown got up and opened it. A steward, seeing the priest's clerical clothes, asked, "Father Brown? Telegram for you." The steward handed the telegram to Father Brown, and Jersey Jones got up and handed the steward a tip.

"Thank you, sir," said the steward and closed the door behind him.

"From your superiors?" asked Jersey Jones.

"Yes," said Father Brown. Then he read the telegram out loud: "Get off that ship!"

Jersey Jones stared open mouthed.

"That's pretty unequivocal," stated Father Brown.

"I'll say," answered Jersey Jones pointlessly.

He and Father Brown stood looking at one another.

"We both have much to do," said Father Brown. "We'd better get some rest. You will need a plan to overcome the mummy, and you will have to await your chance."

"You're right, padre. Shall I see you at breakfast?"

"Yes. Good night."

"Good night."

Jersey Jones quietly shut Father Brown's cabin door behind himself as he walked out onto the deck, then stood staring out at the ocean, then looked up and down the deck. No mummy, no zombie, no vampire in sight. "Yes," he said to himself, "I'd better get some rest."

The next morning, Jersey Jones entered the dining room and saw Father Brown already sitting at a table. He sat down with him and ordered breakfast. While waiting for his food to arrive, he watched Father Brown, who ate silently. Jersey Jones was hoping that Father Brown had conceived a battle plan during the night.

At last Father Brown said, "Chance happeneth to them all."

Jersey Jones waited for Father Brown to say more, but no more words came. Then Father Brown said, "It's in Ecclesiastes."

"Chance?" asked Jersey Jones. "Are you telling me to trust to luck?"

"And in God," said Father Brown. "If chance and the good Lord are on your side, how can you lose?"

Jersey Jones wondered whether chance *or* the good Lord was on his side, but he said nothing.

"I must gather my things for departure," said Father Brown, getting up from the table.

An hour later, Jersey Jones accompanied Father Brown to the gangway when the *Titanic* arrived at Queenstown.

"I'm sorry to be leaving you," said Father Brown. "Orders are orders, however, so I must go. Holy orders are followed by mundane orders, and all are binding on me. I do pray that you will succeed against the forces of darkness haunting this ship."

“Thank you, padre,” said Jersey Jones. “At least I know that Officer Belltoller is after that vampire. Maybe he has already put paid to it.”

“I hope so,” said Father Brown. “Farewell. God go with you.”

“Farewell,” said Jersey Jones, who as he turned around almost bumped into Pat and Mike, who were polishing brass right behind him. They eyed him curiously as he walked away.

“Did you hear what the priest said?” asked Pat. “The ship is haunted!”

“If he weren’t a priest, I wouldn’t believe a word of it,” answered Mike. “And even so, he may be a bit fanciful, you know, seeing angels everywhere and things like that. Not a realist like you, Pat.”

Later, in the first-class smoking room, Rose and several of the male first-class passengers sat around a table playing poker.

“Rose,” said one of the men, “you won again! I’ve never met anybody so lucky!”

Igor was passing by and watched as Rose took her musical pig out of her handbag and kissed it. “You’re right,” she said. “It’s luck. My pig brings me luck. You gentlemen are so skilled at cards. We must play again. Then you’ll win because of your talent. That should trump luck. But sometimes it doesn’t. Right, piggy?”

She placed the musical pig back into her handbag, and Igor moved on. One of the men at the table dealt another hand of cards. In this game, to convince them of their skill and that she wasn’t lucky *all* the time, she would let someone else win, but in the end she would still leave the table with a handsome profit.

At lunchtime, Captain Smith heard a knock on his cabin door.

“Come in!” he called.

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt entered, carrying the captain’s lunch on a tray. “Good afternoon, Captain,” he said, and he set the tray on the table. Captain Smith walked to the table, and Steward Schmidt pulled out a chair for him and helped the captain seat himself.

“Thank you, steward,” said Captain Smith.

“My honor, sir,” said Steward Schmidt.

Before heading toward the door, behind the captain’s back, Steward Schmidt lifted an object from the captain’s dresser, but the captain observed this in the mirror.

“One moment, there, steward!”

Steward Schmidt hastily returned the object he had taken. “Yes, captain?”

“A bit light-fingered this afternoon, aren’t we?”

“Oh, no, sir!” answered Steward Schmidt. “I was just admiring this. From Egypt, isn’t it? I was in Egypt only a few weeks ago with the *Egyptian Queen*.”

“Yes, it’s from Egypt,” said Captain Smith, “and I’m no fool, steward. I could have you thrown overboard, keelhauled, hanged from the yardarm, and fed to the sharks. And that’s just for starters!”

“Sir, I was just ...”

“Silence, steward! You need some extra money? So maybe you are looking for additional work?”

“I’m quite busy, sir.”

“You’re not too busy to be marooned on a desert island, and that’s what I’ll do to you if you give me any more excuses!”

“Very good, sir.”

“I have a job for a man like you.”

“As you wish, sir.”

“That first-class passenger Rose, the card sharp who is traveling on the *Titanic*, has a lucky pig,” said Captain Smith. “I must have it!”

“Very good, sir,” answered Steward Schmidt.

“And without her pig, Rose might get unlucky, if you get my drift,” said the captain.

“Sir!” said Steward Schmidt.

“She might go flying overboard.”

“No, sir!” said Steward Schmidt. “First, you couldn’t afford it, and, second, Mister Morlock’s dog would jump in and rescue her.”

“You’re right, steward. I forgot about that pesky mutt. Never mind for now about helping Rose disappear. But bring me that lucky pig!”

The next morning after breakfast, Rose returned alone to her cabin. The rest of her family had gone off to play shuffleboard on deck. Rose opened the door, looked around, ran back outside, and screamed. “Aieee! Aieeee! Help! Help!”

A steward was a short distance away on the deck. It just happened to be “Shifty” Schmidt. He hurried to Rose.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“My lucky pig is missing!” she squealed. “It’s gone! It’s stolen! Someone made off with it!”

“You had a pig in your cabin?” asked Steward Schmidt. “Is it a pet? A baby pig?”

“No, it’s not a pig at all. I mean, it’s not a live animal. It’s a windup pig.”

“When you wind it up, does it walk and go oink?” asked Steward Schmidt.

“No, it plays music.”

“I can tell the purser that the pig is missing,” replied Steward Schmidt. “If someone finds it, you can have the purser lock it in the safe.”

“But I need it. It brings me luck. I can’t have it locked up anyplace except in my cabin. And someone stole it!”

“What about your cabin mates?” asked Steward Schmidt. “Maybe one of them took it.”

“How dare you accuse my family!” shouted Rose. “We are the most honest, kindest, sweetest people in the world! None of them would steal a flea from a dog! No, it’s stolen, and it surely was taken by someone mean, cruel, and vile. I must have it back. You must catch the criminal, and the criminal must be punished!”

“Now, miss. We understand that it’s lost and you miss it. But you don’t have any evidence of a crime. Who would steal a toy pig? It will turn up if it hasn’t washed overboard.”

“Washed overboard!” shouted Rose. “The sea has been calm. There haven’t been any waves washing over the deck, much less into my cabin! And it’s not a toy! It’s my precious little darling lucky pig. My own personal lucky pig. I must have it back!”

“Now there, miss. Calm down. If it’s on the ship, someone will find it. Thank you for alerting me.”

“Shifty” Schmidt walked away, and Rose sat down and fumed. How could she win at cards without her lucky pig? Without it, the people who lost to her might realize that she walked away with so much money not because she was lucky but because she was cheating.

Soon after breakfast, Jersey Jones hurried along an upper deck of the *Titanic* until he reached the radio shack. The operator looked up as the door burst open and Jersey Jones rushed inside. It was a different radio operator from the one he’d tipped generously when Father Brown sent a telegram.

Jersey Jones paused a moment to catch his breath, then declared: “I need to send an urgent warning!”

“Shut up!” answered the radio operator. “I’m sending personal messages to Cape Race.”

“But the ship is in danger!”

The radio operator turned around and stated, “You have to wait your turn and pay like everyone else.” Then he turned back to his desk and resumed sending personal telegraph messages.

Jersey Jones slumped into a chair. He waited as the radio operator transmitted one message after another. Eventually the radio operator took the last piece of paper from a pile and transmitted it using the telegraph key. Noticing the sudden absence of telegraph buzzing, Jersey Jones looked up.

“Now, sir,” said the radio operator, “what message did you wish to send?”

“At last!” said Jersey Jones. “This is a secret message to the President of the United States.”

“You can’t send secret messages,” answered the radio operator.

“Why ever not?”

“It’s a radio telegraph. Anyone with a receiver on the right wavelength can hear the messages.”

“All right, then,” said Jersey Jones. “I’ll send it in code:

“To Teddy Roosevelt, President of the United States, the White House, Washington, D.C.:

Endsay ubmarinesay. Inksay Itanictay.”

“That’s all.”

“Please write that down,” said the radio operator. “It sounds rather complicated.” He waited while Jersey Jones carefully printed the entire message. Then Jersey Jones handed him payment and a tip.

“Very well, sir,” said the radio operator. “Are you expecting an immediate reply?”

“I sure hope so,” answered Jersey Jones.

“Well, you can’t wait here,” said the radio operator. “If there is a reply, shall I have a steward bring it to your cabin?”

“Yes, that will do,” said Jersey Jones, forcing himself to be polite. Once the door to the radio shack was shut and he was outside on the deck, he muttered to himself, “*If* there’s a reply? New York is in danger. The whole world is in danger. The *fashion world* is in danger. And that seagoing radio ham thinks that President Roosevelt might not care?” Jersey Jones walked back to his cabin, closed the door, and sat down to wait. He was sure he would not have to wait long. “*If* there’s a reply?” he said to himself again, fuming.

A short time later, Bruce Yamsi entered the radio shack.

“Hello, Sparks,” he said. “I have a message to send.”

“Very good, Mister Yamsi,” replied the radio operator.

“Send this to the New York office:

Roll out welcome mat for *Titanic*. Surprise Lady Guff-Gorgon with welcoming zombie march.

Ismy.”

“Ismy”?” asked the radio operator.

“It’s my name spelled backwards,” said Yamsi. “New York will know who it is, but anyone else listening in won’t have a clue.”

“Very good, Mister Yamsi,” said the radio operator.

Yamsi dropped a few pennies onto the radio operator’s desk. “There’s something for you, my good man,” said Yamsi. “Have a good time when you get to New York.”

“Thank you, sir,” answered the radio operator while silently cursing Yamsi’s stinginess.

In the cargo hold of the *Titanic*, Igor made sure no one was around, then slightly opened the lid of the sarcophagus.

“Master!” he whispered.

“What is it?” asked the mummy.

“A young woman on board the ship has a lucky pig. It makes her win at cards.”

“We will take it back to Egypt and sacrifice it.”

“It’s not a live pig, Master. It’s a windup pig that plays music. But this woman still says it gives her powers of fortune.”

“Then I must have it! Follow her and find out which cabin is hers.”

“Yes, Master!” Igor left the cargo hold to obey.

Later that day, Igor returned with the information the mummy had demanded. With knowledge of Rose’s cabin number, the mummy waited until evening, then opened the lid of the sarcophagus, got out, and climbed out of the hold, heading for the first-class passenger decks.

Rose was sitting at a desk in her cabin, counting up the money she had won. The rest of her family were at a performance in the ship’s theater. While Rose was sitting there counting her money, the mummy burst in, and Rose screamed. She backed away from the mummy and started throwing things at it. An ashtray bounced off it, as did a wine bottle and a shoe, but it ignored her, ransacking the cabin, dumping drawers, pulling things out of the closet, and inspecting every corner.

When its back was turned, Rose rushed out of the cabin, screaming, and ran down the deck. Two sailors, who happened to be Mike and Pat, heard her and came running.

“What is it, miss?” asked Pat.

“A mummy!” exclaimed Rose. “It burglarized my cabin!”

“Begorrah!” said Pat. “A mummy that’s a burglar?”

“Yes, a mummy! Yes, a burglar! Come stop it!” shouted Rose. She turned and led them toward her cabin.

“Pat,” said Mike, “we’re sailors, not policemen. Who does she think we are, the Thompson Twins?”

“Sure and you’re right,” answered Pat. “Walk slowly, and maybe the criminal will be gone by the time we get there.”

It was only a short distance, but by the time Rose returned with Pat and Mike to her cabin, the undead burglar had gone. The angry mummy had already returned to the cargo hold of the *Titanic*. Igor saw the mummy coming and cowered out of reach.

“The pig idol wasn’t in the cabin,” the mummy declared angrily.

“Maybe she had the purser lock it in the safe,” offered Igor. “If the pig is as powerful as she says, it is very valuable.”

“Even if it is locked in the purser’s safe, she will take it with her when she plays cards,” said the mummy. “Follow her and find out where she keeps it.”

“Yes, Master!”

Igor went up to the first-class decks and passed by Rose’s cabin. It appeared to be occupied; the door was shut and the lights were on. However, Rose’s family might be in the cabin, and Rose might be off somewhere playing cards. Igor wandered through all the first-class passenger spaces where a card game might be in progress: the smoking room, the lounge, the veranda cafes, and the palm courts. He even looked in on the reading and writing room, which should have been quiet and was.

Rose, in fact, was in her cabin, pigless and despondent, shaken by her encounter with the mummy. In tears she told her family of her evening’s travails. They tut-tutted and sympathized, though silently they wondered whether an undead mummy was really responsible for the state of their cabin. Rose had been known to drink a bit too much now and then.

While they turned in and as Rose cried herself to sleep, Igor returned in failure to the cargo hold. He crept in so as not to draw any more scolding from his master, and when he was sure that the lid of the sarcophagus was closed, he quietly looked around until he found a place nearby to sleep.

The next morning, a petty officer entered the cargo hold of the *Titanic*. He walked around, looking at the packing crates and other freight, then stood still examining some papers. Then he appeared satisfied, and looking up from the papers he saw Igor passing by.

“You! Sailor!” he said. “Take these papers to the captain.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” said Igor, pleased to have learned some nautical words he could use to blend in on the ship.

Igor accepted the papers, saluted (doubly pleased with himself for remembering to do this) and headed for a stairway leading up out of the cargo hold.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith was sitting at the desk in his cabin, and a short while later Igor appeared in the open doorway.

“Excuse me, captain,” said Igor.

“What is it, sailor?”

“The officer in the cargo hold said to bring you these papers.”

“Thank you, sailor,” said Captain Smith.

Igor saluted and turned to leave. He felt pleased, because he must look like a genuine sailor if he could pass even the captain’s scrutiny, and no one had even questioned Igor’s outfit, which was Lady Guff-Gorgon’s creation and did not match the uniforms worn by the real crew of the *Titanic*.

“One minute, sailor,” said Captain Smith.

“Yes, sir?”

“Just wait while I sign these papers and then you can return them to the officer in the hold.”

“Aye, aye, sir.”

While standing there waiting, Igor looked around the captain’s cabin and spotted Rose’s lucky pig sitting on top of the captain’s dresser. The he noticed the master’s license (to command a ship) framed on the wall.

“All right, sailor,” said Captain Smith, handing the papers back to Igor. “Take these back to the hold.”

“Yes, Master!”

When Igor returned to the cargo hold of the *Titanic*, he handed the papers to the petty officer, who was still there.

“Very good,” said the petty officer. “Carry on.”

A moment after the petty officer finished speaking, a bell rang eight times, but Igor remained standing nearby. The petty officer noticed him and asked, “Didn’t you hear the bells? Isn’t it time for you to go off duty?”

“I’d rather stay here, sir,” answered Igor.

“You should get some fresh air and some sleep while you can,” said the petty officer. “And get a meal while you’re off duty.”

“I’d rather stay here, sir,” replied Igor.

The petty officer stared at Igor for a minute while Igor squirmed under the officer’s gaze.

Then the officer spoke: “You pay a visit to the ship’s doctor. That’s an order.”

“Aye, aye, sir.”

The petty officer left the hold, and Igor walked to the sarcophagus and opened the lid.

“Master!” he whispered.

“What is it?” hissed the mummy.

“I saw the pig. It’s in the captain’s cabin!”

“I must have it! I will get it myself.” Igor expected the mummy to climb out of the sarcophagus and go up to the bridge right then, even in the daytime.

Instead, the mummy asked, “What time is it?”

“Eight bells,” answered Igor.

“What does that mean?”

“I don’t know. The officer told me to eat and sleep and get some fresh air and see the doctor. But it’s daytime, I know that.”

“I will wait till evening,” said the mummy. “Let me know when it’s dark outside, and I will go up to the captain’s cabin and get that pig!”

That night, the mummy left its sarcophagus and went up the stairways to the deck where the captain’s cabin was located, near the bridge and the radio shack. When the mummy reached the captain’s cabin, it tried to open the door, but the door was locked. The mummy forced the door open and entered. The captain was not inside. The mummy looked around and spotted the windup pig on top of the captain’s dresser. The mummy grabbed the pig and left, shutting the cabin door. Moments later, Captain Smith came along heading toward the bridge and passed the mummy; he noticed it but paid it no special attention and, in the dim light, did not observe that the mummy was carrying the windup pig.

Before the captain reached his cabin, Jersey Jones came by moments later in his usual safari clothes.

“What are you hunting?” asked Captain Smith.

“A mummy!” replied Jersey Jones.

“It went that way,” said Captain Smith, pointing.

Jersey Jones turned and went off after the mummy.

Captain Smith continued walking toward the bridge.

Then Sean the zombie came lurching down the passageway. Captain Smith stepped aside and gaped as Sean the zombie passed by. Captain Smith stood there staring, and shortly Jack came along wearing his Count Jackula cape. “Have you seen Rose?” he asked the captain. “I’m thirsty.”

“No, young man, I have not seen her,” replied the captain.

Jack pushed past him and continued on his way.

A minute later, Captain Smith entered the bridge of the *Titanic*.

“Good evening, Captain,” said First Officer Morlock. The other crew members who were present stood to attention and saluted, except for the quartermaster, who maintained his grip on the steering wheel.

“Is the costume party tonight, Mister Morlock?” asked Captain Smith.

“It must be,” answered Officer Morlock. “A lot of odd-looking characters are out tonight.”

Outside on the deck, Jersey Jones was looking for the mummy. He stopped and turned around and saw Sean the zombie lurching toward him.

“Brains!” said Sean the zombie.

“You’re in the wrong place,” said Jersey Jones. “There are no brains around here! Just go on back to Deck Z or wherever you came from,” forgetting that he himself had released Sean the zombie from the *Titanic*’s double hull by setting off the bomb in Southampton.

Sean the zombie passed him by and continued into the night.

Since the ship appeared thoroughly under control, Captain Smith said, “You have the conn, Mister Morlock. It’s a clear night. Nothing can go wrong. Call me at once if you see anything unusual.” Then he left the bridge.

Upon reaching his cabin, Captain Smith placed his hand on the doorknob, and the door fell open on its own. “Great sea serpents!” he exclaimed. Then he noticed that part of the door frame was splintered. He went to the speaking tube and said urgently, “Bridge! This is the captain. Sent the carpenter to my cabin at once. This is an emergency.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” said the voice on the other end.

Captain Smith alternated between staring at the damaged door and pacing back and forth. Steadily and smoothly the *Titanic* glided through the night, but there was a storm brewing in the captain’s cabin.

At last the carpenter arrived, still groggy from being awakened. “Reporting for duty, captain,” he said.

“Look at my door, carpenter! It’s been smashed. Repair it at once. Who could have done this?”

“Well, sir,” said the carpenter, withdrawing tools from his bag, “maybe it weren’t nobody. Maybe it was a rogue wave.”

“A wave indeed! We’re sailing on a sea of glass. Not to mention that the cabin is dry. Just attend to your work and spare me your bone-headed ideas.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” mumbled the carpenter.

Captain Smith resumed pacing but halted in front of his dresser when he noticed that the windup pig was missing.

“Thundering waterspouts!” he bellowed. “I’ve been robbed!”

He returned to the speaking tube and again addressed the bridge: “Captain here. My cabin has been robbed by a burglar. Send the sergeant-at-arms here at once.”

“Sir,” replied a voice, “this is the navy. We don’t have sergeants.”

“This is *not* the navy,” retorted Captain Smith. “And if we don’t have a sergeant-at-arms, send the master-at-arms or whoever is in charge of law enforcement on this ship.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” said the voice.

Captain Smith resumed pacing, stopping every few steps to stare at his door and then at his dresser. His anger increased with every step.

At length the master-at-arms appeared outside the cabin, looking just as groggy as the carpenter. He was holding a loaded revolver and not being careful about where it was pointing. “Captain, you sent for me?”

“Yes. Come in. Watch where you’re pointing that gun.” Then to the carpenter, the captain said, “Make way for the master-at-arms.”

The carpenter stepped aside so that the master-at-arms could enter, then jumped backwards when he saw the loaded revolver pointing at him.

“Put away that gun!” said the captain to the master-at-arms.

“But, sir. The criminal ...”

“That’s not the criminal,” said the captain, then paused, pondering whether the carpenter *should* be the main suspect after all. Captain Smith decided to hold onto that thought, then readdressed the master-at-arms: “Look at my cabin door! Look at my dresser!” shouted Captain Smith.

“I can see that your door has been damaged,” replied the master-at-arms after placing the revolver in its holster, “but the dresser looks all right.”

“Someone broke into my cabin!” said the captain.

“A burglar?” asked the master-at-arms. “On the *Titanic*? Maybe it was a rogue wave.”

“What idiots has the Dark Star Line given me for a crew?” wondered the captain out loud. “Someone broke down my door. Now look at my dresser.”

For the second time, the master-at-arms studied the captain’s dresser. “It still looks shipshape to me,” said the master-at arms.

“What isn’t there that should be there?” demanded the captain, hoping to provoke some hint of a detective in the master-at-arms.

“I don’t know, sir.”

“My pig isn’t there!”

“You keep a pig on your dresser, sir? I didn’t know you had a pet pig. Is it large?” Thinking that a charging boar might appear at any moment, he placed his hand on the revolver in its holster.

“It’s not a pet!” spluttered the captain.

“You are raising it for food? Maybe we should look in the ship’s garbage. Hogs are fond of garbage.”

“It’s not an animal at all!” responded the captain. “It’s a windup pig.”

“Oh, a *toy*,” said the master-at-arms, feeling enlightened. “You wound it up and it walked away.” The master-at-arms was sure now that he had solved the mystery. “It can’t have got far, you know. We only need to ...”

“It doesn’t walk,” said the captain. “It plays music. What’s more, it’s a lucky pig. That’s why someone stole it.”

“Oh, I see, a *totem*,” said the master-at-arms, proud of himself for remembering such a big word, though it is really only five letters.

“Yes, a totem, if you will,” answered Captain Smith. “Someone broke into my cabin and stole it.”

Mentally reconstructing the crime, the master-at-arms tried to think of suspects. “Who knew it was here?” he asked.

“Everyone, I suppose,” answered Captain Smith. “Everyone except you and the carpenter.” He paused, then added, “Though I’m not too sure about the carpenter.” This remark passed over the carpenter’s head.

“And how long had you owned it?” asked the master-at-arms.

“Oh, all my life, I suppose,” lied Captain Smith.

The carpenter stood up and gestured toward the door frame. “Right as rain,” he said.

“Very good,” said the captain. After the carpenter had gone, Captain Smith said to the master-at-arms, “Keep an eye on him.”

“Surely you don’t think the carpenter has taken it,” said the master-at-arms. “He doesn’t seem to have gotten lucky—called out of bed late at night to repair a door.”

“He’s only doing his duty,” said the captain. “And he may not have kept it. He may have sold the pig.”

“All in one evening?”

“Very possibly. Or he may have been *paid* to steal it,” said Captain Smith, warming to the idea even more. “In that case he would have handed it on quickly. Anyway, find my pig!”

“I’ll try, sir,” said the master-at-arms.

“No ‘try.’ Do,” commanded Captain Smith.

“Aye, aye, sir,” said the master-at-arms. He saluted and hesitated before stepping out of the cabin. He placed his hand on his revolver again and looked both ways in case a pig—wild, windup, or otherwise—should be approaching.

After the master-at-arms had left and the door was locked, Captain Smith, feeling a bit wound up himself, did not immediately retire but instead sat down at his desk. He thought about the mysterious events of the evening—the people in costumes, the burglary, the suspicious behavior of the carpenter—and tried to think of an answer that would explain everything.

As Captain Smith sat there thinking, a knock came on the door. He got up, unbolted the door, opened it a crack, and saw one of the radio operators standing there.

“Captain!” said the radio operator.

“Oh, it’s you, Sparks. What is it?”

“Sir, that safari hunter . . .” began the radio operator. Then Captain Smith realized that he should not force the man to speak through a slightly opened door. In fact, it would be a nice change to have an intelligent crew member to speak with.

“Come in, Sparks,” said the captain, opening the door. “Please sit down.” He gestured toward the table and chairs, then closed and bolted the door. Then the captain sat down at the table, facing the radio operator.

“Sir, I know it’s late, but I thought I should bring this to your attention right away. That safari hunter Jersey Jones sent a coded wireless message this morning,” said the radio operator. “I just realized what it said.” The radio operator paused.

“Well?” asked Captain Smith.

“It was addressed to President Teddy Roosevelt at the White House, and it read, ‘Endsay ubmarinesay. Inksay Itanictay.’”

“What in the world could it mean?” wondered Captain Smith out loud.

“Indeed, sir. Jones is a sly one. It was a clever code, but I finally broke it. It means ‘Send submarine. Sink *Titanic*.’”

“Great sea serpents! How do you get ‘Sink Titanic’ out of that? Anyway, the ship is unsinkable.”

“It’s an American code called Pig Latin,” explained the radio operator.

“Pig Latin? Do you suppose . . . Well, never mind that. Excellent work, Sparks. But do you think the United States would do that? It would mean war!”

“Just as you say, sir. The White House did not reply. But if the President took the advice of this Jones character, the attack might be carried out anonymously. The United States might attack the *Titanic* and blame, say, Germany.”

“Goodness, Sparks, you’re right. Find Officer Morlock and send him to my cabin.”

“Aye, aye, sir.”

Once the radio operator had gone, Captain Smith again sat down at his table. “Sink the *Titanic*!” he said to himself. “What a ludicrous idea.”

Soon there was another knock on the door. Again Captain Smith opened the door slightly, and this time he saw Officer Morlock standing there. “Come in, Mister Morlock,” said the captain, opening the door wide. They sat down at the table, and Captain Smith told First Officer Morlock about the coded message sent by Jersey Jones.

“What can we do, sir? Change course? Maybe to the south? That would take us away from the ice, too.”

“No, Mister Morlock, we have to make a fast passage, so no detours, and I practically promised a few of the first-class passengers that they would get to see some icebergs.”

“What, then, sir? We have a fast ship, sir, but a submarine might just sneak up and put a couple of torpedoes into the *Titanic* before we knew what was happening.”

“Frankly, Mister Morlock, I don’t believe there’s anything to it. I should have told Sparks to keep it to himself. Still, he’s discreet.”

“Yes, he is, sir, but Jones’s message was broadcast via wireless. Someone else might be as smart as Sparks and figure out what it means. And if Mister Yamsi—forgive me, sir, but he’s a busybody and spends entirely too much time in the radio shack—if Mister Yamsi learns of Jones’s message, even if he can’t tumble to the code on his own, he’s sure to pump Sparks for information.”

“Just so, Mister Morlock. And Yamsi is frustratingly cautious. He *would* insist on changing course to the south. He’d even put the passengers ashore at Bermuda if he thought it would avoid a risk.”

“Well, sir, if you want to satisfy Mister Yamsi’s cautious nature but still make a fast passage direct to New York, what shall we do?”

“This is what we’ll do, Mister Morlock: We’ll disguise the ship. Not that I think there’s anything to this submarine story, you understand. But as you said, we must look at it from Mister Yamsi’s point of view. Here’s what Mister Yamsi is no doubt thinking: the *Titanic* is underinsured, so we can’t afford to lose her. On the other hand, our sister ship, *Olympic*, has been around for a while. She’s partly depreciated and better insured. Not only should our disguise fool any troublesome submarine captain, but if we do get sunk, there will be a better insurance payout. That’s how Mister Yamsi will see it, anyway.”

“Brilliant, captain!” exclaimed First Officer Morlock.

“I always have good ideas, Mister Morlock. Now see to it.”

After First Officer Morlock had gone, Captain Smith again sat down at his table. The more he thought about it, the more he was convinced that Jersey Jones’s telegram was nothing but a ruse to distract him from the real crime—in which case Jones was really hunting not a mummy, but a pig.

The next day, Igor, who was without friends or influence among the crew of the *Titanic*, was chosen to paint the outside of the hull as the ship steamed rapidly through the water. He was strapped into a bosun’s chair lowered over the starboard side near the bow, dangling over the water while holding a large paintbrush and a can of white paint. He clumsily used the paint to cross out the letters *TITAN* and add the letters *OLYMP* above them. Then Igor was

hauled back on board and assigned the same job to do on the port side. Anyone who saw the ship approaching would see what looked like an editing markup to change the ship's name.

Soon afterwards, on deck at the stern of the *Titanic*. Jersey Jones watched as sailors handled a large, sheet metal sign reading *OLYMPIC*. It had chains attached to the top corners, and the sailors hung the sign over the stern so that it covered up the name *TITANIC*.

8

Here and There in the North Atlantic

Meanwhile, elsewhere on the ocean, the submarine U.S.S. *Stingbat* was cruising on the surface. Captain John "Jolly" Rogers was standing in the conning tower, with a lookout next to him watching the sea. Captain Rogers was somewhat disappointed with the voyage so far. He kept the crew busy, but it was all artificial, however necessary—drills, practice, imaginary emergencies—of the Navy's devising. As he was lamenting the boredom that afflicted him on this peacetime cruise, the *Stingbat's* radio operator climbed up the ladder inside the conning tower and emerged from the hatch. He saluted and stood next to the captain.

"Captain!" said the radio operator.

"Yes, what is it?"

"A message from the White House, sir!"

"The White House! Then it jolly well must be important. What does it say?"

"Sir, it says, 'Sink the *Titanic*'!"

"Sink the *Titanic*! No war warning? Just sink the biggest ocean liner in the world on her maiden voyage? Did you verify this?"

"Yes, sir. The White House repeated the instructions."

"Very well. Send this: 'Will carry out President's orders. Rogers. *Stingbat*.' And send Mister Silver up here."

"Aye, aye, sir." The radio operator disappeared down the ladder to call up Washington again.

A couple of minutes later, Executive Officer "Long" John Silver came up out of the conning tower hatch and stood beside Captain Rogers. "Sir, you sent for me?" asked Officer Silver.

"Yes, Mister Silver. Plot a course to intercept the *Titanic*. Make it at dusk if you can. Then we can carry out our orders and disappear into the darkness."

"Aye, aye, sir." Silver knew better than to ask what the orders were if Captain Rogers did not offer that information.

Officer Silver saluted, turned, and disappeared down the conning tower hatch.

"Lookout," said the captain, "stand down and go below."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the lookout, who also disappeared down the conning tower hatch.

Captain Rogers stood alone in the conning tower, pondering his orders. "Sink an unsinkable ship," he said to himself. "Why does the Navy give me impossible assignments? Still, orders are orders. Maybe we can do the impossible." Then he turned and followed the others below, closing the conning tower hatch behind him.

On board the *Titanic*, Igor approached the office of the ship's doctor. He hesitated, then knocked on the door.

“Come in,” said a voice from inside.

Igor stepped inside, and the ship’s doctor looked up from the paperwork he had on his desk. “Well?” asked the doctor. “What is it?”

“An officer told me to see you,” replied Igor.

“Very well,” said the doctor. “Close the door behind you, will you?”

Igor closed the door and stood there in front of the doctor.

“What’s wrong?” asked the doctor. “A bit of seasickness?”

“There’s nothing wrong with me.”

“No? Then why are you here?”

“I like to stay in the cargo hold.”

“Oh! A Freudian thing! Back to the womb and all that.”

As the doctor was speaking, Igor noticed a framed certificate hanging on the doctor’s wall. It read, “Master of Psychology.”

“Everybody feels that way sometimes,” the doctor was saying. “Do you want to talk about it?”

“No, Master.”

““Master?”” Then the doctor realized that Igor was staring at the certificate.

“Oh, that,” said the doctor. “Well, I’m a master of psychology, not master of you. Anyway, as far as I can tell, you’re fit for duty, so off you go. Just tell that officer I said it’s normal to stay in the cargo hold.”

“Yes, Master.”

Igor left the cabin of the ship’s doctor and shut the door behind him.

On the deck at the stern of the *Titanic*, just then Jersey Jones was leaning on the rail looking out at the ocean, wondering what to do about the mummy. The initial White House reaction to the news of an undead mummy traveling to New York had been “Bully!” In response to his insistence that Teddy send a submarine to sink the *Titanic*, Jersey Jones had heard nothing. Daylight was fading. As the *Titanic* raced after the setting sun, Jersey Jones watched as darkness overtook the ship from the east. The ship and the mummy, not to mention a vampire, a zombie, and a fashion designer with dreadful taste, were another day closer to New York.

Also leaning on the rail, some distance away from Jersey Jones, was Rose. As she too watched the sea in the growing darkness, she spat over the side. Then she saw, flitting through the air above the ship, a bat. She smiled, then blew a kiss to Count Jackula winging his way through the evening sky above her. Then she spat over the side again. “That one’s for Jack,” she said to the ocean, the sky, the world, and any creature unlucky enough to be right below her in the sea, which served as her spittoon—and Jack’s.

A few miles ahead of the *Titanic*, on the *Stingbat*, Captain John “Jolly” Rogers picked up a microphone to address the crew.

“Attention, all hands! This is Captain Rogers. In a few minutes, we will be going to battle stations. This is not a drill. We’ve received a secret mission from the White House, so it’s jolly well important. We will be using live torpedoes, and, because it’s a secret mission, we won’t be flying the American flag. The quartermaster will break out our pirate flag.”

“What does Jolly Rogers have up his sleeve this time?” muttered Executive Officer Silver to himself.

“Mister Silver,” said Captain Rogers, “load the forward and aft tubes with live torpedoes.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” answered Silver, who passed the order along to the torpedo officer, who stepped up to the speaking tubes to call the forward and after torpedo rooms. “Lively there!” added Officer Silver.

Tense minutes followed as the crew wrestled the live torpedoes into the tubes and prepared them for firing. The U.S.S. *Stingbat* silently motored closer to the point where she would intercept the *Titanic*. At last the torpedo officer reported to Executive Officer Silver: “All tubes loaded and ready, sir.” Although Captain Rogers was standing next to him and had heard the report, Silver followed protocol and repeated the message to the captain.

“We will attack on the surface, Mister Silver,” said Captain Rogers. “Prepare to surface.”

“Prepare to surface, aye,” responded Officer Silver, who repeated the order so it could travel back down the chain of command within the submarine.

“Sound battle stations!” exclaimed Captain Rogers.

Executive Officer Silver said nothing this time. He took a few steps, then reached out and activated the klaxon. The battle stations alarm sounded throughout the submarine. Sailors not already in position rushed to their battle stations.

“Take the boat up, Mister Silver,” said the captain.

“Aye, aye, sir,” said Silver, who then called out, “Full up angle on the diving planes! Blow the main ballast tanks!” The *Stingbat*’s bow rose, and within moments the submarine broke the surface.

“Man the conning tower and the deck gun,” shouted Captain Rogers. A lookout hurried up the ladder and opened the hatch, then climbed through it. As soon as the water had stopped spilling in, Captain Rogers followed the lookout up the ladder and outside.

Captain Rogers looked around at the ocean. Scattered icebergs were visible in the fading daylight. Sailors were already emerging from a hatch on the forward deck and uncovering a cannon mounted there. They loaded it with a round of ammunition. Another sailor remained halfway out of the hatch, ready to pass additional shells from the magazine to the gun crew on deck.

The quartermaster emerged from the conning tower hatch, followed by another sailor; together they hoisted the Jolly Roger, the pirate flag. Then they returned below.

Next, Executive Officer Silver came out of the hatch and saluted. “Captain,” he said, “we are astride the *Titanic*’s course. She should be appearing over the horizon soon.”

As soon as Silver finished speaking, the lookout noticed a smudge of smoke on the horizon. He raised his binoculars and looked intently at the smoke. “A ship bearing ninety degrees, Captain,” he said.

Captain Rogers raised his own binoculars and studied the smoke.

“A four-stacker, and coming this way fast,” said the lookout.

“That can be only one ship,” said Captain Rogers, although in truth there were many fast Atlantic liners with four smokestacks, and a good many of them were at sea traveling between Europe and America on this very evening.

“Here, sailor,” he said. “I promised a silver dollar to the first sailor to sight the target.”

“Thank you very much, sir,” said the lookout, accepting the silver dollar and placing it in his pocket. Then he again raised his binoculars and trained them on the *Titanic*.

“Mister Silver, I’ve changed my mind,” said Captain Rogers. “Have the men prepare the boat to dive. And have them unload that deck gun and cover it again. And strike the pirate flag.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” replied Executive Officer Silver, who then picked up a microphone and said, “Prepare to dive. Belay the deck gun. Quartermaster, return to the conning tower to lower the colors.”

The sailors on the forward deck unloaded the cannon and covered it again with the tarpaulin. They handed the shell to the sailor in the hatch, then followed him below, the last one shutting the hatch behind him.

The quartermaster and a sailor returned to the conning tower, lowered the pirate flag, and folded it up, then took it below. Captain Rogers followed them. As soon as the lookout had followed Captain Rogers through the conning tower hatch and shut it, Captain Rogers spoke to Executive Officer Silver: “Sound the diving alarm.”

Officer Silver reached out and activated the diving alarm. “AHOOGAH! AHOOGAH! AHOOGAH!” echoed throughout the submarine.

“Dive, dive, dive!” said Captain Rogers, speaking into a microphone.

Executive Officer Silver gave the necessary orders, and the U.S.S. *Stingbat* dove beneath the waves.

“Hold the boat at periscope depth,” said Captain Rogers.

After Executive Officer Silver had repeated the order, the *Stingbat* settled in, steady and level, a few feet below the surface.

Captain Rogers grasped the periscope handles and turned the scope until it was pointing at the *Titanic*. He studied the liner for a moment, then muttered, “That’s jolly strange!” Then, speaking aloud, he said, “Mister Silver, have a look and tell me what you see.”

Executive Officer Silver took the periscope from Captain Rogers and looked through it. “It’s not the *Titanic*, it’s the *Olympic*!” he burst out. “It’s a shabby paint job, but certainly the *Olympic*.”

“So it seems, Mister Silver,” said Captain Rogers. “As I said, jolly strange. Keep the men at battle stations. Let’s keep that ship in view.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” answered Executive Officer Silver.

“And tell the lookout to give me back my silver dollar,” said Captain Rogers.

“Yes, sir,” said Silver.

“Imagine!” muttered Captain Rogers. “Mistaking the *Olympic* for the *Titanic*! Why can’t the Navy round up a competent crew for me?”

As the *Titanic* approached the vicinity of the U.S.S. *Stingbat*, Captain “Snuffy” Smith, First Officer Morlock, a quartermaster who was at the steering wheel, and others were manning the bridge of the *Titanic* as they took the liner towards the setting sun.

Three bells rang—a signal that the lookouts in the crow’s nest had spotted something. First Officer Morlock picked up a phone. “What did you see?” asked Officer Morlock.

“Periscope right ahead!” said a lookout’s voice.

“Thank you,” answered First Officer Morlock. Then, to Captain Smith, he immediately repeated the lookout’s report.

“A periscope!” exclaimed Captain Smith. “So Roosevelt did it! He went and sent a submarine after us!”

“But, sir,” said Morlock. “There may be more than one submarine out here. We don’t know that this one is hostile.”

“Mister Morlock, there is only one reason a submarine could be lying in our path and watching us through a periscope right now,” retorted Captain Smith.

“I suppose you’re right . . .” said Officer Morlock.

“We may be unsinkable, but that submarine is not,” said the captain. “Stand by to ram! Close the watertight doors.”

First Officer Morlock shifted the lever that automatically closed the watertight doors and sounded an alarm throughout the ship.

“Hard a-port!” said Captain Smith firmly.

“Hard a-port, aye!” answered the quartermaster, who spun the steering wheel.

On board the submarine U.S.S. *Stingbat*, looking through the periscope, Captain Rogers exclaimed, “That ship is turning toward us! Take the boat down!”

“Sound the diving alarm!” called out Executive Officer Silver. “Take her down!”

Again the diving alarm sounded, and the crew steadied themselves as the USS *Stingbat* dropped farther below the surface.

“You on the hydrophones!” called Captain Rogers to a sailor who was listening to the sounds made by the *Titanic*. “Let me know as soon as that ship passes over us.”

“Aye, aye, sir!” said the sailor wearing the headphones.

Five miles ahead of the *Titanic*, the ocean liner SS *California Girl* was stopped surrounded by ice. Captain O. Lawd, First Officer Stoned, the quartermaster, and several sailors were on the bridge. Halted by the ice pack, there was nothing they could do but track any drift of the ship caused by wind or tide, watch the ice in case it should close in tightly on the ship or open up and release its grip, and keep a sharp lookout for other ships that might be coming their way.

As they stared out into the icy dusk, the lookout saw the lights of a fast ship come up over the horizon.

Captain Lawd noticed the lights too. “What is that ship on the horizon making speed toward us?” he asked of no one in particular.

“Captain, I think it must be the *Titanic* on her maiden voyage,” answered First Officer Stoned.

“Well, Mister Stoned, send her a wireless message and tell her to slow down. Let her know we’re surrounded by ice. If that ship hits the ice, we’ll have to rescue everybody on board.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” replied Stoned, who went off to wake the radio operator. Officer Stoned entered the radio operator’s cabin without knocking and said loudly, “Wake up, Sparks! The old man wants you to send a message.”

“At this hour? Whatever for? And why are we stopped?”

“Yes, at this hour, to warn another ship about the ice pack we’re in the middle of, which is the reason we’re stopped. There’s a fast liner heading right toward us, and therefore toward the ice, and the captain wants to warn the fools on that speeding ship to slow down or stop. Otherwise, that ship will rip her hull open and sink, and we’ll spend the rest of the night and all of tomorrow pulling people out of the water—if we’re lucky.”

“And if we’re unlucky?” asked the radio operator?

“Then Captain Lawd will read us some shipwreck poetry too,” said First Officer Stoned. “Have you heard ‘The Wreck of the *Hesperus*’ enough times?”

“Oh, yes, sir, quite enough!” said the radio operator.

“Then raise that ship on the radio and try to make somebody there listen to sense. This isn’t a transatlantic race, and the *Titanic*, if the ship is what I think it is, seems to be engaged in a race to the bottom.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” said the radio operator, who put on his headphones, warmed up the set, and started transmitting.

Moments later, in the *Titanic*’s radio shack, the radio telegraph operator took down a message from the *California Girl*: “Ice everywhere. Slow down, old man!” Deciding whether or how to respond was a job for an officer, and the radio operator hurried off to the bridge. When he reached it, he rushed in, holding out a piece of paper with the message from the *California Girl*. “Captain!” he said. “An ice warning from the liner *California Girl*.”

“Steady on, Sparks,” said Captain Smith. “Tell them not to bother us now. We’re fighting a submarine.”

The radio operator hesitated, then asked, “A submarine? ...”

“Don’t make me say things twice,” said Captain Smith.

“Aye, aye, sir,” answered the radio telegraph operator, who hurried back to the radio shack to let the *California Girl* know that the *Titanic* was too busy with other matters to be bothered about ice.

On the stern deck of the *Titanic*. Jersey Jones leaned on the railing and watched the ocean in the gathering darkness. Other passengers, among them Rose, Jane, and Lady Guff-Gorgon, were there, watching the stars come out. As Jersey Jones watched the sea, he saw a periscope break the surface in the *Titanic*’s wake. “A periscope!” he exclaimed. “Teddy came through!... But that sign on the stern ... they’ll think we’re the *Olympic*!”

He ran to a locker of firefighting equipment on the deck, threw open the lid, and grabbed an axe. He trotted with it back to the railing and started hacking at one of the chains holding up the “Olympic” sign that dangled over the *Titanic*’s stern.

Rose ran over to him and said, “Let me have that. I’m handy with an axe.” She spat into her hands, grabbed the axe away from Jersey Jones, and began energetically hacking at the chain.

Jane noticed the action, and in a fit of envy and jealousy, she ran over and grabbed hold of the axe handle and tried to pull it away from Rose. “Let me do it!” she screamed. “I’m better with an axe than you are. Isn’t that right, Jersey?” She finally wrestled the axe away from Rose and started hacking at the chain, continuing until it broke.

The “Olympic” sign, now hanging by only one chain, swung down to reveal the name “Titanic” painted on the ship’s stern. Jane beamed with pride and looked to Jersey Jones, hoping for a glance of approval, but his eyes were fixed on the periscope. Rose, annoyed at being outdone by Jane, walked over to the railing and spat into the sea. She looked above her to see whether Jack, in the form of a bat, might be watching them.

On the U.S.S. *Stingbat*, Captain John “Jolly” Rogers was watching through the submarine’s periscope when the “Olympic” sign fell, revealing the name “Titanic” painted on the ship’s hull. “It is the *Titanic*!” he said loudly. “It was in disguise! Fire tubes one and two!”

Executive Officer Silver passed the orders: “Fire one! Fire two!”

On the bridge of the *Titanic*, First Officer Morlock had the conn. He heard three bells—again a signal from the lookouts in the crow’s nest. He picked up the phone that connected the bridge to the crow’s nest.

“What did you see?” he asked.

“Iceberg right ahead!” said the voice on the other end.

“Thank you,” said Officer Morlock. Then, to the quartermaster, he called, “Hard a-starboard!”

“Hard a-starboard, aye!” answered the quartermaster.

Being a long, large ship, the *Titanic* took time to respond to her rudder and begin the turn.

At the stern of the *Titanic*, Jane and Rose stared as the foaming tracks of two torpedoes followed the *Titanic*. They didn’t realize what they were seeing.

Jersey Jones, however, watched with anticipation, hoping for two direct hits.

At that moment, Bruce Yamsi walked out onto the deck and stood behind Jersey Jones.

“On’t-day issmay!” said Jersey Jones in a low voice, but it was still audible to Yamsi.

“How does he know my code name?” said Yamsi to himself.

“What? Are those torpedoes?” asked Rose, her voice rising. “Is somebody trying to sink us?”

“Yes, indeed!” answered Jersey Jones. “To save New York.”

“Sink us?” asked Bruce Yamsi. “But that’s impossible!”

The *Titanic* was responding to First Officer Morlock’s “Hard a-starboard” order and began visibly turning.

Jersey Jones watched in anguish as the ship turned while the torpedoes went straight. “Maybe this ship really is unsinkable after all—or incredibly lucky,” he said.

On board the U.S.S. *Stingbat*, Captain John “Jolly” Rogers watched through the periscope.

“The torpedoes missed!” he said. “The *Titanic* turned! Sailor on the hydrophones! Keep giving us that ship’s bearing.”

“Aye, aye, sir!” said the sailor wearing the headphones.

“We’ll never catch her, captain,” said Executive Officer Silver. “She’s too fast.”

“Never say never, Mister Silver,” replied Captain Rogers. “There’s ice all around. She may have to slow down or even stop, and then we’ll get another chance. We may have been given an impossible assignment, but we jolly well still have our orders to carry out. Reload the forward torpedo tubes.”

“Yes, sir,” replied Officer Silver, who repeated the instruction to the torpedo officer.

“The ship is bearing two-seven-eight, range increasing,” said the sailor wearing headphones.

“Mister Silver, steer course two-seven-eight,” said Captain Rogers.

“Course two-seven-eight, aye,” answered Officer Silver.

At the stern of the *Titanic*, Jersey Jones stared out to sea in anguish. “Chance happeneth to them all,” he muttered, echoing Father Brown’s words. “But all the luck seems to be in favor of the mummy, the zombie, and the vampire.” The evening gloom enveloped the *Titanic* as it moved farther and farther ahead of the U.S.S. *Stingbat*, and gloom enveloped Jersey Jones too as night fell.

The next morning, Igor appeared on deck and walked up to the railing and leaned on it. As he gazed out to sea, he saw scattered ice floes and a few fishing schooners. Then he left the deck and descended to the cargo hold. After

making sure that no one else was around, he approached the sarcophagus and opened the lid. “Master,” he said, “we are traveling fast, and I saw some fishing boats, so we can’t have far to go. Soon we will be in New York.”

“Fishing boats?” asked the mummy.

“Yes, Master. Wouldn’t it be great if we ran one down?”

Presently Jersey Jones appeared on deck too and walked up to the railing. Leaning on it, he looked out at the ocean morosely. Then a spark of imagination and determination lit up his face. “It’s time for drastic action,” he said to himself. Then he turned and walked forward on the ship until he was near the officers’ quarters. He saw Officer Belltoller walking by and followed him. When Officer Belltoller entered his cabin, Jersey Jones leaned on the railing nearby, looking out at the ocean and pretending to be focused on it.

Soon Officer Belltoller came back out of his cabin and shut the door behind him but did not lock it.

After Officer Belltoller was gone, Jersey Jones entered the cabin and shut the door. He opened Officer Belltoller’s closet and took out the officer’s spare uniform. He tied his own clothes into a bundle and put on the uniform. Then he left the cabin dressed in the uniform and carrying his own clothes under his arm. He went to his own cabin, put his clothes away, then reemerged and walked along the deck until he saw four sailors, Mike and Pat among them.

“You men there! Come with me,” said Jersey Jones.

“Aye, aye, sir,” answered the sailors. Jersey Jones walked along the deck, and the sailors followed. He led them down a succession of stairways to the cargo hold of the *Titanic*.

Igor heard them coming, so he quickly closed the lid of the sarcophagus and hid behind some crates.

“Pick up that thing,” said Jersey Jones to the sailors, pointing to the sarcophagus, “and bring it to the poop deck.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” said the sailors. They lifted the sarcophagus to their shoulders and carried it away. Jersey Jones accompanied them, and Igor followed at a distance. After much effort carrying the sarcophagus up the stairways, the sailors emerged on deck and carried their load to the stern of the ship, where they set it down. Igor was still watching from a distance, and Officer Morlock was on deck with his wonder dog, Rigel. Officer Morlock and Rigel watched curiously.

“Don’t leave it sitting there,” said Jersey Jones to the sailors. “Pick it up.”

They obeyed.

Then Jersey Jones gave another order: “Heave that thing overboard!”

“Aye, aye, sir,” said the sailors. They lifted the sarcophagus and heaved it over the rail into the waves far below.

Igor, shocked into action, ran to the railing and leapt overboard after the sarcophagus.

“Master!” he called. “I’m flying!”

Igor hit the water with a splash and started swimming toward the floating sarcophagus.

Rigel the wonder dog ran after Igor and leapt overboard too, trying to save Igor.

Igor, with Rigel swimming behind him, swam until he reached the floating sarcophagus. Igor and the dog climbed on top of it. As it bobbed in the water, First Officer Morlock leaned over the railing on the poop deck. “Good dog!” he called. “Now bring them back.”

But it was too late to rescue the man and mummy who had gone overboard. They were continually getting farther astern, and the *Titanic* steamed away.

“Man overboard!” shouted Officer Morlock. Other sailors took up the cry, and the word passed along the *Titanic* until it reached the bridge.

“Man overboard?” asked Captain Smith. “Are you certain? Who? Where? When?”

“I don’t know, sir,” said the sailor who had transmitted the message to the captain. “Other sailors were shouting, so I passed the word.”

“Well, don’t just stand there. Find out who is overboard, if anybody, and when it happened, and where on the ship.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” said the sailor, who left the bridge and called out the message, abbreviating the captain’s message to “Where away?”

When this message reached Officer Morlock, who by now had reached the boat deck and was ready to order the sailors to launch a boat as soon as the ship stopped, Morlock exclaimed, “Good gravy! We lost a sailor and some cargo off the stern, to say nothing of the dog. We’ve traveled over a mile from them already!”

“Very well, sir,” said a sailor, who shouted, “A man and cargo went over the stern.”

“Never mind passing the message now,” said Officer Morlock, who started running toward the bridge. When he entered it, he paused a moment to catch his breath, then said, “Captain! We lost a man and cargo over the stern, and my dog too.”

“Very well, then,” said the captain. “But why did you wait so long to tell me? We must be miles away by now.” Then the captain said, “All stop,” and the quartermaster used the engine room telegraph to transmit the order to stop the engines.

“Mister Morlock, lay aft with a telescope and see whether you can spot the sailor and the cargo,” said the captain. “If you can see them, launch a boat and go after them.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” said Morlock. He didn’t run this time. It would take several minutes for the *Titanic* to slow to a stop. It was impossible to launch a boat while the ship was still moving.

“Great sea serpents!” said Captain Smith to no one in particular. “This will delay us by hours.”

“Yes, sir,” said the quartermaster, feeling that someone ought to acknowledge the captain’s complaint.

As Officer Morlock went down the boat deck, he told the boat crew he had assembled, “You men stand by. If the castaways are in sight, we’ll launch a boat and go after them.”

“And if they’re not in sight?” one of the men dared to ask.

“I would hate to leave them, since my dog, Rigel, is with them, but there are plenty of fishing boats in the area. There’s a good chance of rescue.”

Morlock then continued to the stern of the ship. He searched the horizon with his naked eyes, then raised his telescope. The sarcophagus, Igor, and Rigel were out of sight. “Tell the captain ...” he started to say, then changed his mind. “Never mind,” he said, and trotted off in the direction of the bridge.

Looking over the railing on the stern of the *Titanic*, Jersey Jones let out a deep breath, then said, “Well, I’ve finally seen the last of them. Chance happeneth, all right, and fortune favors the bold. Too bad about the dog, though.”

In the ocean, miles behind the *Titanic*. Igor and Rigel the wonder dog floated on top of the sarcophagus. The mummy started to open the lid.

“No, Master!” cried Igor. “You’ll knock me and Rigel into the sea!”

With one arm, the mummy held the lid open a crack so it could be heard. With its other arm, the mummy clutched the windup pig. “Who is Rigel?” the mummy demanded. “And what are we doing in the water?”

“Some sailors threw the sarcophagus into the ocean. I jumped in after you. So did Rigel. I think Rigel is a rescue dog.”

“Then why doesn’t the rescue dog bring us back to the ship?”

“His owner told him to, Master, but I don’t think he can. The ship is steaming away.”

“A bad rescue dog,” said the mummy. “That is why cats were sacred in ancient Egypt. Cats rule and dogs drool.”

“Bad doggy!” said Igor to Rigel. The dog whimpered and put its head between its paws.

“Could a cat save us?” asked Igor. “I’ll watch for a cat, or at least a catfish.”

“No, cats are sacred. They don’t do any work,” said the mummy. Then, after a minute or so of silence, it said, “I must think of a plan to get us to New York.”

Rigel, who already knew that cats don’t do any work, raised his head and looked around. Then he barked.

“What is it, Rigel?” asked Igor. Igor scanned the horizon, and in the distance, he spotted one of the fishing boats he had seen earlier from the deck of the *Titanic*. He and Rigel watched it for a while, and then the dog barked again. The boat appeared to be heading toward them, its sails bright in the sunshine.

As they continued watching it, Rigel barked again, and then Igor was certain that the boat was coming toward them. He stood up, took off his shirt, and waved it. “Master!” he called. “We’re saved!”

“Did the dog do something?” asked the mummy.

“Yes, Master,” said Igor, eager to restore Rigel’s standing. “He spotted a boat, and it’s coming toward us.”

As the fishing boat drew near, Igor could hear a song playing:

Watcha doin’ in your bed?

Watcha doin’ in your bed?

It was coming from a windup record player on the fishing schooner *Nobody’s Home* of Gloucester, Massachusetts.

“Master, what *are* you doing in your bed?” asked Igor.

“I’m staying alive!” replied the mummy.

Soon the fishing boat was close enough for those on board to see the floating sarcophagus, Igor, and Rigel the wonder dog.

On board *Nobody’s Home*, Captain Disco eyed the floating sarcophagus with Igor and Rigel on top of it. “Well, what have we here?” he asked. Then to the sailor at the wheel, he said, “Helmsman, steer for that flotsam over there,” pointing at the sarcophagus. Then, when the schooner had almost reached the sarcophagus, Captain Disco said, “Matey, take the way off the boat and bring her alongside that shipwrecked sailor,”

Nobody’s Home slowed, and it drifted near the floating sarcophagus. Rigel the wonder dog leapt onto the boat, and the fishermen hoisted Igor and the sarcophagus on board.

“What up, dog?” asked Captain Disco. Rigel barked. Turning to Igor, Captain Disco asked, “And what be this? An Irish water spaniel? And who be ye? Ishmael?”

“No, I’m Igor. And that dog climbed on board the sarcophagus with me.”

“Laddy, I’m speaking of Moby Dick,” said Captain Disco. “Have ye never read it? The hunt for the white whale?”

“No ...”

“The ship sank, and only Ishmael survived, floating on Queequeg’s coffin. Is that not what happened to you?”

“No, we fell overboard. And you must take us to New York right away.”

“Captain Disco gives the orders here!” bellowed Captain Disco. “We’re heading for home: Gloucester. We’ll no be going to New York.”

“But my master will reward you richly.”

“Laddy, ye must have hit your head when ye fell. Ye rest up a bit, and have some vittles, and then ye can get to work.”

“Work?”

“Aye, laddy. I’m the master of this vessel, and I’ll see that ye arrive in Gloucester safe and sound, but this is no luxury liner. Every man-jack aboard must do his share of work.”

“Now, see here!” said Igor impatiently. “You take me and my cargo” (pointing to the sarcophagus) “to New York right away.”

Captain Disco punched Igor, knocking him to the deck.

“Now ye see here, laddy. I’m the master here, and I’ll no be taking orders from a sorry-looking fish we hauled out of the water. Would ye rather I throw ye back?”

“No, Master.”

“So it ’ppears I knocked a bit o’ sense into ye. That’s all for the good.”

“Yes, Master. Master, are you the Captain Disko of *Captains Courageous*?”

“No, laddy,” replied Captain Disco, “but we’re related.”

Captain Disco gazed around him at the scattered ice. Turning to the first mate of the boat, he said, “Matey, set sail for home. But the ice is getting thicker. We’ll take a southerly course around it.”

“Aye, cap’n,” said the mate, and the *Nobody’s Home* turned south, away from Gloucester and away from New York.

Some hours later, Igor stood on the deck of *Nobody’s Home*, peeling potatoes. Captain Disco wound up the record player and placed another record on it.

Igor sang along: “Whether you’re a brother or whether you’re a mother, you’re staying alive.”

When the song was over, he had a question for Captain Disco. “Master?”

“That’s better,” said the captain. “I see ye’ve learned to address me respectful-like. What is it, laddy?”

“What’s that music?”

“That’s me favorite music, laddy. Disco! It’ll be awfully popular one day, I warrant ye that!”

“It sounds British.”

“It *is* British, laddy. The Brothers Gibb, from Manchester.”

“Then why are they singing, ‘Whether you’re a brother or whether you’re a mother’? Don’t the British say *mummy*, not *mother*?”

“I don’t rightly know, laddy. It’s hard to stump Captain Disco, but ye have done it this time. But you keep peeling those potatoes, and I’ll play another tune for ye.”

That night, on the deck of *Nobody’s Home*, all the crew were asleep except for one sailor on watch.

Igor was also on deck, singing quietly: “Whether you’re a buddy or whether you’re a mummy, you’re stayin’ alive ...”

He crept over to the sarcophagus and quietly opened the lid part way. He had a leather package in his hand.

“Master!” he whispered. “Look what I got from the ship before we landed in the ocean.” Igor opened the package and took out a dressmaker’s pattern. Holding it up for the mummy to see, he explained: “It’s Lady Guff-Gorgon’s pattern for clothes based on mummy wrappings.”

The mummy brushed it aside with his hand, but Igor held onto it, folded it up, and placed it neatly back in the leather package.

“Where are we?” demanded the mummy.

“On a fishing boat called *Nobody’s Home*. Captain Disco and his crew rescued us. They’ll take us to Gloucester, Massachusetts. It’s where they live.”

“You fool! Didn’t you tell them to take us to New York right away? I will reward them with gold from the Pharaoh’s tomb!”

“Of course, Master! But Captain Disco said we are going to Gloucester and not New York. He was quite emphatic about it.”

“Get out of my way, you fool!”

The mummy threw the lid of the sarcophagus wide open, climbed out, and sneaked up behind the sailor on watch. The mummy covered the man’s mouth, knocked him out with a powerful punch, then tied him up and gagged him.

The noise from this assault woke another sailor, who came up on deck. He screamed when he saw the mummy.

The mummy quickly overpowered him and tied him up too and gagged him, and did the same to the handful of remaining crew members as they came on deck, except for Captain Disco.

The next morning, *Nobody’s Home* was towing one of its dories. In it were the crew except for Captain Disco, who was at the wheel of *Nobody’s Home*. The mummy and Igor were standing behind him.

“And now we are going to New York!” said the mummy.

“Yes, Master!” said Igor.

The mummy watched Captain Disco carefully to make sure he kept on a course for New York. As soon as it was light, the mummy had consulted the charts in the captain’s cabin.

While the mummy and Igor were watching Captain Disco, a fisherman in the dory started hauling on the tow rope, pulling the dory toward *Nobody’s Home*. Before the dory got close to the fishing schooner, the mummy looked around and saw the sailor pulling on the rope.

“Let go of that rope or I’ll cut you adrift,” called the mummy.

The fisherman dropped the tow rope, and the dory fell farther behind *Nobody’s Home*.

“Don’t worry,” said the sailor quietly to his shipmates. “We’ll get our chance. We’ll rescue the captain and take *Nobody’s Home* back to Gloucester.”

Meanwhile, on board the *Titanic*, in one of the public rooms, Rose, Jack, Jane, and Lady Guff-Gorgon sat around a table playing cards.

Jack kept staring fixedly at Rose’s neck and didn’t notice when she slipped spare cards out of her hair. She caught him staring at her neck, though, and said curtly, pointing to her face, “My eyes are up here.”

Jack returned some of his attention to the game and triumphantly played two aces. Rose, however, played three and swept up the stack of poker chips.

“Someone isn’t playing fairly,” complained Lady Guff-Gorgon. “When I play cards, I always win.” She hadn’t noticed that five aces had been played. She was only aware that as a member of the upper class, she *ought* to win.

“It’s not my fault, Ma’am,” said Jane. “I always let you win.”

“Nonsense, Jane,” replied Lady Guff-Gorgon. “I win because I’m lucky.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” answered Jane meekly.

Sean the zombie wandered into the far end of the room. “Brains!” he said.

“Be quiet, you impudent thing!” said Lady Guff-Gorgon. “I meant I always win because I use my brains.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Jane.

“Rose is always lucky,” stated Lady Guff-Gorgon. “A little too lucky.”

Rose ignored the criticism but decided it was time to call it a night. “Well, it’s getting a little stuffy in here,” she said. “I think we’ve spent enough time inside. Jack, would you like to go out on deck?”

“I sure would,” said Jack. “I’m getting thirsty.”

Jack and Rose got up from the table and walked out onto the deck. As they emerged from the public room, they did not notice Officer Belltoller waiting in the shadows. As they turned and walked down the deck away from him, Officer Belltoller leapt into action. “I have you now!” he cried.

Jack and Rose spun around. Jack turned into a bat and flitted out of reach, but Officer Belltoller was carrying a long-handled net and ran after Jack, pursuing him around the deck. Rose stood against the rail, watching. As Officer Belltoller ran past her swinging the net, he almost caught Jack, but Rose ran up behind Officer Belltoller and started hitting him. Off balance, he missed Jack. While Officer Belltoller was still off balance, Rose shoved him to the deck. Then, Jack flying and Rose running, they disappeared into the darkness.

Officer Belltoller struggled to his feet. Looking around and seeing no one, he said, “We’re not done yet, Count Jackula!”

While this conflict was playing out on deck, the *Titanic* reached the ice field that the *California Girl* had warned about and kept going full speed ahead into it.

On the bridge, First Officer Morlock turned to Captain “Snuffy” Smith and said, “Captain, the ice is getting thicker. Shouldn’t we slow down?”

“Slow down? Whatever for?” asked Captain Smith.

“Isn’t it dangerous to go full speed ahead into an ice field?” asked First Officer Morlock.

“Dangerous? Not for us. The ship is unsinkable. And why do you think they call me ‘Lucky’ Smith?”

“I don’t know, sir,” answered First Officer Morlock.

The *Titanic* plowed into the field of packed ice, which stretched to the horizon. The ship screeched against the ice, gradually slowing until it came to a stop wedged into the ice.

“Drat!” said Captain Smith, spluttering. Then after a moment, “Dear me! I almost said a big, big D.”

“We’re stuck!” said First Officer Morlock.

“We might be stuck, but I still have my luck,” said Captain Smith.

“Please, sir, no rhyming!” begged First Officer Morlock. Then he walked out onto the bridge wing and looked around. It was a clear night, and there was ice as far as he could see, except for a trail of water where the *Titanic* had just plowed through the ice field. That open water, however, was littered with small ice floes and was rapidly freezing solid. Captain Smith walked out onto the bridge wing and stood beside Officer Morlock, looking out at the frozen sea. “What are we going to do, sir?” asked First Officer Morlock.

“Just give me a little time, and I will think of something,” said Captain Smith. “I always have good ideas.”

On board the USS *Stingbat*, Captain John “Jolly” Rogers called out, “You, sailor, on the hydrophones! What is that strange echo I’m hearing?”

“Ice, sir! We’re underneath an ice pack,” said a sailor wearing headphones.

“Can you still hear the *Titanic*?” asked Captain Rogers.

“Not any more, sir,” said the sailor. “The propeller noise has stopped. But before that I could hear the ship’s hull screeching against the ice. It might be trapped.”

“All right, then, sailor,” said Captain Rogers. “Listen for a thin spot in the ice. We need to surface and have a look around.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” said the sailor.

The USS *Stingbat* cruised slowly, silently under the ice.

On the bridge of the *Titanic*, Captain Smith said to First Officer Morlock, “I know what we need to do. We need to rock the ship to try to free her from the ice. Have the passengers all move to starboard, then send them to port, then back again. Make it seem like a game.”

“I don’t know ...” said First Officer Morlock.

“Well, I *do* know, Mister Morlock. That’s why I’m the captain. Now hop to it!”

“Yes, sir,” said Morlock.

As he was leaving the bridge, Captain Smith called after him, “Mister Morlock! I said ‘hop.’”

“Yes, sir,” said Morlock, who began to hop down the deck.

“That’s what not I meant. I meant that saying ‘hop’ gave me another excellent idea. Have the passengers do the Bunny Hop. And the Hokey Pokey. Lead them from the starboard side to port, and then to starboard again, back and forth until the ship rocks nicely.”

“Yes, sir,” said Officer Morlock, who resumed his trip down the deck without hopping.

Jack was once again walking on deck with Rose on the port side of the ship. Coming along behind them were Jane and Lady Guff-Gorgon. As they walked, they came in sight of a crowd of passengers whom First Officer Morlock was trying to organize. The ship’s band was with him. They were not happy that they had been summoned out into the chilly night air to play music on deck, but they obeyed Officer Morlock.

“It’s time for this evening’s entertainment,” he called out. “Everyone please follow me and do what I do. It’s a dance called the Bunny Hop, and I’ll lead you.” First Officer Morlock signaled to the band, which started playing the tune, and then he began bunny-hopping across the deck toward the starboard side, and some of the passengers followed, bunny-hopping.

“Come on, Jack,” said Rose. “Let’s dance with the others.”

“No, it’s dumb,” said Jack.

“Then I’ll have fun without you.”

Jack leaned against the rail and watched Rose hop after the other passengers. Sean the zombie came shuffling along the deck and joined the crowd, trying to hop.

Soon Jack saw First Officer Morlock return to the port side leading the crowd. “Now we’re going to go across the ship and back again, but this time we’re going to do the Hokey-Pokey,” he said loudly. Once again he signaled to the band, which began playing the tune. Officer Morlock began doing the Hokey-Pokey, leading the passengers once more across the deck and singing, “You put the lifeboats in, you take the lifeboats out, you put the lifeboats in and you flounder all about ...”

Sean the zombie was better at the Hokey-Pokey than at bunny-hopping.

When the parade of passengers returned to the port side, Jack had disappeared. Rose turned to Lady Guff-Gorgon and said, “That was fun!”

“Yes, it was,” said Jane before Lady Guff-Gorgon could utter her own answer: “It was undignified. But it did give me an idea for a line of clothing.”

First Officer Morlock was peering over the side of the ship, and while his back was turned, the passengers drifted away. Morlock returned to the bridge with bad news for Captain Smith: “Sir, we haven’t moved an inch.”

“Drat!” said Captain Smith, wondering what to do next.

As the captain looked out the bridge window brooding, the radio telegraph operator came in. “Captain,” he said, “we have a message from the *California Girl*.”

“What is it, Sparks?” asked Captain Smith.

“Ice all around. We are stuck fast.”

“‘Stuck fast’?” asked Captain Smith. “What in the seven seas does that mean? We aren’t even stuck slow. We’re stuck and not moving at all.”

“I don’t know, sir,” answered the radio telegraph operator.

“Very well, Sparks. That will be all.”

“Shouldn’t I send a reply?” asked the wireless telegraph operator.

“Reply to such nonsense? Just tell them to shut up. Tell them anything you like. Tell them you are sending private telegraph messages to Cape Race and that we don’t want the *California Girl* cluttering up the airwaves with cryptic messages.” Captain “Snuffy” Smith paused. “Cryptic? Hmm.... Sparks, do you suppose that gibberish about being stuck fast could be some kind of code?”

“I really don’t know, sir.”

“Very well, then. You helped me figure out what that character Jones was saying in code, so if you have any ideas about what the *California Girl* might mean by ‘stuck fast,’ let me know.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” replied the radio telegraph operator, ignoring Captain Smith’s implication that decoding Jones’s message was something the captain had done himself with only a little help from the telegraph operator.

“Will that be all, sir?” asked the telegraph operator.

“Yes, that will be all,” answered Captain Smith.

The radio telegraph operator saluted and left.

“We’re stuck and out of luck,” said Captain Smith.

“Yes, sir,” said First Officer Morlock, cringing at the captain’s rhyming observation.

They stood there looking out the windows of the bridge and wondering what to do. “Mister Morlock,” said the captain, “if the light comes on and you can make sense out of ‘stuck fast,’ let me know what you think, even if it’s only a hunch.”

“Yes, sir,” said Officer Morlock.

A few minutes later, the wireless telegraph operator was back. “Captain,” he said, “another message from the *California Girl*.”

“What is it this time, Sparks?” asked Captain Smith impatiently. “Is that ship sending us another mysterious puzzle for a message?”

“No, this message was sent in plain English,” answered the telegraph operator. “The *California Girl* asked, ‘Do you require assistance?’”

“Not unless they can melt this ice,” said Captain Smith. “Did the *California Girl* bring any beach weather with her?”

“Apparently not, sir,” answered the radio telegraph operator.

“All right, then, Sparks. Tell the *California Girl* not to ask any more dumb questions.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” said the telegraph operator, who saluted and left.

“I think the *California Girl* just likes to chatter,” said First Officer Morlock. “She keeps sending messages when she really doesn’t have anything to say.”

“No, it’s all right, Mister Morlock,” said Captain Smith. “She’s just trying to help. That’s sweet of her. I wish they all could be California girls.” Captain Smith walked out onto the bridge wing once again and once more looked around at the ice. “Drat!” he said. “A sailboat could get to New York faster than this.”

As a matter of fact, one sailboat *was* getting to New York faster than the *Titanic*. The crew of *Nobody's Home* was asleep in the dory as the schooner sailed through the night. Igor's voice carried across the water from *Nobody's Home* as he sang, "Whether you're a buddy or whether you're a mummy, you're stayin' alive ..."

In the morning, the USS *Stingbat* poked its conning tower up through the ice pack. Captain John "Jolly" Rogers and a lookout climbed up through the conning tower hatch and looked around.

Captain Rogers called down the hatch, "Mister Silver, what is our position? Besides in the middle of the ice?"

Executive Officer Silver's voice came from below: "Forty-five twenty-four north, fifty ninety-nine west. We're on the Grand Banks, sir."

"Banks?" said Captain Rogers. "Nonsense, Mister Silver. I don't see any banks. Come see for yourself."

A few moments later, Executive Officer Silver emerged from the conning tower hatch.

"A good officer doesn't rely on math alone," said Captain Rogers. "He jolly well uses his eyes too."

"I checked my dead reckoning, sir," said Silver.

"I reckon you'll be dead if you aren't more careful," said Captain Rogers. "Look around you. Ice everywhere. Go brush up on your navigation."

"Yes, sir," replied Silver, who went back down the hatch.

A minute later, Captain Rogers called down the hatch again: "Radio operator!"

"Yes, sir?" came a voice from below.

"Send a message to President Teddy Roosevelt, the White House: 'U.S.S. *Stingbat* is the first submarine to reach the North Pole.'"

"Very well, sir."

"Captain!" said the lookout.

"Yes, lookout?" answered Captain Rogers.

"See that smudge of smoke on the horizon?" asked the lookout, pointing.

Captain Rogers raised his binoculars to his eyes. "Yes, I do!"

"I think it's the *Titanic*," said the lookout.

"The *Titanic*! What's she doing here, at the North Pole?" demanded Captain Rogers.

"Maybe it's not ..." began the lookout.

"Not the *Titanic*?" asked Captain Roger, interrupting him.

"No, sir. I meant maybe it's not the North Pole."

"Not the North Pole! Sailor, how did you get to be a lookout? Can't you see the ice all around?"

"Yes, sir."

On board the *Titanic*, in their cabin, Jane was sitting in an armchair, while Lady Guff-Gorgon stood before a mirror trying on jewelry to see what flattered her the most. As she rummaged through her valuables, suddenly she squealed, “Eeek! Jane!”

“What is it, Ma’am?”

“My pattern for the mummy fashion! It’s gone! First someone stole my idea, and now someone has stolen the pattern! This ship is a den of thieves!”

“Yes, Ma’am,” replied Jane, who tried to return to her reading. However, Lady Guff-Gorgon was not satisfied with Jane’s bland agreement. She wanted to hear some suitable anxiety in Jane’s voice.

“Whatever shall I do?” exclaimed Lady Guff-Gorgon.

“Maybe the pattern isn’t stolen, Ma’am. Maybe you just misplaced it.”

“Oh, Jane! I’m a victim of theft and you’re trying to cover for the criminals!”

“No, Ma’am. It was just a thought. You could ask the purser whether someone turned in a lost pouch with the pattern. It was in a leather pouch, wasn’t it?”

“Jane, as you say, maybe it was not stolen but lost. However remote that possibility, just to cover the impossible, I suppose I should ask the purser. If he hasn’t received it, then I will have to report it stolen.”

“Yes, Ma’am. But couldn’t you recreate the pattern? Surely it wasn’t just a fleeting inspiration?”

“I do not have fleeting inspirations, Jane. They come in a steady flow. But that’s not the problem. Even after I redraw the pattern, the original is in the thief’s hands. Suppose that robber rushes off the ship in New York and gets the mummy clothes into production while we’re still claiming our baggage?”

“I suppose that’s a possibility, Ma’am. But New York is still a long way off. In fact, the ship seems to be stopped.”

“Mercy, Jane, you’re right! It’s like the *Orient Express*, stopped with the murderer on board and nowhere to go. We’re trapped!”

“Now, Ma’am, if there’s a thief on board, the thief is trapped too. After you talk to the purser, why don’t you start on a new pattern? Weren’t you thinking of something to do with hopping bunnies?”

“Jane, that’s the first sensible suggestion you’ve made since this emergency began.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

At that moment, on a street in far-off New York City, a newsboy lifted high a newspaper and called out to people walking by: “Read all about it! Submarine *Stingbat* reaches North Pole!” Passersby stopped to buy newspapers; then more and more people stopped as the boy continued shouting out the news.

“A wonderful day for America,” said one of the newsboy’s customers, turning to another passerby. “Teddy has done it again!”

On the bridge of the *Titanic*, Captain “Snuffy” Smith wrote a note on a piece of paper: “Titanic trapped in ice.” He turned to one of the sailors, handed him the note, and said, “Take this to the radio shack and have Sparks send it to the office in New York.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” said the sailor, who took the paper, saluted, and left the bridge.

“Are you sending that message because you don’t want the passengers’ families to worry about our delayed arrival?” asked First Officer Morlock.

“Well, it may comfort the families, but mostly I’m worried about the publicity,” said Captain Smith. He gestured toward the horizon. “You see that ship about five miles away?”

“Yes, sir. The *California Girl*, isn’t it?”

“That’s right. Stuck in the ice, just as we are. We don’t want them grabbing the headlines. Everybody would be feeling sorry for the poor *California Girl*, trapped in the ice. Every day, people would be asking, ‘Is the poor *California Girl* free yet or still trapped in the ice?’ *Titanic* would be just a footnote if the *California Girl* gets into the news first.”

“I see, sir,” said Officer Morlock. “The fastest, biggest, safest, luckiest, most luxurious ship in the world on her maiden voyage would not even get a headline of her own. We could be sitting on the bottom of the ocean as far as the newspapers are concerned, while the world wrings its hands over the poor *California Girl* suffering a little delay because of a bit of frozen water. I admire your foresight, sir.”

“I knew you’d see sense if I explained it to you, Mister Morlock. Publicity brings passengers, and passengers pay our salary. Let’s keep the *Titanic* in the headlines.”

“Yes, indeed, captain!”

Soon, on a street corner in New York City, a newsboy was holding up a newspaper and shouting at passersby on the sidewalk: “Read all about it! *Titanic* trapped in ice on maiden voyage!”

One passerby who bought a newspaper turned and said to a stranger, “I didn’t know that ice could stop the *Titanic*. I wonder whether this delay will keep her from setting a transatlantic speed record.”

“I’d put my money on the *Titanic* any day,” said the other man. “That ship is so big and strong, I wouldn’t be surprised to see her steam up the Hudson River dragging icebergs behind her.”

“I guess you’re right,” said the first man. “The *Titanic* is the biggest, strongest, and fastest ship, and ‘Lucky’ is her middle name.”

“I thought ‘Tan’ was her middle name,” said the other man.

Meanwhile, on the conning tower of the submarine U.S.S. *Stingbat*. Captain John “Jolly” Rogers and Executive Officer Silver were silently looking across the ice. As they stood there, a sailor emerged from the conning tower hatch. “Captain,” he said, “we intercepted a message from the *Titanic*. She’s trapped in the ice.”

“So that’s the *Titanic* all right,” said Captain Rogers, pointing at a smudge of smoke on the horizon. Then, pointing to another, fainter smudge of smoke, farther away, “Any word about that other ship?”

“No, sir,” said the sailor. “She hasn’t sent any messages that I’ve been able to pick up. Also, I’ve picked up some news from New York, and it didn’t mention any other ships out here.”

“How strange,” said Captain Rogers. “Three vessels at the North Pole, two of them stuck in the ice, and the news doesn’t mention either of them.” Then he turned and spoke to Executive Officer Silver: “There’s something sinister going on here, Mister Silver.”

Silver hesitated, then said, “Sir, I don’t think this is the North Pole.”

“Don’t be ridiculous, Mister Silver,” said Captain Rogers. “Did you brush up on your navigation as I told you to do?”

“Yes, sir.”

Turning to the sailor, Captain Rogers said, “Let me know right away if you hear any news about two ships trapped in the ice at the North Pole.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” said the sailor, who saluted and then went back down the conning tower hatch.

Later that day, on the bridge of the liner SS *California Girl*, Captain O. Lawd was standing with First Officer Stoned, staring at the ice and watching their ship go nowhere.

A sailor entered the bridge and said, “Captain, the quartermaster reports that the ocean temperature is rising.”

“Thank you, sailor,” said Captain Lawd. “Tell the quartermaster to give me regular reports.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” said the sailor, who saluted and then left the bridge.

“Looks like the *California Girl* will enjoy some beach weather at last,” said the first officer.

“Right, Mister Stoned,” said Captain Lawd. “Make sure that all officers standing watch on the bridge pay attention to the quartermaster’s reports on the ocean temperature. We’ll want to get under way—slowly—as soon as the ice begins to break up.”

On the bridge of the *Titanic*, First Officer Morlock, Captain “Snuffy” Smith, Bruce Yamsi, and several sailors had little to do but wait until a change in the ice or the weather permitted the ship to move. They stood gazing around as if their looking at the ice would prompt a change. Then another sailor entered the bridge and spoke: “Captain, the quartermaster reports that the water temperature is rising.”

“Thank you, sailor,” said Captain Smith. Then he spoke to First Officer Morlock: “Mister Morlock, maybe the *California Girl* brought us some beach weather at last.”

“Yes, sir,” answered Morlock.

“As soon as the ice starts to break up, it’s full speed ahead for us!” said Captain Smith.

At this, *Titanic* owner Bruce Yamsi interrupted: “Now, Captain, let’s not have any hasty judgments. We’re behind schedule, and it would be nice to make up time, but let’s do so safely.”

“I’m tired of standing still,” answered Captain Smith. “We’ve been stuck in the ice for three days. I feel like Jonah in the belly of the whale.”

On the deck of *Nobody’s Home*, Igor and the mummy stood behind Captain Disco, who was at the steering wheel. The boat sailed along through ice-free waters.

“Captain Disco?” asked Igor.

“What is it?” growled Captain Disco.

“Was Moby Dick the whale that swallowed Jonah?”

“Arggh!” answered Captain Disco.

Some hours later, on the bridge of the *Titanic*, Captain Smith wrote on a piece of paper, reading aloud as he wrote: “*Titanic* proceeding to Halifax. All safe.” He handed the paper to a sailor and said to him, “Take that to Sparks and have him send it to the Dark Star Line office in New York.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” answered the sailor.

“Halifax!” said First Officer Morlock. “You’re taking us to Halifax, sir?”

“No, Mister Morlock,” said Captain Smith. “Use your brains.”

Sean the zombie’s voice spoke in the distance: “Brains!”

“Brains, sir?” asked First Officer Morlock.

“Yes, Mister Morlock. Sometimes a ship’s officer has to use his brains. This is one of those times. Have you forgotten that submarine? I’m sure it’s still out there someplace. Do you want to dodge torpedoes all the way to New York? We send the message, that submarine hears it, the submarine heads toward Halifax, and we sail to New York.”

“Brilliant, sir,” said Morlock.

“Brains!” said Sean the zombie in the distance.

Captain Smith walked out onto the wing of the bridge and looked around for the creature that was saying, “Brains!” Nobody was in sight, but Captain Smith noticed some gaps in the ice floes. He went back inside and said to First Officer Morlock, “Full speed ahead!”

“Full speed ahead, aye,” answered Morlock, who used the engine room telegraph to send the order to the engine room crew.

The *Titanic* began pushing ahead, breaking through the ice and slowly increasing her speed.

On the conning tower of the submarine U.S.S. *Stingbat*, the lookout spoke to Captain John “Jolly” Rogers and Executive Officer Silver while pointing to the horizon: “Smoke! That ship is making more smoke, sir. I think she’s getting under way.”

Captain Rogers and Executive Officer Silver looked across the ice toward the distant ship. “Thank you, lookout,” said Captain Rogers, “but leave the thinking to me.”

“Yes, sir,” answered the lookout.

Then Captain Rogers spoke again: “Mister Silver, I think that ship is getting under way. Do you notice how it’s making more smoke?”

“Yes, sir,” said Silver. “I think you’re right.”

“Leave the thinking to me,” said the captain.

Just then a sailor emerged from the conning tower hatch. “Captain,” he said, “we intercepted a message from the *Titanic*: ‘Proceeding to Halifax.’”

“Halifax!” said Captain Rogers. “They think they’ll escape that way? We jolly well have them now!”

“Shall I plot a course for Halifax, sir?” asked Executive Officer Silver.

“No need for that, Mister Silver,” said the captain. “Just turn the boat south. Everything is south from the North Pole. Go brush up on your navigation some more.”

“Yes, sir,” said Silver.

9

New York

Late in the afternoon, *Nobody's Home* sailed into the entrance of New York harbor, towing the dory with the crew, while the mummy and Igor stood behind Captain Disco, who was still standing at the wheel.

"Look, Master!" said Igor, pointing. "The Statue of Liberty!"

"We must bring it back to Egypt!" said the mummy. "But first, the Egyptian obelisk."

"Master," said Igor, "the obelisk must weigh tons. How are we going to move it?"

"The same way we built the pyramids: with slaves."

"Where are we going to get slaves, Master?"

"I will mesmerize as many people as we need," stated the mummy.

Night was falling as Captain Disco steered *Nobody's Home* up to a pier at the Fulton Fish Market. As soon as the boat touched the dock, the mummy (carrying the windup pig) and Igor leapt ashore and disappeared into the gloom of the evening, followed by Rigel the wonder dog.

"Where to now, Master?" asked Igor.

"To Central Park," answered the mummy. "I know which way to go. The obelisk is calling me."

As they walked up a dark street, a pickpocket brushed against Igor and picked the leather folder from his pocket. The pickpocket stepped into the shadows of a storefront, Madame Medusa's Fashions, which had just closed for the night. The lights were off, but Madame Medusa was still inside, preparing to go home. The pickpocket waited until Igor and the mummy had walked farther up the street. He opened the leather folder. He removed the contents, took one look at them, and said, "Clothing patterns? Bah!" He threw the folder to the ground and walked away.

Madame Medusa watched him curiously from inside the shop. Once the pickpocket had gone, she emerged from her shop. Outside, she looked in the direction the pickpocket had gone and saw him walking away down the street. She looked in the other direction and saw Igor, the mummy, and Rigel the wonder dog disappearing into the gloom. "Oh, my!" she said, puzzling over the strange appearance of the trio. She stared after them until the mummy, Igor, and Rigel were lost to sight. Then she noticed Igor's leather folder lying on the sidewalk. She bent over, picked it up, and opened it.

"What's this?" she asked herself. "Patterns for mummy wrappings? 'LGG'? Lady Guff-Gorgon! So, Lady Guff-Gorgon, you thought you were ahead of me with the next fashion craze! But fortune has smiled on me tonight."

On the corner, where other people were passing by, a newsboy held a newspaper up and shouted, "Read all about it! *Titanic* changes course for New York! Arriving in two days!" One of the passersby stopped and bought a newspaper from the newsboy, but all the information Madame Medusa needed to know was in the shouted headline.

"Two days!" she said to herself. "Lady Guff-Gorgon is traveling on the *Titanic*. I must work quickly." She returned to her shop and picked up the telephone to call one of the city's many garment manufacturers and insist that the manager remain there until she arrived. After leaving the shop a second time, she hurried across town to the garment district, where she entered the offices of First Fashions. "Yes, we've got to be first," said Madame Medusa to herself. "Being second in the fashion world is the same as coming in last."

She went up the stairs to the manager's office, where a secretary sitting at a desk recognized her immediately. "Good evening, Madame Medusa," said the secretary. "Mister Furst is waiting for you. Go on in."

“Thank you, young lady,” said Madame Medusa, who then burst into the manager’s office. “Henry!” she cried. “I had the most brilliant inspiration, and it just couldn’t wait. It must be in production tomorrow. Only you could have it in my shop for sale tomorrow afternoon.” In fact, if Henry Furst had declined, she would have worked with any manufacturer who *could* do the job.

“Just look at this,” she said. She took the pattern from the leather pouch and opened it on his desk. She had already torn off the corner of the pattern bearing Lady Guff-Gorgon’s initials and written her own on the pattern. “Ancient Egypt is the talk of society,” she explained. “Since those explorers opened King Tut’s tomb, all anyone talks about or thinks about is mummies. People will simply adore this fashion. We will have it on sale tomorrow and it will sweep the city by the day after that.”

“Madame Medusa, this is a work of genius!” exclaimed Henry Furst. “You are destined to replace Lady Guff-Gorgon as the foremost fashion designer in the New World!”

“Whatever do you mean?” demanded Madame Medusa.

“I beg your pardon. I meant that you have already displaced Lady Guff-Gorgon as the foremost fashion designer in the *whole* world!”

“I was sure you misspoke,” she said. “Although I must point out yet another error: Lady Guff-Gorgon never was the foremost fashion designer in the *whole* world. She merely had some minor influence in a small portion of America.”

“Of course you are right,” said Henry Furst.

“That goes without saying,” said Madame Medusa. “Make no more mistakes. Have the first mummy clothes at my shop by noon tomorrow.”

“Certainly, Madame.”

Madame Medusa left First Fashions that evening licking her lips in anticipated triumph over Lady Guff-Gorgon.

The next morning, as dawn broke over Central Park, Igor was sleeping curled up at the foot of the Egyptian obelisk with Rigel the wonder dog beside him. The mummy was standing guard.

Soon, a man who was walking through the park headed randomly toward them, but after taking one look at the mummy he hurried off in another direction.

“Wake up!” said the mummy harshly to Igor.

Igor stirred and opened his eyes. He blinked at the mummy but did not move. Rigel the wonder dog opened his eyes and stretched, then closed his eyes again.

“We must create an army of slaves,” said the mummy.

Slowly, Igor struggled to his feet. “Yes, Master!” he said. “But what about breakfast?”

The mummy looked around the park and spied a pretzel vendor a long way off.

“Go buy yourself a pretzel,” said the mummy to Igor.

“I don’t have any money, Master.”

“Then *steal* a pretzel, you fool!”

“Yes, Master.”

Igor walked away and headed over to the pretzel vendor. He halted near the pretzel cart and stood there staring at the pretzels. The pretzel vendor eyed him warily but said nothing.

“Look at the pigeons!” said Igor suddenly, pointing behind the vendor.

The pretzel vendor did not turn and look but kept watching Igor. “Are you from out of town, pal?” he asked. “You’re excited by pigeons?”

“Yes, I’m from out of town. I never saw that many pigeons before.” Once again he pointed behind the pretzel vendor. “And look at that dog walking on its hind legs!” said Igor.

Again the pretzel vendor did not turn and look. “This is New York, buddy,” he said. “You can see anything here. Where are you from? Joizy?”

“No ... Hey!” Igor pointed again. “Is that guy trying to steal a pretzel?”

This time the pretzel vendor did turn and look. While the vendor’s back was turned, Igor snatched a pretzel and ran away.

“Hey! You! Stop!” shouted the vendor, running after Igor.

The vendor chased Igor across the park, but when Igor got near the Egyptian obelisk and the mummy, the pretzel vendor saw the mummy and stopped, then hastily turned around and hurried back to his cart.

Igor stopped and sat down near the obelisk, then began eating his pretzel.

“Are you satisfied now?” asked the mummy. “You have your breakfast.”

“Well, Master ... Uh, yes, Master.”

Rigel the wonder dog looked at Igor with pleading eyes. Igor broke off a piece of the pretzel and gave it to the dog.

Once Igor and Rigel had finished eating, the mummy, Igor, and Rigel stood alone next to the Egyptian obelisk. After a while, the mummy spied another passerby approaching. “We must create an army of slaves,” said the mummy for the second time that morning.

“Yes, Master,” answered Igor. But the three of them just stood there. Eventually another man came walking through the park, slowly getting closer to the obelisk.

“Ah! Another prospective slave!” said the mummy. “I will mesmerize him.”

However, when the man got closer, he, like the previous passerby, took one look at the mummy and hurried off in the opposite direction.

“Maybe they don’t want to be your slaves,” said Igor.

“Quiet, you fool!” said the mummy. “It doesn’t matter what they want.” Then the mummy spied a couple walking in the distance, headed toward the Egyptian obelisk. “Here come two recruits for my army!” he said, but when the couple saw the mummy, they too hurried away.

“We need something to attract people and draw them closer,” said the mummy. “Come with me.”

The mummy walked off toward the pretzel vendor. Igor and Rigel followed.

When the pretzel vendor saw the mummy coming, he started pushing his cart as fast as he could toward an exit from the park.

The mummy, Igor, and Rigel started running and began catching up to the pretzel vendor. When the vendor looked over his shoulder and saw how close they were, he abandoned his cart and ran away out of the park through the gates.

The mummy, Igor, and Rigel stopped running and walked up to the cart.

“Take this and push it back to the obelisk,” said the mummy, pointing at the pretzel cart.

“Yes, Master,” answered Igor.

Igor took the handles of the cart and pushed it in the direction of the Egyptian obelisk, with Rigel following him.

While the mummy, Igor, and Rigel were away, some more people had arrived and were gathered around the obelisk, looking at it, but they hurried off when they saw the mummy coming.

“Offer them pretzels,” commanded the mummy.

“Yes, Master,” said Igor. “Pretzels!” he shouted. “Pretzels!”

“*Free* pretzels,” said the mummy.

“*Free* pretzels!” shouted Igor. “*Free* pretzels!”

The people hesitated, looked around, and stopped, staring at the mummy. Then they hurried away.

In the distance, still more people approached.

“*Free* pretzels!” shouted Igor. “*Free* pretzels!”

These people also turned to look, then saw the mummy and turned away.

It was a long, frustrating afternoon for Igor. When the sun was setting over Central Park, he said, “It’s no use, Master. They must not be hungry.”

“Why not?” demanded the mummy. “*You* are hungry, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Master!”

The mummy gestured toward the pretzels and said, “Then enjoy your dinner.”

“Yes, Master,” said Igor, who took a pretzel from the cart and shared it with the dog.

As darkness fell, Igor and Rigel curled up on the ground next to the Egyptian obelisk and the pretzel cart while the mummy stood guard over the scene.

For the second morning in a row, when dawn broke over Central Park, it found Igor and Rigel the wonder dog sleeping on the ground. When the sun touched his face, Igor stirred, then groggily sat up. He took a pretzel from the cart and began eating it. He looked around the park, and then something caught his eye. Igor stared. The mummy stared too. Rigel watched an approaching stranger, then barked. A person dressed in mummy wrappings was approaching.

Igor stood up. He took another pretzel from the cart, then shouted, “Free pretzels! Free pretzels!”

The person dressed in mummy wrappings walked up to Igor and the mummy. “I’ll take one,” said the stranger.

Igor handed the man a pretzel.

The stranger took a bite, then said, “Ugh! This is stale. No wonder they’re free.”

The mummy walked up and stood face to face with the stranger. "Look at me!" said the mummy.

Both Igor and the person in mummy wrappings looked at the mummy.

"You will be my slave," said the mummy.

"Yes, Master!" answered the stranger.

Soon another person dressed in mummy wrappings came by. Igor began shouting, "Free pretzels! Free pretzels!"

On a street corner not far away, a newsboy held a newspaper over his head and shouted, "Read all about it! Mummy fashion craze sweeps New York!" People passing by kept stopping to purchase newspapers until all the papers were gone.

In Central Park, at the Egyptian obelisk, the mummy and Igor were now surrounded by people in mummy wrappings who had become the mummy's slaves.

"Igor," said the mummy, "I need more slaves."

"Master, I'm out of pretzels," replied Igor.

The mummy turned to its crowd of slaves and said loudly, "Bring me more pretzels!"

"Yes, Master!" answered the mummy's slaves, who dispersed throughout Central Park.

A short while later, around the Egyptian obelisk, the mummy's slaves had returned, each one pushing a stolen pretzel cart. "Free pretzels!" they shouted. "Free pretzels!"

Meanwhile, the USS *Stingbat* was under way on the surface in the open ocean. Captain John "Jolly" Rogers and Executive Officer Silver were in the conning tower, accompanied by a lookout. The submarine traveled along at top speed as Captain Rogers regarded the endless sea and the empty horizon.

"Shouldn't we change course, Captain?" asked Silver.

"No, Mister Silver. Just keep heading south till we come to Halifax. As Columbus said, one more day and I will give you a new world."

It was still morning in the New World as the *Titanic* sailed through the Narrows and entered New York harbor.

On a street corner in New York City, another newsboy held a newspaper high and shouted, "Read all about it! Zombie march to welcome *Titanic*!" Indeed, even as people stopped to buy papers from the newsboy, and as the *Titanic* was sailing up the Hudson River, people in a corner of Central Park far from the Egyptian obelisk were assembling for the zombie march, wearing costumes and makeup.

As the *Titanic* sailed up the river, passengers crowded the rails. Those arriving in New York for the first time stared in wonder at the Statue of Liberty, then at the skyscrapers rising from Manhattan. Even some of the experienced travelers were happy to look at the harbor and the cities of New Jersey and New York after a week of seeing only water and ice.

Others among them were impatient to attend to business that awaited them in New York.

Count Jackula was eager to lead his three French girls into the unsuspecting city, where all four of them could slake their thirst for blood.

Officer Belltoller was just as eager to stop them from going ashore.

Rose was counting up her winnings and anticipating a new haul of ill-gotten gains during the *Titanic*'s stopover in New York, then acquiring even more from unsuspecting passengers on the voyage back to Europe. At the same time, she was brooding over her missing principal prop, her windup musical lucky pig. "Who on board could be so low as to steal a toy pig from a helpless woman?" she asked herself.

Lady Guff-Gorgon was livid, not even trying to conceal her fury over the missing pattern for mummy-style clothes. "Who on this ship could be such a reprobate as to steal my brilliant creation?" she asked Jane for the twenty-second time that morning.

"I don't know, Ma'am," answered Jane for the twenty-second time. Hoping to stave off a twenty-third inquiry, she attempted an explanation. "Maybe it wasn't stolen, Ma'am," she said. "Maybe it was simply lost. Maybe a rogue wave ..."

"Don't annoy me with that piffle, Jane," said Lady Guff-Gorgon curtly. "It was a rogue all right, but not a wave. Since the security on this ship is so poor, and the crew on this ship cannot even prevent a criminal from stealing my work that I labored so hard to create, I will have to contact the police, the harbormaster, the army ..."

"Yes, Ma'am," answered Jane.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith was angry too. With a pilot guiding the ship into the harbor, the captain could devote some attention to complaining to First Officer Morlock. "Why can't the sergeant-at-arms keep a criminal from stealing a toy pig from the captain's cabin?" asked Captain Smith.

"I think you mean the master-at-arms," said Officer Morlock. "We don't have sergeants in the navy."

"This is not the navy," retorted Captain Smith, "and don't tell me what I mean. Summon the master-at-arms."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Morlock, who told a sailor on the bridge to find the master-at-arms and tell him that the captain wanted him on the bridge.

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the sailor, who saluted and left.

Captain Smith brooded about the stolen windup pig, and First Officer Morlock wondered why, being so fast and big and safe, the *Titanic* was *not* part of the navy. Was Captain Smith certain about that? Officer Morlock decided not to ask.

After a short while, the sailor returned with the master-at-arms. "How can a burglar roam about this ship, up and down, from stem to stern, and even steal from the captain's cabin without being caught?" demanded Captain Smith.

"I don't know how it's possible, sir," replied the master-at-arms. "Are you sure there was a burglary? It *is* mysterious. The purser told me that a passenger also inquired about a missing pig. There seem to be a lot of them going missing."

"There's only one," said Captain Smith angrily. "The passengers are surely mistaken. The pig is mine, and it's gone. I order you to catch the criminal and return the pig to me! Make sure they do not leave the ship!"

"Yes, sir," said the master-at-arms, who saluted and left.

As the ship was made fast to the pier, passengers crowded around the top of the gangway, where Officer Belltoller stood guard. "Do you know for whom the bell tolls, Count Jackula?" he muttered. "It tolls for you! You won't get away from me this time." As the crew extended the gangway to the pier, Officer Belltoller scrutinized the waiting passengers, searching their faces for the one person who must not escape into New York.

Jersey Jones knew he had no time to lose. He knew that, having spent three days stuck in the ice field, the *Titanic* might have reached New York after *Nobody's Home*. He figured that the mummy might already be in Central Park

stealing the Egyptian obelisk. He had to stop that crime if it wasn't too late, to say nothing of the fashion disaster planned by Lady Guff-Gorgon, but he would have to deal with that afterwards. So he approached the gangway in a hurry, pushed past Officer Belltoller, despite Belltoller's cries of protest and complaints from the other passengers, and dashed down onto the pier. Then he ran off in the direction of Central Park.

Amid the debarking passengers, Sean the zombie stumbled to the gangway, ignored by Officer Belltoller, who was fixated on catching a vampire, not a zombie. Sean made his way down the gangway and onto the pier, then shuffled off into New York, following Jersey Jones toward Central Park.

Among the passengers still on the deck of the *Titanic* were Rose and Jack. They were embracing, and Rose was reluctant to let go of Jack. "Rose, you must go ashore without me," said Jack. "Live your life! Go to Coney Island! Go to Central Park and eat a pretzel!"

"Oh, Jack!" said Rose sadly. "I pictured us in a romantic future, shipwrecked and freezing in the North Atlantic. Now I suppose that you and your French girls will be sucking the blood out of New York while I am all alone. You may fly away, but my heart will go on."

But his arms fell away from her, and Jack was already disappearing into the crowd rather than approach the gangway and Officer Belltoller. Rose remained on deck, tears rolling down her cheeks, but she was already planning her next move, which did not involve Central Park. She would find a pub where she could join a card game.

A mile away, in Central Park, the mummy's slaves had placed ropes around the Egyptian obelisk. Some of the slaves were hauling on the ropes, while others pushed against it. "Give it all your strength, you fools!" cried the mummy.

"Knock it over and everybody gets a free pretzel!" called Igor.

The obelisk started to tilt, then gained momentum and tipped all the way over, hitting the ground with an earth-shaking boom.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith, First Officer Morlock, and Bruce Yamsi were on the bridge of the *Titanic*, watching the passengers disembark.

"What was that boom?" asked Officer Morlock.

"Oh, it was probably nothing," said Captain Smith.

The mummy's horde of slaves were now hauling on the ropes, dragging the Egyptian obelisk across Central Park. Soon they were on the streets of New York City, pulling the obelisk toward the pier where the *Titanic* was berthed. The mummy, Igor, and Rigel the wonder dog walk ahead of them, leading the way. The mummy had left the windup pig sitting on top of the original stolen pretzel cart.

Nearby in Central Park, the zombie marchers formed a horde of their own, then began shuffling off toward the pier where the *Titanic* was docked.

As the mummy and its entourage made their way through Manhattan towards the pier, suddenly the mummy remembered the windup pig. "Where is my lucky pig?" snarled the mummy. "Go back and get my lucky pig!" the mummy ordered Igor.

"Yes, Master," answered Igor, who turned around and ran back into Central Park.

People walking to work stopped to look at the mummy's slaves dragging the obelisk, led by the mummy and Rigel the wonder dog.

"Is that some kind of parade?" asked one man.

“It must be,” said another. “There’s a zombie march this morning to welcome the *Titanic*. This must be part of the celebration.”

Although it made them late for work, they stopped to watch the parade.

The mummy’s slaves made slow progress dragging the obelisk through the streets, and it wasn’t long before Igor caught up to them again. “Master!” he cried. “The pig was gone!”

“It’s just as I heard,” complained the mummy. “New York is a city of thieves.”

Jersey Jones entered Central Park at a run. He dodged people strolling in the park as he dashed toward the Egyptian obelisk—at least to where it should be if Jones wasn’t too late. But he *was* too late. It was gone. He ran across the park, back toward the Hudson River, but as he reached a gate leading out of the park, he stopped short next to a pretzel vendor, staring at the mummy’s horde of slaves visible in the street far away, almost to the pier where the *Titanic* was docked.

“I’m too late!” exclaimed Jersey Jones.

“What’s the matter, buddy?” asked the vendor. “You looking for breakfast? I got plenty of pretzels left.”

“No, look!”

“I’m not looking. You ain’t gonna steal my pretzels like that sailor did.”

“Mummies!” said Jersey Jones, pointing. “Hundreds of them!”

“This is New York, buddy. You can see anything here. Where are you from? Joizy?”

“Yes, but ...”

Jersey Jones continued staring, then turned around and dashed away, heading back toward the *Titanic*.

At the gangway of the *Titanic*, Officer Belltoller was still standing guard at the rail as passengers continued to disembark. Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane approached him and were about to start down the gangway when Lady Guff-Gorgon noticed something in the sky. “Ugh!” she said, pointing. “Look at that bat flying around.”

“A bat in the daytime?” asked Officer Belltoller. “Count Jackula! We’re not finished yet. I’ll find your belfry and toll your bells!”

Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane turned away and descended the gangway to the pier. Rose was next, followed by Jack’s three creepy-looking female vampires. Officer Belltoller eyed them suspiciously but did not stop them. He was looking for only one certain vampire.

On the pier next to the *Titanic*, Lady Guff-Gorgon, Jane, and other passengers waited for their cargo to be unloaded from the ship. A quartermaster approached Lady Guff-Gorgon. “Ma’am,” he said, “I’m sorry, but your cargo seems to be missing. We can’t find that crated sarcophagus anywhere. We’ve no idea what happened to it.”

“Eek!” screeched Lady Guff-Gorgon. “I’ve been robbed!”

“Ma’am,” said the quartermaster, “there’s no proof that it was stolen.”

“No,” she answered. “Not that. Look!” she said, pointing. “My mummy fashion design!” squealed Lady Guff-Gorgon. “Somebody stole it! Somebody got to New York with it ahead of me! Jane, go have those people arrested.”

“But, Ma’am ...”

“Just do as I say, Jane.”

“Yes, Ma’am ...”

Lady Guff-Gorgon turned to the quartermaster. “You!” she ordered him. “Have those fashion thieves arrested and throw them into the brig! Have them keelhauled! Hang them from the yardarm! Feed them to the sharks!”

The quartermaster started to protest, but then stared helplessly as the mummy and his horde halted on the dock. “Board the ship! Rig a sling and load the obelisk into the ship’s hold!” shouted the mummy. His slaves in mummy costumes swarmed up the gangway and onto the deck of the *Titanic*. They climbed onto the derricks and lowered ropes onto the pier, while other slaves slung the ropes around the obelisk. With the ropes rigged, they hoisted the obelisk on board the *Titanic*.

Watching from the bridge of the *Titanic*. Captain Smith remarked, “Looks like we have some cargo for the return trip. A lot of passengers too.”

“And there’s Rigel!” exclaimed Officer Morlock, who went out onto the bridge wing and called to his dog down on the pier. “Rigel, where have you been?”

“Woof!” said Rigel.

On the deck of the *Titanic*, Pat and Mike leaned on the rail, watching the scene as the mummy’s slaves hoisted the Egyptian obelisk onto the ship.

“Mike,” said Pat, “will you look at that crowd of passengers! This must be the most popular ship in the world.”

“Right you are, Pat. I thought the first leg of the voyage was lucky, but things just keep getting better and better.”

As they watched, the mummy’s slaves lowered the obelisk through a hatch into a cargo hold. Then the mummy, standing on the pier, called out to his slaves: “Return to the city! I am finished with you.”

“Aw!” went up the cry from the mummy’s slaves, who wandered back into the streets of New York City.

The mummy then strode up the gangway and stood on the deck, looking out over the pier and the city. Igor followed him and stood beside him. “Not so fast,” said the mummy to Igor.

“What is it, Master?”

“Bring me a pretzel.”

“Yes, Master.”

As Pat and Mike continued watching the goings-on, Pat cried out, “Look! There’s Sean!”

A crowd of people dressed as zombies was marching up a street toward the pier. At the head of the parade was Sean the zombie, clutching the lucky pig. The parade followed Sean onto the pier and to the bottom of the gangway of the *Titanic*; Sean shuffled up the gangway, while the crowd dressed as zombies remained on the pier.

On the bridge of the *Titanic*. Captain Smith, First Officer Morlock, and Bruce Yamsi were still watching the activities on the pier and on the ship. When Captain Smith saw Sean the zombie coming up the gangway, he burst out: “My lucky pig!”

Rose was on the pier and was watching the zombie march. When she got a close look at Sean, she too cried out, “My lucky pig!”

As the mummy stood on the deck of the *Titanic* waiting for Igor to return with a pretzel, the mummy too noticed Sean the zombie coming up the gangway. “My lucky pig!” growled the mummy.

On the dock, Lady Guff-Gorgon was having a conniption over the mummy fashion getting to New York before her. “Jane,” she said, “I can’t stand the heartache of staying in New York and seeing my stolen creation paraded around the city. We are going straight back to England.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” answered Jane.

Passengers with luggage followed Sean the zombie up the ramp. One of them addressed Sean: “Will you hurry up, please!”

“Brains!” said Sean the zombie.

“Don’t talk that way to me, you foolish thing!” retorted the passenger, who then spied the mummy standing on deck. The passenger pointed at the mummy and turned to another passenger behind him. “And there’s another fool wearing a mummy costume!” he said. “What ruffraff we’re getting on this voyage!”

Meanwhile, the USS *Stingbat* was sitting on the surface of the ocean. Captain John “Jolly” Rogers, Executive Officer Silver, and a sailor on lookout duty were standing in the conning tower. They stared at an island with palm trees in the distance.

“We’ll wait here for the *Titanic*,” said Captain Rogers.

“Captain, I don’t think this is Halifax,” said Executive Officer Silver.

“Don’t let appearances deceive you, Mister Silver,” said Captain Rogers. “We went straight south from the North Pole. Of course this is Halifax. What else could it be?”

At its berth in New York, the last passengers boarded the *Titanic*, and Officer Belltoller called out, “All ashore that’s going ashore.” Stewards and stewardesses repeated the call and walked the decks and corridors of the ship, seeking out any remaining visitors. After the last visitors were shepherded ashore, the crew removed the gangway, and, at the captain’s order, began removing the lines that held the *Titanic* to the pier.

With a blast of the whistle, nudged by tugboats, the ship moved backwards out into the channel of the Hudson River. The passengers’ friends and families, the mummy’s slaves, and the zombie marchers waved goodbye from the pier.

The *Titanic* turned to head south toward New York Bay. As the ship passed the Statue of Liberty, the mummy and Igor watched it from the deck.

“I’ll be back,” said the mummy.

On a street corner in New York, near the pier, people in mummy wrappings walked by, and the zombie marchers dispersed. Other people in sailor suits passed by, walking down the street. A newsboy standing on a corner held a newspaper above his head and shouted, “Read all about it! Sailor suit fashion craze sweeps New York!”

People stopped and crowded around him, buying newspapers.

10 At Sea

On board the *Titanic*, Rose sat at a table playing cards with Bruce Yamsi and Jersey Jones. Steward “Shifty” Schmidt stood nearby, looking on. She looked up in surprise when Jack and his French girls walked in. “Jack!” she exclaimed. “You said you had to leave me and live in New York.”

“My French girls and I did not find it to our liking” was all he said. “And I need a coffin of soil from my native land. Do you know where I might find a coffin or, say, a sarcophagus?”

“No, Jack,” she answered.

“Then I must go home,” he said. “Since we’ll be sharing the voyage back, do you mind if we join you at cards?”

“Not at all,” said Rose. “You will make the game more interesting.”

Jack and his three French girls sat down at the table and tossed some money into the center of the table, and Rose dealt hands of cards to them.

“Oh!” said Rose, pointing. “There’s the Statue of Liberty!”

Jack, his French girls, Bruce Yamsi, and Jersey Jones turned to look. While they were distracted, Rose took an ace of hearts from her hand and placed it with her cards on the table.

“Oh! Look!” she said. “I win again!” She scooped all the poker chips towards her.

“Rose, you always win!” complained Jack.

“I guess I’m just lucky—a lucky woman on a lucky ship,” she answered.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith and First Officer Morlock entered the room, trailed by Rigel the wonder dog.

“A lucky ship indeed, and unsinkable too—just like you, Rose,” said Captain Smith. “I think you bring us luck.”

“Why is she winning?” Captain Smith whispered to Steward “Shifty” Schmidt. “She didn’t get the pig back, did she?”

“I haven’t seen her with it, sir,” answered Schmidt.

“Well, find it and get it for me. If I don’t get it, we’ll be S.O.L., if you get me.”

“Indeed, sir.”

Just as they were leaving, Officer Belltoller passed by in the corridor. When he glanced in and saw Jack, Officer Belltoller rushed in, drawing his revolver. “Count Jackula! We meet again!” he shouted. When they saw Officer Belltoller’s drawn revolver, everyone at the table ducked except for Jack, who turned into a bat and flew out on deck.

“You’d think Belltoller would have anticipated that,” said Rose to herself.

Officer Belltoller charged out onto the deck, turned, and fired his revolver. “Curses! I missed again,” he hissed, then took off running down the deck. Rose ran out onto the deck, but Belltoller was already far down the deck, and she could see in the air, high above the ship, a bat flying around, avoiding Belltoller’s bullets.

The card game apparently over, Jersey Jones walked out of the room and strode to the radio shack. When he entered, the radio telegraph operator looked up with irritation. “Don’t tell me you have another urgent message for the White House.”

“As a matter of fact, I do,” replied Jersey Jones. “Please send this:

Teddy: Mission a total failure. Mummy won. Plus zombie still undead and four vampires at large, all on board Titanic with me. Egyptian obelisk stolen from New York but out of reach on this British ship. As for worst news (fashion disaster), have you read papers? J. Jones. P.S. Thank you for sending sub. It failed too.”

“Are you expecting a reply?” asked the radio telegraph operator.

“Confirmation at least,” answered Jones. “And if I’m not all washed up, maybe another assignment. I’ll wait outside.”

Jersey Jones went out on deck and looked out on the ocean. In the distance, he could see the New York coast receding. “Whatever did become of that submarine?” he asked himself.

As he stood there brooding, the radio telegraph operator came out on deck. “Sir?” he said. “The White House has replied already. Here’s the message.” He handed Jersey Jones a sheet of paper. Jones thanked the operator, took the paper, and read it:

Sailor clothes are bully. Big navy fan, me. You must retrieve obelisk. Report when done. Off to Panama to work on canal. Teddy.

“Bully fashion. Retrieve obelisk,” Jersey Jones muttered to himself.

Just then Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane came walking along the deck. Jane was wearing a sailor suit. “Jane,” said Lady Guff-Gorgon, “it is gratifying that the world recognized my genius and swarmed to my sailor suit fashion, but I still cannot get over the heartbreak of having my mummy fashion stolen. If not for my sailor suit fashion, I would be impoverished! Ruined!”

“Yes, Ma’am, but you still haven’t created the Father Brown fashion or the line of clothes based on Igor’s native costume when we first met him.”

“Thank you for pointing out my unflagging genius, Jane. In fact, I still have Igor’s previous clothes, ready to trace onto paper. But not on board ship! My pattern would be stolen before we ever reached Europe. I will wait until we disembark before committing anything to paper. But once we reach London, I will shepherd my brain children, my little lambs, into production, and then I will be the foremost fashion designer in the Old World too.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” answered Jane.

“Since you have been so appreciative of my talent,” said Lady Guff-Gorgon, “you may have ten minutes of leisure after I retire for the night.”

“Thank you, Ma’am.”

They entered their cabin and shut the door. An hour later, the light went out and Jane reemerged on deck, still wearing her sailor suit. She wandered the deck alone and then spied Jersey Jones, still leaning on the rail and staring out at the sea.

“Oh, Jersey,” she said, walking up to him. Jersey Jones cringed.

“You were such a hero fighting the mummy and staring down that submarine.”

Jersey Jones cringed again but remembered that he was in her debt. “You saved my life when I was chained to that pipe,” he said.

“Oh, I was glad to help,” she said. “I’m handy with an axe.”

“Indeed you are.”

“Lady Guff-Gorgon has gone to sleep,” she said. “I have ten minutes of leisure. But I’m thinking of extending that indefinitely. With this sailor suit, I could blend in with the crew.”

“I suppose you might,” admitted Jersey Jones.

“I know where to get a sailor suit for you too,” she said.

“I guess you do,” he answered.

“Then we could both blend in with the crew and go on adventures together!”

Jersey Jones only half cringed this time. He thought of President Teddy Roosevelt’s enthusiasm for the sailor suit fashion and the president’s order to retrieve the obelisk. “Maybe that’s not such a bad idea,” he said to Jane.

“I’ll be right back with a sailor suit for you!” said Jane and darted off toward the cabin. Then she stopped and said, over her shoulder, “But hang onto your safari hat. I have a feeling you’ll be needing it. I’ll have to get one too.”

“Maybe my adventures are not over,” said Jersey Jones to himself, “if my—our—luck holds out.”

On the stern deck of the *Titanic*, Pat and Mike, off duty, leaned on the rail, gazing back toward North America. Behind them, Sean the zombie passed by, carrying the windup musical pig.

“Can you believe it, Mike?” asked Pat. “No more RMS. The *Titanic* is no longer a royal mail steamer! The government took away the mail contract.”

“And for what?” answered Mike. “Just because we have a mummy on board?”

“And a few vampires. And a zombie. Poor old Sean.”

“Well, Pat, they can take away the mail, but to me, the *Titanic* is still the ship o’ luck.”

Below them, on the stern of the ship, the letters “RMS” had been crossed out and the letters “SOL” painted in their place.