

HOLMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS



**FOR THE YOUNG
MYSTERY FAN**

WELCOME TO HOLMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

| - Feature - | - Page # - |
|--|-------------|
| Slylock Fox designed by Bob Weber Jr. | Front Cover |
| Welcome To Holmes For The Holidays. | 2 |
| Billy's Page - reader's contributions | 3 |
| "Piggerton's Trick or Treat" - cartoon by Jeff Decker, BSI. | 4 |
| Hugh Dunit Asks: "What Is It?" | 6 |
| "Piggerton" Color Page - art by Jeff Decker, BSI | 7 |
| R U 4 K9's, 2? | 8 |
| "It's Elementary" - our answer page | 9 |
| "Olmes n Watso" - by Jim Vogelsang | 10 |
| "Animal Instinct" art by Jeff Huddleston | 12 |
| "The Ghost Ship" (part 2) - story by Stephen W. Dalton Illustrations by Troy Taylor | 13 |
| Slylock Fox Mysteries - by Bob Weber Jr. | 40 |

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BILLY'S PAGE



Sherlock's

Trick or Treat Tips

1. Only visit homes with porch lights turned on.
2. Trick or Treat with other boys or "ghouls" - never go out prowling alone.
3. Have an adult check your treats before you start goblin' them up.
4. Sherlock was a master of disguise, but he always made sure he could see clearly. Make sure your mask doesn't hinder your vision.

Q - What did Dr. Watson say to the Invisible Man's wife?

A - I can't see anything wrong with your husband.

Frankenstein's Monster: "Dr. Watson operated on me last week and I really enjoyed it."

Dr. Acula: "How come?"

Franky: "The doctor had me in stitches!"

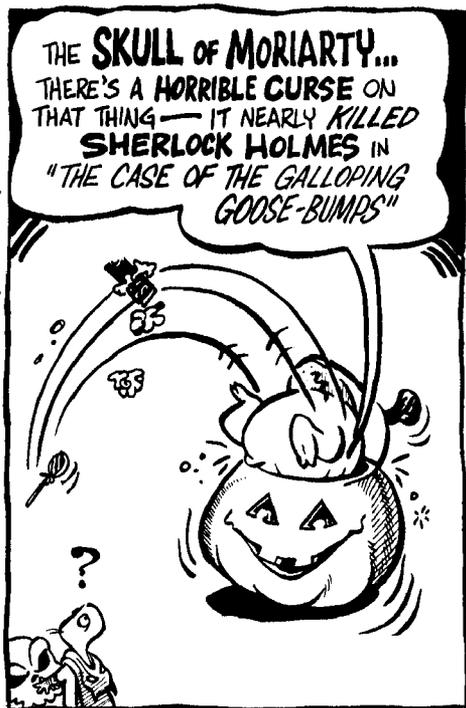
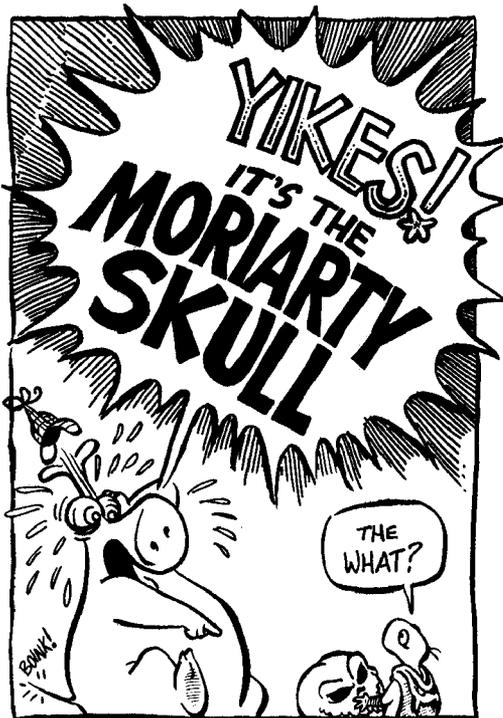
- FOR SALE -
One BRIGHT Hound
Eats anything
Loves Kids

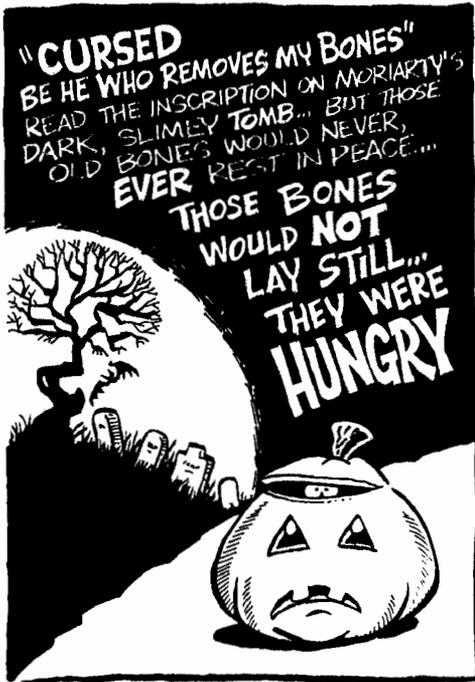
one Dartmoor owner
Apply at:

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— Animal Dealers —
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"CURSED
BE HE WHO REMOVES MY BONES"
READ THE INSCRIPTION ON MORIARTY'S
DARK, SLIMEY TOMB... BUT THOSE
OLD BONES WOULD NEVER,
EVER REST IN PEACE...
THOSE BONES
WOULD NOT
LAY STILL...
THEY WERE
HUNGRY



AND NOW
THIS EVIL THING
HAUNTS THE NIGHT...
FEEDING ON THE
TENDER BODIES
OF YOUNG
BABES!



TAKE MY ADVICE —
SINK THAT SKULL
IN THE CATTERWAHL CREEK
BEFORE IT EATS YOU...

HEY, WHAT'S UP?

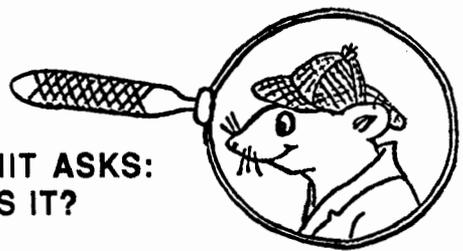
-SNIFF-
-SNIFF-
-SNIFF-
HMMM...?



(CRUNCH)
MMMMMMMMMMMM (CRUNCH)
VANILLA COATING WITH A
CARAMEL CENTER...
IT'S
CANDY!

AH, WELL —
IT MADE A GOOD STORY
(SLOBBER
SLOBBER)

J. Decker



HUGH DUNNIT ASKS: WHAT IS IT?

Hugh Dunit, our mysterious mouse detective has listed seven clues to the above question. Using your best detective skills, and a little luck, read one clue at a time (in any order) and see how many clues it takes you to solve the mystery of **What Is it?**

- 1) I've been around since the fifth century B.C.
- 2) The ancient Celts in Ireland held me at their official end of summer on "All Hallows Eve".
- 3) At the end of October, Celtic households put out the fires in their fireplaces to make their homes cold and undesirable to ghosts.
- 4) On my night, a Celtic leader would light a huge bonfire in honor of their sun god. To frighten away pesky ghosts, the villagers would dress as demons and witches.
- 5) Irish immigrants fleeing a potato famine in the 1840's brought my custom of costumes and mischief to America.
- 6) Just as the Pilgrims made the edible part of the pumpkin a hallmark of Thanksgiving in the United States, the Irish made the outer shell an important part of my holiday.
- 7) On my night you can still see ghosts and witches, but also werewolves, vampires, princesses, mermaids and just about any creature imaginable.

Answer on page 9.





PLEASE KNOCK

Color Piggerton



J. Decker

R U 4 K9's, 2?

The Hound of the Baskervilles has given bloodhounds a bad reputation. He wasn't the only hound born in that litter, though. Several of his brothers and sisters grew up to be great friends to man. Despite the bad PR, these pups sold quickly. Can you translate the conversation below which was held between two shoppers at Ross and Mangles - the animal dealers that sold Stapleton his giant hound?

Dr. Mortimer: R U BZ?

Mrs. Hudson: Y, S. Y?

Dr. Mortimer: I M NEZ.

Mrs. Hudson: Y R U NEZ?

Dr. Mortimer: I C A QD K9.
I 1[^]DR F NE1 L's C's M.

Mrs. Hudson: 1 C M, 2. E SN QD -
E's A QT!
NE1 KN C E's B9.

Dr. Mortimer: OK, OK. I KN C E's A B9 K9, 2.
XQs ME!



Translation on page 9.
NO PEEKING!

HAPPY HALLOWEEN !



From the staff
of "Holmes For
The Holidays"



IT'S ELEMENTARY
- Our Answer Page -

Hugh Dunit Asks: "What Is It?" (page 6)

Our mystery subject for this issue is Halloween. Sherlock Holmes used his knowledge of the Celts and solved this puzzle in just one clue (#4), Dr. Watson used two this time (#6 & #5), and Inspector Lestrade needed three clues (#7, #6, & #3).

"R U 4 K9's, 2?" (page 8)

Translation

Dr. M: Are you busy?
Mrs. H: Why, yes. Why?
Dr. M: I am uneasy.
Mrs. H: Why are you uneasy?
Dr. M: I see a seedy canine.
I wonder if anyone else sees him.
Mrs. H: I see him, too. He isn't seedy -
He's a cutey!
Anyone can see he's benign.
Dr. M: Okay, okay. I can see he's a benign
canine, too.
EXCUSE ME!



*Sue
Dart*

OLMES 'N WATSO

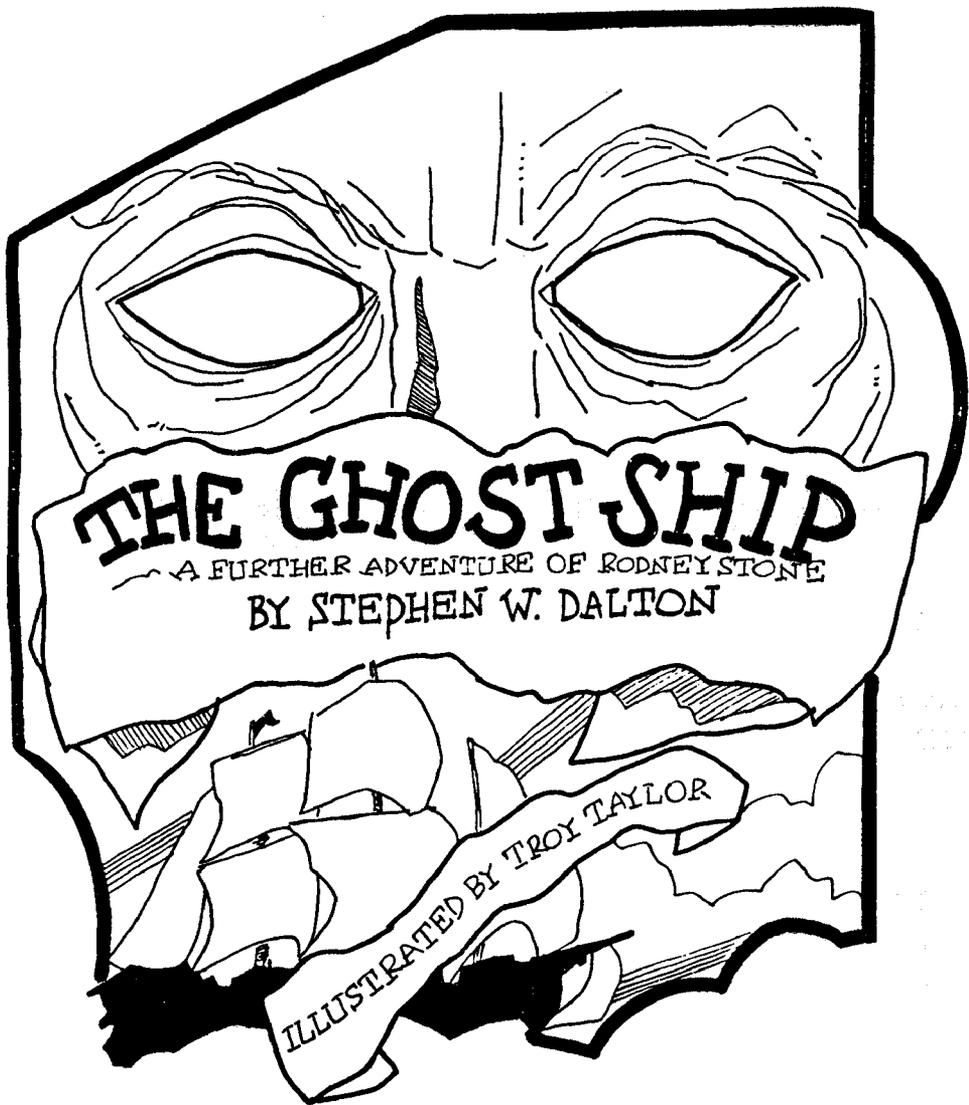
IS IT WISE TO GO
OUT ON HALLOWEEN
NIGHT ?



Afraid of
WITCHES, WATSO.
HA. HA.





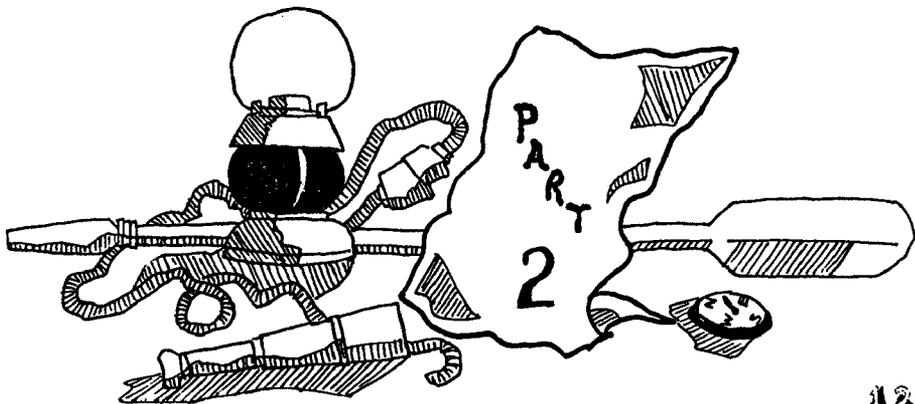


THE GHOST SHIP

A FURTHER ADVENTURE OF RODNEY STONE

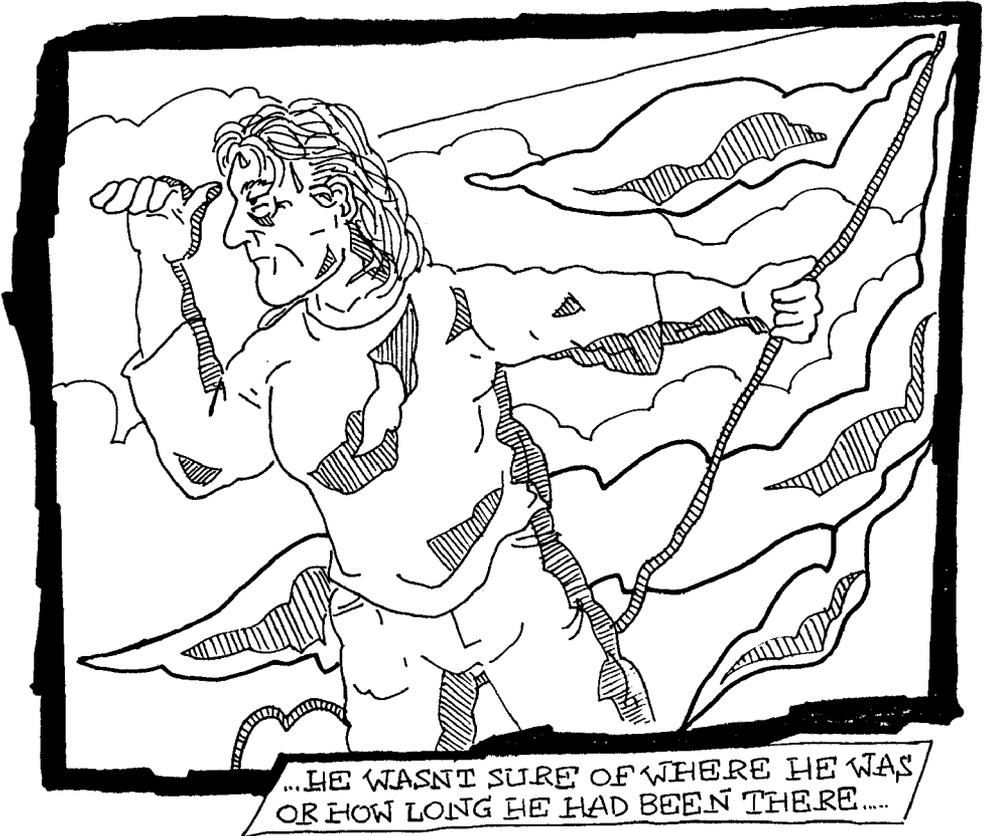
BY STEPHEN W. DALTON

ILLUSTRATED BY TROY TAYLOR



PART TWO: THE FOG

The dinghy sliced through the gloom like a sharp knife. The sea was calm, tiny swells slapping against the small sailboat. He had no control of the craft----no oars, no sails, and a broken rudder----all he could do was flow with the current, blinded by the thick fog that seemed to smother everything around him. After drifting aimlessly for what seemed to him like a couple of days, he wasn't sure of where he was or how long he had been there. He was imprisoned in the all-consuming fog, and all he could do was sit helplessly in the open boat and hope for a miracle.



...HE WASN'T SURE OF WHERE HE WAS
OR HOW LONG HE HAD BEEN THERE....

Thirst had become a problem for him, made worse by the thought that he was surrounded completely by water. He knew better than to drink salt water----that would kill him faster than the thirst could----so all he could do was stare at the only thing he could see besides his boat and the fog, wishing for all he was worth that he could drink it but not daring to. Later, he experienced another craving, almost as strong as the thirst; the pangs of hunger began to overtake him, and his stomach growling was soon the only sound besides the sea lapping at the dinghy that carried him.

He wondered if he were still in the English Channel or if he had drifted into the North Sea by now. He hoped for the first option, because he had a better chance of being rescued or finding land there since it was such a narrow waterway. If he were out in the open expanse of the North Sea, he was in big trouble, for a small sailboat like a dinghy was no match for the cold, raging storms that often blew up there. He hoped he was still in the English Channel, but he feared the worst, since he hadn't heard any other boats or ships out in the fog with him.

It had all started out so innocently, just a few days ago. He had taken a jet to England to vacation with his relatives at Brighton, and had asked if he could take their dinghy out into the English Channel. His uncle had been reluctant at first, but he had assured him that he was an experienced sailor for a teen-ager. Actually, he had sailed a bit on some lakes back home in the

United States, but he neglected to tell his uncle that he had never taken a sailboat out into the open sea. He figured there couldn't have been too much difference between a freshwater lake and a saltwater channel----after all, wasn't all water just water and sailing just the same on any surface? He was sure he could handle it, and he finally convinced his uncle to let him try it.

Things had gone so smoothly, at first. It had been a beautiful day, a blue sky studded with white, fleecy clouds overhead. The Channel sparkled beneath the boat as a stiff breeze filled the sails and pushed him along; he could barely make out the French coastline in the distance. It seemed to be a perfect day for sailing----and, outside of the swells of sea moving the boat up and down, it didn't really seem all that different from sailing on freshwater.

He had been admiring the scenery so much that he somehow hadn't noticed when the sea became a bit more choppy. There was a sudden gust of wind, and the sails jerked sideways, tipping the dinghy and nearly knocking him into the water. Looking around, he spotted the thunderheads rolling toward him; whitecaps suddenly dotted the tips of the waves. He then realized just how far away from shore he was.

It was time to make a decision, and a quick one. He could either keep the sails up and try to make for shore before the storm arrived, or he could take in the sails and row for land. Either way, it looked like he was in trouble. If the storm hit him with full sail, he would most likely

capsize and sink, if it didn't rip his sails to shreds and snap the mast first---but he couldn't possibly make it to shore ahead of time without the wind in his sails, and he would never be able to reach land before the storm hit if he tried rowing. It looked to him as if he were stuck in the middle of the Channel with no hope whatsoever of avoiding the approaching storm.

His decision was made for him before he had a chance to do any more thinking about it. There was a rumble of thunder, then what felt like a solid wall of wind crashing into the dinghy. He grabbed onto the mast and held on for dear life as the tiny boat rolled over.

He was suddenly under water. Losing his grip on the mast, he swam upward. He broke the surface, filled his lungs with air, then was able to tread water while glancing around for his boat. There, about twenty yards from him, was the dinghy, now upright again, tossing around in the churning waves like a toy boat in a bathtub. Stroking toward his craft through the choppy swells of sea, he reached it and held on. Thunder crashed, lightning shimmered, and the skies opened up, pouring rain down through the blowing gale.

He managed to crawl up into the boat, which was nearly swamped with water. The sails were already shredded to pieces, strips of canvas blowing wildly around the mast; the oars were nowhere to be seen, having washed away when the boat overturned. He began frantically splashing the water out of the dinghy, hoping to somehow

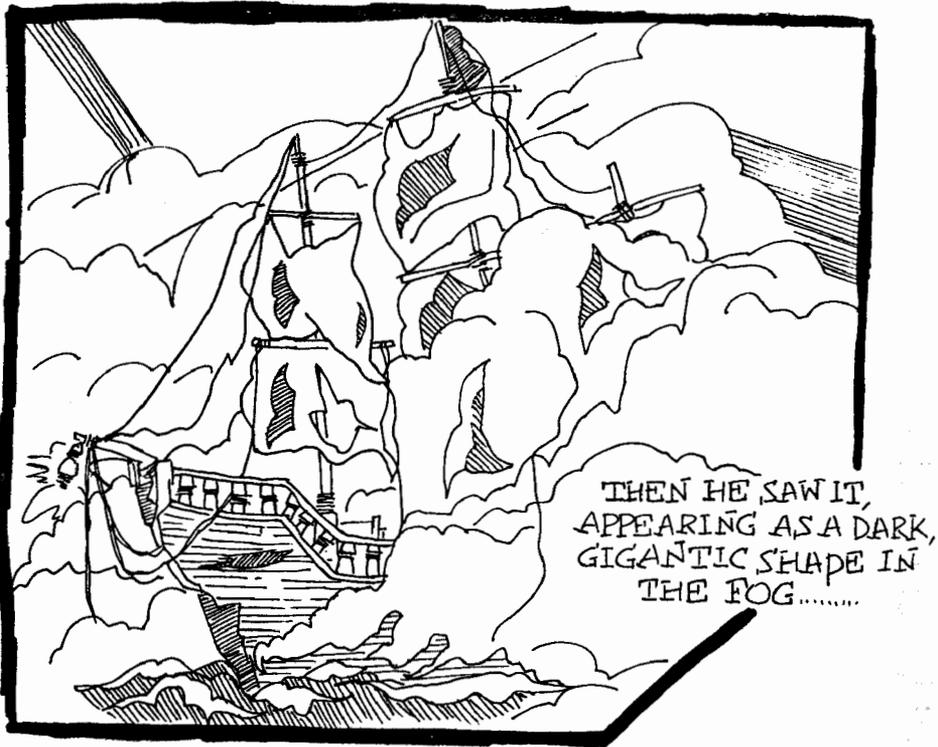
keep afloat as the storm raged on around him. Finally he gave up the bailing effort, as he had to grip both hands on the mast to keep from being thrown from the violently pitching boat. All he could do then was pray and hold on as best he could.

Then, just like that, it was over. The winds, the thunder, and the lightning stopped, although the rain continued into the twilight. He did a quick check for damage to the boat---the sails were in tatters, the oars were missing, and the rudder had snapped in two, but the dinghy was still afloat. He bailed water out for a while, then fell asleep, exhausted, in spite of the drizzle that spattered his face.

He had no idea how long he had slept, but when he awoke, the thick fog was all around him. That had been some time ago, perhaps a day or even several days. And now he was still drifting through the fog that never seemed to end. He was tired, thirsty, hungry, confused, lonely---and most of all, he was afraid.

After what seemed to him like eons of silence, he suddenly heard something in the dense fog. It sounded like the creaking of wood, along with a rushing noise, as if something wooden and very large was moving quickly toward him. His first thought was that it might be a ship and that he might be rescued. But his second thought was that a modern ship that large probably wouldn't be made of wood.

Then he saw it, appearing as a dark, gigantic shape in the fog---and it was coming straight at



him. As it moved closer, he could gradually make out more details. It was a ship, all right, but it was unlike any ship he had ever seen.

He blinked his eyes, tempted to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming. As the ship neared him and he could see it more clearly, he wondered if he might be seeing things---it wasn't of this century, or any century close to the present. It looked like the paintings he had seen of the fighting sail ships of the 1700's or 1800's. But strangest of all, the ship's masts were all shortened and jagged, as if something had sheared each one off near the base. There were holes all over the gunwales; the old battleship looked as if it had gotten the worst of the battle. His hopes

for rescue were suddenly tempered with fear of the unknown, and he was now a bit more hesitant to celebrate than he had been upon first sight of the ship.

But his instinct for survival, combined with his thirst and hunger, overcame any doubts or fears he might have. He stood up in the dinghy and began waving his arms in the air as the massive ship grew near. "Hey!" he screamed as loud as he could, "Help! I need help!"

The ship plowed on through the water, narrowly missing his tiny boat. As the bow passed, he could barely make out, through the thick fog, the name of the ship---VICTORY.

Seemingly oblivious to his plight, the old ship glided on by. Its wooden planked sides were draped with rotting seaweed and barnacles; with the gaping holes and splintered pieces all over it, it seemed to him a miracle that it was still floating. But the weirdest thing of all was how it was managing to chug along through the water at such a good speed, considering that the mastless ship had no sails and there was no wind. It was almost as if the fog itself was somehow propelling it through the Channel.

Even though the old ship was strange, even scary, it was his only hope. He figured he had nothing to lose now; if the ship left him behind, he was sure he would die of thirst, starvation, or exposure. He dove off the dinghy and swam as fast as he could toward the VICTORY.

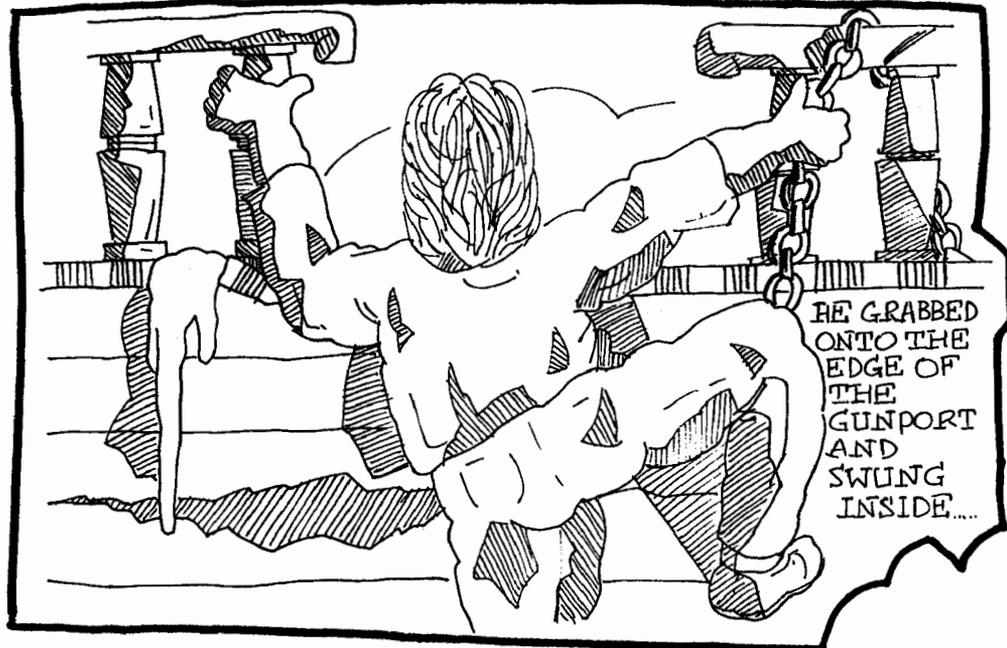
He reached it just in time to grab onto a jagged piece of wood sticking out of the hull near

the waterline. Then he inched his way toward a line hanging into the water. He seized the thick, moldy rope and began to slowly scale the seaweed and barnacle-encrusted side of the ship, grunting and puffing as he climbed.

With the immense size of the VICTORY, it seemed like it took him forever, but he finally made it to one of the open gun ports. Just inside the shadow of the opening, he could see the shape of a cannon muzzle, rusted and decaying. That further confused him----at first, he had thought the ship might be a restored model, but with the seaweed covering the moldy, rotting wood, the missing masts, the gaping holes, and now the rusty cannon, he wasn't exactly certain what he was getting himself into. It was as if the old ship had just emerged from a fierce battle hundreds of years ago into his modern day; or perhaps he had somehow been zapped into the ship's time. Either way, he didn't like it, and his heart thumped wildly as he prepared to enter the moldering old vessel.

He grabbed onto the edge of the gunport and swung inside, landing on his feet on the wooden planks of a gun deck. What he saw as his eyes adjusted to the darkness nearly stopped his heart from beating.

There, sitting behind the row of rusted cannons, were members of the crew, all wearing uniforms of old and all staring blankly into space. It was as if he had entered a floating museum, complete with relics from the past, but not restored or cleaned up----and to top it all off,



here were humans from the same time period, looking alive but at the same time not quite alive.

He tried to tip-toe by them, careful not to disturb their eerie, wide-eyed sort of slumber. His knees began to tremble as thoughts of zombies and the living dead raced through his mind. The last thing he wanted to do was bother them in any way. They continued to stare, as if not quite there, as he eased by the row of them. Not one of them seemed to even notice him as he crept along, hugging the outward edge of the gun deck as far away as he could get.

"Ahoy there!" came a crusty voice to his rear, startling him. A lump formed in his throat as he slowly turned around, curious to see who or what had just spoken to him but terrified of just what he might have to face.

"And who might you be, lad?" said a grizzled old seaman, regarding him suspiciously; he was



wearing the same outdated outfit as the rest, but he was definitely more lively.

He didn't speak at first----he was too shocked that someone from this group had spoken to him----all he could do was stare back at him for a while, open-mouthed and scared half to death. The old sailor stood there, eying him warily as he waited for his reply.

"My n-name is Jim Wilson," he rasped through a dry mouth, "Where...uh, wh-where am I?"

"You're on the ghost ship, lad," the seaman answered, "Used to be H.M.S. VICTORY...now it's a ship of the dead."

"The dead?" he barely whispered, "Am I...d-dead?"

"If you're with us..." The old salt paused, thinking. "You're amongst the dead. You might be a ghost, like the rest of us."

"I don't feel like...like a gh-ghost." He touched his body to make sure it was still solid. "I d-don't know...maybe I died in the storm and didn't know it."

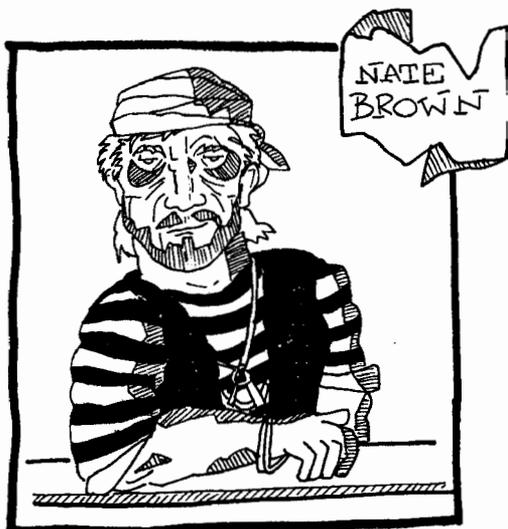
"Then again, maybe you ain't dead at all. Most of us died at the Battle of Trafalgar, in the haunted fog. It's the fog that made us ghosts...if you died in the fog, then you're one of us. But YOU didn't die at Trafalgar. I can't understand it, lad." He shook his head in thought, then seemed to snap out of it, extending a hand. "Welcome aboard, lad. I'm Nate Brown, gunner's mate first-class, under the command of the famous Admiral Horatio Nelson."

"Nelson?" He swallowed hard. "THE Admiral Nelson?"

"Aye, lad, one and the same...victor at Trafalgar, killed at Trafalgar. Felled early in the battle

by a French sharpshooter's musket ball in the fog, been on this ghost ship ever since. I myself died there, just minutes before he did. The powder magazine blew, and I was sent sky-high with it. But it was the greatest English naval victory of all time, and we was all there...ol' Napoleon never had a chance after we destroyed his fleet."

"Napoleon?" This was getting much too strange. "Wait a minute...when WAS this battle?"



"October of 1805, it was. A great day in history, lad, and we was there to see it."

"And you've been on this ship ever since? Why...why, that's almost two hundred years!"

"Has it been that long?" He frowned. "It's hard to tell the time in the ghost ship, always bein' in the fog like this. What year is it now, lad?" "It's 1993..." He paused. "Now, let me get something straight, here. This ghost ship...you have to be dead to be on it? Does that mean I'M dead?"

"All of US is dead. But we was all part of Nelson's crew at Trafalgar, and most of us died in the haunted fog. I know you wasn't there with us...if you're dead, then you just now died." He thought for a moment. "No, that don't make no sense. We're all from the VICTORY...all of us. So how'd YOU get here? Maybe you ain't no ghost, then."

"I sure hope not. Uh...if I'm not dead, then does that mean I have to stay here? Can't I get off this ship if I want to? But if I AM dead..." The thought of sailing for an eternity on a derelict ship manned by the dead made him shiver. "How do I find out? Does anybody here know?"

"Let's talk to Ensign Stone. He's smart enough, and he didn't die on that bloody day at Trafalgar...he joined us after he died an old man. He knows more'n I do, and he's a different case than most of us. He didn't die in the fog like I did."

He followed the old mariner up a series of ladders until they reached the top deck. There,

standing in the fog, was a young, neatly-dressed officer. Jim waited as Nate Brown talked to the officer, occasionally gesturing toward him. The officer's eyes widened as he listened, then narrowed as he studied Jim with interest.

The officer strolled over to him, offering his hand. "Ensign Rodney Stone, His majesty's Royal Navy," he said as he shook his hand, "Pleased to meet you, Jim...although I'm sorry it had to be under such strange circumstances for you."



"I'm not so crazy about it myself, let me tell you. Uh...gunner's mate Brown says you can tell me whether I'm dead or not."

"Perhaps. Where did you come from? And how did you get aboard our ship? We've seen no one out here for years."

Jim proceeded to tell him the story of how he had become stranded at sea and how he had climbed aboard hoping to be rescued. Ensign Stone listened attentively, nodding at intervals.

"I cannot be certain, Jim," he said after he had finished his tale, "But I do not think you are dead, as we are. I believe that you somehow happened to run across us...an unlikely occurrence, I'll admit, since we usually avoid the living as much as possible. But your craft was so small, and silent...apparently you spotted us before we spotted you." He sighed. "And besides, you are not one of us, so you do not belong on this ship. You see, we were all present at the Battle of Trafalgar...some of us died there, others later. I lived to a ripe old age, myself. When I died, I found myself on the ghost ship, along with the rest of the crew of the VICTORY. All of us present on that day...October 21, 1805...all of us are here now."

"But why? Why all of you? Brown told me you had to die in the fog that day...if you survived the battle, then why are you on the ghost ship?"

"Admiral Nelson, I suppose...loyalty to the greatest commander ever to set foot on a ship. His will is so strong, his character so pervasive, we have lost our own individual destinies. As he controlled us in life, so, too, he controls us in death. We have no choice but to follow him in his quest."

"His quest? What is so important that you have to serve him after death?"

"Admiral Nelson is pursuing the French

admiral Pierre Charles de Villeneuve, the man he defeated in life. So you wonder why we chase him in death?"

"Because only Villeneuve knows who betrayed Nelson. Only he knows who it was, and he is imprisoned in the fog as we are. But we are now closing in on him. We will have him soon...even the fog cannot hide him from us forever."

"Villeneuve died at Trafalgar too?"

"No...Admiral Nelson died there. A sharpshooter aboard the French ship REDOUBTABLE spotted him on the quarterdeck of the VICTORY when we were attempting to board their ship. I was in the water by then, having been knocked off the ship when our mizzenmast fell from the cannonfire from another enemy ship, so I did not witness his death myself. But every sailing man of my generation knows the story well."

Ensign Stone cleared his throat, then went on: "In spite of warnings from his flag captain, Thomas Hardy, Admiral Nelson insisted upon wearing all of his decorations on his coat on the quarterdeck during the battle. The French sharpshooters on the REDOUBTABLE drove everyone except Nelson and Hardy off the top deck with a hail of musketfire...they knew instantly who the small one-armed man covered with medals was. A musket ball lodged in his spine, and he was carried below decks. He knew right away he was dying. He asked Captain Hardy not to throw him overboard when he was gone...he also asked that Lady Hamilton, the woman he loved, be looked after. Four hours later, after Captain

Hardy informed him that the battle was won, he died. 'Thank God that I have done my duty well' were his last words."



He paused, then continued: "Admiral Collingwood had to finish the battle after Nelson died. Of course, the hurricane that came in that night and blew for three days afterward finished off everything else, including many of the wounded and some of the battered ships. I was fortunate enough to wash ashore with the wreckage and the bodies...I was somehow still alive, though barely."

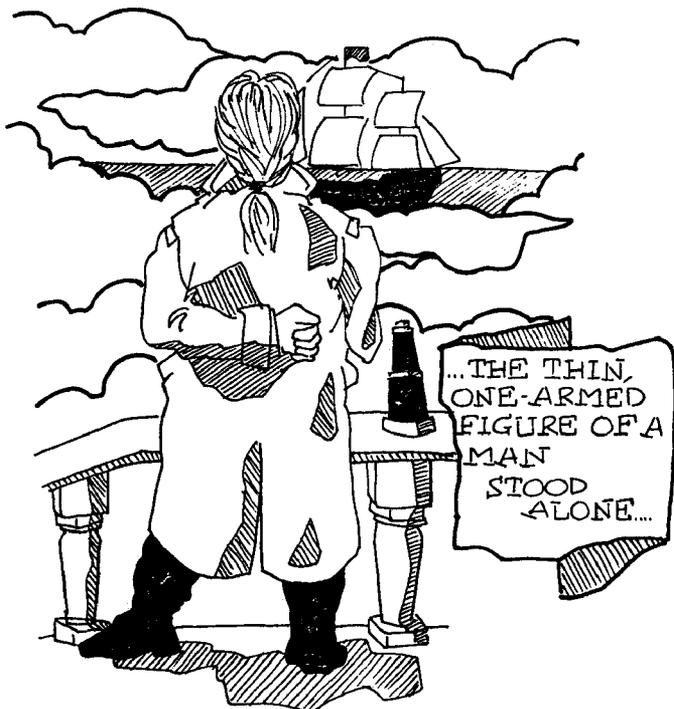
"But if Villeneuve didn't die in the battle or the fog, then why is HE on a ghost ship?"

"Because he has never been able to escape from Nelson's shadow, neither in life NOR in death. After being taken prisoner by Collingwood, he could not get away from Nelson's presence, even though his long-time rival was dead. He was forced to sail back in one of our ships with Nelson's body aboard...preserved in a cask of brandy, it was, for the long trip...and his coffin

was carved from spars from the French flagship ORIENT, which Nelson had destroyed at the Battle of the Nile and which Villeneuve had been aboard...then, as a further indignity, he was made to attend Nelson's funeral in London before he was released. Napoleon then disgraced him in his own country by blaming the defeat at Trafalgar entirely on Villeneuve...he publicly called his admiral a coward and a traitor, even though he had never possessed the proper resources, his ships were not seaworthy, and his crews were untested and untrained. He never had a chance against a genius like Nelson. He became France's scapegoat for the defeat, and he used his dagger on himself after his total humiliation by Napoleon. Now the poor devil spends his eternity being hounded by the man who defeated him in life, Admiral Nelson." He gestured to the quarterdeck ahead, where the thin, one-armed figure of a man stood alone.

"Nelson merely wants Villeneuve to reveal to him who betrayed his every move when he chased him across the seas." Ensign Stone pointed past Jim's shoulder. "But at last our quest is coming to an end. There, ahead, is the BUCENTAURE, Villeneuve's ship. We are finally closing in on him...here, in the English Channel, after years of pursuit all over the world. At last, we have him. Now perhaps all of us can finally rest in peace."

Jim peered ahead, past Nelson's dim silhouette. There, off the starboard side, was the shadowy figure of a ship. The VICTORY appeared to be closing in on it quickly, although he still



couldn't figure out just what was moving it; he guessed it was the fiery will of Nelson himself that drove the ship on without sails or wind.

"Man the battle stations!" Admiral Nelson barked as his crew scurried around him in instant response to his order; Jim could hear shouts coming from the BUCENTAURE as the distance between the enemy ships shortened.

Suddenly cannonfire erupted from below as the VICTORY opened a full volley upon the French ship. The BUCENTAURE returned fire, flashes of light belching outward through the fog. Both battleships shuddered as they took the brunt of the cannonballs. Several of Nelson's men now lined the decks, grappling hooks ready to be



hurled for boarding the enemy ship.

The artillery stopped, and the two ships were now side by side. He could now make out the Frenchmen aboard the BUCENTAURE, with their sabers bared and muskets ready. The grappling hooks flew through the air and hit the wooden decks of the enemy vessel. Soon the two ships were almost touching flanks as Nelson's men tightened the ropes and drew them closer together. There was a deadly silence as the opposing sailors eyed each other, ready for battle.

"When the fighting begins, I would advise you to leave us," Ensign Stone whispered to Jim, "You are most likely still alive, so the weapons could kill you. If you die in the fog, you may be one of us."

"No problem..." Jim said, a chill running up his spine, "I won't waste any time getting out of here when the shooting starts, believe me."

"There is a lifeboat with oars on the port side

of our ship. Lower it to the sea and get away as quickly as you can."

"Thank, Ensign Stone." He suddenly thought of something. "Uh, wait a minute. If you guys are already dead...then what's the use of a battle? I mean, you can't be killed or anything like that..."

"Death is no longer a concern for us, it is true. But the outcome of the battle means everything. Nelson wants to finish the battle he was unable to finish in life...and Villeneuve wishes nothing more than to avenge his defeat in death."

"Admiral Villeneuve!" Nelson's voice rang out, shattering the silence, "Will you surrender your ship to me? Or will I have to take it from you by force?"

"You will have to take it..." Villeneuve responded, defiance in his voice, "And I am prepared to fight you for every inch of it!"

"So be it, Villeneuve. But before we do battle, I must know of something, or my soul shall never be able to rest. Will you answer my question?"

"Ask it, Nelson, and I will reply. I have nothing to hide from you."

"Who betrayed me before Trafalgar? Who was it that warned you of my every move?"

"That is simple enough...it was your own royalty, the Prince of Wales, who betrayed you."

"What! The Prince of Wales? Impossible!"

"The future successor to the throne at the time of our battle...he was later to become King George IV," Ensign Stone explained to Jim, "Son of the mad King George III, he was a useless sort,

both as Prince of Wales and as king. But to betray his own navy...that I cannot believe."

"Yes, it was the Prince of Wales, soon to be king of England," Villeneuve repeated, snorting, "He was in love with your Lady Hamilton, and he sought to discredit you with a thorough defeat at my hands. He wanted to ruin your career, and thereby win Lady Hamilton from you."

"But she spurned his advances!" Nelson snarled, visibly upset.

"Does it matter now, Nelson? The plans of the living never affect the fates of the dead...none of it matters now. Whether or not he stole her love from you, I lost the battle nevertheless. The Prince's plans failed...and I, too, failed. Napoleon needed my ships to transport troops to Italy, so I was ordered out of my safe port of Cadiz, even though I was unprepared to do battle. That was how you caught up with me at Trafalgar, and that was how I came to be burdened with the blame for the defeat, even though Napoleon should have taken that blame himself...it all was laid solely upon my shoulders. You were betrayed by your royalty, and I was betrayed by my emperor."

"But how was the Prince of Wales able to betray me? I was out at sea...he was at the palace in England."

"He paid one of your crew handsomely to do the job for him. The signals were flashed to me in code by use of small mirror on the deck of your ship. It was quite simple, really, when the sun was bright enough...minutes after you made a plan of action or gave an order, I knew about it."

"Gunner's mate Brown!" Ensign Stone hissed to

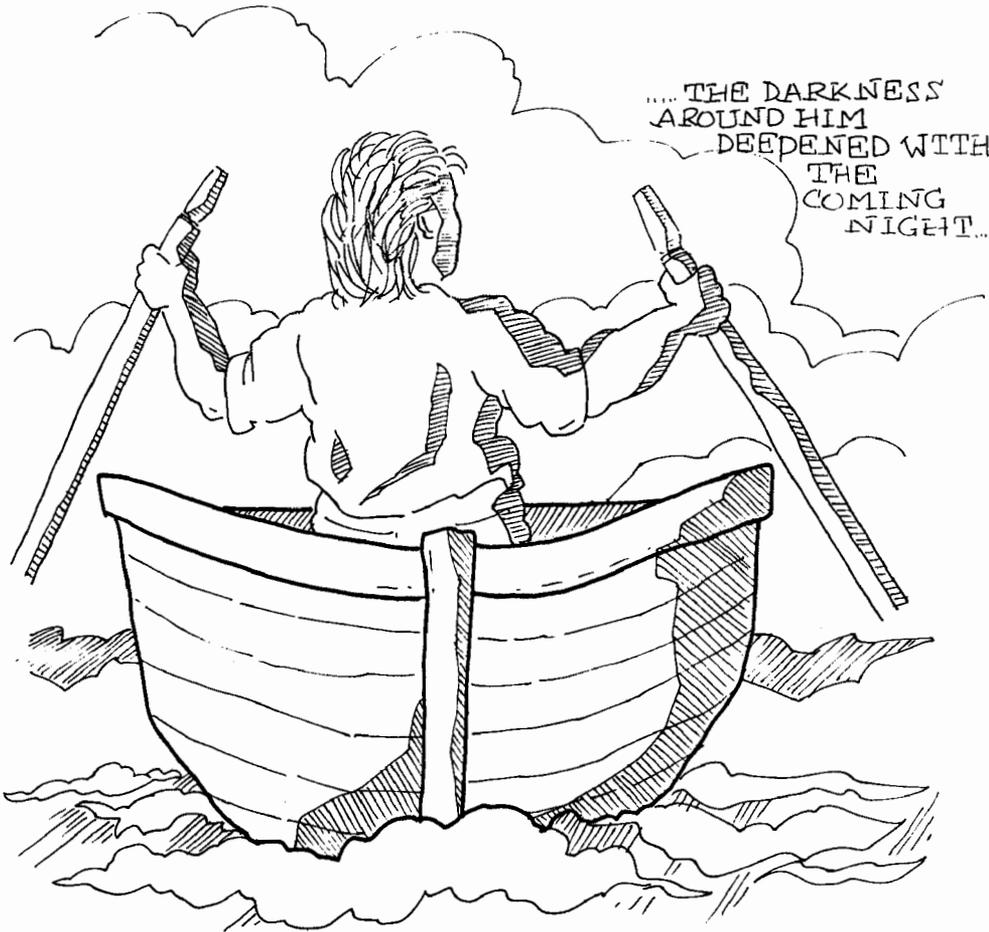
Jim, "He always shaved on deck...and all the while, he was using his little mirror to signal our plans to the enemy. Of course...how blind I was not to see it! Nate Brown, of all people!" He shook his head slowly, gazing at Jim. "And poor Lady Hamilton! She rejected the Prince, of course...she loved only Nelson. And he had written a will before the battle, leaving her everything and fully expecting England to care for her as it normally would a hero's widow. But King George ignored her, and she died alone and penniless. She lost everything because of her devotion to Nelson."

"This is our chance to square our debts to each other," Villeneuve shouted to Nelson, "The only reason I surrendered to your Admiral Collingwood was that I had seen enough bloodshed...I lost four thousand men on that terrible afternoon, you know. But death no longer means anything to us, does it, Nelson? I can fight you on even terms now."

"So be it!" Admiral Nelson shouted in return, raising his sword, "May we fight our final battle against each other...at last!"

Nelson lowered his sword, and the battle began. Jim wasted no time at all. He ran over to the port side of the ship as the first screams of the fighting men rang out through the heavy fog. Listening to the sounds of swords clanging and muskets firing, he spotted the lifeboat, released the winch, and watched as the boat plummeted downward, hitting the surface of the water with a splash. He clambered down a line, hopped into the lifeboat, and began rowing away as the noise of the battle grew louder and more furious.

Eventually the sounds faded away, disappearing into the fog as if they had never existed. He kept on rowing as the darkness around him deepened with the coming night. There was a glimpse of light in the distance; he steered his tiny craft toward it.



The light grew stronger as he neared it. It seemed to be stationary---it had to be land! He increased his efforts as he closed in on it, his

wearily arms straining from his exertions as the light became brighter and brighter.

At last he got close enough to see, through the damp fog, what it was. It was a dock, illuminated through the gloom by a bright light. His spirits soared as he rowed up to it and tied the boat to a post. He had made it; at last, he had reached land. He suddenly was reminded of just how hungry, thirsty, and totally exhausted he was.

He climbed up onto the dock and took a deep breath. What he saw above nearly stopped his breathing----a bright, gaudy neon sign, lit up against the fog around it, merrily proclaimed the words:

ADMIRAL NELSON AMUSEMENT PARK

"What!" he screamed out loud, "An amusement park? I don't believe this!" He realized, suddenly, that what he had just witnessed aboard the VICTORY had been nothing more than part of a ride in a theme park. It had all been staged, by actors and props, and he had been foolish enough to think the show had been real.

"Who is it?" came a voice from a nearby building, "Who's out there? We're closed now...you go on home."

"I need help," he said in a hoarse voice, "I've been lost at sea. I need food, water...please."

An old man came out of the building, carrying a flashlight and looking him over. "I see..." he said, gesturing for him to follow him inside, "You look like you're in pretty bad shape, son. Come on

in...I'll see what I can do for you."

Jim was soon presented with water and food, and he drank and ate ravenously. It was as though he had never before tasted either, it seemed like it had been so long. After he had finished, he sat back, sighing deeply. "Thanks...I thought I was a goner out there."

"I never heard of nobody gettin' lost in the Channel." The old man shook his head. "But I s'pose in this fog, it could happen. And I can tell you ain't English by your accent...so I guess if you ain't familiar with the surroundings, it could be tough."

"I sure didn't know about THIS place."

"It's a nice little family-oriented amusement park...in honor of our greatest naval hero, Admiral Nelson. It's got rides, shows, exhibits, that sort of thing. I'm the night watchman, and when I saw you out there on the dock screamin' like some kind of nut, I thought I should check it out. After all, we've been closed since ten tonight."

"Well, I must say..." He chuckled, now feeling better. "That ride I was just on is REAL impressive."

"Ride?" The old man looked at him as if he were crazy. "What ride? There ain't no rides goin' this late...we've been closed for hours."

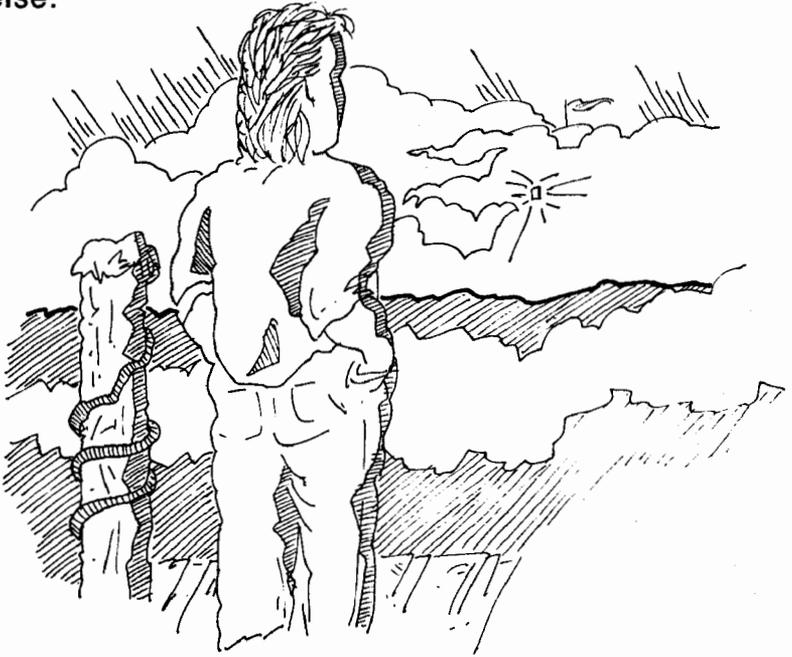
"Sure there is...I just went on it, and it was great. It's the ride where Nelson and Villeneuve battle it out, like at Trafalgar...only they're supposed to be dead now, and they're on these ghost ships. It looked so real, and so scary..."

"There ain't no ride like that here, son. We

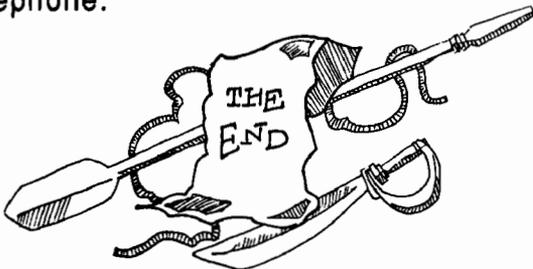
don't have nothin' out in the Channel...all our rides are on land here." The old man frowned at him. "Maybe you been out at sea too long, son...you been seein' things, I'm afraid." He paused. "Maybe I ought to call a doctor."

"No, no, that's okay." He got up from his chair, his entire body suddenly trembling. "C-can I use your phone? I need to call my uncle...need to tell him I'm all right, ask him to come and get me.

I think I need some r-rest more than anything else."



He stole one last frightened glance at the fog outside before he followed the old man toward the telephone.



SLYLOCK FOX

A trick-or-treater robbed a house. When Slylock Fox questioned the suspects, this is what they said: PRINCESS: "The vampire did it." GHOST: "The princess did it." WITCH: "I didn't do it." VAMPIRE: "The princess lied when she said I did it." One of them is lying. Which one?

Solution - The princess says the vampire is the burglar, but the ghost's story and the vampire's claim contradict the princess's claim. Since Slylock knows only one suspect is lying, it must be the princess.



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SLYLOCK FOX

Granny Squirrel says Shady Shrew chucked a water balloon through her open kitchen window at exactly 10 o'clock this morning. Shady claims that's impossible because he arrived home from a two-week vacation this morning and noticed it was exactly 10 o'clock when he walked into his bedroom. Slylock Fox thinks "The Shrew" is lying. Why?

Solution - If Shady had been away for two weeks, his wind-up bedroom clock would not be running when he returned.



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