

Carl made for the poop to keep watch. The bo'sun relieved the man at the wheel. Up and down the first mate paced. With the exception of the man on the lookout on the forecastle head, the crew made themselves as comfortable as they could under the forecastle head awaiting any orders that might be given. They had not long to wait, for soon the mate cried, "Furl the royal foresail!" It was the first time Carl had been up aloft in a storm; still he felt it quite natural to be up there, giving a hand to drag the sail up under his body, as if on deck. Surely he was a born sailor. He was disappointed not to find the captain at the poop. He had never seen him, and longed to know what he was like who had taken Donovan's place. The captain should be here; it is his place, he thought, to be on the poop when in such a storm.

He whispered to the bo'sun, after the sail was furled: "Have you seen anything of the captain?"

"No, he's drunk!" He pointed to the skylight, below which he knew was the captain's quarters.

Carl staggered back a pace. "Drunk!" he exclaimed. "What a shame!"

"Yes, it's too bad."

The mate came up to them and looked at the compass. Carl walked away.