

covered in large black squares which I assumed were tattoos. He was bald except for a few strands of hair which were twisted up on his forehead.

I had never seen a more terrifying-looking man in my life and had he not been standing between me and the door, I would have run out of there as fast as my legs could carry me. The harpooner changed into his nightwear, blew out the candle and climbed into his bed.

My heart was beating so loudly, I could hear it beating in my ears. I decided I couldn't share a room with a madman after all, and I jumped out of bed and ran to the door. Of course, it was pitch black in the room, and I tripped over the harpooner's bag.

The harpooner sat up in surprise. "Who's there?" he shouted.

"Please don't hurt me!" I cried. "Landlord! Mr Coffin! Someone save me, please!"

The landlord heard my screams and burst through the door a moment later, dressed in a nightgown and carrying a lamp.

"Don't be afraid," said the landlord, as he helped me to my feet.

"Queequeg won't harm a hair on your head."

"Are you sure about that?" I said.

The landlord laughed. "Queequeg, young Ishmael here will be sharing your room with you tonight, is that all right?"

Queequeg was silent for a moment. "That's fine," he grunted.

"Good," said the landlord. "I'll see you both in the morning. Good night." With that, the landlord walked out of the room and closed the door.

"Don't worry, young man, I won't hurt you," said Queequeg.

I nodded and climbed back into my bed. Feeling strangely reassured, I fell asleep almost immediately.

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The next morning, Queequeg and I woke up early and made our way to the dining room. I had the opportunity to meet some of the other guests at the inn; they were all whalers: carpenters, blacksmiths and harpooners. Some had only recently returned from a voyage; others were making plans to leave again. We enjoyed a breakfast of coffee and hot rolls, while Queequeg dined on large pieces of steak

