“You always said you and your ship would rest at the bottom of the sea together,” said Greasy Jim. “Ha! You’ll go there alone and pine for her!”

Captain Lannister, being dead, made no reply.

“Hoist him off, lads,” commanded Greasy Jim, and the pirates lifted Captain Lannister. They passed him hand over outstretched hand so that his body drifted just over their heads. When he came to the cleated gunwales, there were no more arms to receive him but only the black ocean, and into this he sank.

A volley cheer, and the mutiny on Jacobite’s Folly was ended.

“Rum!” cried Greasy Jim. “By God, rum!”

And rum there was. Wine, too, and great hogsheads of beer. The pirates clutched each other in good fellowship and swayed. Singing, they sloshed drink from their lofted mugs.

Soon, there was a fiddle and the thunk, thunk, thunk of pirates dancing. Also, the sound of agaonized groans. These came from Bergkamp, the ship’s quartermaster. He alone had remained loyal to Captain Lannister, and had felt obliged to hide himself during the mutiny. Bergkamp was a clever man and the mutineers feared the mischief he might do them if left unaccounted for. They found him at last behind the ship’s powder store and dragged him out by his ankles. Bergkamp’s chin struck the steps as he ascended to the deck. Kicking and screaming, he grabbed at whatever item he could latch onto. This turned out to be a large wooden spool of the type used to stow rope. It lay now on the deck, along with other debris created during the mutiny.

A powder runner named Quick Bill called down to the deep. “Captain Lannister. Bergkamp is keeping an untidy ship. You want we should sweat him a bit?”

Quick Bill answered himself. “Yes, please,” he said, blubbering to make his words sound like those of a drowning man.

‘’Ask me!” said Bergkamp.

The pirates shackled Bergkamp to the foremast, allowing him about three feet of slack so could move in circles around the mast.

“Dance for us, little man!” shouted the mutineers. “Dance for us!”

This Bergcamp did, encouraged as he was by his jubilant shipmates. They poked at him with hot irons and hacked at his feet with broad knives. He made a circle of blood around the mast, as the fiddle played a jaunty little tune called ‘Whiskey in the Gourd.’

The night was clear and moonless. The Milky Way was a silvery ribbon that stretched from horizon to horizon. A boatswain’s mate named Shaggy Gladwell stood aft. He filled his mouth with kerosene and blew great streams of flame in the direction of Pleiades. Revelers swung the length of the Jacobite’s Folly, their kerchiefs streaming crimson behind them.

Scully and the Giant Samoan recovered one of Bergkamp’s severed toes and made grand sport of flicking it at one another and placing it down the shirts of passersby. The ship’s carpenter, Wally Mashburn, was not on this night a jovial drunk. He was sullenly contemplating the liquid in his tankard when something splashed into it. It was Bergkamp’s toe. Mashburn was in a foul humor because the ship’s surgeon had died in the mutiny. Mashburn wasn’t fond of the man, but his passing left Mashburn as the crewmember who had the most skill with saw, so the task of amputating injured limbs now fell to him.

Mashburn glowered at Cully and the Great Samoan. Bitterly, he upended his cup and watched his wine and the toe pour to the deck. He strode to Great Samoan and punched him in the jaw. The great Samoan lifted Mashburn and threw him into a gathering of swabbies. The fight was on. Three of the swabbies attached themselves to the Great Samoan and each in turn was flung off. Abinuway and Jack Ironcamp exchanged mighty blows.

“Viens en chercher! Viens en chercher!” Peg Leg Patenaude shouted, hopping up and down on one leg and wildly swinging the other.

Quick Bill swung by a rope from the poop deck. The throng parted and Quick Bill swung unabated to become entangled in some rigging. Suspended by his ankle, he flailed and begged for aid.

The Giant Samoan pointed and laughed. So to the swabbies and even Horace Mashburn. Soon all were laughing. They pelted Quick Bill with limes and coals and body parts. The fiddle started back up and all was hi diddle dee dee again.

“Ask me,” moaned Bargkamp. “Ask me.”

Hecklers called out to him.

“What does your mom wear at night?”

“How much do the Galapagos Islands weigh?”

And from Quick Bill: “If you can tell me something in confidence, does that make me a private-ear?”

Groaning, the pirates cut Quick Bill down and pitched him overboard.

Greasy Jim whistled and heated a rod he intended to apply to Bergkamp. Greasy Jim never liked Bergkamp, but he respected him. Never was there a pirate of more cunning and guile.

“Ask me,” he croaked.

Greasy Jim stopped whistling. His face darkened. He pulled the iron from the forge and approached Bergkamp.

Greasy Jim leaned close and spoke in his ear.

“What is it you was doing down there in the magazine when we found you?”

Bergkamp seized the hot iron and touched it to a fuse that Greasy Jim only now noticed. The spool he had dragged with him from the powder room hadn’t held sailing line. It held canon fuse. The spark traveled across the deck, down the hatch and under the curtains to the magazine. The explosion made the stars disappear.

Briefly, the light from it illuminated Captain Lannister, whose dead eyes peered upward from the ocean floor. Had the light persisted, the image of the silently sinking ship would have been reflected in them, would have grown larger as the Jacobite’s Folly drew near, until, at last, she delicately lay herself to rest at Captain Lannister’s side.