



A priceless golden chalice has been stolen from Fergus McSwaggers, fearsome chief of the squelchy Bog Islands... and he wants it back!

Can Flynn and the crew of the *Black Hound* solve their most dangerous case yet, battling deadly Ice Pirates, outsmarting squabbling clans, and facing the scariest beast of all the Seven Seas, the monstrous, cat-like Mogdrod?

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INIS Magazine

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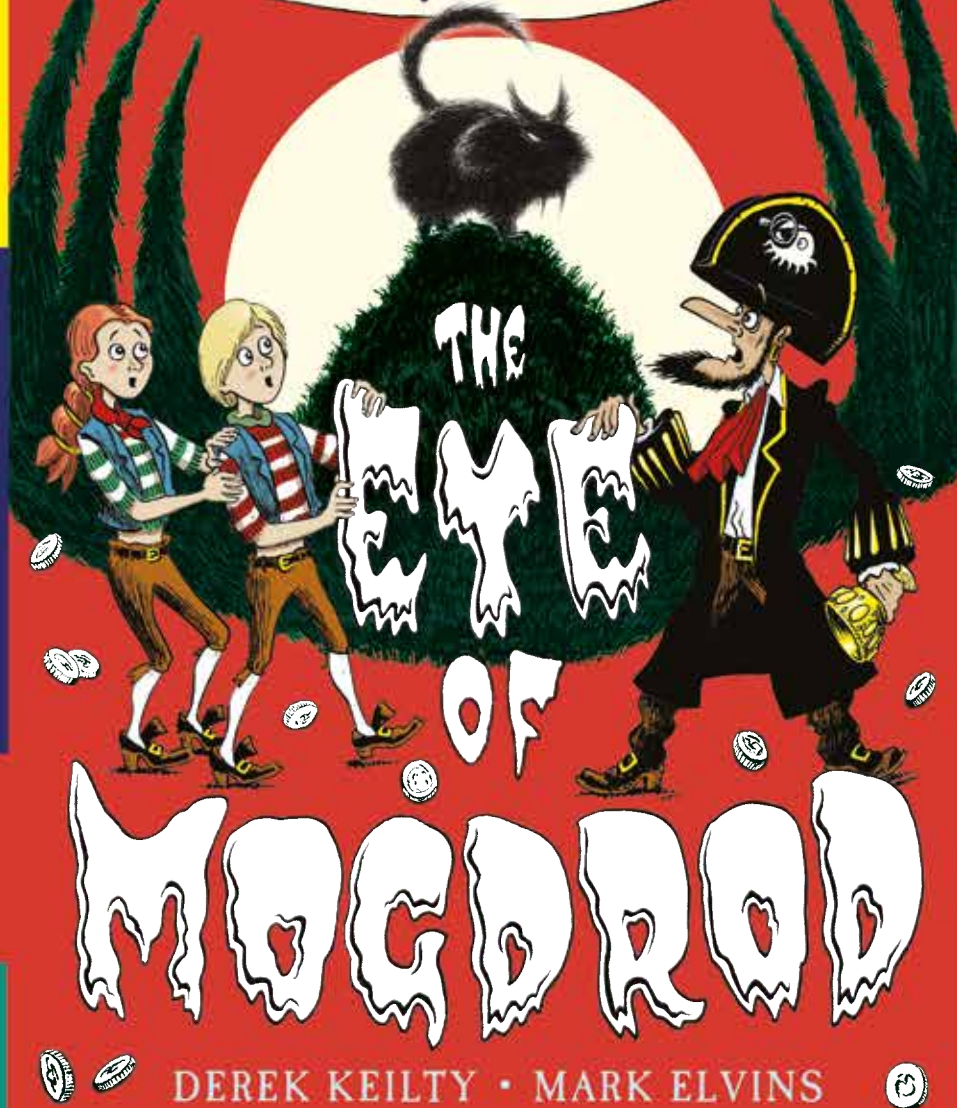
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FLYNTLOCK BONES

THE EYE OF MOGDROD

DEREK KEILTY
MARK ELVINS

Scallywag
Press



DEREK KEILTY • MARK ELVINS

FLYNTLOCK BONES

THE EYE-MOGGROD



*To Sarah-Jane & Rebekah,
from Dad*

D.K.

For Leesa

M.E.

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THE BONE OF MOGDOROD

By Derek Keilty

Illustrated by Mark Elvins



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LONDON



The Seven Seas

Frozen Sea

Bog Islands

Baskerville

Bellgranya Sea

Bellgranya

Gyeshun Sea

Tide of Tut

Skull Sea

Cutlass Sea

Shark Sea

Calcutlass Island

Sharktooth Island

Dire Straits

Mystic Sea

Bohemia

N

GALLERY OF CHARACTERS

The Crew of The Black Hound



Flynn



Red



Cap'n Watkins



Briggs



Arthur



Hudson



Scratch



Fishbreath

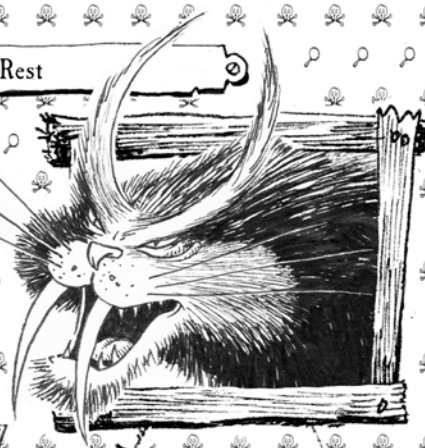


The Twins

The Rest



Chief Fergus McSwaggers



Mog d'rod



Egfart



Grethel

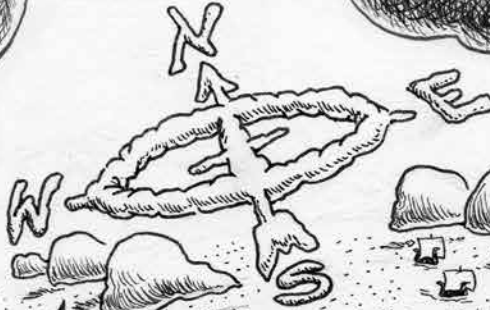


Ice Captain





Bog Island



Skulleen Abbey

Squabbler Swamp

Plunderer's Peat

Skulleen

Lake Squelch

Mugger's Marsh

Bog Village

Bog Castle

Bogland Bay

Swampy Bog

Craggy Hills

Grethel's Lighthouse

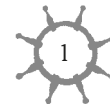


CHAPTER ONE
THE PARROT

Thwack! Bump! crash!

My hammock tips over and I land on the floor of the ship's sleeping quarters with an almighty thud. Red, the ship's rigger, is bellowing in my ear.

'Time to get up!' she yells. 'Call yerself Flyntlock Bones, I'd say more like Lazy Bones! The Black Hound don't sail itself, y'know.'



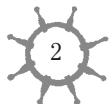


I sit up and rub my head, still in a drowsy fog. 'Don't you ever sleep in?' I complain. 'What time is it?'

'Early. Sun en't even up yet.'

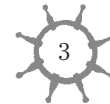
I struggle to my feet. Red can be so annoying, but perhaps she's done me a favour this time.

'Actually, I'm glad you woke me,' I admit. 'I was having the weirdest dream. I was back at the orphanage in Baskerville and Mrs Wiggins, the old matron, had a long bushy beard and was waving a cutlass about. She was laughing and swigging on a bottle of grog, just like an old pirate.'



Red grins. 'Sounds like a nightmare.'

Along with the rest of the crew of the Black Hound, Red and I might look like pirates, but there's more to us than meets the eye. In fact, we are ex-pirates turned detectives, or 'pirate investigators' as we like to call ourselves. Now we sail the Seven Seas finding stolen booty for anyone who chooses to hire us. Last year, Captain Watkins gave me a week's trial as cabin boy, and although I was a mere landlubber who'd only ever lived in an orphanage, I am happy to say I passed with flying colours. I have never looked back.





I follow Red up on deck to stare at the faint twinkles of stars and the hint of light on the horizon where the sun will soon rise. Around the ship, the sea stretches for miles in every direction with not a glimpse of land to be seen.

‘Where are we?’ I ask.

Looking up at the sky, Red ponders for a moment.

‘Well, that’s Orion, one of the constellations.’

‘What’s a constellation?’

‘It’s an imaginary pattern, like a person or an animal, that’s made up by stars. Orion is one of ’em, in the shape of an ol’ hunter. A good bosun like our Hudson can navigate just by lookin’ at the stars.’ She points at the brightest star in the sky. ‘But so can I. Look up there, that’s the Alpha star. It shines brighter than all the others, so by my reckoning, we must be in the Bellgravyan Sea.’

I gasp, impressed. ‘You can tell all that by the stars?’

'I'm joking,' she chuckles. 'I haven't the foggiest idea where we are. C'mon.' And she disappears below the hatch, laughing.



Down in the galley, Fishbreath, the ship's cook, is busily preparing breakfast. He's the proud owner of the droopiest moustache in all the Seven Seas, not to mention a missing hand. But he doesn't have a hook like most pirates – instead he has a large silver spoon, which comes in pretty useful for a cook. And he has an enormous pet parrot on his shoulder, called Arthur.

This morning, Fishbreath seems a bit grouchy, with not so much as a 'Good morning,' or even a grunt for a greeting. He ladles some gruel from an old battered pot into a bowl, which I examine to pick out floating weevils. I stopped asking what was in the food months ago, as Red says it's sometimes best not to know the ingredients Fishbreath uses to make the ship's grub.



‘What’s the matter, Fishbreath?’ I ask.

He groans. ‘Just had some of the crew grumblin’ in me ear about rations. They said now we’re one man down aboard ship, they should get more food, ’cause they ’ave to do more work.’

I am not sure getting bigger portions of Fishbreath’s food is a very good idea.

‘What did you say?’

‘Told them to quit gripin’. Now Drudger’s gone, it’s all shoulders to the wheel.’

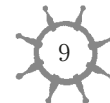
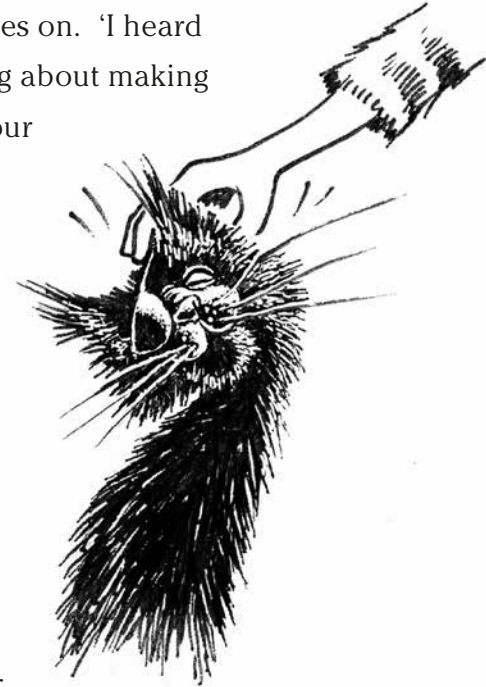
I prefer not to think about Drudger. He used to work as a rigger on the Hound, but he was a bully, and worse still he let the Captain down badly the first chance he got. I am glad he isn’t about anymore, but it does mean there are a lot more chores to do round the ship now.



‘Yez should be thankful ya got time to eat,’ Fishbreath goes on. ‘I heard the Captain’s thinking about making us all work through our meals.’

Red nudges me. ‘That’s why we’re taking ours away with us.’

Scratch, the ship’s cat, wanders by looking for some scraps, and I give her a rub behind the ears. I’m pretty sure that if Scratch could hoist the sails, then the Captain would have her working at that too.



As we get up to leave, Captain Watkins strides into the galley, almost bowling us over. He is wearing a three-cornered hat, a long coat and a ruffled shirt. A cutlass hangs off the belt that holds up his smart velvet trousers. And his sharp nose looks just like a beak.

‘Ah, there you are,’ he says. ‘I’ve been looking for you two.’



He gives Red and me a cheery smile, putting a match to his pipe, puffing and blowing.

‘We’ve been up before sunrise, Cap’n Watkins,’ says Red. ‘You won’t catch us snoozing in our hammocks, not when there’s work to be done.’ She elbows me.

‘Aye, she’s right there, Cap’n,’ I add, glaring at her.

The Captain says, ‘Look, I realise it’s all-hands-on-deck just now, but I have a plan to get us back to normal again. Back in my pirating days, recruiting a new shipmate was as easy as tossing a hood over some dozy landlubber and dragging him aboard whether he liked it or not.’ He pauses. ‘But times have changed,’ he adds.

Grinning at our gaping mouths, he takes a pile of blank cards and a pen from his coat pocket. ‘Flynn will recall I’ve got a different way of adding to the crew – that’s how he came to join us himself. So Flynn and Red, I want you

to write me out some job advertising cards.
Something like:



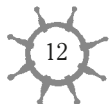
Do about fifty of 'em each, and quick as you can. Won't be long till we dock at Bellgravya, then you can go ashore and leave them in the shops around town.'

Red's eyes dart between me and the Captain. 'Er, I've the rig to set, then lookout duty, Cap'n, and we'll need to keep our eyes peeled...'

For some reason she is making excuses, and the Captain isn't fooled.

'Take them up with you to the crow's nest. You can make a start from up there.'

'Aye, sir.' Red looks downcast. I wonder why,



as there are much worse jobs than writing out cards to do aboard the Hound, like mopping up sick after one of Fishbreath's dodgy meals and a choppy night.

When the Captain leaves, we head for the main mast. I can see Red still isn't too sure.

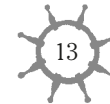
'I'll do your chores, if you'll do the cards, Flynn,' she offers.

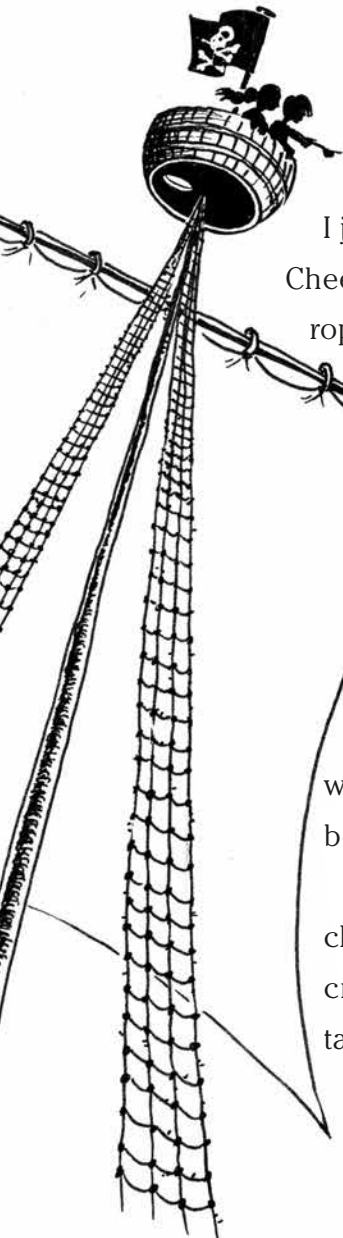
'Don't you want to write the cards?'

I notice Red's cheeks glow pink and her eyes drop. 'It's just, well, truth be told, I never learned to read or write. Couldn't see the point.'

'I see. Well, nothin' to be worried about. I could teach you.'

'Thanks, but I don't think I could ever do it...'





'Course ya could, no problem at all. Call it me paying you back for all your help since I joined this ship.'

Cheering up a bit, Red climbs the rope rigging and I follow. The wind blows and the sails flap noisily. I remember how my arms used to ache and my knees turn to jelly climbing the rigging, but now I'm getting used to it.

I am almost able to keep up with Red. My seasickness is miles better than it used to be, too.

At the top of the mast, we clamber into the barrel-shaped crow's nest. The view is breathtaking, and no matter how many

times I climb up there, I always stop for a moment to take it in, sucking in a big breath of salty sea air.

We sit in the barrel, where we are sheltered from the wind.

'Once I get a few cards written, I'll start by teaching you the alphabet and the sounds the letters make,' I say.

'I can't,' Red protests.

'Yes, you can.'

SQUAWK!

Red stands up as I hear a flutter of wings.

'Now we can't. There en't gonna be time for all that. Look.'

'A parrot!' I say.

'Aye, but look, there's a note tied to its leg. An' you know what that means?'

My heart flutters faster than the parrot's wings.

'The next case for the pirate investigators!' I gasp.

