

As everyone got better acquainted on *The Scavenger*, they began telling about their life experiences and their hopes for the future. Some even showed a treasure they brought in their bags. Most had brought a small memento to remind them of home. Several brought a tin-type picture of their parents or other loved ones. Small musical instruments were another common thing.

Christian was usually very shy about sharing anything about his previous life, but he decided to go below and dig to the bottom of his bag and find the cuckoo clock his mother had carefully packed. He proudly showed it and told them of his grandparents who had lived in the Black Forest of Germany and made a living making clocks, before everyone became too poor to buy clocks. It was a skill handed down to Christian's father and even to Christian himself. The people marveled at the intricate carvings of birds and leaves in the wood around the clock, and encouraged him to wind it and let them hear and see the little bird that shot out every hour announcing the time.

Christian was a little surprised the clock was still intact, but he was glad his mother insisted he bring it. He took it back below, wrapped it carefully, and put it at the bottom of his bag.

At night some of the young men fashioned hammocks, and hung them in various places on the ship to sleep. Some just laid their mats on the deck. The humidity was high and they could barely breathe down below.

Christian came out of the wheelhouse to enjoy the breeze with the others. Those entrusted with guns slept with them on their chests.

Christian and Otto hung their hammocks close together, a little-ways away from the others. They kept their trigger fingers on their guns. Luckily, Christian was a light sleeper.

One morning, just before dawn, Christian smelled something rotten. He opened his eyes, just a little, and saw furtive figures moving around the ship. Pirates!

He quietly drew a bead on one of the figures and fired at the same time yelling, "Pirates!" Guns were fired. The moon was about three quarters full - offering the only light - but the awful smell of the pirates made them easier to identify. Two of the pirates had slipped below into the women's quarters and had Mrs. Knapp and Mrs. Hahn thrown over their shoulders. The women were screaming at the top of their lungs. Peter Capone was able to shoot the one carrying Mrs. Hahn, and Christian shot the one carrying Mrs. Knapp. The ship was in a state of confusion.

One of the pirates pulled a long knife out of his waistband and lunged at Christian, stabbing him in the right shoulder. Pain shot through him and he dropped his gun. A shot rang out. The pirate dropped his knife and clutched at his chest, then fell to the deck – dead.

Christian whirled around and saw Otto standing there with his smoking pistol.