



Are you a Literacy Whizz?

...I was far less afraid of the captain himself than anybody else who knew him. There were nights when he took a good deal more rum and water than his head would carry: and then he would sometimes sit and sing his wicked, old, wild sea-songs, minding nobody.

But sometimes he would call for glasses round, and force all the trembling company to listen to his stories or bear a chorus of his singing. Often I have heard the house shaking with "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum", all the neighbours joining in for dear life, with the fear of death upon them, each singing louder than the other to avoid remark.

For in these fits he was the most over-riding companion ever known. He would slap his hand on the table for silence all round. He would fly up in a passion of anger at a question, or sometimes because none was put, and so he judged the company was not following his story. Nor would he allow anyone to leave the inn till he had drunk himself sleepy and reeled off to bed.