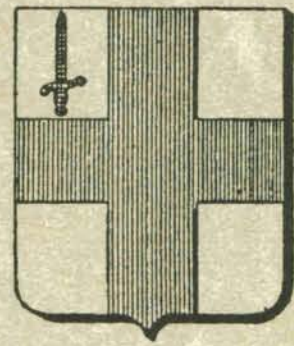


DEPARTMENT OF MARITIME
ENQUIRIES FOR
THE PORT OF LONDON

Office 227 B.H.D.



17th October 1834
Ref. N^o. 101734/22703

Re: Statement by Captain Robins, Commander of the
whaler Sea Shark.

Investigator: J. S. Weed Estate, Assistant Commissioner
of the Port of London.

Statement: The last night we spent in the port of
Illesmouth was illuminated by the passage of Halley's
comet. The men were in the tavern, spending some of
their wages. Jonas H., had paid for our cargo and as I
stood on deck where I could see smoke curling up from
his fishery; black, oily smoke that smelled of the sea.
The wounded man slipped aboard ship and fainted.

I did what I could for him. Those who were hunting him,
some of whom I had already seen in Illesmouth, demanded
to know if I had seen him. I could hardly allow such a
bloodthirsty pack of savages have their way with one
of her majesty's subjects. Some badly torn papers I
found upon him informed me of the poor devil's natio-
nality and precious little else.

We were already at sea, hunting for fresh prey, when he
at last woke up. A week later, he had regained much
of his ~~strength~~ strength but refused all discussion. His
nights were troubled by nightmares. I told the
crew what little I knew once we were clear of American

waters.

Alas! The crew's reaction was to whisper "Jonas"! The men were convinced that the "evil eye" was aboard the Sea Shark; they believed us to be jinxed. Mister Oliver spat each time he crossed the stranger's path.

The wind fell. The steamer Mermaid, which had left port a wee later than ~~we~~ us, overtook our ship. Her captain told me that the stranger's belongings had been auctioned off. He mentioned a particularly fine rifle, sold for a ridiculously low price to pay a certain Jugg, a landlord.

Curious to know more about the man I had accepted on my ship, I attempted to take some of the drawings of the heavens he had rolled up beneath his clothing during his flight from the mob. My attempt caused the stranger to burst into a fit of great violence. When he had stabbed Mister Oliver's leg with a fork, I thought it wise to have five of the men drag him down to the hold and restrain him with chains.

The drawings were unusual. On one of them, sweat stains concealed an ill-formed monster, lurking as it were below the colour and the constellations. Moreover, the positions were quite erroneous. The sketches were clearly the work of a madman.

From that moment, the crossing was a continuous stream of screaming and storms; no trace of a whale did we see.

Recorded in London the 17th of October 1834.

I, Captain George Robins, do solemnly declare upon my oath the truthfulness of this statement, made in the presence of J. S. Wead Estate, his Gracious Majesty's representative

Captain George Robins

G. Robins

J. S. Wead Estate

J. S. Wead Estate