

**Young Sherlock
Holmes
& The Case of
Dick Whittington's Cat**

A pantomime by

Craig Hewlett

Spotlight Publications

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Young Sherlock Holmes & The Case of Dick Whittington's Cat

CAST (in order of appearance)

Dick Whittington, hero

Thomas the Cat

Marigold, the Baron's daughter

Baron Landscape, local dignitary

Maisie Luvaduck, the Baron's cook

Bubonic III, King of the rats

Brat & Drat, Bubonic's henchmen

Young Sherlock Holmes, ace detective

Velma Whitsun, Sherlock's assistant

Roger Albatross, sea captain

Lompebom, Queen of the cannibals

Spoon, the Queen's assistant

Mrs Whittington, Dick's mum

Chorus of Townsfolk, Village Children, Market Traders, Cooks, Sailors & Cannibals

Place - London: various locations, the Good Ship "Flounder", and the Cannibals' village

Time - mainly mediaeval

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT 1

Scene 1 - Front of tabs - a forest path 10 miles from London

Scene 2 - The parlour of 13 Baker Street

Scene 3 - London Town

Scene 4 - FOT - a forest path 10 miles from London

Scene 5 - Landscape Hall, the kitchen

Scene 6 - FOT - a forest path 10 miles from London

ACT 2

Scene 1 - The deck of the Good Ship "Flounder"

Scene 2 - FOT - a desert island beach

Scene 3 - The cannibals' village

Scene 4 - FOT - a desert island beach

Scene 5 - London Town

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT 1

1. "I Would Walk Five Hundred Miles" (Proclaimers) (Chorus)
2. "Maybe It's Because I'm A Londoner" (Maisie & Chorus)
3. "Eternal Flame" (Bangles) (Marigold & Dick)
4. "Me And My Shadow" (Robbie Williams version) (Dick, Marigold & Thomas)
5. "Maisie's Recipes" (tune of "Bare Necessities" in Jungle Book) (Maisie, Dick & Chorus)
6. "Young Sherlock Homes" (Tune - "I Am The Very Model of a Modern Major General" (Pirates of Penzance))
(Holmes, Whitsun, Baron, Maisie & Marigold)
7. "New York, New York" (Dick & Chorus)

ACT 2

8. "The Sailor's Hornpipe" (Chorus & Dancers)
9. "Things" (Swing While You're Winning - R Williams) (Marigold, Dick & Chorus)
10. "In The Navy" (Village People) (Captain Albatross & Chorus)
11. "A Whale of a Tale" (from Walt Disney's "20,000 Leagues Under The Sea") (Chorus)
12. "A Rat's Got A Heart" ("Reviewing The Situation" from "Oliver") (Bubonic)
13. "Queen of the Cannibals" ("King of the Swingers" from Disney's "Jungle Book") (Queen & Cannibals)
14. "If I Were A Rich Queen" ("If I Were A Rich Man" from "Fiddler On The Roof") (Queen)
15. "It's Getting Better" (Mamas & Papas) (Principals & Chorus)
16. "Row Your Boat" (Community Song) (Maisie & Albatross)
17. "Going To The Chapel" (DixieCups) (Ensemble)

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LIST OF CHARACTERS

Dick Whittington - Female

Our hero. A principal boy with all the traditional elements but not at all sappy. A very strong character obviously central to the plot.

Thomas the Cat - Male or Female

Dick's faithful companion and thwarter of the King Rat. Not a sleek cat as in the Andrew Lloyd Webber style to look at. He/she is very vocal and actively involved. Needs to be played by someone with a flair for mime or charades.

Marigold - Female

Baron Landscape's daughter and Dick's love interest. A principal girl with character. Beautiful and sassy.

Baron Landscape - Male

Big and blustery, he is Marigold's father and London dignitary. He is very brave unless confronted.

Dame Maisie Luvaduck - Male

Baron Landscape's cook and housekeeper. Has several songs and all the usual Dame elements of jokes, patter with the audience and slapstick.

King Bubonic the Third - Male

A very well educated and articulate villain. Plans world domination but it never quite comes off.

Brat - Male (may be female if necessary)

One of King Rat's henchmen. A very camp and pretty little rat.

Drat - Male (may be female if necessary)

King Rat's other henchman. Cockney 'wide-boy' character. A bit dense but thinks he is clever.

Young Sherlock Holmes - Male

Not yet fully formed into his adult character but still the ace detective. This character weaves his way through the story of Dick Whittington and reveals a twist in the tail.

Velma Whitsun - Female

Young Sherlock's current faithful companion. Velma is like the Scooby Doo character but not quite as bright, and has an American accent.

Captain Roger Albatross - Male

Captain Birdseye eat your heart out. The Dame's love interest. A larger than life West Country character with accent to match.

Queen Lompebom - Female

Queen of the all-female Cannibal tribe. This character has two songs and loads of funnies but only features in Act Two.

Spoon - Female

Queen of the Cannibals' cook and sidekick. A smallish character part in Act 2.

Mrs Whittington - Female

Dick's mum. Reports him missing in the first act - may be doubled up with Spoon's character.

Phoebe - Female (young)

A little girl who appears in both acts interpreting bells & dreams.

AUTHOR'S ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

“For Emma, my best friend and the cleverest person I know - apart from me. Ho ho.”

This pantomime was first performed by the Dursley Operatic and Dramatic Society at the Lister Hall, Dursley, during January of 2005 with the following cast:

Dick	Emma Hitchings
Thomas	Elsie Kenny
King Bubonic	Stuart Whitman
Brat	Geoff Jones
Drat	Luke Richardson
Young Sherlock	John Marshall
Velma Whitsun	Alice Davies
Maisie Luvaduck	Alan Marshall
Marigold	Caz Pritchard
Baron Landscape	David Shears
Captain Albatross	David Rendall
Queen Lompebom	Beryl Knowles
Spoon	Maxine Coleman
Mrs Whittington	Sara Ruther

My special thanks to my friend and Musical Director Rob Andrew for his arrangements of the songs within this pantomime
- C.H.

N.B. Rob Andrew's piano arrangements for all the songs are available for use in sheet music form - apply to publisher for details.

ACT 1

Scene 1

A corridor scene front of tabs - a forest path

Milestone on stage "London 10 miles - (place of performance) 90 miles"

Scenery: two trees either side of stage

Song 1

Verse

It's the opening, it's the opening of our show,
It's a pantomime; it's called Dick Whittington.
You'll be glad now, you'll be glad at least to know
You've come to the right auditorium.
What's the story? It's the story of a boy
Who heads for London from his home in Gloucestershire.
He's been walking, he's been on the road for days.
His feet are tired and they're aching that's for sure.

Chorus

'Cause Dick has walked some ninety miles
And he must walk some ten miles more,
To see if London's streets are paved with gold
And what his future holds.
Da da da da
(Da da da da)

Da da da da
(Da da da da)
Da da dum da da dum da da dum dum da da dum.

Verse

We must go now, we must hurry off and change
Into our costumes that we need for scenes to come.
So we'll see yah, yes we'll see yah later on,
And we hope your evening's all filled up with fun.

Repeat chorus until end

At the end of the number the Chorus exit. Dick enters followed by Thomas the Cat. He is carrying his belongings in a red spotted handkerchief on a stick

Dick Oh Thomas, are you still following me?

Tom *(nods and miaows)*

Dick Why did you follow me? You'd have been better off staying in dear old *(Place of Performance)*.

Tom *(shakes his head and miaows)*

Dick You didn't want to? Why ever not? Oh, I am silly, you can't answer me, can you?

Tom *(shakes head and miaows sadly)*

Dick *(stroking Thomas' head)* Well Thomas, at this moment in time, you're the only friend I've got in the whole world. *(Thomas rubs against Dick's legs)* I wonder where we are? *(Thomas goes to the milestone and miaows)* What's that? Oh, a milestone. Well done, Thomas. London 10 miles - oh no, another ten more miles, we'll never make that tonight, we've already come ninety miles and my feet are killing me.

(Thomas holds up his paws) You too? Oh Tom, I feel as if I've walked halfway around the world. Don't you?

Tom *(rubs paws, nods and miaows)*

Dick Don't you worry, Tom *(slaps thigh)*, I'll not get downhearted. I'm going to London to make my fortune. I've heard that the streets are paved with gold.

Tom Miaow?

Dick Yes, gold. If the streets are made of gold, Thomas, I wonder what the houses are made of?

Tom *(Thomas makes a fish swimming with his paw and rubs his tummy)* Miaow!!

Dick Ha ha ha. Oh Thomas, you think they're made of fish?

Tom *(nods, wipes tongue around mouth)* Miaow.

Dick Well for your sake, I do hope so. I suppose we'll find out when we get there. We'll just have to wait and see. Who knows what we'll find in London. Are you tired?

Tom *(nodding)* Miaow.

Dick And me. The sun's going down. It must be quite late. I think we should get some sleep. We've another long walk tomorrow. *(Dick lies down to sleep by the milestone. Thomas curls up beside him. The lights fade and there is a distant rumble of thunder in the distance)* Oh dear, sounds as if there's a storm brewing. Oh Tom, I'm so tired I think I could sleep through anything. *(Dick falls asleep)*

Explosion, thunder crashes and lightning as King Rat and his two henchmen enter. King Rat is carrying his magic rod/cane

King Aha!! *(Audience reaction)* Oh shut up, you pathetic excuses for humankind. *(Audience)* Do you honestly think that I, King Bubonic the Third, king of all vermin, am frightened by your weak and puny shouts? *(Audience)* Oh "boo", yourselves. If I disgust you then I am a happy rat, ha ha ha. Oh it's wonderful to be hated. It's such fun being evil and strictly between the hundred and eighty-four of us - it's the best part in the pantomime. Ha ha ha. *(Audience)* Oh be quiet or I'll come out there and run up your trouser legs. ("Oh yes I will!" etc. *Picking on an individual in audience*) I think you'd enjoy that, wouldn't you? I expect that you bunch of carrot crunchers have probably all got your trousers tied at the knee with bailing twine, haven't you? Yes, Farmer Giles and his local yokels. Ha ha ha..... Drat!!

Drat Guv?

King Brat!!

Brat Here, Guv'nor.

King Tell these buckets of cow dung how we got here.

Drat You flew us in on the wings of the storm clouds, Guv. *(To audience)* Economy, of course, he's very mean.

Brat *(to audience)* Ooooh... you should have seen him. He was so masterful. "Clouds, take me hence!" he shouted. He's got such a lovely speaking voice.

King Enough!

Drat Why are we here, Guv? Out in the sticks like this?

Crash of thunder/lightning effects

King My powers have foretold, a foil to my plans,

A strange, furry creature and companion to a man.

Brat Oooh, he's off. Talking in rhyme again. He sends me when he does that. I go all goose bumpy.

King Quiet, you imbecile! How dare you interrupt me in mid-verse? I am the King.

Brat Oooh and I'm the Queen. Sorry, I'm sure.

King I knew I shouldn't have hired a camp follower.

Brat Humph!

King Back to business. *(Thunder crash)* Hold on a minute. *(He sniffs the air)* Over there, what is it?

Drat *(going to where Dick and Tom are lying)* It's a bloke in fishnet tights with a furry thing.

King What? A furry thing? Could it be the creature that I seek?

Drat Funny looking bloke.

Brat Oh I don't know - look at his lipstick. I wonder if he can give me a few tips. Cooee! Blokey!

King Be quiet, you fool. Don't wake them. I must think.

Drat *(holding his nose)* He does, you know, it was all that time in the sewers. What a stench.

King Argh!! I said “think” not “stink”, you cretin. (*Advances and grabs Drat by the collar*) Listen, if I have any more from you, Drat, it’ll be you back in the sewers with that stench. Do I make myself clear?

Drat (*drops to his knees dramatically, hands clasped - begging fashion*) No, Guv, don’t send me back to the sewers, anything but the sewers, they drain me of all me energy. Please Guv, please, please, please ...

King Oh get up and stop overacting! This is a pantomime not Shakespeare. Now where was I?

Brat You must think ...

King Oh yes. I must think ... (*He turns quickly and glares at Drat who has grabbed his nose again and has opened his mouth to speak. He drops his hand and grins sheepishly at the King*) Yes, I must think ... (*King adopts the pose of ‘The Thinker’, Drat copies in character, as does Brat. The King goes to Thomas and takes a good look at him*) Hmm ... I don’t like the look of this furry creature. It’s all sharp teeth and claws. Wait, wait, something is stirring.

Brat (*to audience*) You can’t tell to look at him, can you?

There is a distant rumble of thunder

King In the depths of my memory ... the elders of the Supreme Rats talked of a mythical beast, a killer. The creature was called ... a hat, no, no that’s not it ... it was a gnat ... no. Oh, I wish I’d paid more attention in class. It was um ... Oh, confusion. I wonder. I wonder if any of those idiots out there know what it’s called.

Drat Why don’t you ask them, Guv?

King Well? What’s it called then? Hmm ... Come on, you can tell old Bueby! (*Audience*) What? Thomas? It’s not a Thomas. A kitty? It’s not one of those. We have one of those in the (*local pub*) when we finish the pantomime. Oh it’s no use asking these fools. Hold on a minute ...

Drat What is it, Guv?

King It’s coming back to me. An ancient rhyme they used to chant. Let me see ...

The King takes exaggerated high steps from one side of the stage to the other, followed by Drat and Brat copying him but in character - a rumble of thunder precedes his chant

King Eyes that glow and see at night,
Claws that spring from paws to fight.
A killer of the mouse and rat,
Most fearsome enemy, a cat! It’s a cat!

Brat leaps into Drat’s arms

Brat & Drat Oh no! Heelp!! It’s a cat

Thomas wakes up, arches and hisses - he stalks the pair around the stage; the King stays to one corner of the stage. Brat and Drat: “Nice kitty” etc. Thomas chases Brat and Drat around the stage (out into the audience and back to the stage - optional). Brat and Drat run offstage as the King stands up to the cat with his magic rod

King Get back, you mangy moggy! Get back, I say! (*The King backs away as he says*) I’ll be revenged on you, cat, you see if I’m not. No one interferes with my plans. I’ll get you and your little human too.

Thunder crash/lightning. The King exits. Thomas returns to Dick and starts to wash himself. Dick stirs from his sleep

Dick (*yawning*) Oh Thomas. Must you wash yourself at this hour of the night? It’s so lovely and peaceful here, isn’t it? You have to wonder what people do around here for excitement?

Lights fade to black

Link music to next scene

Scene 2

At one side of the stage there is the parlour of 13, Baker Street. The other side is a window or similar with Mrs Whittington about to use a telephone. Young Sherlock Holmes and his young friend and companion Velma Whitsun sit at their desk waiting for someone - anyone - to call with a job. The telephone rings and Whitsun and Holmes fight for the receiver. Holmes wins. It is Mrs Whittington

Young Sherlock Good morning - Sherlock Holmes, ace detective, murders solved while you wait, villains thwarted in a trice, mysteries unravelled for a small fee, how may I help you?

Mrs Whittington (*obviously female*) Oh young Master Holmes, thank goodness it's you. I'm so worried about my Dick.

Young Sherlock Your Dick?

Mrs Whittington My son Dick, he's taken himself off and left home, he said something about London and the streets being paved with gold. Oh Master Holmes, I'm so worried. Boo hoo!

Young Sherlock Now don't you worry, sir, you just give me your name, my dear chap, and we'll see what can be done.

Mrs Whittington It's *Mrs* Whittington.

Young Sherlock Ah ... I'm terribly sorry, madam, this telephone line is awful. Now Mrs Whittington, tell me, what frame of mind was he in when he left? Was he depressed? Suicidal?

Mrs Whittington Oh no, Master Holmes, he was sort of happy I suppose, bouncy, optimistic.

Young Sherlock Well that's all right, then. Why are you worried?

Mrs Whittington Well we're not like that in these parts, you see, we're mostly miserable, honest, God-fearing folk. I thought I saw someone smile a few years back but he'd been eating radishes. It was wind.

Young Sherlock Oh I see ... one moment ... (*He cups the receiver*) Whitsun?

Whitsun Yes, Sherlock?

Young Sherlock Take down this description. (*Whitsun takes out her notebook and pencil*) What does Dick look like, madam?

Mrs Whittington Well he's such a pretty boy really. Long (*colour*) hair tied back in a ponytail. Oooh and he does look after his skin, he's got such a lovely complexion.

Young Sherlock Really?

Mrs Whittington Oh yes ... his lipstick is always just so.

Young Sherlock I see ... Whitsun, are you getting this? (*Whitsun nods*) Madam, his clothing, what was he wearing when he left home?

Mrs Whittington Well, he had his favourite boots on, knee-length, high-heeled.

Young Sherlock Knee-length, high-heeled boots?

Mrs Whittington Fishnet tights.

Young Sherlock Fishnet tights?

Mrs Whittington A long waistcoat with a belt.

Young Sherlock Long waistcoat, belt ...

Mrs Whittington A patched shirt and a hat with a feather in it.

Young Sherlock Patched shirt and a hat with a feather in it ... I see. Let me see that, Whitsun. (*Whitsun hands over the notebook*) So, Mrs Whittington, your son Dick was coming to London, wearing 'just so' lipstick, high-heeled boots, fishnet tights and he was feeling optimistic?

Mrs Whittington Yes. Oh Master Holmes, I'm so worried.

Whitsun I'm not surprised.

Mrs Whittington Oh yes ... I forgot ... he slaps his thigh a lot.

Young Sherlock Slaps his thigh? Hmm ... did he take anything with him?

Mrs Whittington Well, he had all his belongings in a red spotted handkerchief on a stick and I think our cat Thomas has followed him. He was our best mouser, too. Oh boo hoo hoo!

Young Sherlock Don't despair, madam. Where are you? Where do you live?

Mrs Whittington (*place of performance*) in Gloucestershire.

Young Sherlock We will be with you shortly, madam, and you needn't fear, your son will be found. England's Greatest Detective is now on the case.

Mrs Whittington Is Inspector Morse coming with you?

Young Sherlock No, Madam, I, Young Sherlock Holmes, am on my way. With my faithful companion

Whitsun to assist me, you need never fear because Holmes is here.
Mrs Whittington But you're not here, you're in London.
Young Sherlock Oh very well ... um ... aha! Once you've paid the fare, Holmes will be there.
Mrs Whittington But I'm a poor widow woman, Master Holmes, I haven't any money, that's why Dick's gone to London.
Young Sherlock Look, Madam, this is running up your telephone bill. Whitsun and I will be with you before you can say Jack Robinson.
Mrs Whittington He's not in this pantomime.
Young Sherlock Goodbye! (*Young Sherlock slams down the telephone*) Right Whitsun, the game's afoot, get your bags packed, we're off to Gloucestershire to find Mrs Whittington's son Dick.
Whitsun What? Right now? But I've just finished making some fudge.
Young Sherlock Well I suppose we could.. No! Come on! We must away.
Whitsun Yes, Holmes - we shouldn't delay.
Young Sherlock To Gloucestershire to solve this mystery.
Whitsun Once more, Holmes, we'll go down in history.
No doubt the newspapers will be complimentary.
Young Sherlock Detective work, Whitsun, is elementary.

Blackout

Exit Whitsun and Young Sherlock

Link music to next scene

Scene 3

London Town

A backdrop of the sights of London: Big Ben, St Paul's Cathedral, Nelson's Column etc. The Chorus enter from three entrances. There are three stalls, bread meat and fruit with three stallholders. Customers and other Chorus accompany the various stalls as they enter. They move in a circle. Piano plays a vamp under the dialogue

As the Chorus enter they sing/speak over a piano vamp

Chorus Rabbit, rabbit, rabbit, rabbit,
Gossip, gossip, gossip, gossip,
Rabbit, rabbit, gossip, gossip,
Oooh! I've found a bargain!

The three stalls halt with the fruit stall DL

Maisie Luvaduck enters carrying a shopping basket from the rear of the stage

Shopper Hey! It's Dame Luvaduck, out shopping for the Baron.
Everyone Oy! Maisie!
Maisie That's Miss Luvaduck to you, sonny.
Everyone Sorry, Miss Luvaduck.
Fruit Seller Do you need any fruit today?
Maisie Oh yes. Nice fresh fruit. What've you got?
Fruit Seller Whatever you want. Apples, oranges, bananas - you're in luck. Captain Albatross's ship's just come in.
Maisie I wish my ship would come in.

Fruit Seller I've got a lovely pear.

Maisie So have I, ducky, but mine aren't for sale!

Fruit Seller I meant these pears. *(He/she holds up a pear)*

Maisie Oh yes, of course you did. I'll tell you what. I'm feeling a bit fruity. Give me a couple of pounds of everything.

Everyone Everything?

Maisie Yep.

Fruit Seller Even the sennapods and figs?

Maisie Especially the sennapods and figs.

Fruit Customer 1 Everything must go.

Maisie That's why I want the sennapods and figs. Ooh d'you know, poor old Baron Landscape's had terrible trouble lately. He's been wandering around like a duck stuffed for cooking.

Fruit Customer 2 Oh dear, the poor Baron. Stuffed like a duck.

Maisie Yes. Unfortunately, he hasn't lost his ability to quack. *(She holds her nose)*

Fruit Customer 1 And I thought the sewers were blocked.

Chorus 1 Me, too.

Maisie Nope, but there's something funny going on in those sewers lately - you mark my words - lots of strange noises ... Ah yes. Bread, I need some bread.

The Chorus move in a circle as before sing/speaking over the piano vamp "Rabbit, rabbit etc." until the bread stall gets to DL

Bread Seller Hello, Maisie.

Maisie Hello, dear. Nice and fresh, is it? Baked today?

She picks up a bread roll and taps it. She holds it to her ear - there is a drum solo

Hmm, interesting. What is it?

Bread Seller Oh, that's a drum roll. *(She and the other customers fall about laughing)*

Maisie Yes dear, very good - but I do the funnies okay?

Bread Seller Sorry.

Maisie What else have you got?

She drops her purse and bends over, bottom to the audience - her skirt rides up and shows the bottom of her drawers

Bread Seller How about a pair of bloomers? *(She holds up two loaves)*

Maisie *(feeling around the back of her legs - checking her drawers are there)* No thank you, dear. I want some bread. I'll have half a dozen of those, though. Send them up to the Hall, will you?

Bread Seller Anything else?

Maisie Ooh, I do wish I could find something different. Something exciting and exotic - a bit like me, but supermarkets haven't been invented yet.

Bread Customer 1 Ciabatta?

Maisie Bless you, dear.

Bread Customer 2 No Maisie, it's a fat, doughy, Italian loaf.

Maisie A bit like that Pavorotti feller?

Bread Seller Do you want one?

Maisie No, he sweats too much for me.

Bread Seller Nan?

Maisie I'm not your Nan - I don't care what your mother's told you - that was only a rumour.

Bread Customer 1 Nan bread, it's Indian.

Maisie Ooh, all the way from America. *(She pretends to eat a little)* It tastes like rubber. *(She bounces the bread, which is really a rubber ball to a Chorus member)* I think I'll give it a miss. Now, where's that meat stall? *(The Chorus move in a circle as before speaking over the piano vamp until the meat stall is DL)*

Meat Seller Over here, Miss Luvaduck.

Maisie Ah yes, I do like me meat. I could never be a veterinarian.

Meat Customer Vegetarian?

Maisie That's him.

Meat Seller What can I get you?

Maisie Have you got a sheep's head?

Meat Seller No. It's just the way I comb my hair.

Maisie (*to audience*) Everyone's a comedian.

Young Sherlock Holmes & The Case of Dick Whittington's Cat

A fresh take on the classic tale of Dick Whittington with the addition of a young version of Conan Doyle's great detective Sherlock Holmes, and large helpings of hilarious comedy.

Plot summary

Dick arrives in London with his cat Thomas, finds work at the home of Baron Landscape, and falls in love with the Baron's daughter Marigold. The evil King Rat, Bubonic III, plots his downfall. But he joins the crew of Captain Roger Albatross and sets sails for the Americas. After a series of adventures on a cannibal island, ruled by Queen Lompebom, he is rescued - in the nick of time - by his cat Thomas, Dame Maisie Luvaduck, and of course, Young Sherlock.

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