

Chapter 69

SOME KIND OF
MACHINE

“We’re coming too!” exclaimed Dotty, dragging Titch by the hand.

“Do we have to? I am f-f-f-freezing!” he moaned.

“Come on!”

The lady dragged her beloved off the ship, and on to the ice.

“Wait there, please!” Dotty called back to the admiral.

“We were going to go straight back to London,” replied the admiral sarcastically, “but, now you ask, we’ll wait.”

“Thank you kindly!” said the lady.

Woolly led her three friends across the ice. Soon they had lost sight of the *Victory*.



"We'll have to try and remember which way we came," remarked Titch.

"Yes. Turn left at the mound of snow," replied Dotty unhelpfully.

Underneath the ice, there was the sound of something whirring.

RURRR!

It stopped Woolly in her tracks.

"HOOO!" she cried softly, clearly spooked.

"What's that?" said Elsie.

"What's what?" asked Dotty.

"That sound," replied the girl. She put her ear down to the ice.

"Maybe it's a killer whale," suggested Titch. Woolly shook her head.



"No," replied the girl. "This is some kind of machine."

All four stood still and silent.

Suddenly, there was the deafening noise of something grinding through the ice.

DRERRRRR!

Ahead of them a metal nose burst out.

SMASH!

"HOOOO!" screamed Woolly.

"What's *that*?" gasped Elsie.

"It's one of them submarines," replied Titch.

"What's it doing here?" asked Elsie.

"And who's going to sweep up all the ice?" remarked Dotty.

The underwater craft forced its way up to the surface, and bobbed on the sea for a moment.

"Shall we make a run for it?" suggested Elsie.

"No. Let's stand our ground," replied Titch.

"My hero," said Dotty.

A hatch opened on top of the submarine, and a pith helmet emerged, followed by a gnarled face, which seemed to have been burned in an explosion.

"Well, well, well. Fancy meeting you here," snarled the lady.



It was Lady Buckshot. She was chomping on a cigar and wielding a shotgun.

"HOO!" cried Woolly.

"Yes, how peculiar!" replied Dotty.

"Maybe we should have made a run for it," said Titch.

"Thought you could kill me off, did you?" called out the big-game hunter, as she stepped down from her submarine on to the ice. "Thought your little stunt with Tower Bridge was clever, did you?"

"Mmm," mused Dotty. "Probably not saying the right thing here, but yes, I did, actually."

"SILENCE!"

"You asked the question!"

"It was a rhetorical question!"

"What's that?"

"You don't know what a rhetorical question is?"

"No."

"SILENCE!" That was also a rhetorical question!"

"We're going round in circles now."

"Right, I'll shoot you first!"

Elsie stepped in front of Dotty.

"Never," said the girl.

Titch stepped in front of Elsie.

"NEVER!" he said.

Then Woolly swept them both aside with her trunk.

"HOOO!" she hooted at the hunter.

"I'll just stay here at the back if that's all right with everyone," announced Dotty.



"Oh, for goodness' sake!" thundered Buckshot, spitting out her cigar and pointing her shotgun at each of them in turn. "I WILL KILL YOU ALL!"



Chapter 70

BEHIND YOU!

Buckshot cocked her shotgun.

CLICK!

"Don't you fools see how good all your heads would look on my wall?" she called out.

"I rather like my head attached to my body," Elsie called back. "And so does Woolly!"

"HOO!" The mammoth nodded in agreement.

"Woolly?" mocked Buckshot. "The monster has a name!"

"She's not a monster; she's a manmoth," said Dotty.

"A what?" asked Buckshot.

"A MANMOTH! ARE YOU DEAF?"

"It'll take too long to explain," said Elsie.

"Fine. I don't have the time anyway. Prepare to die..."

Titch put his hand up in the air. "Excuse me, lady?"

"What now?"

"There's a polar bear behind you," he lied.

"No, there isn't," said Dotty.

"Shut up!" he hissed.

"Yes, there is!" Elsie continued the lie. "A really big one."

"I'm not falling for that old chestnut!" thundered Buckshot.

"**HOO!**" hooted Woolly, pointing with her trunk at the spot where this imaginary bear might be.

"Oh, I get it," said Dotty. "There's a really big brown bear..."

"White bear!" hissed Titch.

"...white bear behind you!"

"It would look great on your wall," added Elsie. Behind her, she could sense the mammoth was straining.

"What are you doing, Woolly?" whispered Elsie.

The mammoth had shut her eyes tight in concentration.

Finally, it came.

A bottom burp.

GGGGGGRRRRRRUUUUURRRR!

A bottom burp that sounded exactly like the growl of a bear.

The noise made Buckshot turn round and look.

It gave the gang of four just enough time to rush at her. Titch rugby-tackled her, and she fell to the ice.

THUMP!

"**ARGH!**"

Dotty sat on her, so she was trapped.

"**GET ORFF ME, YOU PEASANT!**"

Next, Elsie snatched the shotgun from her, and threw it as far away as she could, so that it landed in deep snow.

"**GIVE ME THAT BACK!**"

Last, Woolly lolloped forward, and with her trunk grabbed the lady by her ankle.

"**WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU BEAST?**"

Guessing what was to come, Elsie helped Dotty off Buckshot.

The Ice Monster

Then Woolly dangled her would-be killer in the air.
"HELP!" she cried.

"Not on your nelly!" said Dotty.

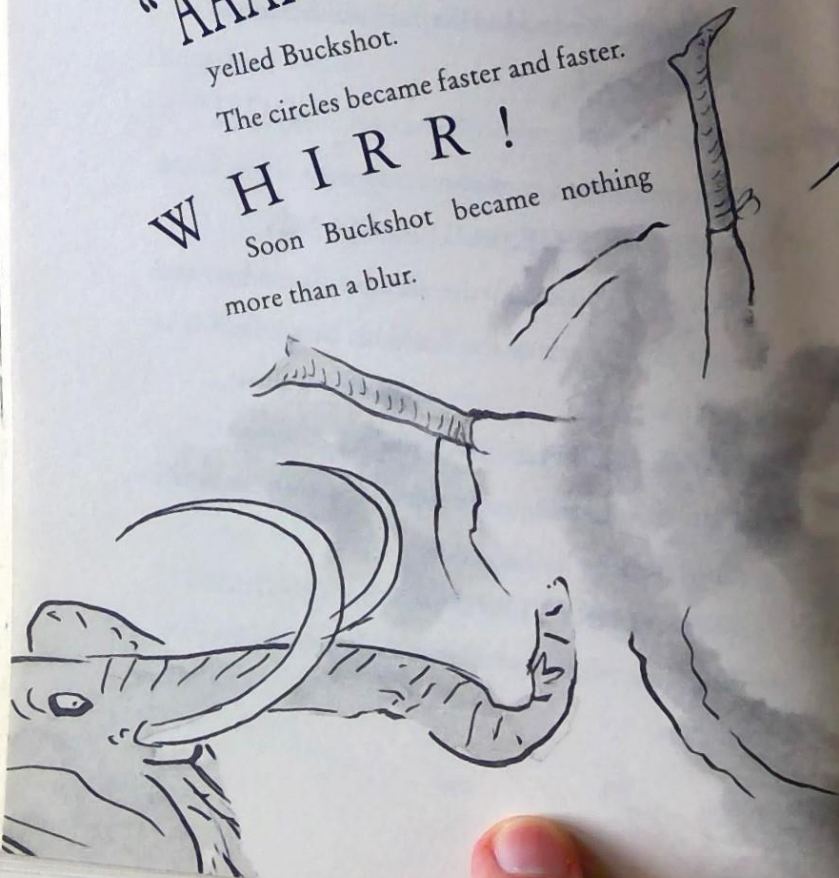
The mammoth lifted the hunter high in the air and began swinging her in circles.

"AAARRRGGGHHH!!!"
yelled Buckshot.

The circles became faster and faster.

W H I R R !

Soon Buckshot became nothing more than a blur.



Behind You!

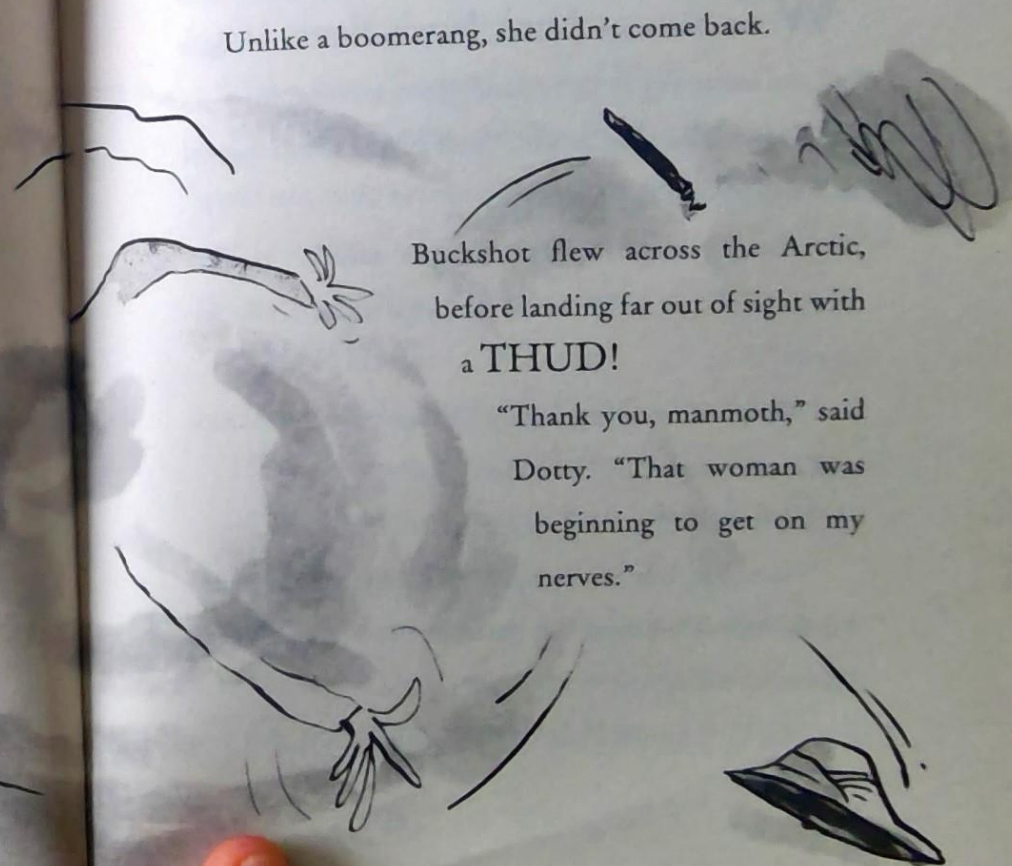
"AAAAARRRRGGGGGHHHHH!!!!!"

"Now let go!" said Elsie.

The mammoth did what she was told.

"NNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOO!"
cried Buckshot as she spun through the air like a boomerang. **W H I Z Z !**

Unlike a boomerang, she didn't come back.



Buckshot flew across the Arctic, before landing far out of sight with a **THUD!**

"Thank you, mammoth," said Dotty. "That woman was beginning to get on my nerves."