

## Chapter Four

# Museum

Dr Dire smiled his widest smile.

“Oh, I beg your pardon,” he said in a bad French accent. “I am Pierre Onions, from the most famous museum in Paris...”

“The Louvre?”

“No, thank you,” said Dr Dire. “I went just before I set off.”



“Well, you are here now,” said Napoleon. “But why?”

“I am putting together a new exhibit!” Dr Dire claimed. “All about the life of our great leader. That’s you, by the way...”

“*Oui!*”

The scientist shook his head. “No, I still don’t need one, thanks. What I do need is something from this battle; something that shows how tough things are for you.”

Clearly flattered, Napoleon joined Dr Dire at the table. “Well, there is plenty to choose from... my battle plans, the figures I prepare my attacks with, even the telescope I use to look at the Duke of Wellington. He’s very ugly, you know!”