

Mayor Depp Went to the AFI Tribute, and All I Got Was Drunk in La Jolla!

*Being My Report on Our Adventure,
and My Subsequent Epiphany, on the West Coast*

To Kidd and all Good Citizens of Deppville
by Boatswain Mad Manouche Gunwale

Our twofold mission were a success, mates. Pam completed the highly technical IT Division meeting minutes, ship-shape an' Bristol fashion, as usual. Though disappointed to find herself stuck indoors during most daylight hours ... and it bein' a balmy 70-ish degrees Fahrenheit each day, unlike her accustomed 40-ish (at best) in Chicago ... she consoled herself with the hotel's excellent food, freely-flowin' drink, and a pay-per-view of CATCF (in the convenience of her room, no less). She also displayed a fondness for the mornin' ritual of openin' the glass door to her balcony, sniffin' the air, an' gazin' longingly out to sea ... a view obstructed only by a golf course, deemed off limits to hoi polloi such as ourselves.

I, on the other hand, spent me time scoutin' the locale to try an' gauge its potential for this trade we pirates have chosen; for the record, Kidd, it's a temptin' plum, indeed. Granted, the Port of San Diego is a bit tricky navigation-wise, forcin' one to face considerable peril when roundin' the Cape of Good Depp; but once arrived, you're loathe to leave, that's a fact. The breeze is heady with the smell of exotic flowers, an' the climate remains reasonable through the majority of the calendar year. I would be remiss, however, not to mention that the surroundin' uncharted territories offer their own challenges to test the mettle of a captain's crew, in the form of myriad micro-breweries an' taverns, all filled with brown an' bohemian lads ... to be sure, not the types we'd wish to press into service. No, these be scoundrels, each an' every one of 'em, all too ready to press their advantage an' steal the purses an' hearts of otherwise worthy an' dependable shipmates.

I should make clear that I'm not speakin' of these litigious Lotharios from firsthand experience – in part because I remained focused on the task at hand, scoutin' the area to report back to Kidd. Me dealin's with these blackguards were cavalier enough at first, but soon led to ... well, somethin' come to me, an' I know I can count on me fine mates in Deppville to understand. I'm in love. Aye, there it is, have your laugh, ya rotters! I'm in love, an' I'm reasonably certain the object of me affection ain't spoken for as of yet: I've become smitten with one William Blake, A.K.A. Dead Man.

Mind, it snuck up on me. I first realized it when, whilst sharin' a parlay with a robust card player of some means, he threw down a gauntlet I couldn't resist: he dared me to sing the song "Camelot," from *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*. "Give me a hard one," I retorted sarcastically; which led to all manner of hearty guffaws, bad wordplay an'

predictable innuendo, as the Deppville gutter-minds no doubt can well imagine. Once all asides were, well, aside, I began the requested ditty:

We're Knights of the Round Table
We dance whenever we're able
We do routines and chorus scenes
With footwork impeccable
We dine well here in Camelot
We eat ham and jam and Spam a lot

Then it hit me – the proverbial thunderbolt that we all know at one time or other in our lives, blessed we be. The line about “Spam a lot,” for reasons unknown, triggered in me head this melancholy phrase:

Some are born to sweet delight
Some are born to endless night

I didn't merely see the words in me mind's eye, mates; I felt 'em, lived 'em as it were, heard 'em in Blake's own low, melodic voice. Quite took the wind outta me sails. An' that's when I knew – it's William Blake, the apple o' me eye, the cream in me coffee, the zest in me lemon, the man o' me dreams. I figure we'll find a way around that “dead” thing, I have no doubt whatsoever. Love conquers all! (Claps hands, casts eyes skyward)

Havin' reached that realization, I quickly dispensed with all singin' an' carousin' with said lusty lad, an' repaired to me stateroom to mull this surprisin' turn of events. Naturally, I didn't allow me newfound reverie to interfere with me duties; therefore, Kidd, I henceforth submit me recommendations an' speculations, with confidential addendae to be delivered to you later, under separate cover. It's me considered opinion that the Port of San Diego an' nearby La Jolla will provide unique opportunities for piracy: the law is lax, an' the rewards are plentiful for those of enterprisin' nature, if ye catch me meanin'.

Pam now is off to rush into the waiting arms of her beloved Fishmonger Tim; the Libertine Trailer is batten'd down for the night; an' all is right with the world. So, with your permission, I'll take me leave an' retire to me quarters, sort through this intriguing mix of emotions, then compose a cautious but cordial epistle to Mr. Blake, to test the waters, as it were ... to enquire how stands his disposition on the subject of tender feelin's of devotion from a singin' pirate ... of mutual admiration an' affection ... of buildin' a future together ... of a shared bottle o' rum an' a roll in the nearest hayloft ...

I remain your humble Boatswain,

Manouche

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