

Official Document / Declaration of Intent

To:

Vice-Mayor Lisa
Captain Kidd
Gonzo Journalist Colonel Depp

From:

Boatswain Manouche
2 January 2006

*Composed With Great Sincerity and Single-Minded
Purposefulness ... After a Damn Good Friggin' in the Riggin'*

Whereas the culmination of romance between myself and one poet, Mr. William Blake, was long in its formation and fruition, and Kidd and Lisa have more than once witnessed me in my cups over said Mr. Blake and subsequently kindly offered their varying levels of treatment to see me through, being mates and gentlewomen of the highest order. Characteristically, their methods would commonly manifest via their individual personalities. As a result, I were recipient to a broad spectrum of comfort: from arm-around-the-shoulder-clinking-glasses encouragement and urging of the stiff upper lip (Lisa) ... to having my head shoved under a rushing stream of ice-cold water, and being handed over to Wilmot to help me forget (Kidd).

Inasmuch as all methods were accepted and appreciated for the spirit of camaraderie with which they were administered, the capper was last evening at Chez Roux, when my Captain and the Vice-Mayor complied in the transpiration of events opening the way for me to at long last express heart and soul to Mr. Blake; my fortune happily compounded to learn—through Colonel Depp's remarkable storytelling—that the object of my affection has long harbored mutual hope and intention. Were it not for the intervention and encouragement of Lisa, Kidd and the good Colonel, the pair of us most likely would still be wandering Deppville aimlessly, shy and unsure of ourselves and one another. Your Boatswain is pleased to report that Mr. Blake and I passed an unforgettable evening together, stridently expressing mutual admiration, as it were. I will leave the details for my readers to fill in; suffice to say that, although Mr. Blake is a vastly different style of poet than Mr. Wilmot, I can assure you that the latter is not the only poet "up for it" in Deppville. "Up for it all the time" remains to be seen.

Therefore, I graciously thank my aforementioned fellow Depprepresentatives for your assist in bringing Mr. Blake and me together:

Lisa, mate, you are a first-rate Vice-Mayor and friend in highest standing. I pledge to help keep Deppville as fine a port as she can be, inasmuch help as you'll accept from a pirate. I'll cut down the first bounder who dares to speak ill of you or your beloved Cesar—and I shall prove far more effective in this regard now that you've returned my weapons. Bless ye, luv.

Kidd, I'm at your service as always, from the day you hired me on as Boatswain. Yes, I may resort to questionable methods at times (e.g., pancakes). And yes, I may occasionally let slip word about questionable items under your bed ... not to mention that contraption in your closet, the one with the pulleys, silk straps and the super-sized Pez dispenser. However, in my defense, I recently took it upon myself, on me onesies, to rid Deppville of a sinister menace (certainly no small threat to dear Madame Wonka, and potentially other citizens), though my efforts may have gone unnoticed by many, having taken place during the busy holiday season and far out to sea. And you'd be hard-pressed to find a more devoted crew member ... one with a working knowledge of small homemade bombs, poisons, tuna torture, sea shanties riddled with minor chords and unusual middle 8s, brunch recipes and proper plundering techniques for snack machines. You think me a sentimental fool; but mind, Kidd, I'll surprise you yet.

Good Colonel, my great friend ... for your story that paved the road to romance for Mr. Blake and myself, what can I say? Keep that golden pen flying, long may you run (and write). And I wish nothing but the best of everything to you and Hanson. Scribble yourself a happy ending, mate, it's overdue.

As a more practical token of my esteem to the three of you, I present forthwith, certificates that will be honored at Chez Roux. Dinner for two, for each of you, redeemable anytime through 2006. Marijke will keep these on hold until you cash them in, on a date of your choosing. These are on me, and each will include a bottle of my favorite champagne, with my compliments—fine for Kir Royales, or poured solo:

<http://www.veuve-clicquot.co.jp/>

Enjoy a night on the town with Cesar, Hanson, and ... well, Kidd, would that be Ichy or Wilmot for you? If it's the former, do him a favor and don't frighten him too badly before the pair of you leave for the restaurant; wouldn't want him skittish throughout the entire bloody meal. If it's the latter ... well, might I suggest you be sure he understands that, at Chez Roux, all he has to be up for is a good filet mignon.

With great appreciation and continued kinship, I remain

Your humble Boatswain,
Manouche Gunwale Roussel

2 January 2006

E Pluribus Deppum



In Depp We Thud