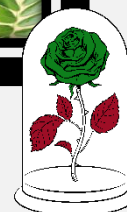


by Rose McVice



Copyright ©

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission.

Requests for permission to make copies of any part of this document should be submitted to the Creative Assworks Studio LLC via the jackstonedibs.com website.

Song lyrics noted (🎵) herein along with 'poetry playback' references are available in the public domain.



HEAR YE HEAR YE

With utmost respect to the *Equus africanus asinus* species

All further mentions of the term 'ass' shall therefore and hitherto

Be capitalized under strict rules from Queen Rose & King McVice

Welcome to the Spirited Adventures of Jackstone Dibs - a whimsical, slightly bawdy, yet sentimental comic verse story, about a donkey named Dibs, who is spell-cast into a bottle then abruptly tossed into the arms of mother ocean. Whereupon a mystical, musical breeze from Yesteryear will guide his bottle to selected shores to deliver soulful, lyrical messages to bottle finders who just so happen to be mind-tripping for a life do-over. These poignant messages, along with the creative thinking talents of our PHD (pretty handsome donkey) and his side-kick parrot companion, provide an aha-spark and new life direction to those lucky enough to find the bottle.

In addition to the adventure stories, one will encounter various driftwood artifacts floating within the pages: friendly banter with ocean buddies, zen-inspired barstool quotations, classical poetry recitals and other fascinating flotsam that just may tickle your hull.

One can also discover additional treasures such as a Good Ole Pal rolodex of some of the finest donkey's & mules, an assortment of topical videos & songs, etc... by simply kayaking over to the www.jackstonedibs.com website.

The waves are calling, matey- tis time we raise the flag and get our drift on!



*Our bell is rung by comic spirit
Our flag, hoisted by rhyme
Wit will fill our creative sail
And lift our soul sublime*



The *marquee at your Theater of Life*
is flashing a simple neon message...
'NOT TO BE'.

Reality, now standing center stage, just butt-slapped Dreams
who then stumbled down the stairs while exiting Stage Left.

You, do what you can to get your act together—
find a pub, mount a barstool, tilt some glass.

You, then embark on a solitary stroll to water's edge
where the ocean draws yet another drunken line on a canvas of sand.

You, head down, toes in sand... ponder...

Why me?

Where did I go wrong?

WHAT THE HELL NOW?

It is at that very moment,
a warm, tropical breeze straight outta Nowhere
caresses your forlorn face, gently lifts your chin.

For out yonder on Mother Ocean's runway,
a pulse, a ripple, a serendipitous wave approaches—
a shimmering object appears.

Fate, holding a Waterman pen, proudly
scribes a new bullet on your SOS resume...

- Beachcomber; glass bottle finder

No, not just any bottle but rather, a very special glass vessel;
a vessel containing an itsy-bitsy, margarita-drinking jackass on the inside,
and a reefed-up, cork-straddling Jamaican parrot on the out.

The Ass says he has a life-changing message for you!

Well... don't that just figure.

You, recipient of Ocean's cherished gift of a message in a bottle,
have *your* message delivered by... a jackass!

But, here's the good news.
'What the hell now?'... just got answered.





Sometimes the Greatest Ideas Start with a Jackass!

HARMONIC WAVE SERENDIPITY



A Sing-along (*with a familiar castaway tune*)

Sit right back while we tell a tale

Of a pirate ship at dock

With a crew of men, a voodoo witch

And a Captain bout half-crocked... a Captain bout half-crocked.

Strolling by the dock that day

A donkey full of cheer

He saw the crew load rum on board

And from the pier he veered... to the rum his nose did steer.

With hooves onboard and slurping rum

The ship began to leave

The donkey now a sailor man

For that you must believe... but prepare yourself to grieve.

Days went by, the rum went dry

The donkey was to blame

But he found on board kegs of port

And friends they all became... the crew was one the same.



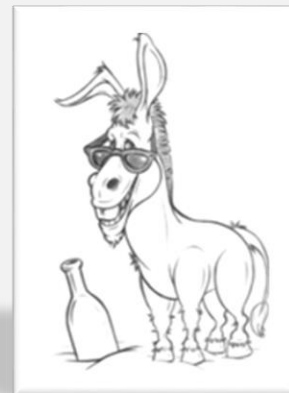
The captain went to give a toast
Yelled 'Get the Ass a glass!'
But a voodoo witch misheard this claim
And voodoo spell'd the ass... she put the Ass in glass???

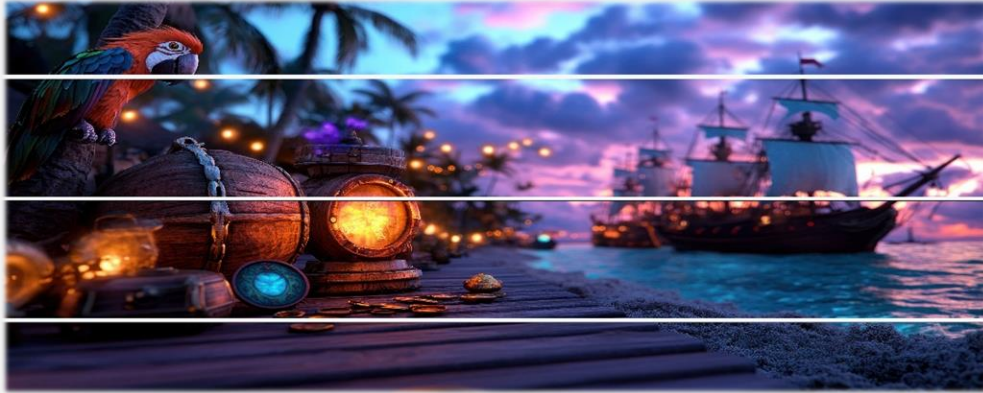


The captain held the bottled Ass
A sight that was quite queer
And chuck'd the bottle fer as he could
He thought bad luck was near... it shook his knees with fear.

A one-eyed parrot saw his chance
And snatched the captain's map
He flew out to his new-found friend
For a life of fun on tap... a life of rhyme and rap.

With wings spread wide and sailor's pride
The friends now at full throttle
To drift ashore and save lost souls
A donkey in a bottle... the message in a bottle.





The Backstory

*H*is whole particulars have changed.

Being of sound mind, astute ears,
and gluttonous thirst for the spirits, our
soon-to-be favorite donkey was ploddin-n-troddin
along a dock one day whereupon a high tide
delivered but a magnificent galleon of yesteryear.

The ship, named Serendipity, was carrying liquid treasures
to and fro the ocean blue- and as you might guess, a donkey
with rum-hauling heritage believed the situation deserved
a closer, ol' blue-eyes inspection. With no time to waste
and fate on his starboard side, the donkey quietly trotted onboard.

(For his action, dear Reader, one cannot blame temptation
but rather an extreme lack of fear saddled with utmost curiosity)

The captain, a fine fellow of constant smile and black spot
upon his hand, knew not of the presence of the four-legged crewmate.
For that matter, the donkey remained sight unseen even amongst
the crew as the ship took sail from dock.

With his nose fixated on wonderous spirits,
flavors of vanilla and oak with
hints of clove and cinnamon spices,
our donkey soon discovered the answer to
THE most important question in pirate lore...



{The rum, dear Jack... is right here!}

What transpired over the next few hours can only be imagined
if considering the aquatic skills of an *Equus africanus asinus*
drinking in survival mode
under the driest of conditions.

But who of us can blame his enthusiasm
as there is no better delight than partaking
in an exotic cruise with an open bar
serving help-yourself ocean-aged barrels of rum.

Inasmuch there was no fine
instrument of time measure,
perhaps two oversized sand-filled hourglasses
had emptied when the shrilled sound
of the Quartermaster's shout of **Ass Ho!... Ass Ho!**
rang out revealing our donkey's presence;
and perhaps more importantly,
a discovery by shipmates of the donkey's
impressive, yet shameless, alcoholic consumption capability.

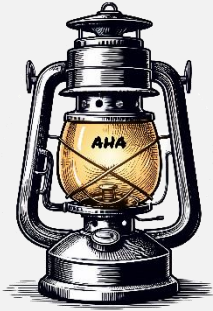
*{If gnarling hands and sword-cut fingers could've painted on a canvas of sail,
dear Jacques-Louis, the Death of Socrates would have certainly raised
it's colors illustrating our donkey sipping a froth-overflowing hemlock
concoction served forcibly by the crew}*

Nowthen,
with an atmosphere so darkly clouded in distraught,
two peculiar observations shined apparent...



First, a notable... colorful... oddity.
A featherish crew member who possessed a puzzling, polarized
perspective of this precarious predicament...
a parrot... a one-peeper, plastered parrot.
Whom, not to cast precedent blame or coat-tail excuse for
our Ass's discretion, appears to have preceded said Ass
in rum barrel taste-testing
as made evident by said parrot, lying on his back,
staring up at the now evening sky with
brass telescope in wing, singing
'Fly meh to di moon, mon'...
or something to the sorts.

Second, we get our first look at the coolful, calculated, debonair style of the Ass himself. Leveraging careful due diligence during his initial ISO-need-a-drink liquor barrel audit search, our Ass was able to serve up a dreadnaught-me-hearties speech to the anxiety ridden crew, and reminded them of unhoof'd barrels of port still in good stand.



Once the sailors 'aha' oil-burning lamp was lit and realization of an auxiliary get-gassed tank available be, the crew rejoiced and accepted their four-legged mate with a somewhat awkward display of high-five to low-hoof.

Soon thereafter,
the Jolly Roger dance commenced...

Song danced with	Rum jigged with
Port do-se-do with	Happiness bowed with
Drunkenness then	Curtsy on over to a toast
By the captain	To our delighted, excited Ass.

But... forgive me again, dear Reader... for I must pause... right here... right now.

As accustomed to other slosh-buckling, seafaring tales, there is one more important topic that shall be omitted not.

The conical hat gal. The mysterious lady.
The witchy woman... holding a juju donkey.
Who gazed upon the donkey's soul as if
He were the apple in Her eye.

Donning an inverted color rose tattoo
etched upon her lower right calf,
the voodoo witch sat quietly in a darkened corner,
with lantern flickering, air a still,
sipping from a weathered grog travel mug
with Juju Togo scribed on it's side, playing
a game derived from chackstones called jacks (also called dibs).



{with bones, dear John Dee, of mere chicken and weasel}

IT WAS THEN!
the witchy woman heard
the captain's toasting command of
"Get the Ass a glass!"

IT WAS THEN!
call to action stood tall upon her shoulders.

IT WAS THEN! ...
well... voila, puff, there you have it—
donkey in a bottle (or as the hipsters say)...
Ass in a glass.

Now so I say,
if one were a Tweetologist and tweeted comments heard
directly from the crew, one could have surely
hit 'send' for the following:



tweet: Her voodoo transformative powers
were simply impressive, impressive indeed!
tweet: It was magical!
tweet: A natural voodoo'oligist if ever I seen one
tweet: In a league of her own

BUT,
I do so say,
her hearing,
her hearing,
I say her hearing
was woe-is-me child in need of audio alignment.

Why, of whom
with an ounce of spiritual alchemic pedigree
could possibly misinterpret the captain's call of
'get the ass', not, 'put the ass'
'get the', not, 'put the'
'geh', not 'puu'.

{What we have here, dear Luke, is a failure to communicate}

AIN'T THAT A PISSER



And her reaction to this
life-changing, never be the same,
full fault folly of her hexing
the Ass into a glass, you may ask?
Let me see if I can so state with
proper eloquence and accuracy;
'Ain't that a pisser... my bad', say she.

"Come again?"
the donkey asked,
anxiously standing on back hooves
while nose and front hooves
pressed firmly against his
permanent glass chamber...
"Come again???"

"My bad" say she.

And what, might you guess,
do one voodoo witch do
when sourcery'n such a mistake?
Well, she follows with the following:

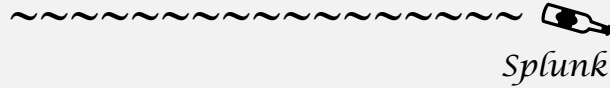
"To all ye
who call yerselves a sailor—
He who hav'th no balls shall cast
Freedom's first **stone at the jack!**"

It was then, as if the world stopped turning—
all tides went slack.
And in a motionless, manly-less moment,
it came to be—
Jackstone...

Jackstone Dibs, be he...

The Ass in a Glass.

whop, whop, whop, whop,



Alas, this Ass -
To be or not to be?
*{But is that really the question, dear Shakespeare, or is it rather
should one take arms against a sea of troubles}*

What adventure now lay
before the ass are but
the dreams of Modestine himself.

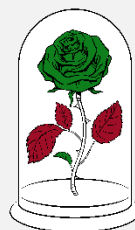
What Reality presents itself for
setting course towards his new horizon;
his own marquee of Life?

Well, let us check:



To this coolful & colorful journey
We say—

Glass Sailors We Are!
So be it and drift on





Sir Soon B. Forgot

A persona non grata, marooned... slightly stoned

Sat Dibs, the donkey, on Isle of Jackstone.

Banished by pirates, the famed Grinshaw's Men,

Dibs wondered if this was to be his sad end.

Bound in a bottle on a spot he knew not

The Ocean anointing him 'Sir Soon B. Forgot'.

With life at rock bottom, how would he get by?

All he had was a bird with a patch on its eye.

A one-eyed parrot from Jamaican descent

Spoke in riddles and idioms with a heavy accent.

Parrot: Dis be bodderation,¹ mon! I do not mean to gripe.

But rest, mon. Calm down. All fruits are ripe!²

Dibs: Stay calm? How ridonkulous! Our life is out of whack.

Have you noticed our predicament, or does your vision lack?

I'm stuck in a bottle. Don't know how to get out!



¹ bodderation—bother

² All fruits are ripe!—All is good!

Parrot: A bokkle³? Dat cris!⁴ No doubt!

Dibs: That's cool, you say? Are you crazy, you bag of feathers!?

Parrot: Nah, but no worries, mon. Wi in dis ting together!

Parrot: I am a don gorgon,⁵ a master for messes.

Truss mi, I help you with all of yah stresses.

Dibs: All right, I'll relax. I'll take a deep breath,

Though this circumstance seems to me, life or death.

We have to get off of this island somehow,

And I won't give up trying. That's my solemn vow.

The bottle, at first, seemed to Dibs like a jail,

But then, after thought, he believed it could sail.

And take them away from this deserted place,

To a much more desirable, inhabited space.

Dibs: Are you with me, Parrot? What do you say?

Parrot: Mi tink dat da trut. Dey ain't nuh odda way.

So our two frienDS agreed that they'd face life together,

Through sunshiny days or through dark, stormy weather.

As they watched the sun set at the end of that day—

Both in their own thoughts with nothing to say—

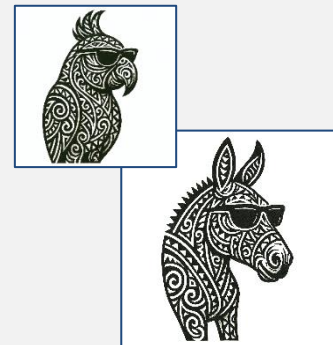
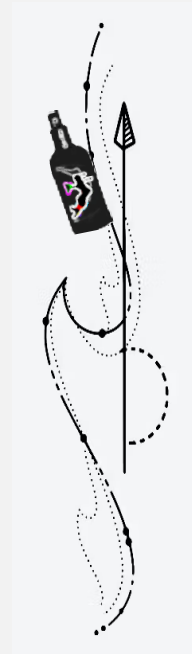
They wondered what paths their lives would soon take,

And they passed the night peacefully— yet fully awake.

³ bokkle—bottle

⁴ Dat cris!—That is cool!

⁵ don gorgon—outstanding person





EVERYTING COOK AN CURRY

The outlook wasn't brilliant for Dibs and the bird next day.

The cards were stacked against them, still their plans were underway.

They'd sail away from all they'd known without any fear or dread.

Parrot: Everyting cook an curry!⁶, there ain't no fear to shed.

Dibs: Yeah, bird, you're right. All is well, even in this glass.

The bottle's our shot to see the world, traveling first class.

The tattered map should give us direction as we explore the Seven Seas,

And as Marley so aptly put it, each man's gotta "decide his own destiny."

Batten down the hatches, bird, this vessel's on the move,

Dibs ain't no dumb ass, and I've got a lot to prove!

At first the thrill of drifting upon the vast and open sea

Was all our two friends needed. They were happy as could be.



⁶ Cook and curry!—Just fine!

They were floating and relaxing. They were feeling light as air.

Nothing could be bETter. They had no worries, nor a care.

Their first day of floating ended. The sun began to sink.

Both Dibs and his companion had all day to rest and think.

Though peacefully unburdened, a thought wormed into their bliss.

Though the day had ended perfectly, still something seemed amiss.

Neither wanted to admit it, but both knew things had to change—

To stop living in the moment and begin making plans, long range.



As the sky slowly darkened, the blue moon began to rise.

Dibs and his Jamaican parrot settled back and closed their eyes.

The water gently rocked them, but neither one could doze.

Their minds were busy thinking of the plans they must compose:

Plans to harness energy, plans to find good food,

Plans to learn to read a map. (Which lines were latitude?)

As Dibs's worries started building and his stress began to grow,

Parrot: Rest, mon. Ev'ryting gonna be irie,⁷ jah know?

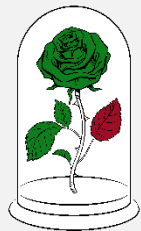


⁷ irie—excellent

The morning dawned too early, but our friends were wide awake,
Prepared to meet the challenges, they faced at morn'n break.
The first, and most important, was to harness energy.
Moving by their own accord seemed key to their destiny.

After thinking of a sailboat's dependence on wind and gales,
The need for a steering rudder and the function of its sails,
They put their heads together, and in a moment, they both grinned.
The bird's tail could be the rudder, and his wings could gather wind.

Now Dibs was on a mission to leave his mark upon the world,
And he sailed off in his glass vessel with the parrot's wings unfurled.





The Da Capo Breeze

Dibs (looking up, night sky):

“Oh, Cassiopeia, your beauty holds...

A Cubs victory in your twink???

Where will winds be taking us?

Where is destiny's next link?”



They were deep in thought as stars

Came out and lit the evening sky.

The moon now o'er dark waters

With a glow that mystified.

The donkey looked bewildered

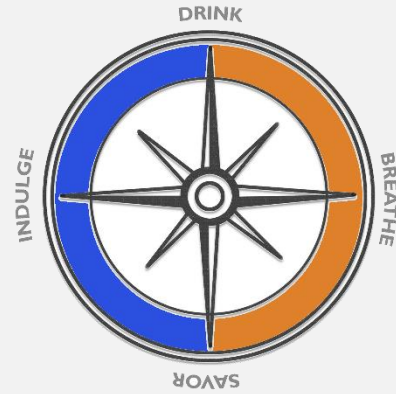
By night's luminous display.

In the matter of a moment,

The night seemed bright as day.

The Parrot pulled out the fragile map
And a mystery was born.
The map he'd handled so carefully
Was no longer tattered and torn.

Instead the map seemed to be brand-new
Causing doubt to their own eyesight.
A DIBS compass rose was faintly seen
With the aid of the moon shining bright.



When the moonshine map was examined,
The mystery continued to grow.
An eerie green light appeared on the map,
Its origin our friends did not know.

Parrot: Dat be one mud up⁸ map, I say
As parrot looked at the map with one eye.

En mornin' be one ting, en night be anneda.
Dibs nodded his head, stupefied.

⁸ mud up—confusing

Dibs: I'm not sure of this map and its crazy spell

Or what guidance it's trying to show.

First a green light?⁹ Now random letters?

A T, an HE, and an O⁹?

As the map did glow a fresh breeze did blow

Carrying tunes from Yesteryear—

A nighttime jamboree from time gone by

Heard only by the donkey's grand ears.

The sound, a mix of many a song

Like a hun'urd ole vinyl's at play.

An encore of bygone's soulful words.

A Da Capo for Life one might say.



Dibs: I'm puzzled by this musical breeze

Out here in the vast ocean blue

But I hope with time and an open mind

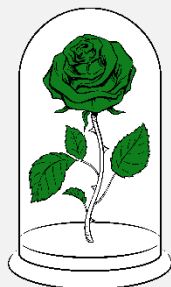
These old vibes will deliver a clue.

Dibs: Enough for one day— this beast is burdened.

Time to rest for just a few hours.

⁹ In the age of ancient philosophy, the Greek philosopher Theophrastus, is perhaps credited with having sent the first message in a bottle

And they ended the night with the map put aside,
Unaware of its mystical powers.





O'Puser's Poetry Playback

Lines On Ale

by Edgar Allan Poe

Filled with mingled cream and amber,

I will drain that glass again.

Such hilarious visions clamber

Through the chambers of my brain.

Quantist thoughts, queerest fancies

Come to life and fade away.

What care I how time advances;

I am drinking ale today.

~~~



# Bring Me Thou Magic Lance



**SOS: Knight Tittington**

Location: Isle of St. Bard

Message#: di dah dah dah dah... 1



As Dibs and his one-eyed companion

Bobbed along on the open sea,

They noticed the map's compass rose

Now glowing most frantically!

As they held the map and peered ahead,

Blue land could faintly be seen.

Then the tide transformed from slack to high,

Mother's waves became extreme!

Under Maestro's hand, the wind spun up

A tune from the Da Capo breeze—

Is this some type of 'Message'? Dibs thought,

If so, what could it mean?

The tune was vaguely familiar,

Though he couldn't place it just yet,

But the more he heard, the more sure he became

This was his first "message," he'd bet.



♪ A heart, full of joy and gladness,  
Will always banish sadness and strife.  
So always look for the silver lining,  
And try to find the sunny side of life. ♪

Banish sadness? Dibs wondered, bewildered.

“Silver lining?” he pondered aloud.

“I guess now’s the time to put faith to the test.

“I’ll search for the sunny side,” he vowed.

With that thought, his odd sailing vessel

Suddenly grounded upon the new shore.

Dibs and the parrot soon noticed

The beginnings of a major uproar.

It seems that a man named McDougal

Was frustrated and angry and vexed.

He spewed out a string of vile verbiage.

Its meaning had our friends perplexed.



McDougal:   Thou art a bashful, beef-witted bum-bailey!

                  A frightful excuse for a knight!

                  How will you joust or fight dragons,

                  With a stick that shan’t win a cockfight?

Tittington:   Alas, my lance is not worthy,

Sighed the downtrodden knight Tittington.

                  It’s embarrassingly short, weak, and puny.

                  Penetration with my stick shan’t be done.

Tittington: But I swear by everything holy,  
By the stars, the sun, and the moon,  
I will prove in spite of shortcomings,  
My stick will cause victims to swoon.

The crowd erupted with laughter.

McDougal howled and fell to one knee.

McDougal: Richard Tittington, you have one week to prove worthy,  
Or Dicky Tinyton your name will soon be.

Left alone with the chide of McDougal,  
The knight sat down near the shore in the sand.  
And whispered aloud, "If the truth be told,  
I can ne'er be a true Renaissance Man.

My heart does not beat for battle  
My mind wanders far from the toil  
My body, best suited for Chaucer  
Tranquility refreshes my soul."



It was then the knight noticed near shore,  
A bird, bottle, and donkey within.

Tittington: Good Morrow

Parrot: Big up!<sup>10</sup>

Dibs: I have a message that came from the wind.

I've been sent here to bring your life happiness,  
To make your heart 'shine', so to speak.

Parrot: Wha gone bad in de mornin' be good in de evenin.  
Dis ass help find bliss in di bleak.

Dibs: So tell us, knight Tittington, the cause of your angst.  
Why are you frustrated and stressed?  
Is it just your short stick that undermines your manhood?  
Spill it all, man. Let's have a talkfest.

What is your true calling? What gives you great joy?  
Your silver lining in times of despair?  
Look deep in your soul and expose the 'real you.'

Parrot: Das right, mon. Speak de trut. Do yuh dare?

Tittington: Thou proposeth this talk of exposure,  
Will cure every ill and shortfall.



---

<sup>10</sup> Big up!—What's up!



If I decide to come out of my shell,  
Thou must swear to not judge me ‘screwball’.

As a knight, I am nothing but worthless.  
My armor dented and scarred from swordplay.  
My ass scorched from dragon encounters.  
I’m the ‘butt’ of all jokes, thou might say.



For years I suffered in silence  
From a condition often called ‘stick envy’.  
I want freed of the shame of not measuring up.  
I ne’er long as a ‘knight wannabe’.

To the village I’ve ne’er been honest.  
My true colors would shock and surprise.  
Knights dream of glory, honor and might,  
But I dream of warm cakes and fresh pies.



In my kitchen, I’m Prince of the Pastries—  
A skilled chef who knows no fear.  
I can whip up sweetcakes with a masterful touch.  
I know thou must think this sound queer.

My sweetcakes are simply delicious,  
Made in delicate, impeccable squares.  
I'm proud of the fruits of my labor-  
Let me show you the joy it bears...



{Later}

As Dibs and parrot looked on,  
Tittington prepared cakes with sweetness and flair  
Which he served on a square silver platter  
With white gloves and panache debonair

Although made with eloquent intention  
With perfection and nary a botch  
They were flawlessly, shapelessly... well, dreary

Parrot:       Hmmm... dis cakes needs jack'd up ah notch, mon.

As Dibs pondered the message he heard:  
Silver linings, sunny side and fun  
An idea came with two ingredients-  
Jousting and the shape of the sun.

Dibs:        Aha! Suppose we alter our target  
              To provide you a fair chance to thrill,  
              We'll improve your technique as a joustier  
              While showing off your confectioner skills.

What-if, we reshaped your square sweetcakes

To circles, exact like the sun,

Then create a hole in the middle

Parrot: Using yu lance ahn poking di bun???

Dibs: On a tilt barrier we'll hang 13 sweetcakes

And with your lance and galloping steed,

You'll charge as if you were jousting

But spear cakes as your competitive deed.

You can take the round cake at lance end

To taste for yourself like a baker,

Leaving 12 for paying onlookers,

Parrot: Yea mon, make'n di dough wit yu shilling-maka!



{then}

Dibs and his parrot watched Tittington

Mount his sleek, dappled steed named Brasnik.

He then charged toward a row of fresh sweetcakes

And speared'em all with one thrust of his stick.

Sweet circles neatly speared through the center,  
Brought to Dibs and his bird to taste-test.

Parrot:       Jezzam! Dem cakes be bashy!<sup>11</sup>

Dibs:         Fantastic! They're the best!

Dibs:         How skilled you are, knight Tittington  
                This feat is no simple gimmick.  
                A dozen sweetcakes with holes in the middle,  
                Could be your lifesaver— your shtick!

                The maidens in town will be speechless.  
                Your manhood no longer in contention.  
                When they taste your scrumptious sweetcakes.

Parrot:       Dem ladies start callin yu 'Mr. Mention.'<sup>12</sup>

The first Friday of June<sup>13</sup> was the village fair.  
For Tittington, the moment was right.  
Crowds laughed when he signed up for jousting  
Expecting quite a pitiful plight.



---

<sup>11</sup> bashy!—cool, awesome

<sup>12</sup> Mr. Mention—lady's man

<sup>13</sup> National Donut Day

But when Tittington charged into “battle”—  
Taking aim not at knights, but at cakes,  
The crowd stood in awe, in dead silence...  
Then a rumbling began, like a quake.

The quaking began with the ladies,  
Who ran like a wild horse stampede,  
To surround the astonished knight Tittington,  
Where they nibbled his cakes and decreed;

Ladies:       Ummm! Thou cakes be quite delicious!  
                  Thou buns do surely impress!  
                  Sire, thou poke be perfectly positioned!  
                  Thou stick has passed the gal test!



Sir, thou has becomest like a carpenter—  
An expert with using your tool!  
It wasn't size that made the ladies swoon,  
But his aim that made them all drool.

Queen Una (cooing):       My, oh my, Sweet Tittington!  
                                  Bring me thou magic lance.  
As she held it in her royal hands,  
Her va... heart began to dance.



The knight had also impressed McDougal,  
Lord Dunkin and honorable King Malcolm.  
The crowd scarfed up all his sweetcakes  
Until there was ne'er a crumb.



As the sun was slowly setting  
And the moon began to rise,  
Silence fell o'er the hastilude pros.  
Dibs was the first to vocalize.

Dibs:           My friend, Sir Tittington, you've done it!  
                  I anoint you Knight Extraordinaire!  
                  You have found your key to happiness  
                  By spreading joy with grace and flair.

Parrot:        An if you wan happy in a tankard  
                  Save those sweetcake holes in a pail  
                  Add creme de cacao and vodka  
                  Call it a glazed donut cocktail!



Dibs:            Soon, it is time we must leave you  
                    Our work on St. Bard is done.  
                    We'll depart first thing in the morn'n,  
                    Setting sail with sweetcakes and the sun.

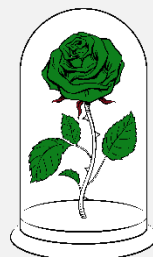
Morning found knight Tittington,  
With steed Brasnick nearby in the sand.  
They had just set our travelers sailing  
To find another, timelost land.

As they watched the bobbing bottle  
Slowly drift from out of their view,  
They smiled as they heard Dibs singing  
Off in the wild yonder of blue...



*♪ Look for the silver lining  
When e'er a cloud appears in the blue.  
Remember somewhere, the sun is shining,  
And so the right thing to do is make it shine for you.*

*A heart, full of joy and gladness  
Will always banish sadness and strife,  
So always look for the silver lining  
And try to find the sunny side of life. ♪*







Whale: Hey, Jackass!

Dibs: Hey, Moby Duck!

Whale: It's Dick... I'm a Dick.

Parrot: Too easy, mon.



Dibs: Every day I feel a little taller.

Dolphin: That would be sea level rise.



Dibs: I gave my margarita glass a Fitbit for XMAS.

Shark 1: That is one-out-of-the-box thinking jackass.

Shark 2: So true.



(talking to shrimp)

Dibs: Statistics say you'll be skewered, sushi'd, steamed, or laughed at for being too small. Have a great day gentlemen!

Seagull: What'd you do- fly through a Sherwin Williams paint store?

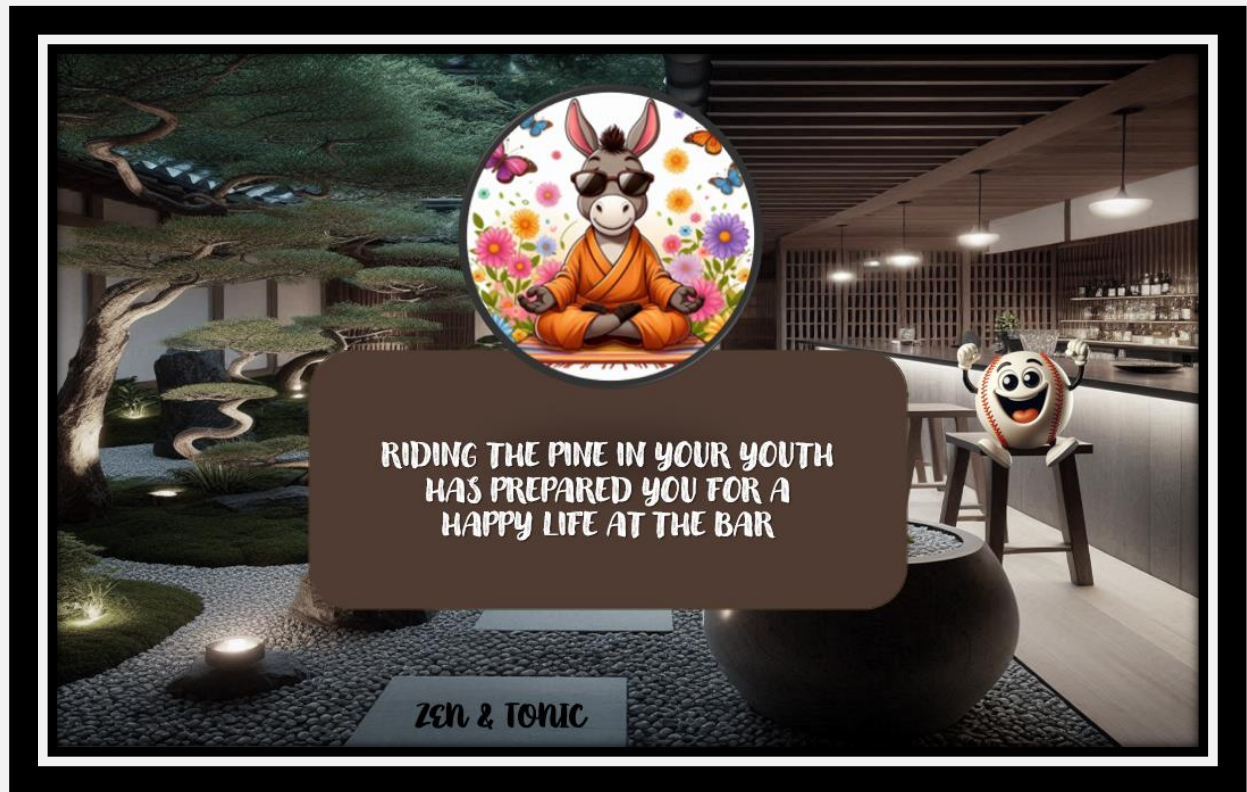
Parrot: Yeh, mon - because of you and your friends, birdshit white was out of stock.





## FROM THE WOBBLY FAN BAR & CHILL

A Zen & Tonic moment served over words of  
wisdom in a glass of tranquility



RIDING THE PINE IN YOUR YOUTH  
HAS PREPARED YOU FOR A  
HAPPY LIFE AT THE BAR

ZEN & TONIC

# No Menu For You



**SOS: Stm Town Mayor**

Location: Gooshore Trochee

Message #: di di dah dah dah... 2



A quaint little town was Gooshore Trochee,  
A haven of sorts for all travel'n geese.  
With water abound both left and on right,  
All geese would stop in for a rest from their flight.

The town locals, proudly, loving their creatures,  
Made their only café nix goose as a feature.  
'Our birds shall never be found on a plate!'  
Posted the town's sign in 1808.



For five blissful years it worked just like that...  
No worries, no cares, no chewing goose fat.  
Peaceful and tranquil a shoreman's delight;  
Crab, oysters, cold beer... why life was just right.

But one August day, an ole bloke named Ditty  
Explained of a ship called the B.I.G. Schmitty.  
Ditty: Pyknic<sup>14</sup> folks, no necks, big paunches on ship  
So heavy, one thought the ship just might tip.

---

<sup>14</sup> pyknic— denoting a stocky physique with a rounded body and head

Ditty:            Onboard, folks wear red like some kind of clan  
                      And talk in a tongue plummy<sup>15</sup> to these lands.  
                      Their craving to feast is second to none!  
                      Nary a crumb left when redcoats are done.

The leader at helm was portly Sir George<sup>16</sup>,  
But foes dropped an 'e' and called him Sir Gorge.  
Eat, OVEReat, then EAT MORE! was his game,  
And all of his troops behaved just the same.



They heard of a town with geese in the sky  
And pined for goose beer, duck soup and fowl pie.  
With fifes in full-floom and drums all-a-drumming  
Oh, there wasn't a doubt... the B.I.G. Schmitti was coming.

At Gooshore Trochee pure panic ensued  
Of pending vile eaters, obnoxious and lewd.  
Their highly trained skills as 'Feasting Rock Stars'  
Made town folks proclaim "Where to run... how far?"



---

<sup>15</sup> plummy—an accent thought typical of the English upper classes

<sup>16</sup> George— British captain George Cockburn, Battle of St Michaels

The town mayor, dazed, with little to speak,  
Sat down, dockside, on Don Samingo Creek.  
Mayor (to himself): As Mayor, I fear for the future untold,  
For geese in our town, both young, and old.

As he pondered in thought of what he should do,  
He glanced at the creek and heard an odd crew.  
And then saw a bottle, come-forth it did drift.  
A donkey and parrot... an odd tidal gift.

Dibs: You there, sir, with a fine bayside seat.  
We're drifting ashore for a small bite to eat.

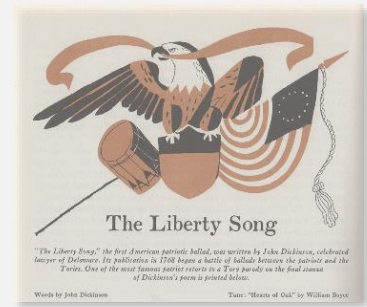
Parrot: An 'eye wit ah stache' would sure settle wi dirst.  
Here grab di rope, mon, let's be safe at first.

Mayor: You've arrived at a time with folks in high fear.  
Shops are all closed, nothing to cheer.  
Redcoats will arrive with destruction in tow  
And turn all our highs to nothing but lows.  
  
For myself, I know not how to conquer the day.  
I find myself afraid, with little to say.  
It will take one-and-all to defend our proud land—  
It will take all-as-one to brand our grand stand.





Dibs: While drifting down the creek I heard  
A patriotic message with strength in its words.  
Inspire your troops with this spirited tune,  
Use as an anthem for your makeshift platoon:



♪ Then join hand in hand brave Americans all,  
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall;  
In so righteous a cause let us hope to succeed,  
For Heaven approves of each generous deed.  
All ages shall speak with amaze and applause,  
Of the courage we'll show in support of our laws; ♪

Dibs: The task at hand? Serve fat bellies the blues.  
Challenge their hunger with a cleverish ruse.  
One that conveys to not take you lightly  
And puts on display, your creative almighty.  
  
First, build a barrier, keep their ship out at bay,  
Then craft a sling-shotter o'er Nobird Café.  
Paint on the sling's pouch a fun-hearted crowd,  
A target you'll make of laughter and loud.





Sing songs, create noise to grab their attention.  
Out foxy those brits, don't show your intention.  
The redcoats will anger, then cannons they'll aim,  
And fire at our crowd, where trickery is our game.

When Sir Gorge yells 'Fire!' launching their tender,  
The pouch will receeeive, AND, returnnnn back to sender.  
Redcoats will be served seconds of lead

Parrot: Den we'll gib dem ah toast, mon, once dey'b all fled.

Dibs: The power you have is not by headcount;  
It's the heart's spirit inside, an endless amount.  
The pride of your town will last throughout time  
And stories be told to kids at bedtime.

*(Later)*

Early next morning B.I.G. Schmitty appeared.  
Fog in the harbor made vision unclear.  
But, stomach growls were easily heard,  
Lobsterbacks hungered for first, seconds and thirds.

Barricades, barges - B.I.G. Schmitty did meet.  
While muskets and pistols readied in town streets.  
Not many townfolk... why only a few  
But their message was clear... 'No Menu for You.'



With redcoats angry and cannons at ready,  
B.I.G. Schmitty unleashed shots at a steady.  
The sounds of cannons would echo for Miles  
(A name which became literary worthwhile).

One cannonball shot in town brought a scare,  
Crashing through shingles, and rolling down stairs.  
But, others came back to Schmitty's own galley  
As if it were moored on Bay Bowling Alley.

The redcoats surprised by the town's will to fight,  
Puzzled, perplexed, it didn't seem right.  
"What a tight scratch, I'm not getting younger."  
Whispered Sir Gorge, who was now fighting hunger.

As volleys returned, exploding near deck—  
Redcoats soon pondered a dining rain-check.  
And, suddenly set sail with hat feathers all wet  
To another small town, where geese a sure bet.

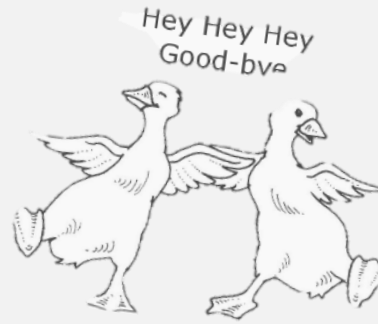


Townfolks at Gooshore bellowed Huzzah!

Geese were all conking Na Na Na Na...

With mayor relieved, town folks all merry,

Victory was topped on a street they call Cherry.



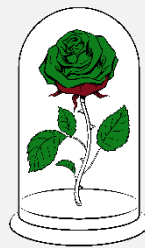
With B.I.G. Schmitti departed and life now untorn,

A drink was soon crafted; and a legend was born.

For at Nobird Café, the register now rings

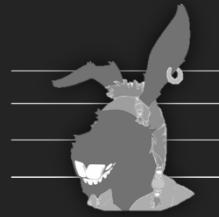
From the drink they serve proudly...

... the Singashore Sling.



FROM THE DRIFTEN INSTITUTE OF AQUATIC BOOTY

# oldest message



131+ years

IN A  
BOTTLE

German  
captains tossed  
thousands of  
bottles into  
ocean from  
1864-1933

*Tossed*

1886

JUN

SE Indian Ocean

Printed note with request  
to return to sender

WHY

RESEARCH CURRENTS  
& SHIPPING ROUTES

GERMAN NAVAL  
OBSERVATORY

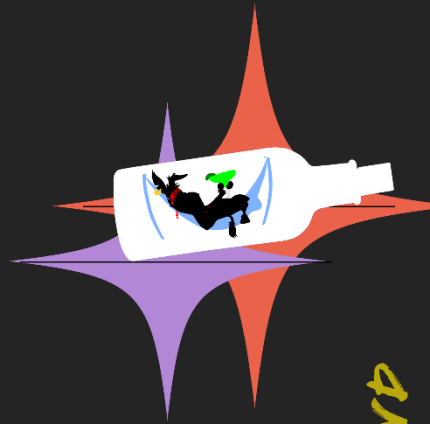
*Found*

2018

JAN

FOUND ON A BEACH WALK

WEDGE ISLAND  
AUSTRALIA



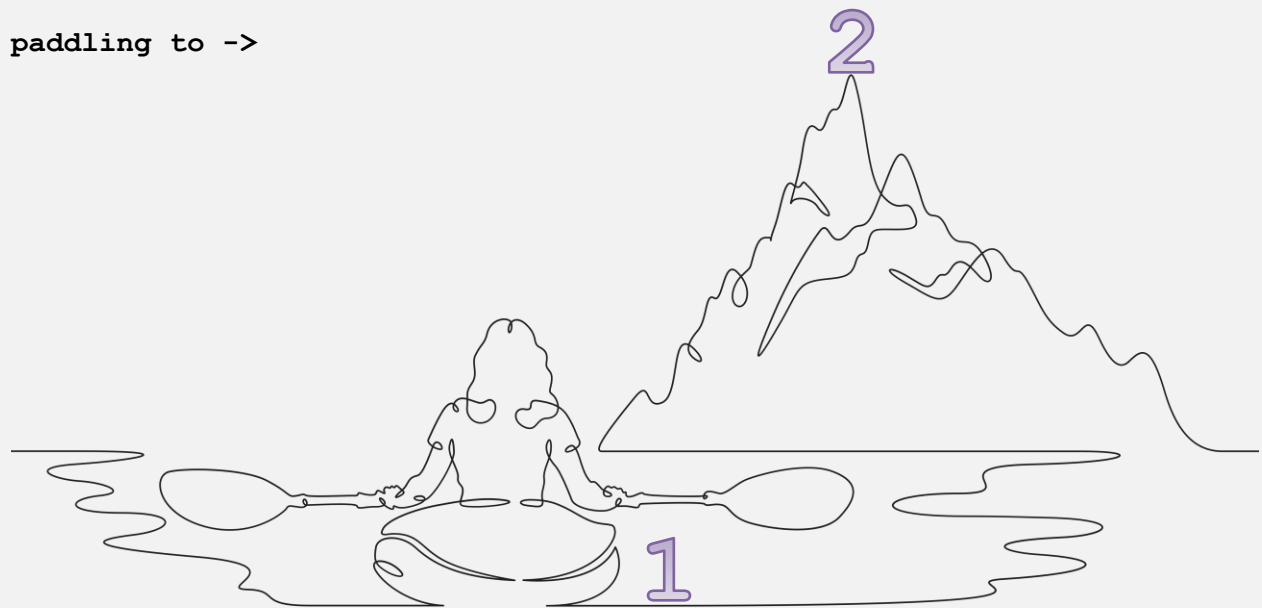
Gin Bottle - Visser & Schiedam



TOSSED & FOUND

1 in our wake

paddling to ->



## Appendix

### The Da Capo Breeze Jukebox (Messages)



Play me a song from the good ole days  
Play me a song of life  
Let the winds bring to me, my soul's melody  
That takes away sorrow and strife

Da Capo – a directive to repeat the previous part of music  
and as such, our story repeats the wonderful songs of Yesteryear.

## Look for the Silver Lining (1919)

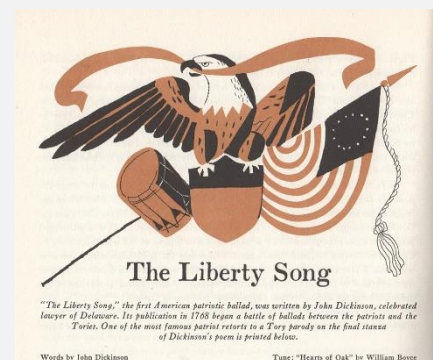
Look for the silver lining  
Whenever a cloud appears in the blue  
Remember somewhere the sun is shining  
And so the right thing to do is make it shine for you

A heart full of joy and gladness  
Will always banish sadness and strife  
So always look for the silver lining  
And try to find the sunny side of life



## The Liberty Song (1768)

Come join hand in hand, brave Americans all,  
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty's call;  
No tyrannous acts, shall suppress your just claim,  
Or stain with dishonor America's name.  
In freedom we're born, and in freedom we'll live;  
Our purses are ready,  
Steady, Friends, steady,  
Not as slaves, but as freemen our money we'll give.



Our worthy forefathers - let's give them a cheer -  
To climates unknown did courageously steer;  
Thro' oceans to deserts, for freedom they came,  
And, dying, bequeath'd us their freedom and fame.  
Their generous bosoms all dangers despis'd,  
So highly, so wisely, their birthrights they priz'd;  
We'll keep what they gave, we will piously keep,  
Nor frustrate their toils on the land or the deep.  
The Tree, their own hands had to Liberty rear'd,  
They lived to behold growing strong and rever'd;  
With transport then cried, - " Now our wishes we gain,  
For our children shall gather the fruits of our pain."



How sweet are the labors that freemen endure,  
That they shall enjoy all the profit, secure, -  
No more such sweet labors Americans know,  
If Britons shall reap what Americans sow,  
Swarms of placemen and pensioners' soon will appear,  
Like locusts deforming the charms of the year:  
Suns vainly will rise, showers vainly descend,  
If we are to drudge for what others shall spend.  
Then join hand in hand brave Americans all,  
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall;  
In so righteous a cause let us hope to succeed,  
For Heaven approves of each generous deed.  
All ages shall speak with amaze and applause,  
Of the courage we'll show in support of our laws;  
To die we can bear, - but to serve we disdain,  
For shame is to freemen more dreadful than pain.  
This bumper I crown for our sovereign's health,  
And this for Britannia's glory and wealth;  
That wealth, and that glory immortal may be,  
If she is but just, and we are but free.  
In freedom we're born, &c.