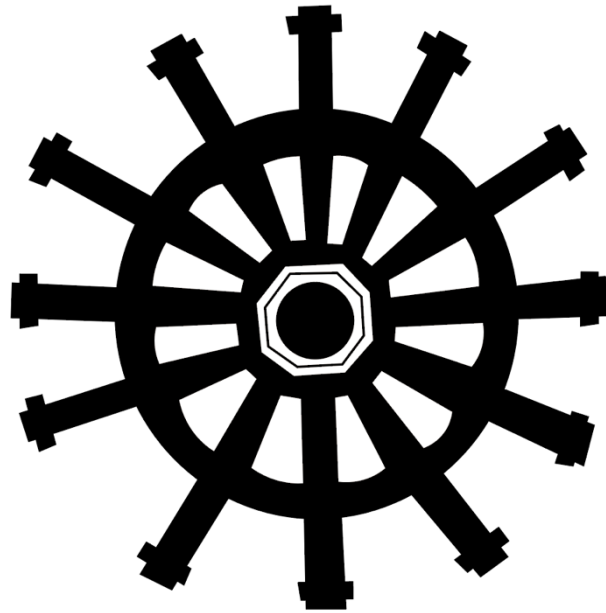


Ship Happens

*the hap-hazardous journey of life and how to
navigate your-sail-f through it*



CHRISTOPHER COLOMBUS

***But not THAT Christopher C.

Welcoming diss-claimer: Hi, welcome aboard your first commercial flight with the Niña, Pinta, Santa María. This roughly translates into the hot mess express. This is your Captain speaking. All hands on deck, please report for duty—is anyone coming to this under the allusion that CC is still alive? I mean, HOW. I've heard rumors that Elvis is, but I assure you that CC the Italian explorer left the building a LONG time ago. Nearly FIVE HUNDRED years ago, in fagt. So if you're coming to this hoping for advice from CC... I'm here to sadly inform you of the harsh reality that is: not him writing this book, and also that he never actually walked into the USA at all, nor did he discover a damn thing because people lived here already. Ask around! Oh wait, all of those people were brutally murdered, the remaining few were assimilated... But no worries, he is also dead. I AM THE CAPTAIN NOW. Welcome to MY land of farce, pathos, and possibility. In $\frac{3}{4}$ time, preferably. A one and a two and a--HIT IT. Let the credits roll!!

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DEDICATED TO

Who deserves praise? Me. Also, my mama for birthing me. Houston, I love you Houston. Catcalls and catwalks man--Oh man, who do I think I am... I am straight up quoting a Beyoncé song rn. -2° pages in and I've already resorted to quoting someone else. Well, this is off to a start. I dedicate this to every strong woman I've ever met, which is every woman I've ever met. I love you all dearly. And to every man that was strong enough to recognize that, I love you too. But seeing as my audience is predominantly female, thank the women for employing me with this purchase. Men that gathered here, hey there little flock, I love you too. Even when you refuse to love me back. That's OK. I am persistent. I will win you over. But specifically, I dedicate this mere parchment to the trees who sacrificed their lives for us on this day. You have not died in vain. And to my twins, girl twin and boy twin, two of the very best of their genders: I love you both dearly. Don't do anything I have written about in here. I raised you better than that. Or... I have at least led by the example of what not to do your whole life! Peace. And Corgis. Oh, and also giraffes. And also—

NOT DEDICATED TO

Mm hm. Y'all thought I forgot about you didn't you? Well news flash, I sure tf didn't! 2018 hath made a Scorpio out of this Cancer and I am watching ya'll. Oh yes, I got eyes on you. I remember what you did, when you did it, and what you wore when you did the thing you did. Cause you did me wrong, and ooh child! It's fixing to rain upon you harder than an Adele song in these next few pages. Yeah, I'd put the book down if I were you, that is if it hasn't burnt your hands off already. I hexed it just for you. If you did me wrong... well, let's just call this book Karma, and my career that follows too. You've been warned. Now for the rest of you, to whom this did not apply, oh I love you so much! Kindly rip this page out and THROW it at the people who did the deed to either you or me. Cause you family now! And they in ENEMY TERRITORIES. Us family got to cast out the pain causers together. I'm sticking up for you. So you stick up for me too. You see a *** haired hetero couple in NYC, you rip this out and throw it at them HARD (it's only one piece of paper, calm down IRS), because that is what this holy page intended for you to do. As it was intended when it was blessed by the holy rivers of Evian. Perhaps the brush of this page will purify their devilish souls. It may not, but either way cast them out! This anecdote works best if you recite the following words, "My neck. My back. With this holy book I give you, Satan, a smack." Now run. Run like the wind, Bullseye. That hetero couple is packed with rAAge. They can run sweetie! You gotta run faster. And don't look back. They aren't worth it. Only you are my little L'Oréal model. What are you doing still standing here reading? I SAID: Rip. Throw. Run.

WORDS OF PRAISE FOR SHIP HAPPENS

At the time of this publication, no reviews had been made. This is partially my fault—see, I can accept blame, I just don't like to. But it was also partially (mostly) the fault of the host/seller of this book for not letting me do ANY sort of pre-sales on it. They may get a shoutout in my next book's "not dedicated to portion": "The Bare Minimum". Yes, like all great things that JJ Abrams will inevitably produce, this is in fact a trilogy. But in the meantime, let's focus on the uppercase words above. And that's where you come in with your own review, mia famiglia. See, I can use Italian words like this now because according to DNA testing sites I am 6% Italian. This checks out because I've only about 6 total Italian words I know, four of which are from Olive Garden's menu. Whose excited? We having Spaghetti tonight! Right after you write your own little review for this book. You ain't getting off the book-hook yet. IF you are a pessimist, rip this page out too. Because, as the headline says above: this is for WORDS OF PRAISE ONLY. Did I stutter? I probably did, way to call me out. Write something nice about my book here, that way when you pass it on—because my editor continually tells me that this book will only succeed via word of mouth—and you're invited to stuff your own mouth with some gluten free spaghetti anytime at my place (once). See, I even made your lines EXTRA big, because we can all agree that there is nothing worse than having little tiny ass lines to scribble between. You're welcome! And also thank you for your words of praise before you've even read my book. This is a great trust system! I knew I liked you the moment you picked up this book! I said yes! You! I want YOU, that STUNNING person before me now to pick me up. No one else. And definitely not them ugly people out there. Just you! You thought it was your choice to pick this book? Listen Harry Potter, the wand picks the wizard. OK? Am I a Jedi? Was it a mind trick? Idk but I'll be laughing to the Comic-Con bank about this and more. Lol'ing mostly because the bank teller will be like "girl what are you doing back here? You don't have any money left!" And I'll keep laughing to cover up those tears. Woof. This was very long winded. So keep your positive, pre-read words of praise brief?

Sign

Date

Witness Signature

DO NOT PROCEED TO THE NEXT PAGE UNTIL YOU
HAVE FINISHED FILLING YOUR REVIEW OUT.

WARNING, FOR ALL YOU STUBBORN FOLK, WHICH...
I'M NOT TRYNNA CALL YOU OUT, BUT CLEARLY YOU
ARE STUBBORN IF YOU'RE TRYING TO PROCEED RN.
I'M ON MY SECOND TEXT BOX, ON A VERY DRAMATIC
PAGE. **LISTEN**: IF YOU PROCEED WITHOUT FILLING
OUT THAT REVIEW AS INTENDED, IT WILL
AUTOMATICALLY PLACE YOU IN THE "NOT
DEDICATED TO" PORTION OF MY ENTIRE LIFE. ALSO
VOODOO. Y'ALL REMEMBER RAPUNZEL? Y'ALL
REMEMBER THE BEAUTIFUL WITCH THAT KEPT HER
LOCKED UP. WELL... SHIP HAPPENS WHEN PEOPLE
DON'T RESPECT THE ORDERS OF THE BOOK. SO... LET
DOWN YOUR GOLDEN REVIEW.

But no pressure.

I want y'all to know something & that's why I put it in the smallest possible print here:
This next page is bout to be a boyband level lies, lies, lies. ©

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AKA THE TABLE OF NO FOOD

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Um	Chapter?	Pg Will Robinson
?	Chapped Lips	Gimme a 20
#	-- I'm going to stop you right there.	No.
	Breathe, look →	

How to read this book—with your eyes, left to right, from top to bottom. If you come to it by means of an audiobook, well then I guess that would mean with your ears! But let's not GET SMART all of a sudden. These are things you already knew? Right? Or have we seriously confused the heck out of each other this quick out the gayte? No, you are smart. I was right. I always am. Look, I'm not here to add stress to your day. This is an escape, because we need more of that today, and in our life. Life is stressful and crazy and I know that. So let's laugh before we all implode. This is a wild journey broken into three parts: the journey from point A to B, the complacency of now, and the future. There are many places to stop and breathe along the way. *If you want to read the book in a straightforward manner, skip anything in a textbox, and/or the next section.* It'll be less fun that way, but it will give you a book that is more coherent. It's intended to reflect life, which is ALL over the place. It's not straightforward, in a specific order with direct chapters and page numbers to reference. No, life is nonsensical, and so is this book. You're invited to throw caution to the wind and to take "The Sweet Escape", as Gwen Stefani would say, on an unrelated note from my book. This book is specifically for you in this here 2018. If you come to it in a different year... thank god! We've stood the test of time! It really IS a timeless gem! If somehow you get lost in the book, YAY you have successfully escaped! Now, I want you to breathe, to laugh, and to LIVE in the endless possibilities of now. For, spoiler alert, you cannot make a wrong choice. That is the entire plot of this book. Yay! Now there's no pressure for me to say anything of value! And don't you even think about returning the book because you already messed it up. You defaced it by tearing out pages, wrote on other pages, I mean... the bookstore is so not going to let you return this. A Goldberg of Whoopsie for you! Major win for me. Thank you for the paycheck, for which I am KEEPING. Yes, life is a hap-hazardous journey. I should know. I am misfortunately (self-named) Christopher Columbus, the most hazardous adventurer of all time.

AYYYYY. So, without further ado (about nothing):
WHAT'S GOOD AMERICA? It's Saturday night lies!!!

XO

--CC

Can you guess which of these four letters above are my initials?

Hint: CC is my initials. And XO is a term of endearment.

Editor's Note: That was not a hint. That was a "spoiler".



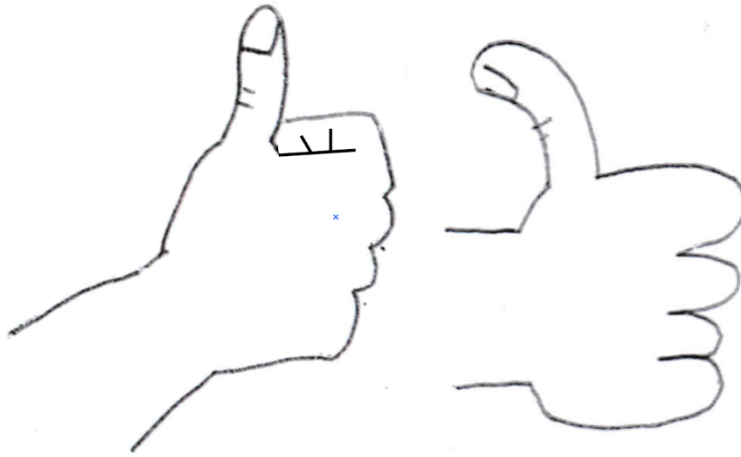
SHIP SETS SALE¹

“I give myself very good advice, but I very seldom follow it.”

A beautiful quote from ‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ by Lewis Carroll, which was then made into a song for the 1951 Disney film by Alice herself. I suggest you look it up. Well, the lyrics at least. The song is a bit pitchy. But let’s now judge, shall we? Tis not a cute look. Be empowering, not devouring others. What a catchphrase.

Alright enough of this ship. Turn the page already. Let’s get to the book portion of the book!

¹ Editor’s Note: Did you mean “sail?” Or is the book at a discounted rate?



PART ONE: GETTING FROM POINT A TO POINT B



Life is hectic and crazy. Often we venture out without knowing where we're going, so much as what tf is going on and end up fixing to be tied, knee deep in tar—I say SH to all that. Let's take the path of least resistance to get to our points, whether they be A, or B. And yes, we've gone literal with 'modes of transportation' to get you on your journey. It's not in alphabetical order. I did it by my own personal stress level, so what's good? Everything, shortly after you read this. You're 'bout to travel like you OWN these modes. Oprah is a genius for calling her channel that. Shout out to Oprah. AND YOU.

Let's get to travelling!

Ship Happens

BIG LIES

Hello and welcome to America. This is my island that I founded, created, and helped you all inhabit. You can call me father of the New World, but I'd prefer your royal highness, his majesty, King C. cause I'm a cool Chris. Yak yak yak! Just King C is fine. I've spent nearly the last 500 years contemplating life, circling the globe, curating a book to help you all navigayte your helpless little lives, and that is what you hold right here before you. I do not know what ails you, but this book will fix it. No no, don't tell me—let the book. It's a one stop shop here. Every topic will be poached and bloated to it's fullest, Taylor Swiftest potential. Enjoy peasants. Written with love from your dictator, in India finally.

Boy you should've seen you guys' faces when you read that. Hello, hi! I'm back. It's me the actual "author" of this "self-help" book. Remember, CC is dead. Cool. Well, who thinks they're qualified to write a self-help book? Well, other than a tyrannical dictator. But who would trust that person to take charge over anything?? Let alone our country? On a small scale, I mean, is anyone actually qualified to pen a self-help book? What qualifies as enough life experience to grant you the ability to tell everyone exactly how they should live their lives and where others should shove it? The secret to success? It's all right here. The fountain of youth? Yours! Give me a break. Show of hands. Nada. No one, really guys? I mean... we need help. Any volunteers... If no one is going to take charge of this, I guess I'll take a swing at it! What's the harm in trying? Going once, going twice—Oh—yes. I am handing over the talking stick now to the lady in the yoga pants and beaded disdain, yes please!

You're joking, right? I was here yesterday.

Right! Oh my goodness—

But I couldn't get in. They said your buzzer's broken.

Well, I'm glad you got in today?

Great. So, should we get started?

Please let the minutes reflect that she is now in downward facing dog.

I am retrieving my bag, to make notes on your book.

Scratch that.

Before we dive in, I have a quick question. Given the structure of the book, don't you think it would be best to start in the complacency of Now, travel from point A to B, and end up in the future?

Nope.

Oh boy. We're in for a long day. One thing I won't compromise on is this single spaced typing. We're going to need to expand this spacing, let it breathe, and to make sure that the font is a bigger size so that your audience can read. And, so that I can make adequate notes.

No

problem.



T b a n k y o u , s m a r t a s s .²

BIG MODES

Music is the biggest mode of transportation. And we cannot do this without it. Who would like to recommended a playlist to read along with? Nothing top 40. I don't know if everyone likes house music? Hmm. You know what? I'll just forward the little playlist I wrote each section to, CC'ing you in on the playlist now:

Welcome to the official musical playlist of the book, for those of you whom love music. And who doesn't? Action heroes love music. That's why they have epic scores when they do epic things. So, be epic. Be super. Be my hero and find the best environment to read my bless'd book, alright? Let my words reign upon you like a shower of Golden Opportunity, as blessed (the regular spelling of it this time my learn'd folk). I for one will not shower until my correctly auto-tuned playlist lies before me in all of it's 13 minute glory. This book is a bit longer than thirteen minutes, so here's my suggestions based on what I wrote its sections to.

PART ONE Playlist. This section works best when read with Chopin playing softly in the background, two glasses in hand, and a page turner.

PART TWO Playlist. This section was written while listening to cascading melodies of Phillip Glass and obedient night terrors.

PART THREE Play—whatever you want. I'm going to level with you, pick your own music here. I can't be the driver, the token taker, the whole MTA rn. That is just an unfixable type of delivery service at this point. That would be why it's not listed in the book. It's of no use! I've no advice for a system that doesn't work. So, be your own **** DJ. It's your future, and my future playlist was a bad example! I'm not gonna Cher it. Yes, I was caught in a bad romance at the time with a mixed bag of pretzels, saltines, and croutons. Of which, I am severely allergic to each and every single one. #nogluten Plus a full glass of milk—of which is disgusting. I don't want to suck from a cow's teet. Only interaction I wanna have with a cow is to pass by the one's with grammatical errors at Chick-Fil-Gay. And to hop skip and jump alongside those of you who chose to have your pugs dress up as cows for Halloween. No more milk and pretzels you #lactoseinTOLERANT boo boo. So, yay to

² Editor's Note: I am returning to the margin here for my notes, of which there will be many. Happy trails, everyone.

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my future self for “learning from that mistake” for the 1000th time. At least I can say that I tried! Hello! It’s Smee. Now, walk the plank and try to get off your damn booty. To go over, a new playlist!

Now forget all of that, because like a good shower playlist—you’ve spent four hours curating the list while the shower is running, essentially counteracting ALL of our combined global efforts to watch Blackfish and now you’re Blacklisted by PITA and all the other human organizations that have proven just how important it is to conserve. So, give tf up. Put one singular song on—the one you always listen to, but maybe spice it up with the remixed version. NO-NO stick to what you know. What am I saying, I can’t encourage you to delay any further? Just play that one song for the entirety of the book and it will drive you just to the point of actual hysteria that you will find every ounce of this book hysterical. Yay us! Do you believe in life after text boxes?

With music in tow, let’s now GET towed³. Big mode of transports? AHHHHH. Scary. Everybody panic. People will try to SH you. But you are allowed to panic. **** any advisee that has told you in the past to act like an adult. You are an adult. And you are panicking. Therefore adults panic. So do it, and do it NOW! I find that doing so helps with the breathing. Nothing opens up the lungs, larynx, and retinal glands faster than a swift escape of breath. All consuming terror, and the inability to breathe simply reminds one to take in more air. Which, those of us in the professional world would refer to as Tuesday. For those of you outside the limits of the lingo, it is an anxiety attack: a scream in which you simply canNOT breathe. It can be brought on by any number of things, warm beer, a dark feer, or suppressed Queer, there’s a lot of reasons and all of them are justified in resorting to AHHHHHH. Yes, scream with me! It’s the perfect time to panic! Don’t let anybody tell you anything else. You’re allowed to. It’s your god given right. One of the few true escapes on this earth. People will tell

³ Editor’s Note: Let me guess... by tow’ing others what to do?

you to SH, but you SH them up. Scream at them. No audible words are needed. Just inact your inner most big bad wolf and that should SH up. (And if you're too scared to vocalize for yourself, let me do it for you. Just hand them this section of the book, trace three ounces of water around their forehead in counterclockwise motions, and it will reveal a message that only the haters can see). They're SHushed? Perfect. It was more awkward touching their forehead than it would've bene just to scream at them, but at least we had our bases covered. You're unrestrained now. Let the cat out the bag! SCREAM TILL YOUR HEART'S CONTENT. Reach for the sky. Great transition! First up, it is in fagt the giant metal birds of the sky: AIRPLANES.

WHOA, too abrupt. Let's breathe, agayn. Let's focus on our breathing, because I can see now that you were not ready for the topic. Baby steps. OK. I know the panic's not fully out of your system. What did you say to me? Ugh. Don't lie to me! I can feel you holding back a choking panic still. Look cut that BS out rn, do you hear me? We are not here to lie with one another. I'm not attracted to ALL of you. I've built my entire name and lineage on the truth, so don't you go lying to me now. Don't you break up that boyband "Hennessy's Honestea" for me. Go back to your fetal position and let's just go ahead and get out the last of it. Don't mind me slapping your back. I'm also here to burp you, if you need it. There, there. Let it all out in the open. Who's a good boy! Now we can truly nip this in the crusty butt and move on. Let's move on to the big picture as to why these big modes of transport have such a tight grip upon us. Let us combat the topic at hand: fears. What is propelling you towards a fear? Why is it consuming you? I

Ship Happens

can't answer that for you because I'm not a licensed therapist, remember, I just took charge over the flailing vagabonds ten seconds ago. But in my wise ways, those questions answer's sounds like something you're going to want to look into. Consumed by fear?! Don't give these flying metal cages control you like that. Woman up! So what if they may kill you? So what? It crashed. * Poof. * You died. Now what? And wasn't that a fun rollercoaster on the way down? At least your last meal was a bag of pretzels. I mean—who doesn't love pretzels? You think a big mode of transportation killing you is the worst thing that could happen? No, I'm not berating you. I'm genuinely asking you. Is that the issue here? Newsflash: we're all going to die. Embrace it. Self-control? Nah. You've got no control over that thang up there magically balancing on two wangs. Embrace nothingness. Limitless. Embrace giving up!⁴ Embrace the change from within—You weren't done with the panic, were you? I knew it. You knew it. Why did you let me tell you what to do? I am not a therapist. Who am I kidding? Guys, I gave it a shot. I'm not qualified to tell you how to go through your life and what to do! I'm a MESS. You think YOU'RE a mess, OH! WELL NEWS FLASH BETSY I'M LIKE A STAR IS BORN IN REVERSE. So, newsflash to me: we both are a mess. I was gonna simply say that "I'm more of a mess" but that's not an award that I want. And I don't know you well enough to assess that. I mean,

⁴ Editor's Note: Um... you're going to need to clarify this for your audience. I know your tone, and know that you are definitely not wishing anyone's death. We need to restructure this so that the text matches your intent. Your intent being that, it can be freeing to go along for the ride. To have a moment out of the driver's seat. A moment to yourself. To sit, release, and relax. Perspective.

hands down, you could be way worse off. That makes me feel better. But not enough to not-not panic. So great, now we're both panicking. Quick, does anyone have metaphorical gasoline? Let's pour it all over the situation and ignite this ***** up. ABANDON SHIP. (Spoiler alert: MY LIFE IS NOTHING BUT ONE LONG METAPHOR, WHEN I THOUGHT IT TWAS A SIMILE). Oh, someone brought actual gas. Just, set it over there by the grill. I'll thaw out some corn, Gina, you fire up the barbie and let's hide our fears in America's greatest past time—food. Yay us! We're so thrifty.

Oh, the book is edible by the way. I may not be very good with the advice, but I've a five star Yelp review for my palette. And these payges taste ah-may-zang. Each of you received your own personalized payges. If you've food allergies... maybe steer clear of this one. I cannot guarantee that you received the right plate. But my palette to plate ratio is unscathed, so, maybe risk it. For example, Bobby Sue Regina Cornhole, love the name by the way, you have a little bit of buttered corn on the cob in the top left, a veritable hazelnut mocha in the bottom right, and a balancing musk of little spoon in the entire left payge. That top left corner looks tasty doesn't it? Come on, take a nibble. Give it a lick. See what flavors are before you. You're in public? So what! You're not in a plane. I thought THAT was your worst fear? And if you are in a plane, well it's plain and simple—that's the BEST way to get someone to leave you alone... forever. You know what—do it—or don't. Don't let ANYONE tell you what to do and that includes me. You nibbled! That's gross, but also, look around you, you didn't die. You trusted a stranger? I'm concerned about that. But seeing as I'm not a man in a van, of course it's safe... Look! You're still here.

Ship Happens

You're gonna keep on keeping on. And I'm going to re-start this section... in 3, 2, 1.

Pause. Let's take a look in the mirror. I mean on the one hand, (pulls hands up to the mirror to closely observe and potentially ridicule them) you're doing a right thing. You're trying to help the public. And good on you, you spelled out some big topics right out of the bat! I don't know why that bat was where he shouldn't have been. But the point is he's out where he should be now. Maybe that's thanks to you, my left hand. Oh I love you! You're my favorite. (Right hand comes out with a slapping vengeance right across the face.) HAAY, wait a second. Press the buzzer, because ERRR. Those big topics you mentioned? Yeah, me no think so. Telling people they died in the beginning of a book... is a no go. And how dare I panic. I'm not going to do that ever agayn, results may vary. If I'm going to be the leader, I'm going to act like one. Fake it till you make it? More like I'm gonna relay it till I Sensei it! So, let's re-start. Because CC is at the helm now.

Jokes on me. J.K. let's keep it Rowling. 'Twas my bad, that is not how I want to start our relationship OR this "section." But "spoiler alert" it might be how I "finish it."⁵ I just wanted to lighten the mood a little and I got off the handle. Comedy is open to a forum of topics. So, I swung the door right open and let the bat fly out. OK! I'd argue that you can't spell comedy without death. Am I wrong or what?⁶ So what? I nearly killed you off in the first two pages. So what, you nearly died! But you lived! Yay! Let's celebrate what's left of your life. I wish you could do that now

⁵ Editor's Note: Here with another "spoiler alert". That is exactly how he finishes this thing that we are loosely referring to as a "book." Warning all who may be triggered by this.

⁶ EN: Yes. *sigh* You are wrong. And what is up with that sentence?

while you're living it, without the threat of imminent death. Spend the kids inheritance, unless you're my parents. Take time to watch TV, especially if I'm on it. Travel to Bermuda just to tell Earhart what air to put up her ear! I bring that up exclusively to ask if it is pronounced Air-hart or Ear-hart. Is this a case of tomato-tomato? Don't get caught up. Don't get bogged down and boring. You can do it all! Do everything you want to do, within the parameters of the law. Because it is all right and the price is too, here at The Price of Your Life! Alright? Have we redeemed ourselves? Are we ready? TOO LATE. Liftoff. And our flight is delayed. We're stuck at the...

Airport⁷: And it's your biggest fear. We got it. But who likes an airport? Nobody. Except social deviants/alcoholics and anarchists. Also spouse's trying to escape their spouse. Who likes a rental? "Responsible" people. Trains? "Irresponsible" people. That's my preferred mode and I don't know what I'm saying about myself when I say that. I mean, I wrote a book. That's pretty responsible. Somebody had to take action in this hectic panic!! We couldn't all just run around like chickens with our heads cut off. Someone had to fatten us up first and then humanely kill us, to be served to the next generation of humans. Well, how's about trains are for... people-people? People, are you out there? HELLO I AM SPEAKING INTO THE VOID RIGHT NOW. That was kind of fun. But it would've been more fun if it would've echoed. Drats.

Travel: What it isn't good for? Absoglutently nothing! This strikes the more disharmonious chord I'm chiming in to ask: who likes

⁷ EN: I... don't understand. Why wouldn't you break this down and expand these individually?

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responsibility?

THIS HAS BEEN A SAMPLE OF ADAM GRIFFIN AKA CHRISTOPHER COLOMBUS' BOOK, SHIP HAPPENS.

TO CONTINUE READING, YOU MAY PURCHASE IT IN PHYSICAL FORM, FOR KINDLE, OR AUDIOBOOK ON AMAZON:

https://www.amazon.com/Ship-Happens-hap-hazardous-your-sail-f-Christopher/dp/1790989744/ref=sr_1_4?keywords=ship+happens&qid=1550144345&s=gateway&sr=8-4

