



Nokomis Lodge #456

A.F. & A.M.

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AN INTERVIEW WITH THE SEA CAPTAIN

Q. Hello. Are you a sea captain?

SC I am.

Q. Are you going to put to sea soon?

SC I am, today.

Q. Whither are you bound?

SC To Ethiopia.

Q. Do you sometimes carry passengers on your voyages?

SC Occasionally. Only yesterday three men wanted to accompany me on my cruise today. They were at the south end of the pier and inquired if they could get a passage with me. Not having seen them up close, I told them I would be pleased with their company.

Q, What sort of appearing men were they?

SC They appeared to be workmen from King Solomon's temple. Perhaps some of his new yew hewer crew, but I couldn't be sure.

Q. So, then you will have passengers on your cruise today?

SC Absolutely not.

Q. Why not?

SC When I first saw those reprobates at the other end of the pier, they appeared to be ordinary, rough-hewn, hard working folks. But as they neared I could readily see they were unsavory, misanthropic, belligerent looking specimens, especially the big dork in the middle who did all the talking, and I didn't care for the cut of their jibs, or to have anything to do with em. Their actions emulated those of Moe, Curly & Larry, know what I mean, but were laced with gross malevolence rather than slapstick humor. Me and Moe, the big dork in the middle, stood toe to toe, my eyes level with his Adam's apple. He yanked my Captain's cap off my head, turned it upside down and slammed it back. Curly and Larry hemmed me in, port and starboard, and with my stern jammed against the bulwark I had no chance of extricating myself. Curly twisted my port side ear and Larry

worked on the starboard one while Moe tweaked my proboscis. I weathered unconscionable demeaning abuse while at the same time being offered as much money as I wanted for a passage on my cruise to Ethiopia.

Q. How then could you refuse them a passage since you had previously told them you would be pleased with their company?

SC By being of exceptional nimble wit and unique ability. Right then and there I hatched a cock and bull story about there being an embargo on all the shipping and they would need a pass from King Solomon to cruise the sea with me, see. The malarkey I fed 'em might have been true, but I'm not sure. Anyhow, Moe said they'd have to go back and get a pass. Ha! Little did those hillbilly saps suspect I made it all up. Rather clever if I do say so myself.

Q. So what happened then?

SC As they turned away and were departing I said, kinda quiet like, "The sooner the better. You are suspicious looking characters!" They apparently heard that and Moe, obviously with murder in his feeble mind, wheeled around to come back at me, but Curly & Larry restrained him. All three of em were darn lucky they stopped him cause I was losing my patience and beginning to become irrigated. (Irrigated - get it?)

Q. Did you ever hear any more from, or about, those insidious individuals?

SC No. And if they ever show up here again I'll mop up my poop deck with 'em. Also the upper, main and lower! After that maybe I'll cut em adrift or make 'em walk some planks, or hang 'em from some yardarms. I'll give em a first-hand look at old Davy Jones' locker, is what I'll do. I've had enough of those revolting rummies and will tolerate no Moe!

Q. Those are rather drastic measures. Do you think you could enforce such penalties?

SC You bet! If you ever run across those freaky felons (and you'll know 'em when you see 'em, especially if you're downwind of em) tell 'em for me that they'll need the best Obama Care money can buy if they ever cross the path of the ole Sea Captain again, see! I'll kick their sorry asses for em, I will!!!

Q. Oh my! You are such a brave fellow!

SC To be sure! And I mean it, too, see, Cap'n!!

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An Interview with a Wayfaring Man