

# The Eyes Have It

## BEING MY ACCOUNTING OF A GRAND SPECTACLE - MY ADVENTURE OF THE PURSUIT OF ... ER, SPECTACLES

It was with a nervous ticker an' sadly depleted rum-flask that I donn'd me disguise an' sallied forth to complete me sworn mission ... to replace the eyeglasses of one Madame Wonka of Deppville. It were per'aps less than prudent that I had previously boasted to Madame of pinchin' specs from one Dean Corso, a bookish but volatile chap of no fixed hairstyle, an', as it turns out, a burnin' curiosity regardin' the occult. However, I am a pirate of me word if I'm a pirate at all; so, disguised as a clergy of the Church of England, I decided to bite the bullet, confront Dean, face-to-face, pirate-to-bookish-volatile-chap, an' just come out with it. Straightforward approach, an' all, savvy? Take 'im by surprise, throw him off balance with the obvious. Alas, I figured wrong. He quickly saw through me clever disguise. I hereby pause in me narrative to suggest we let the records show that Mr. Corso is decidedly NOT particularly fond of pirates in general. What his particular complaint is, I confess I didn't wait around to find out. Rather, I chose the hasty retreat, knowin' that me service to Kidd will likely be a sight more effective alive rather than dead.



I then tried a new disguise ... I tried takin' him by even more surprise as a large, blonde woman with ample upper body strength. Unfortunately, I learned the hard way that a disguise of ample upper body strength an' the actual *existence* of said a.u.b.s are two very different things. Suffice to say, this scheme fell the way of the former, an' I retreated to regroup. Me third attempt was to engage in that which is a specialty of mine, sneakily skulkin' in the dark ... unless of course, some recent happenstance has left me with a fear of the dark. In this respect, the fortunes were with me, an' all nightmarish thoughts of Mort, spooks, Madame Wonka's witherin' glare, et al, were banish'd from me fever'd brain. However, the unknown equation is always the spanner in the works, innit? I hereby suggest we let the records show that Mr. Corso sleeps with the lightness of the finest Wonka Whipped Chocolate (no suck-up intended, mates), an' I was therefore unable to catch 'im unawares.



In conclusion an' to sum up, it is with damnably disappointed heart that I must report a failure to produce said specs from Mr. Corso's bedtable -- though I did manage to get scant moments of quality viewin' time of Mr. Corso shirtlessly at rest before he awoke and chased me off. This accomplishment, while worthwhile in an' of itself, obviously don't replace Madame's glasses. Therefore, unable to bear the thought of 'er lovely face crumplin' into bitter tears of disappointment (not to mention her witherin' glare that's been known to make stronger hearts than mine palpitate most disconcertingly), I set sail on the Libertine Trailer an' pillaged the exotic island of Myopapotamia. I returned with various an' sundry frames for Madame to choose from. It is me sincere hope that she'll be acceptin' of one of the choices I present on the followin' page, with hale an' hearty compliments an' best wishes for 'er continued great health, which also extends to Mr. Wonka, as well. May we now be able to at last put all ill feelings to rest once an' for all, and consider ourselves past all this.

I remain yer 'umble Boatswain,

Manouche

