

"WHAT PIRATES LOVED"

BY PAT/SALTY

WE KNOW DAMNED WELL WHAT PIRATES LOVED,
GOLD.

WENCHES.

AND RUM.

THIS WAS THE HOLY TRINITY FOR PIRATES,
GOLD, WENCHES, AND RUM.

FIRST, ALWAYS, CAME GOLD.

WHY GOLD? YOU EVEN HAVE TO ASK?

BECAUSE GOLD ALWAYS WAS - AND STILL IS -
THE ONE UNIVERSAL CURRENCY, BUNKY BOY,
GOOD AND EXCEPTED EVERYWHERE.

LIKE AN AMERICAN EXPRESS CARD - FOR PIRATES,
WITH GOLD, A PIRATE COULD ~~BUY~~ BUY, WELL,
ALL THE WENCHES + ALL THE RUM HE COULD
EVER WANT - IF HE HAD ENOUGH GOLD HE
COULD RETIRE, KICK UP HIS FEET - OR HIS
ONE GOOD FOOT WITHOUT A PEGLEG, AND
ENJOY THE REST OF HIS LIFE ON A NICE
ISLAND SOMEWHERE FOR THE REST OF HIS DAYS,
WITH ALL THE WENCHES + RUM HE COULD EVER WANT.
HEY, THIS WAS BACK IN THE DAYS BEFORE
LEAR JETS AND LUXURY CARS, DUDE,
SO WENCHES + RUM WOULD HAVE TO DO.
AND IF A PIRATE SAVED UP ENOUGH BOOTY FROM
ENOUGH RAIDS, AND IF HE DIDN'T DIE ~~IN~~



(2)

AT SEA, OR GET CAPTURED AND STRUNG UP —
Then he would RETIRE — he hoped — TO
SPEND THE REST OF HIS DAYS LAYING ON A
BEACH SOMEWHERE DRENCHED IN WENCHES
AND GOOD RUM.

FEW EVER DID, BUT THAT WAS THE PLAN.

AND ~~THE~~ AMASSING ENOUGH GOLD WAS THE KEY.
~~WITH~~ THE GOLD GOT THEM THE WENCHES, AND
THE WENCHES GOT THEM THEIR RUM.

~~IT~~ WAS ALL VERY SIMPLE — PIRATE SIMPLE;
GOLD = WENCHES + RUM = BLISS!

IT'S THE ONLY EQUATION PIRATES HAD TO KNOW.
NOW, WHETHER PIRATES LOVED THEIR
WENCHES MORE THAN THEIR RUM, OR THEIR
RUM MORE THAN THEIR WENCHES, IS DEBATEABLE.
THEY USED TO LOVE THEIR WENCHES DRENCHED
IN RUM, THAT'S FOR SURE.

WITH ENOUGH RUM, EVEN THE ~~THE~~ MOST
SCRAGGLY WENCHES SEEMED LIKE GODS
GIFT TO MAN — TO THE DRUNKEN PIRATES EYES.
AND, LIKEWISE, WITH ENOUGH WENCHES,
EVEN THE WORST ROT GUT TASTED AS GOOD
AS HER MAJESTY'S FINEST RUM.

SO PIRATES COULD NEVER GET ENOUGH OF BOTH.
OF BOTH WENCHES AND RUM.

WHICH TOOK GOLD, LOTS OF IT, AND THE



(3)

MORE THE BETTER.

BECAUSE REAL PIRATES WERE ADDICTED TO THE LIFE OF GOLD, WENCHES, AND RUM.

"SEX ON THE BEACH" WAS NOT SOME SILLY NAMED BAR DRINK TO PIRATES. ~~MONKEYS~~

IT WAS A WAY OF LIFE, SEX ON THE BEACH. WITH THEIR WENCHES AND THEIR BOTTLES OF RUM.

THIS IS HOW PIRATES RELAXED WHEN THEY WEREN'T WORKING AT SEA,

PILLAGING AND ROBBING AND BURNING AND LOOTING AT SEA WAS DAMNED HARD WORK.

SO PIRATES WOULD WIND DOWN AND RELAX BY HAVING SEASIDE BEACH PARTYS WHEN THEY GOT BACK. WILD BEACH PARTYS.

WITH RUM, WENCHES, RUM, AND MONKEYS; EVEN THEIR ~~WENCHES~~ ^{MONKEYS} DRANK RUM!

THE PIRATES TAUGHT THEM HOW TO DO THAT.

AS A WAY TO ATTRACT ~~THE~~ WENCHES.

"HEY, SEE MY MONKEY? KNOW WHAT HE CAN DO?" - THAT SORT OF THING.

THE WENCHES USED TO LOVE THAT.

WATCH THE PIRATES MONKEYS DO TRICKS.

LIKE DRINK DOWN RUM AND STAGGER

ALL ALONG THE BEACH.

PICKING FIGHTS WITH OTHER MONKEYS.

EVEN COMMING ON TO SOME OF THE WENCHES!



(4)

Which The DRUNKEN PIRATES USED TO
GET A REALLY BIG KICK OUT OF.

hey, it WAS LONELY ~~AND~~ OUT THERE AT SEA,
LIKE, REALLY, REALLY LONELY.

EXACTLY HOW LONELY COULD IT GET?

SO LONELY THAT DRUNKEN LITTLE MONKEYS
COMING ON TO DRUNKEN WENCHES
WAS CONSIDERED PIRATE ENTERTAINMENT.

(hey - DON'T BLAME ME; THEY WEREN'T MY MONKEYS.)

THESE WILD PIRATE BEACH GATHERINGS
WOULD SOMETIMES GO ON FOR DAYS ON ENDS,
EVEN AT NIGHT, UNDER BURNING TORCHES,
UNTILL THE RUM RAN OUT,

OR THE PIRATES AND THE MONKEYS STARTED
~~BE~~ SCUFFLING OVER THE LAST BITS OF RUM
STILL LEFT IN THE REMAINING BOTTLES,
OR UNTILL THE LAST WENCHES RAN OFF
BACK TO THEIR LOCAL VILLAGE, AFTER THEY
HAD ALL THE DRUNKEN PIRATES AND DRUNKEN
MONKEYS THEY COULD TAKE,

~~AND~~, IT WAS A PIRATES LIFE, ALRIGHT,
"LIVE FAST, DIE YOUNG, AND LEAVE A
GOOD LOOKING CORPES" - OR WAS THAT
A MOTTO OF ROCK N' ROLL? NO MATTER,
YEE OL' MATEYS WALKED THE WALK AND
TALKED THE TALK! AND NOW, FOR MY CLOSING;

X X X "RRRRRRR" X X X