

Ramblings of a Mad Captain

What was flagged as useless drivel from a madman may indeed be signaling something.

I open my eyes and see white. Lots of white, everywhere. I open my mouth but no words come out. There is nothing but static in my ears. I start flailing and my fists hit the ground. My vision blurs and soon I cannot see anything. I frantically look for others around to hear my drumming and help me, but no one does. I am sad.

Look at the flames, the golds and the reds. Look at how they move. How they divide. How the stand. My ship's on fire... I should probably do something about that. Jump off the ship? Hmmm.

I tried to iron my clothes the other day, specifically my favorite yellow shirt. Ironing is good except when the clothes catch on fire. Fire is red on the corner. That happens a lot. Too much. But it's a good thing that homo sapiens can jump over the fire. But unfortunately beyond the fire lies an unending stretch of water. Splash! Now if only humans were fireproof. And waterproof.

Doing detective work is boring. Especially when there's a lot of material to sort through and you're using a pair of fish scales to take notes. These fish scales are ancient things passed down for generations. You wonder why nobody else would work with you. It's because the fish scales are too scary.

Red! Red! I'm swimming in so much blood and uranium and explosive power. I'm absorbing radioactivity at a rate faster than you could imagine. I feel like the whole ship will just go boom! Suddenly the whole universe becomes red.

I dropped the blue parachute out the door as the other passengers looked at me in fright. Ahahaha! I saw another blue parachute spiral down, down, down into the white clouds. I turned to look at the other passengers who began to look strangely ghostlike. "Stay transparent!" I yelled as I jumped from the swallow's tail.

There are dangers up ahead. A whirlpool that will suck me in and Loch Ness monsters taller than skyscrapers. Suddenly I know what I must do. I bellow at the sailors to lower the sails and I pull the rudder sharply to the side. The ship slows down. After a hectic

minute, we are left bobbing up and down in the ocean waves, just a few meters from treachery.

It's only the next day, but there are again dangers up ahead. A vortex that will suck me in and waves monsters taller than skyscrapers. Suddenly I know what I must do. I bellow at the sailors to lower the sails and I pull the wheel sharply to the side. The boat slows down. After a hectic minute, we are left bobbing up and down in the ocean waves, just a few feet from treachery.

What a ruckus! All the sailors, and the captain, and the cooks, and the navigators, and the sword-fighters, all rushed in one direction as the crowd around me slowly petered out, leaving me to feel blue all around. Where were they are going? Why was everybody so immediately leaving the tavern for the harbor?

What's this joyous game? A race on land? This just cannot do. So uninteresting. Why don't I just switch direction and hey! A different galaxy, a different solar system, a different sun? Let's add a bit more color. Red flames shoot from the ground. Much more interesting!

No! No! No! You can't make me! Uh-uh. Nay. Nada. I don't care what you say. Nope. No way. No way Jose! I don't care if it's blue and white. Not on your life. Negative, Sir! No, siree! You can go do it by yourself. I won't play 4 by 4 checkers with you.

Walk slowly and in big circles is great advice for life. But only when you want to avoid somebody. Sometimes, in your life there are just dolphins who drag you down into the blue ocean. You swim up to them because you just want to talk and what do they do? They drag you down, down, down, deeper than any diver has ever gone. So, if you want my advice? Go slowly in big circles.

Have you ever felt trapped in a box? Like everybody on the outside are just watching you, a tiny frog in a huge aquarium that just floats on a harbor. There's nowhere to go; there are doors and windows, sure, but you can't leave through them. As the years go by you'll start to look a bit yellow on the corners.

I watched the blue stripe through the window. Fish everywhere! A fisherman's paradise. I get out my fishing net and bait the net with a pair of krill. I let out my breath which fogged the glass. No! It must remain transparent!

I lay my head back and listen to the sound of the news being read by a handsome man. Yellow fish swim by in multiple narrow streams. Wait? Fish? I lift my head and see myself and the heavy TV set being dragged away by a steamboat.