

The Adventures Of Jonas Mauken

The Deadfly Ensemble

1.

I set out to sea 1853... I was chin-deep in rum and tired of drifting. Well, that schooner sank! And when she hit bottom, I swam from the crow's nest and trudged back to Boston. Next time around it was nigh 1860, but the voyage was jinxed, we took tacks that were risky. A storm sent us down, and I bubbled and frowned. It was a long ways away, a long hike back to town.

2.

In 1903 word first got to me that the name Jonas Mauken was rather unlucky. Despite this I sailed (as "Salty" J. Mackie) and sank not but two miles in sight glass of Quincy. Four years elapsed and I went out with Dow on that steel, seven-master, and I spat on the bow. We ran 'fore a gale that tore out the rigging, and she finally floundered near the Islands of Scilly.

... A whaler from Portsmouth, a trawler from Gloucester... they all met their fate and I slowly slogged homeward...

3.

For decades and decades I been sinking ships, but never a curse hath come from my lips. I'm a good-natured man, and an experienced hand, but disaster comes calling when I set out from land.

I spent years on the sea, and many years under, tramping sea floor once my ship's torn asunder. But I'll keep trying, yea, though I sink every one, until somehow I'm stopped, by God or by gun.