

Remember who thou hast aboard! And give me an end to the vanity of Giants, and all their names these mateys cry at ten five six five o'clock. He? An end to the ghouls and gullibles that allabout tempest. Command these elements! put down this pitch of storm. Oh I have suffered at these hands. No more shall I! Or believe.

"Your babbling dreams afflict our souls."

Your fears will send us down! Oh yaw!

"Wind rising from the east," it's the moon that calls. "A cold Easterly to you ma'am."

O doubly cursed! Shem here! There's work to do! Luff ease the sheet of me peak halyard.

"Lower her throat!" firstmatey calls.

Belay! Well to the cleat! All bumpkins here. Who taught you Ham to work a line? Lash down that tack, set up outhall. Tie in the points. Japh! He's hiding with the rats I'm sure. Shem, hoist the peak, make fast. Ham, footropes on them yards, boltropes on edge! Beat into wind! We'll ride the mains'l till she blows out!

"But me lady..." argues Shem.

Would you prefer the singing rocks? The current's grim with talontales.

"Aye then, if the leech it holds and mainmast stands!"

Then tie me to the mainmast. Well! And whine your chanteys down below in fear. All lazy Jacks a fishin' from the mast and begging for a dripdry end. Panome! panome! They cry. But lookabout and tell. Who'll tend to sheets when hour's due? Below! And tend to Jack.

For I'm enraged and pained upon this Abessa.

Firstwatch within hour ends.

The gale is foul with venom's hiss.
Waves sheared of crest break over bow.
Sheets whine a dismal tune.
Jack's down below for ale.

And clinkerbuilt Ark with head to wind and sea, at cranky cross signals with itself pitches down the face of wave, climbs mountain swell.

planks creak unplank forepeak shudders!
 forecastle groans
 and backstay whines to the bitter end
 that will be upon her soon.

 Ark pitches down another face,
 lines snap and mainmast boom crashes
 back & forth splintering rails
 upon the stern.

 ShemHamJaph! Unlash me now!

"Aye meLady!" Shem staggers fore, and Ham and Japh are close to
 follow.

 Quick lash me to the deck!

But with a screw of a wooden scream abaft then fore, the bulkheads burst.
 Drip faucet heavens drip.

Bow heaves!

 I'll see that the Giant be cursed again
 for his allaterribles in whose huffpuffing name meMorphius biteth like
 a Serpens.

Ho!

 His Draco from above that wraiths!

He!

 A second tale of a tub that's sprung
 aleaks.

Goindown?

 With so help me the harps of starr now
 strung and strummed, we'll get our bearings yet to thumb a nose. Aesir!
 Harpies comehowl! You'll not prevail upon this skin of starlight. Come
 mateys, and bring all yer ghosts. For all the flesh o' Him, the Ole Man
 wishes to drown us in fear, cast us in sult, and devour what thinks is
 His. Only to mark the world anew with his nailed Seven League boots.
 But Giant's sin¹⁰ I'lltell I'll show. His willing done?

Nevergain!

 For all our long groaning cubits, this
 covenant was made to break upon a bow of star tales. Awe overhead, where
 pandemonium leftbehinds. Downfalls of River Ocean, current be dammed, we'll
 fly, endrest upon distant shores by dawn.

"The leach won't hold meLady!" cries Shem.