

The Americas Cup

Thank God

The author had been caretaking a property on Lasqueti Island BC Canada (1986-87) while its owners were away visiting parents in Holland, then Hawaii, showing off their child to the grandparents and family, before, during, and after, the Christmas/New Year holidays.

Before leaving, the owner showed the author how to operate the Satellite TV apparatus in the hope of watching the Americas Cup being held in New Zealand. It was hoped that reception would take place on the American Sports Channel, ESPN. The owner added the coordinates of the Canadian Sports Channel, TSN, in case the US channel was not received. He added a third which the author did not recognize, PRN.

There were two other island friends who also wanted to watch the races. In readiness, the author experimented with the satellite apparatus, being able to receive both ESPN and TSN. The third channel was received as a lot of zig-zag lines appearing on the TV screen.

However, reassured, he felt he was ready for his friends. The races were being televised live, but it was dark outside in BC Canada.

During the daytime, the author fed and played with the Bouviers he was caretaking; Annie, Greta and Gordo. Annie was the bitch mother who would occasionally take advantage of the caretaker by running off to chase, and kill, innocent lambs. Gordo was a big animal who knocked the author on his ass during play, (never played again), while he had to take Greta to the vet for an eye infection. Taking a big (unknown) dog to the vet on the passenger ferry was not a pleasant experience. Bouvier's were not the friendliest animal to be found on the planet earth (but not as savage as the Rottweiler, Doberman, or Bull Terrier).

Since it was winter time, the water line to the house tended to freeze because it was located above ground. One could leave a tap open on the coldest nights and days, but that would only empty the 12,000 gallon tank eventually. So he spent some of his 'leisure' time digging a ditch to bury the water line. The tank was supposed to fill automatically by starting a generator that would supply power to a pump etc. Only it didn't work; it became necessary to start things manually. It was a good thing he had dug the ditch and buried the line. That way he didn't need to leave a tap open. Fortuitous it was, since there was an unusually high tide that flooded the pump house, submerging the batteries, the baseboard heaters and the auxiliary Honda. Fortunately the 12,000 gallon storage tank had been filled manually only a few days earlier. He attempted to resuscitate the Honda by submerging it in fresh water in the bathtub. He was unable to start the Honda afterwards. He never learned whether the Honda ever ran again. He took pictures of the flood.

This was also during the time the author and his wife had acquired title to a piece of the 'rock'. He made daily forays to the site to join with

the seller to remove an encroachment (to relocate a roadway created by a neighbor for the neighbor's convenience). The author told the seller he would not purchase the lot with the encroachment still upon it. So the author and the seller felled trees on a dedicated roadway and cleared a path for a new access to the neighbor's house. We had offered firewood to the occupants of the neighbor's house, but they were slow to respond, so we gave it to friends in the vicinity. Eventually the aforementioned occupants asked, 'Where is the Wood'? Dumb question.

This was time also when the author was learning a few things about chain saws (In this instance a Stihl, belonging to the people whose place he was caretaking, which he used to help in the clearing and firewood operation). The saw seemed to be stuck, that is, the teeth were remaining stationary as he squeezed the throttle. This went on for a while, frustrating him in his efforts to be helpful, until quite by accident he somehow released the brake. His old Mac 10-10, and his Homelite XL 123, didn't have such a feature; so it was new to him. What a relief to learn the hard way, More chain saw learning was in store. He needed to sharpen the teeth on the saw (one side had become dull from striking a rock): but could find only one size file, which he thought to be the right size (which would have worked on his other saws). He later learned that the teeth on the saw were 'low profile' on which he used what turned out to be a regular size file that was intended for another of the caretaken property owner's saw, which he could not start. He has learned a lot more about chain saws since then; living on the 'rock' requires such learning. He can imagine the puzzlement on the face of the owner of the Stihl (dumb bastard).

He also took pictures of Earl Mann's outhouse made of saplings, installed horizontally. Earl had been a squatter.

He also had words with squatters on a neighboring property who were using the property's roadway to gain access to their squat.

Then there was the antiquarian Ralph Lewis always waiting to waylay him for a ride, or to complain about the vicissitudes (trespassers) of the 'rock'. Ralph lived next door.

In addition to a huge satellite dish, the property was located by the sea. It had a house for each of the siblings (four), plus a fanciful house for the parents (the father), who built the house somewhat like a ship's interior with a ship-like deck leading to the outside, creating a walkway with safety lines, at the end of which, overlooking a lagoon, was located a big ship's wheel. For land use, there was a tennis court next to the fanciful house and the satellite dish.

Upon one occasion he decided to do a laundry. With a propane water heater, there was plenty of hot water. He needed to start a Kubota 5KW generator to run the washing machine. But as he tried to use the dryer, the generator, which delivered only 4KW at most, was unable to handle

the dryer. By now, you might guess some things had not been worked out.

In the meantime, while waiting for the first scheduled race, he tried the channels again, and this time he was able to receive PRN, although it seemed not to be a sports channel. As it developed it was an XXX channel that transmitted intermittently trying to generate enough interest in the viewer to get him to subscribe.

It turned out that the story line for XXX channel, PRN (signifying PORN), was that of a sweet young thing learning she had a terminal illness, deciding to throw all caution to the 'winds'. Living it up, so to speak. Up until the time of her diagnosis she had been a very proper, chaste young woman.

Keep this in mind as we proceed with this story.

While the author and his friends were watching the first race between the Australian boat *Kookaburra III*, and the American Boat, *Stars and Stripes 87*, plenty of 'red tide' was flowing. Mike brought the fermented juice (not made from seaweed). As time passed slowly Mike needed more and more of the stuff as it appeared his choice of competitors was clearly losing. During the lulls of slowness in knots, much conversation ensued. The author revealed his discovery of the XXX channel while scanning through all the channels suggested by the owner.

When the next scheduled race was about to take place, the author wondered what was keeping his friends. It turned out they had arrived, but were standing outside, in the Canadian darkness, peering through the windows, hoping to catch the author watching the PRN channel.

All in good fun. Mike brought the jug of 'red tide'. He really needed it again, because *Kookaburra III* was losing the second race with about the same amount of alacrity as it had the first.

Defeat was certain, but it took a long time to get it over with. In the meantime Mike wound up flat on his back on the couch, plastered. He uttered, "Louie, I'm tits up!" That night Mike drove the red VW into the ditch. That was the last time Mike had a drink of anything with spirits. His family was mostly disgusted with him and his drinking antics. But he should have waited until the Americas Cup was over, because *Kookaburra III*, sailed convincingly to defeat in four straight races. That was hard to take sober.

As a result of the Americas Cup experience the author has remembered the story of the young lady with the terminal illness, who chose to live it up before her young life was ended.

The author wondered what he would do if he was told he had a terminal illness. Would he attempt to live it up? What would he do to live it up? Having reached such a mature age that some things might prove less than satisfying, he chose to think of Justice, a very poignant ongoing concern of his. Offing W. would come to his mind immediately. He began

to imagine how he would go about offing that 'sum-bish' (Barbara O!). What would bring the message home to that 'Mission Accomplished' lame brain? He would want W. to know what was happening, and why. So just an outright offing would not produce the desired results. He thought of offing Laura, then he thought of offing Barbara or Jenna. But maybe the guy is still so dumb, he might miss the point. So the thought occurred to the author, maybe to shoot him in the genitals where his brain was located, then he might get the message, although it would require an e-mail explaining the action.

This may not seem like Justice to the reader, when he/she considers the atrocities committed by the recipient.

But it is A Sail-Away Package.

One is not necessarily thinking very clearly subsequent to learning he has a terminal illness. Some people would stoically say it is God's Will. But to those who were exposed to the terminal illness, W., it constituted the greatest possible insulting injury that could be administered in God's name (God Bless Merrycar). Redress was needed. 'Let vengeance be mine.' The author seems to recall it was God (of God Bless Americar) who said that.

Of course, if W. was brought before the bar to answer for his crimes against humanity, then the author might say it was the People's Will to make him responsible for his actions, and deal with him accordingly and appropriately. Hanging him by his balls might serve as well as shooting him in the genitals. It would be Justice well earned. As part of the punishment, Mother Barbara, H.W, Barbara Junior, and Jenna, Jeb, Neil, Robin, Dorothy, Marvin; Karl Rove, Richard Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld, Condoleezza Rice, et al, would be obliged to watch while the suffering masses heaped rotten eggs, rotten fish, rotten slugs upon him, and poured gall on his aching scrotum, until he expired (is that "Thank God!?").

Friends, Americans, fellow bumpkins, give me your attention.
I come to bury Seizure of Scrotum, not to praise him (shit, man)
The evil that men do lives after them (hang onto that thought)
The good is oft interred in their bones (there are exceptions)
So let it be with Seizure.

He dranketh from the Cup.

The reader needs to understand how much these usurpers have dominated his life. They have absconded with what was rightfully the author's tranquility and equanimity.