

Jolly Roger. The world's first -and worst- Pirate (Gareth Smy)

The world's first Pirate was obsessed with treasure,
Significantly more than you or I could ever measure.
He dreamt of wealth and untold riches,
a gold pistol, gold parrot and even gold britches!
He sailed the seven seas with his buccaneer crew
collecting all things shiny; the old and the new.

But so distracted was he by what shimmered and shined
that he never did see the Navy sneaking up behind.
His bold attempts to pillage and plunder
were thwarted, right then, by this silly little blunder.
Captured and thrown into an island prison,
he plotted and schemed when no one would listen.

At night, he escaped under cover of darkness,
quiet as a mouse (and equally as harmless).
Sneaking past the guards to free his men,
He unpicked their locks and went sneaking again.
Tiptoeing their way toward the treasury room,
he dribbled and drooled at the thought of doubloons.

Picking the lock and opening the door,
he was bathed in light, golden and pure.
But nothing prepared them for what they would see,
for the room was much bigger than they'd thought it would be.
There wasn't just treasure that they had collected
but more -so much more- and completely unprotected!

Flabbergasted, flummoxed, and floored,
what was he to do with this bountiful hoard?
But, as he pondered and planned, schemed, and dinned
, that's when it hit him...square on the chin!
He felt a little dizzy, a bit swollen and sore.
So, he did what he thought best... and fainted on the floor.

You see, distracted yet again by what shimmered and shined
, he failed to notice what was happening behind.
Space was very limited in this island prison,
Not many places to put weapons or ammunition.
Pistols, gunpowder, canons, and swords,
Were kept in the same room where the treasure was stored

But the worst bit of planning -perhaps worst of all-
Were the cannonballs on shelves halfway up the wall.
So, with careless abandon, as he threw open the door,
The door knocked the shelves, and the cannonballs soared.
They flew through the air in super slow-motion,
Starting this sequence of comedic commotion:

They bounced and thudded off the walls to the floor
Knocking over the pistols, the sabres and swords,
Unloading their shot in different directions.
The crew got out the way and prayed for deflections.
Crashing through barrels and spilling their powder,
The bullets kept coming, and the concern grew louder.

But, despite the situation that our captain was facing,
He was completely unharmed (unbelievable placing)
But the final piece of the puzzle was yet to be known...
The rope of the chandelier started to groan.
It slipped its mooring and dropped from the ceiling,
Crashed on the floor and rolled, cartwheeling.

The spinning chandelier showered the room with hot sparks
Igniting the gunpowder now splayed out in the dark.
The powder flashed brightly and burned back to their source
The gunpowder barrels at the back (of course)
The crew ran away as fast as they could,
Pleading and hoping that the captain would.

But you're already aware, you know by now,
He was still transfixed and wouldn't know-how.
The sparks zipped and zagged to the barrels of powder
And promptly exploded, their innards became outer.
Launched into the air, the treasure did fly,
Knocking out a tooth and blinding an eye.

Waking on the floor- mouth strangely cold-
his smile had been replaced with silver and gold!
He ran back to the ship, shocking his crew,
With a shimmering smile, all shiny and new.
They gathered around, not believing their eyes.
Which, sadly, was the last thing he saw before he died!

As the island burned and the Navy came running,
The pirates escaped through the smoke with cunning.
To honour their captain, they created a flag.
A skull and crossed bones with a mouth full of swag.
They laughed and cheered as they sailed with the tide
Inspiring new pirates from far and wide.

Now, no one really knows what became of the crew,
Or if the bit about the captain was even true!
But It's said that his spirit lives within the impressions
Flying freely from our masts, with metallic expression.
And every now and then, when he's in a playful mood
you might just catch him winking, being silly or just plain rude!