

Adventures of the Titania
Part One

Far out beyond the shore
Sailed the Titania of yore,
Fighting her nemesis, all the Todd's Boys
Aboard the Devo with all their whip toys.
Todd was their leader, two-faced and pale.
Next, there was Dan; he walked the sails.
The wenches were Ashley, Tanya and Black
(But, if they were female... it wasn't a fact!).
Mike stood thinly upon the deck,
His flipped-up collar swallowing his neck.
Matt was the lookout, scanning for pubs,
Mimicking roosters and stealing golf clubs.

Our Captain cried out, "Attack! Attack!"
The Parrot yawned from atop the Wench's back.
"The sails are all wrong. They're tied to... the floors?"
"Oh..." she frowned. "... Out with the oars!"
The crew, they all scrambled down below
And began rowing... but they were slow.
The Devo began to get away
And all could hear the Captain say
"Faster! Faster! Todd must be stopped!"
And, untying the sails, the Rigger hopped
Up the ropes and soon sails were flying.
"Aye!" cried the Captain. "Soon they'll be dying!"

The boat caught a zephyr and head in haste
To those pope culture rejects (pure oxygen's waste).
Faster, the Titania closed on its prey,
Those bad 80s pop players weren't getting away.
The ship pulled up beside the Devo, manic
Anger on its mind. The crew of Devo began to panic.
The wenches, they scrambled; the leader, he roared.
(His mates stood around, looking thick as a board.)
They loaded up cannons and made their helm strong.
But all they were armed with were whistles and songs.

"Avast!" moaned the Captain. "Not even in key!"
The Wench laughed. "Not everyone's as lucky as we."
"Oy, Oy!" called the Cap. "Oy! You up there!"
She gave it all her trademark glare.
The Lookout peered over the edge with a squeak.
(Because of heights, her knees were weak.)
"Yes, dear Cap'n?" her voice floated down.
"Get off your arse and look around!
Tell us which way their cannons are going!"
The Lookout fainted, her fear overflowing.
The Parrot flew up. "Shift hard to port!"

His collar still growing as he held court,
Mike shouted for all those down below,
(He snickered) "Let the cannons blow!"
They sounded off with a big thunderclap,

Ready to blow Titania off the map,
Still singing the song Cap'n Todd had wrote.
(Perhaps the hot air was what kept them afloat!)

What happened next? Does the Titania overcome? Will the Devo prevail
with their horrible tunes? Does Todd just really, really have no life? Will Mike
be swallowed by his collar? What happened to the Lookout?

And, of course... don't forget about the Parrot!

Stay Tuned....

Adventures of the Titania
Part Two

The cannonball landed and felled a Titanian mast.
The Devo laughed (for who could survive such a blast?)
But the three master, minus the one that fell,
Was stronger than any story could tell.
The Lookout scurried down from her lofty perch,
Even as the sturdy ship began to lurch.
And the Captain called out to our own Powder Monkey
To aim at each and every flunky
Aboard the Devo and blast them all
To Hell and back (if correctly, I recall).
“Aye Captain,” said the spunky Cannoneer
And whooped for the Navigator with cheer.

Mike’s collar began to swallow the boat.
With all that stealth, Todd couldn’t help but gloat.
“They’ll never know. We’ll come from behind.”
Of course, failing was far from his mind.
“Yo Matt, tell us when we get close.
And we’ll tie us together... post to post.”
They pulled alongside with all the sneak they could muster.
Their victory was as sure as General Custer
When he fought that battle against Sitting Bull.
(But, I digress. To our story, I feel a pull.)
The wenches climbed up ladders with callused hands
Ready to do battle. Man to... (wo)man.
Would this be the end of our sweet crew,
Falling to Todd and his nefarious few?

No, it wasn’t the end, for there was the First Mate,
Watching the crew ready from behind a large crate,
Filing her nails with a studied ease,
Knowing the Todd’s Boys were naught but fleas.
The Devo’s crew leaped aboard the readied ship,
Each boy brandishing a red hat and whip.
They were soon caught in deadly combat,
Each crew trying to knock the other flat.
There could only be one winner in this deadly duel.
We would soon know who’d play the fool.

The brilliant Navigator, with her dynamic wit,
Ripped to shreds a few of those silly twits.
Calculated and stealthy, she made her attacks.
Soon, the bodies began to pile up in stacks.
Likewise was the battle with the Cannoneer,
Pistols blazing and grinning from ear to ear.
She felled two wenches in a single shot.
(But there was a deadlier sort of plot)
The Saucy Wench, with the Parrot at her side,
Searched up and down, anywhere they could hide,
Ready to do battle with a Devo fool.
“Heh heh. I’ll send him back to school!”
Matt lurked around a corner. In his hands, a golf club.
He smirked and flicked away a cigarette stub,

Tightening his grip to bash in her head.
If it weren't for the Parrot, the Wench would be dead.
With his advice ringing in her brain,
The Saucy Wench left the main
Deck of the infamous pirate ship,
And, over a rail, caused Matt to trip.

The Captain and the First Mate held the rest at bay,
Weakening the Devo in this one-sided fray.
The Captain held her saber to Cap'n Todd's neck.
"Get off my ship, you worthless speck.
And never come back, if you value your life."
The Rigger lead him off at the point of a knife.
And, as they cleaned up in the aftermath,
They would see who had the last laugh.
For, though they would search both high and low,
Where the Lookout was... no one would know.

The bewildered Cook pointed off ship
To the boat, the boys with the whip.
The Captain vowed she would have her
Revenge. From this path, she would not stir.

Oh no! We leave our favorite heroines chasing the Devo into the sunset, off to
rescue the poor Lookout. Apparently, Todd doesn't have a life.

Stay tuned for Part Three!!

Adventures of the Titania
Part Three

Now, to Tortuga the Titania sailed.
At the town, they were hailed
By the sweet Rosie, a fellow wench.
And when the news was heard, her breath did hitch.
For our dear Lookout was now trapped
By the evil Devo Boys. And so the crew mapped
Out where the ship could be hiding
So that they could find it and start fighting.
“I’m coming with you!” Rosie stated.
“She was my friend, and I know that it’s fated
That she will be saved, there’s no other way!”
So Rosie was a part of the crew that day.

Over dinner (and ale) they did talk
Of the rescue mission and how Todd would walk
The plank when they found his boat.
And they took bets to see if he would float.
Full of food, and mast repaired,
The Cook grinned and took her share
Of sweets and set them aside
For when the Lookout would again reside
On the Titania. The Captain called
For a meeting, and her voice drawled.
“Today, we’ll destroy them once and for all.
And Todd and his crew will soon fall.
And our Lookout will be safe and with us again.
Now we fight for our ship and we fight for our friend!”

Cheers rang out, then the crew set to work.
The Rigger and the Mate and the Navigator looked
Grim as did the Wench and her Parrot
While Rosie lounged, munching on a carrot.
The Wench found her behavior rather odd,
But was distracted by the talk of Todd.

Interlude

The Lookout, dear audience, on the other hand,
Was bound and gagged by the evil band
Of Todd’s own ugly (and, quite sad) few,
Bumbling through piracy without having a clue.
Todd gave one of many chilling laughs.
“At last! We have one in our grasp!
You won’t get away, that’s for sure.”
He laughed. “And maybe even less than pure.”
She flinched, cause who could be
Uglier than the Todd’s Boys she could see?
She mumbled something through the greasy gag,
Words dropping like the sails that began to lag
In the waning sunlight and halting breeze.
Groaning, they let the handkerchief ease
(Cause they thought that once they had her there,
Her fear would her much overbear
And she would tell of the secret treasure

The Devo had hunted since... forever.)
Her jaw was stiff, but she worked it out.
“Piss off,” she said, “cause I really doubt
You have the stuff to violate me.”
They pulled tight the gag, and she glared evilly.
“Maybe not,” said Todd, with a wink.
“But your friends are not as safe as they think.
I have a spy aboard their ship.”
Then, storming out with his whip,
The Lookout was left to ponder
What would happen to the crew out yonder.

Meanwhile, the Captain led the search,
And the ship did pitch and lurch
Across the oceans far and wide,
With the First Mate at her side.
“Ahoy,” cried the Parrot, perched on the mast.
“We’re closing in. Avast! Avast!”
Sure enough, the Devo sailed
Just ahead. The Captain hailed
Mike who stood upon the deck,
His collar swallowing his neck.
“Surrender now!” she cried aloud.
Behind her stood her faithful crowd,
Ready to get their Lookout back.

Todd appeared upon the Devo deck,
Cocky swagger in his hips,
And a smirk upon his lips.
Suddenly, with a crazed yell,
Rosie jumped at the Wench and she fell
Overboard into the murky depths.
Rosie laughed, short of breath.
But, then the Parrot attacked her face,
And soon she ran about the place,
Screaming, trying to get away.
The Rigger grabbed her and sent her to stay
In the brig, while the Wench floundered
Unable to swim. The Captain bounded
And jumped after her, diving at last.
The Wench was sinking pretty fast.
But the Captain forgot that she couldn’t swim,
So then the Navigator jumped in,
Rescuing them both and swam back to the ship.

The Devo boys, cracking their whips
In the air right near the Lookout
And laughing when she flinched about.
She murmured something so they could hear,
And, in their effervescent cheer,
Pulled off her gag as they chuckled along.
But they were flabbergasted when they heard “The Faye Song.”
The lyrics, of course, were not the same,
And if they could remember them, they'd have great fame.
The Lookout's voice was clear and loud,
The notes stealing power from the Devo crowd.

And, magically, the Titania began to heal,
And all their glory was revealed.
The Captain stood in magnificent clothes
While her natural authority overflowed.
The same was found, pleasantly true
For the rest of Titania's crew.
Devo's crew stared with their jaws swinging.
(Only by a few nerves were they clinging.)

"Release my Lookout, sirs, or, By God you will
Face my wrath. I've had my fill
Of your nonsense," the Captain spat,
The sun gleaming on the blade's flat.
Captain Todd, still under the song's spell
Released the Lookout... and apologized as well!
Apologized for all the wrong he'd done
In order to have what he called 'fun.'
He surrendered with some version of grace
And agreed to never show his face
On any shore the Titania patrolled.

And that's the way their story was told:
Full of fire, adventure, and with such power,
That all opposers were made to cower
Before the mighty Titania and crew.
Their exploits are many. Their losses are few.
Their fame shall live on, though they will not,
Always fighting their enemies and never caught.