



# Road Pirate Trip Log

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Ah me hearties, we've arrived to the road pirate's land o' grog and honey: Los Angeles. 'Twas a grueling journey, cross deserts bleached white with the bones of lost souls, but we made it. Even better, it looks like the yarns are all true.

There be cars here maties, gleamin' heaps of steel and fused silica in numbers sufficient to rival the merpeople of the Sargasso Sea. There be Ferraris and Corvettes, Mercedes and Porsches—I even seen that wondrous beast of the asphalt pathways, the Cadillac. They be ours for the takin'. Our fortunes will be made here, I'm sure of it.

May 18, 2004

Today was as rotgut a day as I ever seen. We awoke with the dawn, primed for plunder, and set wheel for the 110 freeway, our thinkin' being that the desolation o' the early morn would provide plum opportunities for pillagin'. Arrrrr though, when we arrived it was already packed shoulder to shoulder with lost souls on their morning commute.

The next hour reminded me of the water torture of the Squid People of the West Antilles, as we traveled a paltry 3 leagues durin' that time. Finally a chance came to get onto the 10 and we took it, not knowin' this would only land us in a deeper pit of brake lights and exhaust fumes.

Another hour down the pike we'd only traveled two leagues and we'd reached the third go-round on our "Songs of Rum and Wenches" compilation. Talk of mutiny began to simmer up from the back of the vessel.

"Arrrrr," Oilcan piped up, "I be thinkin' we're almost at the beach."

"There'll be no beach today," I bellowed. "There's plunder afoot."

"We'll never be plunderin' in all this traffic," he says. "Whose idea was it to come out during rush hour?"

"You bilge rat, you're the one who wanted to be watching *Knight Rider* at four," I shouted. I was on the verge on loosenin' me pistol from its resting place to end his miserable existence when first mate Greaserag spoke up.

"Oilcan does have a point," he says. "We couldn't plunder a Geo Metro in this infernal traffic." He paused. "Besides, at the beach we can get us popsicles."

The dogs had ganged up on me. Mindful of Bligh's fate, I capitulated, and we spent the day at the seashore, where I ended up with a trunkload of sand in my breeches and a burn from that big Yellow bastard in the sky.

After a day spent oglin' wenches and goblin' popsicles Oilcan and Greaserag fell asleep on the ride home. I considered shanghaiing them on the median to remind them who's captain, but decided against it when I realized I needed another driver for all the cars we'd be boardin'. Those scurvy bastards had better plan on workin' tomorrow though.

May 19 2004

These past two days have made me question whether there be some dark god in this city that delights in torturin' our wicked souls.

Today started well enough. Armed with yesterday's know-how we planned to stick to the side streets, where we could steer clear of the traffic of the damned. Our thinkin' paid off, as we'd barely been ridin' the pavement for twenty minutes when we laid eyes on our first victim.

It was a brand new BMW, as shiny as the third eye of the cyclone god of the 34th meridian and piloted by a helpless wench. We flew the Jolly Roger and with cries of "Avast!" steered into the great vessel's path. But this wench was a hardier sort than we took her for, for she didn't swerve. "Ready the hooks boys," I shouted, "she's sure to lose her nerve before we do."

We waited, but the wench continued straight towards us, closer and closer until finally, recognizing the ice that flowed in her cursed veins, we had to cede passage and satisfy ourselves with cursin' her as she passed by. "That was a hardy one boys," I remarked in her wake, "for she faced down three salty dogs without even settin' down the whore's powder she was applyin' to her face."

As we came to learn, that damned fortitude is sunk into the blood of those Los Angeles drivers. Soon afterward our encounter with the harpy in the Beamer we tossed our boardin' lines onto the surface of a Lamborghini convertible, only to have the hard-hearted bastard at its helm nearly ride us off the road as he conducted a conversation with his blasted ear trumpet. Later on a madman on two wheels nearly sent us all to Dale Earnhardt's pit stop by swervin' into our lane with nary a look back.

Our final attempt of the day targeted the behemoth of the open roads, the H2, whose mere gas mileage strikes terror into the heart of cabin boys 'cross the open highway. We're hearty souls though, the boys and I, so we took her on. Greaserag was driving and I tossed the hooks, landing one on her top cargo rack.

"Haul to," I shouted and braced myself to bring her in, but the salty dog turned right and dragged me along with it. I hung tight and bounced cross the blacktop, spittin' and cursin' as I pulled myself hand over hand towards the great beast's bumper.

It was a battle of the ages, me and the monstrosity locked in mortal combat 'neath the smog-pissed dome of that temperate evenin'. The unholy gleam of its Christ-forsaken taillights shone into me unpatched eye, and the hum of its V8 engine surged forth like the caterwaulin' of all the damned souls of Hades.

We struggled for nigh ten minutes, and I was just about to gain the upper hand when it suddenly shook me off, leavin' me face down in the gutter, me britches worn away and me hands burned to the nubs.

The worst part though, was that as I bounced off into that gutter, I could swear I saw in the flickerin' light issuin' forth from the behemoth the images of those accursed Lakers, searing their way into my soul.

Arrrrr.