

ROARSHOCK PAGE

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Supplemental Number 2

San Francisco

February 22, 2022

The return of ROARSHOCK PAGE was well received last Groundhog Day and much fun to do, so hardly any time has elapsed before supplemental edition number 2.

999 THUMP! (PIRATE CENTIPEDE)

1. "Hey, John," I said, emerging from the cracked part of the rubber mat under the broken popcorn machine. "Long time no see!" "Got stories for you, John," he replied. John was my name also. "I haven't got any stories, John, except the COVID thing sort of ruined this movie theatre. This (I motioned above our heads a ways) was the last popcorn machine to spill anything, and it's broken, and I'm hungry. All there has been to eat here are the random carpet ticks and they taste like crap." "Well, then, John," he said, grinning, "I have good news for you. I just got off of a tourist ship. It's not in service right now, but there's another one due in a few days. Those tourists drop so much food, and boy does it bring out the bugs at night. I've gained so much weight!" "That is good news, John," I said. "I'll watch for the next ship and stay nearer to the water." "Maybe I'll see you then, John," he said. "The tourist ship will be lighted up. Watch for the lights!" "I'll go out soon, John. I'll follow the lights and hope to join you. Have to go a bit slower though. The last guy looking for popcorn dropped an empty coke tab on one of my legs." "Like that old joke." "Yeah." "999 thump." "I hate that joke."

2. I've not seen a lighted ship, and sure am getting hungry. There's a non-lighted ship that's been there a day or so. I might explore that. I've only had two flies today and I can feel myself getting thin. So I crawl onto the ship on a plank of wood. I cover my sore foot with a tiny sliver from the wood. I am spotted by a man who starts to come at me, but another man screams "Don't step on that!" "Huh? Why?" "Because that eats bedbugs matey! It's a thousand legged worm." "Oh, right!" The man shined a hand held light on me. Looking at me closely, he said "Yo, Capt'n, it has a tiny piece of wood stuck to one of its legs." "Har Har Har," the Capt'n laughed. "999 thump!" God how I hate that joke. It isn't even accurate. I watched as they set up to take off. I was a bit uneasy because there were no lights, but bedbugs sounded delicious, so I stayed on board. We took off that night, in the dark.

3. Two days into this journey, the Captain spotted a smallish and dimly lighted ship. They pulled up to it and robbed it, quite efficiently. "Did you tie 'em up good, Capt'n?" "Aye, but one a bit looser. We'll be way gone by the time they can alert the shore." He pulled up a box of loot by ropes. They all scrambled for it. The box contained colored fabrics and lacy gowns, some jewelry, a couple of guns, bottles of wine, I couldn't see the rest, even from the rope I stood on, but look-

ing down I saw them pull out a hefty bag of round gold coins. "Shiver me timbers!," one guy cried out, "A pirate's fortune! Good work, mateys!" Two guys pulled up the rope ladders, and the Capt'n yelled "Heave Ho!" As we took off into the pitch black sea, the Capt'n shined a light around and spotted me. "The little worm with 999 good legs brought us luck and treasure. Here you go, tiny pirate!" And he threw me a stolen jacket with about a million spiders on it, tiny but tasty. Well, I finally found a home. Even though we never have 1,000 legs because they aren't ever even, I didn't hate the joke any more. I kicked the splinter off my foot, which was now healed. As I fell asleep that night, I reminded myself to do my new job in the early morning. I was, after all, in complete charge of bedbugs.

— Lee Dunlap

W. C. FIELDS FOREVER

Picture yourself on a stage in a theater
With swells in the orchestra and gods in the clouds
Somebody cues you, you answer on time
A Flo Ziegfeld girl with Bessie Poole eyes
Let me take you down to the old vaudeville town
Because I'm juggling around with W. C. Fields
On Dialing for Dollars on the weekday matinee
On old Broadway with plenty to get buzzed about
W. C. Fields forever!
A rich man be nothing but a poor man with money
And we are all going out to California to live
You take Baby LeRoy and I'll take Tommy Bupp
See how they mash like road hogs from a crash
See those wrens, Jan Duggan, Kathleen Howard
Old squidgilum and nattering wife will make them run
Here's your pie! You egregious tartuffel, I'm driving.

A flask full of breakfast and a bucket full of beer
Floodlights kaleidoscope high over your head
Memory Expert seeks starlet with sun in her eyes
Must be great friends with Hookalakah Meshobbab
Maybe Carlotta Monti for years on occasion
Ah, ha! Egbert Sousé (accent grave over the e) Ho, ho!
Fussy Franklin Pangborn meet loutish Grady Sutton
No trouble with the Union @ The Black Pussy Cafe
The Great McGonigle sitting in the green room
Mae West in mind, waiting for Peggy Joyce to cum
If this be Wuhan, China, where can Kansas City be?
Kansas City, Kansas? Kansas City, Missouri!
Elwood, Brentwood and Mortimer Snerd

POETS & OTHERS LOST IN 2020/2021

They baffle science
 Bill Wolfe you nosey parker
 You let my flask run dry
 Oh! Drat! (How do you do sir?) Godfrey Daniel!
 Mother of Pearl! (many Manhattans and Martinis)
 Ah! Beelzebub! Cataract in a Wendigo!
 This a game of chance? Not the way I play it.
 Sheriff Pretty Willie sitting with subpoenas by the fire
 Funny film producers, Mack Sennett, William LeBaron
 See how they fight like Hattie Hughes in the night
 See all the fun to the Grampian Hills they run
 All the way to Tammany Young.

Shades of Bacchus!
 Bao dipping from a blind dog's eye
 California Goddess pornographic priestess
 Woke, you've been a red hot girl
 You let your scanty panties down.
 Groucho, Harpo, Chico, Zeppo
 Climbing up the Hollywood sign
 Little Charlie Chaplin kissing Oona O'Neill
 Wow, you should have seen them
 Kicking Edgar Kennedy.
 Let me show you where Stan and Ollie fool around
 Because we're going to see, See, SEE W. C. Fields
 Sgt. Pepper has nothing to say, but it's okay
 The Big Top will now be going on, suckers and chumps
 For NOT the Good Humor Man, an honest man
 W. C. Fields forever!

Always know sometimes think of Shemp Howard
 A dash of Rover and an appreciative snake
 Which skullduggery grabbed the scalawag's fetlock
 The snake stuck his tail outside of the wickiup
 And deftly rattled for a constable, or a singing killer
 But you know you know you know you never know
 Charlie McCarthy when it's a dream
 Hard to tell where Hollywood ends and the DTs begin
 That said I think I'll have a drink.
 The gondola taxis arrive at a Venice canal
 Waiting to take Mr. Wilkins Micawber away
 Margaret Hamilton rides a broomstick so high
 Margaret Dumont still hasn't a clue.
 Come up and see me sometime my little chickadee
 Let me take you downtown and all around
 Because I'm going to be W. C. Fields
 Everything surreal and nothing too weird about it
 I am The Great Man
 I'd like to see Paris before I die, Philadelphia will do
 I'd rather have two girls at 21 each than one girl at 42
 W. C. Fields forever
 Don't you let that deal go down
 W. C. Fields forever
 Still looking for loopholes
 W. C. Fields
 Forever!
say finae

01/16 2020 Christopher Tolkien in Provence, France.
 03/08 2020 Max von Sydow in Seillans, Var, France.
 05/04 2020 Michael McClure, 87, in Oakland, CA.
 05/09 2020 Little Richard in Tullahoma, Tennessee.
 06/29 2020 Carl Reiner, 98, in Beverly Hills, CA.
 07/17 2020 John Lewis, aged 87, in Atlanta, Georgia.
 07/26 2020 Olivia de Havilland, aged 104, in Paris.
 08/05 2020 Pete Hamill, 85, in Brooklyn, New York.
 09/10 2020 Diana Rigg, aged 82, in London.
 09/18 2020 Ruth Bader Ginsburg in Washington, DC.
 10/25 2020 Diane Di Prima, fifth Poet Laureate of
 San Francisco, aged 86, in San Francisco.
 10/30 2020 Robert Fisk, aged 74, in Dublin, Ireland.
 10/31 2020 Sean Connery, 90, Lyford Cay, Bahamas.
 11/29 2020 Ben Bova, aged 88, in Naples, Florida.
 12/31 2020 Q.R. Hand Jr. aged 83, in Vallejo, CA.
 01/23 2021 Hal Holbrook, 95, in Beverly Hills, CA.
 02/10 2021 Larry Flynt, aged 78, in Los Angeles.
 02/22 2021 Lawrence Ferlinghetti, San Francisco's
 first Poet Laureate, 101, in San Francisco.
 03/25 2021 Larry McMurtry in Archer City, Texas.
 04/17 2021 Al Young, 6th California Poet Laureate,
 aged 81, in Concord, California.
 06/18 2021 Richard Sanderell, The Cursive Writer.
 07/29 2021 Janice Mirikitani of Glide Church, and
 San Francisco's 2nd Poet Laureate.
 08/22 2021 Jack Hirschman, Communist, 4th Poet
 Laureate of San Francisco at age 87.
 08/24 2021 Charlie Watts, aged 80, in London.
 10/12 2021 Paddy Moloney, 83, in Dublin, Ireland.
 11/21 2021 Robert Bly in Minneapolis, Minnesota.
 12/10 2021 Michael Nesmith in Carmel Valley, CA.
 12/15 2021 bell hooks, aged 69, in Berea, Kentucky.
 12/23 2021 Joan Didion in New York City, aged 87.
 12/25 2021 Wayne Thiebaud, painter and printmaker,
 in Sacramento, California, at aged 101.
 12/26 2021 Desmond Tutu, aged 90, in Cape Town.
 12/31 2021 Betty White in Los Angeles at age 99.

<http://roarshock.net/almanac.html>

ROARSHOCK PAGE, Supplemental Number 3 should be coming around sometime, or other, in Spring 2022.

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