

Update Bulletin

The Legend of “Lucky”

June 14, 2002

Well, I just *had* to do it – stick my foot into the whole thing (which is more than poor Lucky could’ve done). What I mean, of course, is mention to *Ber-nard* the great time we all had at Mauna Lana Bay, and that oh, so tragic tale of the hotel staffer who feeds the fish there. Or used to, anyway.

But of particular interest to Msrs. Potts and Rehmeier, I immediately suffered this conversation –

“A heady-ready reply,” chirped Bernard into his i-Mode satellite phone, through the international space station and into my less-than-willing ear. “Lucky, that *bête-noir* of pond-vivants is, of course, familiar to us all who frequent only-and-all the best places. In fact – oh, this is *so* five-minutes-ago – there is an ancient rhyme regarding this particular marinade of mariners, stored in fact right here, it seems, on my very own Internet phone, which I will email forthwith. Oops – gotta go, Boyfriend. Margin call calling...” and Bernard was gone, the line truly dead as only an i-Mode phone (or a bumbling feeder of swift and vicious sea creatures) could be.

But true to his word, several seconds later I-Got-Mail and I offer you – unedited on the pages following, and with no warranty whatsoever – the whole saga as provided from Mr. B.

To Your Success,

Tony

Antony van Leventer
Director: Supermarket Systems

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The Legend of Lucky

LaMont was a nice guy, but not very bright,
He knew about fish though, and every night,
He fed sharks at Sea World and lectured the crowd,
With his knowledge of shark-stuff, of which he was proud.

But LaMont was impatient. So he'd not have to wait,
He covered his arms and his legs with shark bait,
Knowing they'd come to be fed that much faster,
But management knew he was courting disaster.

LaMont was soon fired, and with nowhere to go,
Cleaned dead fish off of beaches from Cannes to St. Lo,
Fed goldfish in pet shops, then some time much later,
Found his way to Hawaii by very slow freighter.

He applied at the Mauna Lana Bay hotel,
And soon LaMont smelled that exceptional smell,
Sharks! A whole pond of the things! They were small,
– Only eight or ten feet – but LaMont got the call.

So he lectured the children beside the shark vats,
And he fed them on Tues. and on Thurs. and on Sats.,
He tossed in raw meat and the waters would boil,
With the slashing white teeth of man's primeval foil.

And whatever the weather, be fair or be foul,
LaMont *always* carried his signature towel.
(Well, really a monogram, a large-ish script "L",
(For "LaMont" if you wondered, I'm happy to tell.)

But LaMont soon grew careless, and soon the sharks got 'em,
When he plunged in his hand to show how deep the bottom,
The blood in the water gave children the fidgets,
And when he withdrew, he was missing some digits.

The Docs patched him up – since he had one hand left, he
Decided from now on he'd call himself "Lefty."
(The hotel approved, since his towel was quite large,
And that way they saved the re-monogram charge.)

But you probably guessed when you read the last verse,
That for Lefty, things would soon go from "real bad" to "worse,"
And sure enough one day to wash off a tool,
That idiot Lefty jumped into the pool.

Dorsal fins sheared the water, a frightening sight,
Hammerhead took his left arm, the Reef Shark gnawed his right,
It was all Lefty could do to utter a shout,
And the kids did their best to drag poor Lefty out.

Give him credit: when released he went on with his show,
But all agreed "Lefty" was not quite apropos.
With no arms and no hands, they decided the plucky
But dim-witted guy should now be called, "Lucky."

(And of course Lucky's budget was under the gun,
So this way they saved his beach towel being redone.)
He could not scratch his nose, let alone flossing,
And they put up a sign to warn kids: "Lucky Crossing."

The years they went by, and lacking all smarts,
Poor Lucky continued to lose body parts.
One day by the pond, Lucky just had to go,
So he unzipped his fly, and you don't want to know.

Then one day the end came, it was out by the sea,
Just testing the warmth of the ocean to see,
(And here I will quote the official police blotter:)
"...the missing man dangled his stump in the water."

The huge Great White struck, pulling poor Lucky under,
Looking forward to tearing our hero asunder,
The only thing left, just one thing to remind,
Was his shredded beach towel with the "L" – left behind.

But this shark favored limbs, which Lucky was without,
So rather than chewing, the Great White spit him out,
So far out to sea, Lucky swam toward the South,
Using jet-boat technique, squirting out with his mouth.

So if you're on the beach of some tropical isle, and
You see Lucky washed up, helpless on the sand,
Please help him get back to Mauna Lana Bay:
The management owes him some "severance" pay.