

LEAPING TUNAS AHOY-Y-Y!

Kangy and I were cruisin' with Tops'l Barney, an old shipmate of mine, when we had an adventure that beats anything that I've ever been through.

It was a fine mornin' in th' tropics. Up aloft, th' lookout was keepin' a sharp eye ahead for reefs, for we were nearin' th' coast of Borneo. All at once he bawls out: "Big school o' somethin' headed this way!"

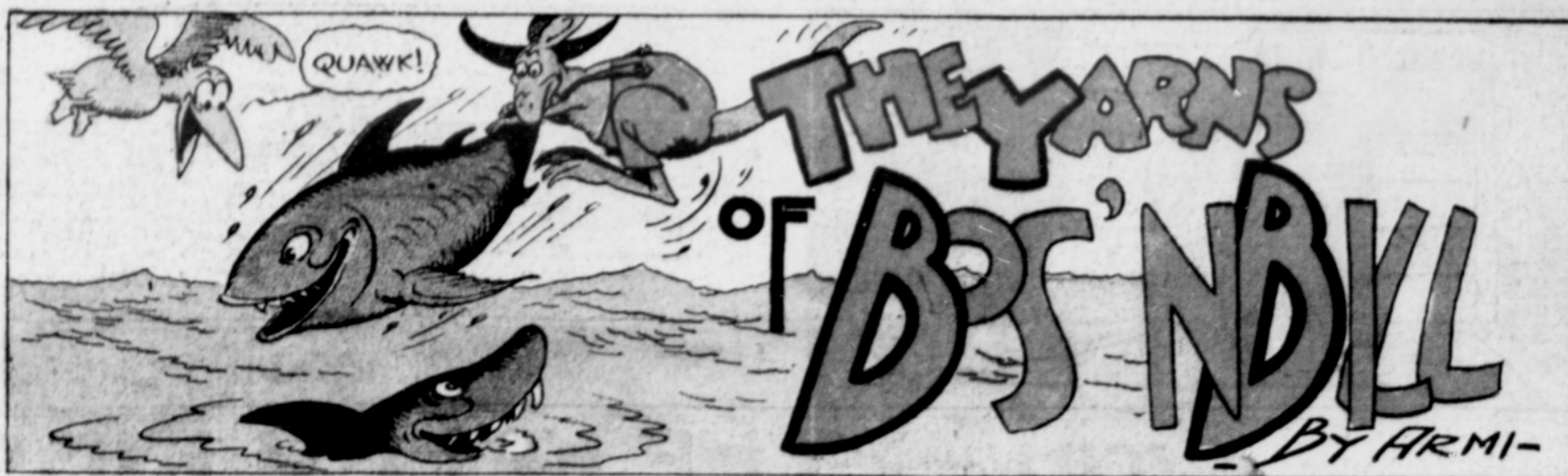
Well s'r, just then a fish 'bout ten feet long landed on deck. Then more of 'em flopped over th' rail. Th' big fish, which, by th' way, were known as leaping tunas, were bouncin' about th' deck like rubber balls. I'll be blown if it weren't like a three-ringed circus.

Down in th' hold one of th' crew was tightenin' th' hoops on an empty barrel. One of th' tunas dove down through th' open hatchway and plunked headfirst into

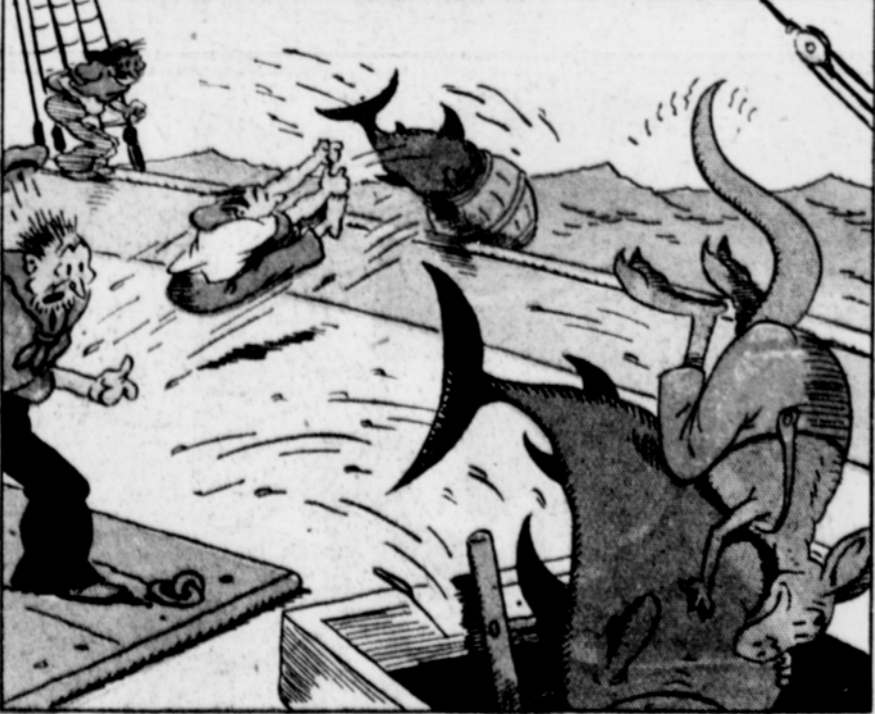
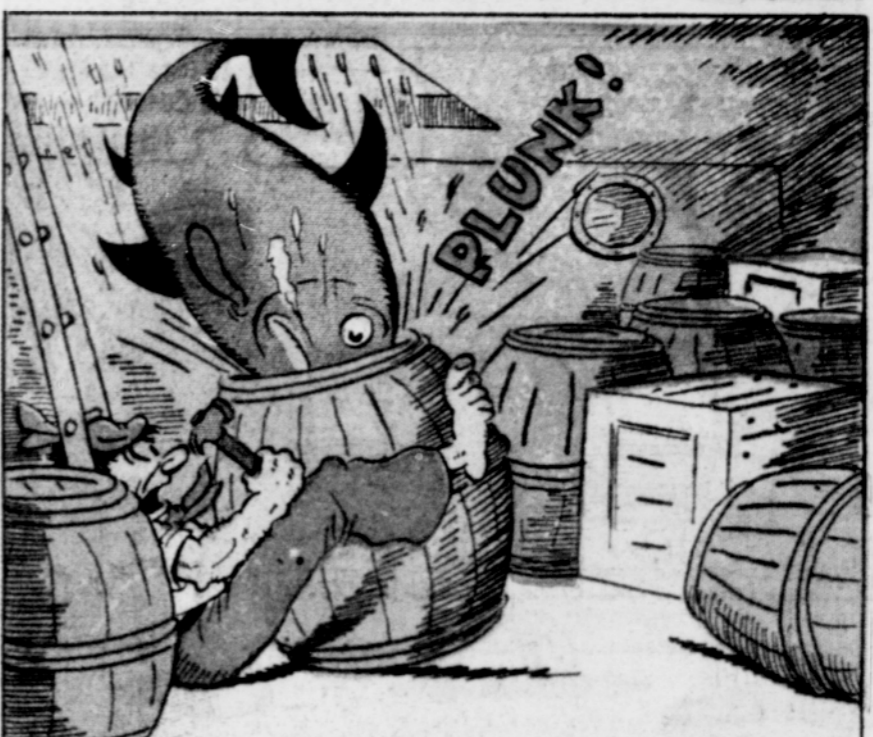
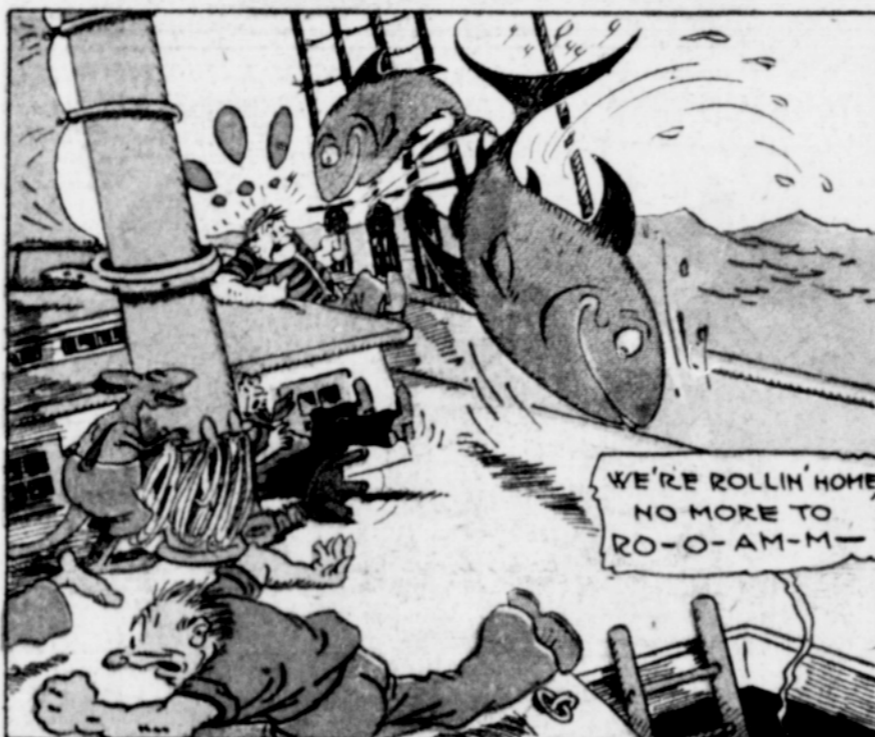
th' barrel. Th' next thing we saw, was a tuna sailin' up through th' hatchway, a barrel over his head, and a pop-eyed sailor hangin' onto his dorsal fin. Over th' rail bounced th' tuna. Just in time, th' sailor let go and landed on deck.

While I was wonderin' what was goin' to happen next, a blue streak shot past me, headin' for th' open hatchway. Blow me if it wasn't Kangy, ridin' a tuna as big as a horse. Down th' hatchway bounced th' tuna, with Kangy stickin' to his back.

Just about then th' last of th' big fish flopped over th' side into th' sea, and all hands but th' man at th' wheel made for th' hold to see what had happened to Kangy. I'll be dingbusted if there wasn't th' tuna, dead, and perched on his back was Kangy, wigglin' his whiskers, and as pleased as a cat with two tails.



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