

January 1, 2017



Oh Buoy Cruise Lines

FROM THE DECK OF THE SUNNY S.S. DRENCH

1966-2016

50
YEARS
NO MAROONINGS

Happy New Year!

This year, I write more in observation of tradition than in celebration of the passing of time. I am writing this on ocean-liner stationery, on a beach, on a deserted island where I have been marooned since the first week of 2016. I guess I'll cram the message into my third-to-last bottle of Macallan 1978 and hurl it into the sea. It was almost a year ago now that I used a crate of the good stuff as a flotation device (when the ship went down I may have lost my ride to the Seychelles but not my priorities) and washed up on this uncharted desert isle.

I hope everyone is still looking for me. More than that though, I hope in the race between rising sea levels and my ability to construct a GPS-enabled long-range coconut & seaweed beacon, I'm destined to come out on top.

It sucks to have my long-range plans put on hold for this whole past year. 2016 was going to be the year that I really got my shit together. Help my folks grow a serious vegetable garden. Get back on the street performing world tour. Become a regular at YukYuks. Conquer the hipster artisanal food market scene with delicious raw honey from my own beehives. Champagne! Bedhopping! Instead I got marooned.

BIG? So now at the beginning of the new year (I know because I've been making slashes on the wall of my shelter, like Tom Hanks in that one movie) I find myself trying to forget the sandy monotony of my personal 2016, imagining the things which surely happened in the past year, and how they will inevitably lead to a wonderful 2017 - beginning with my rescue. Soon. Right?

2017 is going to be great! I imagine that President Sanders will fix domestic racial and social inequality, and inspire positive change around the world. Prince & Bowie will finally team up and go on tour. The cast of Larry Sanders will reunite for a movie and maybe get some of my favourite actors to guest star - Alan Rickman, Gene Wilder or Carrie Fisher (talk about a perfect fit!). At long last, there will be a single European currency across the UK & Europe (wouldn't that make buying George Michael tickets in both Berlin & London way easier?). And maybe after my rescue I'll finally get to visit that girl I met on holiday a while back, to take her up on her offer of staying at her comfortable home in the cosmopolitan city of Aleppo.

If I'm presumed dead for long enough, I think my credit card bill gets covered by some kind of insurance the banks have. That would be nice.

I'm sure that by tracing ocean currents and employing readily-available satellite tracking systems, you will be able to locate me before I exhaust my supply of scotch. Unless somehow, by some completely nonsensical and downright insane chain of awful happenstance, none of the super obvious stuff I've been looking forward to actually happened in 2016. In which case, just toss this message back into the sea.

May the coming year be just as predictable and obvious as the last,

Al Wood.