

# Things That Go Bump In A Canadian Night

Retold by Ronald Wolf

## The Legend Of Captain Black Bartelmy



Captain Black Bartelmy wasn't the kind of person that would win father of the year award or be hailed as a good fellow. Not in the least. You see, he was a pirate, a nasty pirate, who not only killed his wife but also his children. It was in the Atlantic Coast that he inflicted his evil deeds along with the worst dredges of the universe. The countryside was also played victim to his grizzly deeds too terrible to mention here.

Before he landed in Cape Forchu, N.S., Bartelmy and his ship was loaded with so much treasure, 500 treasure chests, that it was told that his ship appeared that it could sink at that time, laying his booty to the dark waters below. Suddenly, a fog, a thick as pea soup, rolled in to the bay.

A tide soon took hold of his ship at Roaring Bull and started to smash the ship to pieces. But before all on board were killed, Bartelmy spotted land and with the aid of his trusted mate, Ben the Hook and the rest of the crew, took as much booty as the escape boat could hold.

What was the reward for the crew that helped with riches? Some would say it could be a percentage of the booty. The truth was hideous. Under the orders of Bartelmy, Ben slit the necks of the crew and tossed their bodies into the deadly sea.

Ben and Bartelmy climbed into the overloaded boat and rowed, like demons from hell,

to calmer waters in the Cape. Almost immediately the men looked for a safe place to hide their murderous booty. A large cave soon became visible and the men stock piled the treasure into the belly of the cave. The men piled heavy rocks in the entrance of the cave and it was here that Ben received his just desserts. Bartelmy thrust a sword into his mate's chest. The last sight and sounds of Ben were that of Bartelmy laughing in his face. Now, tell me, was anyone really surprised by Bartelmy's actions?

Bartelmy was all alone with no one to talk to or kill. Soon hunger set in. No fast food places or coffee shops could be found anywhere. The evil Bartelmy's tummy started to growl. He got the idea that he should seek out a town or some food to eat. So, off he went in search of some grub. After walking along the shoreline he soon found the land rising. Bartelmy found himself in the sand of death - quicksand!

Bartelmy's last curse words were in a form of curses which were all in vain for only the seagulls, some of which defecated on the evil pirate's head, could hear the curses.

The local lighthouse keeper swore that he could see a flare shooting into the air soon after Bartelmy's death.

The keeper thought a ship was in trouble and soon a rescue team was set forth to the sight of the flare.

As the rescue team neared the distressed vessel they were greeted by no other than Bartelmy himself or at the very least, Bartelmy's ghost!

Bartelmy was seen waving a cutlass sword into the air laughing like a demon from hell.

If you plan to visit the Cape or the Roaring Bull take heed that you don't find yourself a victim of Bartelmy.