

THE CAMPO SANTO
QUARTERLY
REVIEW

*After Months of
Development, a Veil
is Lifted*

- DUNCAN FYFE -

*From the Desk of
the Campo Santo
Ombudsman*

- DUNCAN FYFE -

*Rippey's Requiem:
A San Francisco
Tail*

- DUNCAN FYFE -

*In The
Name of
Campo Santo*

- DUNCAN FYFE -

VOL I / Q1 / 2014



THE CAMPO SANTO QUARTERLY REVIEW

Written and Curated by Campo Santo Ombudsman Duncan Fyfe
With Invaluable Contributions from Aisling Conlon

Issue 1 • Quarter I • 2014

From the Desk of the Campo Santo Ombudsman	4
After Months of Development, A Veil is Lifted.....	6
Rippey's Requiem: A San Francisco Tail	11
In the Name of Campo Santo.....	14

FROM THE DESK OF THE CAMPO SANTO OMBUDSMAN

THE last time I saw Sean Vanaman was one year ago in London, on the occasion of his nomination for a British Academy Video Game Award. The night before the ceremony I joined Sean and his colleague Jake Rodkin, who shared in the nomination, for drinks at the bar of the five-star Soho Hotel. We all enjoyed engaging with this luxury brand, and did not part ways until very late. Sean and Jake flagged down the first black cab to pass the hotel. I watched them drive away and only then did it occur to me that I might never see them again. Sean turned and looked back at me through the rear window, his palm pressed against the glass, as if to say, “When I get back to San Francisco, Jake and I are going to leave our jobs and form our own independent video game company, and joining us will be the English illustrator Olly Moss, the accomplished game designer Nels Anderson, the programmer Will Armstrong, the environment and lighting artist Jane Ng and the multitalented composer/developer Chris Remo, and I want you, Duncan Fyfe, I want you to be its Ombudsman.”

My heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes.

The company, we know now, is Campo Santo. Announced by Mr. Vanaman on September 18, 2013, the San Francisco-based studio will develop video games for the personal computer, Macintosh and Linux platforms, and its first title will have the financial and creative support of the Portland, Ore. software outfit Panic. In its short history, Campo Santo has said and done very little publicly – a debut game is on the way, but as of yet unannounced – but I’ve observed a great deal of public enthusiasm for the studio, attributable no doubt to the pedigrees of its founding members.

One of Campo Santo’s first big public decisions has been to appoint a public Ombudsman – me – and I want my first official declaration as Ombudsman to be that this decision was very correct and good. But you might ask why Campo Santo needs an Ombudsman. And also you might ask what even is an Ombudsman?

I’ll explain. Explanation is one of the Ombudsman’s powers.

An Ombudsman is an independent authority appointed by an organization to hold that organization accountable to the public interest. You might be familiar with Robert Lipsyte, ESPN’s Ombudsman, or Margaret Sullivan, the current Public Editor of the *New York Times*. What I’ll be doing for Campo Santo is providing critical, public-minded analysis of everything Campo Santo does.

Being an Ombudsman is kind of a thankless task – it’s my job to point out what the people who employ me do wrong. Although I’m appointed by Campo Santo, I’m not an employee of the studio. I’m an outsider, as I have always been in life. My responsibility is not for Campo Santo’s bottom line, but for you. The Ombudsman is an advocate for the public. That means I’m going to use my access and position to tell you, the Campo Santo audience, what you need to know about this company, whether that’s cheat codes

and tricks for the latest Campo Santo game, or instances of Campo Santo corporate impropriety and criminal malfeasance.

We Ombudsmen are a proud people. The responsibility of an Ombudsman is to an absolute and unbiased honesty. There's no duty I take more seriously than that. But, full disclosure: I've met the members of Campo Santo several times, I think they're all really cool and I just don't think I could ever bring myself to say a bad word about them.

In tandem with Campo Santo's decision to appoint an Ombudsman is the decision to launch *Campo Santo Quarterly Review*, whose digital pages you hold in your very eyes. Among other things, *Campo Santo Quarterly Review* is an unrestricted platform for the Ombudsman's writing on Campo Santo and all the other issues of the day. I also think the decision to do that was very right and good.

In this debut issue of *Quarterly Review*, I've focused my Ombudsman powers like a laser on the two main questions that I think the public was quick to wonder when Campo Santo was announced in September. *What game are these guys working on? And what is the name 'Campo Santo' supposed to mean, anyway?* Both questions are answered in this very issue – and on top of all that, since Campo Santo is a San Francisco company, we've thrown in a cute local interest story about one of San Francisco's most famous dogs!

In future issues you can expect much more of this kind of thing. You might find a career-spanning interview with Olly Moss. You might find me playing a game of truth or dare with Nels Anderson. Or you might find an ancient map leading you to treasure beyond imagination. At the very least, you'll find this to be more than the typical corporate newsletter. I mean... we think so.

I invite you to write me at duncan@camposanto.com with any questions or concerns about Campo Santo and I'll do my level best to see that the issues you raise are appropriately investigated and responded to. Please also consider getting in touch if you'd like to sponsor me for the Annual Ombudsman Fun Run in New York City on May 10. I know I'm only new in the Ombudsman role but so far very few people have supported me and I'm disappointed and angry.

Duncan Fyfe
London, England
February 2014

AFTER MONTHS OF DEVELOPMENT, A VEIL IS LIFTED

EVERY Ombudsman loves an Ombudscoop. And what better scoop for this debut issue of Campo Santo Quarterly Review than the world-exclusive reveal of Campo Santo's unannounced first game?

I got in touch with Jake Rodkin, the Campo Santo co-founder and creative director. "I don't feel comfortable sharing details about the game yet," Mr. Rodkin told me, "it's still early days, not really telling anyone anything about it right now. But when we do you'll be one of the first to know. Got to keep our ombudsman in the loop, right?" This wasn't the world-exclusive reveal I'd hoped for.

Clearly, if I were going to get any sort of scoop, I'd have to get it by some other means. So I made an appointment to see a Tarot card reader who works out of an occult bookstore. In the basement of London's Treadwell's Books, I sat down with this reader in a closet-sized room with a list of questions about Campo Santo and the video games they're going to make.



It goes without saying, I hope, that this really did happen. What follows is an edited and condensed transcript of our conversation. Because I failed to mention to the Tarot

reader that I would be doing this, I have changed her name to “Tricia”, out of fear of reprisal from the forces of magick and demonry. I’d also like to change my name to “Duncs”, for personal reasons.

* * *

Campo Santo is a new company, they’ve only been around for a few months and they’ve been working on one project, one game, and probably will be working on that for a year or so. I’d like to know more about how that project will go.

Now if you can think of this project in your head, you don’t have to verbalise it, but somehow either name the project or even think of it for a few seconds... So, how will the project go? [Tricia deals the deck and examines the cards closely.]

Right. Ultimately, it looks fine. It’s not going to be easy, though. The Ace of Wands reversed at the core of the reading is frustrations and things being dormant. The Queen of Swords reversed and the Knight of Pentacles reversed could mean technical problems or delays.

OK, the Ace of Swords is saying the delays are because of legalities or the writing or perhaps it means coding, but once those things are cleared up, it will be fine. The Tower is saying there may be some shocks along the way. Tensions and stress link to this project. There may even be disharmony amongst people, with The Lovers reversed. But ultimately the project will come to a satisfactory conclusion, I believe, because Justice upright in the Earth position is what’s likely to manifest. The challenge is perseverance, the Seven of Pentacles, the Farmer card, it’s saying that all the work, it’s not a waste of time; there will be results.

Looking to the likely future, the Seven of Cups reversed and the positive Knight of Swords upright, this is saying that this is not just a dream, this is not pie-in-the-sky; this will move forward. There’s going to be a time where there’s just nothing happening and it’s almost like it’s had to be on hold. The project will be a bit of a rollercoaster, it seems, but ultimately, it will be fine.

It will be fun?

“Fine.”

Oh.

Honestly, it doesn’t look very fun to me. It’s like walking through treacle, with the Knight of Pentacles reversed, and because of the... [sighs]. People at loggerheads? The Eight of Pentacles reversed, the hard work card, there are no shortcuts and it’s just hard work, but actually, despite there being sometimes emotional unhappiness, stress, disharmony, arguments, frustrations, actually it’s really going to hit a mark and the

outcome is good. It's worth it. So no, I don't see it being fun. But I see it as being lucrative and satisfying, ultimately.

I'd like to drill down a bit on the emotional unhappiness. Is there anything that can be done to minimise that?

The Magician reversed: you're powerless to do that much. The King of Wands is about the power of positive thinking, remember about the creativity, it's about inspiration, it's honesty, integrity, positivity, so giving people warmth or showing positive intentions, that I think is as much as one can do.

I'm wondering if the cards can say anything about what the result of making this game will be like – like, the reaction from the public.

[Tricia deals the cards.] OK, that's interesting. I will pick some more cards and explain in a moment.

What I think the cards are showing is that there's going to be divide. There are going to be some people who will really not like it. I'm sorry to be blunt, but the Page of Wands reversed means that some people will critique it and not – the Moon reversed – they will not emotionally connect to it. They will think it's too imaginative, or too... they won't get it. And so the Sun reversed: they won't see it as a success. You will separate from these people.

But the other side of it is – the Empress, the Six of Pentacles – there will be people who love it. The Empress is giving birth to something new. I feel like there will be people on forums who will actually become really into it. They will almost become infatuated with it: the Fool reversed in the heart position. The Eight of Wands reversed, so there'll be frenzied excitement about this. The Ace of Wands is saying this is the beginning of something that could branch out and be new. So it's really divided. Two schools of thought. The people who like it – the Six of Pentacles, the Empress? – they'll happily pay for more. They'll want more.

I want to go back to some of the other people I'll be working with – there's a guy named Jake. Is there any kind of forecast you could do about our relationship?

So this is about your working relationship with him, and the connection, and how you can expect things to unfold between you two? [Deals cards.] Very positive.

Hmm.

The Eight of Swords is positive movement. The Ace of Wands reversed, it won't be until after spring. There's a lot that's dormant, though not in a bad way. There's really, you know, you're nurturing this and you need to see what results you have. But the Sun is very positive, very creative, very successful. At the least, this is friendship. The Hermit is

– you’re really going to get on. It’s a lovely, spiritual, positive relationship. This is lovely. He’s yet to discover the inner child in you. I would say it works both ways. There are things yet hidden – yeah, the Six of Cups, the soulmate connection. Really, you’re going to get on very, very well. There’s a lovely connection here that goes beyond it just being about work. I like it.

Can you tell me more about Jake discovering my inner child?

Yeah. [Draws more cards.] The Nine of Pentacles is the tools, the talents, the way you work... I think you’ll be noticed through your work, and through what you do and how you do it, is how he will slowly come to realise this. The Six of Wands is successful movement. This is just the beginning, really. So very, very, very good cards.

I wonder if we could do a forecast about whether the game will end up making the people who created it satisfied or happy.

You’ll all be very pleased. It may not make as much as money as you hope. But the Ace of Wands upright is the beginnings of success. The Magician upright is positive manifestation. The Fool upright is the feeling that things are moving in the right way. So there’ll be overall a very positive, happy, creative satisfaction.

After this project, what might the future of the company be like? That would be probably a year from now.

I actually see and feel there’s longevity here, but it’s going to be slow, and that’s what the Nine of Pentacles reversed is about, because there’s a little snail in the corner of the card. It’s not getting back immediate balanced money, but after a year... the Six of Cups reversed is saying some people may leave, but the Eight of Wands in the dominant thought position says that there are many different arrows and many different projects that can hit success. The Queen of Cups is about passion and the people who stay, it’s all or nothing, it’s real dedication. The Ten of Swords is saying that for some people it will be the end. The Page of Cups reversed will be people who aren’t feeling it. But the Five of Cups reversed in the heart position is saying that the cups are full for the future. The Two of Swords reversed is showing movement. Now, if the Ten of Swords was in the earth position with the other cards, it would indicate that it could all just end but it’s not, from what I can see. It’s saying there are many arrows and ways to move this forward.

Yeah, the Four of Swords is then peace of mind, body and soul, after worries and stress. So it’s looking like it’s got years ahead.

Do any of these say anything about what my role will be?

Let’s ask in the Earth position, beyond the year, your role in this company... [Tricia draws a new card: The Fool.]



Oh, the Fool.

The Fool reversed is... it means, don't jump too far ahead. It's not *bad*... there's still ways you can branch out. It's very creative. And the Nine of Pentacles reversed is... they might be happy to continue having you, but I don't see you getting more money. Then, the Moon is ... they want people who emotionally are connected to the job and are passionate, and the people who leave, will be because they're just not, their heart and soul is not fully in it.

Sorry, what does the Moon mean?

The Moon is about deep emotions, it can be about worry, but in this case I feel that it's echoing the Queen of Cups, that it's about the need to be emotionally passionate together, that it's all or nothing. But the moon can mean so many things.

Right on.

* * *

So there's your headline: Jake and I are going to be best friends. Jake did not respond to requests for comment.

RIPPEY'S REQUIEM: A SAN FRANCISCO TAIL



THE history of San Francisco is rich with fascinating and inspiring characters, but this story is just about a man who kicked a dog.

Consider Henry Rippey. It won't take long. Henry Rippey was a drunk. That's it, that's literally all anyone knows today about who the man was. This one night in November of 1865, Henry Rippey was staggering through the saloons of Montgomery Street – drunk, as was his custom – and almost stumbled over a stray dog blocking his path. Henry Rippey kicked the dog.

Despicable. An unnecessarily cruel act, by any modern standard. Yet probably not an act Henry Rippey gave much thought to. In his time, the streets of San Francisco were foul with stray and feral dogs – this was true of the whole of California, and in Los Angeles, supposedly, dogs outnumbered people two-to-one. Dogs were everywhere, and it was acceptable, even encouraged, to kill or impound them. And so Henry Rippey the drunk kicked a dog, thinking nothing of it.

And it was a cruel thing, but so much worse than Henry Rippey knew. This was not just any dog. The name of this dog was Bummer. And when Henry Rippey learned that, a chill should have run down his spine.

The people of San Francisco had met Bummer five years earlier, as a stray Newfoundland begging for scraps from the patrons of a Montgomery Street saloon. “We shall call you Bummer,” it was agreed. They liked the stray and kept him well fed because he was good – exceptionally good – at killing rats, another of the city’s ubiquitous problem animals. Even beyond that, Bummer had something that the average ratter dog didn’t have. He had the heart of a lion. (Not literally – he had a dog heart.)

Bummer’s lion-heart moment came when he fought back a bigger dog in the act of savaging a young cur. The younger dog had been gravely wounded, and Bummer took him into his care. As the dog rested and recovered, Bummer brought him food from the saloons, which he carried in his mouth, and at night, cuddled the little dog to keep him warm. This dog would be named “Lazarus”.

Bummer and Lazarus became best friends, as you’d hope. Together they were a team of super ratters, and had many adventures, like hiding inside stores until closing time and then ransacking them, and even on one occasion stopping a runaway horse and cart. Their stories were chronicled and mythologised by the local press, many of whom frequented the Montgomery Street saloons and found Bummer and Lazarus an endearing local interest alternative to the other top stories of the day, e.g. the Civil War. A reporter for the San Francisco *Daily Evening Bulletin* described the pair of Bummer and Lazarus thusly: “Two dogs but with a single bark, two tails that wagged as one.”

Such was the public affection for the tales of Bummer & Lazarus, that when Lazarus, along with a host of other strays, was snatched up by a city dogcatcher, the people of San Francisco demanded his release. The incident prompted the San Francisco Board of Supervisors to officially exempt Bummer and Lazarus from the local ordinances regarding stray dogs, permitting them to roam as they liked.

Lazarus’s luck would not hold. Allegedly, the dog bit a young boy, and in retaliation he was fed a dose of revenge meat. What looked like a tasty treat was laced with the poison of ratbane. Lazarus died in October of 1863. Despite a promised \$50 reward, the poisoner was never identified.

From there, it was all downhill for poor Bummer. In Lazarus, Bummer had lost not just his closest friend and partner, but the story premise that the San Francisco press had relied upon. Solo Bummer wasn’t as interesting to the media as Bummer & Lazarus had been, and while the popular affection for Bummer remained, he had peaked as a local celebrity. So Bummer continued doing what he had always done, killing rats, begging for the occasional scrap of food and sleeping in the streets, but he did it alone now, without friends and without notice, until one night as he slept Henry Rippey kicked him down a flight of stairs and he died.

When Rippey's crime was discovered, he was taken into custody by the local sheriff. For his own protection: the sheriff feared a flare-up of street justice. Henry Rippey had a cellmate, a San Francisco popcorn vendor with the improbable name of David Popley. When Popley heard what Henry Rippey had done, he was so incensed that he punched Henry Rippey right in the face – or, as contemporary accounts phrased it, “popped him in the smeller.” Even David Popley's assaults were popcorn-themed.

Many of us, I think, wonder whether our lives have been important enough to be remembered at all. The victory of Henry Rippey is that this no-name, unaccomplished drunk can truthfully say that against all the odds, history has remembered him, albeit for the twin indignities of killing a hero dog and getting popped in the smeller by a criminal popcorn vendor.

When Bummer died, his eulogy was penned by none other than Mark Twain, in the pages of the Virginia City *Territorial Enterprise*. Henry Rippey's obituary was recorded 150 years late and by the Ombudsman of a small video game company. So it goes.

IN THE NAME OF CAMPO SANTO

IN the few months that have passed since the announcement, one of the only things about Campo Santo that there's been to discuss has been the name. Campo Santo, what does it even mean? According to the online Oxford English Dictionary, it means "not found in this dictionary." But in Italian and Spanish, it translates to 'graveyard'. You can see that etymology reflected in the company logo, which incorporates a skull and a wooden cross into the illustration.

Already, Campo Santo has received a healthy amount of emails on this subject. Chris Sugalski of Jersey City, N.J., was one of several to express confusion: "I don't get the name. Did the Campo Santo folks know that it meant 'cemetery' when they picked it? I'm not saying they didn't, but it strikes me as a particularly weird and pessimistic association for a new company to want to make. If that association was intentional, then their reasoning for that escapes me a bit."

Some, like Megan Roessler of Seattle, Wash., asked about the cultural and historical forbearers of the name, including the actual Italian municipality Camposanto, and the book *Campo Santo*, a posthumous miscellany collection of the German writer W.G. Sebald. "I obviously am not aware of whether it was a deliberate choice [for the Campo Santo founders] to evoke Sebald, but I would hope that whatever Campo Santo the video game studio does will live up to that in some way."

It's an exciting question: where did the name Campo Santo come from, anyway? What history did Sean Vanaman, Jake Rodkin, et al., draw upon in choosing those words to represent their company? Perhaps one of the founders has a personal connection to the Camposanto Monumentale cemetery in Pisa? Or did they first encounter the phrase somewhere unexpected, as a mysterious reference in an esoteric text, like an 18th century pirate's journal?

I put the question to Sean Vanaman. "I think it means something akin to cemetery or 'sacred ground?'" he told me in an email. "I liked that it conjured up images of burial and decay but does so without being dark -- it feels like it holds both bookends of life in a positive light and for a company full of people creating something out of nothing, that tone felt correct to me. But honestly, we chose it because we really liked the sound of it. I guess Umberto Eco did the same thing when titling *The Name of the Rose*, so if it's a good enough tactic for the Ec-man, then I say it's good enough for a stupid video game company."

Well, it's an interesting answer from Mr. Vanaman, and one which warns us of the danger of overthinking the creative process, though in your Ombudsman's opinion, it's not *quite* as interesting as an explanation involving an 18th century pirate journal would have been. Mr. Vanaman offered to comment further, but to be honest I was really much more interested in this whole idea of a pirate thing... so...



17th April, 1733

I had not expected to see Edward Geary again in this lifetime, and hopefully not in the next neither. It had been 10 years near enough to the day that I saw him last—after the mutiny that spelled the bloody end for our crew and shipwreck'd us on Antigua. Edward Geary had slit the throat of captain Bellamy with the captain's own lucky cutlass, and at moonlight we put him into a shallow grave beside the trees. Ed Geary and I were all that remained of the Avery's crew then, and we agreed solemnly that we would divide all the loot 'tween us and then go off on our own ways, with gold enough to retire as rich men, & never to cross each other no more.

Earlier to-night as I took my regular supper and drink at the Black Bull, a rough hand clapped my shoulder. "Will Morgan! Blimey, man—it is you!" Indeed, it was Edward Geary, looking hardly a day the older. I am certain I turned quite pale. How-ever (and to my relief), Geary was in a good and not murderous spirit. Unconcerned about breaking our vow of 10 years, he insisted upon my company & so we spoke and lustily downed many pints of ale 'til we were loaded to the gunwale both, as in our days aboard the Avery.

My old shipmate was fiercely perplexed over why I had settled in a little fisher-man's village like S——— Cove. It was not suiting of a man with my fortune, he said, and so I had to admit that over the years the fortune had all been spent. I did not detail the

depths of my vice and wastefulness that I putted the moneys to. But perhaps the shaemeful look that I afforded to my mug of ale would have given Geary the fuller picture.

I confess'd to Geary that some months ago I had been forced to take a job here in S ——— as a dental assistant so that I might be guaranteed of a regular wage. "A dental assistant?" he cried. "What is that then?"

"Well I work with the local dentist here and support him in his duties."

"Ay, but what does that actually mean, to be a 'dental assistant'?" said he. "What is it that ye do day to day?"

"Well I could be doing any number of tasks," I explained. "I might be sending out requisition orders for supplies, instruments such as pliers and consumables, gold wire with which to make the tooth brace, and your basic paper stock and the like, and you also have a bit of booking appointments and compiling research reports on the newest trends in English dentistry. No two days are ever the same."

"Ah, oh really."

Geary, after calling for more ale, proceeded to explain what he was doing here in S ———. He was returning to account on a ship, the "Mary O'Malley", on a new voyage with a new crew & captain, and would be departing at next dawn. Then Geary said the words that I fear now have changed my life.

"Know ye of Campo Santo?"

Ay, I knew of Campo Santo, as any pirate does, and I knew it to be no truer than the legend of the mermaid or the merman. It was a traditional buccaneer's riddle, as old as the sea, told by the sea-wolves to idle away the long days & I believe that it was something like this:

*"I am more valuable than gold,
I burn brighter than the sun.
I am desired by all,
But can be held by no-one.
What am I?"*

The answer – "Campo Santo".

It was something we used to dream and sing about aboard the Avery: what we would do if we ever got our hands on the legendary Campo Santo and its fabulous wealth. "I'd sell me own mother into slavery for a taste o' that sweet Campo Santo," I remember young Tobias screaming one day at sea right before he slipped off the ship and died.

“Don’t play me for the fool with your talk of the Campo Santo,” I told Geary, but he swore to his tale. “We be setting sail for the treasure of Campo Santo,” he told. “I’ll be a much richer man, richer beyond all imagination.”

“Even if Campo Santo were real,” I said, “ye would not know where to find it.”

“Ye be wrong. We found ourselves a captain who knows the way.”

“Who, then?”

Geary grinned his crooked smile that I could see was in much need of a remedial brace. “Only nobody less than the mad pirate king hisself—Captain Henry Rathe Doggett.”

Mad Henry? Now I was sure old Geary was feeding me a line—or well so I thought at the time. I had seen it myself 20 years ago: the mad Henry Doggett clapped in irons by the King’s men, hanged o’er the Thames and his head putted on a spike at Tower Bridge for the gulls.

“Ay, but I has seen him just to-day,” said Geary, “his belly full of fire as it e’er was.” He went on, and as I listened a fantastic story unfolded. After Doggett’s death, said Geary, he was unrepentant, and so his soul was condemned to the underworld, where he would be punished for his sins with never-ending destructions and torments, and sentenced to forever wander death’s abyss with his hands and feet bound in chains. But Doggett, who had the spirit of a pirate king, was as defiant in death as he were in life, and never did stop searching for a way back to the land of the living. After 10 years Doggett found his way to the Palace of Hades, the Lord of the Dead, and requested a boon from him. Hades found the human’s stubbornness to be amusing and so did agree to set Doggett a labor in exchange for his freedom from death’s kingdom.

Hades had set Doggett an impossible task. Way across the Fields of Asphodel, King Minos presided as a judge of the dead. Before death Minos had been a cruel and mighty king of Crete and a great enemy of pirates. For some years he had been extorting a tribute of coin from the poor souls who pass’d into the underworld, and in so doing he had amassed a considerable fortune. Hades, stricken with envy, promised Doggett his resurrection only if he could convince Minos to part with his loot.

It took Doggett another 10 years to reach the Plain of Judgment, where the serpent-tailed Minos reigned upon a throne of skulls. When Doggett challenged Minos to a duel the judge only laughed, pointing out that the withered and manacled human could not even hold a sword. “That is not what I mean,” said Doggett. “I challenge ye to a contest of riddles.”

Now that was a game the clever Minos could accept! But the pirate Doggett, always wiley and book-learned, matched Minos riddle for riddle. The powerful Minos had never encountered a worthy opponent and his confidence did begin to abandon him.

That was when Doggett asked Minos the one riddle whose answer was known only to pirates—that which he knew would defeat him—the Riddle of Campo Santo.

“I don’t know it! I don’t know it!” cried Minos. “Victory is yours. You may take the gold.” But that was not enough for Doggett, who wrapped his chains around the neck of Minos and dragged the wailing cur all the way to the river Styx, where he forced his head under the black water and then, with an almighty roar, tore it right off.. It was said that Minos’s dying screams sent waves coursing through the Styx for eternity.

Hades was so pleased with this that he granted Doggett an extra boon. With his first boon Doggett was returned to life and allowed to leave the underworld, and when asked for his second boon, Doggett said that there was only one boon that he wanted: a map to Campo Santo.

“You shall have this boon,” Hades said. “But know this: if you do choose to search for Campo Santo, then you will be tested, as you never have before. Not even the underworld has prepared you for the trials you and your crew must endure. And once you know what Campo Santo is, you may wish that you did not. You may find... that it is not what you think.”

“What do ye make of that, then?” I asked, when Geary had finished.

“I think,” and here Geary grinned again, “we’re going to be very rich men.”

Geary asked if I would join the crew on the Mary O’Malley for the voyage and share in the profits. Certainly he could tell that I was not in proper account financially and could use the gold. But I was a pirate no more, I had to remind Geary.

“Ay,” he said, “tis what I had heard. I had to see it for meself.” He shook my hand, gave me his farewells, and retired to his lodgings. “Good luck with the dentists,” he added. I drank down the suds of ale that lingered at the tankard’s bottom.

18th April, 1733

I write this now on the deck of the Mary O’Malley, having resigned my post as a dental assistant & signed up with its crew. Once again I have taken-up the mantle of Pirate, which I knew was always my in-escapable fate. I think Geary knew that as well. Strange that I still have not glimpsed our Lazarus of a captain, Henry Rathe Doggett... they say he has shut himself up in his cabin and refuses to come out on deck until we have locked eyes on Campo Santo.

The Mary O’Malley departed port early in the morning with its crew in fine spirits. We worked on rigging the ship & then the wind caught the sails and like a clockwork engine our vessel lurched into motion, pushing out of the harbor to-wards the warm horizon. And we sang the sea song of Campo Santo as our ship went faster & faster into the water.

There's stories told of a treasure old
It's the dream of every sailor
If Blackbeard saw this hoard, he'd weep:
"Me whole life was a failure!"
'Tis a finer jewel than Shambhala
Treasure more than El Dorado
Where the rum is good and men are free
They call it Campo Santo

Yo ho, yo ho
Set sail for Campo Santo
If we lose our lives, will it save our souls?
Bring me home to Campo Santo

They say this land is just a tale
For which only fools have quested
They say it's God's most tainted gift
And that no man should possess it
We've heard good men have lost their lives
To the dream of Campo Santo
But give us a map and a fair strong wind
And we'll set sail on the 'morrow

Yo ho, yo ho
Set sail for Campo Santo
If we lose our lives, will it save our souls?
Bury me in Campo Santo

So I take a drink as we crest the waves
On a ship with a dead man's crew
If I must kill Minos twice, I will
And I'll kill his Minotaur too
I may face me glory or me doom
But when I die, I will die free
Hang your rules and your dentist's tools
It's Campo Santo for me

So set sail for Campo Santo, boys
This is the life for me.