



It was a dark and stormy night on Lake Erie. The Royal Navy was in hot pursuit and shot whistled through the air. Apparently, it had been a mistake to crash the wedding of the Governor's daughter. Making off with the wedding presents and the wedding cake was great fun but now it seemed like it might have been a bad idea. Oh well, no sense crying over spilt rum!



The shoreline of Huron, Ohio appeared in the gloaming and the Pirates swung into the mouth of the Huron River, disappearing as the British ship continued on, looking in vain for the pirates. The Captain ordered the men into the longboats, and they loaded as much treasure as possible into the last remaining boat then set fire to the pirate ship. Three days of steady rowing brought the pirates to Hiland Lake, well hidden in a vast forest and with several islands that were perfect places to bury treasure.



The leader of the pirates was known only as "Captain Silver Hair". The Captain was tall, with a mane of silver hair and a gold earring and had been plying the waters since the tender age of three. The mistress at the orphanage where he was raised denied any knowledge of Captain Silver Hair's parents but it is rumored that his father was a surgeon in the Royal Navy and his mother was a court favorite and a virtuoso on the kazoo.



Captain Silver Hair was accompanied by an African Gray parrot that spoke perfect Latin when sober and cursed up a blue streak when drunk. The parrot was nearly always drunk and would walk tipsily from Silver Hair's left shoulder to his right shoulder while muttering foul words in seven languages. It was said that the parrot could tap dance when sober but none had witnessed that feat. The rest of the crew was a motley collection from all parts of the globe. Their sole connection was that they were orphans and had a complete and total disregard for authority. They stayed up late, made rude noises, cheated at Old Maid and refused to eat their vegetables.



In addition to the African Gray Parrot, several Labrador retrievers rounded out the crew. The retrievers were part of the booty from a raid on the Canadian Atlantic Coast and they quickly adapted to the pirate life style. The dogs were especially useful when the first mate swilled too much rum and fell overboard. This occurred at least once a week and the dogs became expert at retrieving the sodden, stinking first mate from the water. There are many descendants of the original Labrador Retrievers living at Hiland Lake today. The dogs carry the knowledge of the location of the remains of the original buried treasure, handed down by their mothers. To this day, they are often seen riding on the bow of pontoon boats, ever vigilant in case the master should fall overboard.



Over the years, many of the pirates abandoned the pirate life. Some became traders, one ran a still, producing rum from sugar beets grown in local fields and one particularly devious pirate became a used horse salesman (his progeny became the first used car salesmen in the state). A few pirates obtained advanced degrees from the local university and Silver Hair the Pirate cashed in some gold doubloons to send his first born child to law school. The descendants of Silver Hair the Pirate roam the halls of justice yet today. They can be identified by a single gold earring and the trademark mane of silver hair. All live on the water, their boats are decorated with the Jolly Roger and they all have Labrador retrievers.



On summer nights, when the full moon floats across the sky, if you listen carefully, some say that the muffled oars of long boats, the muttered curses of a drunken parrot and the sound of shovels can be heard as the descendants of the pirates replenish their coffers by digging up some of the original pirate treasure.