

stainless steel teeth while repeatedly hitting a mallet hard on the top of his younger brother's head, who never flinched.

"Oh, I see, of course," added Blackbird, sensing a surprise turn of events.

"We're on contract to the Indonesian government, rooting out fraudulent visitors to their islands, so we have few tests for you, to establish how wild you really are," said Plutano the Seventh, taking a pair of pliers from his pants pocket, and squeezing his brother's ear-lobe until the flesh parted on either side like a ripe litchi, leaving a matchbox size gap.

"We're tough, and we're gruff," the twins said in unison, as if reciting a familiar poem, "and we know, yes we know, our wild men stuff."

"I can see you're very tough and very gruff, and well know your wild men stuff," Blackbird demurred, even bowing slightly in respect.

He could never have anticipated the retarded dwarfs' next moves.

They bounded over the counter like rabid mongrels, somersaulting in perfectly-rounded karate and kung-fu katas and screeching like peacocks. On landing, Waino torpedoed Blackbird, head-butting him in the groin, before little Plutano lifted the pirate with both hands above his head, and furiously spun him around, launching Blackbird like a loosened rotor's blades into the ether.

Blackbird, sans eye, arm and leg, landed awkwardly, his various prosthetics loosening centrifugally in the air like the wings of a three-winged bird. There was silence as everyone in the immigration hall listened to Blackbird's glass eye first bouncing on the tile floor, before hitting a wall and shattering.

"I'm ... not ... really ... a ... wild ... man ... from ... Borneo," he revealed breathlessly, sensing there may be more tricks up the twins short sleeves.

"And you're not an academic either, are you, Professor?" the customs official challenged sarcastically. "Please, be my guest, and I'll fetch my intelligence interrogator."

"No, no, I'm not really an intellectual, and I'm going. Going back to where I came from, and that's a promise you can believe," Blackbird concluded, humbly gathering up his arm and leg, not bothering with the glass fragments of his eye, and bounding to the nearest government ferry for immediate despatch back to The Bountiful.

"I told 'yer flippin' blighters I can't stand lying and that honesty's the best policy," Blackbird scolded LJP and Rupert Redbeard, popping a musket ball into his empty eye socket before ordering One-Eyed Dick to fetch him a flagon of rum.

Treasure Hunting Tip: Using unethical means in attempts to make direct contact with talented candidates are shortcuts bound to backfire on the reputations of head hunters. Professional executive search requires expending the effort needed to research and uncover, through social media and other publically available information, the details required to contact candidates directly. Lying starts lead to lying ends.

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