

Captain Job
Master of the Quiddity
Kingsport

I have heard that you seek the demon-fish, that snowy apocalypse men call Mocha Dick.

We have not encountered him, & have no wish to; but on Albemarle this April '45 we met a castaway harpooneer who claims to have killed the beast himself.

I do not fully credit his story; as his mind seems in some disorder; but it may nevertheless be of interest to you & your pursuits. His name is S.R. Earnmoor. He dwells in a lagoon near Banks Cove, trading terrapin oil and pumpkins for sundry supplies & news of home. I gather he's a well-known 'character' around these parts.

Best fortune to you,

Manasseh Tripp
Master of the Shrike
New Bedford

Written the 12th of June, 1845 A.D.