


Inspired by Real Events

The Real Pirates of the Caribbean

*He was paid to steal and sink a yacht.
Instead he kept it and went around the world.*

The life and times of CaptJack

I touched the Boat and my life changed, *Forever.* by 

Chapter One

If fear was a river, I was drowning in it, as I hid beneath the kitchen floor, in total darkness, listening for the men I witnessed walk to the back of my house. Their black suit and tie uniforms had a very distinguished look, if not for the fact they were carrying machine guns. I heard the house alarm go off and muffled voices, then silence. The pounding of my heart against my chest was like an ancient drum, each beat faster than the last one. The sleepy vine town, known as Napa Valley, was a moment away from being awakened by the biggest explosion ever heard in the county, since old man Tucker's stills blew up during prohibition. The doors opening and footsteps up above sparked fear, no, *extreme fear* and I have always believed a scared man will hurt you.

The sweat ran down my face like a worn out garden hose. My tongue was swollen sandpaper and my mouth tasted like a toxic pit of heartbreak and sadness with a strong dash of mental illness. It was all I could do not to light the fuse and run. I had to be sure these invaders were all inside the building because I did not think I was fast enough to outrun their evil intentions. Once that fuse was lit, destinies would be absolutely changed forever.

I licked the sweat off the top of my trembling lip and it jolted me back in time to the day this adventure, turned nightmare got started.

I remembered that naïve kid out for a cheap night of fun.



Nickel night. 8 pm and all drinks were 5 cents.

We would usually order 5, 151 rum and cokes each.

Just add ice and you could drink all night. We spent more on pinball machines (yeah it was one of those kind of joints) than liquor. It always brought out a big younger crowd.

I had gone to the bar to grab the usual mountain of ice to make the 151 Rum behave and this older guy came up to the bar and said, "Let me buy you a drink?"

I looked at the older guy thinking what a big spender, 5 cents.

I took a quarter out of my pocket, "Here. I'll buy you five."

I hoped I did not look like I could not afford a 5-cent drink.

So, I figured it was some kind of a pervert's pick-up line.

I'm a pretty big guy, ok, really big. My nickname was Tiny.

So, a stranger trying to pick me up with a 5-cent drink was just another day in Florida. Pee Wee Herman is a Floridian. At least he was not wearing a trench coat.

"I've seen you around the docks," now that got my attention, and I was starting to get a buzz kill from this guy.

He continued on, "I asked around and several people said you could be trusted."

Now, I was scared and replied,

"Depends on how good looking your daughter really is?" hoping to shut him down.

I quickly grabbed the ice and headed back to the corner with the pinball machines and my friends.

The old guy was correct; I was on the docks daily.

I was a boat, whatever they needed guy. My roommate got me into the business and he was a true expert in the marine electronics world. He could troubleshoot and fix anything.

I gave him the nickname of Wizard and it stuck.

I told him about the old guy at the bar who was looking our way, “Sounded like the start of a swinger’s scene to me,” I said.

When Wizard caught a glimpse of the man, he laughed and said

“Ha, that’s Dr. Marsh. He invented false teeth or something and owns a couple of really nice boats.”

I forgot to fill in part of the story. My friend/roommate the Marine Wizard, worked for this mega rich guy who sold gadgets and marine toys to his rich friends.

He even came out of retirement so he could hose his rich friends one last time before he died.

And hose them he did and the more he hosed them the more they came.

There were several problems working for this cheap rich bastard, but to jump forward a few chapters, I got my friend fired and we started our own marine electronics business. Again, if the truth be told, I walked away with the golden goose because he really knew his stuff. He also had the ability to get in the tightest places on a boat and grab wrenches with his toes, for real. We used to joke that he was the most intelligent monkey anyone had ever met.



By midnight, during Nickel night, everyone gets somewhat toasted.

You see, the drink prices double every hour starting with 5 cents at 8 pm, at 9 pm its 10 cents and so on. At midnight it’s 80 cents. At 2 am it’s \$3.20 and at 3 am it’s \$6.40 and if you had not scored a drunken sea hag by that time you needed to move on. You could easily watch the sun come up at a bunch of these drink-fest establishments and be paying, who knows what, per drink at the sunrise hour.

Tonight, we were lucky. We met a couple of nurses on vacation and it was 10 pm meaning that we each shelled out \$1 and bought them 5 of their/our favorite beverages. Life was good. The problem with 151 proof alcohol is you need ice, a lot of ice. Or, you have to drink fast and hope you are not driving (which everyone did back then, I am sad to say) and if the truth be told, there was a ton of drinking and driving in South Florida in those days.

I went outside to get a breath of ocean air and smoke a cigarette.

Up pops the doctor asking for a light.

As I lit his cigarette, he said,

“I would really like to talk to you about a job I have.”

“What kind of job?” asked the fly to the spider.

“Something pretty simple for a guy with your skills,” he offered.

“What skills would those be?” I asked, getting an uneasy feeling with all kinds of thoughts jumping around in my high octane-soaked brain.

“I think you got the wrong guy, unless you need some work on your boats,” I said.

His eyes lit up,

“That’s exactly what I need,” he said, looking like he just made a successful contact with a real alien.

“If you would join me for lunch tomorrow, I will explain the details.”

“My day is pretty slammed,” I lied.

“We have a lot of boats to work on.”

He came to the rescue with,

“I will pay your going rate if you will come listen to what I have to say.”

Up until that point in time, I had never had a “PAID” lunch.

I had heard about them, but never experienced one.

The following day, I went to Boca Raton to meet him at a restaurant and when I arrived, I noticed I was the only person driving an American Car, so I went down three mega blocks and parked.



We sat outside in the warm sunlight.

Winter was custom made for outdoor Florida lifestyles.

All the tables had real silver and floating flowers in the ice water.

Once we ordered from the lavish menu he wasted no time with his offer, “Captain, I need to get rid of a large sailboat,” was his opening line.

Captain??? Yikes.

I had just been promoted to Captain before the shrimp cocktail had even arrived. Somewhat speechless and not knowing what else to say I replied, “Where’s the title?”

He said, “I don’t think you understand, I want you to make it disappear,” he leaned over and looked directly in my eyes and said, “Forever.”

That was a little different. I have been called a Boat Bum but never a Boat Magician? Or was I one step away from becoming a real pirate with a real inmate number at the Big House.

I asked a few questions. You know like,

“What kind of boat? Where is it at?”

And of course, “What would the job pay if I decided to take it?”

He said, “Twenty Grand.”

WoW, “And all I have to do is make it disappear, forever?”

Our food arrived and he said he had to run and apologized as he summoned the check. As he got up he said he could not thank me enough and laid an envelope on the table putting a linen napkin over it.

He said, “Everything you need to know, half now, half after.

Enjoy your lunch,” and he left.

I felt the envelope and I sensed it might be cash. I couldn’t help myself looking around to see if anyone was paying attention to the young, soon to be pirate. Nothing. No one.

I slid the envelope into my underwear for safe keeping and had a really incredible lobster salad with some kind of FuFu bread from Italy. The cherry on top of my desert was inspirational and encouraging.

When I finally got back to my car, I drove south on I-95 heading back to Miami, getting on and off at different exits, U-turns, circles, the works. What little bit I had seen about getting tailed was from TV police shows, but after about an hour of zig and zagging, I pulled into a strip center parking lot.

I retrieved the envelope safely nestled in my jockeys', hoping it was not filled with Publix coupons or magazine clippings.

It wasn't, it was \$10,500. I thought, the guy can't even count.

Then I saw the typed note.

The \$500 was for my time, as promised.

On the way home my mind was bouncing like a needle on a scratched vinyl record. The main question rolling in my brain was how much time in the state penitentiary can a guy get for stealing and sinking a yacht?

At the same time that 10K was feeling right at home stuffed in my underwear. My manhood somehow felt, well, fuller.

That evening, I asked my roommate to come look at something at a marina.

He complained about being tired and was not in the mood for any more marina stuff that day.

If I had said it was a boat, wild horses would not have gotten him there.

When I told him that he would not believe the lady I was about to introduce him to, being the male whore he was, he put some cologne on (forget the shower) and all of sudden he had a new burst of hormone inspired energy.

I grabbed my binoculars, and we jumped in his car and off to the marina to meet this "Fine Lady".

Here again, if the truth be told, the reason we took his car was because, I said mine was low on gas, but in reality, I did not want my car seen at the marina casing a yacht about to be "Disappeared, Forever."

They seem to want to know who was hanging out if any expensive boats go missing, or what they referred to as

"Gone Went".

We both knew this marina well and I had him park in an obscure place in the parking lot and he asked if we were meeting this sexy lady in the parking lot. which evidentially he had done before.

I handed him the binoculars and said, "She is on the next dock over."

He failed to see anyone at all, much less some hot lady. I said, "Look closer. She's 55 feet long with a blue trim around her hull."

"I don't see any blue trimmed 'Lady'" Mike, The Wizard said, adjusting the binoculars and sweeping the dock again.

"No blue striped anything," he said.

"Exactly," I added. I pointed out the Pretty Lady.

"Pretty little thing, isn't she?" I injected.



He gave me a less than perfect smile and looked harder at the Dr.'s yacht. I started explaining what had transpired at lunch with the rich doctor and the fabulous 'free lunch' I had.

The wizard started filling in the blanks about the Dr.'s divorce.



Dr. Marsh was headed for bankruptcy, mainly because he landed a 25-year-old, gold digging, bikini model that ran a high profile hot dog stand.

The line each day at her stainless-steel cart was huge.

Her breasts were huge too.

I only ate there once, because her dogs were \$7 and she expected a \$3 tip. At least that is what happened to me when she said she did not have change for my \$10, or anyone else's either.

A ballpark dog back then was \$2.00, to put that into context.

The more I saw and heard the more confident I felt about collecting 20k for one forever trip to the 'Devil's Triangle', my name for the Bermuda Triangle.

I told myself that was five thousand dollars per hour, and nobody gets hurt, plus it was tax free cash.

That was the moment I took the first tiny step to becoming a real bona fide pirate. I had no real clue what that meant, or would mean, but I made the first of many bad choices that day that would last a lifetime, and effect people around the world dramatically. I think I heard my soul whisper, 'Bon Voyage' somewhere along the way.

Chapter 2

I had 10 days to make the yacht, “Disappear, Forever.” Each day I would walk down the actual dock where the boat was and envision what I would need to do to make this all happen.



My Wizard friend was a pretty straight arrow, if the truth be known, but thought it would be fun watching me do this magic act. At night when we watched the marina he would chuckle and say, “You are one crazy guy,” and shake his head laughing.

Then laugh some more.

He did not understand he had major skills that paid really well in the land of Yachts and Colombians. I did not have such a luxury. We were in the heart of Yacht Nation and there was so much money, cash money floating around for the adventurous types.

I considered myself more of a freelancer that took, or should

I say, my finances *made me* take odd jobs sometimes.

You know, the odd job, like flying to the Bahamas and bringing back a speed boat at 85 mph and don't bother to stop at customs, kind of thing or, ask questions.

I had serious advanced memory loss at 21. I called it Jackheimers, Al's dumber cousin.

That medical condition kept me, steadily employed.

Buy and sell boats, no problem, until I learned they never took the boats they bought out of the previous owner's name.

Plus, they always paid in cash to ‘Simplify’ the transaction.

The more time went by, the more my mind thought about ways to maximize this operation. I guess, I am somewhat of a hoarder, rainy day kind of guy. I like to think of it as thrifty. I can almost hear my grandmother saying, “Waste not, want not.”

And the plot thickens.



After realizing this is a very fine and expensive, somewhat mass produced sailboat, with a ton of gear on board, from generators to single sideband radios and life rafts, I started to devise a better salvage plan.

I would rent a dock space behind a private residence as my first official pirate act; a nice quiet canal with a private dock that connected to the Atlantic Ocean without a drawbridge, if possible.

I'd take the boat there to dismantle it before it “Disappeared, Forever.”

In the back of my mind, I reasoned that if something went wrong, I would only be tried for theft not scuttling the ship up until that point. Amazing how the twisted mind can work out the twisted logic and twisted details. I was starting to think like a pirate. Now I just had to act like one. Voice 3 begged me each night not to do this.

The Real Pirates Of The Caribbean

Chapter Three

The day of the magic act arrived.



All the plans had been put in motion and my roommate Mike agreed to drop me off and later meet me at “Pirate’s Cove”.

It was around midnight, the day before Halloween and everything was quiet as usual at the marina. Perfect place for a late-night stroll.

I walked down the dock dressed in a foul weather jacket that hid a wide variety of tools. My ball cap secured tightly to my throbbing head. If you were to take an inventory of the contents in my jacket you would find two large screwdrivers, needle nose pliers with wire cutting tool, electrical tape, flashlight, candy bars, knife, hacksaw, handheld radio, and a set of Scuba Pro fins tucked up under my arm.

Each step down that dock took me closer to the point of no return. Only 5 more slips to go and it was game on.

I tried not to walk too fast and the urge to run was always hanging in the breeze. I climbed into the cockpit and already had a screwdriver in my hand.

“Pop” and I slid the hatch opened. I was in. All 240 pounds of me, IN.

Small flashlight in hand and into the engine room.

I had been on the boat less than a minute and the diesel engine came to life. It had a 60HP Perkins diesel and once you jumped across the solenoid, it would run forever, given you had fuel, theoretically.

Now was the moment of truth. I had to go topside, unhook the power and water, then ditch the dock lines. The cockpit was donned with blue yachty covers for everything. When I took the steering wheel cover loose, I could see the keys to the engine were already in the switch.

I turned the key, and all the gauges came to life, including fuel.

Drum roll <<<<<<< Touchdown.

Full tank.

That had been my main concern and the reason I had brought the swim fins. If I ran out of fuel along the way, then my backup plan was to swim ashore and disappear into the night.

I had decided to turn the running lights on just like I owned the boat.

There was no moon and once freed from the dock lines I ran back to the wheel and slowly pulled out of the slip.

The boat was fairly quiet to be over 50 feet. I came out of the slip and into the channel.

As I putted away from the marina, I could see my roommate in our usual parking spot watching me leave.

I hoped he did not mind me not waving to him.

As I approached the junction in the waterway it was actually the junction to the rest of my life. I can turn right/east, and the Bahamas were just a short distance away.

Or go left and find an Adventure and all the lessons in life you could ever wish to know. I justified it; if and when they came looking for this floating condo, they would instantly look to the east. The Bahamas was filled with drug import/export groups and the boat of first choice always seemed to be a stolen one.

I pointed my destiny north, up the Intracoastal Waterway.

When I came to Port Everglades – Ft. Lauderdale, the bright lights of all the ships and docks lit the deck of this well-maintained yacht I had freshly pirated. I was right on schedule running about 5 knots, headed toward that quiet little canal; Pirates Cove is what we named it.

As the port lights faded into the distance and since the boat had hydraulic steering, I started going down into the galley and rummaging around.

Kind of like a late-night yard sale and everything was 100% off. Beautiful teak was everywhere and a kitchen that included a microwave oven.

Microwaves on boats back then were unheard of. I did not know it at the time, but that microwave oven would open doors I could never have imagined.

The navigation station was filled with expensive radios, an Epirb and navigation tools galore. I found the keys to everything there, as well. I took off my foul weather jacket.

I did not realize how hot it gets making boats disappear.

The golf gloves I had bought for this mission were starting to hurt my hands because they were too small.

One size does not fit all.

It was awkward, but so far, I had not left any fingerprints, just size 13 dock shoe marks.

And then it happened.

Not paying close enough attention, being so distracted taking inventory and me being a motor boater at heart, I ran the big ass sailboat aground.

I don't know if I stopped breathing or my heart stopped or both. Luckily for the boat it was a sandbar, but I really was not feeling much love for this deep drafted monster and certainly I was losing my lust for her fast.

My adrenalin burst like an old farm dike. The edge of dawn was blooming before my unbelieving eyes. Reverse was useless.

I knew the tide was coming in, but I was just outside one of the biggest hotel marinas in Ft. Lauderdale and soon the sport fishermen would be moving out.

“Blue Boy this is Sea Dog do you read me?”

I hoped Mike had his radio on.

“Read you loud and clear Sea Dog,” came the welcomed voice on the other end.

“Blue Boy we have a problem.”

“Roger that. I'm ready for breakfast too,” he kidded.

“Blue Boy I have run aground.”

The radio silence seemed to last for ten minutes.

Mike finally said, “What’s the Plan?”

“I don’t think this is a forever place for sure,” trying to hide my freaked-out frame of mind.

“I think the tide is coming in. I just need a little help,” I said, hoping I did not come across as a desperate beggar, even though I was. “I’m on it.” Echoed in my starving ears.



30 minutes went by and now the sun was “for real” spotlighting my problem. This big ass sailboat stuck on a sandbar, right next to a big ass channel, a stone’s throw from the channel marker that I missed, in front of a big ass high rise hotel. What an idiot I was. I looked around for a fishing pole and ‘none to be found.’ I figured if someone came by, I would tell them what a great *secret* fishing spot this was. By the way, can you pull me off this sandbar? This monster fish, before he broke free, dragged me onto the sandbar.

Then the line snapped.

Being a pirate was becoming harder than I thought.

Captain of my first vessel, less than 6 hours, and already I was seriously contemplating abandoning ship. At least I could have sounded the alarm without a single word being spoken aloud.

I saw at a distance a large speed boat headed my way hauling butt.

My heart competed in my brain with the roar of the speedboat getting closer each second.

I would have panicked except I was a football field away from the closest land and it was a private mega mansion. My brain was trying to come up with plausible explanations. I need a real good answer why I would be stuck on a Monday morning right next to the big ass channel.

What I did not know, at the time, was the Marine Patrol did not seriously work on Mondays.

Lady Luck breathed her fire on me.

The 40-foot speed boat started to slow down and came to a halt, “You Jack?” he yelled.

My brain shocked back into gear.

Happiness and fear, or a mixture of both.

“Mike sent me. Said you needed some help,” he added.

“He told me I couldn’t miss you and he was right.”

I thought I detected a bit of sarcasm in his remark.

My out of body experience waned. My heart returned inside my rib cage and my blood pressure lowered just a degree,

“Yes, thanks.”

He added, “The easiest way to do this is, I will drive by and create a wake and when you feel the boat lift, use your engine full blast, reverse.”

He comes flying by, engines roaring and the wake slapped the boat and drove it up a little bit further on the sandbar. 30 minutes screwing around with this concept and now I could see people sitting on their balconies at the hotel having coffee and watching the show.

We then switched to trying to pull the sailboat from the stern with his 1000+ Horsepower and it only created a huge brown spot that grew and grew and grew.

It was becoming a spectacle to say the least.

I remember thinking, maybe I should have taken that right turn and I would almost be in the Bahamas by now. I could see people on the hotel balcony with cameras taking photos. This was the time before cellphones. You would think that would be lucky, think again. These rich hotel guests had telephoto lens and tricked out Japanese camera gear.

Then I think the pirate gods sent me a brain fart. I looked at the massive winches all over the boat, rope, anchors, and all the correct tools. To make a long agonizing story short, we dropped an anchor about 50 yards off the stern and I started winching.

My Good Samaritan started creating the tsunami again. His speed boat roared as he turned to make a bigger wake than before. I think he was tired of playing around so early in the morning and was going all out.

I will never forget that exact moment the boat started to move. I felt like I had just been pardoned from having to walk the plank. I winched and maxed out the tiny diesel engine and it kept moving. I was free. I’m pulling rope out of the water and on deck as fast as I can retrieve it. I had so much adrenaline working the anchor felt like a paperweight even though it was 80 lbs.

My Good Samaritan helper gave me the thumbs up and roared away.

As I headed toward my “quiet” canal, I lit a cigarette and tried to put the events in focus. I had definitely crossed the threshold to becoming a full-fledged pirate, but I had not the slightest idea of what that really meant.

My induction into piratehood had started and if the truth be told (and this is a truth be told story) I could have never dreamed what adventures I would encounter because of this day.

I guess that is why I grew to dread Halloween.

The quiet canal did not even blink when I pulled in with the sandy bellied behemoth. First priority was to make up new dock lines. Looking back, I should have taken the lines with me.

Pirate school 101 doesn't come with a how-to guide with all the pitfalls involved with this illegal activity.

By leaving the lines, I thought I was being clever, making people on the dock think the boat was returning.

I was a couple of hours behind schedule now.

Mike, the boat wizard, greeted me with laughter and handed me the paint and brushes. He saw the small outboard mounted on the transom and figured it went to a dinghy. Sure enough, he found the inflatable dinghy in a deck locker and a few minutes later it was operational.

The black trim around the entire boat was now becoming a royal blue. Mike put the dinghy in the water and started for the transom. With acetone and paint remover the old ship name faded into history. We fired up the onboard generator and did 5 minutes of grinding on the transom and at 11:55 am on Halloween Day we christened the yacht, "WHISPER".

I lay down in the owner's stateroom for a minute and when I woke it was nighttime.

Mike had left a note that he would be back in the morning.

I didn't blame him for wanting to put some distance between himself and the boat. He definitely was not accustomed to this kind of excitement. The old guy who I rented the dock from came out and wanted to take a tour. I put him off until the morning. I needed to "decommission" the *old boat legacy* before any tours.

Down below I found a well-supplied tool chest and after an hour in the engine room I had successfully removed most of the serial numbers and ID plates. At least, all I could find. The 10kw generator was a challenge with numbers on everything; it was still under warranty and had a VIP number to call 24 x 7.

I thought how ironic, won't be needing that. Mike had used a grinder to remove the boat ID hull number on the transom and I checked to see if the epoxy job looked decent. It did.

Like I said, Mike knew everything about boats, electronics, motors, and yes, even fiberglass repair. After digging through the galley, I came up with a couple of cans of smoked oysters and some English crackers called biscuits.

Yacht life was not so bad after I found the la de da Pursers Rum and learned how to operate the deluxe stereo system.

I think back, ironically, the first song that came out of that system was – Southern Cross by Crosby Stills Nash.

"Think about how many times I have fallen

Spirits are using me, larger voices callin'

What Heaven brought you and me cannot be forgotten

(Around the world) I have been around the world"

I had a strange unexplainable feeling come over me.

Later, I would learn that is the first sign of *Pirate Fever*, a unique form of mental illness.

After 'dinner' I started making a pile of everything that had a name or address on it. Books, plaques, anything, receipts, logbook, and any and all clothing.

No one would expect a 6'5", man-sized sailor, to have a collection of clothes for a 5'6" person. All monogrammed stuff, out.

I stowed everything in a sail bag out of sight and that night I just could not sleep.

Laying on that boat listening to the crickets and a few frogs a thought started floating in my mind. What if I kept the boat, just for a while? I convinced myself it was just for a 'little' while. I deserved a new toy anyway. My other self said take the money and run you idiot. Don't forget you are allergic to stainless steel (Handcuffs). My new-found pirate self said yes, take the money and run with the boat. I battled those three personas all night long. In the end I guess the pirate won. Pirate Jack was now official and in the designated hot seat.

Mike arrived early in the morning, and we took off before the landlord could come out wanting his tour. He pointed out that the Hubbel electrical cables I left behind, laying on the dock, were worth big bucks. He was glad the onboard generator worked because using the shore power was not going to happen without the high dollar cords.

For a second, I wondered if Mike was subliminally asking me to go back and get them.

He saw the sail bag I had slung over my shoulder, but I guess was too afraid to ask what was in it. We were both on the edge of a mental cliff and did not exchange small talk on the way. I could tell Mike was disturbed yet excited, since I was to take all the blame, if it came down to that.

Our cover story, he was an unknowing accomplice just trying to complete the work order that he kept by his side. I figured since there is no group discount when going to prison that I would be the only casualty. It increased the odds that I might get a visitor once in a while.



He had a sea trial for an 83-foot Matthews planned for that day and the pirate light went on inside my brain without me even trying and I told him I was joining him.

He seemed delighted to have an extra set of hands-on board.

His quick wit came out, "But this boat has to come back to the same dock we are leaving from OK? You have a reputation you know," he joked.

He was a wise cracker, and I don't mean a PHD that is white.

As we headed out into the Gulf Stream with the Matthews, I went to the back of the boat, (some call it aft) and sat with my sail bag. His Captain Kangaroo crew member he brought along was an older guy who liked to sleep until needed. When Ft. Lauderdale started fading in the distance, I took out my buck knife. I started slicing a hole across the bottom of the canvas sail bag. I hung it over the side and started shaking the contents into the ocean, including the horseshoe ring with the old yacht name on it.

I figured, with the Gulf Stream current, if and when someone found it, the insurance company may be enticed to search in the wrong location.

The boat owner would hear about remains of his boat found floating around the ocean and he would be a happy customer.

The pirate thing was getting easier by the hour.

Mike noticed that I did not have the bag after the cruise but never asked about it. That night we worked on the Whisper changing out the broken entry hasp so I did not have to use a towel to hide the damage. My wizard buddy went through the ship's systems which included AC units in each stateroom, of which we had 3, as well as heads (toilets) and showers for each. The main salon dining table turned into a bed. He and I both looked at each other and could read the other's mind instantly on the possibilities with this arrangement.

There was storage under and around everything.

One closet even had a washer and dryer. The ship also boasted a refrigerator, stove and freezer, as well as a coffee machine and blender. It had a fully stocked bar and canned food hidden beneath the settees everywhere. It had fancy tableware with oooppps, the ships old name.

Monogrammed plates!

The more we looked around the more branding we saw.

All that expensive merchandise went into a new sail bag heading for the open ocean.



That next morning, we borrowed one of Mike's clients for real speed boats and littered the Gulf Stream with plastic plates, caps and monogrammed tumblers all the way to the Bahamas. We had a great conch lunch on Bimini (Pirate capital of the Bahamas at the time) and came back to Florida feeling our mission impossible was a complete success.

That night, at our pirate cove the landlord came out to say hi.

"You must be an early riser," he offered.

"Yes, I try," I said.

We had to go through his gated backyard to get to the dock and our cars in the front gave us away for sure.

So I welcomed him aboard.

The Real Pirates of the Caribbean

Anxiety started to boil but I gave the first “official” tour of The Yacht Whisper. He was very impressed as I gave the grand showing, learning new things myself during the tour. He saw the microwave in the galley and asked if I knew a trick about how to pop corn kernels in a brown paper bag in a microwave? To be honest, I had never owned a microwave. “Fast and delicious,” he said.

I told him I had not tried that yet (like somehow, I was already in the know) and I had no popcorn or brown paper bag, case dismissed.

That was like his cue to spring up the steps and off he went.

Mike and I both took a deep breath. So far so good.



Upon returning, he, the popcorn, the brown bag, and his sexy young wife came aboard excited like little kids at show and tell. Mike’s attention came into full focus on the shapely blonde standing on “Our” yacht, as he told her. Nice, this pirate ship has plenty of room. Especially for marine tech wizards.

Mike had a long history of dating married women and I made a mental note to caution him, or our pirate cove location would be at risk if caught.

I knew it was on his mind because he was almost drooling, and he was the biggest whore dog I personally knew. He could not seem to help himself when he came across beauty whether married or not. That statement comes from hundreds of hours of observation and should not be taken lightly.

He was definitely somewhat fixating on the married girl.



Mr. Bell, our landlord, put the corn in the bag, opened the microwave and then tried to turn it on.

He started pushing buttons like a vending machine gone bad. No power.

Mike sprang into action, starting the generator, saving his show and tell.

Mrs. Bell, since we are only telling the truth, the truth is her name was Bunnie. When the microwave lit up, she gave Mike a big hug and a kiss on the cheek being the hero he was.

Two minutes later we had fresh popcorn, the only thing missing was butter and salt.

On the way out, my landlord suggested that I plug into the shore power instead of having the hassle of the generator.

I told him someone stole our shore cords and he replied, “What is the world coming to?”

The next morning, I found two 50 amp cords on the dock with a note saying that these were left over from his boating days and maybe I could use them. 5 minutes later we had shore power.

Battery chargers, AC, fridge, and hot water were added features to my new palace on the water.

For a second, I forgot that this was not my boat for real and I wasn't on Fantasy Island. Then again, I was not in the Florida penitentiary either.

When I was not out doing the marine electronic helper thing with McGyver Mike (another well-deserved nickname) I spent every waking hour tinkering with the boat, taking down curtains, painting the deck and transforming the entire look of the vessel.

The boat was starting to take on a look of its' own.

So was my wallet.

I was blowing through the 20k faster than I had anticipated. Owning a yacht was expensive and I did not even have a bank note or boat insurance to add to that cost.

White hull, 50-foot sailboats in South Florida are like Volkswagens in Germany, abundant. I had managed to create a fake bill of sale from a marine auction house.

This, with a few other fake documents and she had a pedigree, almost respectable like. I guarded them with my life.

One of the few running buddies I had, outside of Mike, was a city slicker from New York. He and his brothers ran premium pot from Miami to N.Y. and made serious money.

To be more precise, from Jamaica to N.Y. via Miami, if the truth be known. He was funny and great to have a few drinks with and he was an expert on chasing and capturing beautiful women. I had told him I had a new toy and one night after some serious partying I took him to the Whisper. We both lived in the same apartment complex and when he saw her, he just stood in awe.

"Where did you get this?" Rick said, while walking around taking it all in.

"Bought it at auction," I said with absolute sincerity.

"Mike and I have been working on it for a while," I added.

"How much did you pay for her?" he asked.

"More than I had," which was true.

As he came below and looked around, his mind was spinning. He said the only thing missing was a hot tub. I reminded him that on a sandy beach on a Lobster infested deserted island in the Bahamas; no one would care or notice.

"When are we going? Sign me up," Rick said and raised his hand volunteering to pay for fuel.

"Rick, this is a sailboat. The wind drives this baby."

"Well, I'm ready when you are," he said as he saw the scotch on the counter and looked for a cup.

"Sorry, we have not had time to get stuff like that,"

with the vision of the last tumbler we ditched, floating in the Atlantic popping into my swollen brain.

Mike would call that my small screen defect.

"Just drink from the bottle. That's what Mike does."

With that image instilled, Rick put the bottle back down.
We made plans to go out clubbing the next night.

That night, while enjoying the portholes in the aft cabin, I heard voices on the canal. I popped up on deck and saw two dark wetsuit clad shadows paddling a zodiac inflatable.

They were headed back out of the canal, and I pointed a handheld search light and lit them up.
They paddled faster and
I let them slide into the shadows and decided to sleep on deck.



I was not about to have some jackass thieves steal anything off this boat,
much less take the whole boat.
That thought made me cringe and
I snuggled up next to a winch handle that night.

In the morning I was awakened,

“Hey sailor, permission to come aboard?” said the bikini clad Bunnie.

“Of course,” I said, my mind being sent into the lightning round at second one.

Mr. Bell must be loaded to have a sexy goddess like her, bubbly, all smiles from her perfect teeth and perfect breasts.

She said, “I just love boats in the morning,” grabbing the ship’s wheel and pretending to steer the ship.

“Hell, I like them at night too,” she added.

“How long have you owned Whisper?” she asked.

“Just long enough for her to break my bankroll.”

“I can volunteer if that would help,” she offered.

“Do you know how to sand wood?” I asked.

“Not really,” she said.

Rocking her sexy body back and forth as she ‘sailed’ the boat.

“Joe got rid of our boat. Now he gets up at 5 am to watch fishing shows.

Is that crazy or what?” she said, as she leaned her ample breasts onto the compass.

“Wish I knew how to use one of these,”

she looked at me and smiled.

I got the sense she was trying to lure me over to the helm to give her some ‘pointers’.



“Oh. I came out here to invite you to breakfast.

Joe and I would be honored if you would join us.”

At this point I could see the clear and present danger to sinking the ship. I already had one very hot woman, The Whisper, was not sure I could handle another. Taking the branding off Bunnie would definitely not be as easy as the boat either. I respectfully declined and when she was safely on the dock wiggling her sexy ass back toward the house, I hit the shower. Hot shower.

A Hot Pirate’s, hot shower to boot.

You would think a boat owner who just resisted the biblical temptation of thou shall not bang thy neighbor's wife, could relax in a hot shower for just a brief moment. As I started lathering up, the custom ordered, expensive scents, hit me. These exotic soaps and shampoos were a potential link to my pirate's worst nightmare. I found a bunch more trouble in the other bathrooms. I even found a hidden compartment with a small safe and a large selection of sex toys, condoms, lube, and a VHS tape. Party in a box.

As I drove away from my latest addiction, the boat, not a woman, my mind was full steam ahead. How to make more money to support this lifestyle change?



Chapter 4

The days at work seemed much longer. Working on boats not half as nice as the Whisper made the time go by even slower. Being in South Florida, at this time, making money was easy but my new girlfriend wore \$2,000 shoes and dressed in \$15,000 dresses made of Dacron. Her berth, to lounge in her beauty, cost \$600 a month and I did not even have sheets for the beds.

They were somewhere on the Atlantic Ocean floor by now.

A *total* makeover was required and being done. I had not even left the dock and could see “the broke” at the end of her pier. Multiplied by the axes hanging over my mind, prison any day, made cash flow even more important.

Live like it’s your last day on earth was the official Pirate motto.

That day at lunch I talked to Mike about cash flow, or lack thereof. Our business was booming, but with taxes and overhead it was still not enough, with my current circumstances. He mentioned one of his mystery clients who always paid in cash and also said if his name ever appeared on any receipt, that basically, Mike’s mom would get the leftovers. He was always looking for skippers who knew the slew of canals in South Florida. Having friends in the Bahamas did not hurt either. I told him to hook me up and three days later I was on Bimini Bahamas and handed a set of keys to a 50-foot Scarab.

I was given a map outlining the course to take and was assured my ride was clean of contraband. I was just a decoy boat.



My first point of reference when I hit the U.S. was Fisher Island, home to a U.S. Coast Guard station.

I blew by there at 82 mph at 10 pm sharp.

I prayed that nobody would be drift fishing in Biscayne Bay with no lights when I got there. I slowed to 70 mph and looked for signs of flashing lights and the cop thing. None. Since I had nobody take the bait, I slowed to 40 and went to plan B.

When I arrived at the B location, I was met at the dock by a couple of deck hands and they helped me out and one of them took off with the boat. A girl came down to the dock and handed me an envelope with \$5k and said my ride was out front. As I walked to the house, I could see the pool and tennis courts. A group of bikini babes playing on a trampoline looked like the main attraction for that backyard. When I got to the front of the property by way of a servant’s entrance my ride was there, “Hop in,” he said with a thick accent.

The candy red Ferrari took off and when we hit the street, he went through all the gears. It certainly scared the shit out of me and it stopped any and all small talk.

I chuckled to myself. This was a month of firsts. Boat theft, microwave popcorn, smuggling, and now my first ride in a Ferrari. Life was kicking ass in South Florida.

That night we partied like the Pirates we were, my treat.

I took 4 of us to an upscale restaurant I had always wanted to try, and it lived up to its reputation. They thoroughly looked us over before seating us. The maître de definitely was keeping an eye on our rowdy bunch. There was Rick, Mike, Charlie and me. We looked at the expensive menu (for a group of boat bums). Everyone kept asking me to reaffirm that I was buying.

No problem.

I have been known to play a joke or two in my day.

We had a feast, drinks galore. The check came. I think

I remember it was over \$600. We were sitting in a booth, two on each side. I was on the outside closest to the door.

“Have you guys ever played dine and dash?”

I asked while going over the bill. They chuckled.

New York Rick asked, “How do you play this game?”

“Figure it out Rick, Dine a-n-d Dash,” I pointed out.

I got up and headed to the door, but took a quick hard right and into the men’s room instead. I waited for what must have been over 15 minutes. When I came out of the bathroom the maître de had tackled the last one in our party headed out the door. Yes, he had grabbed Charlie the snitch, my friendly snitch.

Full arms locked around the legs, tackle. I was trying to hide my laughter and walked over and picked Charlie off the floor. He had been stopped on the one-yard line. I assured the waiter I was paying the bill and when he saw the wad of cash I pulled from my pocket he felt beyond uncomfortable.

One of the bus boys came over and was brushing my friend off, or who I assumed was my friend and not some free loading back stabber, Charlie, had been ‘Mistakenly Detained’. Several hands were hurriedly brushing his clothes off with table rags, napkins, whatever they could find. The bus boy turned to me and started brushing me and I stepped back, “No, no, no. I’m good.” I could tell he did not understand English because he kept coming.

He said, “Mr. Tiny, please,” and motioned for me to stand still.

I handed him \$5 and pushed him to go on with his life. Hare Krishna. My pissed off friend, who was too slow to play the dine-and-dash game, started calling me Tiny from that day on. Calling me Tiny was like calling a troll handsome.

From that point on it was extremely hard to pull another prank, but they constantly tried.

My only saving grace was they knew I was crazier than they were, or at least more stupid.

That night the Don Juan’s were out and charming a group from Cincinnati. In case you don’t know, Ft. Lauderdale in the winter is filled with snowbirds.

The snowbirds were looking for a good time and our middle names just happened to be Great Time, the richer, more handsome cousin, of Good Time.

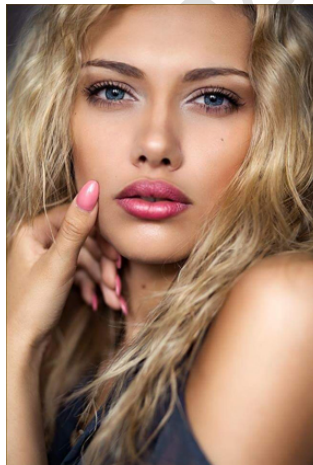
New York, Romance Rick was trying to compete for this cute group of potential party girls. Then it came out.



“Do Uuns want to see ‘THE BOAT?’” Talk about a conversation stopper. That’s every snow angel’s dream, to meet a handsome guy and sail into the sunset, or at least, have sex on the beach with free drinks included. Yes, we all thought we were handsome. Ego is a mixed blessing. “What kind of boat?” asked the tall brunette, ears perked. Rick, in his no big deal *NY* style, “Big ass boat. You know, sleeps 12 and can go around the world kind of boat.” Now he had the group’s attention. I pondered for a moment, should we rename Whisper to Curiosity?

“Where is this boat?” asked the short innocent looking girl. “Couple of canals down,” Rick replied, which didn’t mean anything to these out-of-towners. We were at a beach bar and I doubt they knew the difference between the ocean and a canal. “What kind of boat is it?” asked the sexiest of the group. She was doing a proper asset assessment. “Big boat,” Rick said. “Big like a yacht?” she continued with the assessment. “He calls it a yacht, but I just call it THE BOAT,” motioning to me.

Rick had a way of making it sound like it could have come from a thrift store or a 5 & 10. Well, you know what I mean, easy. That No big deal attitude, don’t you have one?



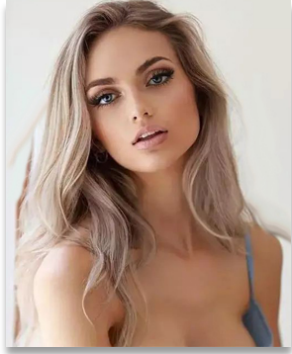
She looked directly into my soul while walking toward me from a couple of feet away. The Caribbean Ocean had nothing on the flecks of blue in her eyes. The kind you put your hands up and say, “Take me to your leader.” Serious weapons of mental destruction. “How big is your yacht?” she asked. I felt thrilled and embarrassed at the same moment. It was hard to imagine that the same girl would be talking to us if not for one word, yacht. The snow bunnies who flocked to Florida for the winter were hunting three specific animals:

- 1) Jaguar - In the driveway.
- 2) Mink - In the closet.
- 3) Jackass - To pay for it all.

I guess we looked the Jackass part well enough.

“55 feet,” I replied, starting to wish she would take her eyes off my soul.

“Do you have a captain?” I shook my head no gazing down at her painted toes.



“How do you move it around?” she asked, again her eyes pouring venom into my veins. I was almost boiling.

Trying to figure something witty was getting really hard.

“I put the sails up and pick a star.”

“Oh, it’s a sailboat?” she said, missing or avoiding the ‘follow the star romantic adventure’ thought.

“I’ve never been on a sailboat.” She told me.

The bait was in the water and whore dog junior ran with it.

“Tonight is your lucky night honey,” Romance Rick was on point. A true New Yorker always focused on the task at hand.

That is why so many New Yorkers died in Vietnam.

“That machine gun on the hill is making too much noise,” the officer belted while pointing to a hill. A New Yorker would jump out of the foxhole focused.

Rick knew how to get the job done and no stupid questions like,

“What’s your name or where are you from?”

Instead he’d say, “Wouldn’t it be better to have cocktails on the water instead of next to it?”

“Makes sense to me,” said the tall quiet one and everyone started gathering their belongings, including the other guys who had spent money pouring drinks into these girls for the past few hours.



Again that New York efficiency kicked in. Rick put his hand out like a NY traffic cop and said, “Uuns need to go grab some ice, a few bags of chips, cokes, 7up and a couple dozen doughnuts.

We will meet you at the 7-11 by the fishing boats,”

pointing down the street. “Don’t forget the doughnuts.”

The donuts were another matter altogether.

That was 14 blocks away in the wrong direction.

The four other guys looked like they had won the lottery.

In case you never had the thrill of Ft. Lickerdale/ Ft Liquordale, as it was lovingly called, men hunted for women in packs.

I always thought that was a bad strategy when you were hunting love and not food. Yet here I had somehow become part of the pack. Those damn eyes.

I asked Rick what in the hell he was doing.

The Real Pirates of the Caribbean

He said, “Don’t worry we aren’t going to the 7 11.”

Only one of the 5 girls even *asked* about the other guys.

Rick said, “They must have gotten lost and would probably show up later since they had the address. If not, they were just leading you on,” turning them into scumbags for future encounters.

We piled into a couple of cars and my best new girlfriend sat in my lap the whole way to the boat, asking questions galore. What made you get a sailboat? Where have you been with her? In my distorted mind I was answering each and every question but with a little sarcasm.

‘I chose the sailboat because the cheating husband did not want to give up this asset to the wife he cheated on.

Where have I been you ask? Just to a private sandbar out on the Intracoastal so far. I did have the whole sandbar to myself though for the whole day until a friend came up and ruined it.’

My mind snapped back when a new voice jumped in, “Are you married, Girlfriend?” She told me her name was Connie.

“My girlfriend’s name is Whisper; she is very demanding.”

Connie was pondering on that nugget of information trying to cipher what that meant and laughing when she figured it out. You could tell by the way she ran her nails through her hair, while looking right through me, that one day a hurricane would be named after her.

“What do you do for a living?” she softly asked, while now massaging the base of my neck.

Brain freeze.

I had not thought that far into my new life/lie.

All I could think of was, “My grandfather invented a bunch of stuff and left me some money.”

Now she was paying a little closer attention to my every word. Or so I felt, since every lie just rolled off my tongue easier than the last one.

“I hope you don’t mind me sitting in your lap.

I promised my roommate I would get out of my shell.

This seemed like a good way to start.”



She gently touched my lips and asked if she could kiss them.

I almost came in my pants. I did not reply, I could not reply. None of my senses worked correctly.

My compass was busted.

I was frozen in my own fantasies.

I have never had a perfect 10 woman throw herself at me before, ever.

That kiss was so powerful, I almost felt like we were now engaged.

But the kiss never came, and she said, “What’s the matter?”

“I thought you were going to kiss me,” I said, anxiously waiting.

“No, just getting permission in case I ever ‘*want*’ to kiss you.” Connie explained clearly, switching gears like a race car driver.

“What are you looking for in life?” Connie asked, as she somehow crept even closer. I thought these were some heavy-duty questions for a girl I just met and had only almost kissed once.

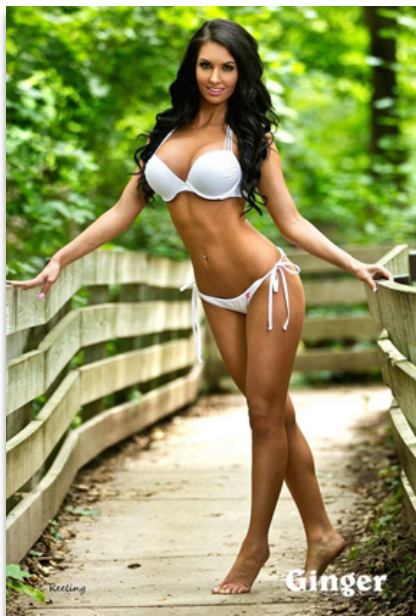
Trying to ease my vulnerability I said,

“I want to become a Pirate and ‘room’ the seven seas” hoping she would laugh and change subjects.

She said, “You mean roam the seven seas?”

“Yeah, that too,” I whispered.

I told the “Crowd” (now 9 of us), that we had to be really quiet while we traversed the backyard to get to THE BOAT.



Telling 5 drunken tourists to be quiet while on holiday was wishful thinking.

The girls were loud-talking and giggling.

When they saw the yacht they got even louder,

“Very Pretty boat,”

flowed from the sexy lipped man eater Ginger.

“Where do you sleep?”

You’ll have to show me later.”

As we climbed aboard one of the girls said, “Let’s go for a ride,” and NY Rick was again on point. “Maybe later ladies.

Who wants a drink?” The party had started.

PT Barnum had officially kicked off the Winter ball(ing), I mean NY Slick Rick did.

THE BOAT was a huge hit. A couple of the guys took a girl for a guided tour, and I did not see them the rest of the night, but unless we had dolphins cruising the neighborhood, something was making a lot of noise.

Sounded like a cross between a peacock and a dolphin in heat. The boat seemed to have a gentle rock to it and Connie remarked it was like sitting on a porch swing back home.

We made out or should I say she invaded my entire essence with each look and caress.

She took my hand and placed it on her chest.

The little General stood at full attention and was demanding to be taken out for battle.

She said, “Can you feel that?”

“Hell yeah,” I thought, “Captain Jack is going to get extremely lucky tonight.”

She said, “That’s how you make my heartbeat after I think about you kissing me.” She smiled a very intense and sizzling sexy grin. My mind was going a mile a minute and I managed to crawl my hand lower, creeping up her skirt and into her panties. Houston, we have a problem! She had no panties on.

She pulled my hand up towards her bare bush and said,

“I’m saving that for the man I marry.

That is my wedding gift to him.

It will be his very own sacred place of refuge and personal playground. Private and totally exclusive.”

If there had been a justice of the peace on the boat right then my life would have turned out completely different for sure.

The sun was starting to rise and the brightness ended the party.

Connie came out of the head, makeup perfect, hair perfect, dress perfect. She was a perfect 10 again.

“Jack, can you take me to my hotel please?” she purred sexily.

Now the little General was pissed. How can he not be called on to defend his honor? I told him that’s just one of the cruel quirks of life and he would probably have to get used to it.

We were “coupled up” all the way to her hotel. “Will I see you tomorrow? She asked, then corrected, “Today?” and I said what any horny all American bred pirate would say, “Of course.”

Going back to the boat took longer than it should have since

I went 5 miles before I realized I was going the wrong way.

No visitor’s cars left over out front as I pulled up to THE COVE.

I was so glad for the privacy, because the little General was in pain and needed ‘medical’ attention.

As I stroked his pain, inside on the Pirate Pad, I closed my eyes and could taste and smell Connie. I was in the fantasy zone, flying high. Then a noise came from the open hatch.

“Oh, I’m sorry. Please forgive me,” said the staring wife Bunnie.

I jumped up and grabbed a cushion and hid the best any Neanderthal could. I was speechless, busted.

She came down the companion way and said, “Don’t be embarrassed. I’ve seen plenty of naked men in my life. None recently that have a cock like that,” she offered.

Now I was getting a double dose of what some may refer to as “blue balls”.

I call it part of the pirate curse.

She came closer and pushed down on the cushion I was clutching, as if my life depended on it and said,

“Joe has gone to Daytona and will not be back until tomorrow.”

I let that sink into my left blue ball ONLY.

“Since I interrupted your (air quotes) “love making” it is only right that I correct the situation.”

My hands became weak. The Little General forced me to drop my cover and she pushed me to the floor and mounted me. She kept riding her new male pirate whore and I must have cum at least 3 times.

As she lay next to me after what seemed like a very serious orgasm, she turned and said to me, “Don’t think I don’t love Joe, because I do. I will never leave him, so don’t ask.

There are a lot worse things than ‘helping’ out your neighbor. Now we are bound forever by a secret,” she said as she made an X across her beautiful breasts and held her hand up and said “Promise.”

“Boy Scouts Honor” I replied holding my hand up.

Wow, a no strings attached hotty. Life is good, or so I thought.

Later that day when I met up with Connie to wine and dine her, I realized if women perceived I was rich I would need a larger real income. I made it through the day and into the night. Her eyes dancing inside my thoughts almost as if she could do it at will. The sunset dinner was nice, and expensive.

She asked, what was going on at 'The Boat'?

"Not so much," I lied. "The landlord was upset about the early morning noise, so I am giving him a break."

When in reality, I was like a squirrel hiding valuable acorns. My acorns just happened to look and smell better, but harder to hide, unless you are at the tricked-out hotel.

She said, "I can do better," and as I looked into those eyes

I thought, "I bet you can."

"Let's go check out your hotel. I have always wanted to go there," she was staying at a fancy version of the Four Seasons. Her cousin had won the all-expense paid trip there.

When I commented, "What a nice prize," she said, "Not really, it was an "employee" promotion and the bank President had made substantial deposits inside her safety deposit box. She milks him weekly. She's 8 months pregnant,"

she chuckled.

"What's funny about her being pregnant?" I enquired.

"Nothing funny about that I assure you, but I was picturing my cousin sitting on your lap on the way to THE BOAT."

Her smile continued with a glance my way.

We sat at the bar and listened to the piano player bouncing love notes off those willing to suck up the moon, liquor, and surf. Our eyes made love in the light bouncing off that surf.

"I've decided to stay another week or so!"

"Nice," replied the General.

She could see my concern,

"It's ok, my cousin said to stay as long as I like, and her employee discounts and benefits are good. Just let her know. So I did."

"Come up to my room," she said with a sexy finger pointing the way.



And the Little General pleaded to me, "Do not let her torture us."

As everyone knows, men do not have enough blood to run two heads at the same time, period.

So, up to the torture chamber I reluctantly went, as fast as I could. Her kisses sent me to a spiritual dreamland.

She ran her hands all over my body examining all my faults.

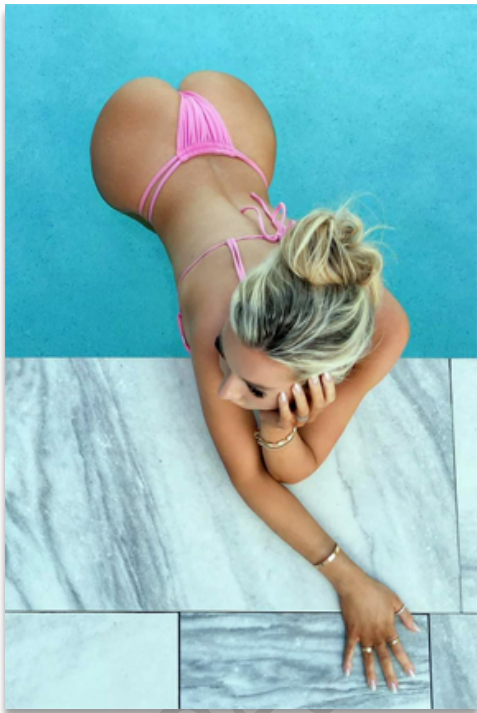
"How did you get that? What about this booboo?"

And I still had my pants on!!!

The Little General did not bother paying attention. He knew this was a false flag operation even though my ego was trying to tell me it was worth the intense frustrations.

As she would *accidentally* rub across my groin she noticed I had no erection. This seemed to bother her and maybe even became a challenge. She kept coming back to the General to figure out what the problem was. Of course, the Little Whore Dog General came back to attention only to confront the same song as the night before. I remember coming down the elevator and telling the General “Another fine mess you got us in.” This time the road to The Whisper was tattooed to my mental autopilot. I thought about going out and hitting a bar or two but since I am not the GQ Richard Gere looking type of guy, I could not think of a sexy way to say, “Wanna come see THE BOAT?”

Or at least not make it sound like a cheap bullshit pickup line.



I parked and had not even gotten on the boat when Bunny popped out the back door and asked if I wanted some company. The Little General was begging me to accept.

I asked about Joe and she said he was out playing with race cars and decided to stay another day and then she threw in, “Or two”.

Yeah, you guessed it, the General won. The last thing I remember was her swinging from the handrails in the aft cabin. In the morning she woke me with fresh coffee.

“I want to thank you for helping out a “neighbor” because I was really bummed about Joe staying there.” Not knowing what to say, “Was the least I could do,” giving my best innocent schoolboy look.

She jumped on top of me again and gave me a big kiss.

“That’s why I like you so much.

Got time for breakfast?

I can cook really well. I’ve been doing a lot of cooking since I married Joe. He even sent me to several cooking classes. I got to meet Wolf Gang Puck.”

I smiled, not having a clue who that was. I figured she probably learned how to make a mean wiener schnitzel by the sound of the name.

I told her I would come up to the house after I showered for breakfast.

Halfway into my shower, the door opened and in she came.

We made love and played around in the shower until the water tank ran dry.

200 gallons.

After she left, I felt guilty for thinking I had to have a talk with Mike about dockside amenities and etiquette.

Now I was the King Whore of our group, which is only an honor in the land of rednecks and chauvinist pigs.

I *did* console myself with the notion I was much more of a romantic before I became a pirate. At least, that is what I told myself, often.



The Real Pirates Of The Caribbean

Chapter 5

I went back to my apartment to gather clothes, sheets, pillows, and towels. While I sat on the sofa listening to messages on our answering machine the phone rang.



It was a girl named Diane that was looking for Mike.

I took the message and read it back to her.

“Don’t forget to put Diane Sawyer. On second thought, he may not even remember my last name, tell him Diane number 3.

Got it?”

Later that night he told me he had three girls named Diane and he gave them numbers and they all knew about each other.

I had 4 other calls from women asking where Mike was while sitting there.

One of them I had tried stealing away from his “stable” and when she asked where he was I could not help myself,

“He’s down at THE BOAT,” I lied.

“What boat?” she queried.

“You haven’t seen this one we just got it. Big sailboat.”

“Tell Mike I love sailing.”

Highlighting I was not getting any closer to my goal.

“Yeah, he is taking measurements for the new cushions and curtains, so I don’t expect him home any time soon,” I lied again.

“That’s hurtful. Didn’t Mike tell you what I do for a living?”

I had to confess we never talked about that stuff unless she was a topless dancer or porno queen.

“That’s what I do for the rich and famous. I have never done a boat and I would welcome the challenge,” Diane number 3 boasted, using every bait possible to lure Mike into her arms at least for a night. My pirate brain kicked in and I told her Mike would be at the boat tomorrow night around 8 and she could look at our project then. The term eager beaver came to mind, but I was trying not to be vulgar, just male. Unfortunately, DAMN, Mike had a “Full dance card” for the next few days. Later, using him as a pawn proved useful to get volunteers to help sand and varnish my new demanding, teak laden mistress.

Free labor that wanted to impress the boss was nice. But, if the truth be told and this is about the truth being told, I was never able to seduce any of his lovers. I should get an A+ for effort but a total F for execution. We had so much help with my new recruiting method that we couldn’t decide in the end which of Mike’s girlfriends would be on our maiden voyage.

In the end we had to do 5 *maiden* voyages.

The Whisper looked Impressive and Diane number 3 was definitely an incredible designer and seamstress, as well.

She did seem a bit disappointed when I told her I did not want to enter the boat in a Miami magazine piece, Yikes. The fear from that statement got her on the do not call list, *Instantly*. Bad ideas are just bad ideas and I had enough of my own without any help needed in that department.

I got into the boat delivery for cash and even drove a few cars to NY with Slick Rick. (That memoir is Slick Rick's Big Top Adventure.) Now, that is an adventure story for another time.

My mistress was sucking me dry. When we opened up her sails, we found branding and numbers everywhere. So I had to ditch a small fortune. This bitch (my new *fond* name for the Whisper) was no longer whispering but hollering loudly.

It was like walking a tight rope over a windy canyon. One slip and you were the unlucky recipient of Bob Barker Industries, (the famous game show host), Free State toiletries made exclusively for the State of Florida prison system.

So, if chunking 30k worth of sails is what it takes to stay out of the free room and board, then I will just make more deliveries.

Mike said, "Maybe you can write it off," being his witty self.

I plunged the needle in my pocketbook even deeper.

I had learned since meeting my mistress just how far I would stick my neck out. It turned out pretty far.

In short order I had the new sails back onboard and decided we needed to take a brief sail to the Bahamas and test the new rig.

The word went out and I had several volunteers but none of us really knew much about sailing, at all, motorboats no problem. McGyver Mike thought I was crazy to take the boat out so soon. Remember, wink wink, he opted out, so in essence he declined the true "maiden" cruise. The real reason was he did not have the balls to sail by the Harbor Master, a personal friend of his, with a stolen boat.

This meant missing our most experienced sailor, but dates had been arranged for the voyage. Rick and I brought The Whisper out to a dock we had prearranged to pick up the passengers at. Pirates Cove was not ready for a bunch of party animals and Bunnie was starting to get more possessive over my time. The "just friends" was getting, let's say, friendlier.

I knew sooner or later I would need another dock space, so this run was needed for several reasons.

When Rick's date arrived at the dock, she was carrying a long evening dress, makeup cases and a ton of luggage, WTF.

Rick had told her we were going to go gamble at the casinos. She brought her best gown and the guy carrying her luggage was not the taxi driver it was her "friend"; like her boyfriend.

Rick's date and 'her friend' were boarding the boat as Rick put his little black book and a payphone on the dock to good use.

I was trying to imagine what line he was using to get a last minute replacement for our maiden voyage I could hear him say “THE BOAT” several times.



He made a few calls and 30 minutes later this cute young thing shows up in shorts and a bikini top and we were off.

As we went down the waterway she pointed out that she was a waitress in that eatery we were going by, just then.

That is where she had met Rick, at work. She hoped they would not be too pissed after I told her we would not be back until the day after tomorrow. She was scheduled to work the next day, she said.

She looked forlorn for about 30 seconds and then said, “Fuck it. You got anything to drink?” and the party started. We put the sails up, made a few adjustments and off we went to Bimini. The temperature dropped suddenly to 40 degrees that night, a severe cold snap. I had no idea Florida could get so cold. Unfortunately, I had thrown out the branded foul weather gear and we ended up having to turn blankets into ponchos.

The seas started picking up about half way across the Gulf Stream. Sometimes, currents more than 5 knots can be found there heading north. We managed to get the generator going and turned on the heat.

The AC units also had a reverse heating system. I did not know much about the system, and long story shortened, I somehow created a vacuum in the circulation pump, and it caught on fire.

I see now why they practice fire drills on boats.

We got the fire out fairly quick, but I shut down the generator and heater to make sure. The excitement of the fire made the girls quit complaining about the cold. Another sailor notation, since I am sharing valuable information, for any future wanna be pirates, women that are freezing on a sailboat, or any boat for that matter, make terrible lovers.

Frigid is one word that comes to mind.

So, guys save yourselves the rejection, cause it’s not happening.

Our Princess with the long dress found her “friend” seasick. He was throwing up in the main salon, Buzz kill. I told him he needed to go up top and get some air and he quickly told me that it was too scary up there. He threw up again and he found himself being hoisted up and escorted topside.

He told me, “You know you can’t do this legally.”

I almost felt sorry for him for a microsecond.

I said, “Look, I’m the Captain of this boat and if I tell you to abandon ship you better jump your ass over the fricking side immediately.” You could see fear spring into his eyes. He said, he was not going to stay up top, and I told Rick, “You brought him, so you watch him.”

Luckily the autopilot worked flawlessly, it was a nice gadget.

I took a quick look topside when I heard some yelling and found Rick tying this guy to the mast. I mean like really lashing him securely.

I went back down below to my cleaning of the puke off the now slippery floor and the engine stopped.

The jib was yanked tight aft tearing part of the sail. I later found out that the girl with the puking boyfriend took the 1-inch braided Dacron rope, called a sheet in sailor talk, (and if the truth be told I have no clue why they call a rope a sheet?) and she threw it “aside” (which was overboard) and the propeller sucked it up. This was turning out to be like the curse of the Bambino on steroids.

I lowered the mainsail and prepared to go overboard to cut the rope away.

It seemed simple enough. I was an excellent swimmer. I had a dive knife and luckily, I had brought a couple of snorkeling rigs. That was to theoretically catch a few lobsters for a fresh, home grown, awesome meal. I attached a rope, not a sheet (it is only a sheet if it is connected to the sails). I took the rope and tied it to a dock bumper and threw it off the stern.

I had Rick hold the handheld search light and in I went.

In the water was a whole new perspective on how wrong you can be at the “most wrongest” moment in your life if there is such a term. The boat was heaving up and down about three feet or more, but it seemed like 10. TRUTH. Terrifying.

I would grab a breath and go down having to make sure the boat did not split my head open.

Little cut here, small cut there. This was one-inch braided, super-heated Dacron and my knife looked COOL but I have had sharper cheese cutters.

If I did not have enough problems, I felt this pain across my right arm and leg. I grabbed onto the dock bumper and drifted away from the boat. Another blinding pain came across my body and for a brief second I thought about letting go. To go on, to King Neptune’s court and tell him I was just a misguided fool.

I wasn’t secured in any way to the boat. Later in life, watching a spacewalk, even those stunt men have tethers. Yes, you read that correctly, Stunt Men and now women. Anyone that straps into a rocket built by the lowest bidder has to be at least labeled a Test Dummy.

So, I give them the benefit of the doubt, Stunt people.

When about 2 minutes passed, I headed for the boat pulling myself the best I could. Anyone that has never experienced the Portuguese Man O’ War; it feels worse than a bullwhip.

A bunch of bull whips, all at the same time.

Rick grabbed the other end of the rope I was on and started pulling me to the boat. When I got back to the boat our ladder was nowhere to be found. Somehow, it did not get locked in place, nor tethered and was now gracing King Neptune’s court at that very moment. I kicked myself in the head mentally for not preparing better before I did the Tarzan thing over the side. My right side was starting to feel almost paralyzed now. That was the result of running into a herd of Portuguese Man O’ War out for a late-night feeding.

The yacht, by the time I got there, was rolling about pretty good.

I am a big guy, like I said, and only half my limbs were working correctly. Climbing the side of the boat turned out to be more like a pathetic crawl and I was going nowhere with that strategy. I told Rick to go untie the sick boyfriend and have him help haul me onboard. Rick came back and said, “He ain’t gonna help. ‘The boats rocking too much, maybe later’.”

I was like the character in the cartoon that has steam coming out of both ears.

I was starting to get tired and came up with another crazy idea.

We took the other sheet (there are usually two or more on a sailboat) and I tied it around my waist and crotch. Rick started cranking the big winch and slowly I was coming out of the water. The boat rocking was creating some really intense pressures on my testicles.

Up down. Up down. I thought briefly this is a modern version of keel hauling, but I was coming up.

Finally, I could grab the stanchion (safety poles around the boat) and with the help of the girls I got back onboard. I truly felt cursed and blessed at the same moment.

I told Rick it was up to him; I could not perform the task.

I had dropped the dive knife along the way and sent him to the galley to grab a replacement.

He came back and that was another moment in time I will never forget.

He looked me directly in my eyes just before he jumped over with his jeans and long shirt and asked, "Were you scared?"

And if the truth be told and this is a truth be told story, I told him the biggest lie I have ever told in my life, ever,

"Nah, it's no big deal. I just got stung by a couple of jelly fish."

The steak knife Rick had grabbed from the galley, I thought, was an odd choice, but turned out to be the perfect solution.

He freed the vessel in ten minutes.

I reached down to help haul him back on board.

He looked me dead in my eyes and said,

"You are a lying son of a bitch," and that's verbatim, direct from the source and verified by an eyewitness.

Then he went below.

I got the engine started and back in gear.

Next stop,

(Whew Whew sounded the whistle) Ft. Lauderdale.

I collected all the obstacles topside I thought could impair our progress and made sure they were stowed away.

The puking boyfriend seemed to be enjoying his view.

I did not put up any sails fearing more disaster and him being tied with some of the sailing gear.

I also knew how to motorboat so motoring it was going to be.



Looking back, I should have hoisted the mainsail for some stability but a dollar short and a pound foolish. Don't ask me what that means I just always wanted to use that phrase.

Mark that off my bucket list please.

Now it is simple, head west as fast as possible. The pitching and rolling had risen to a new frenzy.

Being at the helm, moving was somehow a shot of chill juice. I heard someone call out below.

Our ball gown girl with the sick boyfriend got thrown around and hit the mast knocking a front tooth out. She had been drinking steadily and did not seem to be in too much pain. She found her tooth and safely tucked it away.

I went below to see the situation up close, and this stunning beauty smiled at me, and she was missing a front tooth.

What made it better or worse, depending on how you look at it, she had a metal stub poking out of her upper jawbone where the tooth came from.

Kind of the “jackoLantern” look, Rick said.

Rick became her new doctor slash dentist.

He told her she needed to clean her mouth out with Vodka to prevent gangrene. He sat patiently by her side helping her medicate while her boyfriend was still tied to the mast, but feeling better, he confessed.

A couple of hours or so went by and our mega drunk, snaggle tooth, Sea Hag wandered up on deck. Rick and I had promoted her to Sea Hag first class (usually you start out as a Sea Wench first, then up the promotion ladder).

She joined her tied up boyfriend. If the truth was told and this is a story about the truth, he could have easily untied himself from the mast. His seriously drunk woman was all over him, kissing on him and untying him. When she smiled at him thinking she was going to get lucky he said, “What in the fuck have you done to yourself?”

He did not take well to the JackoLantern look.

Off in the distance, *not too distant*, Rick was smiling ear to ear. When her boyfriend hollered, “Get off me you slut,” his smile widened even more.

To make this story worse, if possible, we landed in Florida 50 miles north of where we started and where our vehicles were parked. We headed south motoring down the Intracoastal and next thing you know our puking boyfriend wants off. I tried to talk him out of it but enough is enough and he was put ashore. We left him on someone’s private dock and as we pulled away

I could see this dehydrated, skinny kid standing on the dock,

luggage beside him, motioning us to come back. I could hear, “I’ve changed my mind.” His Sea Wench decided to stay with us. That was the last I ever saw of him.

A day later we were back to where we started.

Rick had us break out the dinghy and drop his date off at her restaurant, not take her home. He just landed on the retaining wall and off she went. She looked like shit and he said, “I’ll call you,” as he throttled full speed away in the little dinghy heading back to the boat. No goodbye kiss, not even watch that first step.

I kept Whisper moving and it took him a few minutes to catch up with us.

Down below was like a train wreck.

Most everything that *could* ended up on the floor.

The boat was a wreck and so was I.

When we pulled up to our pirate dock out ran Bunnie.

“Welcome back. Why didn’t someone let me know you were going out? Like my new bikini?” she asked as she spun around. It was the new Tback design.

“Joe said it makes me look ten years younger.”

Finally, something to laugh about. If she looked ten years younger that would make her 8.



“Real nice Bunnie.

You should be glad you missed this one,” I said, as I hooked up the utilities.

“I don’t think so,” she purred, as she slightly exposed her left nipple and fondled it.

She looked below and could just say WOW. “I better get the broom and mop,” she added and ran off into the house.

We spent the next day cleaning and reorganizing and yes, a lot of that too.

Then I got word of the BIG NEWS.

Someone from the coast guard had just left Rick’s apartment. They were looking for the Whisper, or its owner.

My brain was replaying the sound of a WWII submarine sounding the dive alert. Dive. Dive. Dive.

Turns out Rick’s last minute waitress replacement date, was only 15 and when her mother got the note she had sent home with her girlfriend, she flipped. Seems her daughter had left her shift early and came down to the docks. Mom started calling law enforcement and when they heard the story of the wild daughter going out for a late-night sail, they told her to call back in 24 hours if she was not back by then. Basically, giving her the brush off and she knew it.

She pitched her plight to the sheriff’s department, the fire department and state highway patrol. She was not making any progress and all she knew was that when the friend dropped her daughter off, she thought she remembered the boat’s name being Whisper. Big white sailboat, Whisper. By the morning, mom is frantic, so she changes her story. New improved version: My daughter is out on a boat running drugs into Miami. “We have a winner,” echoed the police radios.

Alarm bells went off and she won the undivided attention of the Coast Guard Drug Task Force.



She made them believe this was some sort of big haul and did not tell them upfront because she did not want to get her daughter in trouble. AGAIN. Turns out Miss Adventure had several run-ins with the law. Public intoxication, skinny dipping in the Hyatt pool at night and one prostitution charge (which she swears she was going to do him for free, but he offered her some money).

Rick and I decided we needed more info and went by his date's workplace. No one had seen her, so we decided to have breakfast and see if she was part of the shift change.

She was not, but her girlfriend recognized Rick from his flirting and seeing him in the parking lot.

She saw him drop her off that fateful night, as well.

Before I could finish my waffle, we had two feds with buzz haircuts asking if they could have a word with Rick outside.

I was already out the backdoor in my mind. Then the cop said, "You too." They escorted us outside to the parking lot. I can't remember if I even paid for the meals, I was so stressed.

When I found out the problem I took over and confessed we were the ones they were looking for.

When asked where the boat was, I told them back at my dad's slip.

I added, "He is probably on his way to the repair yard by now. We did a large amount of damage to the boat."

"Where's that at?" Asked the taller cop.

"Boca Raton," I lied, "at the marina."

The cop was steady writing in his notebook.

"Do you have an ID?" the ugly one asked.

"Yes, but not on me."

"How about you?" Rick handed them his ID and with one look the cop said, "We already have this."

"Says here you're from New York. You enjoying Florida?" the cop said, like the head of tourism himself.

"Came down to hang out with my friend," he continued.

I jumped in, "My dad let me take the boat so we could do a moonlight cruise. It got pretty hectic with the cold front and a storm I didn't know about. Pretty nasty stuff and I had a bunch of moonlight cruising novices which didn't help," I told them.

After another 30 minutes of question-and-answer sessions the one fed said, "Come on Steve, that kid couldn't get that much detail right unless she was there. Quite a story, but I believe 'em. We don't have any of these guys on any list.

Let's go unless you have something else?"

"Who are you guys with? The Coast Guard?" I asked.

"No," Steve said, and pulled his badge back out "DEA" and they left.

I learned an important lesson about ID's and badges that day. Look closely and don't be afraid to ask questions.

Most people's brain freezes at the site of any badge and the rest is a blur.

Moral to the story is? Always carry a fake ID and be ready to forfeit it in exchange for your freedom.



The most important thing you will ever take away from this pirate training class is always, I mean like always, always, remember to send your bondsman a Christmas card.

Every fiber of my body was becoming electrified.
My brain was lighting up like a winning slot machine in Vegas spitting out silver dollars. I felt in my pocket for my car keys as
I was just minutes away from fleeing the scene.
Being a pirate was so much tougher than I could ever have predicted or imagined.
What was even tougher was seeing the word Whisper, next to tall blonde, on Steve's note pad.
Steve took a lot of notes and even had a big dollar sign drawn in his notebook with a huge question mark.
The arrows pointing to the tall blonde made a distinct, hardcore impression and prevented my ability to calm my inner voices.

Chapter 6



The word had spread in a somewhat crude joke that Rick and I were out running drugs in a really bad storm with a 15-year-old hooker. Ha. Ha. Ha. Yuk. Yuk. Yuk.

Everyone was laughing.

His brothers loved to tell that line every chance they got.

They were extremely jealous of our “Good Fortune”.

Something kept eating at me like, dipping my brain into a bed of fire ants, eating at me.

Sometimes you don’t know if it is ‘The Big Break’ or is it dumb luck?

Or worse, No Luck.

Mike and I had been invited to a big pool party at a private compound on the water.

It was someone’s birthday or something.

All the tricked-out houses had water access, boat owner or no boat owner. This particular party was one of Mike’s “Premium” clients which meant he pays in cash and did not want any receipts...ever. He had boats, cars, planes, girls, mansions, and radio towers all over who knows where? I only knew that Mike would go to this small airport once in a while and a private jet would whisk him away with his tools and whatever else. Usually, in less than two days, he was back with a pocket full of cash and more work to follow.

We pulled up to what looked like a wide range of sports cars. It almost felt like I was entering the lineup for the Monaco Grand Prix. I parked on the grass to show them a real muscle car and we swaggered up the driveway. A car passed and almost hit us. I guess, if truth be told, because we were walking in the middle of the driveway, maybe.



The car stopped and a door slowly opened. These sexy long legs came peeling out of the jet-black customized Jaguar. Being the southern gentleman, I had always hoped to be that night, I reached down and took her hand and helped her out of the car. Stunning was the first thought that came to mind. She thanked me and for a second, I was willing to sell my soul to the devil to have just one dance in the moonlight with her.

Then a set of keys hit me in the face and the thrower said, “Park it somewhere safe kid.”

My ego was crushed, right in front of my dream girl and part of my brain came up with a brilliant plan instantly.

The other half begging, “Don’t do it, don’t do it.”

As I have learned time and time again, the crazy voice is not the sharpest knife in the drawer, just the loudest.

I walked around the Jag and opened the driver’s door.

I had to adjust the seat before I could even get in; this guy was a runt.

I had always wanted to valet cars so I could rummage through the contents like they do on my cars.

I opened the glove box.

There was a Smith and Wesson 38 caliber pistol.

I confiscated it for the *passenger's* safety.

That's on page zero zero two of the parking attendant's handbook in case you're wondering.

No crime committed here.

No extra charge by the way.

I was in the 'southern gentleman mode'.

I closed the driver's door and started the car.

I revved the engine a couple of times making sure the 12-cylinder bullet was working properly.

It seemed to be in good working order,

at least all the gauges pegged the other side.



I looked both ways, like any safe driver would do at an elementary school crossing, and I floored the gas pedal slamming the car into gear. Tires smoking, rubber burning; this driveway had been tattooed by a professional grade idiot. But I honestly just could not help myself. Honestly.

It was orgasmic and extremely satisfying for a cheap thrill.

I parked the car behind a dumpster at the servant's entrance and threw the keys on the floorboard. I put the 38 in my car and I noticed the small crowd of people, including McGyver Mike waiting for me back where I started the burnout.



I ducked into the kitchen and came out by the pool, grabbed a drink, and tried to blend into the woodwork or lack thereof. It was not long until Mike came up,

“What in the hell were you thinking of?”

“All I could think of was to hurry. The safe parking spots were all filling up fast and he specifically asked me to ‘find a safe parking spot,’” I jokingly offered. Mike said, “He’s lucky he did not ask for a car wash and detailing,” I looked at Mike and we both burst out laughing.

“Did you see the girl with the legs get out of that car?”

We were both laughing being the Whore Dogs we were and then up walks the owner of this mega palace and asked Mike,

“Is this the troublemaker?” and then looked at me. I could tell he was vexed, to say the least, and I put my massive hand out.

“I’m Jack, pleasure to meet you and you are?”

“I’m the son of a bitch that paid for all this shit and I don’t appreciate you tearing up my driveway,” spoken straight forward enough for a pissed person.

By now his sun tanned steroid goons had shown up and it was inevitable I was to be expelled from this festive looking party.

It was just a matter of, by land or by sea.

“Sir, that guy,” pointing at the runt, “Threw his keys at me and hit me in the face, then insulted me. I’m sorry, I came here to have a few laughs and see some pretty people but not to be abused by some midget with a fancy car.”

“Andrew, is that right?” he asked Andrew.

“Bill, I didn’t intentionally throw them at his face, it just happened,” the runt awkwardly confirmed.

Bill thought for about 22 seconds.

How can Andrew’s keys get in Jack’s face?

“Andrew, apologize to our guest,” and then he threw his arm around my shoulders.

“Jack, I’ve heard some good things about you. I think I have a job for you if you’re interested” and the party rocked on.

He definitely had more bikini girls than a Hawaiian Tropic contest. Just when you found one to fall in love with, at least for the night, another five would walk by and your heart would start the process all over again.

It was like being a voyeur at an adult day care for

non-recovering sex addicts. I wandered down the grassy slope to the dock, the water calling to me.

Several large boats and a couple of small Donzis filled the far end of the pier. Other go-fast boats were bobbing gently, almost daring me to take them for a late-night joyride.

Looking at the boats made me wish I was back home on mine, or almost mine.

My mind again brought my dilemma front and center. Ditch the name or ditch the boat or maybe both. My thoughts had become as twisted as a sidewinder in the desert trying to find the exact solution to existing.

A hand grabbed my shoulder, “Is this my dance?” said the stunning blonde from the Jaguar.

“You made me laugh spinning out in Andrews’ precious car.

That was a hoot.”

What a pretty woman.

She was holding my arm and wanting to dance with a lonely extremely confused pirate.

How sweet said my nervous and beauty shocked self.

I could almost hear the angels sing when I looked at her.



This is the reason I look close in the mirror every morning and each night before I “Try” to go to bed.

Making sure I am not confusing myself with some Magazine Tabloid Hunk or maybe hoping I somehow transformed into one ‘Miraculously’.

It worries me when they sing how great thou art to me.

“Let me buy you a drink?” she offered.

“A pleasure,” I replied. What a moron I had become so tongue tied and speechless. My brain was totally disarmed, and I would have believed anything she told me.

She held my arm as we walked up to the bar.

I asked a few questions. Like Hoot. Who uses that?

“I’m from Canada. Came down for a vacation and never went back,” she said.

“What about your boyfriend?” I queried.

“I don’t have one,” she said, and I looked very skeptical at her.

“You mean Andrew? He is gay and sometimes Bill asks me to go places with him and pretend like I’m his date so he can blend in. He’s an accountant. He knows the mayors, most of the important bankers and even the Governor.

He likes Errol Flynn movies and pretends he is a swash bugler.”

“You mean a swashbuckler?” I said. She smiled.

“Like a pirate swashbuckler. You know, Errol Flynn?” I asked.

“Do you know any pirates?” she asks as she analyzed my constant staring.

“I may know a few but I surely would not invite them here tonight,” I confessed.

“Sad,” she said, “I like pirates.”

Bammmmm. If only she knew how close she was to a real pirate in training.

At her service, as well.



We got our drinks and she grabbed my arm again and said to follow her.

She led me into a guest house and she went looking for an empty room.

The bathroom was booked so she found a study, or maybe a game room and we entered and then she locked the door behind us.

Now of course that got the Little General to wake up and be prepared for any and everything.

He is trained in many types of self-defense.

His record is 2 wins, 10 ties, and 456 losses.

Not bad for a rookie.

I said, “I don’t even know your name,” as she reached inside her bra pulling out a small cellophane envelope.

“Have you ever tried this?” Dalila asked, as she started laying out some white powder from the envelope onto the table.

“What is it?” I asked.

“Pure Cocaine Direct from the source,” she boasted, and I could almost swear her nipples got hard when she said it.



“Got a dollar bill?” I shoved my hand in my pockets and could only come up with a \$20.

“That’s perfect. The hundreds work better though,” she said and I started to reach again.

She laughed and said, “You’re strange. The twenty is fine.”

She smiled as she pushed my wad of bills back at me.

I was lucky Rick had trained me on how to flash money when you actually did not have a pot to piss in.

She handed me the rolled up twenty and I gave it back to her “No ladies first.”

She did not hesitate or protest but sucked the white stuff off the table. It worked as well as any Hoover vacuum I have ever owned. She handed me the bill and if the truth be told and this is a truth be told story, I had never done this before and I certainly did not know much about Cocaine, but it seemed everyone else at the party did.

Dalila did not hesitate when I turned down the party treat.

Up her nose the second line went, even faster than the first.

Wow, she seemed ready to party now.

The little General was telling me I was an idiot and he was headed to sleep. A girl once told me that anyone who names their penis and talks to it needs professional help.

I totally agree.

We went back outside.

“Let’s go swimming,” she yelled and jumped in the huge pool, fully clothed, filled with drunken lustful lunatics.

“Come on Jack,” she waved at me to come join her.

“How did you know my name?”

“Bill told me. Come on in.”

I should have picked up on the clue right then.

I was the marked idiot of the month and did not even know it.

All brawn and no brains.

She came out of the water like a wet t-shirt contestant and ran up and hugged me; a big, incredibly wet, wiggly hug.

“Let’s go for a boat ride,” she said and held me close.

“Sorry, fresh out of boats tonight,” said the sane side of my brain.

Hey, where did that come from, I wondered?

“I bet you Bill would loan us one. I’ll go ask.”

She shook her hair like a shaggy dog and ran off.

Her runway model figure oozed a female scent that made craving her impossible for me to ignore or resist.

“Jack,” Bill was summoning me.

“Two birds, one stone,” I was fully expecting him to tell me to get lost.

“Grab the white Cigarette,” pointing to the dock, “and you go play. Dalila is a lot of fun. In the morning I’ll pay you to run the boat over to Bimini if you’re interested. Know where that is?”

Bill said, as he watched me shake my head yes.

“The keys are in it. You kids have fun.”

Dalila was jumping up and down then jumped into my arms and kissed me.

The hook was in and off we went to find the boat.

Down at the dock the boat was not hard to spot.

About 60 feet long and a wild exotic pin striping down the side.

I walked along side while Dalila long jumped aboard.

Damn she had some beautiful legs.

My walk around inspection showed this bullet had three engines.

If the truth be told and this is a story about truth telling, I had never driven a triple engine anything.

I climbed aboard and Dalila grabbed the wheel and said, while jumping up and down,

“Let me start her? Please.”

The please quickly melted away any better judgment I had.

“Do you know how?” I queried.

Somehow thinking that Bill had put me in charge.

He said, “You Go Play,” I heard him.

“Yes sir, I have been on most of these boats at least once.”

I should have picked up the second warning sign right then but the Little General was running the show and part of me was dying to go for a ride.

Vvroom and one engine came to life.

She looked at me smiling like a prize student passing an exam.

Vvroom. The second engine came to life.

Vvroom went the third.

“I’ll grab the dock lines,” I yelled to her as I disconnected the lines.

No sooner than I released the stern line and was headed for the steering wheel when she hit the throttles and we shot out of the slip and I went flying to the rear of the boat crashing into the bench settee and almost coming across the stern.

Which = Overboard.

I will admit I was taken completely by surprise and on the edge of somewhat afraid, but when I saw her hit the channel and crank the boat wide open I decided it was better to hold on.

I was definitely not the daredevil she thought I was and her hair blowing in the breeze made me wish the engines would die and leave us floating under the moonlight.

I made a mental note to create a Pirate’s prayer as soon as possible for future use.



We were flying across Biscayne Bay, and she pulled the throttle back to about 50.

“Fuck me,” she demanded. “Right Now?”

The sane part of me said you have got to be kidding me.

This could get us seriously killed.

As fate would have it the General took over and I grabbed her, hoisting her onto the console. Something took over me and I tore her panties off while she howled at the moon.

She said, “Watch this,” and turned the boat hard starboard.

She did this a few times and then said, “Hold on to me tight.”

I was getting more confused with each circle, but the Little General was having too much fun to quit now.

She straightened out the boat and hit the throttles full blast. Back across the bay we flew.

Now we were hitting our wake and going airborne.

Each time we hit the water she would get the full impact of the General at his best. Her ability to orgasm in such a frightening scenario sort of excited me. Well not me, but the General.

I thought for a moment about showing her Whisper but then decided she was too unpredictable, and I wasn't ready to give up my peaceful cove.

We headed back to Bill's and ended up in a guest room with a mirror on the ceiling. She punished me the whole night. I felt totally possessed and ready for anything.

In the morning she woke me with a cup of coffee and a smile. She had already changed into some shorts and a tank top.

“Are you ready?”

“For?” I asked, because I was not sure the General could do another marathon.

“You and I are going to the Bahamas today. My favorite thing is to make love on the beach. I know just the place.”

“OK,” I came to life, “But I'm doing the driving,” I demanded.

“Of course Jack. A real lady expects to be chauffeured by her lover Captain. I can't wait to hear you blow your horn and ring my bell. Remind me, how many bells is it for lunch?” she asked, with her eyes toying at the General. What a relentless tease.

This girl certainly knew how to push buttons or should I say stomp on your buttons.

All the buttons.

All the buttons at the same time.

The Gulf Stream was extremely calm that day and we got to Bimini faster than I ever had.

This boat was built for ocean going speed. The General added, “And sex”.

She pointed out the unmarked channel where we were to take the boat. She had all the makings of a local guide for sure,
“With benefits,” the General chipped in.
You can’t even imagine how hard it is to have a private conversation with yourself with all these opinionated spirits bouncing in your brain.
I have the Pirate. He is slightly insecure and stupid.
Then I have the General, who is totally dependable and always a constant. And then the little boy my mom and dad raised.
He was constantly reminding me what a bad boy I was and if my parents were still alive, they would be horrified.
But they weren’t alive, so that voice did not carry much weight, but was always present.
I call him Voice 3.
I had a few others that would pop up from time to time, but my core group would run them off or silence their opinions.

We pulled up to the typical island wooden dock and a guy came out of this shack and Dalila said, “Hey Bob, this is Jack.”
I nodded and made a mental note to always carry sunglasses, always. The sun was blinding me and I felt extremely naked without them.
I could barely see him standing on the dock in front of me, it was extremely bright and I could see how you could easily get a headache.
“Can I borrow the jeep?” she asked.
“Not available but you can use the mopeds,” Bob offered.
Dalila gave me a long hard look and I followed her legs to a small piece of metal with tires and an engine.
5 minutes later my 240 pounds of testosterone was bouncing.
Driving down a pothole filled goat path they called a goat path. Following a wild exotic creature whose middle name must have been Adventura or Adrenalinia. Life was good I kept reminding myself.
We wrangled through the bushes and then appeared a beautiful, isolated beach.



Artist Rendering of the moment.

“They named this beach after me,” Dalila told me.

“Dalila Beach?” I asked.

“No. Passion Point,” said the goddess of the beach.

My mind was trying to piece all that together and Voice 3 suggested I might want to get tested for STDs. While the General said, “I don’t see any dead bodies lying around.”

I still had on my clothes from the night before. She started undressing me saying clothes were not permitted on this beach. It’s sacred ground. It took what seemed like an hour to get the General loose from his lockdown but I managed.

She just stood there holding him in her hand admiring her new toy? Treasure? Conquest? Shark Bait?

Was not sure what the General was to her and I told him I doubt she takes prisoners.

He sputtered the usual indifferent comment I can’t print here. It is way too nasty.

Feeling like I was part of a horse auction I dove into the water. It was crystal clear and warm.

My guide wiggled out of her short shorts and started humming the theme from Jaws as she swam at me. I did not run. I stayed and conquered the shark. Well truth be told and this story is about truth telling, I ended up surrendering and becoming her muse for the rest of the day.



We were lying naked on the beach and a boat pulled up.

She nudged me.

“We have to go.”

“Sure,” I said, as I pulled her to me.

“We’re going to heaven this time?” I whispered as I was getting ready to kiss her.

She pushed me away.

“No really, we have to go. Get with it, let’s go. Playtime is over.”

It was like she had a sundial built into her madness.

The fun-loving goddess of the beach had now turned moody.

The long moped ride back to the dock was made worse because I had sand in my crotch.

Voice 3 yacked all the way back saying what a slime ball the General was, and he hoped he got the clap. I had to instantly remind him this is a team and talk like that would get him thrown off the team, to which he replied,

“So what.”

I tried to stay on the slippery ledge of my sanity.

Getting a somewhat cold shoulder from Dalila, after she had her way with me, stung a little. Ok, if the truth be told and this is a story about truth, it stung a lot. It reminded me of what you do after you finish with a paper towel.

I was a romantic I kept telling myself.

It made me question my ability as a Cocksman, as well.

I felt like I went from hero to zero in 2 seconds flat.

But I was definitely for sure, not horny.

At the dock I asked how we were getting back home.

She pointed to a bigger boat than the one we came over on.

I looked at my watch and told her we would have to wait until the morning because we were running out of daylight.

She said, "Why? Are you chicken?"

Afraid of the big, bad ass Bermuda Triangle at night?"

"Of course not," what else could I say.

"OK, you stay here and catch a ride with someone else in the morning," I watched her as she climbed her sexy ass back aboard and cranked the first engine.

I knew she was not kidding.



The honorable, gallant pirate in me said I could not let her go across the big bad Gulf Stream at night alone.

I will drive this wild chariot.

She lit up when I jumped aboard.

Smiling at me she said, "I knew you weren't a pussy," and with the help of Bob we were on our way.

"Do you know how to follow this channel?" she asked.

"Sure," I sincerely replied.

She got in front of me and started pulling my pants down.

She started fondling the General and then kissing him. I'm cruising slowly down the channel with little shacks along the bank. People are waving.

I waved back while Dalila assaulted the General. She was better than great and in the blink of an eye, at least the General's eye; we were up running 80 MPH across the Gulf Stream.

When we could see the faint lights of the Florida coast, she told me to go northwest. She was going to show me where to take Bill's boat.

We eased into the dock at a very well-known Intracoastal Waterway restaurant.

Some guy came out, "Hey Ben."

"Hi Sally," Ben said.

"Sally? What was up with that?" said Pirate voice number 1.

I asked Dalila if she was going to introduce me.

She said it was not worth my time.

Ben said, "I'll take it from here."

Dalila, or was it Sally, grabbed my hand and led me up the gangway on the side of the restaurant.

We got to the parking lot and she looked around until she found what she was looking for as she got the keys off the front tire.

She said, "Get in," with authority.

The new, blue Chevy truck lit up. She blew the horn.

"Get in," she said as she opened the passenger door.

For a moment, a very brief moment, I tried to process this lightning bolt of mystery and sexual firsts.

"What the hell am I doing?" was not a popular debate subject in our group.

The truck had that new car smell but Dalila had that black widow attitude or something like it that took that pleasure away quickly.

Ok, I thought, I should listen to my new found friend the Pirate and never get attached to a wench; easier said than done.

“Where do you want me to drop you?” broke the strange silence in the truck.

“At my car would be nice.”

Not another word was said until we pulled up to the party palace.

My car had been moved off the grass and onto the driveway. Somehow, somebody washed it.

Dalila wrote her number down and said to call her sometime after 12 tomorrow and we'd have lunch. She gave me a kiss on the cheek and said, “It's been fun Jack. I had a blast,” batting her eyes like a southern bell flustered as she spoke.

Off she went. Not even waiting to see if my car would start.



I got in. It started.

I looked around and someone had taken the pistol I had confiscated.

What else?

Looked like someone had vacuumed my car and my papers had been shuffled around.

I was way too tired to effectively think about the last 24 hours.

When I got back to Pirate Cove all was quiet.

I made sure I did not make any noise and I even turned my lights off a block away.

Down the companion way and I could tell Mike had been there.

The freezer was making ice and the AC had the place cold, cold, cold.

I guess he fixed the Heat and AC.

I crawled into the shower and washed the sand away.

As I watched it run down the drain, I ran the full movie of my day on the beach with Dalila in full color on my brain screen.

What an incredible experience. When I got out of the shower, I noticed that someone had brought some new towels.

Life was good.

I opened the shower door and there she was.

Naked on my bed. I threw a towel over her.

“Are you crazy?” I sternly asked.

If the truth be told and this is a story about telling the truth, I was questioning my ability to get it up again that day.



She threw the towel off and said, “Yes I am,” defiantly.

“What’s wrong with you?” I asked Bunnie. “I’m horny and Joe has gone to Dallas with his racing buddies. He said he didn’t have room for me this time.”

My heart started beating properly again knowing Joe was out of the state.

I did not like thinking about what a poor decision maker I had become when it came to this bite sized love goddess.

“What do you want me to do?” I pleaded.

She pushed me to the bed and turned out the light.

“I’ll show you.” That was the last thing I remember coming from her lips until I woke to the smell of coffee and bacon.

She was putting the galley to good use. It almost looked homey.

“Your friend came by,” Bunnie said without looking at me.

“What friend?” I was praying it wasn’t the Coast Guard DEA boys. Then I thought again and realized they would have drug me naked out of bed probably on national TV if it were them.

“Said her name was Daisy or something. No Maybe Dalila.” YIKES.

How did she know where to find me?

“She said she would meet you for lunch. 12 o’clock at Shooters.

I want to come,” Bunnie said while grinding up against my leg.

“Sorry sweetie, you would not enjoy it,” I replied.

“Listen, asshole, you always say that. Let me decide what I do and don’t like. Got it?” she asked while glancing up at me.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea. Maybe we can do something later. How about that?” I offered.

“Not so fast Crappy Tan. You agree to take me dancing tonight or it will be a threesome for lunch.”

I pondered my choices carefully.

“Deal,” I said without ever thinking I would actually have to live up to the agreement.

She kissed me and said she had to go.

She was going shopping to find something no one had ever seen her wear and I would be the first.

Voice 3 said, “Oh, isn’t that sweet.”

The General said, “I’ll do ‘er again if I have to.”

The Pirate said, “Are you fucking crazy?”

I started to think I really was.

It felt like a prom date, waiting for 12 o’clock, high noon, 1200 sharp. I went inside and sat at the bar. I guess it was good practice for my pirate PHD. Someone came up behind me and put their hands over my eyes.

“Guess who?” “Sally.”

“Guess again.”

“Sally’s sister, Dalila.”

“Correct, Captain. You win the grand prize,” and Dalila slapped a stuffed envelope in my hands.

I tried to kiss her and she said, “Nope,” pushing me back,

“That isn’t in the prize package.”

I fumbled with the envelope and she grabbed my hand and said, “Please don’t do that here.”

We got a table outside on the waterway but she did not order any food, just me.

“I’m fasting today Jack,” she said.

“You were too many calories. Good calories.

Actually, great calories, but a calorie is still a calorie.”

I was starting to feel the loneliness of her rejections.

“What’s in the envelope?”

“Your cut,” she said.

“What cut is that?”

“Jack, are you that naïve or just plain stupid?”

“I must be,” still hoping that somehow, I was dreaming.

I am with this wild child and now it had turned into an episode of the Twilight Zone.

“It was great fun Jack, but a girl has to make a living,” she stood up after that remark, stuck her tongue down my throat and then walked off with those same legs that had hammered my eyeballs from the first day I saw her.

I paid for the uneaten food I had ordered and went to the bathroom. I crawled into a stall, listened for a minute like a nervous seal pup and then opened the manila envelope.

News Flash, there must have been 20 or 30 thousand U.S. dollars, all Ben Franklins.

I didn’t know whether to be happy or pissed. I certainly could use the money, but I certainly didn’t need her along for a split.

I walked out of that restaurant a full 2 pants sizes larger than when I entered.

I still had a bunch of questions to ask her, but when I called the number she gave me it went to a pay phone in a laundry mat.

When I got back to Pirates Cove I instantly started looking for a place to put the cash.

I decided inside the cushion on my bed.

I unzipped it and carefully, skillfully laid the cash inside.

I jumped on the bed. Somehow it felt more luxurious and softer after I had stuffed the cash there.

Bunnie came by and laid out our itinerary for the evening.

Drinks, dinner and dancing were on her list.

She told me if she liked our ‘date’ that I might even get *lucky*.

I was hesitant to think about that comment and what it really meant.

She did not seem like a hard-to-get woman so being lucky was a curious choice of words.

I told her I needed a nap and I would see her at 8.

At exactly 7:59 she woke me.



As my eyes started to focus, I was confronted with one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen.

All my voices confirmed it.

I jumped up and said I would be ready in a flash.

As I did the quick shave and shower, I could smell a strange aroma. I came up the companion way and she handed me a cigarette and said, "Join me."

It looked like something out of a cowboy movie.

Sad looking excuse for a cigarette.

"I'll pass," as I handed it back to her.

"You don't know what you're missing. This is some good shit."

"I'm good, besides I'm driving," I said, and if the truth be told and this is a story about the truth, I had never smoked anything that was not made by RJ Reynolds or Phillip Morris.

Her outfit was like a velvet glove made just to show off every last detail of her incredible figure. She had gone to a hairstylist and now was a drop-dead gorgeous masterpiece of married temptation. Her eyes had a blue Egyptian flare to them.

She was radiant beyond words. The first restaurant I pulled up to, she said she and Joe ate there also. NEXT.

We finally found a touristy joint that she had always wanted to go to because of the giant tiki torches out front.



We paid the tourist entrance gouge rate, and it was like watching Don Ho in his Hawaiian showcase with the song Tiny Bubbles and all. Hula girls and giant fruit punch drinks with straws as long as your arm. The real Hawaiian experience the sign said at the cashier.

Bunnie, the married sex goddess loved it. All the entertainers would come up and sing to her. She amplified the spotlights. She grabbed my hand during one such event, she was so excited to have the head singers swooning to her sway.

I threw it off like it was a hot ember. Holding hands with the lights down low is one thing, but to do it in the open, with floodlights. I still have a burn mark on that hand from those spotlights hitting her tiny little cute nose, down her perfect breasts and onto my big ass hand holding hers with that obscene diamond blinding everyone.

When they pulled her up on the stage for a hula number I asked for the check. Thank you, keep the change.

When she came back, I whisked her away, while she complained she was not ready to leave, all the way to the valet, which she insisted I use.

She noticed I was heading home and she started stomping her feet and saying to let her out.

"What's your problem?"

"You act just like Joe."

"Take me out and get my juices going and then pull the plug."

I felt like I had been rightly accused and came up with another plan.

We pulled up to the 4 o'clock club. A huge place with a concert hall and several dance floors, not to mention bars everywhere.

We came into the grand entrance and the modern vibe sucked us in quickly.

"That will be \$20," the doorman said.

"That's not too bad for two on a Saturday," I added.

The doorman replied, "Your entry is \$20, she can come in for free, anytime."

Now Bunnie was floating. She definitely added serious eye candy to this place. It was still early. Not even midnight and the place does not get going till late. We grabbed a drink and wandered around the massive club. Disco here, live music there, country western over here, dark ass lounge over there, concert hall in the arena. They had it all.

We ended up outside. We sat down and talked. An hour went by, then maybe another. I was feeling so sad for this beautiful woman and her absolute abandonment by her husband.

And if the truth be told and this is a truth be told story, I was starting to be glad he liked to travel.

I enjoyed every inch of her beauty, and I often did not trust my eyes, so I used my hand and tongue to confirm my 'dream' and quell any suspicions.

"Why do you stay?" I asked.

"Who would have me?" she said as she spun around.

"Are you shitting me? I could find a hundred guys in this building that would cut off their left nut to have an hour with you. They'd probably be willing to cut off their right arm to have you forever, but that would be so stupid of you to get a guy that can't work because of a limb loss." She chuckled a little bit, nervously looking at me.

"Besides, when they find out he did this to himself he would be in the nuthouse and you wouldn't be able to see him anyway," she started laughing.

"Jack, I love you so," and kissed me.

Voice 3 woke my brain up.

"You're in big trouble now Romeo."

The General said, without any emotion,

"I'll do 'er again if I have to. You can count on me boss."

Yeah, I knew him alright and if the truth be told and this is a truth be told story, he has gotten me in more jams than Baskin and Robbins have flavors.

I took her out onto one of the dance floors and by this time it was crowded. Her shapely shimmy was admired by all. This hot, tribal looking, exotic woman came up and started to do some ritual ceremonial-like dance with her.

That made Bunnie shimmy that much faster. They were all into each other and I slipped away back to the bar.

Minding my own business and in Boat Supply Master Mode,

I was again prodded by my weak ass self.

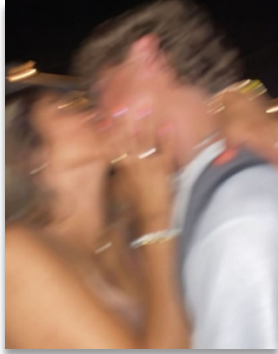
Out of 'nowhere' Dalila is standing there, or was this, Sally?

"Imagine meeting you here," she still had that effect on me.

“Are you stalking me?” I asked.

“Not hardly. Bill might be though. I wanted to see if you want to make some more money,” Dalila bubbled. I laughed.

She grabbed my face and pointed it directly at her face.



“Do you think I cheated you?”
and then she slapped me, Hard.

She quickly grabbed my swollen face and stuck her tongue down my throat.

I felt like I was spinning out of control, wrapped tightly in her parachute. Spinning for the ground at who knows what speed.

“Well, I did,” she said, and she slammed 30 one-hundred-dollar bills on the bar.

“I felt bad about it, and it won’t happen again, I swear,” said the innocent self-confessed thief.

She grabbed my face again and said, “Forgive me?”

This time when she went to kiss me, I pulled away.

“How did you know where I lived?”

“Was that your boat?” she asked.

“How?”

“I don’t like the sound of your voice, Jack,” she warned.

“Tough shit, how?”



“A little birdie told me,” she said, as she flicked her tongue at me.

“Buy me a drink lover,” she teased.

It was getting awkward having a bunch of hundreds lying on the bar. It was the same as if I had Jennifer Lopez lying on that bar. Plenty of attention. My pride would not let me pick them up, especially after being slapped in front of everyone.

“Why?” I asked myself many times thereafter.

She said the money was mine.

All of a sudden, the service picked up radically.

I started buying everyone drinks. As long as she stood there

I wanted her to see how I pissed away her money, gift or back pay, whatever.

Piss, Piss, Piss. Piss here. Piss over there.

“Great, Champagne for everyone,” she reached over and put her face a centimeter from mine and said, “You are going to make a great partner.”

All the voices went off in my head plus a couple I did not even know I had.

Bunnie walked up and Dalila handed her, her very own bottle of Champagne.

Everyone was toasting and unbeknownst at the time I had some new admirers, but they were not girls.

Sometime along the way, Dalila said she was splitting.

“Call me when you’re ready to make some more cash,” she said.

The Real Pirates of the Caribbean

“Where? At the laundry mat?” I spewed.

“Yeah, I own it. Leave a message,” and she was gone.

When I was finally able to get Bunnie to leave, my bar tab was another \$400 over the cash Dalila had already piled on the bar earlier. Damn, I could have bought a car with that kind of money. Well look at the positive side at least I got to eat a couple of pounds of bar trash and a small orchard of olives.

I tried to console myself with an old proverb I made up, “Confucius say: Nobody ever said being a pirate was gonna be easy, or cheap.”

Getting out the door seemed to take forever. Bunnie came up to me and asked if we had room for a “Hitch Hiker”.

“Jack, this is Pamela.”

“Hi Pamela, need a ride?” I asked while looking over the wiry girl with the perky tits who could have been a yoga instructor or even a trapeze artist.

Cute, very pointed breasts and these huge nipples pointing out of her shirt like a Number 5 pencil eraser.

Don’t know what a number 5 pencil eraser looks like?

If the truth be told and this is a story about truth,

I don’t either. I just wanted you to get the same visual as me.

We climbed into my American made, Chevy Chevelle SS.

Go Detroit.

We are routing for you because we know we’ll never be able to afford the insurance on a Testarossa.

I turned on the stereo and out spilled:

“If you can’t be with the one you love. Love the one you’re with. Love the one you’re with.”

We all burst out laughing and started singing the song.

I felt Bunnies’ hand in my lap and the radio dial highlighted her other hand holding Pamela’s arm. I was trying to stay focused on the driving, but my mind started wandering and my vivid imagination seemed to take over from there.

Back at the ranch (or the cove rather) we all sat topside on the Whisper.

I could sense that Bunnie had some unfinished business when she invited Pamela into the house to show her something “special”.

I wanted to ask a few questions but decided to go with the flow.

I went down below, hard left and back to my cabin.

My brain teased my fantasy and the flame roared.



I got undressed and waited for something I had always dreamed about, but never even came close to doing.
The French call it a Ménage A Trois.
I called it the long road to Neverville.
But as I have learned since attending Pirate School, "Never, say never."
In the morning I was awakened by, you guessed it, THE SUN.
Two pillows were in my leg lock and I thought I tasted feathers in my mouth, but no girls. I popped my head out of the hatch. No girls.

I scolded the Little General. He had jinxed us with his impatience.
It is always good to have someone to blame to sooth the old ego.



The galley was a blessing.
Microwave the water to a boil,
grind beans,
pour water into coffee press.
Let sit for 2 minutes.
Push Press, Voila.
Dockside Espresso.
I took my coffee topside, along with my legal pad where I kept a running list of chores for Whisper. You know like:
1) Get rid of puke smell coming from the bilge.
2) Unplug head number one.
3) Fix main salon floor. Dings and gouges.

- 4) Check propeller and shaft.
- 5) Replace anodes.
- 6) Check Halyards.
- 7) Get ladder.
- 8) Get safe open.
- 9) Change Name.

You get the picture?

The girls came out of the house,

"Why didn't you come in last night?" asked Bunnie.

He, He, He, the shit is getting deep today I thought.

"Oh, I got my signals crossed and I thought we were star counting out here, where the stars were, for some reason. I closed my eyes for a second and bam I was surrounded by 12 virgins and their pregnant sisters. Woke up after the pillow fight," they had no clue what I was talking about.



I noticed that Bunnie was wearing one of my favorite T-shirts and it was like a dress on her.
Is that a weird sign like somehow, we are secretly going steady?
You know, like the sexy newscaster with her special necklace, no one knows where she got it from, including her husband.
Pamela had on white, draw string pants and was topless.
Her nipples were a cross between a strawberry (not a southern strawberry) and a mushroom stem base.

She appeared to have teeth marks on her stomach. I'm not a forensic expert but Bunnie might have had a hicky on her neck.

On second thought, maybe I did that. "Jack, what are we doing today?" asked Bunnie.

"I have a bunch of errands to run," I half lied.

"Can you take Pamela home when you go?"

"Sure," I replied.

An hour later we were pulling out of the neighborhood.

"Where to?" I asked.

"Port St. Lucie."

"What?! That's a couple of hours up and a couple back at least," I complained. I started turning around.

"What are you doing?" she asked grabbing the steering wheel.

"Hey, you can crash on the boat until you can work it out,"

I said, not really knowing if that was the Boy Scout in me or the devil. "Bunnie has some spare rooms too," I added for a backup plan. "I have friends, as well, that have plenty of room.

Driving to Port St. Lucie is not on my list of things to do today."

She grabbed the General startling him.

"I'll make it well worth your while," she said, while rubbing my defenseless General.

"Just head for the Interstate and let me show you what I'm talking about." Her head dove into my lap and the General started driving to Port St. Lucie, well below the posted speed limit. We became the ultimate shuttle service and were paid with sexual favors.

When I returned from my "good deed" for the day, as Bunnie called it, the house had about 8 cars out front.

I parked next door and hurried to the boat. Rick, Mike, Dave, and a few other friends had brought, "housewarming" gifts.

They looked like they were intensely sampling those gifts to make sure they had an acceptable quality control, I am sure.

A few bikini clad girls were running around.

I heard one of them say, "Now where exactly are we going?" as Rick started to explain it to her.

"Hey Rick, what's up?" I asked.

He pulled me aside and said, "I know you have been busting your ass and I thought you needed a break. Ginger, Zena, Trina and Margie live in the same condo as Diane number 3."

"Where is Diane?" wanting to thank her again for the upholstery help.

"She didn't come because Diane number 1 is here," Mike matter-of-factly added.

"Zena thinks you're really cute and Ginger is bi-sexual."

"Mike, I tell you what, I'll go to the apartment and you take them out. I have a very important date. Don't forget to pick up some fuel along the way and don't forget to top off the water tanks."

The General added, "You're definitely going to need some water."

I went down below to grab some cash and an overnight bag of clothes and shaving gear.

Mike came down with a panicked look, “You’re the owner you have to go,” was the best pitch he could come up with.

Mental NOTE: Get Rick to give Mike lessons on how to be a better liar.

“OK, I’ll sign the boat over to you in front of witnesses and then you can go,” I added.

Mike said, “You know what I mean.”

“Yes I do. You don’t want any jail time, just playtime.”

“No, it’s not that,” Mike explained.

“Really,” I said looking into his eyes.

“Remember, I’m Capt. Jack. Don’t make me hang you from the yard arm.”

“We don’t have a yard arm,” Mike said, like a 5-year-old that out thought the teacher.

“You see what a problem you’ve created?” I asked.

“I can’t even hang you on your own boat.”

We both laughed.

“No really, I have a date with Connie tonight.

She’s leaving in a couple of days, so time is running short.

I’ve already had to break 3 engagements, and this is my last chance,” I sadly said.

“Is she worth giving all this up for?” he said, motioning to the women littering the deck.

“Tonight she is. Let’s plan this for the weekend, just not tonight.”

I had to get one more deep dose of Connie’s eyes.

I had to get my fix before she went back to Ohio.

That was the sad thing about dating in a tourist town.

They all go back sooner or later, except Dalila.

“Ok, what time Friday are we leaving?” man whore Mike asked.

“You tell me,” and into the shower I went.

I sort of snuck out of the festivities. A couple of girls asked where I was going, and I waved them off.

“I’m coming right back. Just keep the party going until I return.”

As I worked my way along the side path I could hear some girls,

“Is that the owner?”

“He’s young.”

“He’s huge.”

“What’s his name?”

No one knew.

The song, ‘Horse With No Name’, came to mind.

I guess I’d be the pirate with no name.

At least not my real name.

“Who is he?”

“Sally’s friend.”

“Oh.”

Chapter 7

“Hey handsome,” she said, as she opened her hotel room door to greet me.



That killer perfume instantly reminded me of the sizzling effect she had on me. Her kiss was like a continuation of my favorite dreams.

“I needed that,” I said after a very intense kiss.

“Hard week at work?” she pried.

“You know, I haven’t seen you in a week. No, make that eight days,” she continued.

“Have you grown tired of me so soon?”

she asked, as she held me close to her.

“Not even,” I swore.

“Been busy making money so I can afford my new girlfriend,” I said.

“I’m not that expensive,” Connie cried.

“Not you, Whisper. She needed some new sails.”

“Well take this girlfriend to eat before you have to buy me a vacation to recover from starvation,”

Connie said, sucking her cheeks and stomach in for the special effects.

I knew she wanted to say, I expected you over an hour ago, but instead she brushed the hair out of my eye and somehow her eyes told me she understood.

We went to a small, fancy, Italian restaurant where we both fell in love with Opus wine. Opus was the answer from Mr. Mondavi and The Rothschild’s when Elizabeth Taylor asked them to work together and create a wine for the gods, or maybe it was Sophia Loren, but it was some really, really great stuff.

She looked at me differently. It was probably the wine, I told myself. We held hands walking back to the car. I was feeling lost in the moment, sadly knowing that this dream was slowly winding down. I was getting desperate to imprint a lasting impression on her, like she had me, somehow.

“I have an idea, we need to find a phone,” I said, not really knowing where I get these ideas from sometimes.

I never really worried about them because, it was said, Nikolai Tesla got them too.

The quiet pirate added, “I heard Kris Kristofferson stole a helicopter one time.”

My little sliver of sanity screamed,

“Where in the hell did that come from?”

Find phone. Find a working phone. Phone in hand.

“Hey Marcel, are you busy tonight?” “Right now.” “Freeport.” “See you there, great. Look forward to it.”

“I have a surprise for you,” I said glowingly.

She reached up and kissed me like she owned me. When I opened my eyes, I found her staring at me. I thought for a moment that I was falling in love. And if the truth be told and this is a truth be told story, I had never truly been in love.

So, it was hard for me to believe or comprehend the depths and emotions attached to such a powerful event.

I could see the blue lights of the runway as we approached the gate, and I gave my name. Sitting on the tarmac was Marcel's twin engine Aero Commander.

"I've never flown on a small plane," she nervously added.

"Don't worry, Marcel is an excellent pilot.

He maintains his baby well, also."

Marcel came out of the flight control office.



"Hey, little brother," he said as he came running up shaking my hand and giving me a short hug.

He had told me once, you can screw off and do whatever, but if you want the big tips, when you first see the client, come running, not walking with your hands in your pocket.

Run like he has called you in to play in the big game;

HIS WALLET.

Marcel was from Venezuela and had married a Florida girl and settled down. His weekends were filled with casino trips and all of his Saturday nights were booked "Forever" his wife said.

He gave huge discounts for weekday junkets.



He often shared my chips if

I started to win at the tables. He would wait until just the proper moment and hold his hand out and say, "Let me try my luck."

He always gave us great deals.

He was extremely handsome with that South American flare and exotic accent. I never saw him fool around and he was the only happily married man I knew, at least from South America.

We climbed in the spotless plane, and he motioned Connie into the co-pilot's seat. I think he was enjoying buckling her up.

We all put the headsets on and Marcel started his jokes.

"OK, Connie, just say the word and we can dump this freeloader on the runway right here. Last chance," he said, as we taxied down the runway.

"Connie, you can help me cut my fuel cost in half," he added.

Flying over the ocean in the darkness of night in a small plane is edgy. When the lights of Freeport Bahamas started appearing on the horizon Connie could hardly contain herself.

"Do you have a ladies room?" came across the headsets.

I could see Marcel wince.

“We’ll be on the ground in just a few minutes,” Marcel said.

“I think I got so excited with the lights, I peed my panties,” she somewhat laughed out loud.

“Don’t worry, Jack will buy you some new ones. I’m sure of it,” looking back over his shoulder at me and smiling.

“He likes buying panties. He’s a good panty picker too.”

“Don’t believe a word he says Connie. He never looks at his wife’s panties anymore so how would he know if I was good at picking panties or not?” I jabbed.

Marcel chuckled.

“I only know my mother won’t go out with you because she says you have bad taste and drool a lot. Besides, she’s about 50 years younger than your last girlfriend,” Marcel was on a roll. That was the joy of flying with him. It was a bonus comedy act all the way. Give and take humor that makes you laugh so hard you forget all the other hundred tons of shit, out of control, hanging over your life.

“Connie is way too young for you Jack. You need someone with their own electric wheelchair.” We all had a good laugh as we touched down in Freeport, Home of the prettiest paper money in the world.

Customs and Immigration takes about 3 minutes.

Connie held us up because every swinging Tom, Dick and Harry wanted to show her maps of the islands. The offers were to take her to local landmarks of their beautiful island with free food, snorkeling lessons, you name it.

We quietly rode to the casino in the taxi. Connie was immersed in the moonlit landscape; a goat here and a mansion there.

She kept squeezing my fingers when we got too close to a bus or car coming from the opposite direction.

She looked at me with those hypnotic eyes and said,

“Thank you.”

Fried in Freeport. That is what she did to my tiny feeble brain.

I bonded with her for eternity at that moment. I wanted to tell her I did not believe that men could sow their wild oats and women were whores if they acted the same way. I wanted to say that I’m glad I stole a big boat because it led me to her.

I wanted to say a lot but instead I said,



“Eight the hard way,” and the dice flew out of my hand onto the table.

”Double Four. Eight the hard way,” said the stick man. “Pay the man,” as he beat his stick on the table in front of me.

Connie said, “Wow, you’re good at this!”

I stared at her and said, “No one’s good at this.

I am just very lucky when you are around.”

She leaned over and asked,

“Do you have any rubbers?”

I lost track of everything. Bets. On. Off. Blindsided.

My IQ plummeted to 50. Maybe even 40.

“Does that mean you are not going to marry me?” I replied not knowing what to really say.

“Are you proposing?” she questioned.

I almost said, “Will you marry me?” but my inner choir said go ahead and tell her you live on a stolen boat, so I just replied,

“I wish.”



She stuck her tongue in my ear and whispered, “Watch what you wish for.”

Everything I touched that night turned to gold. I kept regretting that I was such a fake, that she and I could never work out.

We sat in the coffee shop.

“Hey what’s wrong?” she said looking concerned.

“Jack, I want you inside me,” the emotions were exploding all over me.

“Did you hear what I said? I want you deep inside me.

I want to be your woman with or without a piece of paper.

Now what’s your excuse?”

I tried to think of one, all the way to our comped hotel room. The General had led a coup and started by short circuiting all logic sensors.

After we made love that night a strange sensation stayed with me. I knew now that I had become a full-fledged pirate. I had stolen something I could never return, her heart.

She wanted more and we stayed another night. I guess that was as close to a honeymoon as we would ever have, or maybe the sign of my extreme guilt. I bought her a beautiful necklace.

Voice 3, “Yeah, Big Spender bought her a necklace with casino money.”

“I’d rather have the ring,” she said. I bought that too.

That night I had a taste of pure undiluted passion. Wild, sincere, honest, The Real Thing (sorry Coca Cola, this was better). Intense, giving, and so pure and vibrant. My inner child fell so deeply in love with her that night, but my inner Pirate came to the rescue saying, “Get real you dumbass. What do you think her divorce lawyer will say? Sorry Connie, you are not getting the house/boat. Its hot property, like stolen hot, but he really loved you when he fucked you at the casino after a night of heavy drinking and exceptional good fortune. Well, OK, not heavy drinking for him. Plus, Connie, your ex is in the poky and not expected to have an income until your 40th birthday and that is with good behavior. We all know that Jack may never reach good behavior status, ever. How do I know this Jack, my favorite Pirate, you may ask?”

First, 50% of all marriages end in divorce - fact.

Second, how do you support this winding fantasy?

Third, look at all the wenches that would be denied your fantasy farm. Forget it, oh dumb one,” and the voice was gone.

We both sat in the rear of the plane on the flight home.

You would think I would be ecstatic. Marcel handed me a \$12,500 casino check.

“You were getting sloppy so I cashed in a handful of your chips.”

“Tonight’s my last night,” Connie said.

“I know. We’ll have to do something special.” I offered.

“I just want to lie in your bed. I want you to think of me every time you lay your head on your pillow. I want my scent to linger in your brain and drive you absolutely crazy,” she said, “I want you, that is all I want.”

That night my life was re-christened, King Asshole,

Captain Stupido, the one that got away.

The luckiest thing that happened that night, besides Connie, you gutter wandering mindless soul, was Marcel getting that pretty little piece of paper.

I used that check for a solid year before I left the USA when the feds kept asking me,

“Where did you get the money to do this or buy that?”

my answer always started with,

“The Check. The Check,”

I sounded like Tattoo from Fantasy Island.

Wasn’t long until they were trying to cash *my* freedom coupon.

Chapter 8

Connie wanted to watch the sunset on the beach, so I took her to an off-the-beaten-path patch of sand. We sat there in the soft sand in our separate orbits. I was starting to realize that my chosen path meant I could never have a real relationship, – ever. The irony was, if I had not stolen the boat, no Connie, and with the boat, no Connie. It was the same outcome, just a different rabbit hole to fall down with each scenario.

The last of the sun had faded. She took her blouse off and laid it neatly on the sand. She laid her head on it and her eyes motioned me to come to the, the, the, ...

“the buffet,” said the General.

Her beauty melted my brain cells, one million at a time.

She had the, all you can eat look, and everything I could ever want in a woman. I felt like I had a genie come out of a bottle ready to make my every wish come true.

“Jack,” she interrupted our kiss, “You know I have never made love on a beach?” she said, while guiding my hand to her ocean garden. It was more like a tropical rain forest she was so wet.

Her being a newly liberated virgin, as the General put it, there was so much more I would have liked to be the “first” at in her life.

Then I got a jolt to the head.

“Get with it you dumbass. Time’s a-ticking,” said the General.

I had learned one very valuable lesson in the past few pirate training sessions. Never get on the bottom when making love on a beach. You will thank me for that tip for the rest of your miserable life. Yeah, misery loves company. Plus, this is very important, if you are fucking and not making love, hop in the back seat of your car. Beaches are made for lovers, seriously. Repeat this after me, Beaches are made for lovers. That connection between the earth, the waves, and even a sea gull or two is a bond made for lovers only. Very, very sacred place and if asked I can tell you about the best beaches in the world to prove my point.

On the way to the boat, Connie was getting sand all over my seats and for the first time in my life, I didn’t care. The whole way there I had this feeling like my new bicycle under the Christmas tree was going to be repossessed and replaced with a broom and shovel.

Did that mean I still had a conscience?

The General kicked in, “Stay focused Jack, my boy. As the great songwriters once said, “we may never pass this way again.”

Connie laid her head in my lap and softly said, “I have always wanted to try this.” One minute later the General was blowing his bugle loudly; shamelessly loud.

The knot in my stomach when I pulled up was the size of a basketball. At least the love gods were looking after me!

Good fortune, no cars.

I held that trusting tender hand and guided her to my Pirate’s nest. You guessed it, out comes Bunny.

“Hey Jack. Oh, sorry to interrupt,” she said, after seeing Connie in tow.

Knowing that the straightforward approach was the fastest way to get rid of Bunnie I introduced them, “Bunnie this is Connie. Connie this is Bunnie.”

We sat topside for a few minutes trying to chit chat. I kept staring at the sand on Connie’s neck and it transported me to the beach. The problem was, it was beaches that also reminded me of Dalila.

The male mind holds many mysteries my shrink said.

“Can I use your shower?” Connie asked wanting to freshen up and compete with the bubbly sexy Bunnie.

I was half expecting Bunnie to jump up and volunteer to show her the way and instead, “I’ll catch you later Jack. Nice meeting you Connie,” and she wiggled that sexy little ass off the boat and into the house. She *did* look back a couple of times to make sure I was watching. Was I watching? Who knows?

Connie pushed me out of the head/shower/bathroom and told me to put clean sheets on the bed and she would be out shortly.

Damn, just my total misfortune, second in a woman’s mind only to ‘You forgot the rubbers?’ clean sheet shortage.

The General came to the rescue, sort of,

“The other side is clean.”

I weighed my options and quickly flipped the sheet over and tucked it in very neatly around the aft berth.

The General and I sat back, pleased with our ingenuity, and waited.

When the door opened, *Naked Beauty* was the everlasting title of the imprint on the forever side of my brain. The smell of her perfume was intoxicating. The room had no oxygen, just the smell of virgin lust, or was that Estee Lauder’s Youth Dew?

Voice 3 asked shyly for me to gently suck her naked nipples. The whole team was cheering for me. Somewhere in that moment in time, when I realized what I had to give up for this burning desire, I cried silently.

“Oh baby. Why are you crying?” Connie asked, lifting my face from her breasts to her penetrating eyes.

“You are incredible,” I said.

My lips sought out the refuge of her kiss and then, it was morning. The light was slowly shining on my sins. The sheet had pulled loose from the bed and there was a gigantic wet spot in the center of the mattress.

The room was filled with her smell. Where was she?

I found her in the main salon.

She said she was just straightening things up since she could not figure out how to make coffee with my system. I started to show her the coffee setup but then quickly decided against it.

Knowing she had to get back to her hotel and pack, “I’ll take you out for coffee,” I said.

Little General chimed in, “Oh what a saint.”

And if the truth be told and this is a truth be told story,
I wanted to avoid Bunnie. I guess this was the start of my stress management processes hard at work. Overtime.

“Let me jump in the shower real quick and we’ll go,” I said, as
I somewhat bolted to the shower. When I got in the small room I could hardly breathe. That
smell. Her smell.

I saw the empty perfume bottle by the sink,
“It would be my favorite until the day I die, I thought.”



I stood in the shower trying to wash my guilt from my soul and the door
opened.

Connie started kissing me, on her tip toes and grabbing the bar of soap
and gently bathing me.

She used her breasts like a sponge and scrubbed areas I had never
envisioned could be so erotic. 200 gallons of water later she was drying
my back and laying tiny kisses down it.

“Jack, you know I love you?”

There go those sub dive sirens. Dive Dive Dive.

I was desperately trying to find words, any words, those words.

Out of the blue I said, “Love means never having to say you’re sorry,” don’t know why I said
that, but as they say in Rome, it is said, it is written.

She quickly spun me around and put those, windows to her soul, eyes on me.

“Jack, you’re the best thing that has ever happened to me.

You made me a new woman. You created a passion for living that I have only read about in fairy
tales.”

Then the choir started,

“Yeah, you piece of shit,” Voice 3 hollered,

“Ask her if a last minute blow job is possible?” said the General.

Then the head scallywag commented,

“No one ever said being a Pirate was easy Jack.”

I picked her up in my arms and kissed her knowing that I truly had become A piece of shit,
officially, and now verified.

We walked to the car and Bunnie hollered out the front door,

“Nice meeting you Connie. See you later Jack,” she made a gesture with one closed fist and her
index finger going in and out of it. When Connie turned around to wave goodbye the pussyfist
quickly became the queen’s gentle wave.

As I opened the door to my four wheeled window rattler,

“Jack, you should take better care of your car,” she smiled.

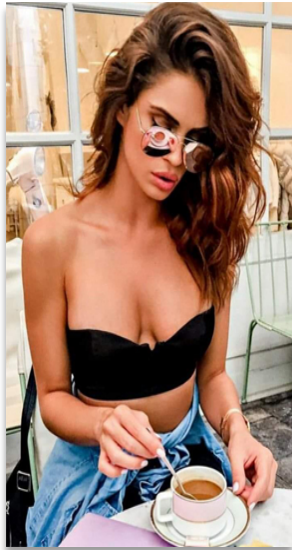
Sand was everywhere. I quickly grabbed a towel and brushed the sand to the floor.

Each stroke brought a vision of making love to her slithering body in the warm sand.

The General was snickering like the vulgar slob he is.

Voice 3, “At least you opened the door for her.”

That was the start of what I have since diagnosed as the Twisted Pirate Syndrome. All your inner selves twist together to combine themselves into a Super Shithead.



We stopped on the main drag and grabbed the coffee she reminded me I had promised.

She looked so vibrant, her hair blowing in the ocean breeze.

I could tell she was sad to be going. I was too.

I wished at that moment,

I could have become a painter and captured that innocence on canvas.

She handed me a piece of paper, “I know you haven’t asked me for my number, but I thought I would be bold and write them down. Here is how to get hold of me in case you were curious,” she said, pointing to her home number.

It felt like she was handing me her last will and testament.

I noticed she had her work number, her parent’s numbers, her sister, her best friend, and even where she went bowling every Friday night with her “Squad”.

She had even drawn a little map of how to get to her house, with hearts and kisses pointing the way.

“Thank you,” as I gently folded it and put it in my pocket.

The little General laughed,

“You sure you won’t lose it in there with all that cash?”

I walked her to the elevator.

“Don’t come up or I’ll miss my flight,” she said.

Those eyes shattering my heart for the last time.

“I’ll take you to the airport. What time is your flight?”

I asked again for the hundredth time.

“I hate airport goodbyes,” she said, like a line out of an old Humphrey Bogart movie.

As I started to protest, she put her fingers to my lips.

The elevator door opened, and she said, “Jack, I really do love you. Please take care,” and then she was gone.

I dared any of my sick voices to comment, at all, or I threatened to drown them in high grain pure alcohol and no chaser as an added punishment.

I got out to my car and with the last piece of decency I had left in my almost worthless soul, I ran back up to the front desk.

“Did you see that girl I was just with?”

The clerk said, “Did you want me to see her?”

“No really, that girl, her name is Connie Grant and she is in room 306.”

“I can’t give you a room key if that’s what you’re asking.”

“You have a limo service to the airport?”

“Most assuredly.”

In went my hand to my pocket.

“Don’t lose that number. He, he, he,” snided the General.

I pulled out a handful of 100’s.

“Here, give this to the driver. Can you get some roses?”

“Just say the word.”

I handed the clerk a hundred. She grabbed another one from my hand like a delicate surgeon and said, “That should take care of it.”

“Who should I put on the card?”

“Jack. No make that Captain Jack, *all my love forever.*”

“Oh, that’s sweet. I’ll take care of everything, Jack,” while she looked me over and gave me a huge smile.

“Her flight is at 12,” I added.

“She is in good hands sir. I hope you are too,” the clerk said.

I gave the valet a couple of bucks for letting me block the drive for my last act of guilt inspired chivalry. As I headed back to the cove I was having a meltdown. The General was laughing hysterically. He even had the Pirate snickering. “Oh dear, can you get some flowers?” roared the General.

“Why would you give her something that’s dead in a week?”

said Voice 3, “Now that is like giving a dog a bone. Now she is going to sit by the door waiting for the master to come home. All your love? Are you fricking kidding me?”

That was my peanut gallery all the way back to the yacht.

I slimed down the walkway to the boat ready for a few hours rest. I was becoming more twisted by the day, and I had to take a moment to grow into my new grotesqueness.

Kind of like the Hulk but I was not going to be able to come back to square One.

I went into the head and if the truth be told and this is a truth be told story, I wanted to capture the aroma of her. To my surprise, maybe my delight, yeah, you know, the mirror had words in red lipstick written:

I’ll Never Forget You

Before I could start to comprehend the full power of that writing, “Anybody home?” It was the bubbly buxom Bunnie.

I hurried topside, wishing I could lock the head.

“Did you have fun?”

“Sort of,” not really knowing what to say. I was not a kiss and tell sort of person before becoming a pirate. I was damn sure not going to start now.

Somehow, that gave me a tiny bit of dignity left in my Zero page book code of Pirate ethics.

“Want a cocktail?” Bunnie oozed.

“No thanks.”

“Hey lover, what’s wrong?” she asked as she skillfully started wrapping me up like a boa constrictor.

“Did your plaything leave?” she said in a goo goo baby sort of voice. “I can make it feel better,” cooed the sexy vixen.

The next thing I remember was being on my back on “The Wet Spot” because Bunnie insisted. I had earned that honor she said. I started wondering if there was such a thing as too much sex. That has been the deep question for playboy magazine “readers” for years. As she wildly rode the General I had a lonely feeling that I had become just another play thing, boy toy. The pirate replied, “It could be worse. We could be at the big house with Bubba as a roommate.” When I heard the news that Joe was coming home, I knew there was a God up above. As I carried on with my day I kept finding handwritten notes, everywhere.

“You touched my soul.”

“You make life special.”

“I hope I was not a disappointment.”

“Kiss me, EVERYWHERE.”

“Teach me how to make you orgasm.”

“Go to the beach RIGHT NOW & FEEL me.”

Talk about finding mind bombs littered throughout your “pirate’s lair”.

That was one of the hardest turning points in this saga.

I call it, “The Kiss of Connie Chapter” of my transformation.

I had to tell the future sailors of America club AKA Co-conspirators that our weekend plans had changed, but the good news was it was rescheduled for the following Friday. Nobody seemed to really care and Rick was put in charge of who got on “The Boat” and who did not.

He was checking IDs and if you had a passport you got on the priority list.

Fake IDs would be scrutinized closely.

Remember, back at this time in history; No cell phones, No internet, just Ma Bell. And if you got sideways with her, like skipping out on your phone bill, you would never have credit again.

Many a consumer has been consumed by Ma Bell.

From buying a house to getting your electricity turned on.

She was the most powerful force on the planet.

We had decided this “First” inaugural voyage was to be limited to 3 guys and 3 girls. Rick raised his hand and asked if we could increase the limit to 5 girls.

“Whatever, Rick.” And if the truth be told and this is a truth be told story, it was the fact that we had 3 private staterooms and it was far easier to seduce a girl when your friends were not peeking out from under the sheets. No secrets in the sheets.



The General added, “Good idea, that way they can be sluts without anyone knowing except us.”

Voice 3 again, “Has anyone scheduled an STD test?”

As you can see, I did not have any voices of reason in my world.

I was hearing the choir sing HOW GREAT THOU ART everywhere I went. I did not even watch TV, so Walter Cronkite couldn’t help either. Yes, life was?

Connie started calling, leaving messages at work. I returned a few and once we talked all night. I guess that was the ultimate wake up call. Plus taxes! It's strange, after that huge phone bill I started looking at Connie just slightly different, except when I was on the beach. In South Florida, all the tourists wanted to do it on the beach; that was top of every spring break bucket list. AKA, the sand in the vagina syndrome.

But, as the General would point out, every time we got to that point on any beach, "if I gotta take one for the team, OK I'll do 'er again," he was even starting to talk like a pirate.

The weekend was fast approaching, and Rick had his list.

"Don't forget Diane 3 on one of the trips.

She did the interior for free.

She totally wants Mike's attention also," I said.

"Who are you going to invite?" Rick took out his black book.

"How about Cindy?" he asked.

"I don't even know what she looks like. Is she over 12?"

"Ha,Ha,Ha, mother fucker," Rick countered.

"I think I'll just take a break and relax."

"Hell no. You got Connie on the brain. Get dressed, we are doing Art Stocks Playpen tonight. It's Lady's Night."

"Thanks, but not into it," I replied.

Out came the Zippo lighter. Rick could flick it out like a switchblade or something and it would be lit and at your service. This time when it fired up, "You want me to set your curtains on fire?" I just looked at him and he handed me the fire extinguisher from the galley. "Ok, Jack you're on fire watch," and he lit the zippo again. Rick was the only guy in our group that was crazier than me.

He was not even a pirate but a New Yorker.

New Yorkers that ride the subway at night truly have no fear.

"OK, put that up. I'll be ready in ten."

Rick was a very GQ looking guy, with a wicked sense of humor. He was divorced but hated talking about it.

He was definitely a jaded soul, but fun was usually guaranteed when he was around.

I pulled a fresh towel out of a back cabinet and a note fell out.

Dear Jack it read,

"I gave you my most sacred gift." My thoughts jumped to the avoid virgins' mode. Take an unexperienced lover and then have to listen about her sacrifice forever, no thank you. Give me someone who can blow fire and run with the wolves like Dalila.

OK. Lay it on me, I confess, I took your virginity.

The note went on to say,

"I gave you my most sacred gift, *My Heart*."

At that moment I was glad I was not on a tall bridge because I would have jumped.

It went on to read, "I want you to cherish it forever. It's yours."

Connie

As I washed the shampoo from my sun-bleached hair, I could still smell her perfume. Matter of fact, every towel in my closet had that smell, or maybe I just imagined it and was wishing she would jump out of a locker. I wondered what Ohio was like and missed her smile and gentle touch.

I had turned off my alter egos and fan club for the evening because I needed every inch of brain power to think. What in the hell am I doing, kind of thinking?

When we got to Art Stocks that question was not so important.

Art had several things going for him but one was the most ingenious things I had ever seen at any club. Remember, this is before LEDs and personal computers.

He had placed a closed-circuit TV hookup that would show who was coming into the club.

It was placed in a long narrow hallway and the line moved slow.

In the various bars they showed the feed live in black and white.

“Oh, there’s Bobby Sue. Amy is here also. Damn that’s my wife,” were all comments you would hear as the vultures sat and waited by the TVs.

After a couple of shots from the half-naked shot girl, Rick was telling me to loosen up.

“Come on man we are going to have a blast this weekend.

Get with it or we might have to throw your ass overboard.”

Lady’s night at the Playpen was the premier indoor voyeur event on Thursdays in Fort Lauderdale. The tans and perfect bikini parts steadily flowed in.

“Follow me,” Rick said.

We went to a back room that had video games, like Pac-Man and Donkey Kong placed strategically around a couple of pool tables.

He grabbed a very cute looking girl, dancing on a box and introduced me, “Captain Jack, I want you to meet Susie.”

She stopped dancing and gave me an annoyed look.

She had a sexy rugged look with sandy, purple, blonde hair.



Her eyes had ‘don’t mess with me’ written all over them.

Susie said,

“What kind of Captain are you?”

I said, “Vice Squad” jokingly.

She turned a light shade of maybe purple, maybe blue but pale.

“Hey that’s not funny,” Rick said to me turning to Susie,

“Baby, he was just joking,” trying to calm little miss Susie.

She looked at me kind of nasty like and you could see her thinking.

Then she kicked me in the testicles.

Scientifically:

1. My balls were empty, so they were not hanging low.

2. I am a tall guy, and she was a short girl. I *did* pretend like she hurt me and that seemed to satisfy her need to beat up someone.

“Those jokes aren’t funny Jack. I probably travel in different circles than you and it just ain’t funny,” she said, as she sat down and lit a cigarette.

“I sincerely apologize. This Captain thing is new to me.”

“I’m sorry, you scared me,” she sounded sincere.

“Don’t tell me, tell the General,” trying to make a joke, not realizing she probably didn’t have a clue who the General was.

“Who’s the General?” she asked, deliberately blowing smoke in my face followed by a smoke ring.

Trying not to be too vulgar, I said, “He lives where you kicked me, that’s his home and you broke his doorbell,” again, pretending I was in serious pain, or at least SOME pain.

She giggled, “Tell him I would kiss it and make it feel better,” she said like googooing a new born, “but I’m not in the fucking mood,” she screamed really loud.

She was an edgy and a somewhat sexy piece of work.

A little too scary for my taste.

“Susie, take Capt. Jack in the back and show him that thing,”

Rick put our hands together.

“I’m good,” I said pulling back my hand not really wanting

“That Thing,” whatever that might be.

“It’s really good too sugar, but answer me this you’re a Captain,” she said while tapping her skull,

“Your friend is a General,” she pondered, “Are you into kinky bondage war games?”

She watched my eyes and waited for the response.

I was feeling uncomfortable to say the least.

One of my inner voices responded,

“No. We are just a bunch of sailors on shore leave.”

“Damn, cause I haven’t been tied up in a while. I miss it.”

Rick got Susie to lead the way and we went into this private dressing room, or casting couch, not sure which.

She handed me a bottle of vodka and asked me to take the top off.

“Take a swig and pass it.”

I took a gulp, and the burn was official.

She laid out three humongous lines of white powder.

“What is that?” I asked.

She said, “Crank.”

“Crank? What are we cranking?” was all I could think of to say.

Was crank another word for cocaine?

I wasn’t really a cranking kind of guy. I hate “mystery” gifting, as well.

She said, “We are cranking that stick out of your tight ass so you can have some fun.” I told you she was scary.

She grabbed me by my long hair and pushed my face toward the “Crank.”

“Don’t make me have to tell the General,” talking to me like I was at the principal’s office or something. I had to laugh and then said,

“Fuck it” and that brings us to this important life lesson. **KNOW BEFORE YOU GO.**

It was not long thereafter that I was dancing on Susie's box and guys were throwing money at my feet. Enough was enough.

I just felt like showing them a minuet sliver of my potential, artistic, sensitive side, on rocket fuel.

I sat at a booth and the sweat poured down my body.

Rick came over and got the drinks flowing.

"We're gonna have some fun this weekend," Rick said, partially checking to make sure.

"Hell yeah."

"Want me to hook you up?" he asked.

"Thanks, but probably not," I said.

"I'm getting worried about you. Look if you decided to be gay, your real gay self, it is 100% OK. I'm going to support you and be the voice of caution to any woman that may be tempted.

For real. I would proudly do that for you. In return I would appreciate you giving me Connie's phone number and a good reference."

"You asshole. I am a lesbian, I only do girls, no make that women," I added, and he picked up on the jab instantly.

That is what I liked about Rick.

You could make fun of him and he got it.

He pulled me to my feet. He was acting like he was brushing me off and said, "Well I don't have much to work with but let's go find you a lesbian." Rick could always find some whore dog excuse to turn anything into something fun.

Well, at the very least, interesting.

We laughed and started prowling. We took "The Path". You know the one all the guys take, like they are looking for lost cattle or stray kittens? Easing around the dance floor trying to pretend we were too cool to bother with dancing. We were steadily moving because, if the truth be told, the girls were avoiding our obnoxious, drooling stares.

You know, you wink at one and she quits drinking for the rest of the night. Maybe even the rest of her life.



A friend of mine, well not a good friend anymore, once told me that it reminded him of a river in Africa. You get too close, WHAM, a crocodile eats you. In this case, WHAM and you're selling your Corvette and buying a station wagon.

He said he always treats nightclubs like the zoo.

Do not feed the animals, no petting either.

I asked him why he came to clubs then.

He said, "Because it's exciting, to think you are one step away from losing everything you own, and you ask the bartender for a double!" He would laugh for an hour after that.

He called it the first step of the Dating Roulette. I tried not to hang with him after that. I was feeling maybe he was part of the reason I never "got lucky" with him hanging in our pack.

And if the truth be told and this is a truth be told story, I am not a GQ looking guy. More like a shipwrecked surfer dude at best.

I have never been the “lucky” type. I have had to put forth extreme herculean efforts to avoid the most often outcome, rejection. Do not pass go. And don’t even think about any \$200 unless I was buying. I have tried every cologne, soap, mouthwash, and toothpaste on the planet.

I have even ordered “Spanish Fly” from the ad on the back of a comic book.

It read: “You have heard of this ancient potion and if you are the first 50 to respond it is only \$8.” You know how many seeds I had to sell to get that \$8? Only to have my mom snatch the “plain brown wrapped” package. That was also my second worst investment ever. Later in life it was Enron. So, I can say with absolute certainty I am not a “Chick Magnet”. I would probably fall more into the category of curiosity, or oddities.

Maybe in the mercy category, but when a priest wants to ‘Fulfill my Fantasy’, that is too much religion for me.

I held tight at the voyeur perch and Rick danced his way into a group of 5 or 6 girls. He held his glass up and said “Salute” and once even yelled, “I Love Colombians”. The party was on.

Not sure about the correct order of everything but between Susie’s “party favors” and Rick saying, “Try one of these,”

I woke up in my berth with a very naked Bunny. Don’t get me wrong, she had a stunning body. Beautiful silky blonde hair, a smile to brighten your darkest day, kind of smile.

Breasts Michelangelo would have trouble copying.

Yes, she could easily be my galley wench, but *she’s married*.

I may be desperate but married women are trouble, I knew firsthand about that nightmare.

That was Mike’s specialty, Married Women.

There must be some Guinness book of world records for that category.

Mike was a Florida native and trained by Motorola and the ITT tech school.

How he got to be so jaded is a story worth telling.

One that every whore dog should sit up and pay close attention to.

Far worse than today’s Nigerian scams!

One spring break Mike was cruising the strip and stopped off at a place called ‘The Button’.

A wild, young ass hangout always skateboards and fighting.

If you have never seen someone hit in the back of the head with a skateboard, DON’T.

It is as medieval looking as it sounds but everyone seemed to keep coming back to this popular spot.



He happened to meet this cute girl named Angela outside the club on THE CORNER. This was THE CORNER made famous from Bette Midler’s movie about Ft. Lauderdale. Most likely more from the show COPS.

It was the main access to the beach from the hotels and condos. It was THE CORNER.

Mike had the gift of being able to talk to any pretty girl at will. This time, he noticed the backpack or the very pretty girl with the backpack and said, “Going somewhere?”

“More like looking for my Fairy Godmother, but I’d settle for the Tooth Fairy,” she said, looking Mike over.

“How many teeth do you have? Mike asked.

She replied, “Just one. Two at the most.”

“You just need a pillow to put them under so the tooth fairy can find them,” he told her.

“Do you know where I can find one?” she asked.

“I can handle that,” and he picked her backpack up and headed for his car. She followed.

A year went by. He was in love. She was in love.

She liked to be called Angie and he carved a plaque with her name on it and put it in the living room. This was for real.



He bought her clothes, took her to meet his family and life was good. When he came home from his tech job, she would have great meals waiting, a foot rub or anything else he desired.

Then that day, the 376th day after meeting her, he came home and everything in his apartment was gone. Dishes, refrigerator, stove, couch, beds, everything not bolted down, – “Gone, Went.” For the record Mike never mentioned that girl to me, ever. One of his friends who lived the drama with him told me about it. It was like hearing a story from Outer Limits. Years later when I asked him, point blank, about the experience, he had no recollection at all. Damn that is a true gift when you can watch your heart beating on the floor and erase it from your mind, totally. It proves the concept of mind over matter.

Like walking on burning coals, mind over matter.

I did not fully understand why he dated so many married women. If I had known about Angela, I would have understood better. He had five dissatisfied wives that I knew of. We lived on the third floor of a new high-rise. I heard the pounding on Mike’s door, “Ruby, I just want to talk to you.” Bang, bang, bang. Ruby this and Ruby that.

I thought she was getting married or had gotten married. I went out into the hall and told the Ruby cheerleader that he had to leave, NOW! “I’m trying to sleep,” he reluctantly walked away. I stood there to make sure he got on the elevator.

Then I ran over to Mike’s.



Tap, tap, tap.

“It’s me.” The door opened and then closed as Mike took the safety chain off. I stepped inside and saw Ruby standing in the bedroom door.

“She just got married today,” he whispered.

“What?” I screeched.

About a second later a brick came through the window sending glass everywhere.

“That does it, now I’m pissed,” Mike stomped.

“Mike, you don’t think HE’s pissed also?” I said shaking my head. As many girlfriends as Mike had and he was banging a bride on her wedding night.

I looked down into the parking lot as I held the brick in my hand. That was quite the throw. I handed the brick to Mike and Ruby was not saying a word, just trembling in the doorway now that the brick was thrown.

“Tell him I can get him a tryout with the Miami Dolphins. That was an incredible toss. Plus, he got the right window, amazing accuracy.” Then I went back to my apartment.

45 minutes later there was a knock on my door. I got up and thought it was probably Mike needing some rubbers; he must be out. “Didn’t plan for the wedding,” was going to be my opening smart ass remark. When I opened the door I winced.

I had Fort Lauderdale’s finest standing before me, carefully studying my face.

“Can I help you?”

“I hope so, I am Deputy Anderson, and this is Officer Thomas. Did you happen to see the brick incident next door?” asked Anderson.

I then spent the next hour with them while they filled out their forms. Ruby had volunteered me as a witness.

“Can the DA reach you at this number?” Sub Bells going off. Dive, Dive, Dive.

“Sure, but I travel a lot with my work,” I was getting better at lying with each live training session. I was becoming more prepared for these unannounced fire drills.

Being slightly one step ahead of them at the last minute

I decided not to give them my real unlisted number.

I gave them a fake one. I paid extra for the “unlisting” and they told me specifically at the time, “The *Only* people who will have this number are the ones that you give it to.” That made it easy enough for me and I chose not to “give it” to them.

My jailhouse lawyer in my head was telling me this was a freedom of speech issue, not lying to the cops.

Her stalking husband kept after Mike. Flattening tires, breaking antennas, and even smearing Crisco, yeah, the lard in a can stuff, all over Mike’s windows.

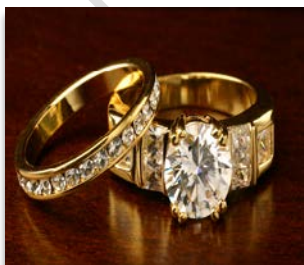
The real moment of truth came when the sugar in the gas tank started.

“Now that’s it,” Mike claimed, in his mad voice which was not very intimidating since he was a chill sort of guy. He was truly a lover and not a fighter, but he could wrestle.

We, or I should say he, was so mad.

I told Mike, “It’s not like stealing his whiskey. He would miss that. But when you took her wedding ring to him personally, after she left it on your nightstand and told him,

“I think you might want this,” looking at Mike like a dumbass fool.



“I was honest with him,” Mike was defending his actions.

“Mike, are you telling me that the guy should have thanked you for bringing her diamond rings directly to his insurance office after she “left it, after you had sex with her?”

“I didn’t keep it,” trying again to defend his honor.

Chapter 9

We got a ground floor 3-bedroom apartment on a corner in a large apartment complex, next to a canal.



That's how mad we were at the brick throwing maniac and his sexy adulterous wife. Well, horny for sure. Mike would say, "Nobody's ever seen me having sex with her."
So, I am labeling her horny and not a whore for the record.

Speaking of records, my publisher's lawyer said, I have to say that I was on drugs at the time and that the names were not changed because it would be too hard to recall and that this is a work of fiction and I hope Dave's old lady never reads this fake story about real whore dogs that aren't really real.

I want to say to you freaks of nature (you know who you are) never talk to my daughter, PERIOD.

I think that covers the Legal Notice.

Back to the story

Mike's sugar in the gas tank anger turned into action,
"We'll show him and we'll move where he can't ever find us."
Take that, you poor married bastard that can't control his woman.
I wish I could say, I never saw her again.

I always heard it was hard to teach an old dog a new trick.
It is even harder to teach a Whore Dog one.

Our new "hideaway" had a canal that ran behind it that you could safely navigate all the way to our work/office/sales/any and everything else place. When we started our little fix it shop we made the big mistake of offering to fix CB radios. We quickly learned that the labor charge cost more than buying a new one. We had about two hundred filling two shelves.

Plus, Mike had them all working.

I quickly realized that we had a lifetime storage issue that could bankrupt our little start up. So I did what any executive would do. I got someone to haul this garbage away for free. Every time a potential client would look at those piles of radios it screamed "LET ME THINK ON IT" Survey says: Our most popular walk away response. So, I started giving one free with any qualifying purchase. Even buying a couple of Cokes from our in-house machine would 'qualify' you for "The Prize", you lucky guy. You used our toilet, and you get two. It was either that or a wooden nickel with an Indian on the front with \$5 off burnt into the wood and our logo on the back. Our logo came from the check book logo art when we opened the account. We had a run-on wooden nickels that year also, even though we never had anyone cash one in, ever. It became my favorite chip marker when I gambled. We bought a 17-foot single engine inboard/outboard ski boat from one of Rick's "deal of the day."



He said he would get us the title, but it never materialized.

We went through hell getting Florida State stickers so the marine patrol would not hassle us.

The nice thing was that we could leave 30 minutes later and be at work 30 minutes earlier.

No traffic on this back canal waterway.

With our move I also got to be the answering service because Mike was always “Busy”. That is how I can swear in court that he had a ton of girlfriends and did not need the married women.

I asked him how he met all these nymphomaniacs and he replied, “The Classifieds.” Nice, the power of the press at work.

Mike was the most generous, fun loving, hardworking guy you could ever meet. I started holding back messages to get him to free up some time so he could get some rest. If the truth be told, I was freeing up his time so he could come out with the “Pack”. It worked; he became suddenly free. He was our best dancer, point man, ultimate icebreaker and the pack needed him. Now our odds have increased by 300% of meeting some girls, and then they’d allow us the privilege of buying them breakfast before they got their huge headaches.

Telling us it was, “That time of the month.”

That excuse alone did not even slow this hardcore bunch down for a heartbeat.

So, the headache was their go to pitch.

Hey batter, batter. Batter swing – You’re outta here.

Somehow, we could talk about striking out like the homer bounced off the wall and managed to just ever so barely go foul. Male egos, you can love ‘em or hate ‘em, but you certainly have to deal with ‘em, or at least I did. All 12 of them.

Rick was still at it trying to find me a lesbian and kicked into the boat mode.

“Why don’t Uuns come down to THE BOAT?”

THE BOAT this. THE BOAT that. He should have been in yacht sales. Uuns were interested, very interested.

“We’re gonna cruise to the Bahamas this weekend.

There’s my Captain now,” he said, as he motioned me over.

“Ladies meet Captain Jack.”

All of a sudden, I grew more handsome. The girls started paying attention to me. One started braiding my hair after we sat down. More like tying tight knots in it. She told me she had ‘always wanted to go to the Bahamas.’ I think she was being a sarcastic smart ass. A very pretty smart ass though.

“Do they have palm trees and hula skirts?” she asked, yanking the brain chain of the girls around her. I was getting a royal neck massage to boot.

“Move over, Robin. This is how you are supposed to do it,” and this sexy bombshell started giving me a neck and back rub. Her hands ran across my chest and arms, and she actually purred. Rick playfully whispered in my ear and said, “None of them are lesbians,” but two of them, he said, “thought about trying it.”

The next thing I remember is waking up with Bunnie.

Petite Luscious Bunnie. I briefly remembered Mike’s brick thrower and figured Joe would just set my boat afire at the dock and would shoot at me making me stay inside, before he would throw bricks or sugar in the gas tank.

Or, maybe one of his racetrack buddies would???

I told myself every day at work that I had to get my lack of morals under control, at least when it came to Bunnie.

Noon rolled around and the supplies started coming. Rick had been to the produce market and Mike looked like he bought out the liquor store.



Life was good and then Rick’s picks of the day started to arrive. First one to show up was Susie. “Capt. Jack, you remember Susie and this is Susie’s friend Beth.”

WOW, she was straight out of Playboy, or at least told me she wanted to be in Playboy. Close enough. I spent the next day wishing I had a decent camera.

Kathy, Robin and I think her name was Barbara came next.

The 8 of us got organized and I pulled my princess from the dock. I said a little prayer for the new sheets and sails I was forced to buy. The good thing was McGyver Mike was onboard, and he could fix anything. Slowly motoring out to sea felt strange.

I felt naked, Exposed.

I told myself to shake it off. I pushed the throttle to maximum power and once we passed the jetties, I let Mike take over. For some reason, I felt the obligation to serve refreshments to the bikini clad guests. I actually *really did have* some manners.

It did not take long until Mike had buried the rail in the water laughing like Capt. Ahab, eyes dancing in the wind.

“Hey, take it easy. Things are starting to fly across the galley.”

That made him switch to a full beam reach and now we were surfing. Hitting the ocean and the spray was going everywhere. The girls loved it. I was the only one who had any apprehension, because this was my second attempt to get to Bimini with The Whisper.

My apprehension turned into a psychic custom delivered message. The coast guard ship pulled up behind us and the loudspeaker rang out, “Heave to.” Flashing lights, horns, and a big machine gun on the deck of the cutter looked official.

I had so many scenarios flashing in my brain.

It was like a hyperactive pinball machine, on fire.

“Breathe deep,” I told myself.

Before I could even get the sails down, the rubber assault boat came alongside and 5 combat dressed seamen climbed aboard.

“Who’s in charge here?” asked one seaman.

Everyone pointed at me. For a minute I almost looked behind me to see who they were pointing at.

“Sir, we are doing a safety check under article,” blah, blah, blah.

I was sweating bullets. *No, buckets.* I could not hear or think clearly is the understatement of the millennia.

“Sir would you show me your lifejackets please?”

I led two sailors down below and I started pulling out life jackets which now they call Personal Floatation Devices. For the record, fake silicone breasts do not qualify as floatation devices, in case you were wondering, even though they may float.

“What’s in here?” as he started moving around the boat.

“Engine room.”

“Mind if I have a look?”

“Sure, go ahead.”

I tiptoed down the hall to see if Susie the crank dancer was careless with “her thing”.

Surely, she had enough sense to stash her “party favors”.

“Sir, everything looks in order.

Sign here and we’ll let you get on your way.”

The other seaman had been searching forward.

” One of my men volunteered to travel with you as a safety officer if you want,” he said, while offering a friendly smile.

“I probably should take you up on that,” I teased.

As I was signing the report, I saw the information.

Yacht Whisper. 1:22 pm, leaving Ft. Lauderdale.

Even the General went into deep hiding after seeing that.

I mean buried.

As I escorted them toward their landing craft,

“Is that an emergency bilge pump?” he asked, pointing to the settee that everyone had landed on.

“What next?” my mind trembled. Hope there was not some number I missed in that locker.

“They have active recalls on some pumps. I’ll check it for you. Just take a second,” said the helpful sailor.



All the girls had to get off the settee so he could open the locker and inspect the pump.

As soon as the locker opened, he said, “You’re good,” and then with his Naval Academy type politeness, he personally escorted the ladies back to their seats.

What a guy. I’m sure he is a legend at his squadron by now.

One of their group said, “Sure you don’t need any water or sunscreen?”

Beth responded, “You guys are just too sweet.”

Her ravishing breasts talking louder than her vocal cords as the sailors waved goodbye.



They almost cried when the girls started blowing kisses.
Man, what an ordeal. Definitely the full tilt adrenaline rush you had always heard about but could never achieve.
Fuck formula one racing.
This is a serious heart stress test. Live.
I started to wonder if I would ever reach Bimini.
I thought about writing a book, '500 Miles to Bimini' would be the name.

I did make a slight change in our course.

I told Mike and Rick we were going to Gun Cay instead of Bimini.

Bimini had lots of eyes and radios. Gun Cay was deserted and there was no fresh water which translates into deserted island. We were already on the radar from the teeny bopper incident and if they reported us landing on Bimini and we didn't stop at customs on the way back, big trouble. If we play it safe and never "land" on any island we have a leg to stand on, maybe.

Gun Cay was my honey hole for lobsters. Spiny lobster city. Beautiful sandy beaches, great snorkeling. "Plenty mosquito on island," was the official quote from Bahamian fishermen. They were right. One time I machetied my way past the mangrove thicket going to grab some coconuts. Behind that forest of the barrier island protection was a soupy green pool of water that looked like I had walked up on a Mosquito orgy. We became the main attraction quickly. I only got bit around 100 or so times on each leg before I got out of there. I had always wanted to call **OFF**, the mosquito experts and invite them to Gun Cay. As long as the wind blew onshore it was a wonderful experience, if you did not go into the thicket no matter how tempting the coconuts were.

Now we were into the awkward phase that I had been concerned about. Five girls, 3 guys and three cabins. I did not have the heart for all of us to team up and leave some girl(s) sitting on the deck alone. I've been that guy, left out of the spin the bottle cliché and could never crush someone that way, Pirate or not. The Little General laughed, "You're all heart boss man." Damn, I thought the Coast Guard had silenced them at least for the night.

We sat topside laughing about getting pulled over by the Coast Guard and cheering that we had beaten the mighty triangle. Mike had done his usual trick by turning hard to port and saying, "Look the compass is going crazy," taking his hand off the wheel. Look, I am not even steering it. We're in the Bermuda triangle." They had no clue about hydraulic steering, and it always scared the shit out of anyone not in on the joke. Sometimes he could get them twice. He would say, "No, I'm really serious this time. Look!" Every time he did that, I ended up having to give a geography lesson about the triangle.

The other topside conversation was switched quickly and led down the rocky road again and the story of the 15-year-old drug running hooker.

My mind was drifting to that smell coming from my bathroom/head blower. I found myself wishing she were here.

Then all the lights went out. Damn. What next? I could hear someone open the engine room door. I rushed down and Rick grabbed my hand. "It's just me. I turned the lights out. Nothing to worry about. Wanted to see the stars better," he said, but I knew better, something was up. I went up top and said,

"Ladies and gentle, whatever you guys are, now showing,"

I said while collapsing the Bimini awning, exposing billions of stars up above.

No city lights. Silence and beauty.

"Brought to you by the hand of God," everyone sat absolutely mesmerized at the ultimate light show. The only song was the light tapping on the mast by a halyard from the gentle breeze, synchronized with a slight roll from the ocean, like it was playing a love song using Whisper as the instrument. After about five minutes someone said, "God is great." You could say that again. A view that some will never get to experience but Robin and I did.

Now the good thing about knowing when to fold them, especially since we were holding "too many", was you could be more real, because you were not begging for a treat.

You accepted the learned wisdom that laughter was the best you could hope for.

Too few girls and you have a mutiny around every corner.

I sat there talking with Kathy and Robin. Easy and gentle. The General went to bed. Kathy was a bleached blonde that was out to experience everything possible. She was very attractive and somewhat silly when drunk, but weren't we all?



Robin was an extremely attractive woman; I mean almost drop dead gorgeous and slightly older than the rest of the girls.

She had a very classy, elegant look. She seemed almost out of place. She was definitely educated about travel, suggesting places I would enjoy sailing to.

I really had no clue where some of them were, but they were special rolling off her tongue with personal notations for each destination along the way.

Kathy was a stewardess for Eastern Airlines and quickly pointed out, "Marry me and fly for free".

Robin poured her some more alcohol, "Bottoms up dear.

We'll have you married off before sunrise," Robin's eyes caught mine in the moonlit evening and we both started laughing like 6th graders.

"What do you do Miss Robin?" I asked since she had not offered much about herself.

"Rick said I would meet the man of my dreams on this adventure. Since I distinctly remember him using the word adventure and boat I fell for it," she smiled.

"I met him at the hospital, and he lured me to the club. He was supposed to introduce me to someone who would change my life somehow; instead, I ended up practicing my knot tying skills. You know, half hitch, square knots. I was trying to do the bowline around your neck, and I think you thought I was giving you a neck massage," she laughed.

"And have you met the man of your dreams yet?" I asked, wishing on that star above.

She did the flying fish answer,

“Where is that bull shitter anyway? Excuse me. Can I get you anything?” as she headed for the galley.

I started to say, “Just your answer,” but thought against it because I had enough to deal with. I had started wondering if I wasn’t actually a real-life masochist. Since I was just a horsefly posing as a dragonfly why did I feel the need to explore the total boundaries of my insanity? Besides dating a new woman is expensive.

Dinner, drinks, flowers.

What don’t you send flowers?



No wonder I have such bad luck.

After that Angelic look you get from sending, or better yet bringing flowers, you are hooked.

Hooked on the fact that now you can’t take her for fast food or a drive thru.

Man’s ego fills in the missing pieces in this dream world.

The world turns because of the egomaniac male ego.

It has no limit and is always easily manipulated.

If you do not believe that then why did most men smoke Marlboros and drink Budweiser for so many years? Anna Nicole had her own TV show.

The car manufacturers depend on it and some women seem to understand it better than others.

Flowers, candy and cards and the list goes on and then you make the circle again.

New girlfriends are expensive. They can get to be winey as well.

“All you want to do is play hide Tarzan in the jungle. You never want to go out anymore.”

“But sugar doll, I took you to the grand opening of Bob’s Big Boy last year. Don’t forget the Piggly Wiggly ribbon cutting. You don’t get to see that every day.”

You know, if you are going to swap spit with someone, you have to at least show them you can walk, talk, and chew gum at the same time. Plus, open doors, open your mind, open your closets, open your little black book, burn it, add 10 points. Yes, open your wallet. Don’t forget to do all this by candlelight. Oh yeah. Don’t have a wallet?

Go to the end of the line.....and try not to die, at her place.

Did I miss anything? I am sure I did, but I did not miss the fact that Robin was captivatingly different. I could not see all her features very well, partly because of the limited light and the other part was because of the alcohol, if the truth be told and this is a truth be told story.

She noticed I was starting to slouch.

“You’ve had a hard day. Come here and use my lap as a pillow,” she offered, patting her lap.



“Are you sure?” feeling almost like a dog asking its master if it’s ok to get on the clean sheets.

“I insist.” She said.

I floated over somehow successfully and found myself with my head in her lap looking up into her eyes.

Green and brown and blue. Soft, reserved, absorbing.

A look I have never seen so close before. She stroked my hair around my temples softly and we talked about stupid stuff.

I had not ever laid this close to such a beautiful woman without the General chunking his three cents in. Maybe the alcohol was really working.

Kathy was asleep on the forward deck. She had found the hammock Mike put up and was asleep in under a minute.

“Now tell me the 64-thousand-dollar question. What do you do?” I asked.

She looked deeper into my eyes this time.

Questions and answers flew from her eyes to mine that I could not translate or respond to.

“Nothing,” she whispered. I could smell the perfume on her wrist.

Another totally exotic smell to haunt me.

“Sounds like a great job,” I said hoping to extract a clarification of nothing.

“Not really, but” she added. She drifted off.

I woke up with my head covered by a scratchy, straw, fishy smelling hat. I felt something crawling on my face and jumped. Rick laughed, “Just pretend I’m a mermaid,” as he played musketeer on my nose with the broom straw.

I sat up looking around hoping to see Robin. Starting out not to be my lucky day.

“Where’s Robin?”

“Oh, so you are resting this weekend.

Mike took her snorkeling since you were resting.”

Dive, Dive, Dive. Those damn sirens would not stop.

I did not want to have to be the one to take the phone call, messages, or open the door at 2 am for her to give Mike a booty call. That was not going to happen on my watch, even if

I had to leave him stranded without water on Gun Cay. I dove into the light blue, glistening water trying to look graceful instead of panicked.

I was actually freaked out. Robin was in the web of a known, very seductive whore dog with a batting average way better than Babe Ruth. In the Olympics I would have rated my entry as a 3 or 4.2, maybe, but I was hoping she thought it was a 10.0.



“Hey guys,” up I popped.

“Mike is teaching me how to spear lobster,” she bubbled.

“How nice of him,” I said.

Mike was refusing to look at me at all.

“There’s another one,” and below the water he went, and she followed. The General is now wet, bored and I think he actually came up with the bold-faced lie/solution.

When Mike surfaced, Robin was squealing, as Mike put his catch in her face.

General inspired I said, “Here, I’ll take that,” grabbing the spear.

Mike was starting to fixate on Robin. So I had to lie just a little.

“We can’t get the generator started and I think the girls want to head back if they can’t cook the lobsters.”

As predicted Super Man Mike said, “I can fix it.”

I replied, “Leave me your mask and fins.”

The General said, “There goes Super Boy. Nice guy though.”

I had never had such a fun time snorkeling playing hide and seek in the reef. Pick up a lobster here and follow her sexy ass there. Life was almost perfect. She hid behind a mushroom coral, and I was starting to get nervous.



Then she came flying up from the ocean floor inches from my face.

Her wet beauty glistened, a gift from our blasting solar friend. She grabbed and kissed me. It seemed like 5 lifetimes went by, but if the truth be told and this is a truth be told story, it was probably 3 to 5 seconds. Long enough to wake up every inner voice in my universe.

She swam away like a mermaid heading back to the boat. I slowly swam and then I realized it was a race, a challenge, as she looked back over her shoulder, full steam ahead.

Off I went. I work out and swim a lot. I had even been the champion swimmer on a swim team. I took off doing the 50-yard freestyle dragging a bag of unhappy lobsters. Unfortunately, it was 500 yards to the boat and my cigarette smoking lungs rolled me over to a backstroke.

Ok, more like the wounded walrus back stroke, because I did not use my arms, only my fins.

When I got to the boat, Mike poured out a cooler full of wet, slightly used, slimy ice on my head, as I tried to avoid the freezing yuk. He kept in step with every move I tried like a battalion commander on parade.

“Capt. Jack sir, I fixed your generator,” and then pulled down his pants pretending he was going to pee on me. I assumed he was pretending.

Back peddling I said, “Remember, I know where you sleep.”

He, Rick and I had made a pact a long while back, “If I don’t put a diamond ring on her finger, she is fair game.” And nobody’s bought one in Gun Cay for sure.

Barbara poked her head from behind the mast and said, “Waiter. I’ll take the buffet please.”

Mike stuck his junk back in his trunk and went over to Barbara, “What can I get you?”

Again, I found myself stalking someone. Where did Robin go?

I climbed down the companion way and headed for a shower. Did not get to see my bunk last night but it looked intact, clean sheets and all.

I heard the shower running and I knocked on the door.

“It’s open.” Now a small mutiny is brewing. The General called it a political uprising and that scared the little boy who asked, “Is there a doctor in the house?”

I opened the door not knowing what I would find but hoping for what I wanted to find. Christmas day as a kid did not have the anticipation that this moment did. I did not even have to ask my dad to read the directions to put my present together.

Had my mind reduced me to a male slut? That's not a good comparison because all men are male sluts or at least the ones I know. Reduced me to brainless?

"I'm sorry, did I take your shower?" she asked, not offering to share it or give me a glimpse of her naked beauty. Connie's scent filled my nostrils in that small space.

It overloaded my animal sensory instinct and I said, "No, take your time. Let me know when you're finished."

The scent clung inside my mouth.

The General said, "You chicken shit lame cockroach. I am of a good mind to go on strike. See how you'd like talking your way out of that."

I could barely hear his banter.

Now lying on my bed, I was captured by a moment I shared in this exact spot.

As Jimmy Buffet once said, "Its whiskey 30 somewhere," or something like that.

I got up and sat on deck at the wheel and hollered,

"Can't anybody get some service around here?"

I hit the ship's horn a couple of times. Damn that works well.

Mike popped up the companionway with a towel over his arm.

"What would be your pleasure my good fellow?" with his best fake British accent. He liked showing off his hairy chest and physique so usually he stayed TOPLESS.

I started to place my order then thought twice.

Hell no, I was not going to be stupid and let Mike "get" me something, anything for that matter. Food poisoning. I'm sure he would make certain it would only be a mild case, he's such a friend. Diarrhea though, the runnier the better, are his preferences. Nah, I was good.

Mike knew I was on to him.

I shot him the bird and he said, "Nah, we're fresh out of butt fuckings. I know you need one, I'll special order it for you." His voiced carried so everyone in earshot honed in.

"It's not what you are thinking at all," he said to the audience.

Kathy the stewardess said "Groovy" and pulled out a joint and lit it.

She passed it around and I said, "No thanks I'm driving."

Robin came up top combing her long, brownish blonde, windswept hair.

She sat down next to me and said,

"Glad you don't smoke Pot. I hate that stuff."

That echoed throughout the "Crew" with Voice 3 saying, "She's so nice."

And if the truth be told and this is a truth telling story, I had never tried the stuff and even the Pirate chimed in

"Yeah. Damn that shit."



We feasted on lobster starting at lunch. By the time dinner rolled around Rick and Susie had vanished, as well as Beth. Mike was romancing Barbara and Kathy was swinging in the hammock with an occasional spark flying into the water. I can't remember what was playing on the stereo. "Do you wine and dine all your women on lobster and candlelight?" Robin asked while looking down at her wine glass. "No, usually we break out the imported Vienna Sausages. You know the little wieners in a pop top can? We import them all the way from Kansas you know. The freshest you can get."

"I've heard about them," she offered. I could tell I was getting a small step inside that mystery girl with a little oddball humor.

"Well, on your birthday, if you have been extra special, I go to town and get a whole, I mean the absolute biggest, can of SPAM they have." That did it.

Her laughter vibrated every inch of my being.

"You're crazy. You know that?" she said.



Oh, girl, do I know that. The General wanted me to 'Remind' her; this was THE LAST NIGHT of the 'adventure'. She said it was her turn to use my lap as a pillow. I grabbed a soft blanket and laid it in my lap. There was no way I was going to trust the General next to her cheek. She gently wrapped her hair around her neck and laid her head back in my eager lap. "OK, mother you-know-what," The General roared, "we'll see who has the last laugh," and my heart shut down that signal totally, at least for the night. She asked things like, "Where is the Big Dipper? What sign are you? Have you ever been married?" Sirens, Dive, Dive, Dive.

How did we go from the big dipper to a wedding theme? When I look at the stars, I see bulls and crabs and lions, not bridal showers, and church steeples.

A psychiatrist once told me that the stars made women think of diamonds. Diamonds are symbolic of marriage and most likely the wine was kicking ass, as well.

What wine was it he inquired?

"Some new stuff called Opus," I said.

"You might want to order a couple of extra cases.

It may have potential, please bring a bottle to my house."

My volunteer shrink was the only married man allowed to run with the pack. We knew all the Polaroid pimps at the clubs and for ten dollars I could have free advice for life. I had more photos of him than his family album. Life was unusually great.

“Well, have you?” came the soft voice that brought me back from the land of the past.

“Have I what?”

“Have you been listening to me?” she queried.

“I think I was on that big star right over there,” pointing low on the horizon. When she turned to look, I kissed her.

She felt like a shooting star in my mouth. She used her tongue like a conductor directing my heart beating symphony. She made my tongue play to her serenade. I was officially possessed at 3:30 am Saturday, the second day I had known her, if the truth be told and this is a truth telling story.

Not sure how long the kiss was. When time stands still it is a hard thing to judge and I was not about to take out my sextant and check, but the General *did* offer his navigational tool since it was readily available.

Back to reality.

“So, how many times have you been married?” the orchestra had stopped, and maestro was tapping on the podium.

“You won’t tell me, so it has to be a few, at least,” she surmised.

“None,” the urge inside me added, “I’m a virgin.”

She laughed, “Why don’t I believe that?”

She fell asleep in my lap, and I spent an hour playing with her hair and running my finger across her lips until she quit kissing it. A raw intimacy I have never experienced with so little physical contact. The stars connected our minds in a way that is unexplainable, having never tried before.

That morning we started stowing gear and getting ready for the trip home. I occupied myself with sails and rope. I had too many raw emotions for a young, up and coming pirate. I was trying to figure out how I could be a part time pirate perhaps.

“Here’s your wake-up kiss,” she said handing me a cup of java.

It was what we called stand up java because it would put hair on your chest since it brewed the entire night. “We’re making some fresh if you want?”

I said, thank you, this was fine, and I went about trying to isolate my feelings for this new stranger in my world. I felt too strong a connection. I tried telling myself I was cheating on Connie, but the intensity seemed to grow inside me almost daring me.

I taught her how to sail on the way back.

Her sitting next to me was both thrilling and intoxicating.

She was a natural sailor and she turned to me and said,

“I needed this.”

The General immediately jumped up and said,

“What did I miss, what did I miss?”

She turned to me and said,

“You know you haven’t even asked if I was married.”

“Are you?”

“Legally, yes.”

Ding, ding, ding. In round five Capt. Jack out by TKO by the married bitch. Damn, I wished I had let Mike seduce her.

I already had one married woman and certainly wasn't looking for another. Maybe it's a Florida thing. Maybe everyone did that in Florida, and I got in the loop by some terrible, tragic mistake. "My divorce should be final in a month or so my lawyers tell me."

Is that the line married women use to lure in young men and then suck time out of them? I know men sure do it that way. The almighty divorce that is headed his way. Just wait honey, as you spend lonely birthdays and Christmas holidays by yourself.

I was unusually quiet on the last tack.

"What's the matter? My not being a virgin bother you?" she asks, with an awesome smile and those flirty eyes.

"No, I just have a lot on my mind," I lied.

We tied up at the Cove and she came bolting from the boat.

A deep sound came out of nowhere.

"How do I get in touch with you?"

That question seemed to infuriate her.

She pulled off one of her slippers and threw it at me.

"There you go Prince Charming, come find me," and she ran off, sounding like she was crying. I moved that shoe 20 times as I washed down the boat. Each time I would examine it just a little closer. I slapped my face with her slipper hoping to break the spell but NADA. I slapped myself even harder hoping the slipper could at least give me a clue, it did.

The next few days was a hustle trying to get Whisper's FIX.

I turned to Dalila and said, "OK partner, what's next?"

What have I got myself into was my last thought before falling asleep.



Chapter Ten

I did not know how much trouble I was in until the second day.

On the way to a Bill King feature event I showed Dalila the shoe and asked if she knew where to get them?

“Out of my league honey,” she quickly said.

“I am more of the barefoot on the beach kind of girl.”

We saw Andrew on the way in and he pretended not to see us.

I was wearing a causal jacket and later he said he did not recognize me. I knew that was bullshit because I seem to never have trouble attracting gay men. Go figure.

The usual freeloaders were there.

The steroid, bronzed gods, seemed to be shadowing me.

When I got Bill aside for a brief second, I pulled out the slipper. “Do you know anything about Italian footwear?”

“I most certainly do. Let me see that?” It only took a second. “Luchos. Luchos is the only place you can buy these in Miami. You can save a bundle if you go straight to Italy though,” trying to be helpful, I guess.

Go to Italy to buy some slippers. Not that stupid rich, YET.

I found out where Luchos was in Miami and felt like an idiot for even thinking this was going to lead me to runaway Robin. You guessed it, I went to Luchos.

I had a couple of hours to kill before I had to catch a flight with Dalila. Bill asked us to do a favor for him.



Fly to New York and bring back his Bentley.

I asked Dalila, “He’ll pay us for driving a Bentley?”

“Yes he will.”

“How much?”

“A lot.”

“Get the tickets. My name is Hank Jerksoften.”

The tickets she got for me were in the name of Hank Jorgeson and we often looked back on that experience with simplistic fondness.

“What?” she asked confused.

“Yeah, Capt. Jack is retiring but Hank Jerksoften is taking his place.”

“Does that mean that Sally has to fuck his brains out also?”

Before I or the General could answer she said,

“Don’t answer that because Sally is not that kind of girl anyway.”

We smiled all the way to the parking garage.

If the truth be told and this is a truth telling story, I had never been in a Bentley, much less driven one.

She handed me the keys, “You drive.” Where did those keys come from?

I started to learn the less I knew the better.

We were cruising south and then when we got to Interstate 10, she told me we had a change of plans. Go west. Where?

West, she said and started playing with my cock.

Yes, it was a real angry cock because I was being sidetracked from running down Cinderella with Dalila's games. I pulled into a large grocery store parking lot and was ready to confront her when she jumped in the back seat.

I got out and before I could get back in the back seat, she had locked the doors.

"Say please," she laughed as I shook the door.

She put her face on the window and was licking it.

"Please," I mumbled.

"Nope, you waited too long now you have to say pretty please."

"Open the fucking door," I commanded.

"OK, if we are talking about fucking," the locks popped.

"Climb on in cowboy," she was already naked from the waist down when the door opened. Not sure what happened next. Fireworks and Sacred Visions I sort of remember.

We were back on the road in 10 minutes flat.

"Was that good for you?" she said with a shit eating grin.

I just looked at her and headed west like I was told.

We ended up in New Orleans and she told me to go get a nice briefcase, I would need it. I found this alligator leather bag store and bought all they had, 3 for \$22 bucks a piece.

I tried giving her one, but she refused saying it was too barbaric to carry something like that.

We checked into a hotel to wait for our flight home.

There was a knock on the door, and she pushed me into the bathroom and closed the door.

I guess I was a closet lover or some kind of embarrassment.

A few minutes went by, "Come out Jack."

She opened the small suitcase sitting on the bed and started counting money. Lots of money.

"That's yours partner. Minus this," she said as she pulled four crisp one hundred dollar bills from my pile.

"What's that for?" I asked rather bewildered.

"That's because I did not orgasm, but you did. If you plan on fucking me in some grease hole parking lot, you had better make sure you please this willing ass or suffer the consequence."

"Do not pass go and do not collect \$400 dollars. You know the rules," she lectured. "Got it?" she said, as she put both hands on her hips and dared me to protest.

The General saved the day again.

"I'll pay you \$200 to prove you didn't climax."

She thought about it for a second then she started undressing.

I found out the difference without question.

After she had her way with me, "Here," she said, handing me \$400.

"What's that for?"

"You made up for it partner."

On the way to the airport, I found out we were not flying on the same airlines.

She kissed me lightly, almost sisterly.

“See you around partner. Or should I say lover?”

“I guess I won’t be joining the mile high club tonight,” I said with my puppy dog look.

“I’m sure you’ll find a way. Don’t take any wooden nickels,” and she walked away. No, how could she know about that? Nah, just a coincidence. She was the ultimate tease. Up, down, my life was becoming an out-of-control merry-go-round. Look Ma no hands. You know the really sad thing? The sad thing was that I could not see the jungle I was climbing into. I never even asked what the money was for. That question never even crossed my Dalila consumed brain for a second.

#####

Let me set the record straight right now.

I have tried to use proper and decent language as much as possible. My publisher says, “Tone it down a tad,” 44 re-edits and I did the best I could. Get over it. This is a story about a Pirate. As a matter of fact, many pirates.

If what you read so far offends you, then you certainly don’t want to read any further. The rest gets more insane. I still don’t believe it and I was there.

#####

That weekend we did the “THIRD, first” inaugural cruise. Smooth sailing.

Don’t remember any of the girls’ names but everyone had fun.

I had talked with Connie right before we shoved off.

She wanted to fly down and meet me.

I hoped she believed me when I told her they did not have a real airport at Gun Cay.

“OK, I love you, stay safe.” Click.

“Toughen up you scum bag,” ordered the General.

Going to the Bahamas again did not create the same magic. Matter of fact, some chick used my head and her hair spray ruined the essence of Connie. Probably for the best, I told myself.



I picked up the roll of film from Rick that he took with his little cheesy camera from our second voyage.

I waited for the *1 hour* super special at Fotomat *for three hours*. My heart jumped.

“Can you enlarge this for me?”

There she was, she and I in this photo sitting at the helm. She, with that fresh fucked look and me looking like I had just successfully completed a Boy Scout merit badge test.

I can assure you she had no sex; with me anyway. So that look was puzzling. Can’t speak for the others but I swear I did not. Not that I did not want to or not that I did not think about it.

She reminded me of a little yellow canary sitting on the fence and if you came too close it would fly away.

Knowing what I know now, I should have pulled out a 12-gauge shotgun and scared that tiny, cute little canary, right out of my miserable life.

I took the photos; yeah, I got a few sizes and headed back to Luchos. They were getting ready to close and I was the last foot let in the building.

When I showed Lucho the photo of me and Robin he said, “Se’ why did you not say Miss Smyth? I see you are friends. Should I call her for you?”

“No, thank you, I want to surprise her. Would you write down her number and address please?”

I left there with the phone number but no address.

Lucho did not think it was proper to give it to me if I did not already know where she lived.

I had a friend run the crisscross directory and when I saw the address I understood. If I did not know she lived in one of the biggest houses in Coral Gables then he had a problem with it.

So did she when I pulled up. No information, no explanation, but please leave NOW. I hated to resort to trickery, but a lonely pay phone beckoned me to call the fire department to report the fire I thought I saw. It turned out I must have been mistaken about the source of the fire. It was coming from my eyes when I was dismissed like a peasant at the outer gate.



As I sat down the street and watched the fire engines roll up 2 by 2, I got out of the car and walked over. I said, “I’m with the fire Marshall,” and I was in. I saw people running everywhere. The firemen were frantically trying to find the fire. There she was wrapped in a terry cloth robe trying to get a signal on her cordless phone. I walked up behind her and threw the shoe on the ground in front of her. She spun around and froze.

I started walking toward her bending down to kiss her.

She pushed me back and said, “No don’t, not here.”

I scanned the crowd looking to see if I could pick her husband out of the confusion. My heart and mind were playing a duet of a ‘Somebody Done Somebody Wrong’ song.

I could not let the growing emotion get to me, standing so close, yet we were so far apart.

I started walking away and she called out, “Jack.”

I slowed and she came up to me and said,

“Do you know where St. Anthony’s Cathedral is?”

“You mean the place where all the sinners go every Sunday?” I said sounding as nasty as I could.

“Meet me there tomorrow morning at 8. I will explain everything.”

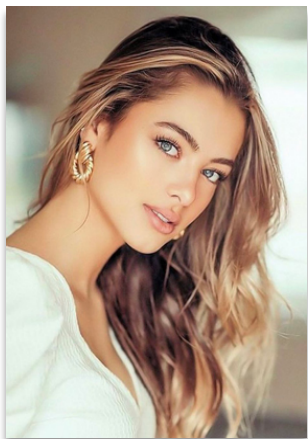
I turned toward the exit as the fire crew was sounding the all clear. I got in my car and battled my demons all the way home. Yep, I had decided. Fuck her, I don’t want to deal with a real husband or a cheating wife. Too much drama.

I was at St. Anthony’s at 7:46, exactly.

I would have been there sooner, but I had to get gas.

I went inside but did not see her.

I stood like a church usher on Easter, maybe Christmas; still and exceptionally solemn.



She came walking by. She was wearing a white sundress that made her look like she belonged on one of the many pedestals in the church.

I just hoped she was not there for a confession because I did not want to hear it, yet I was there.

The music was playing from somewhere unknown.

Sounded like 'God was coming' music. Not too many people were there at this hour. I was starting to wish that I could fade into one of the frescos on the ceiling and disappear.

"Jack, I'm glad you came. I wasn't sure," she handed me a wad of folded papers. "This is my final divorce agreement that we sign next Wednesday."

It read 'Robin Smyth Jackson vs Bobby Lee Jackson'

Mega bells and whistles, Dive, Dive, Dive. "You are married to Bobby Jackson?" I mumbled.

"That's me. Idiot of the century," she held her arms up.

The scandal involved him looting her father's company and running away with the cook's 18-year-old daughter. When they ran him down in Canada the girl was found gagged and tied to the bed. He claimed he was strung out on drugs and just needed to go to rehab. He was walking out of the jail after posting bond and a white Chevy Impala drove by and blasted him with a shotgun. That did not kill him, and Robin had been in hiding ever since.

She said, it was like finding slime in your ice machine, too hard to believe. Her trip to the club and then on the Whisper was the first time she had been off the property since the accident.

"Accident, what accident?" I asked.

"Daddy said it was a terrible accident for him to run off with someone's child and someone's special God daughter. Daddy said the wrong rehab clinic accidentally showed up with an old South American remedy." She could not look me in the eye even for a second.

"God," directing my voice toward the 40-foot statue on the wall that I could relate to, nailed to the cross.

"With Your permission, I am going to take this girl and put some spirit back in her soul," I said, as she looked at me like not here, not now. She opened her sad eyes wider.

"Let's blow this joint," she gasped, as I grabbed her hand so firmly, she had no choice but to come with me.

Outside we walked, talked, held hands, but she would not let my lips close to hers. Damn, why does life have to be so complicated and difficult at the same time?

I could feel her isolation and I wanted to touch her and tell her everything would be, ok, but I didn't. We found one of the many beautiful parks in Miami. Which one? They all look the same, flowers, swing sets, park benches, large grassy area so your dogs can run. They all look the same if you take away the statues and plaques. Beautiful, like she was.

I pulled her to me as I sat down on the grass. There were only a couple of other people doing the same. Enjoying the sunshine and experiencing winter, Florida style.

She gently pushed herself off me, her fingers, breast stroking across my chest. She lay parallel to me. I pulled a piece of grass from the lawn and put it between my thumbs.

“Listen closely, I am only going to play this once,” I blew and adjusted my fingers and slowly a sound came out.

“Quit that,” she said slapping at my hands.

“That is a mosquito call, probably the Yellow Fever type even.” I inched a centimeter closer.

“Jack,” she said, as she put her hand over my mouth,

“Look me in the eye. You have to get serious.” I was way beyond serious girl. I figured 10 years with good behavior.

“Now, I’m serious,” she continued.

“So am I,” I said thinking things are gonna get ugly.

She wouldn’t kiss me, she did not want to leave the church and now she is blocking my breathing. I wanted to lick her hand but was afraid of the outcome.

“Look at me Jack,” here it comes, get ready.

“I am damaged goods,” she started. “Some days I can’t even brush my teeth without needing a shock treatment.” Dive, dive, dive. Am I hearing her correctly?

“Yes, I take a very specific medication each day and all is well. If I forget, I turn into a not so nice person,” she confessed.

The pictorials running in my brain were going so fast I could not tell you their order or frequency. I was doing the Ben Franklin sheet in my spazzing head.

Pro, con, pro, con, pro, con, con, con, con.

How do you nurture an exquisite bird in a cage only to discover the bird has already flown away? Or worse yet, hiding in plain sight.

“Now you know,” she said softly. What did I know, exactly?

She reached out her hand to me and I did exactly what King Kamehameha did, I jumped off the rocky cliff. No, I ran off the cliff diving headfirst.

My egos nervously noticed that I was getting more impulsive by each lunar cycle.

All I could focus on was the passion that this woman stoked with each smile and every word would soar like a fantastic promise of tomorrow.



She kissed me and her kisses had only gotten more addictive. I guess it was because I knew she was not being claimed by another man or at least, I believed that, and if the truth be told, and this is a truth telling story, I didn’t care anymore.

Married or not, I just did not care.

She felt self-conscious that people were watching us. No, they were watching her I said.

They were asking, “how can this ugly, Jolly Green giant be holding such a beautiful woman?” If we had cell phones back then I am sure there would be at least four or five 911 calls from that location.

“What do I tell my father about how we met?” oops, I suddenly felt myself being beckoned by some power coming from under the 600-year-old family rug.

“You just tell him someone promised you would meet the man of your dreams and you did. He’s on a slow boat to China but very much wants to meet you when he gets back in 5 years or ten at the most.” She slapped me upside my head playfully.

“You have to do better than that Goofus. Daddy will look up your butt with a spotlight, so if I need to know anything this is our kiss and tell moment. I have a terrible track record with men, as you heard. I just told you I take psych meds and you?” she spun her hand like she was trying to exorcise something out of me.

“I, I, I,” I stammered.

“I am studying to become a Pirate,” the words almost came out but sounded like “Privateer.” “Daddy loves entrepreneurs, he is going to love you,” and I was launched into a reality warp with no road map.

We agreed to meet in two days, and for me to call tomorrow for details she had to work out. I won’t go into all the twisted details in my mind’s dusty filing system, but I was walking on cloud 9 or 12, most likely.

The next day the voice responded, “Yes, Miss Smyth will be on the line shortly, thank you for your patience.”

“Jack, can you come to lunch right this minute?” she begged.

“Nooo,” I eased into the answer.

“Robin, I would do anything to come by for a spot of tea but if I’m going to goof off with you tomorrow, I have to crack the whip and get some stuff done today.”

“OK, then Daddy wants to talk to you.”

I asked myself, “Is this what it feels like in the gas chamber before you get it?”

“Captain Jack, Charles Smyth here, Robin’s dad.”

“A pleasure sir. I wish I could be there in person.”

“Yeah, me too,” he politely said.

The questions flowed, cleverly worded questions. I had a brand-new set of sirens going off. These were atomic air raid horns.

“Mr. Smyth I love your daughter and all that but,” you could hear a gasp on a distant line. “Girls get off the phone please,” he commanded.

The amount of clicks after him saying that, sounded like Morse code for Jack is screwed, a whole team of eaves droppers.

I had a few questions, too. What kind of medication is your daughter taking, exactly? Anyone else in your family using the same script? You know the old rich kid in mom’s medicine cabinet parental bonding type of family closeness.

Did he realize that he was talking with someone that could take his sailboat or anybody else’s for that matter and go anywhere in the world, with just a little breeze, depriving him the pleasure of looking up my ass with a spotlight?

“I appreciate your concern, sir, but I do not need your daughter’s dowry and we certainly don’t need your permission, but I would always cherish it.”

“Permission for what?” begged the General.

Somehow her father had tricked or trapped me into somehow saying something that I was not legally old enough to fully comprehend or understand. I found myself saying, "I don't know where all this is headed sir, but I would ask your daughter to elope before I would let someone dictate the terms of our relationship," I bravely muttered.

"Since she is obviously not a virgin, you won't have to worry about me impugning your family honor. We've already spent two wonderful nights together, ask her." I could hear some muffled screaming as he held his hand over the phone. Agonizing seconds went by, then a minute, then two.

Then, "You still there Jack?" "Yes sir," wishing I had the guts to hang up after the first minute delay.

"If you want to marry my daughter, you have my blessing.

Do you need any money to elope?"

WOW. I went from spotlight up my ass to; sure, take her with my blessing. I had a sneaky suspicion it meant there was something I was just not picking up on. An expiration date or something out of whack, exactly what, I had no clue.

Robin came back on the phone, "OK baby, I'll meet you tomorrow at the Lauderdale airport. Executive Air, 8 am and bring your toothbrush. I Love you, gotta run, kiss, kiss." Click.

I spent the rest of the day pondering if that meant we were going steady or eloping; Airport? At 8 o'clock. I was not asking for her hand in marriage, at least not yet.

It wasn't the worst thing I ever heard of, but it was not on the Pirate Value Menu at this time. See details below for more menu options*. No wonder her dad is so rich with deal making skills like that. If I married her, he would probably have me mow the lawn, all 12 zillion acres of it and become the go-to pool boy on the weekends. Valeting at his Christmas parties and giving him 12 grand kids that he could send to Yale and be raised in the best boarding schools. The pitfalls of older women! But she was beyond captivating.

8 AM finally rolled around and if possible, she was more beautiful than I remembered. Yellow was her color, and she knew it. This silky yellow dress would excite your senses just watching her walk in the gentle breeze. For that moment, that exact moment, I thought I was the luckiest man alive.

She asked me, "Do you trust me Jack? Really trust me?"

It started to sound like a bondage thing, and I wanted to ask what the 'Safe' word was. I would write it down all over my arms, legs and hands to make sure that if I passed out and pissed my pants, I would still be able to read the password.

We walked through the building into a private hanger.

"There's our ride," she motioned to the sleek sexy looking jet. When Mike asked me later, "What type Plane?" I could only reply, "Nice, silver, safe plane."

We boarded her private jet that she explained was a gift from her grandfather. When she was married Bobby insisted, she use it to fly to Neiman's in Dallas and get her hair done.

He would usually dump her in Dallas or Fort Worth and take off to Vegas, "Honey I'll be right back, just going for a quick meeting and right back." That right back turned into 3 days.

She almost went crazy.

That is when the meds were started. She rubbed my hand firmly as she told her story. I was almost afraid to ask,
“Where are we going?”
“It’s a surprise.” She smiled mischievously, her beauty, extra radiant today.
“OK, I will give you a clue. It’s my favorite place on the whole planet.”
“Another clue please?” I begged.
“OK, it’s not in North America. That’s your last clue.”
I was slightly freaked. I had things to do.
Mike was depending on me. What do I tell him?
Should I ask her what other planet choices I have?
“There’s a phone in the back if you want,” she offered.
“I want,” our steward showed me the way.
I was going to leave a quick message.
You know the coward and run trick. Mike answered the phone,
“Hello.”
“Hey buddy how’s it going?” not knowing where to begin.
“Sounds like you are in a tunnel,” he observed.
“Sort of, I am on a private jet.”
“Whatttt?” he bellowed.
“Yes, remember the lady from our second, first cruise, Robin?”
“Oh yeah the generator girl?” he replied sounding like he lost his favorite porno magazine.
“And?” he asked.
“And she has kidnapped me, and I don’t know where we are going.
Somewhere, and it may even lead to a shotgun style wedding.”
“Slow down. Wedding? Who’s wedding?” Mike was getting totally confused now.
“Mine. Ours. US.” I said.
Silence. “Whiskey Oscar Mike. Whiskey Oscar Mike,” I said.
WOM is the Miami marine operators’ call sign.
“Yeah, I hear you. When are you going to be back?” he wondered.
“No clue, but soon. She just wants to show me some house in the boonies.”
“Can I ask you something point blank?” Mike said.
“Can I have the boat if you don’t come back?” I thought he almost sounded hopeful.
“I’ll call you when I land, take good care of my girl.”
“What girl is that? Are there more?” not sure if that was excitement or horror.
“The boat asshole. The boat.”
“You better be Jumpin Jack Flash or I’ll have to get some more help.”

I seldom had time to help Mike with the yachts after that. On occasion I would lend a hand. Especially the big expense stuff because I was selling Satellite Navigation systems on the side. It had become far easier to take trips with Dalila and Sally. Besides, I still had my alligator briefcase with \$52,000 cash in it. I started buying and stocking marine electronics with that money and the rest is history.

The plane's couch opened into a queen-sized bed, more or less.

Robin was a queen and it fit her so I'm saying it must have been Queen Size. She spooned in my arms wrapping them like a bear rug around her body. "You love me Jack?" she spun around for the answer.

"I think so," her face soured.

"Well, I feel like I do, but I've never felt like this before so I am not certain," I added.

She kissed me and said, "You will be."

She turned back around and spooned into position until the general woke up and said, "Hey mother fucker. This is cruel and unusual punishment and I just spat on her," I checked, and he was not lying.

When our plane touched down, I had no idea where we were. She was excited beyond belief. She jumped up and down while sitting on my lap like Santa was here and the General said, "This shit ain't insured friend."

I closed my eyes and made a wish. Please God if this is a dream never let me wake up. I think he heard me.

The sign read Welcome to Mykonos. Everything else read LZgIRIO DFiu or who knows what.

A Range Rover pulled up next to the plane. "Finally. Something familiar," I said.



"Jack, you are going to love this. My very favorite place in the whole world," she kissed me and off we went.

We traveled along the coastline, and I felt so far from home.

"What in the hell are you doing Jack?" asked my concerned Pirate. Then I looked over and saw the joy in her eyes. The seamless beauty in her smile and I knew why I was there. Every turn had a view that shamed the last one.

We poked along through the main square and then back out of town. I reached over and kissed her. I could sense she accepted my passionate gift as an obligated annoyance at best. She was mesmerized by a place she left her heart; her safe place.

The General said, "I don't like kissing anyway. Well, once in a while maybe."

We pulled up into a narrow street (they call them alleys in Detroit and gutters in L.A.)

She and the driver exchanged words. I heard the word Permisso and Robin took off running up the steps, two by two.

The driver motioned me to follow her. I started grabbing our bags and I got the finger wave,

"No, no, no, no, you go, I take."

She was already at the top when I started.

I heard the driver whistle.

He could get a job with that whistle anywhere in downtown New York City.



A boy and a small donkey came running. By the time I reached the top of the steps they had loaded our luggage onto the donkey and were headed up.

I always wondered why someone would own a donkey.

Now I know.

In Florida every young aspiring princess was looking for a jackass to pay for everything.

Here the jackasses save the day.

When I got to the top, I saw a sky-blue door half open. I could hear Robin calling. Everything in this village was white or blue.

“Jack, come here, I have a present for you.”

She didn’t have to say the word present twice.

She had asked me one-time what kind of presents I liked.

Trying to further the General’s agenda I told her,

“First the fresh scent of soap on her soft body. Next would be seeing the anticipation of her nipples, trembling, awaiting my kiss.” My mind was like a skipping record now. E I oh T gibberish except to a very few insiders and I wondered why I was not one of them.

“And then?” she asked bowing her chest just slightly.

I wanted to say, and then I throw you on the floor and make passionate love, and kiss every inch of your body, twice.

Instead, I fly fished the question, “If I have to tell you the rest I should probably write it down so you don’t forget.”

“Try me,” was her last word on the subject.

Yes, my male mind, aided by a couple of whore dogs who were routing for the home team could not respond to that. Not even here ten minutes and I am getting, “The Present,” oh yeah.

“Here try this on,” as she walked up to me holding a T-shirt.

“What’s this?” I asked, while she held the T-shirt up to my chest.

“A souvenir I bought last night when we stopped.”

“Stopped?”

“Yes, we stopped in Spain. I had to get some fuel and gummy bears for the pilots. I tried waking you. Didn’t you notice your fly was unzipped this morning?”

I reached down, and it was still unzipped.

I turned the shirt around and it read, “I love Spain.”

She had taken a magic marker and crossed out Spain and wrote Robin.

“Hey mister. That is a very special, one of kind, designer shirt, super, super, limited edition. In fact, it’s so rare you may be looking at the only one that will ever be made.

I have decided to break the mold, so you won’t be tempted.”

I handed it back to her and said,

“It’s a large. You’re going to have to find some little guy that can wear it. I’m an xl or an xxl.

Thank you though.”

She was pulling the shirt back and I said wait, I have the perfect solution.

Our bags were being unloaded in the Villa.

I went outside and said hi to the shy kid with the donkey.

He seemed somewhat scared and anxious. I finally got him to shake my hand and told him the shirt was his. He looked at it and said No, No, No, while backing up.

The driver came over and scolded the kid and turned to me and said, "I'm sorry. He did not see the shirt fall out of your luggage. Please excuse him."

"That's not it. I want to give it to him as a gift for his hard work."

The driver and kid talked as he looked the shirt over. They talked some more.

"Manuel says he would rather have money so he can buy his mother food. She is very hungry," translated our driver. They were probably working me well.

I know if we were in New Orleans this situation would be called a perfect sucker scenario. I took the shirt and put it over his blackish, brown streaked hair.

I then reached in my pocket trying to find a small bill.

"If you're looking for your change, I used it at the airport.

I didn't have any cash and their charge card machine was out of order. Hope you don't mind," my princess sang.

The General asked, "I wonder if we got a hand job while she was robbing you. I say you, because if she had robbed me, we'd both know it." I shot back instantly,

"Stay out of me you sick bastard."

Sometimes fate knocks on your door and you have few choices. I chose to be a newfound friend and feed his mom. When he saw the \$100 bill he started talking to the driver, fast.

He would not touch the bill.

"What's the matter?"

The driver said, "The boy is afraid it is not real. He has been warned by his mother about strangers offering large amounts of money."

I lowered my 6'6" frame down to his size and held the bill in my pinchers.

"Manuel, this is for you. You have earned it and you can do whatever you want with it. It's yours."

He ran over to Robin and whispered something in her ear. She was giggling. More giggles.

"He says it is not his, because the driver wants his cut."

"How much is that?" I asked.

She got the information and said, "Half"

Ouch.

I am a person who likes to find fast solutions, if practical.

I reached into the "Well" and came out with another \$100 and said to Manuel, "Half of this is for you," Robin translated and he finished pulling his shirt on, grabbed his burrow and down the stairs he bounced waving and yelling, thank you, thank you.

The shirt was almost touching the ground and for the rest of the time I was there my new friend would follow us with his shirt/billboard, I LOVE ~~SPAIN~~ROBIN.

That shirt got me countless favors with Robin and when she saw it on him her kisses seemed more focused and wilder.

That night we were outside sipping some local wine.

“How rich are you?” she asked. Buzz kill. All the team huddled in my brain. I’m not sure I can even spell rich much less be rich.

The general gave me the words.

“I’m the richest man in the world,” pause.... what next my fearless troublemaker?

“Because I have you in my life,” and the ball is going, going, it’s out of the park ladies and gentlemen.



The fuse was lit, and the fireworks lasted all night.

She had not had any intimacy for two or more years, she confessed.

When we woke in the morning she picked up where she left off.

Never knew giving a kid money could create this type of intense passion. It was probably just the donkey she felt sorry for.

We showered and walked down to the village square where we picked up our personal tour guide< Manuel.

At the little coffee shop, Robin told him to order something, our treat. I commented on how polite he was; Robin said more like, well trained.

He chose some stack of what looked like French toast, or something very similar, with honey.

I had made sure to get some change earlier and handed her some local money.

“Uh, ah. No way big spender, I want a hundred.”

She was snapping her fingers and holding out her hand.

“That seems to be the going rate,” she said.

I shook my head no and she said, “Think about it Hercules.”

I gave her all my money. She happily accepted it all.

She carefully placed half next to each breast while I watched.

Now she was a D cup and her breasts were weaponized.

I spent the rest of the day digging in her bikini top retrieving my cash.

My favorite hide and seek game ever.

“Back to my question, how rich *are* you?”

Alarm bells again.

Voice 3, “I have to pee.”

“Me To,” laughed the General.

The Pirate said, “Sure, wish I was back on my ship.”

“You have a charitable nature I admit. But giving away hundred-dollar bills is, let’s say, different in my world. You must be loaded.”

She was trying to read my face with each clue she offered.

“It’s no big deal,” she said. “I have plenty of my own money. I don’t need yours,” while dissecting me with her eyes.

“Let’s just say, I have enough.” That was not the vague answer she wanted.

“And I can get more if I need it.”

That seemed to satisfy her and off she went about what we needed to do; go see her uncle.

He had the prettiest house on the beach, on the next island over. We were going to take a ferry cruise and I would see her other surprises. Life was extremely good.

We got back after a day in town, our dinner made it difficult to climb the staircase. We just sat down on the stairs. Robin was opening a bottle of wine a shop keeper had 'given' us.

"The words out on you, Buster, the Americana that has a money bush," I looked at her for more information.

"I heard them call you the kind, rich, handsome, Americana," she chuckled.

"Well two out of four is not bad," I admitted to my efficient eavesdropping translator.

We finally made it up the huge stairs and as soon as I opened the door she tackled me onto the sofa and we kissed like teenagers. Then the phone rang (who needs a phone right now>>>?) and she left her mission.



"Hi Daddy. Everything's Perfect. He's right here. You want to talk to him?"

I was waving her off like a deck chief on an aircraft carrier. No way.

Fly by. Fly by. She stuffed the phone into my hand.

"How are you sir? Yes, it's incredible.

No, she's been a perfect angel."

The angel had just pulled out the General and was giving him orders.

I was trying to concentrate on what her dad was saying. "I will do that sir," and hung up. I grabbed her head and let the General sound the battle cry and we assaulted her with our manhood. All she could say was more, more, more.

Our driver showed up as if he were psychic. My newfound friend also showed up, minus the donkey, but his shirt proudly dragged the ground. He smiled that youthful grin and handed me a thin twine rope with a shell on it. Robin translated that he made this necklace for me, and it will bring me good luck.

Voice 3, "We always need luck."

I bent down, and he put the necklace around my neck.

I had been officially honored on this tiny island.

Robin wanted to stop and get me one of those Don Johnson looking white outfits. "You'd look so cool with your long blonde hair and those big muscles stuffed in all white.

Maybe even a light see-thru material."

"Are you trying to make me your boy toy?" I asked.

"Hardly Captain, I need a man toy. Boys need not apply, and you've been drafted for the assignment."

The General, "Ask her about early retirement and the 2 on 3 plan." What was the 2 on 3 plan? Never mind, I didn't want to know, I am sure.

The little village tailor first said he had never seen someone so big. He had nothing in his shop to fit me but give him a say and he would create a masterpiece.

“How much?” I asked.

“No dear, if I’m going to pick out your wardrobe, at least make me pay for it. Same goes for my lingerie. You pick, you pay. And I will wear it with pride and maybe even some joy.

Let’s keep our relationship simple.”

So far, so good, but as we did the ferry ride, I was homesick. Boatsick I should say.

A little birdie in the back of my head was constantly whispering, “What if someone steals the Whipser? What you gonna do? Call the cops?

Look for the needle in the haystack?

You don’t even own a gun Mr. Badass, if you ever even found her again.”

From that thought on I was only enjoying my days at 80%, with a few peaks and valleys along the way.

When we got to our “littler” destination with a name I can’t pronounce, my trusty sunglasses, always close and adjusted, we went to the main plaza.

“Get us some wheels, Dear.”

I walked around the 3 choices I had before me. “I want this one.” “No sir, that is not working correctly.”

“Ok, this one.” I pointed to a beat-up looking scooter.

“That is not good either. I am sorry.”



“Ok, that leaves this one. I’ll take it. How much?”

“You have exceptional skills sir; you have picked all my temporarily out of commission vehicles.”

All I have is a scooter and you are lucky it is a scooter for two.”

He could see I was not thrilled.

“Half price for you and the missus.”

“I need a scooter for 3,”

I said as I ran my hand from head to toe.

The attendant was getting slightly stressed.

“I don’t think they make a scooter for 3 sir,”

Robin cracked up, “Don’t you want to feel me hanging onto you as we go racing down the big hill?” Hill, scooter, doing the math. How much does she weigh? You had to ask these questions when you weighed as much as two people.

The General asked, “want me to weigh her or should we just ask?”

Life lesson: You never start a new relationship off with that question, ever, unless you are tired of her loving on you.

I am sure we were the clown act for the locals. Not having TV, this was the next best thing. This beautiful, silly, braless, nympho was letting her hair down and it was billowing behind us.

It became my Official Flag of Fun.

We probably resembled a cross between a unicorn and Lady Godiva, with squishy tires.

We came to the top of the “hill” with a killer ocean view from “The Post Card” directly in front of us. It was a Kodak moment for sure, a very humbling sight.

She held on tight as we started picking up speed down the mountain. I was trying not to think about brakes and maintenance mandates for a hole in the wall, foreign, rental agency as we continued to increase our speed.

Robin brought me back to my real-world thrill as she started fondling the General.

This was getting crazier by the pothole.

Sketchy brakes, flying down a mountain, on an island I can’t pronounce the name of.

Did I mention overloaded by about 300 pounds and she is grabbing my penis like it is a rope ladder or handrail? All voices were silent in the peanut gallery.

You could smell the brakes and I felt somewhat guilty that Robin was having a blast and had no clue that this could be her last vacation.

We blew past two stop signs. I think the locals know to give the right of way to anyone coming down, “THE” hill. In America it goes, “We are comin’ round the mountain. Here she comes. We are comin’ *round* the mountain,” you know that song.

We use what they call a switchback in the States, but not here.

I did find out later that the “Hill” we were on was actually some sort of Olympic downhill practice track until a couple of people got killed. Hang gliders use it now.

Well, we were almost up to hang gliding speed, and ready for takeoff for sure.

I pulled on the brake controls until I bent them.

I rubbed my shell necklace twice, like it held some sort of magical powers.

There are times in your life, after the fact, you can prove that someone or something was looking out for you; this was that time.

We missed a Datsun truck by less than an inch and hit the dock right next to a tall stack of steel pipe and we were airborne. I will say one thing about this little fishing village; we had at least 20 men jump in the water to come to our rescue.

Robin came up from the plunge. “That was awesome. Let’s do that again,” and sadly she meant it.

We drip dried at the local shaved ice stand, and she was having the time of her life.

The scooter was, “Gone Went.”

“We’re almost there. Come on,” as she grabbed my hand.

I really, to this day, don’t know why I followed her any further. Mike said because, “She was in heat and I was just being primal following a million years of conditioning.”

I’m walking behind this windblown goddess (no, we are now running) to the next adventure? Her braless breasts are bouncing and when she turns her protruding nipples towards me, they punish my brain for daring to look at this awesome spirit. No makeup, with a drip-dried freshness. Stunning feelings flow. We reached the beach and ran down it, not another soul around. No homes, no people, just two lovers.

The Pirate jumped in, “Two lovers stranded 20 miles from civilization, in the middle of nowhere, without the added vehicle protection insurance, since it was not offered.

I can tell right now that someone is going to end up with sand in their underwear and it is a long walk home,” I turned him off mid-sentence, as I watched her undress and drop to the sand.

I now have a new slogan, “*Beaches Are Made for Lovers, Period.*” Something about the combination of hormones mixed with sand and salt, then sprinkled with a little passion, add the sunset and you have an orgasm cocktail for two, or at least one.

Life Lesson: I have a tendency to ‘not give a damn’ sometimes. You know, like reverse road rage, where you just take out yourself. Get the insurance if you know you are going to be a real asshole, tell them you want two of them, double up.

They will thank you for being psychic later. I meant psycho.

Psychic, psycho, what’s the difference?

They might even thank you if you are stupid enough to hang around a disaster area you created. I loved the one I was wallowing in now.

When we got back to the scene of the ‘Crime/Accident’ a driver was there laughing with some locals with the scooter on top of his old station wagon. He had a British accent and said, “OK, mate, ready to hit the road? I just had to come see for myself,” pointing at the scooter. We got in his car and you could literally see the road through rusted holes in his floorboard. Robin had pulled out her survival kit and was trying to comb her hair, “I look like dog poo,” she said. I was thinking just the opposite. I have never seen someone so natural and glowing at the same time, especially after performing the tourist stunt act of the year.

When we got off the ferry back at Mykonos, her friend/driver/employee, was there waiting with the Range Rover. I was glad she was rich. I was worn out. I would have ridden the donkey if he had been available. I reached down to rub my good luck shell necklace and it was gone.

I seriously twisted my ankle on the last narrow step of the giant stairs and hobbled straight to the bedroom. She cut all the lights on in the house and came running in holding up the ‘Don Johnson, Big And Very Tall, Handsome Man’s’ version of his signature suit. “Put it on. Put it on!”

“Not now love,” feeling the serious pain in my foot grow by the second.

“Quit joking Jack, put it on. I want to see what the most handsome man in the world looks like in real life and compare that with my dreams. Now come on, this is important. I’ve waited a lifetime for this moment,” she pleaded.

“Robin, I am beat. I’m dragging butt. I really could care less about the suit right this second. Can you get me some ice for my ankle please? It hurts really bad.”

She said, “Right away,” and then three minutes later I heard the door slam.

I fell asleep feeling like an abused rodeo animal. I looked at my watch and she had been gone for four hours. As soon as the sun came out, I showered and limped to the village.

I asked any and every one if they had seen Robin. The language gap made it difficult to know yes or no, or yes, no. I hobbled back up the mountain of stairs, got the picture of us and back on the trail. No luck.

My last option and the one that I hoped would be a guaranteed waste of time, struck gold, fools’ gold. Yes, she had been there. Yes, she had a plane. Yes, she left without a note.

Yes, she made several phone calls before she left. Yes, I can get you a taxi.



The beautiful view I was sitting on suddenly seemed empty and cold.

Life Lesson: It's the person you are with, not the place.

Pretty places are everywhere. The perfect person to share it with is the stuff dreams are truly made of.

It took what seemed like a day to get in touch with Mike.

He was trying not to laugh.

"She just left you, no word, nothing?" hehehe.

He gave me Kathy's number and said to start there, and he would start checking flights. (No internet back then, so the chore was vastly harder with international schedules being inaccurate.)

What the hell, Robin at least owed me a couple of International Long Distant Calls. The phone rang and rang. I did not have anything better to do so I let it ring.

"Hello," cracked the voice.

"Kathy?"

"I think so. Do you know what time it is?"

I looked at my watch and did the calculations.

"Who is this?" she asked, as she started to wake up.

"Capt. Jack."

"Jack. Never thought you'd call me at this hour. Are you in the neighborhood?"

"No, I'm in Mykonos and stranded."

"Oh, poor baby, stranded on a Greek island. Are you shipwrecked?" she smirked.

"I need a favor," I prayed.

"Anything honey. You've come to the right place."

"I need to put together a game plan on how to get off this rock and back to Miami."

"Is that all? I have one condition though," her breathing had increased.

Here comes the Pirate promise.

Rule 12, promise anything when necessary and re-evaluate after the hurricane has passed.

"Name it."

The Pirate said, "We're becoming a very proficient liar, aren't we?"

Kathy said, "I want to go out on your boat again and this time," the General was going crazy.

Yahoo. We get to "fly down her landing strip."

"I want to bring my girlfriend."

The General is freaking out,

"Buddy we are in. Fantasy City next stop."

Then she added, "She and I have been, sort of together, if you know what I mean, for a year and I think she would really dig it."

Highlighting that lesbians were not stylish back then and airlines did not accept them in any form.

"Get me back to Miami and let's do it. I can't thank you enough Kathy."

I was feeling like the cross had somehow been lifted.

“Jack, call me back in 30 minutes,” she said, as she went into airline pro mode.

There was a knock on the door.

The General said, “You’re probably getting evicted.”

I answered the bluer than blue door and our driver handed me an envelope.

“It has been a pleasure sir,” came the nicest words I had heard all day.

I sat down and opened the envelope my hand slightly trembling from thinking about my current rejection.

The note inside went:

Dear Jack,

I am still trying to get over my hurt that you would deny me one simple tiny request, one small pleasure. I don’t understand why you are being so selfish.

I gave you everything, blah, blah, blah, blah.

“Bitch, you left us!” yelled the pissed off General.

PS

The money inside is for your ticket home and expenses.

I really hoped we would work out but if I cannot be the center of your universe, like you are mine, then I don’t want to get stuck like that again.

“Center of my universe, we almost died together,” the General added.

“Yeah, you fucked his brains out, then dumped him.”

My sanity was bursting at every seam. And then he clarified, “Go ahead and take that sexy ass to the barn. At least then we’ll get our brains back,” then he asked, “Won’t we boss?”

I got back with Kathy; everything’s straight.

She gave me the details of my flights and connection.

“Repeat the date please?” said my unbelieving ears.

When she told me I felt the hot quicksand roll over my shoulders. 36 hours was the soonest all this could happen. I offered to go First Class and that was not an option either.

“You know where the airport is,” she offered, like a mother to her kid, handing him his paper bag lunch for the first time.

“Write these numbers down,” which I obeyed.

“Ask for Janie on your London leg,” she is the first-class crew chief. If she is not there it will be Eileen. I have to deadhead in Pittsburg, or I would join you,” and then Kathy added, “NOT.”

“Make sure you keep those contacts, and I will see you when you get home.”

After an hour, I had a feeling like I had been set adrift on a life raft, on a huge ocean of pain and confusion. I welcomed hunger to ease my pain. I needed a pity party, one voice added.

I started a conversation with my favorite Pirate.

He said, “I hope you learned your lesson.”

“What lesson is that?”

“A real pirate can’t allow himself true love. Your options at honesty are Zero. Real love, while overrated, is built on the foundation of truth. That is why sailors have a girl in every port. It is the best compromise we can hope for.”

I dozed for 20 minutes, or was that just from the effect the emotional stun grenades were having on me? The gang finally got me feeling sorry for myself properly. I got up, showered again, and if the truth be told and this is a truth telling story, I was desperately trying to reconnect with her. I was also trying desperately to wash off the rejection.

Voice 3, “She wasn’t very nice, was she?” as I hobbled out the door.

In the town I zoomed in on the laughter. I could hear some music in the background, and I found it. Nice table in the back, foot up on the spare chair. The thought crossed my mind that being selfish sure is painful. The old waitress waddled up and started wiping the table while asking me questions. “I speak only English.” Deer in the headlight look.

She held a couple of fingers up and ran off. Her replacement was like out of a bull fighter’s harem. Her long black hair and her festive uniform amplified the menu greatly. Her smile was official. Yes, officially beautiful.

“I am going to serve you. I speak *some* English.”

Her English was pretty good, well, ok, at least compared to everyone else I had encountered.

“My name is Sophia. Do you know what you want?” as she moved the condiments to the back of my table. Her ample breasts were trying hard to stay in her waitress’ outfit that didn’t fit. Maybe that was by design.

“Surprise me.” As I sat there, I hoped I would not regret the ‘surprise’ me line.

I always said that, to get the best local dish of the day. When I don’t like it, I just don’t eat it.

Robin’s rejection started to sink my confidence and positivity.

Here I was surrounded by people who I can’t talk to, and it dawned on me, I hoped my passport was still where I put it, which only added to the pain in my foot.

Then I decided this combination of universal enlightenment had only one cure, cheap Russian Vodka. Sophia came out with two helpers carrying many plates of food.

My table looked fit for a pirate for sure. After her assistants left, I said

“That is a lot of food.”

“You are a big strong man and you will not have any trouble eating it all,” she said.

She went to grab something “Additional” for my feast.

She came back with hot sauce, “All Americans like this.”

The General responded, “Tell her to put some of that hot sauce on her sexy breasts and then we will see who is a true blue American. Tell her it is a Louisiana tradition.”

“I don’t know where to start,” I said to her.

The General, “You idiot. She wants us to start with the breast meat.”

“Would you care to join me?” she looked over at the counter and shook her head.

“At least sit down and teach me what I am eating.”

She walked over to what appeared to be the manager and spoke with him.

He acted un-phased. She motioned to me one something or other.

When she came back to the table, she had changed her uniform to a nice, black, cotton dress that had hand embroidered roses on the skirt.



She smelled like honeysuckles and her makeup was flawless. Her smile said, she knew everything, “Now I can join you.”

She stood there for a second or two and I realized she was waiting for me to pull her chair out and seat her.

I hobbled to my feet (foot) and pulled her chair out. After sliding it back in, I grabbed her napkin and popped it like in the movies.

“Madame.” She politely accepted. I think everyone watching was hoping I did not fall on her with my awkward hobbling.

She started preparing my plate. ” This is octopus. Fresh, my cousin catch it daily. This is the cheese of a goat mixed with..”

I went on an out of moment experience.

Am I really that worthless she can throw me on the side of the road like an unwanted puppy over not trying on some clothes?

“Now, this is important, pay attention,” she said getting up and moving behind me. She was showing me from behind how to navigate the boiled lobster.

“See like so,” her breasts pushing on my sunburnt back. Sunburn, that is the tradeoff with beach sex. In the crotch sand or sunburn. I got the sunburn, again.

I wondered what Sophia would do if she knew about my lobster honey hole.

The General said, “Don’t do that, it would be class dismissed.” For once he made some sense.



She sat back down and I was drawn into her grace and attention to detail.

She added a pepper here, an artichoke there, a couple of olives there.

My plate became a work of art.

She would look at me and smile as I approved her choices.

The old woman came back and whispered something in her ear.

“Excuse me please,” and she floated across the floor.

The old man leaned into her and said something and then she returned walking just a little bit slower, staring directly into my eyes. Intense heat started rolling through my blood.

She was not fooling about the hot peppers.

“So you’re the one,” I didn’t know whether to confess to wrecking the scooter or to break down crying about being abandoned by my lover.

The Real Pirates of the Caribbean

“You are the talk of the village” she smiled.

“I can assure you it is not as bad as it sounds.”

“Not bad, Manuel bought his mother some glasses so she can read now. It was hard to convince him to give up that fancy U.S. picture with all the zeros on it. No one in this village can remember seeing one of those. He was Mr. Big Shot walking around showing everyone his bill. He told everyone where he got it. He got it from you.”

“There is more to the story than that,” I defended.

“I know. You gave another one to Alexandro,” she spooned some soup past her perfect lips. I don’t know how else to describe them, but everyone has their own unique mental image of perfect lips. You just know them when you see them.

My perfect lips I am seeing on Sophia, live.

“What happened to the pretty lady? She has been here before.”

“You,” she said, stopping her cutting of the veal for a second and pointing her knife at me,

“Have not.”

“She dumped me,” I confessed.

Sophia slowly and very cautiously rolled her eyes from her plate to give me a slight glance, “You beat her?”

Ten lashes my mind got.

“Never, I would never,” I pleaded.

“You no good lover?” she looked up all the way like she had a polygraph built into her eyebrows and was trying to get an accurate reading.

“Yeah, that’s probably it,” I confessed.

She laughed, “No, you can train a dolphin to jump, you know?”

She took me to a small, secluded dark, what I think was a bar. Looked like a bunch of hookers sliding about but I was a stranded whale. Live and let live.

She said this was the only bar her mother would not look for her at. Oh, comforting.

“Umpa,” or something like that, and the crowd cheered.

After we had drank a wide mixture of local folklore she turned and those golden, emerald eyes said to me, “You know, I could teach you how to be a real man.”

Damn, this was *kick Capt. Jack in the balls day*.

She was drunk, “NO really,” she was starting to slur her English. “It would take some time, but I could do it. I know it.” And those eyes started to fade. Sad, they were so beautiful even drunk.

I tried carrying her to the taxi, but my foot was not cooperating. I kinda, sorta dropped her and she sprang to life.

“What are you doing?” in her best drunken voice. Then some Greek words.

“I am trying to take you home.”

“You think I am some kind of whore?” lashing out, arms flailing.

“Not at all,” I said feeling my day getting even worse.

“You got me drunk and now you expect me to come home with you?”

“No, I want to take you to your house.”

“Then why are you trying to put me in a taxi?” she spit.

It took a few seconds/minutes/weeks for it to sink in.

“I live on this street. I have 400 cousins that live on this street.”

As I hobbled her home I thought again about the irony. Finding that perfect set of lips and having absolutely no possibility to kiss them even once. Just out of reach.

“I live here,” she sang, slurred, and sputtered. She stumbled up the steps.

“Thank you very much,” and then she opened the door to the row house and closed it, turning off the light.

As I walked down the empty streets I kept thinking of her curving, sensuous lips. If I had not had her to think about, the pain in my ankle would have eaten me alive.

A cop pulled up beside me and asked if I needed help.

Voice 3, “Public intoxication is an everyday badge of honor here. See if you can get an STD test at the bastille.”

“How did you know that I spoke English?” I asked politely, hoping this was my short cut to a taxi.

“Oh, everybody knows about you,” he pointed out.

“Is that good or bad?” I almost sang that line to the throbbing of my ankle.

“Oh no. It is very good, all very good.”

“Can you help me get a taxi?”

“Too late for Taxis, hop in and I will take you.”

I stood there for 20 seconds.

Rule number>

1. Pirates aren't supposed to get in cop cars.
2. Fuck rule number one.

I told him to take a right here and he assured me he knew where he was going, exactly.

When we arrived, I got out and said, “Thank you very much. Can I pay you?”

He looked insulted and said, “Don't be rude.”

The cop asked me, “Can you keep a secret?” I assured him I was a good secret keeper.

“Get back in and I'll show you something special.”

The “island specials” have been brutal but he was a cop in a small village, and I thought I might need his help later the way my luck was going.

I managed to get back in the smallest police car I have ever seen. I would have never, ever fit in the back seat of that government vehicle, period.

“Put your safety belt on,” he said, helping me get it all together. The flash back to the scooter was getting stronger.

My fight or flight mode was being tested and it was all I could do not to beg him to let me drive.

“Ready,” He looked at me with that teenager ‘let's take Mom's car for a joyride' look.

“Here we go,” and he floored the little FIAT and up the stairs we go, bouncing wildly up to that Love nest gone wrong. At one point I thought we might not make it but the little Fiat made it.

Then he stopped, inches before her door.



“Remember, official business,” and he laughed like a mad man.
The Pirate asked why I was so stupid.
I slept so well that night. Best ever.
I was on my second series of dreams when I was nudged by, “Anybody home?”
I was trying to fit that voice into my dream.
I looked up and there was an answer to a prayer, I am sure, just not sure which one, since I had been sending off prayers every waking hour for days it seemed.
“The door was wide open, so I came in,” Sophia said.
“I wanted to come by and say I’m sorry for acting so terrible,” she continued. My mind was almost running on all cylinders.

“Don’t worry about it, you were fine,” I said trying to erase the blurred visions of me kissing her in my mind. Reboot, reboot, HELP!

I held my sheet close, covering my nakedness, as if I had expected her to tear it away.

Or maybe, I would be tempted to reveal myself.

“I brought you a few wildflowers to say thank you for being a perfect gentleman,” her lips and eyes were so sexy.

“How do you know I was? You passed out for a while.”

“Jack, there are NO secrets in this village. In fact, none on the whole island. If your bags were bigger, I would stow away to get free from all the gossip and immature boys who think they man because they can row boat 100 kilometers. You no grab my breasts or try and poke hole in skirt. You are the first nice guy I have met in five years.”

Damn. The guilt of my real thoughts after those words made me feel like a predator or something. She handed me her phone number and said I can always reach her there or at work. It was slow last night, and the owner let her take off early; 3 hours early. She was lucky it was slow. Yes, that is luck, make no money and get a hangover. She couldn’t be late for work and she said she had to be going. Like the supreme idiot I am, I walked her back to the village to her work. We talked and I could feel the dynamic soul trapped in her world. It was daring her to get a small glimpse of what she thinks she is missing.

I cheated and took a taxi back to my torture chamber.

It took about an hour for me to come up with my game plan.

I showered and looked out the porthole from the bed for the last time. I’m glad I couldn’t find any spray paint in town. I would have written Robin some love letters on her walls.

In fact, I would.... My mind stopped and everyone was thankful about no wall art. Besides, it sounded like too much effort. Peeing on the bed and curtains seemed like an easier, fairer settlement of differences, but I didn’t.

I put on my new Don Johnson suit. Man can that guy sew.

While I did not look better than Don Johnson, and if the truth be told and this is a truth telling story, I felt like I looked better than Capt. Jack ever did.

On the way to the airport, I asked my driver, “Is there anywhere I can get some film developed?”

“Sure, a place on the way to the Aeroporto.” My luck was improving. When I walked into the little mom and pop store, everyone stopped what they were doing, IMMEDIATELY. Tall, Don Johnson, meets the ends of the earth and he is still idolized, thank God. When the dust settled and they found out what I wanted everyone was trying to sell me a camera. “I will give \$100 dollars U.S. if someone will take a picture of me, develop it and send a copy to Florida.” Mom started running everyone out of the shop. Everyone followed her instructions and fled. Her husband was putting film in his camera at Indianapolis 500 speed. The couple was talking fast in Greek. She seemed like she had everything under control. She did invite her sister in to admire the tall Don Johnson looking American. Her husband pulled me over to a white backdrop and was turning on some lights and setting his camera on a tripod.



“No, over in the store.”
No problem. Anywhere you want.
I wanted her to see the hovel I am at with her new fashion creation.
The contrast made me look even hotter.
He took an extra one and I wrote down her address.
It was not hard to remember, 100 Rich Ass Folks Avenue, Coral Gables, Florida.

“Do you mind?” and his wife jumped in the frame. Click.
“One more?” and he handed the camera to his wife and put his arm on my shoulder. Click.
Before I got out of there his 24-exposure roll of film was finished.
He sold the taxi driver a photo with me and him and 19 others.
“Yes dear, the suit fits fine,” that’s what I wanted to accompany the photo.
The General added, “We can go to Good Will and look for lingerie to give her. She clearly said she would wear it if you bought it. Breach of contract written all over that pair of well loved, gently used, panties.”
I knew at that exact moment that I was dealing with some serious mental illness.
I was sure they would write textbooks about my pirate complex/disease. Today at least, I was a real handsome pirate thanks to Robin’s good taste, insight, and generosity.
Voice 3 concurred and said we still did not know if we had the clap, “or WORSE.”
The only change I would have made to that ensemble would have been, to ditch the Nikes in favor of something more stylish. I remembered when I had asked the tailor about shoes he said, “What size?”
“14 wide.” He slapped his head. “jeessh, you must think we’re Italians.”
I got the fruit-fly looking travel plans to get home. I zig and zagged. Luckily when I got on board in London for the last leg home Janie was working. We were pulling back from the gate, and she came back and said, “Jack Hampton.” I raised my hand.
“Please get your belongings and follow me.” As I was walking through the crowded plane headed to the top of the pile, I thought I heard a ZZ Top song, ‘Every girl’s crazy bout a sharp dressed man.’ “Was that guitar music?”

I think my ego needed that attention badly. In fact, I know it did.
I sat in the super-sized seats and I was jamming to ZZ top and then the channel jumped track.
Still ZZ top, but the song changed, “She’s got legs, she knows how to use them.”
These legs came by my seat, long, tanned, shapely legs. They were stopping along the way.
I figured out that I was sicker than I thought, eyes, lips, and now legs.
I put my headphones on. Music was stalking me.
“Isn’t that early signs of extreme paranoia; voices?”

Peter Frampton jumped in
“I wonder how you're feeling
There's ringing in my ears
And no one to relate to 'cept the sea”

I pushed the call button and then my real trouble started if there was such a properly calibrated tool to measure it. It was the face that went with the legs.



“Yes sir,” she reached over to turn off the call light and I could not talk.
I tried twice. Her hair was pinned back in a ponytail, and she reached for my empty cup.
“What can I do for you?” her smile eating me alive.
With a little help from my friends
I summoned,
“Now, or the rest of my life?” she smiled really big and said,
“I heard you were a fun one.
Hi, I’m Eileen.
Kathy asked us to be on the lookout for you. The girl who brought you back is Janie. Kathy said something about you being shipwrecked or needing a stomach pump.
She couldn’t remember which.”

Eileen could tell instantly, somehow, that she was pushing me out onto thin ice, and she switched direction.

“Well, you know our motto,” she said.

“What? Marry me and fly for free?” I asked.

“No, silly,” she gave my shoulder a love tap,

“If our customers are happy, we get to keep our great jobs, forever. Where else can you get paid to meet such interesting people? I could tell by your outfit, when I saw you in the terminal that you were going to Miami.” Wow, Don Johnson, I thank you again, I think.

We briefly talked a couple of times during the flight.

She was very busy and it was mentally challenging to watch her stroll up and down that aisle.

Those long hours, I guessed, are why her legs looked perfect.

I caught myself pushing the button again. DING and she would appear.

That could become a really addictive button.

I finally pulled a mutiny on my ‘crew’ and went to sleep.

The Real Pirates of the Caribbean

Eileen did not have any particular smell. More like summer neutral.

But those legs seemed to take long strides and swoosh, swoosh, swoosh.

“Mr. Hampton, Mr. Hampton,” and I’m gently touched back to the living. I opened my eyes and got tunnel vision.

Wow, imagine waking up to that every day for the rest of your life, “Mr. Hampton, you asked me to wake you an hour before landing.”

“Yeah, I also asked you to call me Jack.”

“Rules are rules, Jack,” she smiled like she was mischievous and had just broken one. She handed me a hot towel and a go brush your teeth looking bag.

“I can’t seem to wake up,” I said.

“I keep seeing the same girl that was in my dream,” rubbing my eyes profusely, then staring up at her intensely, I hoped.

“Are you contagious?” she asked as she put her hand on my head to check my temperature.

“I sure hope so,” I said and that was the honest truth.

“What’s the cure for jet lag?” I asked looking in the toiletry bag.

“Can I find it in here?” thinking, man, these first-class hook ups are pretty incredible.

“No, but I’ll share a trade secret with you.” She went to her little worker dungeon grabbing the solution. She returned with a cup of black only coffee and two little bottles of Cognac. She cracked the seal and poured one little green bottle into the coffee. “Watch out it’s hot,” and I only saw her once after that when she brought the second cup of java.

I waited out in the boarding area for 30 minutes hoping to ‘accidentally’ bump into her. Then I switched to the taxi and bus loading area. And if the truth be told and this is a truth telling story, I was hoping that this was my lucky day, or luckier-est so far, because I was desperately in need of a mind bender. I needed something to grab hold of and tear my memories out and let me start over on a fresh slate. I did not need a *clean* slate, I needed a brand new one, please, and thank you. Wish I had my good luck shell necklace back. The more I thought about that day the more I missed the necklace. I could have been killed, castrated, or comatose. Notice they all have that finality of the K or C sound. Deadkaa, CrippledCee.

When I got back to the boat it was like sliding into home plate and winning the World Series. If I had some business cards, wearing that Don Johnson suit through the airports, I could have picked up 20 girlfriends minimum, just handing them out to the women who specifically asked for them. I understand, after that fashion expo, why Don Johnson always looks so tired. I would advise Mr. Johnson just to dress like I used to, and he will get plenty of rest.

My ego should have been on Cloud 9 or 22 or something. I lay in the main salon and looked at my self-built prison and I had the only key. You guessed it, Bunnie called out.

“My lucky day after all,” said the General.

“Anyone aboard?” her little hand knocking on the hatch.

Now talk about timing. I was self-tortured by Sophia several degrees of intensity.

A day of mile high fantasies with Eileen, several million times and thousands of miles and now my fortune has turned.



This sexy, bite sized, curvy beauty coming into my love cave to rescue me.

“Hey, Jack I need to talk to you really bad.”

I stood up and pulled her to me and said, “I need to talk to you really bad too. My, you are looking so sexy,” I said while attempting to kiss her. I had only seen these moves before, in professional wrestling. The one where you think the guy is pinned and somehow, he twists around and wham, he is holding air. I thought, Wow, that’s pretty good, not understanding the half nelson the General was in. Honest.

“Come up top Jack, I have something important to tell you,” and her tight butt climbed the stairs.

“Is Joe home?” not knowing the answer already since she was on my doorstep so late.

“Jack, you know how much I love you.”

“Yes I do,” and I whispered, “We need to go check on the bilge pump, follow me.” She grabbed my arm and said I was going to need to sit down for her next message.

“Jack, I’ve been dishonest with you.” DIVE, DIVE, DIVE!

“Hold that thought, I’ll be right back,” and I ran to my bunk and checked the mattress.

No, the cash was still there. Correct position, blood pressure back to normal.

“Sorry about that,” as I popped back up on deck.

“Where were we? Oh yeah, we were going to check on the bilge pump,” and I grabbed her hand again.

“Jack, I’m pregnant.” You would have thought her hand was 10,000 degrees as it somehow melted through my grasp. I sat down and spun a few years off my life expectancy.

Part time employed Pirate, baby, wench, and running from a pissed off husband. Don’t forget the stolen sailboat. Well, at least the wind is free. Damn the quicksand was getting wider and deeper. I tried to summon a song in my low IQ brain, but my radio was busted. I tried revising the Pirate’s Prayer, but it did not seem appropriate.

“Does Joe know?” queried the General.

Stay the hell out of this. You got us into this mess.

“Prove it,” was the echo in my inner ear.

“Yes,” she said.

The pirate survival mode kicked into high gear. Water, check, fuel, check. Then the General added, “Rubbers, Check. Oh, wait a minute, we threw them overboard, heehaw, heehaw.”

“Grab a few things and let’s take a nice cozy cruise somewhere. Anywhere you want. Hurry up.

On second thought, forget your things. I can buy you *new* stuff,” I said not making total sense, but I knew, time was of the essence. I had already started the ship’s engine.

“Jack, turn that off.”

“Oh just sit here and take it like a man, that’s your best advice?” I’m almost wishing now I had never had sex with her. Maybe I could deny it to Joe. I would say, “Joe, she is just trying to get you killed.”

Joe would tell me how many bad asses send him birthday gifts EVERY MONTH,

“Get me killed?”

“Yes, you Joe, because a scared man will hurt you.”

He would reply, “And a jealous man will what?”

“Joe you are scaring the shit out of me so I am going to have to kill you, all because she lied to you.”

The Pirate started clapping, “I can see you scaring him to death as you dive over the side and never drive your car again. That’s the first thing I am coming back for Mister Know it All.”

He laughed again. In my brain something was ringing, those damn cathedral bells again in my brand new twisted, rearranged brain. “And they will be sure to help you get it started my friend, ahh, ha, ha, ha, haha.”

The Pirate brain was working overtime.

If you have ever heard the term P Brain, it is short for Pirate Brain.

Joe remarked one time that she was the most important animal on the planet. Damn, bullets are cheap. How did I ever fall into Mike’s trap? Married troublemakers.

“What did Joe say?” I asked while getting lower on the steps to get a better view and if the truth be told and this is a truth telling story, I was getting in my trench(s) because Joe had a lot of “Vegas Type Friends.” I was keeping my head down, sort of. I’m a big guy, but I tried to reduce my target size, because all I could think of was getting my head blown off by a Vegas sniper. I bet Mike wouldn’t still want the boat if my brains were everywhere. On second thought, I don’t have many brains to blow, so clean up would be easy.

My mind was now in charge of the penis sponsored terror channel LIVE, fueled by the Guilt Network on Gutter Mind TV. I was trying to take deep breaths, like the other Jack taught me, Jack Lalanne on mom’s TV. In and out, it wasn’t working.

“Joe loves it,” she said as she tapped me with a small slapping motion. Now I hear the air raid sirens again and this time with the bugle core playing taps.

“And he wants to take me fishing to show his appreciation for fucking his wife and getting her pregnant. Is that his story?”

“Yes,” she said. Now I’m almost out of my mind working on mental Harry Carry.

She continued, “Let me explain. I am mostly to blame.”

“You’re damn right you are honey. If you hadn’t let me shine my light in your garage none of this would be happening,” the General defended us.

She continued again, “Joe and I have been trying to get pregnant since the day we got married. Our deal was, I get pregnant, and our baby inherits everything. He has a lot of everything’s too. At first it was about keeping his ex-wives and stepchildren from scorching his legacy. Then I fell in love with the most wonderful person on the planet, not counting you of course, because I just met you. I wanted his baby so bad. We found out a year ago that he was not able to be the solution. We have been going to bars and clubs trying to find someone to add the other half to Joe’s legacy.

You happened along and I told Joe my plan.

He had to leave town because it upset him so bad that his manhood couldn't produce children, just orgasms," she said.

She then added, "Thank you Jesus," holding her prayer folded hands to the sky.

"When I found out you had...", she was trying to find the proper words exactly, to find a nice way, to explain I was just a sperm donor, "With benefits."

"Captured the flag," the General translated.

She said, "I was happier than even Joe because it was a part of you too," and Joe is really, really happy. He wants to take you to pick out a new car and put cash in your bank account."

I think my Pirate Karma is punishing me.

Just let me drown in my quicksand and the band played on.

Not every day some sexy bombshell tells you that you have been part of a sperm trafficking scheme and your check is approved. It's waiting for you in the dark, well almost dark, alley.

"The only bad thing that I have to tell you is we can't screw around anymore. That means no copulation of any kind, is how Joe put it. No fucking, no sucking. Not even a back door quickie."

The General jumped in, "What about doing the neighbor a good deed thing? I think we are your closest living neighbor."

"We never did any backdoor stuff," I said.

"Jack you sometimes don't use your hat rack properly.

I know the air is thinner way up there but, how can I get pregnant with your cock in the wrong hole? When you came in my mouth that time, it was a total accident."

The commander responded, "YOU lying whore. You forced me. I was almost raped."

"I had to run inside and try saving it. Spitting in bottles was terrifying. Losing all those little Joe Juniors going down the drain," she commented quickly.

"What about your kinky hitch hiker friend spending the night?"

I asked, trying to catch her in a lie to verify I needed to run with the wind as they say.

"You mean Pamela?"

"Yeah, she gave me a blow job to drive her to Port St. Lucie," throwing all her dirty laundry out. Can I keep a secret? I guess not, after all.

"I'm sorry about that. Pam is our fertility doctor and when I told her about your equipment, I guess she had to take a scientific exam for our benefit."

"She didn't peek. She sucked me off," I said letting each individual word ring out.

"Yeah, that cost us another \$360 for her to gather the sperm sample, but she usually charges \$400." I did not quite understand the significance of that statement.

I guess a discount is a discount was the moral to that story.

I had once seen the prized stud on a horse farm 'de-spermed'. They drained his whistle and collected it in a baby bottle. I already know what you are thinking. How do they drain a 1200-pound animal with a 4 ft. long pecker? Teased by his own nose. The ranch foreman basically jacks him off with a warm glove while they tease the stallion with a mare in heat that he can never have. So close, yet so far away.

I could relate to that poor Grand Prize-winning animal. That smell and blinding inspiration and you can never get to it. So close, yet so far away.

My handlers were just spitting in bottles and had a more efficient collection system.

“So, my handsome Capt., Joe wants to come out and join us.”

My throat swelled and out came Joe on signal.

He instantly shook my hand, “We were desperate Jack. I hope you can forgive us. We’ve both grown very fond of you.” As if I needed a consolation prize.

“His middle name will be Jack if it’s a boy and Jackie if not.”

(My friend with the horse farm was very fond of his stallions too, I thought. They never got to have real sex either.) I looked at this guy, having to thank some stranger for enjoying the most awesome love making I have ever had, or at least in the top ten.

“Let’s just say Joe, that it has been interesting,” I said looking at Bunnie.

She said, “Let’s play some music,” and she bounced below.

Joe said, “Thank our lucky stars. It was a tough decision we had to make but it seems to be working out, I can feel it.” I could too.

I could feel the sadness of knowing that the well had run dry.

“If you are going to be around tomorrow, my lawyer wants to come over and get a few documents signed, or you can go to his office. Bunnie told you we have to shut down the baby factory.” I was nodding my skull like a big bobble head dog on a bumpy road. You know the dog with the bone and keg of rum.

After the fertility recipients left, Whisper and I were having our bonding moment. Alone again. I was having one of those mind buster conversations where you are telling your Rottweiler, who ate your neighbor’s *emus*, (the whole flock if you are keeping score) that you might have to put him down. Well, that was where I was at with her right then.

“Jack, Jack dear, are you in there?” the familiar voice rang out, or should I say, threatened my sacred conversation with my plastic goddess.

Oh shit, I must be in a Godzilla movie and I am going to get torn limb from limb and eaten, if I’m lucky, of which I did not feel very lucky at that moment.

General, “Yeah and you don’t know how hard it is to get a beautiful sex bomb to provide room service these days.

The parking is terrible here too.”

The General was having a field day. He was proving to be maybe the craziest one of the group these days for sure.

I heard a voice call out and I popped my head up When I saw her, I said,

“I left the key under the mat. Got to meet Barney Phyfe and he said he would keep an eye on your place.” She eased closer to the yacht.

She held up a ribbon tied bottle of Champagne.

“Can you forgive me?” holding the booze up as a sacrificial peace offering as she crawled aboard.

“I love your outfit. Is that the one I bought?”

“No, this is the one I got at Sears in Athens. They were on sale.”

She had traversed the entire boat and was now touching my face.



” I’m so sorry, I really am. I guess I threw a tantrum. I don’t know what came over me. I thought I did not need my meds anymore because I was so happy. So, I stopped,” and she started kissing my lips of stone.
“Does that make it feel better?”
“Yep, it’s all fine now. Here’s your change,” and I grabbed my pocket full of money and threw it on the floor.
“Look Jack. You have every right to be mad. I am sorry,” she started crying.
The Pirate rang out, “Don’t fall for it. Abandon ship, abandon ship.”
“Look,” she raised her arms like Jesus on the cross.
“Look at me. Take me, punish me, any way you want, but give me a chance to make it up to you.”
I looked long and hard still feeling the fresh taste of rejection.

I was trying to gather the bits and pieces she left behind at her most favorite place on earth. All my insecurities were riding on the back of her demons. This was my nuclear moment when all the elements of my worthless existence collided and...



She left 48 hours later with rope burns on her legs and wrists and a dozen roses.
She kept the empty bottle of champagne as a souvenir, not sure of the reasoning behind that.
I left rope tied to each wrist as a reminder of our reunion. I tried telling myself she had no hold over me as I bathed myself in rejection fever.
She put her hand to her mouth, kissed it and then gently placed it on my lips. I went to the bathroom and when I returned up top, she had gone.
That night, I was almost scared to go to sleep.
All my visions were coming and going.
Robin was doing Pamela and Hank was doing Ruby.
Rick was doing Susie and Mike was doing everyone.

In the morning I was hoping that I had change leftover to watch the matinee, too.

Chapter Eleven

It does not matter how much sleep you get; chances are if you go to sleep a shithead you will wake up a bigger shithead. Fact or fiction?

Fact.

The Eagles provided part of the clarification

Well I'm a-runnin' down the road, tryin' to loosen my load

I've got seven women on my mind

Four that wanna own me, two that wanna stone me

One says she's a friend of mine

I almost thought about suing them for breaking and entering my life.

How did they know all that without talking to the General?

So “WE”, as a group, decided to take the problem and lock IT up. My heart that day was officially placed in the Royal Tower. Ok, we didn't have a tower, so I think it went into the bilge, “mending” but if the truth be told,



I had 4 arrows buried deep in that dying organ.

Successful recovery was questionable.

My insanity was amplified to new heights.

With my newfound knowledge, I upped the occupancy capacity to 25.

Our new song words:

I'm running down the road lookin to rent not to own.

I've got 18 girls to find.

All want to own me. All want to stone me.

None are a friend of mine.

A later verse read:

You can run

You can hide

With Johnny law by your side.

I had become a full time “Jockey”. My job was to be a clown and get the attention of any law enforcement floating around on any given night. It reminded me of bass fishing when the purple worm first came out. Run that worm by and watch out.

This was no different. I can tell you this now, back then the best their boats, (Rick would call them “Copper Boats”) would do, is 40 mph, top end. All of ours would do 60 mph, or much better. Having the premier radio wizard on our team for these “bowl” games was like cheating on your taxes, Easy, *real* Easy. So, when the command center said, “Green right 54” that meant start at the causeway by the green lights and run up Little River. Hard to explain what 60 mph with marine patrol boats flashing their toy looking lights looks like, when you almost hit the Jungle Queen that runs up tight canals, full of tourists.

What is even more disturbing (funny) is when you get the Delta 88 signal you pull over and wait for the little blue light.

They pull alongside and grab the boat like they caught a runaway hound, flashlights out and searching. I would calmly explain we had the radio blaring.

I would turn it on blowing out their ears, then back off.

You see officer I couldn't hear you.



When they would ask why I did not see the flashing lights in my big ass rear view mirror, if I had my bikini partner (decoy) on board, I would say, "I'm embarrassed to say I had it pointing down at her... you know, watching her do me. So I was not paying attention to your lights."

Thank you sir; \$35 ticket for throwing a wake.

The worst ticket I ever got was when Rick was along for "some fresh air" and we ended up with four tickets.

Still, all combined, under \$200.

To make matters worse (I knew I forgot something), we never carried ID, "We left it in the car" and one night when Rick was giving his name and address it was all I could do to keep a straight face. He reminded me of Dan Aykroyd.

He could say the craziest stuff and with totally stone-cold expressions and then do the serious idiots follow up.

He was trying to help the cop spell Willow Finkle, the street he said he lived on.

"No, no, that is two Ls in Finkle.

"No, No, only one L in Wilow."

I hated those moments because it reminded me of playing with matches. That was what he called Jeffing on the cop and if you did not brace yourself everyone would be getting hauled in for PI, except me. I am going over the side and doing my rendition of Aqua Man or Flipper. Let's do the math. I don't own the boat. I don't have anything of mine on the boat, not even a cocktail. My custom Ferrari racing gloves, that everyone thought I was trying to be so cool with, If the truth be told- yeah you know the slogan by now, was to make sure my fingerprints never were on any of these boats, ever. Bill had 4 Ferraris and with one phone call he had 6 pairs delivered. They were sent from the factory direct and almost overnight. They had their Horse on them, real cool.

I can hold my breath for around 4 minutes and my big feet are like having fins on by themselves. We never thought about cops shooting us in those days, especially on a canal. So the only logical thing I could ever get my "Crew" to agree on was Run, Jack, Run, if needed, our primary back up plan so to speak.

So, we got to race tricked out speed boats all over south Florida canals. One night the "kind officer" pulled out a Polaroid camera and said, "You don't mind do you?" Click.

I had a feeling that click was going to change my world.



That is the beauty of easy money. You could go out and piss it away and just live for the moment. I had heard the horror stories about how they take all your stuff before you go to the Federal Pen. For some reason I had popped up on the radar as the “tall blonde who never cleared customs” and they were determined to break my bad habits, I guess. They thought I needed a mentor probably. Our club parties were almost legendary. Well at least to the DEA. That night we almost hit the big paddle wheel boat. (Public Notice: If any of you terrified tourists happened to capture us on camera that night, we will gladly purchase the negatives.) I think I could have high fived the deck hand.

Rick somehow interpreted that near collision as a sign from the gods to mean, “Topless Bar”. We, if the truth be told and this is a truth telling story, went to my first ever- all nude joint. Yeah, you thought I was going to lie to you and say I had never been in a topless bar. What I *can* say is, I had never been to the ‘Champagne Room’. I learned a whole new level of expensive teases that night. Fast forward. You are going to have to spend your own 2k for a Champagne Room adventure story and get your own details.

When Bebe and Linda came on board, Voice 3 was having a panic attack. They were what you hoped you’d get in every pack of double mint gum.

That crazy wonderful, perplexing night was...the reason I had to change dock slips.

In the weeks to come, every night around 5 am, she and her squad would come, “Join the Party.”

It was fun for a few nights, I must admit, or at least the General admits, often.

Rick later told me, “I should have warned you. Them doing coke and highballs all night makes the morning rituals fun at first but,” he then added, “My stripper girlfriend, live in would say, baby, I saved it and brought it home to you, sugar.”

At 5 am and after a lot of careful deliberation, I told her to, “go sell it to some stranger and come home and take me to lunch.” That New York practicality at work, always.

The lunch part he said meant, take your time.

For some reason he said, they “broke” up after her biker boyfriend stole his stereo.

He *did* ask me if I wanted a great deal on a Harley.

I only bought the derringer.

Since I did not understand the full dimension of my trespasses until after I had a taste of Wendy in the Champagne room,

Rick’s vision quickly turned into a sink or swim challenge.



A friend once told me, “God made the universe in five days.
He then got in a hurry and made woman.
This, today in Detroit, would be called a serious factory defect.
To make something so perfect, so fine and not put any brakes or
reverse in.”
Made perfect sense to me.
I was having trouble explaining to the General and the 12 egos in
the room,
“I have called this meeting,” I started in my mind.
“To explain to Uuns,” sounding like Rick.
That is how screwed up I was after the Champagne Room.
This experience was custom designed for your full ego.
Like an ego massage and much better than a pedicure.

It was right out of a page from your wildest fantasy combined with liquor and fake champagne for the girls.

Real expensive, fake champagne. And lots of it.



If you have never met a girl in the “Champagne Room” don’t.
It will take your bank roll to new lows quickly and with a
cherry on top.
Whip Cream is extra.
I met Wendy there who wanted to go sailing.
“At your service,” I said humbly.



Wendy, while sexy and sweet and pretty and really sexy and sweet.
Did I mention sexy? Oh yeah and fun with a capital F and sexy with a
very big S, is only here for fun in the sun, as she told me. No dish pan
hands, certainly no toilets and she *prefers* a latte before you speak to
her.
She wants privacy when she is sunbathing naked, so sunglasses are
mandatory from 1 to 3 pm topside.”
I could feel my jolly band of pirates making spitballs and shooting
them at my weaknesses.
“Sounds fair enough to me,” said the General.
“Me being blind and everything, a real handicapped soul, could I be
a safe source of instructional inspiration for her sun tanning?”
Meeting adjourned and I became Wendy’s play toy of the month.

I think she did a groupie session with the band called The Association because they wrote a song about her:

Who's peekin' out from under a stairway
Callin' a name that's lighter than air?
Who's bendin' down to give me a rainbow?
(she loved rainbow colored underwear)
Everyone knows it's Wendy

Who's trippin' down the streets of the city
Smilin' at everybody she sees?
Who's reachin' out to capture a moment?
Everyone knows it's Wendy

I am almost positive she did a groupie session with the band because the rest of the song was spot on also. Stormy eyes, that flash at lies and she can fly, especially with Mike's credit card. She had that knack, that no matter what you said, she would agree with you on the outside, while if you vexed her, on the inside she would be saying, "OK you smartass, bone head. Dumb like mud. I am going to make you pick me up with one hand ONLY and walk around till you get a hernia. DON'T FUCK WITH ME," as she shot that seductive vixen look your direction. I *would* say 'my direction' but if other willing and addictive souls were nearby, she would use her excellent broadcasting skills to cover the entire pack.

That brief encounter with the Champagne Room made me do some serious thinking about cash flow. I had to teach Mike upselling.

He would have never made it pumping gas. "Ma'am you are a quart low," holding up her dip stick that had not even been dipped.

I figured that summer we sold that same can of Quaker State Motor Oil at least 100 times.

It was the difference between being homeless or not.

More on that if you can bear with me.

So training Mike to upsell meant it had to be for real.

He would not hose our rich clients unless they paid in cash.

I see, the cash 'un-discount'.

We did a lot of 'single side band radios' back then, the talk around the world stuff.

In those days most of them had ten channels.

Each channel had a unique frequency quartz chip, X10.

When the FCC changed those channels, it was like getting a \$50k windfall to our business.

So, one day I asked the golden goose wizard,

"How do you know this stuff works correctly offshore?"

Mike had never thought about that, and I could see his brain trying to explore the question.

I was thinking about the extra \$125 an hour x 4 or 5.



Plus, to cruise on some of the nicest boats in South Florida.

Sign me up.

On second thought I will sign myself up.

"You should start recommending a sea trial and put it on our invoice.

In the end I had to fine tune the concept a couple of times and we would end with, "Sign right here".

It was the owner or the captain and they would always ask, “What is this for?” Mike or I would explain,

“That is releasing us from any liability if you use this radio anywhere besides your dock.”

We gave some gobbledy goop answer about atmospheric changes and the dock and structures, blah, blah, blah.

“It probably will work just fine, but if not,” finger points to the place to sign the waiver.

I wish I had a hidden camera back then. We are packing up ready to roll and before we can get to the dock, always, “How long is this going to take?” I would schedule our joyride; I mean technical testing date. To me this was special, going out on these private yachts, I had only gotten more into it. I think Mike looked at it like a pleasant job.

I can remember one time when a client of his gave him a kilo of grass and Mike said, “No thank you, I don’t do drugs.” To his amazement, he never got any more work from this guy.

I had to explain, that he insulted the guy.

“Next time, you gracefully accept anything, except his old lady, and bring it home. Rick and his brothers will know what to do.” As they say, the thrill is gone baby, the thrill is gone.

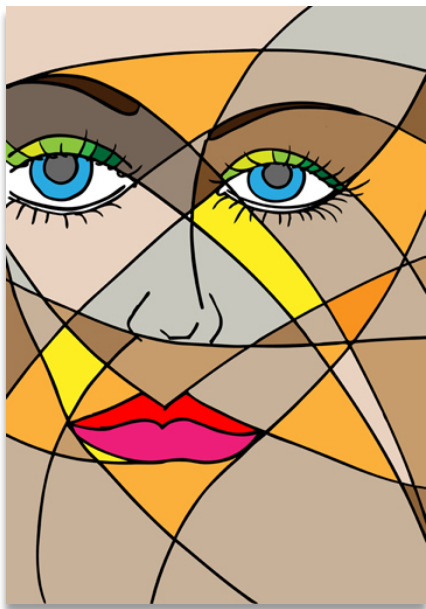
His real ambitions needed thongs and garter belts not fuel pumps and specialty antennas.

I would tour the yachts as we did our \$600 joy rides.

I would also tour them when we were dockside if the crew was gone.

I mean like Picassos on the walls, everywhere. 40-foot speed boats were the dinghy of choice.

40-footers, a totally different world than I had ever dreamed of.



Walk in coolers, marble bathrooms and huge freezers.
Crates of wine with labels I had never heard of.



That is how I discovered Mike *IS* the missing link. The way he could pick up tools with his toes proved it.

He would be getting ready to get in some hellish hole and do whatever was needed. I am so big, so the little hole is my friend. (Can’t get in, math thing, big guy, little hole.

Damn I was looking forward to that.)

So, I would line up all the tools I thought he needed all around the hole.

It would be almost the whole toolbox if the truth be told.

Skillfully strewn as best I could anticipate, and I would take off for 40 minutes or so.

I was always awestruck by people having something like these yachts and never using them.

Maybe on Labor Day, the start of the Snowbirds coming south, but usually it just sat gobbling up payroll.

One of these “test” runs involved a drop dead gorgeous 140 ft. Fed Ship. The owner was somewhat pissy/skeptical of the release, but it was a toy, his toy, and his toys would work properly. I think he had made a phone call and somewhat figured out the shakedown cruise concept was a shake down. But he and everyone in Ft. Lauderdale wanted the Wizard and we had him, so he tolerated our inconvenience. We were scheduled for Thursday to leave by noon and be back around 5, easy peazy. His captain called, he was in a car wreck, no show basically. This rich, starting to get uptight, boat owner clearly understood when I told him there is a cancelation charge of what amounted to four hours.

This is why some rich people are so successful.

Question?

“Either one of you have a Captain’s license?” Bingo, Mike did.

The owner sat us down in the main salon and went over the rules.

1. Any findings or issues come directly to him and no one else, not even his captain. He was so smart that he got his insurance company to pick up our tab.
2. You will wash her down when you return to the dock.
3. She will come back the same or better than she left.
4. Any damage will be your sole responsibility.

We shook his hand, I was waiting for him to be a smartass at the last minute and say sign here and there, and so on.

Instead, he threw a wad of keys to Mike and his Last Words, ‘Smooth Sailing’.

“What’s this about a cancelation charge? We don’t have a cancelation charge. If we did Joe Namath would be broke,”

Mike said. “Call it a disappointment fee if it makes you feel better.”

Mike said, “You know he is not going to pay us for the wash.

He got over on you. I knew you were looking forward to the trip, that is why I didn’t say anything.

Anyway, he is sucking up on average, \$10k per day, so spending 10 or 15 hours washing his beast down is a fair trade.”

A Day of swabbing the decks; now I am feeling totally cheated. He did too, probably, because the basic law of wireless radios is that the clearer your clutter/surroundings the better the odds of your radio working even better offshore. That is, if your side band radio was installed properly, and the Wizard never failed to do installations properly. He had the phone hookup onboard. Remember, no cells.

The hippest and very expensive gadget at the time was the “Cordless Phone”. I have seen them go for as much as \$1800 and they wouldn’t even get a signal across the street.

Rick to The Rescue.

The longer I looked at the Avanti the stupider I felt.

Best idea yet: I called Rick to run an idea by him. And if the truth be told, I wanted to barter this deluxe package, hell no, I wanted to get him to wash the ship down. Yes, I confess.

“Are you ready to party?” I asked him.

That is the official call sign for whore dogs around the world.

I had him go by my apartment and pick up some clothes for Mike and I.

Two hours later we were loaded and honk, honk to the ocean. Mike felt more at ease in the open ocean. He called all his friends and clients. Anyone that had a side band radio he called, basically bragging about calling from The Fed Ship, Avanti.

I was giving Rick the tour.

Mike soon ran out of people willing to pick up the radio and talk his 4x4 roger crazy shit.

Loud and clear I think others heard the conversation and bailed. With Sideband you could “Eavesdrop” so to speak.

I told them I had a great idea.

I told Mike to head due north. He wanted to know why.

I told him I would not tell him until he was headed north.

Mike knows how A.D.D. and impulsive I can be, so he turned us north. The reason for the northern route was so we could come back in at the Hillsboro Inlet and go down the Intracoastal and sight see, stopping at Yesterdays, a fine restaurant and rooftop bar.

Silence.

“You mean, like the fancy one with the disco on top?”

Mike ventured his scared brain to consider.

“Yeah, once around the block and home James,” I said, as

I changed my clothes, having just showered.

“What if there is no room on their dock?” he hoped.

Which could handle two of these sized boats max with room to spare.

“Then we’ll cruise on down and look for somewhere else.

I’ll be the boat owner.” Stop.

Here I must confess that I thought I was grabbing the gold ring without them having time to even consider it.

I took that option off the table immediately. Kind of like yelling shotgun to claim the passenger seat but in this case, I was the billionaire, and they were my peasants.

Got it, it flew right over their heads, “And you are the captain Mike and Rick I am sure you will figure out what works best for you.”

“If we get busted at the restaurant,” not knowing if we were going to make the evening news or not, “we tell the owner we stopped to eat. We did not know what we were allowed to eat or not eat on the boat.

If that does not work, we tell him if we had left on schedule, we would not be having this discussion. IE: his captain screwed us up.”

“The worst that happens is he won’t let us take his boat out alone again. Since the FCC is not going to change the crystals again for some time it is irrelevant,” I debated.

“What if something happens?” Mike fretted.

“You’re the wizard. You can fix it.” With that statement locked in Mike’s brain it was on.

The “what could happen part” we should have thought about just a little bit more, but we didn’t. That would have taken the fun out of it. I told Rick, “I have always wanted to “own” a boat like this even, if just for an hour. I can’t wait to look into people’s faces and see what looks I get when I’m carrying my phallic symbol and lay it on the dock in front of their broke ass eyes. This is going to be good Rick. This is going to be fun,” he agreed 200%.

We arrived at the restaurant, and I had the island look going on, with my sun-bleached blonde hair, and new topsiders (a true sign of money).

Everyone else wears their boat shoes, forever, no matter how long.

I am standing on the aft on the starboard (right) side, our chosen docking side.

There is barely enough room, not because of some big boat but by what Rick commented, “Maybe we can pick up a dinghy while we eat.” Referring to the little ass 30 and 40 footers already tied up on the pier. We laughed.

He wished he could be so lucky to afford one of those.

Here is where it gets interesting. Mike is scared to “Bump” something, or as I asked him to do, “Just give it a little nudge.”

Hell dude, we have 4 or 500 tons going for us, fishing boat in the side pocket. Call it and then ‘Just a slight tap’. We got you covered.

So we are inching in and then back off. The boat is lit up.

I turned on every light I could, quite the spectacle.

I threw this dockside volunteer a line. He was supposed to put the rope on the cleat, and we go from there using the engines. Big ass engines too.

Neat trick if you know what you are doing. Mike did, I did, Rick did. But the dumb ass dock helper did not. Mike blasted the horn and was trying to holler from inside the bridge, “On the cleat, on the cleat.”

The guy nodded his head like he got the 200-decibel message.

He starts trying to pull this 140-foot steel boat to the dock.

Granted she did not have as much fuel as when she left her slip, but she was massive and he ain’t all that. Mike is starting to panic; well, he’s at least getting very edgy. He goosed the port engine and pulled this guy into the water. The do gooder, or Goober as Rick called him later, did not let go. The guy held on like it was a tug of war contest.

Mike put a search light on him and I’m yelling at him not to grab the dock. Barnacles and I had a 72-stitch run-in one time when I first got to Florida.

I agreed not to invade their environment again without their consent.

Now the weight of the guy’s clothing is becoming a potential issue.

I am ready to throw him the freshly retrieved line and his wife is now on the scene motioning him to the dock and talking a mile a minute. I could imagine her words, “Harold, we have an 8 o’clock reservation and you are going to screw it up. No ladder, no problem, just scale the damn thing.” He was not paying attention to us but rather to his dinner date. Mike started blasting the horn and had now gotten the intercom in the mix.

To say the very least, every person within a half mile started watching and hearing that horn. Later, we determined that Mike had a for real, hearing problem. It must have been that time he cleaned his ears out with a screwdriver and toilet paper.

Rick grabbed the intercom, “Listen up you dumb mother fucker, we are hungry. Now either grab this rope my friend is going to throw you or get the fuck out of the way.” I threw him the rope; he gladly took hold, and we pulled him to the ship.

When we got him securely aboard, everyone on the dock, which was a front row seat to this mega yacht adventure, applauded. That wasn’t so bad, but then Rick, being his old trouble making self, points both hands to me like, you take a bow for the crowd. I pointed back and he pointed back at me. It was one of the most embarrassing moments in my yacht owning life. The only damage to the boat was, we gave the wet sod a blanket that turned out to be special and the owner beat his dogs thinking they peed on it.

Owners Lesson 22: I can’t be washing your frigging boat if I have to do the laundry at the same time.

We finally got the Avanti securely docked. I have seen less dock traffic at boat shows that feature the latest and greatest gadgets.

Don’t get me thinking about the Miami boat show or I’ll never finish. The only place I have ever been where I start making the mental argument for hoping Santa being real.

“Sure I’ve been a good boy.”

While heading into the restaurant I said to Mike,

“I have some really good news.”

“Can’t wait to hear it,” he was still slightly sweating.

“If we’re not busted in an hour after that entrance, then we are home free.” He did not smile or laugh.

We had the restaurant owner’s personal 140 foot of yachting attention. In the end he would not let us pay for anything, nothing. Not the expensive wines, not the surf and turf, nothing.

Rick and I reflected a few days later, “That sucks. The richest pay nothing and the poor people have to wait in line and can’t even get extra breadsticks.”

And if the truth be told, I had never been treated like royalty before.

I had no concept of that handicap. Handicap you ask? Yes.

After the ‘Perfect Ten Dinner’ the owner guided us upstairs to the disco above his fine dining. Since we had not spent a dime yet, I felt obliged to buy a drink or two or three. The club had this killer view of the Intracoastal and by chance, we had left our penis symbol right out that window on the dock. I must admit she looked amazing. Of course everyone had seen the fiasco, oh, I mean rescue, (at least they rhyme) and Rick wasted no time doing the replay.

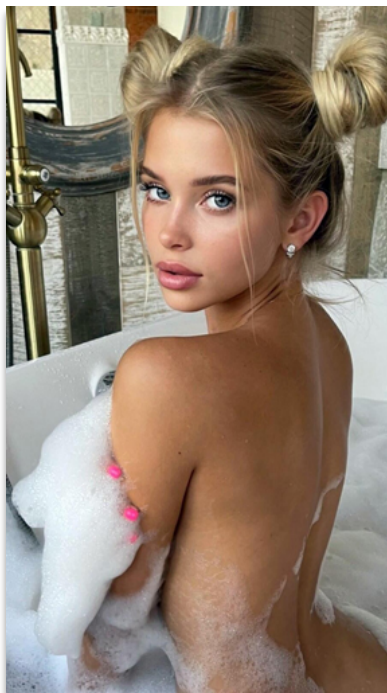
I could hear the dumb shit this and the dumb shit that.

Drinks were flowing and the BS got bigger. Mike was surrounded by several women now. He had his little Captain shorts on with his name on his shirt. Questions, questions, questions. He thoroughly loved showing off his knowledge of boats. Yeah, Mike, I hear you 4 x 4 good buddy. I moved over to the bar to escape our “VIP” isolation booth. I was getting a little run down about the “dumbass”. Hey guys, at least he was trying to be helpful. I remember I was drinking bourbon and all the working women wore these green afro wigs. My bartender Mira would watch me, listening closely to every single word I said. Looking back on it, she probably could not even hear me, the music was so loud. At best she could be a lip reader, but she convinced me what I said was important. Mike had met some pretty little thing from Georgia and Rick was working on a set of twins. Mike motioned me over and I was getting ready to go and see what her friend’s story was. Mira yanked her wig off and said, “At least this way you will recognize me if I’m ever fortunate enough to see you again.” I always have to make the disclaimer my publisher demands, attorney too, that these versions of facts sometimes come after serious drinking and sometimes delusions and the real outcome has not been altered to protect the guilty since no one in this group is innocent. – End of disclaimer. But she was stunning. I guess all drunken sailors say that. If you have ever had a bartender fantasy, I was staring at one. Mira asked, “If you have time I would lovvve to see your boat.” Then to speed up all the in between stuff like, “You said I could come and don’t you think I’m pretty and so on.” That was a sample of Rick’s fan club protesters. What I was about to learn, firsthand, was what Rick and I later labeled, ‘The Curse of the Royals’. But as good fortune would have it that night, Mira ended up in the owner’s stateroom and we were kissing on the giant bed. Man, I am Mr. Big Shit and for about two hours it seemed to be going well. I was being patient and very loving and told myself that she would cave in shortly.



“Jack, I really like you, but I hardly know you,” as my fingers were trying to roam with not much luck. This girl was a U.S. champion ping pong player in college and way too fast for me and my big hands. Jack please this and Jack that. “I’d like to get to know you better if we are going to be intimate,” she said while flashing that smile and sticking just a small sliver of her tongue through her perfect white teeth. The General, “Now we are making progress.

Tell her the best way to get to know each other is with a bubble bath.”



“How about lunch tomorrow?” she asked.

You know how people say the devil made me do it? Well, she made me do it.

I could not break away “tomorrow” because I had come to the realization that I would be scrubbing this disappointing aphrodisiac down, during that time slot and dinner too.

I will be lucky to get lunch while I hang over the side doing all the windows.

It was almost like the Cinderella story except my pumpkin hour started whenever we leave the dock. She said, “I have a great idea. I’ll ride with you, and I’ll get my roommate to come get me.”

This sent my brain into punching out the best possible answer for its low IQ due to not having enough blood to run both heads. This is why I really blame Mira for boxing me in.

For a brief microsecond I wondered if she would be willing to scrub the boat on the way back.

“That won’t work. I’m taking the big boat to Bermuda today. In fact, I should have left hours ago.”

She looked confused, “This isn’t your big boat?”

“No, this is my little runabout for Miami and The Keys. Sometimes we do the Bahamas also.”

I could see her brain working and she came close to dragging me back into that stateroom and vagina whooping me. Ok, that sounds weird. Pussy whooping me, but she didn’t.

If she could hear my brain working, I was actually wondering where they kept the soap and deck brushes. I would need them on the way back to the berth instantly upon leaving the dock or close to it. I figured I was in this deep, try a new approach,

“My other boat, we use to go to Europe and the Med. in the summer,” I offered, hoping to get the, “I feel so sorry for you, having to do all that long yachting stuff and here too.”

What some girls call a mercy screwing, but no such luck. I considered doing one of Ricks Hail Mary’s.

Rick: “Would you make love to me on our first date?”

He has usually just met this girl at a club or restaurant.

She replies, "Of course not."

Then he asks, "How about our last date then?"

Lesson, New Yorkers can be hard core, and Rick would add, "But very effective."

As the sun rose, Rick and I were washing this big, beautiful lady while we were on the move. We had put all our visitors ashore and I think we scrubbed so long that day I got the first stages of dishpan hands. A few weeks later we had another occasion to do the yacht owner gig.

Again, Mira and I kissed on my bigger yacht, but she would not go into the bedroom this time.

"Let's just sit here on the couch and look at all the lovely artwork," she said, as beautiful as ever.

I think when she offered to make me a drink and I did not know where the hidden bar was, she got nervous. She did not want to go into any isolated remote location.

In the end I managed to calm her fears.

I explained they were worried I was becoming an alcoholic, so they had a hidden beverage policy for me. Yikes, after that line she confessed, "I thought you drank a lot myself. Now I know why, because you can't get a drink on this big, big, what do you call this?"

"Headache," I replied.

"It's your boat, you should drink if you want a drink. It's not like you're driving."

For some reason I thought I was creating my out when I said,

"Well it's my money. I am what some call, a trust fund baby, but I have a few rules, no, many, many rules, to access it."

She looked around at the Renoir on the wall and said, "I know what you're going through. I used to have the same trouble getting my allowance from my mom," true story.

She and I would see each other from time to time. When I went to the restaurant to see her, the owner would never let me pay for dinner, with a boat or no boat. He said, "We are always pleased to have you grace us with your presence."

I went to her apartment and ate a fabulous meal once, and I learned five other ways to kiss. I even agreed to visit her mom and dad for a weekend trying to "seal" the deal. Her mom, super nice woman, even put us in the same bedroom.

I spent most of the day very excited about the evening.

I patiently waited for bedtime. Maybe I said my prayers too soon.

We were headed to 'the barn' and she said, "Mom we need to fix the guest room. Jack and I aren't sleeping together, *yet*." That must have been where they got the name for Yetti cooler.

Yettttttt I heard her say.

I felt slightly abused when Dad said, "That's different."

I learned lessons about bubble bursting and assumptions.

That night was hard to excuse my own ignorant foolish self.

In the morning over coffee her mom apologized.

"I wasn't trying to be a nosey mother-in-law, but I just assumed that," she did a bunch of sign language hand gestures.

"Mother what?"

“Mira said you would probably be getting married so I just assumed you were like her other boyfriends.”

Now you would think that is the end of the story- NADA.

Note: The correct Spanish above. I have been learning a lot of Spanish in Miami from the Colombians, as you can see.

My ego and I sat down and I was trying to figure out why Mike and Rick could score on these voyages, but not me.

Was I not as charming? Was I sore on the eyes? It kind of bugged me. You know the game men play and are taught to play. It comes with a giant score board, that truthfully, you can never trust or believe. It is called Sport Fucking and the rules are simple. You have to penetrate something or at least be a damn good liar to make us believe you did. Man’s ego and chest beating goes back to the dawn of time and this was a part of the tribal passage to what they called manhood.



Music & Trailers

TheRealPiratesOfTheCaribbean.com/trailers.html

Capt Jack

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