

# Three Coins Sets Sail



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for

Robert, Bear, Erica,  
everyone from  
the Copper Kettle Restaurant,  
the Old Tavernier Hotel,  
Mangrove Marina,  
and,  
of course,  
Louie



## Three Coins Sets Sail

Three Coins was a 47 foot ketch, black hull, blue sails. She sat on anchor off of Santa Domingo in the Dominican Republic. Five knots of a northerly breeze spun the silent generator as Hunter, whose real name was Truffle Hunter, scrubbed the last few feet of teak planking on the forward deck. His purple and black sarong swept around his knees on the bare wood, a canvas tarp tented overhead kept the burning afternoon sun off his back as Coge, short for Chinese of Green Eyes, pronounced KOJUH, whose real name was supposedly Chef Robert, lazed in a hammock with a hat over his face and a cold beer in hand. Coge sipped at the relaxing body coolant as Bear, whose real name was known only to the devil himself, appeared from the salon with a freshly rolled joint. Cagna, a thirty pound chow/black lab mix, stopped licking herself to watch Bear with the joint.

"You 'bout done there?" called Bear.

"Just the final application of ammonia," said Hunter.

"Hurry up ya fuckin' Swedish meatball," said Coge, "it's time for blazin'."

"Shit, you've been blazin' since I started working on this," answered Hunter.

"All day everyday," responded Coge.

"Spark it up." Bear handed the herbal cigarette to Coge, to which Coge favorably replied.

"Dude," he said, smoke seeping with his words, "did nut banger here," with a gesture to Hunter, "tell you about his promotion in dorkdom?"

"No, what's that?" Bear acted the dragon in his turn.

"You gonna tell him or do I have to bust you out of the geek closet?" challenged Coge.

"I met a girl," said Hunter.

"New arrival at the Get Lucky for Loot?" asked Bear.

"No, man," interjected Coge, "cyber snatch."

"Chingaté, ass buster," sneered Hunter. "Gimme that joint, please."

"Nothing wrong with cyber snatch," said Bear as he handed the joint forward, then continued with, "if you got a digital dick."

"Fuck you both. Really, I mean it, I may have found the perfect woman for me, she's soooo super cool, totally smokin' hot, beautiful tastes in music, she even likes the Pixies."

"Whoever they are you fuckin' fairy," said the lazy hammock.

"No, that's cool," said Bear. "Got a chance for love I say good luck."

"Yeah it seems pretty cool, figured I'd really be an idiot if I passed on the chance to find out if she's truly my soul mate."

"So what's her name?" asked Bear.

"Lisanne," said Hunter, "Lisanne," with the glazed look of someone talking to himself. "My little six foot sweet femme."

"Sure, that's cool," said Coge, "but when she turns out to be a three hundred pound man named Louie just remember I called it."

Whatever, sphincter poker," said Hunter, "I think she's being straight, it's just some of the little stumbles in communication we've had make me believe that she's telling the truth."

"Stumbles?" asked Coge. "You've never even met and you've already had problems? If she's real she's crazy, I'll bet

you anything. Why would a woman like that meet men online?"

"Maybe she's too busy to get out," said Bear.

"She told me she trains seeing eye dogs," said Hunter, "and I have had some hot female friends who very happily met men online. So there are real women there."

"And real men acting like women," said Coge.

"Whatever she is," said Bear, "how long do you think before you'll have Three Coins sailing again?"

"Couple of months, I'd say, need to haul out, paint, replace a couple of fittings," answered Hunter, pulling a beer out of the cooler. "Gotta take one more batch of gems to the States then I'm going to do some relaxing sailing."

"Don't get careless just because you're going to stop for awhile," said Bear. "Those Amerinazis are getting out of hand."

"I know, I know," said Hunter. "Just one more quick trip and I'll be exploring again."

"Cool, cool," said Bear. "Hey Coge, while you're layin' there roll one up."

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"Florida cops should under no circumstances be encountered while trippin'," Coge enlightened Bear and Hunter as he passed some cash to the naked, sweaty, smiling woman on the stage in front of them.

"Thank you, honey," she said.

"Oh no, thank you, babe," said Coge, "you know you always earn it."

"You wanna come upstairs and do a little dancy dancy with me, mmm?" she offered.

"Not tonight, Erica, I'm still tired from last night."

"Me still tired too," she reached down and squeezed, "but not too tired. C'mon, special price for you, you know you're my

number one." Cagna stuck her nose up on stage and Erica treated her with an affectionate petting.

"Okay, later, baby... but not too much later," said Coge as he ran his nose along her neck and breathed in her warm scent.

"Okay, baby, I'll see you before the night is over," with a wink and danced across the stage.

"Cops in Florida," said Bear. "Don't approach while tripping..."

"Oh yeah," said Coge. "I had picked up five hundred and fifty-eight pounds of the finest cryppy from these two cats named Daren and Hans, and I was driving it through Florida to the Conch Republic in an old bread truck."

"Five hundred fifty-eight?" asked Hunter. "That's an odd amount."

"Part of the deal was that I got to keep eight pounds for myself. Anyway, I had pulled off by Lake Okeechobee and smoked up. Now, I was parked facing the water on a little, empty lot that was marked private property. I think it belonged to the waste management system or some shit."

"Were you smokin' that cryppy?" asked Bear.

"No... no, I had this kick ass Thaistick. That opium makes you feel like you're flying a spaceship when your in a moving car. And I had been smokin' away before that cop pulled up, so the truck had to completely fuckin' smell like pot. The cop walks up, I roll down the window - and you know smoke drifted out..."

"Why the hell did you have the windows rolled up?" asked Hunter.

"It was winter, it was cold," said Coge. "Had it been the heat of summer and the truck had ac I still would have had the windows up."

"Did it?" asked Hunter.

"Did what?" asked Coge.

"Did the truck have ac?"

"No, it didn't, whatever, I rolled the window down, smoke had to waft out, the dope light was on, he looked inside and saw all the open candy bags, took his flashlight - there was no fuckin' moon either - and he shone the light on the water and said, 'Nice view, huh?' 'Yes, it is,' I said. Oh, another strange thing the cop didn't have the regular shirt on, he had one of those black sweaters over a vest and his badge on the front.

"He started looking around the truck with his light, still standing next to my door, then he said, 'This is a pretty funky truck.' I wasn't sure what to say exactly, so I said, 'Thank you.'

"Then the cop said, 'Did you know the kid who took a header into a keg at that big party last Saturday?' 'Somebody took a header into a keg?' I asked. 'Yeah,' said the cop, 'he was about your age, thought you might have been there.' I said, 'No, this is the first I've heard of it, what happened?'

"'The kid was drunk, of course,' said the cop, 'and he dove off a second story balcony into a keg.' 'So,' I asked, 'Did he die, what happened?' 'No,' answered the cop, 'he's in the hospital in stable condition.' 'Well that's good,' I said. 'Imagine he won't try that again.' 'No, probably not,' said the cop, then followed it with, 'Well, enjoy your night.' 'You too, thank you,' I said, and he left."

"Wow, that's fucked up," said Bear.

"No shit," said Hunter. "Was he fuckin' with you because he knew you were high?"

"I don't know," laughed Coge, "but he was a trip."

"At least he was cool," said Bear.

"Yeah," said Coge, "whether he was fuckin' with me or not he was cool."

"Look, Burrows just walked in," said Bear. "Hey, over here." Burrows walked over and joined them at the stage.

"Doesn't Suzy care if you're out at a place like this?" asked Coge.

"No, she trusts me," said Burrows, "besides, Rafferty and Wes drug me out here."

"Where are they?" asked Coge.

"Over at the bar, they're coming," said Burrows.

Wes and Rafferty joined the group, one with a ginger ale and one with a beer.

"And where's your Suzy?" Hunter asked Wes with a chuckle.

"She's with Suzy and Velma playing scrabble," said Wes.

"Don't even say it," said Rafferty. "They were at a male revue last week, so these two are completely justified."

"Whatever makes you feel better," said Bear.

"We're putting together a poker game in a couple days," said Wes. "All the expats from the dock should be there, if you guys are interested."

"Hell yes," said Coge.

"Cool," said Hunter.

"I'm in for sure," said Bear.

"Sounds like a solid plan," said Hunter. "I'm gonna head home and see y'all tomorrow."

"You mean head home to see if your cyber love has written," said Coge.

"Hey," said Hunter, "if there's one perfect woman for you don't question how you meet her."

"Fair enough," said Coge, "but there are plenty of flesh and blood women here."

"Enjoy," said Hunter.

"I will," said Coge, "I will."

"Yeah," said Bear, "I think I'm taking off too, got a meeting to make."

"You're not hunting women online too now, are you?" asked Coge.

"No," laughed Bear. "This is something else, not to mention Lee would cut off my nuts."

Hunter swung in the hammock as the sound of a familiar outboard approached. Bear secured his skiff and boarded Three Coins with his usual solemn face and found a seat in the shade near Hunter.

"What's goin' on?" asked Hunter.

"Another day in paradise," said Bear. "You know that meeting I said I was going to last night?"

"What about it?"

"There's a fairly organized rebel faction in Ecuador made up of indigenous tribes," said Bear. "Many of their people are forced to act as the slave labor for shit pay while lazy euro-descended fat bastards live in luxury and American businessmen adorn their whore wives with gold and jewels that come out of that labor."

"And you just wanted to remind me what a shitty place the world can be?" asked Hunter.

"They could use a little help," said Bear.

"Sure, I imagine they could use a lot of help."

"I think we can help them," said Bear.

"You may have seen a lot of combat, but I was never military, and neither was Coge, besides, what do we know about political revolutions?"

"I'm not saying the three of us can make the difference by fighting for them," said Bear. "Supplies are what they need."

"And you have a plan for this?" asked Hunter.

"I know a guy who can get what they need, but he's in the States."

"Wait," said Hunter. "If you think I can smuggle weapons in this boat..."

"No, no," said Bear. "Coge's working on the transportation."

"So how do I fit into the 'we' of 'we can help'?"

"The supplies need to be paid for," said Bear.

"What? I don't have any money," said Hunter, "especially not that kind of money."

"I know that," said Bear. "Moving the payment is your specialty. You're already set up to smuggle large amounts of jewels, so we need you to bring the payment to my guy, and he will meet with Coge's guy, and the people will get the supplies they need to fight for their freedom."

"And where do we get that amount of stones?" asked Hunter.

"Everyone has heard the stories of all the lost treasure from when the Spaniards came over."

"Yes, and lost is the key word."

"Well, not all of it is lost," said Bear. "Some of it has simply been hidden and watched over, waiting for times when it can be put to use to help the people, and now is one of those times. Arrangements are being made to bring that treasure here, so when Three Coins is ready to sail we'll be good to go."

"You don't give me much room for choice, do you?" asked Hunter.

"This is important, man," said Bear. "We can make a difference for people who really deserve it. Besides, you'll be bringing some cash back for us, so it's good for everyone except the bastards responsible for enslaving an indigenous population."

"And I have to make the trip alone, right?"

"This is too big a deal to take the chance that Coge or I will get recognized in the States," said Bear.

"Okay," said Hunter. "I said I wanted to do one more trip, so I guess this is it."

Wafting pot smoke announced Coge's arrival as he popped up onto the deck with a blunt and a beer.

"Couldn't wait to get here to spark that baby, huh?" asked Bear.

"Dude," said Coge, "my fuckin' motor wouldn't start, and I had to row my ass all the way out. Needed something to occupy me."

"Yeah, we know," said Hunter. "We were just chillin' here in the shade watching you."

"Truffle Hunter bitch," said Coge, "and you didn't bother to come get me?"

"No, but hell no. You were doin' fine," said Bear as he snatched the blunt from Coge.

"Fuckin' faggots, don't even deserve to puff the goodies."

"Oh shut up," said Hunter. "If it were one of us you wouldn't have moved your ass."

"Yeah, but that's me." Coge maneuvered himself into some shade. "Better. Anyway, did you tell this geek ass bitch what's going on?"

"Discussed with trust," said Bear. "We have ourselves an informed unit."

"Good," said Coge, "because my guy is good to go, although he isn't happy with not knowing your guy, but he's letting me call in a marker for the trust factor."

"My guy worked with me in Special Forces all through Nam," said Bear, "he's straight."

"I know, this trip rides on our most trusted," said Coge.

"Wish I had a guy to call for my part," said Hunter.

"What are you bitchin' about?" asked Bear. "All you have to do is go sailing. Even if you get checked they'll never find nothin', short of using a chain saw. Ain't like them dogs can sniff it out."

"Guess you should just work double-time on Three Coins," said Coge. "What's new with your nerd romance? When you're in the States you can visit her, hell, you should send her a ticket to fly down. If it were me I'd be tappin' that ass already."

"If I were me," said Hunter, "and I seem to be day to day, I wouldn't be in too much of a rush because there have been plenty of women, so I can afford a little time for the right one."

"I don't get how you can think like that about someone you haven't ever met," said Coge. "For christ's sake, you really don't know if she's even a woman."

"She seems genuine," said Hunter. "That's the feeling I get. And I'm learning more about her, things she tells me without knowing how they fit so well with me, it all seems so perfect, she's worth getting to know, everything she says just makes her more and more perfect."

"Okay, like what?" asked Coge. "Did she describe the perfect blowjob and how she doesn't have a gag reflex?"

"Lisanne also loves to stand on a beach and play 'Three Coins in the Fountain' on violin."

"That's pretty cool," said Bear. "She sounds like one of a kind."

"Man, really," said Coge, "I hope this works out for you. But too good to be true is never true. She's just makin' up shit that you would probably like."

"The violin," said Hunter, "is something special of its own, and I haven't said anything about these things for her to play off, but my mom has my great grandfather's violin, and he and my great grandmother Annie have always been my ideals for true love. There is no way anyone could turn out to be so perfect for me. Granted she may be perfect for a lot of guys, but everything about her fits so well, almost makes me think of fate."

"What kind of luck would that have to be though?" asked

Coge.

"Look, I'm about the luckiest person I know," said Hunter. "There may have been some fairly unlucky times, and there have been serious downs, but I've always asked life to be interesting, just so I don't live a mundane, boring life. I've always done well gambling, always managed to find a way to do the things in life I've wanted."

"Lucky in cards, unlucky in love though," said Bear, "be careful."

"Gambling gets my mind," said Hunter, "but Lisanne gets all of my heart. I may even deserve for her to shit all over me, but this time I'm willing to put my heart out and take the chance."

"All I know is you were a happy, free bachelor who enjoyed the company of a good whore, and now you're all silly stupid over someone you haven't met, and again let me remind you that you have no idea if she's really even a chick. There's no way some bitch that hot would be meeting dorks online," said Coge.

"Usually I'm the negative one," said Hunter, "but she's making me rethink all that. I'm fuckin' singing 'Young at Heart' walking down the street now, knowing that no matter what it's good to trust my romantic heart for once. As long as I'm true with her and true to myself I can't have any regrets."

"If she breaks your heart and you get all silly pouty, we're going to make you fuck one whore after another until you get back your love of the life you have," said Coge. "I just think you're jumping into this too easily, could be you're drunk and she's the keg."

"Worth keeping in mind," said Bear, "but no reason not to take the chance."

"Whatever happens, if she's the keg at least it will only crack open my heart, not my head," said Hunter.

"Your head's already cracked," laughed Coge.

"No doubt," Bear joined Coge's laughter.

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"And a good afternoon to you," said Wardell, his decorated didgeridoo perched between his legs. "Ready for a beer?"

"Always," said Coge.

"Usually I'd say no," said Bear, "but it's hot as a motherfucker today, so what the hell."

"Help yourself," said Fury, "there's plenty in the cooler over here."

"Where's the third musketeer?" asked Wardell. "He's got to need a beer about now."

"Writing some cutesy crap to his psycho cyber bitch," said Coge.

"He should be here already, actually," said Bear. "Do you have your horn with you?"

Wardell picked up a large, white conch shell with its end knuckle broken off and blew a long, loud rhythm.

"How's that," he asked.

"Good," said Bear. "In fact, look's like he's already stuck his head out."

"So you gonna be honoring us with a treat from that thing?" asked Coge. "Or is it just fun to hold between your legs?"

"No, no," said Wardell. "Just gathering myself to play, getting a soulful spiritual groove going first."

"Don't rush the man," said Fury. "Let him do his thing. Just enjoy some beer and enjoy the girls walking around."

"You know," said Wardell, "this man is five hundred years old, you should listen to what he has to say."

"One thing I can agree with fo' sho'," said Coge. "He always ranks appreciating chicks at the top of the list, so he's got some wisdom."

"Fury's an old soul," said Wardell, "of course women should always rate highly."

"At least I'm sure somebody's got to be ready to smoke," said Coge.

"Beer's good for me," said Fury, "here comes Bad Kevin though, he's bound to join you."

"Light 'er up," said Bear. "The smell alone will get Hunter to shore."

A never ending regiment of marijuana and beer consumption, mixed with inflated tales under the tiki hut progressed their early evening as normal, and as Wardell got his didgeridoo in motion Hunter finally made the trip into shore.

"You wanna hit this?" asked Bad Kevin as Hunter pulled out a chair.

"Not right now, thanks," said Hunter. "Just some of that fine music and water." Independent of Hunter's choices, Cagna bounced over and gave Bad Kevin a smiling tongue bath.

"Oh, the puppy's ready for some, huh?" he asked her.

Piecemeal, autonomous bodies wandered down the dock to the tiki hut. Admiral Jody and Spaceman Tim sauntered down the dock with drinks in hand, led by Ingvar, their four ounce guard dog. Brad "Poppa Joe" strutted along next with a hermit crab in his pocket like some kind of beach pimp, whose party included his fine daughter, Autumn, who was visiting from the States with her friend Rainbow. Juggs Felcher, a name she insisted was pronounced FELSHAY, French of course, arrived talking trash with Coge's one and only whore, Erica, Martin the Quebecquois Refugee, and Billy Budd, a devil may eat shit grin at all times. Jugg's father Richard followed them with his captain Sherill, then Coffin Jim, Pat and Jerry, Booby and his fearless leader Debbie, Charcoal Chuck, Frisby, Roll Over Kevin, Chad the Man and his interdimensional mother Donna. Wild Jason the Argonaut arrived with his four legged daughter, Cammie

(aka Fluffy, aka Big Fluffy Black Dog), and immediately sought a seat in the shade with a beer in hand and sparked a phat joint. Jon and Carol (aka the Movers) and Tiki II, a Bichon Frise, referred to by those who had played with her in her crazy puppy episodes as Bitch On Freeze, Al and Virginia, Vinnie and Heather, Carl and Path 38 Longtits, Counselor and Counselor, Chris the Bridgetender and his happy pup Lady, Penny, Ryan, Allen, Bob, Jeremy and Silvie (aka Caribbean Invasion Team), Sandy and Hancock with their winged companion Elvis, Hobo Bob, Electronic Allen and his little, fluffy protector, Badman. Larry, pilot of the bush, and his wife Adela. Todd the man of the yard came strutting up, Two Bellie Bob, Rummy John, followed by Yo-Yo the bull terrier, her loving masters Penny and Jean-Mi the Frenchman, who sailed an American catamaran, then Alex the American, who sailed a French monohull, then Neil (aka Mustard Cutter).

Bruiser and Linda and their canine daughter Gracy, Steve and Marrue and little Skipper, Jim and Sandy (aka the Ballers). Jim (aka Feed Me) and his novio Danny (aka Feed Me Little) all happened in about the same time.

Robin, the lover of red wine, danced along the dock with Rowdy Ronda, Dennis the Golden Greek, wild Chuck and his rottie Butch, Coral and Kenny, Jo and John Two Dogs, Taptap Joe, Big Tits Rachel, No-Neck Louie, then Loretta the boxer and her parents Kathleen and John. Shorty and her human Phil the Renegade Trooper came up dipping into a can of Copenhagen snuff.

Trischious was followed by Tom the Suitor, Tishypoo, Maureen and Jim, Lyle (aka the Night Mayor), Carl (aka Yeah Uh Huh I Know), and Banda and Don, the singing duet of blues and country.

Tim and Brenda (aka the Landrover's) were pulled in by Heidi, a lean German Shepherd with the attitude of a

supermodel, who made her first priority licking Cagna's soft spot, a show Billy Bud watched with strange eyes as he held a big, sticky bud out to the two dogs. Since Heidi was occupied Cagna took the opportunity to snatch the bud for herself.

This daily party existed to the chagrin of the likes of US Customs Agents, the FBI, DEA, and oddly enough FEMA.

Wes and Burrows set up the poker table under the tiki hut and everybody playing bought into the chips. Such was life in paradise.

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Cagna panted with her usual smiling face as she lay in the shade with a large bowl of water.

"Back in the water at the dock within a week," said Hunter.

"Good," said Bear. "Couple days later everything will arrive, we'll load and you'll be ready to go."

"Your cyber snatch ready for your visit?" asked Coge.

"Don't know," said Hunter. "Haven't heard from her in a few days."

"What'd ya do? Tell her how you want to start your own cult or something?" asked Coge.

"Nothin'," said Hunter. "Had a little beer buzz the other night after poker, feeling a little squirrely and I wrote her a couple messages to tell her how awesome she is, how everything she tells me about herself just makes her sound more and more perfect."

"Tell us you didn't say something stupid like, 'Get your sister ready and we'll bang till Sunday,'" said Bear.

"No," said Hunter. "One message was a silly string of sexual doc Suess rhythms."

"Truffle," said Coge, "you are one girlie bitch. How can you sit there and pretend you aren't gay?"

"Because," retorted Hunter, "if I tell you I'm gay the next time I get trashed I'll wake up next to your ugly face with an asshole the size of the Grand Canyon."

"Just because you want to be a catcher," said Coge, "doesn't mean I'm going to pitch to you."

"Look," said Hunter, "I know what I want and it ain't catchin' your pitches."

"So tell the truth," said Coge, "what'd you say to Lisanne?"

"There's only one thing I can imagine having said that would upset her," said Hunter.

"Ah, so now we get some truth," said Bear.

"Lisanne had asked if I've ever been sketched," said Hunter, "and I answered her, but like I said I was all wound up and my mind was on a sex train."

"So...?" said Coge.

"So I said something about how she could sketch me and cum on my crotch," said Hunter.

"Shit," said Coge, "should I list the number of ways you fucked up there?"

"I gotta agree with Coge there," said Bear. "Bet you anything she meant it in such a sweet way because you were making a good connection that you cheapened it with sex talk."

"Dammit," said Hunter. "All I meant when I said that to her was that with everything, her playing the violin, wanting to sketch me, that she's so sweet and wonderful I would explode, that she filled me..."

"And blah blah blah," said Coge. "Listen to yourself, man, you're such a sweet, sensitive, little fag you made her think you're a crude asshole." Coge took a breath and got some more laughter out of his system. "She's a hot chick used to crude men, I'm sure, and no matter what, she expects you to think and act like a man. A cool man, sensitive like she apparently likes, would have been suave on the sketch

comment, but you think like a chick and she doesn't know that you're insane and run naked like a drunk monkey..."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" asked Hunter.

"I think what he's trying to say," said Bear, "is that you're all torn up over words on a computer screen, words you believe represent this woman, and maybe they do, maybe they don't, but you've never even smelled this person, so everything that your stressing over could just be an illusion. Relax."

"Or she could be fuckin' with you," said Coge. "Bitches like that just want to play with your head. She'll act like a spoiled, little brat who cries all the time just to make you her spineless slave, negro."

"Fuck," said Hunter, "maybe you're right."

"Then again," said Bear, "maybe you'll hear from her tomorrow."

"That doesn't mean she ain't fuckin' with you," said Coge. "A fine piece of trim like that has no business looking for men online unless something's wrong with her."

"And there's nothing wrong with any of us?" asked Hunter.

"When are you going to learn that sensitive boys always finish last?" asked Coge with a gay mimic.

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Sweat, pot, and music surrounded Three Coins for the following week as Bear, Coge, and Hunter prepared the boat for her upcoming journey, without word from Hunter's obsession. The work progressed smoothly and on schedule as the men got more anxious about their venture. All the work finished, the three stoned overdeveloped primates watched heavy fog fill the bay.

"Everything should arrive in two days," said Bear.

"Not like there's a big rush," said Hunter. "They're saying

we've got a week or so of being fogged in. Funky weather."

And the fog did stay, hung in the air like a negotiable security gate. Two days after she was back in the water at the dock they had their cargo loaded, concealed, and ready to depart.

Beer all around, they were the lone customers at their favorite entertainment facility, so they passed joints back and forth as beautiful naked women danced for them.

"Look," said Coge, "you know what we should do?"

"Don't even think about it," said Bear. "That stuff's not ours to mess with."

"No, no," said Coge. "We've got this whole place to ourselves, Truffle's all lonely 'cause his boyfriend Louie hasn't written, all this stuff is in the works, so we should have an orgy. Hey, Erica, baby, what'dya think? You and the girls up for a little fun?"

"Baby, baby," cooed Erica, putting her arm around Coge's neck, "I thought I was your only desire."

"Relax, baby," assured Coge, "you are my only girl, but don't be tellin' everyone, I gots me an image, ya know. Skeet, skeet. But, no, I was thinking about our pathetic sea captain here, all broken hearted and getting ready to leave."

"No, really," said Hunter. "I really don't feel like an orgy anyway."

"How 'bout we do an all girl show for you boys?" asked Erica.

"Sounds fair," said Bear.

"Very reasonable indeed," said Hunter.

"Why the fuck don't I own a camera?" asked Coge.

"Because you don't need to look at pictures to see this," said Erica.

Their personal show hadn't gone five minutes before some more customers walked in behind them. Billy Budd and Juggs Feltcher joined them at the stage with a fresh round of drinks.

"Come on up here, baby," Erica said to Juggs.

"Oh, fuckin' great idea," cheered Billy Budd.

"Maybe after a couple more drinks," smiled Juggs.

"Okay," said Erica and went off to pump up the show, which was a play, one of many she and the other girls wrote. A couple drinks later Juggs did join Erica's show, and Cagna, Bear, Coge, Billy Budd, and Hunter all enjoyed it while drinking beer and sharing smoke.

Tired and satisfied, everyone walked home with the first hint of daylight, a surreal coloring all around to their weary eyes, as they talked about women, smuggling, and revolutions.

Passing the tiki hut they saw Bad Kevin drinking coffee.

"Mornin'," said Bear.

"Holy fuckerballs," answered Bad Kevin, turning toward them.

"What are you doing here, Hunter?"

"Just going home," said Hunter.

"I thought you and your girlfriend took off last night," said Bad Kevin.

"What do you mean?" asked Hunter. "I don't have a girlfriend."

"The one you've been talking about from the internet," said Bad Kevin. "The one in the picture, she was here last night and went to your boat, figured she was meeting you there for a little romance, ya know. A short time later I saw Three Coins headed out, thought you and she took off."

"See fuckbag, I told you she was psycho, not to mention a clepto, bitch stole our shit," bitched Coge.

"No fuckin' way," said Hunter. "You're sure it was her?"

"Oh yeah," said Bad Kevin. "Yeah, she was sweet."

"But that was everything I had," said Hunter.

"Don't mean to seem insensitive," said Bad Kevin, "but I gotta run. Sorry about the bad news."

"The important thing is what didn't belong to us," said Bear.

"Look," said Coge, "let's put the word out. She'll have to stop at a port somewhere."

"Yeah, let's hope so," said Hunter.

"What do you mean?" asked Coge. "She has to put in somewhere, single-handing an unfamiliar boat."

"But haven't you wondered why someone would go through all that just to steal a boat?" asked Hunter.

"No, not really," said Coge. "Set up an in with a nice boat and easy access to international waters, pretty much perfect."

"It's not that nice of a boat," said Hunter.

"Nicer to have than lose," said Bear.

"Good point," chuckled Coge. "I've done more for less before."

"We have to tell the rebels about this," said Bear. "Perhaps they can help."

"Well, now I don't think all that's necessary," said Coge. "They have enough to worry about already figuring out how to dispose of our bodies."

"That's no worry," said Bear. "Bodies disappear easily around here."

"Great," said Hunter. "Because that was my big concern. Anyway, I agree with Coge. We'll find her on our own and not worry those tense guys who are eager to kill."

"Plant your asses and let's spark a joint," said Bear. "Wind is nil, so we should have at least a couple hours before she can make a port, so we need to sit and think, get our brains around the situation before acting."

"I'm friendly with the sheriffs of about a dozen ports from San Pãulo through the Bahamas and even one in Mexico," said Hunter.

"Got a lot of contacts from Columbia through the Caribbean myself," said Coge. "Actually might not be that difficult to find her."

"Remember not to say anything about the special cargo," said Hunter.

"No shit," said Bear. "And here I was planning to tell 'em all about it, where it's stashed..."

"Alright, fucknuts," said Hunter. "I just wanted to be sure it was consciously in our heads."

"Yeah, bright boy," said Coge, "I think we all agree the cargo must be kept on the low low to really get it back."

"Stop talking circles," said Bear. "Can you think of anything else helpful to our problem?"

"You two jerkwads stay put," said Coge, "and I'll go get a communication box."

"A what?" asked Hunter.

"A fuckin' phone, dillhole," said Coge. "Think you can hold your nuts long enough for that?"

"Ja, ja," huffed Hunter. "Just be quick or Cagna's eating your pot."

Cagna looked up with her smiling, open mouth then started punching Hunter's pocket with her snout.

"Ask Bear," pointed Hunter, "he had the sack last." She ran over to Bear, started sniffing around him, found the correct pocket and gave him a punch.

"Here ya go, ya little monster," said Bear and pulled a bud out of his pocket and gave it to Cagna.

"Ahhhh," cooed Hunter, "at least Lisanne didn't take you away, baby," and scratched her head. "Yes, you're my little girl."

"She'll be your little orphan if we don't find your boat," said Bear.

"We'll find it, I'm sure," said Hunter. "Everything always works out, not to mention Three Coins is known in most ports around these waters. But I don't understand why she would steal it to begin with."

"Mean people steal things for no good reason," said Bear.

"She set you and played you, sorry, but that's how it looks."

"So long as we get it back I still say it was worth taking the chance on her being my perfect match."

"And if we don't," nodded Bear, "we won't live long enough to care all that much."

∞

By the time Coge returned with the phone, Bear, Hunter, and Cagna had all fallen asleep under the tiki hut, and only Cagna opened an eye to see who approached. Her eye saw the familiar face of Coge and she bounced up ready to play. Coge didn't bother to wake the humans as he took a joint from the ashtray in front of Bear, set it to smoke then found his own comfy, sleep chair.

∞

Cagna licked the inside of Coge's open mouth until he opened his eyes and pushed her back. "That's enough, you nasty, little crotch lickin' bitch."

Hunter was talking on the phone, but Bear passed Coge a splief and a plate of food.

"Wake and bake," said Bear. "That pork chop is actually Shake and Bake. One of Velma's friends in Florida brought it last week."

"You mean the freaky couple from the Conch Republic?" asked Coge.

"Conch Republic my ass," said Bear. "The Conch Republic is long dead. The Keys are nothing more than South Miami now."

"Condos, private marinas, and buses to bring the slaves in to work everyday. The beautiful, fucking American dream, right," Coge spit. "Remember when the US was about freedom

and equality?"

"No," answered Bear.

"Right, me either," said Coge. "But do you remember when you thought it was?"

"That I do," said Bear, "but I also remember my disillusionment."

"Oh, to live the life of ignorance," said Coge. "Wouldn't it be nice to be complacent, happy cattle?"

"No, but hell no," insisted Bear. "There are plenty of people up there who are fed up with the shit. Mark me, the revolution ain't far off, and in a country like that it's going to be a bloody, ugly mess."

"The factors that are willing to fight for freedom tend to hate each other though," said Coge. "The only way they can win is to unite and that shit won't be happening. Look at the last so-called attempt at revolution: cocksuckin' hippies. What did they accomplish? The sat around partying..."

"Which I can respect," said Bear.

"...and protesting a war..."

"Yeah, by spitting on those who were only honorably doing their duty instead of spitting on those assholes responsible."

"...now they are the system responsible for the fuckin' subjugation of the poor, the war on drugs, and illegal invasions of sovereign nations."

"Black Panthers should have killed them all when they had the chance," said Bear.

"Damn right," interjected Hunter. "Black Panthers my ass. What did they ever do? Huh, nothing, they just faded away quietly. Now, if it had been my ancestors they would have set shit straight."

"Your ancestors were the bad guys, ya fuckin' Svedish meatball," said Coge.

"Perhaps," said Hunter, "but they walked into Rome and

showed them who the baddest motherfuckers on the planet were to the point that the great Romans gave them gold, ships, and women not to end the empire then and there. And don't forget about my Irish side. They always fought to defend themselves against invaders."

"First off," said Coge, "if your psycho ancestors were fighting the revolution for us, they'd end up killing everyone, and second, the mighty Swedes are now a pansy-ass neutral country."

"They aren't pansies," said Hunter. "They took their turn kicking the shit out of the rest of the world, and now that they know they can they have chosen a life of peace. I can respect that."

"Whatever," said Bear. "The world is happy they retired and I don't think they're preparing to fight for the freedom of American slaves."

"I know," said Hunter, "but if they did..."

"Yeah, if they did," said Coge, "and if piss were wine and shit hash the world would be a happy, drunken, stoned party."

"That reminds me," said Bear, "one of us needs to go see Trish later. She just came back from Jamaica, and we've got a pound on order."

"Got that one on my list already," said Coge. "First order of business."

"Guess my day is a full schedule of phone time," said Hunter.

∞

Eight days of anxiously waiting for Coge's phone to bring reassuring news progressed through counted seconds, their nerves aided by the fresh, potent Jamaican grass.

"What's Bear up to?" asked Hunter.

"Dunno," said Coge, "thought he was coming over earlier."

"We've got to think of something else we can do, I'm getting a bit worried."

"I know what you mean, but the best we can do is patiently wait... however, we'll drive ourselves nuts just hangin' over the phone, and if our lives are nearing their end I say those last days should have pleasure involved, so to the booty bar with us."

"Cool," said Hunter. "T and A before death is better than boredom."

Cagna pranced ahead of them on the walk and was the first to be greeted by the ladies who fawned over her affectionately before giving social kisses to the men.

"Okay," said Coge as they sat at a table that had their drinks waiting, "so explain to me again why you were trying to meet women online when you've got this pussy magnet at your side."

"Blow me."

"Being gay doesn't explain meeting women anywhere."

"I don't know. It was something different, and honestly I would do it over again the same as before... well, except for the stupid cum on my crotch thing. The feeling I had believing I met the perfect woman for me, ya know, no one ever affected me like she did, and even if I was wrong..."

"And obviously you were," helped Coge.

"...to experience that feeling is worth so much. Almost everything else in life can be bought or at least stolen but that feeling is beyond any possession."

"Men just don't talk like that," said Coge. "It's okay if you're a fag, we'll still be friends, hell, maybe we can pimp you out and make some cash."

"As crude as I can be I guess I still have a romantic, poetic heart, and I'm man enough to admit I yearn for true love, you

homophobic pussy."

"You know what kind of men act and talk like that?"

"What?" asked Hunter with a sneer.

"Wo-men, you know, the ones with pretty little clitties and nice titties, wet, wonderful and warm when they grind on your arm."

"Oh, you're just full of charm."

"Who needs charm when my cock is as big as your forearm, not to mention the head's as big as your fist."

"Ooh," came Erica's voice behind Coge, "did someone get surgically enhanced or are you just having pipe dreams."

"Be nice," said Coge, "or I'll put a serious hurtin' on that pussy."

"Bring it on, big man," challenged Erica. "Break me if you can."

A Cypress Hill tune erupted from Coge's pocket. "Keep that thought, Erica with a C," and took the phone from his pocket. "Yo? Yeah, right here," and passed it off to Hunter.

"This is Hunter. Just a moment." Hunter walked across the room with the phone.

Erica nestled herself onto Coge's lap, wrapped her arms around his neck, and whispered into his ear, "Happy birthday, hooker," and gave him a nice, soft kiss. "Bet you thought I forgot."

"Thanks, baby," said Coge. "I didn't really care that much about a stupid birthday."

"Whatever, bitch," Erica rubbed her lips over his ear. "I've got a special trick I've been working on just for your special day."

"Oh yeah? What's that?"

Before Erica could give any response Bear threw himself into the chair across the table from them.

"What a fuckin' day this is," exhaled Bear.

"Hold up a minute," said Coge. "What's my special trick?"

"Don't worry, I'll show you later," said Erica. "It won't get cold." A quick peck on the cheek and she was gone.

"Alright, motherfucker, now that you're here and she's not, what's your damage? And where you been hiding all day?"

"I was on my way to meet you earlier," said Bear, "and our little friends stopped to give me a ride."

"Our little friends? What, leprechauns from the Emerald Isle?"

"Nooo..." snarled Bear. "Our revolutionary friends got wind of our problem."

"Oh shit, dude, and they didn't cut off your nuts or hook 'em up to a car battery or some shit?"

"This is some serious shit, brother," said Bear.

"Okay, okay, so what happened? Were they pissed?"

"Yes, they *are* a bit a pissed. At least we are here, so they don't think we're stealing from them, but they thought I should have gone to them immediately. But I told them what we're doing and they agree it's already the best plan, to wait for a sighting and they'll keep their ears tuned also."

"At least they're not talking 'bout killing us yet," said Coge.

"Yet," agreed Bear. "But time is ticking."

"About time fate gave us some happy attention," announced Hunter as he slapped Bear on the shoulders from behind. "Who's up for a trip?"

"You found her?" asked Coge.

"Three Coins is anchored in a harbor and Lisanne is cooling down in a jail cell. So what say we take a couple days vacation and get us some twenty dollar ounces and ten dollar hookers?"

"Right on," said Coge. "Where we goin'?"

"Roatan, the Hondurans' answer to heaven," said Hunter.

"Give me that goddamned phone," said Bear. "This info would've been nice earlier today, but at least I can get us some

extra breathing room."

"Great," said Hunter. "You take care of that then let's get our asses on a plane."

∞

Six hours later they ordered dinner at a cafe on Roatan, accompanied by the local sheriff, a happy looking thin man born in Guatemala, named Carlos.

"Man," he spoke in a heavy Latino accent, "you pissed off the wrong woman this time, no. She do nothing but complain about what kind of ass jacker you are."

"Ass jacker?" asked Bear.

"Sorry," said Carlos, "I hadn't heard the term before. I think it was actually Jack's ass."

"Jackass?" helped Coge.

"Yes, yes, jackass, that's it," smiled Carlos. "You were the world's biggest jackass and a useless example of man."

"Damn," said Coge, "it's like she's known you forever."

"What are you planning to do with her?" asked Hunter. "I don't really have time right now for charges and a trial."

"No worry, man," said Carlos. "She go home hours ago."

"What the fuck?" screeched Coge.

"Your boat, she is fine, no damage," explained Carlos. "Your woman just mad, not bad person, and she so sweet and beautiful, no good in a cell."

"But she fuckin' stole from us," said Coge.

"Oh, you did not meet this woman," said Carlos. "She just the most pretty white girl and so nice. If she asked I almost would've let her take your boat."

"That's nice," said Bear. "Do you do anything women ask you over here?"

"Don't worry, don't worry," said Carlos. "I just joke with you,

to explain why I let her go."

"Good, good," said Hunter. "I wouldn't have been happy leaving Lianne in prison anyway. I'm glad she's free."

"You are suck a fuckin' pussy," said Coge, "if you didn't shower for a week I bet you'd smell like rotten fish."

"Man, fuck you," said Hunter. "What did you have in mind?"

Coge shrugged.

"That's what I thought. Talk, talk, talk," said Hunter. "Empty words."

"Hey," said Bear, "who really cares? None of us wants to sit through court, and we got Three Coins back, life has rebalanced."

"Yes," said Carlos. "Besides, we have pretty girls from the main land to spend our night with."

"Ah, shit," said Coge.

"Wha'd'ya mean, 'ah shit'?" asked Hunter. "Pretty girls are suddenly a bad thing?"

"Erica had something special planned for tonight," whined Coge. "For my birthday."

"Ha ha ha," laughed Bear. "I forgot your birthday. Happy birthday."

"Huh, happy birthday, fucker," said Hunter. "At least there are women to celebrate with."

"I don't really feel like it," said Coge. "All I can think about is the special trick Erica had planned for me."

"No," chided Hunter. "I don't think that's it. Beneath all your cock talk, you just loooove Erica."

"Yo, man, fuck you," spat Coge.

Bear, Hunter, and Carlos proceeded to taunt Coge until he picked up his dinner and moved to another table where he ate scowling at his friends. "Fuck all y'all, especially you, Truffle Fucker."

THE END



Three Coins Sets Sail



Brian R McCormick