

# Lazy Saturday on the Boat

## Visit to the Bathroom #1

I had finished my breakfast and 2<sup>nd</sup> coffee and Nature was starting to call. With a gate key lassoed around my neck I headed up the dock to the land toilets. Not many around nor chore projects starting. Too early.

Halfway to shore my gait had increased directly proportional to Nature's pending arrival when suddenly, I heard a voice that I recognized. I stopped and listened. There it was again. From a docked sailboat. It sounded like Dennis, the other half of Two Smart Farts. I started down the boat's finger towards the sound when all of a sudden, I heard a different voice. Shazam, it was my voice, arguing. As I approached the boat cockpit, I spied three other marina sailboat owners huddled over an iPad. I said "Hi" and they stopped and looked up. There, the four of us sat, speechless as Dennis continued to talk (go figure). They were listening to the September 17<sup>th</sup> Two Smart Farts podcast!

Well, the pod was put on hold, and I was inundated with questions. They really zeroed in about the possibility of "inside help" with the Trump golf course shooter. I reciprocated by deep diving that very point Dennis and I had broached in Podcast #261.

Explaining what was bothersome; how did the shooter know Trump would be on that golf course, that Sunday, at that time. On Saturday (day before) Trump called his friend and invited him to golf the next day. He also informed his shadow secret service (group of eight that shadow his every move). Dennis and I do not accept the shooter was a soothsayer or just a lucky guesser. He was told. But by who?

It was not Trump's golf partner and lifelong friend, with whom he had breakfast along with Sean Hannity on Sunday morning (golf was not discussed). Trump told his Mar-a-largo shadow security service team on Saturday he was going to golf. There was much to be done so they called the mothership. Why, because the secret service advance team had to "secure" the golf course before Trump and his shadow team stepped onto the course. At that point the private plan was no longer. Somehow less than 12 hours later, the shooter was already waiting. How did he know Trump was going to golf, on Sunday and at that course? He even had time to steal a getaway car and buy a black-market gun. Lucky guess, bull shit.

I had to stop fielding questions because Nature had gained my utmost attention. My journey continued to the land bathrooms, no longer a gait but with a controlled sprint. All things ended well. **Time 10:15am**

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## Shhhhh, I'm voting for Trump

My wife's six-million-dollar Swedish peddle bike had developed a problem. It was stuck in 3<sup>rd</sup> gear. So off to Ocean Beach with the bike in tow to see the Dr. Peddle Wizard. The Dr. said he would let us know in an hour, so my wife and I walked to the beach. Nice day, but what a marijuana mist! Anyhow we stopped at a sidewalk bar and had a couple of drinks. The Dr. called. The patient was DOA and he could not fix. Fortified with two margaritas my wife convinced the Dr. to try harder, and we proceeded to pay the bar bill.

Nice girl, about 29ish. Ring in nose and tattoos peeking out everywhere. Gave her \$50 to pay the bill and she disappeared. On her return she began small talk with my wife (not surprised). The topic of her getting \$20 an hour (California) and tips. My attention peaked after she mentioned keeping her cash tips in a safe, at home. I asked how much in tips she made last year. She answered \$45k of which \$20 was in cash. Aha I said. So, no tax on cash, huh. She agreed but said she is taxed on credit card tips. I saw my opening and took a shot and said, "seem to recall someone saying no tax on tips".

Hit a fucking nerve! She corrected me saying loudly, it was Trump. So, I primed the pump and asked "guess you're a democrat, huh? She continued in a clear loud voice (btw this sidewalk bar is packed) and looking straight back to my face she said "Of course. We all are here". Then she did something noteworthy. She kind of scrunched down a bit, encircled her mouth with both hands and softly spoke at me, "Shhhhhh, I'm not stupid. I'm voting for Trump". Without missing a beat, I said "good for you" which begotten a second communication from ring nose claiming "more than half of our staff say were voting Harris, but they are not dumb either. Their voting for Trump".

The Dr. called to tell my wife he saved the patient, so I left a a large cash tip and we were off to see the Wizard. With bike in tow, we now headed back to the marina.

Up, up and away we drove, a reminder how "hilly" San Diego really is. As we cleared one of the elevation plateaus approaching the crest of the hill, I spied the biggest Harris/Walz yard sign ever. It was right below a flag that should have needed ATC clearance to fly. I stopped the car. At that very same moment of fright, my Bloody Mary's had started overflowing my bladder. Without any forethought I began relieving myself by the bushy part of the sidewalk when suddenly, a cat-lady yelled out from the house, "what do you think you're doing?". I hollered back "trying to right a wrong". She yelled "won't work" .... I thought for a second then said, "come closer".

My shoulder is still hurting where my wife punched me (repeatedly). **Time**  
**2:35pm**

# Lazy Saturday on the Boat

## Visit to the Bathroom #2

As my wife walked the healed bike back to the boat, I stopped by the shore bathrooms to talk to Juan #1. One of the marina maintenance men was standing next to the lady toilets with a step ladder in hand. Just then a young lady appeared wanting to use the toilets. She asked Juan #1 if she could use the toilets. In turn he pushed the lady's door open and yelled for his helper. Out came Juan #2. Lady went into use the toilets, leaving the three of us "boys" standing outside.

I looked at Juan #1, who was still holding the ladder, then at Juan #2 with a screwdriver in hand, then back at the lady's toilet door ..... then back to both boys and asked, "How did you guys know a light in the lady's bathroom was broken?". Both boys looked at me real dumb, like they didn't understand English (both are Mexican) so I asked the same in Spanish, "¿Cómo supieron que una luz en el baño de mujeres estaba rota?" and before either could answer I said "cámara?". Never knew how well articulated these two gentlemen could speak English, in protest. **Time 3:15pm**

## Thong or Not

It was cocktail time. Most of the day on the boat had passed without event (ha!). So, I got my first drink of the day (triple vodka, no mixer) and went up to the cockpit to sit, sip and gaze out on the passing boats and highlight of late afternoons at my marina. The return of the jet skis. Ah yes, jet skis. Designed to create a straddle that most men can't do. That's why men are in the front driving and the ladies are in the back (wider straddle).

Anyhow I regress on the synoptics. It's the visual reality game of what I call "thong or not". Straddling a jet ski, while wearing a thong, has a predictable effect. After banging, grinding and bumping around at 30+ MPH, for more than an hour, the cause creates the effect. You can "see it" when they return as those jet skis go slowly back to the dock (no wake zone). A point where most ladies on the back seem to become restless and fidgety. They change cheeks, lift legs and sometimes even stand up just to prove Randy's law of Physics #6; Thong or not? **Time 5:10pm**

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