

Me & Mine

A short story by Cadyn Smithson

“I don’t see the island,” my son told me. He expects me to explain everything to him, I swear.

“Right there Ollie. Always remember to look right there under the ‘P’ in ‘Pacific’,” I pointed.

My ship, *Ole Bessie*, has 3 souls on board. I, Captain Colin Fitzgerald, am steering the ship. My son, Ollie, is in charge of direction– or supposed to be. And my wife, Mollie, is cooking us some breakfast. The time is 04:54 on the 12th day of September. Our plan is to visit Zuwambee Island- this is only our fourth attempt. Nobody knows what is on this island. Thousands of attempts and nobody has come back with information. The speculation of what lies on Zuwambee Island is greater than the speculation of the Bermuda Triangle. My family will be the first to know.

“LAND AHOY!” my boy shouted.

“YIPEE!”

The island was so far away, but was approaching so fast. Each time we had arrived, I had been filled with adrenaline, but this time was different. I was going to see what was at the top of Zuwambee.

“Is that a person over there, Pa?” Ollie asked.

Unsure, I squinted my eyes. “I sure hope not. I was hoping to beat everyone else before the sun awoke.”

The boat slowly approached the island, and sure enough, there was a sailboat docked. I couldn’t exactly make out how many people were on the dock, but I saw one figure for sure.

“What are the odds?” I sighed. “What are the odds that someone would come on the exact same day at the exact same time?”

“Maybe he just docked for a break,” Mollie suggested.

“Doubtfully.”

Our boat cradled to the other side of the dock and while Ollie and Mollie tied *Ole Bessie* up, I approached the man sitting on the dock.

The man arose from his seat and held out his hand. “Top o’ the mornin’ to ya, sir. Captain Walsh of *The Merrow* here. How are you doing?”

“Finer than frog hair,” I replied dismissively. “Captain Fitzgerald of *Ole Bessie*. What’s your business here?”

“Well I’m just docked to see the sunrise,” he replied.

“Yaint doing no exploring are you?” I asked. I figured I’d better be straight up with this man; he seemed to have no harmful intentions.

“No exploring today, sir.”

“Good, that’s for me and mine.”

“You and yours?”

“Me and mine. And if you think you're getting to the top of this bad boy in one day, let me tell you that you’re wrong. We’ve been here once or twice before. It ain’t easy.”

“Well sir-”

“And let me just say that I admire your intentions, but we-”

“SIR!” he interrupted me abruptly. This guy was now as rude as could be. “Sir you keep going on about ‘you and yours’ but ‘yours’ is floating away.”

I looked back to see *Ole Bessie* floating away with my family on it. I ran to the edge of the dock and jumped on.

“OLLIE!” I shouted.

Ollie looked at me with a straight face. “What pa?”

“You’re really just going to let *Bessie* float away with you on it?”

“Sorry pa,”

“Save it! I’ve had to do too much for you today!”

“Oh, Colin,” Mollie started, “It was just an accident. We got carried away.”

Ignoring my family, I got *Bessie* back into position and tied her up myself.

“You guys can stay here or come, but you won’t be in my way,” I told them. I grabbed my bag and walked past the man.

“I will stay here, sir. Nothing against you, but I just docked to see the sunrise,” the man said.

“I wasn’t talking to you, man,” I laughed. “Come on guys.”

“Sir, if you don’t mind me asking, who are you talking to?”

“You just can’t mind your own, can you? I was talking to my family.”

“Poor guy,” he mumbled under his breath.

I decided I wouldn’t waste any more time on this guy, so I continued on the island.

With great pride I looked up to the fog-filled mountain top. I wrapped Mollie and Ollie in my hand as I do everytime I take on this great adventure. Their soft, faux, felt fur always gave me hope when I was in a stressful situation.

I started to climb up the cliffs. I knew that nobody had lived to tell the story of what was behind the clouds, but I still climbed.