

Sail Camp

©mark goodall

~Welcome to Sail Camp~

Time at the lake with Teri and Dave is a collage of stimulating, thoughtful experiences with a literary thread. *Sail Camp* represents a virtual group of friends of a virtual Teri and David who share common interest in sailing, food, conversation and stimulating interaction. Mosquitos have been removed to protect the innocent. *Sail Camp* may be an evolving, collaborative, effort resulting in a printed piece for bed-time reading – or not.

In the meantime, you are invited to become a virtual Sailor (see Camp Rule #2); and comment on the agenda/issue items to be considered at a specially convened Camp Council. An incident has occurred at Sail Camp involving Jack and Jane who have provided their take on what happened. Because Jane's interview is brief, you should know this about her:

Jane, athletic and aggressive, ranks as one of the better sailors and is qualified to handle any of the camp vessels. She believes she is entitled to the same status and rights enjoyed by the men. This attitude causes controversy and comment because she just isn't careful about 'covering up.' That is, she doesn't mind if her shirt is on or off, buttoned up or left open, or whether she shaves or doesn't. If challenged, she points to the males and agrees to follow their rules.

The disrupting incident resulted in Teri and David convening a Special Camp Council with the following issues presented to the Sailors:

1. Should Jack be banned from Sail Camp?
2. Should Jane be banned from Sail Camp?
3. Should firearms be banned from Sail Camp?
4. Should female Sailors be required to cover their breasts?*

*(to the extent expected in public)

To flesh out the development of *Sail Camp*, and the characters, I would like each of you to be a Sailor at Sail Camp (see rules, you don't have to sail) and virtually participate at the Special Camp Council. Have fun with your character.

~Sail Camp Manual~

Camp rules:

1. The Golden Rule applies;
2. Camp participants are guests of Teri and David;
3. Individuals are referred to as Sailors, whether or not they sail;
4. Absent permission from Teri and David, Sailors will pack out what they bring in;
5. Reference to 'the camp' applies to the aggregate of sailors;
6. Sailors will refrain from relieving themselves in the lakes;
7. Dress is casual, duh;
8. No Ole and Lena jokes (just kidding);
9. You must have Teri's permission to bring a dish to potluck;
10. Teri and David may modify, adjust, add or delete, with or without notice, Camp Rules.

Campfire:

1. Campfire is an evening social gathering;
2. Teri and David may designate any Campfire, or other gathering, to be in part or in total, a Camp Council (as distinguished from a social gathering).

Camp Council:

1. Camp Council is a Campfire, or other gathering, designated by Teri and David for housekeeping matters, and to permit Sailors to resolve conflict through democratic process;
2. Camp Council may be convened by Teri and David with whatever notice they feel appropriate;
3. Order at Camp Council, and advancement of agenda items, will be maintained by Teri and David, or their counsel, Mark, or by their impromptu designee;
4. Each attending Sailor has one vote at Camp Council;
5. Proxy votes are not permitted;
6. Sailors who do not attend Camp Council may introduce brief comment or statement by proxy presented by a willing, attending Sailor;
7. Teri and David will establish the agenda and issues to be discussed and resolved at Camp Council;
8. Any member may request the convening of Special Camp Council or request an agenda item by tendering said request to Teri or David;
9. Teri and David will decide whether a Camp Council will be convened, and whether an agenda item will be included;
10. Issues will be resolved by majority vote of the Sailors, with Teri and David abstaining;

11. A decision carried by a majority vote of the Sailors may be overruled, or modified, by Teri and David, whose decision will be final;
12. Any Sailor aggrieved by a majority vote may appeal the result to Teri and David who will consider, and rule on the appeal, summarily, or by hearing additional argument by reconvening Camp Council;
13. Upon reaching Rule 11 above, democracy ends;
14. Unless Teri, David, or Mark agree to the contrary, communication to them regarding an issue or incident represents, at their discretion, publication of such communication to the camp.

~The Incident~

A warm, night breeze, crossed the lake causing a gentle lapping of small waves against the beach. A loose halyard clanked against the Hobie's mast. Coals of the abandoned fire pit glowed, releasing occasional short-lived sparks. The cabin and guest tents were dark. Drying gear hung in disheveled clumps on the community clotheslines.

"Get the fuck out of my tent," Jane screamed. "Get the fuck out of my tent now. Now, damn it!"

From his bedroom window, David saw Jane wearing only panties, in a crouch, arms extended with both hands gripping a 9mm Glock. She was pointing it back at her tent. He roused Teresa, grabbed a shirt and flashlight, then hurried out of the cabin.

Jane pulled the slide and shoved a live round into the chamber. "Now, asshole, get out of my tent now!"

Pulling on a robe, Sally stumbled out of her tent and shouted, "Jane, no. I think it's Jack. It's Jack. Don't shoot him!"

"Stay away from me, Sally, stay away."

David walked across the lawn approaching from Jane's right. Sally was to her left. Her tent was ten feet in front of her. "Stay away from me, both of you." She kept the Glock pointed at the tent.

David stopped, struggling to get a handle on a strange and volatile scene. Jane's strong shoulders, and developed biceps, shown in the half-moon light. Her slate sternum, flanked by very small breasts with nipples at attention, was beaded with perspiration. Her panties were askew, revealing dark curls of pubic hair. He noted tension in her thigh and calf muscles.

Sally, moving closer to Jane's tent, said, "I'll get him. Let me get him." Crouching to her knees, she pushed the flap aside and entered the tent. David pointed his flashlight revealing Jack, in a naked crumple, on Jane's sleeping bag. "Oh my God. Oh my God," Sally wailed.

"What the fuck! Get him out of there, Sally. Get him the hell out of my tent!"

"He's bleeding. What the hell happened?"

"Now, Sally, now. Get him out of there now!"

David bent down into the tent. Together, he and Sally pulled Jack into the clearing. The skin above his right eye was split and blood filled the socket. "I'm okay," Jack whispered. "I think I'm okay."

"You're a fucking long way from okay, pal."

"Shut up, Jane. Just shut up," Sally said, dabbing at the blood with her sleeve.

Jean and Kathy came from the cabin. "Let's get him inside," Jean instructed, taking command.

Mark stepped from the shadows wearing skivvies, a worn blue captain's cap and a scraggly beard. He approached Jane who was still in her 'at the ready' stance, watching the women help Jack to the cabin.

"So, like, uh, can you get that round out of the chamber without pulling the trigger? I would consider it a personal favor if you would," Mark said in attempt at soothing tones.

Like a probing scorpion tail, Jane moved her right index finger outside the trigger guard. She shivered. "That's cool," Mark said. "Why don't you try to relax a little." David stepped forward offering a plaid shirt. Jane kept her hands on the Glock and nodded. David dropped the shirt over her shoulders.

"Do you want me to call the sheriff?" David asked.

"It's your camp. If it works better for you, go ahead, but I'm cool."

"You sure?"

"Yeh, I don't need a rape kit if that's what you're thinking. I don't feel anything running down my thigh."

"Got it." David noted, "Just let me know if you change your mind."

"Could you get me a towel?"

Mark pulled a towel off a clothesline. Jane dropped the clip then pulled the receiver back extracting the chambered round. As she accepted the towel, Mark bent to pick up the clip and bullet. Jane handed him the gun and tucked the towel around her waist. Mark pushed the cartridge back into the clip and returned the weapon. She shoved the magazine back in and clicked the safety on.

David nodded to Mark and walked back to the cabin to check on Jack.

~Jane's Story~

Mark found Jane sitting on the dock behind his sailboat. Her feet dangled in the water and she was smoking a small Rocky Patel. He sat beside her and she passed the cigar. He took a draw and handed it back. They passed it back and forth a couple of times without talking.

"Is he going to be okay?" Jane asked, without emotion.

"Oh, I think so. Just a little roughed up."

"I didn't know it was Jack. Not that it would have made any difference."

"Are you okay?"

She smirked and shook her head. She stood, dropped her panties and David's shirt onto the dock, and jumped into the water. She floated on her back looking at the stars, then disappeared and resurfaced a few yards further out.

Mark wasn't in the mood for a swim but felt the buddy system would be safer. He jumped in after her, leaving his cap on. When he caught up to her, she was half treading, half swimming, and he was in neck deep water.

"I didn't think you would be up for a skinny dip, Mark. You're quite a sport for an old fart."

"I'm not skinny dipping, Jane. I didn't drop my shorts. Things are complicated enough. What happened tonight?"

"I went to bed. I went to sleep. I don't know what woke me, but I could tell someone was in my tent. I guess I could smell the alcohol breath, or sweat, or something. He was over me. Well, not over me, but I looked down and he was there. I could make out the top of his head and then he – I don't know, he raised up. I grabbed the Glock from under my pack and just swung at him and got the heck out of there."

"I didn't know you had a gun."

"He didn't either. Not that it would have made any difference. I think he is a little, well, impulsive."

"What do you think he was up to?"

Jane laughed. "I don't think he was looking for his watch."

“I suppose not. Maybe he was going to take a whiz and got lost.”

“There ya go, Mark. Mystery solved. We can all go back to bed. I think I will take a whiz.”

“Not in the lake, Jane. David doesn’t want us to pee in the lake.”

“Too late. It can be our secret.”

“Speaking of secrets, and except for pissin’ in the pond, you know Teri and David will ask me what you had to say.”

“I don’t care. That’s fine. I never did have much to hide, Mark,” she said, smiling. “I’ll be okay, you don’t have to hang around. I think I’ll do a few laps.”

She planted both feet on his chest and arched into a backward dive, knocking him off balance. When he surfaced she was wearing his cap and swimming away.

“A pistol with a pistol,” he mumbled.

~Jack's Story~

"What the heck was that all about, Jack? Do we have a rapist on our hands?" Dave asked, pulling up a chair.

"I don't know."

"What do you mean, you don't know?"

"Do you have to have raped to be a rapist?"

"Are you screwing with me?"

"Okay, okay. Let me help you out. Based on what I would take to be the common meaning of your question, and if I was amenable to speaking in shallow concepts, then I guess my answer would be 'no,' I'm not a rapist. Simple as that."

"Dave shook his head and they sat in silence for a few minutes."

"Do you mind telling me what happened? Or will we just tie ourselves up in some definitional mind fuck?"

"Where should I start?"

"Where did it start?"

"At Campfire."

"Okay..."

"I had the perfect buzz on. Kinda like walking heel-to-toe on a curb – you could fall on the grass or fall into the street."

"I guess you fell into the street."

"Yeah, that was later." Jack paused. "I was looking at Jane. She is such a squirrel. Shirt unbuttoned but not seductive like a woman letting you peek – more like a man. She just doesn't care. She sits that way, sails that way. And no tits. That's the thing. I don't have a lot of body fat and my tits are bigger than hers. Cracks me up."

"Well, Jack, it's not the size that titillates."

"No shit. You mean, like, if you flaunt it, you've got it. And she sits like a man. Knees apart, crotch right there. Anyway, I'm all over her with my eyeballs and her pussy is, like, sending me messages. Sally is gettin' pissed and Jane is pretending I'm on some other planet. But her vibes won't let up – you know, I'm getting' a little frisky. Or she is. I don't know. Like her body is talking to me, like, 'hey baby, wazz happenin' – taunting

me. And she's sittin' there like she don't hear nothin' – I mean, I'm not saying there is really anything to hear. I'm just saying that's what I was getting'."

Jack made a loose fist and moved his thumb joint up and down like a lower lip. "See, like this. Ventriloquist or something. Down there, ya know, kinda talking like, 'hey Jack, why don't you come down and see me some time'."

"What the hell are you doing, Jack?" David pushed Jack's fist away from this face.

"Just showing you what it was like. Jane's pussy kind of in my face like that. I mean not like that but, uh, persistent, you know, funnin' with me like that."

"Okay, okay, I get it. Her vagina had you mesmerized."

"That's it exactly, David! I was mesmerized. Really, I was fuckin' mesmerized by her pussy. I mean literally and figuratively and probably other ways, too. Mesmerized, man, fuckin' mesmerized."

"I think we're getting bogged down here. How did you end up in her tent?"

"But you get it, David. That's what happens when you get mesmerized. I bet I'm still mesmerized. I gotta be careful or I will take a bullet."

"Jack, I'm thinking you're not taking this seriously, and that's a real problem for us."

"Really? Is it serious? What's so serious about it? I understand you got involved in my business here and that makes it your business I guess, and I'm sorry about that, but I'm not gonna just sit here and buy that this is serious. Okay, I got my head split open, but that was just kind of a screw up. Another night, another woman might have said, 'get in here, Jack, before you get arrested,' and we might have giggled and told camping stories. Or another woman might have said 'Jack, you're drunk. Get out of my tent.' And I would have agreed and turned around and crawled on out. But tonight, it got bloody. But that wasn't how it had to be. And at this point, in my dutiful fucking explanation to you of the evening, it sure as heck wasn't serious – unless you think a vagina trying to talk to me is serious. I didn't take it seriously, it was kinda cracking me up, you know."

"Alright, but for the record, Jack, I don't think anyone else heard her pussy talking to you."

"That proves nothing. Okay, let's say her pussy has technology, like a cell phone or something. With a blue tooth thing. And let's say I got a blue tooth hangin' on my ear. Real goth, like. And let's say her pussy has my number. And all you cats are sitting around the campfire being clever and witty, back and forth, and she, or it - whatever, kind of decides to tune y'all out and give me a call. It doesn't have to shout, you know, the hardware turns it into some kind of electrons or photons or something and they dart over the campfire to my blue tooth where they are reconstituted into something my brain gets. Okay, so now, let's say you just cut out the blue teeth and the photons just dart

from her pussy to my ear, or by brain, or something. You see, you wouldn't hear that now, would you? Of course not, duh."

"Yeh, sure, I get it, Jack. But that doesn't tell me how or why you got into Jane's tent."

"Oh man, you're really busting my balls. I'm trying to explain. I might need a tablet or something to draw you a map."

"No, just continue. Her vagina has your attention..."

"Well, yeh, not just her vagina. Jane and her parts are all the same thing, you know, but there's this smell, more like scent. Real subtle-like but separate, distinct, from the smoke, and the stinky sailors and stuff. Maybe I was just imagining it, but ..."

"Jack! This is going to take all night."

"Okay, okay, anyway, things start breaking up and Jane stands, looks at me, and just turns and walks off. No 'good night, sailor' or anything. She just leaves."

"Then Sally stands up and gives me this look. You know the look. But what did I do to deserve it? I was just sittin' there in a quiet, mesmerized state, passing the time with good company, like everybody else. And then she walks off without a word. Whatever. So, I sit there in one of those 'what'd I do to piss you off this time' funks, you know. Like I been roused by the thought police."

"I put my tail between my legs and mosey on back to our tent. Actually, that isn't entirely true. My tail isn't much interested in spending time between my legs, if you know what I mean. But then again, that's kind of the story of my life."

"You're not going to tell me the story of your life now, are you?"

"Nah, that's kind of an expression, you know, illustrating my mood."

"Yeh, yeh, so you head back to your tent."

"Exactly, David. Well put. So, anyway, I'm not real steady on my feet so I, well, crawl, I guess you call it, back to my tent and, uh, well, 'drop trow' as they say. And what kind of greeting do I get from Sally? Does she say, 'Come to me, lover, I gotta have my man'? Does she say that? Uh, no. She says, 'You gotta be kidding,' and she rolls over. I saw that as a red light. Not a whore-house red light. But like a traffic light. Stop. Okay, now, right there, David, right there is where we have an example of what would suggest that maybe I'm not a rapist. Because I let it be. I just flop down on my bag and listen to her breathe. I don't even touch her. I'm not interested in being where I'm not welcome, if you know what I mean. Whatever. I figure I will just take care of myself and go to sleep. It was a good sailing day. And then cocktails and dinner with you guys is always great. Campfire was stimulating. You know, a good day. Like most of them are."

"And then the phone rang."

"What?"

“That was a metaphor, David. The phone didn’t ring. First, I notice, or remember, or channel, or imagine, or whatever, those photons, or that scent. You know, the one I mentioned that I was picking up at campfire. Like a phone in my nose or something. Like maybe the photons carry a scent along with the rest of the signal. Don’t get hung up on the terms, just because I am having trouble explaining. Anyway, this metaphorical phone rings and my brain picks up. It’s, you know, saying ‘why don’t you come down and see me some time’. Okay, so , what am I supposed to do? Should I say, ‘you gotta be kidding’ and roll over? Now, I know that was one of my choices. And that’s what life is all about, choices.

“Now, I won’t lie to you, David. I won’t try to tell you I spent a lot of time weighing that choice. I won’t even tell you I spent a nanosecond with that choice. Instead, I said something like, ‘I’ll be right there.’ So I just got up on all fours and headed in that direction. And I was half-way there before I remembered I had left my shorts. Al fresco, or something French like that. But this is Sail Camp – real casual-like. There was just no way I was going to turn around. Hell, I was half-way there. You know, the point of no return as they say.

“And pretty soon I’m outside Jane’s tent. And the rain fly is open, for heaven’s sake. Think about it, David. I’m timing the lights perfectly. Green lights all the way. Do you stop for green lights? Hell, I have, and felt pretty silly just sittin’ there. Generally, though, my life is real simple. Green light, go. Red light, stop. Walk. Don’t walk. Not exactly rocket science.

“Now, should I ignore the light and say something like, ‘Oh, Jane, uh, excuse me, I just happened to notice your fly is open. You should zip that.’ Again, I am not gonna tell ya I spent a lot of time with that choice either. Green light, duh.

“So, I keep moving and poke my head in. And she is supine, you know, airing it out. And maybe I hear this whisper, ‘hey, baby, how’s it hangin,’ or something like that. And, what was it we decided, oh yeah, mesmerized. I was mesmerized. Do I talk to her. Do I kiss her. Do I just kind of nuzzle in down there with my nose. You know, choices, choices. And David, I never got a chance to make a selection. Something just exploded. And the next thing I remember is that I was breathing my own blood. And I got it. Red light, man. I banged my head on a traffic light. The rest is history.”