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Lost in Atlantis

Garrett Pinder

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him unclog his gutters early the next morning.

"Well, don’t you agree we’re sort of smart for building them where we don’t have to worry about every little wave knocking us around?"

I was too busy losing another fish to explain that one of the great benefits of being a whale is that you don’t have to deal with nuisances like paying for a home, finding a job to pay for that home, fighting in wars to protect that home, or listening to friends who think they’re philosophers. You just let the current take you.

An hour later, the sun was going down behind Hunter’s Island and we’d had enough. I pulled up the anchor and the underwater mesh basket flopping with fish Ted had caught earlier in the day. Ted started the motor, turned the wheel until the boat’s bow faced the coastline. He steered us past Shotgun Inlet, around Fisherman’s Rock, and in between the barely visible formations he called the Lobster Trap.

When we pulled into our slip at the marina, the sky was almost completely black. Ted turned off the motor, went down into the cabin and climbed back out with a halogen lamp, two skinny knives and three still-wiggling fish. We gutted them on a stained plastic tray, pulling out their brown and blue insides.

That night we cooked and ate the fish, drank beers, laughed, and watched the Yankees pummel the Marlins 10-3.

–Chris Vela