

Images

Part One: “Be careful what you ask for....”

She was beautiful in an ugly sort of way! A floating Man Cave ! The most beautifully ugly boat I’ve ever owned.

After years of knocking around in all manner of sailboats, this one was perfect.

Would it be a “Slug” sailing ? Yeah, probably, but a tank in a rough sea. It’s not a sailboat or a power boat that’s for sure.

Just what was it trying to be anyway?

People who asked that question always got a chuckle from me.

Any sailor with the thought of knocking around the world, hanging out in isolated and uncivilized anchorage or ports, could answer those questions.

Boats like this were built to take a beating and still come back to port. It was 48 feet of solid comfort.

Yeah, it was ugly. It would be my home for a very long time. I dreamed of slowly cruising the planet. Going places no “recreational” boater would think of going.

There’d be no anchoring in some tourist infested island. No evening cocktails with the blue blazer crowd in flakey beach bars.

Nope, I would most likely be eating beans from a can, sucking warm beer from a bottle that came from a land whose language I don’t understand.

I wanted to be anchored at some god forsaken place, and love every minute. .

The boat named “***Myndir***”, was designed in the style of the Baltic Sea fishing boats, with a history going back a hundred years.

Up for sale for some time, the “modern” sailors had ignored it. Who wanted a boat that didn’t sail fast or didn’t “Point” very well?

What most people saw was two short masts, a “Box” for a pilothouse and a “Shear” that made it look like a Dutch wooden shoe.

Not designed for a clean entry but curved up to increase the buoyancy at the bow. A good thing to have in rising seas.

It had a wide Beam.

Big assed wide to the “Fast” crowd. Those snotty round the buoy weekend racers. I cared less what they thought. I wanted comfort and safety.

I bought it because , well.....it was a lot like me.

HE... showed up one day just as I was washing and scrubbing the Winter’s crud off my very dirty boat. I normally don’t like people watching me working.

It always takes up too much time and they ask such dumb questions. Stupid chit chat really chaps my ass.

He slowly shuffled his way along, pausing to talk to a few boat owners that were hanging out on their boats.

I had noticed him the moment he walked down the ramp of the marina. A stranger I’d never seen around here before.

Damnit, he was headed toward me. The guy was probably going to want to chat and waste my time. I hate it when that happens.

I wasn't friendly at first. In fact I was downright rude to him.

He was an odd looking little old man. Looking a bit like a garden gnome. You know, those little statues that people think are cute setting on their lawns, but are just plain ugly.

This little man was very ugly! He kept coming closer and finally stopped when he was standing next to my boat.

He lifted his head and stared up at me and smiled. As strange and ugly as he was, I couldn't stop looking at his eyes. Large and an interesting gray-blue .

But it was the huge pupils that really grabbed my attention. Looking at them caused me to break into a cold sweat.

I swear that when he turned his head, just so, the pupils... glowed... red ! I figured that he must have some kind of diseased eye problem. I didn't ask him why.

I want to get whatever job I'm doing, done quickly so I can get home, kick back and have a beer. It looked like it wasn't going to happen today.

The old man just smiled at me, then opened a toothless mouth, took a deep breath and I just knew he was going to ask questions that would need lots of answers from me. The beer was going to have to wait.

"Boggart is the name, Urisk Boggart. Gud day ta ya " , he croaked.

His voice was as ugly as his face. A kind of finger nails on a blackboard screech, but he DID sound cheerful. I stopped my work.

"Ah sees ya gotcha a kinda North Sea trawler here. She's be a beaut, she is. Ya gonna do some travellin' weed her ? "

"Well, I'm hopin' to do some upgrading and one day soon, take off for .. Who knows where." I chuckled.

He moved in closer and asked,

"Ow much fixin' ya tink you'll be doo'in? Got an idée whan ya'll be headin' oot?"

"I'm planning to spend the next month laying in some electronics and replacing the rigging. I hope to leave about the 1st of October.

Probably head up the B.C. coast, I'll hang around there during the Winter and come Spring time wander the Inland Passage and up the panhandle of Alaska.

Maybe even get to mess around in the Aleutians next Summer."

I was showing off a bit, but what the hell, he probably didn't know squat about sailing and what it would take to do all that.

"Ach, young feller, Thas the very ting I wishes I cood do me self, But lo, Ahm too Damn'd ald and feeble. Cud I ask ye a favor , perhaps ?

"Ask away, friend. " I responded. I was beginning to like the crazy old coot.

"Ah'd very mooch wish ta tak a few photographees of ye and this here beauteous ship.

I ha a wee camera and if'n I cud come down a time or two and tak a few fliks, I'd be mooch obliged ta ya. "

What a great idea. I'd been trying to figure out how I could get some shots myself. I wanted to show the work I'd done on "**Myndir**" to some friends.

The old guy was an answer to my prayers.

"Sure, old timer, that would be OK. Say, could you make some copies of the photos for me too ? "

He nodded that ugly head of his, smiled and walked away.

I should have remembered that old saying,

“Be Careful What You Ask For...”

(End, Part One)

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