

## **Not All Angels Are Good Angels**

Part 3 of 3.

### **“Arrival”**

It was midnight and I was pouring sweat. Nat wasn't. He looked like he was enjoying the heat. It was midnight and the sun still hung directly above us. The world had stopped turning.

Besides the mystery of the sun, there was another oddity. What had been windy conditions and good sized waves with breaking the tops, now our ocean was calm, the surface like a mountain lake. But this was no cool mountain valley. We were in a oven. We must be somewhere near the equator.

Not a whisper of wind, just blinding searing heat. I couldn't get relief by going down to the cabin. It was stifling down there.

**Nat** suggested that we could fix a cockpit shade from one of the sails on board.

There **was** a colorful asymmetrical spinnaker we could use. It took a lot of effort to rig it.

I sweated, drank a lot of water. The hot work didn't seem to bother **Nat**. He didn't even sweat !

We attached the head of the sail to the mast, laid, as best we could, the body of the sail over the boom. Then we attached the adjustable whisker pole to the split backstays. It would act as a support for the bottom part of the spinnaker. Tying off the foot of the sail to the pole gave us a full canopy over the cockpit . It shaded us from that awful sun.

The rest of the sail we drooped down over the lifelines, like curtains. We could lift one or both sides to allow passage of any breeze wafting our way. Hopefully even a slight drift might cool the shaded cockpit. It did help even without a breath of wind.

I thought maybe if I jumped into the ocean, I might find a bit of relief from the awful heat. I was already in my shorts, so I dropped the swim ladder and stepped into the water. I expected it to be cool and refreshing, it wasn't. The ocean around us was heated. It felt like sitting in some giant sized hot tub. If anything, it made me feel worse. I got out as quickly as I could. There would be no showering off with some cool sprinkler.

What I'd forgotten was, Salt water on the body becomes a sticky film. Now, not only hot, I was covered in clinging salt crystals. Every pore was being irritated by the stuff. No amount of wiping off could rid me of that sticky coating. I was even more miserable than before.

That beastly sun remained high above us each 24 hours of the now several days we'd been becalmed. I lost count of just how many days it had been. With no setting sun, there wasn't a day or night to count. Just one long horrible day.

Our water tanks were getting low and I worried that without some relief soon, we'd both perish from the lack of water. **Nat** didn't seem to worry. Each time I brought the subject up, he'd smile and say, " I promised I'd get you to your destination. I will. Don't worry. " But I did worry.

More days passed, I think they were days. Not only our water, but now the food supply was low. My skin itched and salt water boils started forming. It was getting desperate. Most of the time I spent lying in the cockpit, hardly moving. To go anywhere took energy that I had little of.

I finally convince **Nat** that we should try to motor away from this place. We had enough fuel for something like 4 or 5 days. Moving away, we might find some wind. Not only to cool us, but, maybe we'd find a busy shipping lane. Being rescued was now my dream. I no longer cared if being rescued, I'd give away who and where I was. It didn't matter if I was caught and dragged back to Portland to face whatever they had in store for me. I just wanted to leave this ungodly place in the world. Maybe our rescuers could explain what had happened to cause the earth to stop rotating. It had to be some kind of astronomical disaster. A meteor crashing into the earth stopped us, maybe ? There had to be a logical answer.

I logged the time we started motoring. The fuel tanks went empty a little past 50 hours. There were no other humans to be seen. No boats of any kind on our horizon. Around us the lead colored sea was without waves or motion. The sun still above us, hotter than before.

It was then that I realized, I was going to die out here. WE were going to die. The unforgiving sea, no winds, out of fuel, the lack of water and soon food, would take him down too. I felt sorry for him. He had always been so positive. So supportive of me and so sure that he and I would finish our cruise. That I would set foot on what was going to be my destination. He would move on to another berth on some another boat to be delivered to a far off port. Neither of us would get to that place.

I don't remember all of it, but I remember part of a poem that said something like,  
"Do not go **gentle** into that **good night**, , rage against the dying of the light. "  
I think it meant to not give up. For a poet it's easy to say as long as they aren't under a merciless sun. Any rage in me had left long ago. Now all I had was resignation. I almost welcomed the end. I thought of all of the people I'd lied to, all of those I cheated and stole from. I wish I could ask them for forgiveness. Too late, too late !

**Nat** sat at the wheel with what must have been our last beer in his hand. Damn him, he was chuckling. Then he started singing that silly song he'd hummed most of the time. Only this time, he sang the words ! It was kind of a sea chanty.

... "Oh human fools do many wrongs in their daily play,  
They think they'll be the chosen gods upon their final day,  
To rest and sing in paradise for all eternity,  
But, evil is their yearly path, and goodness is passe,  
Most won't climb to golden heights. They'll go the other way !..."

He laughed that screeching cackle, snorting at the end. He stopped, looked at me with cruel eyes and said,

"Mister, You are a fool !".

I was shocked. Why was he saying that to me?

"I know full well about your life. I know what you're running from. I know all of the pain you've caused, and I know that you didn't get away from the bullets."

"You died from a bullet to the head. Killed by the men you cheated.

"Oh yes, evil against evil. I's my favorite game !"

My mind reeled. How did he know about all that? Was he someone hired to find me ?

I got really scared. Here I was stuck out in the middle of an ocean with a killer ?

I shouted to him, "What the hell are you talking about **Nat** ? How do you know?".

He laughed again, a deep growling laugh.

" You are stupid. You still don't know who I am do you? Look at my name in a different way to understand. You have eyes, but did not see. "

"Who are you? " my voice shaking in fear.

His face grew uglier than it had been. His voice now a rasping shout.

" I am your guide to the place **you** chose many years ago. Look around you, fool".

He pointed to the horizon. I saw the ocean around us began to steam, the sun flash blood red and a foul stench filled my nostrils . The heat became unbearable.

"Do you not know to where you belong? Do you not know my name?. "

He was standing over me, a bony finger touching my forehead.

I was so frightened I couldn't think. Do I know his name ?. What was he talking about ?

Of course I knew his name.

I shouted it back to him. "Nat Asmai "

I spelled it out to him.... " **N-a-t A-s-m-a-i**" ....

But, wait, he'd said to look at him differently. How ?

In my mind, I spelled his name first forward then backwards... " **i-a-m-s-a-t-a-n**" ... " I am sat....."

Oh my god. I know what he is !

I was killed on that filthy street in Portland. Now, **Lucifer** the angel of death is standing next to me, in the cockpit of my boat "**Ifrinn**".

There was a rush of wind, hot searing wind. The sea around us burst into flame.

Everywhere I could see fire. The boat was being consumed. I... was being consumed.

I felt the searing pain of being burned alive. But, I'm not alive am I ?

I didn't move, I just stood there bathed in flames.

HE was standing in the midst of the fire, Laughing. He was laughing at ME !

I choked on sulfurous smoke that had encircling him and me.

He laughed sang that awful song again.

There was no guessing now. I knew where I'd sailed to.

I knew, why the sun was so terribly hot. I knew why I was in the middle of a lake of fire.

I knew why I was here,

And.....

I know I'll be sailing in Hell... for eternity.

*Et sic multis !*

*Fini*

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