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Lovesick Festered Waters

The smell of putrid body odor drifts up from Anastasia as she tries to ignore it. They say if you can smell yourself, you reek. She couldn’t fall asleep because this rank smell was burning the inside of her nostrils. It festered like the waters that viciously tossed around their sailing boat. She remembers how much she hates the Pacific Ocean.

 Anastasia was shipwrecked with two men whose names were Dimitri and Vlad. Fifteen days had passed, and they were no longer closer to finding land as they were to win the Kentucky Derby. Anastasia heard the two men stirring in their hammocks on the other side of the deck.

“How long do I have to put up with both of you snoring like it’s a competition in a Rugby match?” yelled Anastasia.

Dimitri opened one eye and shouted, “Let us get some rest! It’s going to be a big day tomorrow.”

Vlad turned over on his belly and snored so loudly that he sounded like a train that had just crashed over a bridge.

“Tomorrow never comes!” yelled Anastasia, “It’s just us three forever on a sea of festered waters. The nightmare never ends.”

The waters were still as the night slowly crept along. The only creatures stirring were fathoms below the sailboat in the murky waters a whole world away. Good morning. They woke up bright-eyed and bushy-tailed as the sun cast a warm, familiar glow over the horizon. Nearby, dolphins start to glide over the water’s smooth surface with a remarkable, stunning easiness. They brush up against the sailboat as they journey to the great beyond.

Anastasia stretches her arms out as wide as a mountain range as she yawns twice as immense. She glances over to where the two men slept last night and were not sleeping in their hammocks.

“Oh, where oh where have my little boys gone? Oh, where oh, where can they be?” Anastasia sang merrily.

“Under, you’re not such a delicate nose,” yawns Dimitri, who emerges from the main cabin with auburn hair carelessly swayed to one side. He carries a package of MRI boxes and grumpily slams one box in front of Anastasia.

“Eat to your heart’s content, my princess. Today's fine dining includes one small cluster of beef jerky and a can of spam.”, spat Dimitri.

Anastasia puffed out her cheeks, and it sounded like she was blowing raspberries out of her mouth.

“I’m wasting away more with each passing day. Do you honestly have a plan to get us to land? Maybe I should be looking forward to my death instead.”

“Put the brakes on buttercup. Nobody said this would be easy. Although being stuck here with you aboard is a hundred times harder, at least Vlad doesn’t complain every five seconds. Vlad doesn’t voice his opinions like he was a news anchor.”

“Are you two bickering again? Am I going to have to put both of you in a corner and let you fight like dogs to see who reigns champion?” Vlad retorted, “Of course, I know my Anastasia would win; she is purebred.”

“If you count mutt as purebred,” laughed Dimitri viciously.

He laughs so hard and long that when he looks up, Anastasia and Vlad both have a look on their face that says, you dumb scoundrel.

“We’re so far from ever returning home to Russia!” Anastasia cries.

“This is all your fault, Dimitri! It’s because of you that we got stuck on this sailboat and put out to sea under penalty of death. You just thought you had everyone’s fortunes made. Did you think that you would win cards against a league of pros? You can’t even beat me at a game of Russian Roulette, you prat!” Romero put us out here because you tried to order him around with threats. Do you honestly think he cheated? You were just that bad, and you never realized it. This is all your fault, and you call me the entitled princess. You’re the one who’s a spoiled brat. We will never make it out alive from this rotting piece of wood. Why in the world did you want so badly to see America? We could have gone to a million other places instead, like Ireland, where they have beautiful green, luscious hills! For all we know, Romero could have the law waiting for us when we get to America. He is a man who is well loved and has the long arm of authority.”, Anastasia shouts at the top of her lungs.

“You’ll need a gallon of water for your hoarse voice. Well, too bad we’re saving rations. I already gave you both my sincerest apologies. What do you want me to do? Get down one knee and grovel?” asked Dimitri.

Vlad and Anastasia both stared at each other and smirked with a vengeance fit to kill.

“Yes, that’s exactly what we want you to do. You have set this stupid course for days and days to no avail. Do you even know what you’re doing?” asked Vlad.

 The three misfits took an overdue catnap as they saw nothing better to do. The afternoon came as it always does when you’re stranded at sea. A far-off seagull could be heard cawing like a broken record. Trees and land could be spotted in the distance through the mist.

Dimitri awoke because he felt a strong breeze on his face. He jumped to his feet because he heard the strangest of sounds. Anastasia was sleeping peacefully in her pristine hammock. Dimitri stares into her face lovingly.

“You may be a princess, but you’re my princess. Welcome to your new home, princess.”, Dimitri gently whispers in her ear.