

The Fishermen

By Bobby Bloodworth

The sun was shining on the water of the bay, highlighting the picturesque landscape on each side, the clear blue of the sea seemed to stretch beyond the distant horizon. The waves breaking on the shore made a gentle sound as they broke upon the golden sand.

The tide was high, but had just turned; it was only about six-foot away from the sea wall, just enough sand for the fisherman to haul in his nets. It was not difficult to notice the weather beaten and rugged features of the fisherman as he concentrated on pulling in the nets, full of big, slippery and shiny fish, which were almost spilling onto the sand.

A small rowing boat came into view with one man aboard. The boat bobbed gently on the waves of the turning tide. As the men exchanged greetings, the man jumped out of the boat and pulled it onto the beach then proceeded to deposit large red and blue crates onto the sand. Both men worked tirelessly to fill the crates with the fish that continually slithered uncontrollably from the nets.

While they were working the men cast uneasy glances out to sea.

A gleaming white motorboat appeared as a small dot on the horizon, rapidly making its way to the position where the two men were working. The luxury motorboat swerved to a sideways position, a man on board, very quickly and cleverly threw a white package into the fishing net. The fisherman quickly scooped up the package and threw it into a crate where it disappeared under the fish.

The man on the motorboat turned his boat seaward, waived to the two men and departed as quickly as he had arrived.

The drugs had been delivered.