

### Author's note:

This is my first story on Wattpad. I am excited about the prospect and feel privileged and blessed by the opportunity. This is a story I started years ago, but never finished. It keeps coming back into my mind. My goal is to entertain the reader and keep the story PG-13. My first serialized post is 4 April 2014. I expect to add segments fortnightly (usually on Friday) until I either finish a novel, run out of steam, or feel the story is complete. I hope you will enjoy the presentation.

Now, the curtain goes up!

4 April 2014 post 001 (with editorial corrections, if any):

This is all fiction:

### Chapter One

#### Le Vol de Nuit -- The Night Flight

Hello. I'm the proud father of Punky Pardoo. He's a little blond-wavy-haired-blue-eyed boy. As the story begins, he's ten years old, with a mischievous nature, an infectious sense of humor, remarkable intelligence and a keen sense of adventure. If throwing caution to the wind were the standard for a happy childhood, Punky's sense of adventure was as vast and varied as climbing up on

the roof and setting off a smoke flare, just to see the orange smoke whip around in a vortex, then dissipate into the wind. He'd sooner do that than be inside, hunkered down and hiding out from either the curse or fascinations of nature.

Punky was blessed by birth, because he was born the first and only son of a seaplane pilot. We lived in a housing division called Discovery Bay, near Byron, California in the San Francisco Bay Area on the Sacramento River Delta. Our house was on a lakeside lot. We all would much rather have lived on a deep water lot from which one could sail around the world. But they were way more expensive and, besides, we didn't have a boat anyway—at least not when we moved in.

I'd love to introduce you to the rest of my family. I was and am still married to Punky's mother, the lovely Yo-Momma. Then, there's his slightly older sister, The Looch. Yes, we all have Judeo-Christian given names, but for some reason, a sense of familiarity and comfort, I guess, we all went by more generic handles. I, for example, was and am Sweet Daddy, Daddy. Punky and I were playing a game of pickup basketball in the driveway one day and I was trying to act as if I were some NBA star, whose name escaped me.

I kept saying, "I'm Sweet Daddy." Then I would dribble a little—behind the back, between my legs, what have you—and say, "I'm Sweet Daddy . . . I'm Sweet Daddy." I could not for the life of me, say Sweet Daddy Who-in-the-

Blazin'-Daylight I was. I remembered seeing the Harlem Globetrotters when I was a kid and had a vague recollection that one of the players was named, "Sweet Daddy, Something." I could not think of the player's name. Out of desperation, I finally said, "I'm Sweet Daddy, Daddy. It's Sweet Daddy, Daddy dribbling the ball."

From the top of the key I shot a two handed set shot, swished it and from then on, "I was and am to this day, Sweet Daddy, Daddy."

Punky loved to ride in our seaplane. I say that euphemistically, because I didn't own the seaplane, tail number W47BT (Whisky Four Seven Bravo Tango) any more than I owned a boat, not at first anyway. It was a maroon and white Lake Amphibian. That's the kind of plane they had on *Fantasy Island* in the seventies, where the little dwarf would stand and yell to Ricardo Montalban in a high pitched shrill voice, "The plane! The plane!"

Only the one on TV was a twin engine model. Mine, or rather the one I flew, was a single engine, rear facing propeller driven aircraft. It was fun to fly, but—in a word—gutless. Later on, when my business route meant that I had to fly up to and land on Lake Tahoe, I had to get a twin because Whiskey Tango, as we called it, hardly had enough horse poop to get above the mountain tops on the way in and I was far from sure it could get up on "the step," to take off from the lake. But, that is getting way ahead of the story.

One hot summer night in mid-August, just after Punky had had his tenth birthday in the early eighties, we—just me and Punky—decided to fly out into the Delta and camp on an island named Frank's Tract. For those of you, who are not familiar with the Delta, it is third in size only to the Nile and the Amazon, among deltas in the world. But the appeal in this instance was not the size of the delta, but the fact that there were still uninhabited islands out there that could only be reached by boat, or in this instance, an air-boat.

We flew in that night from Buchanan Airfield in Concord, California at just about sunset. It was a good thing we came in from the west, because the sun was bright and I think that kept the nefarious visitors to the island from seeing us, due to the blinding sun, but they certainly heard the noise. I am still partially deaf, due to the roaring engine of the Lake, even though I always wore earplugs. For those of you who are not familiar with general aviation, think of that model airplane some kid flew out on the baseball diamond that roared for a few precious minutes before he ended up crashing his prized possession and went home bawling to his mother.

Now take that screaming, yelping model airplane engine, multiply it by a small factor, say two or three and hold it next to your ear. That's what it's like to fly a single engine, piston driven aircraft without earplugs. With earplugs, it's the

same, only now, you're listening from the bottom of a swimming pool, while your mom is yelling, "Teddy, Teddy, it's time for dinner!" in the same shrill tone as the dwarf.

You DO NOT land a seaplane at night, except in a specially lighted harbor or on a land-based runway with the characteristic green, white, blue, red or pale amber lights you customarily see there. So, we had to set her down and soon and we knew it. Punky knew it, because he had flown with me many times before. We tried to circle our target island and land to the west, which was both into the blazing sunlight and into the wind. As this was a seaplane and we were landing in the wildness, as opposed to a formal landing area, we had to sweep the area on our way down to scan for other aircraft and power lines that, if left unseen, could cause us to crash and kill ourselves.

The water was choppy that night, which is actually a good thing in seaplane phenomena, because when there is no wind and the water is glassy, the plane, crew and pilot are at greatest peril. Yet there are lots of high voltage power lines in the Delta and, as pilot-in-command, I had to take a close look for those with Punky serving as my co-pilot for navigational and observational purposes.

"I smell shit, Dad," he said, as we got lower and closer to the island.

I saw no power lines. In the distance, I could see a fire had been lit, so we were not alone. “It wasn’t me,” I said instinctively, thinking that he had accused me of breaking wind.

“No, Dad, it’s shit. You know, real shit.”

“Don’t tell me you crapped your pants.” I frowned at him. For one thing we didn’t have any toilet paper.

“Dad, it’s weed. I’m talking about drugs, narcotics, weed, you know.”

*How does he know about **that** shit?* I thought I had kept him sheltered and every report I got from Byron Elementary was that “drugs are not a problem here, at least not yet.”

Fortunately for scent identification purposes, the heavy breeze had cleansed the air. Otherwise, the stench of the gasoline refineries around Pittsburg and Martinez could easily travel as far east as Frank’s Tract and there’d be no chance of identifying anything at least not by whiffing.

While turning onto short final approach to the south of one of the islands, heading in a westerly direction I sensed he was right. Cannabis, skunk, grass, ganja, jungle

juice, what-have-you, it smelled like we were landing in the upper deck of the *Oakland Coliseum* during a *Grateful Dead* concert.

“Water landing. The wheels are up,” I said as I pushed forward on the yoke and we descended gently onto the choppy waters of Suisun Bay near Bethel Island.

“Roger, the wheels are up,” Punky replied, verifying that he had seen me tap the landing gear lever without extending the gear, thus making sure the wheels were in the up, fully retracted position.

In a few seconds we both knew that we would splash down into the choppy waters of a new adventure.

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17 April 2014 post 002, as amended and continued:

As I pushed the yoke forward, the tail hit the water first. “Rougher ‘n a cob,” I said as I could feel it literally pounding the choppy water as the Lake gave up its will to fly and the hull settled into the water, turning our flying machine into a boat.

Instinctively, Punky and I each grabbed an edge of the canopy and flipped it up, so that Punky’s half and mine met in the middle. I stood up in my seat and

clipped them together, so they wouldn't come crashing back down and bonk either of us in the head. I then taxied around toward the back of the island, downwind from where we splashed down and toward Sacramento to the east.

At first I left the engine running at around 800 RPM, so that we could taxi gently to the back of the island, downwind from the pirates, or so we called them, as curiosity as to their identity and mission had not yet succumbed to our sharply hewn reconnaissance capabilities. Ah, but ye could smell the weed.

“Quit puffin’ that shit, Punky,” I ordered.

“I’m not, Sweet Daddy, but I have to breathe.”

Realizing that he had a point, I replied, “Well, don’t overdo it!” I added this directive with a bite about as crisp as the chill in the evening breeze that was being whipped up along the surface of the water. Salt spray covered our windshield. It smelled glorious, along with the fish smells emanating from the bay, not to mention the burning weed.

Ah, but those were the days, my friend. Those were the days.

Once our course was steady and the island was near, Punky and I each grabbed an oar. We didn’t have to talk about it, we just instinctively reached



behind our respective seats and picked up a paddle. They were short, only about three or four feet long, but certainly sufficient for the task at hand. We each reached over the hull (In the air it's a fuselage. On water the same piece of structure is called the hull.) We rowed.

As we got within the general proximity of the sandy beach, I extended the landing gear right there in the water. It slowed us down, but also stabilized our course. You've got to extend the gear early, before it would otherwise catch the bottom of the body of water and not fully extend.

It was then that I began to miss Yo-Momma. We had brought our camping gear and we both knew that once the sun set, we were committed to staying on the island for the night, unless, of course, we swam away. There were too many piers in the area to risk damage to the air-boat and we certainly were not in a position to take off.

How I longed for Yo-Momma. One of the bonds that Yo-Momma and I had was that we both liked to cuddle and she was certainly cuddlesome. In the words of one of my aviation buddies, "Yo-Momma is no small woman."

I had to admit that Yo-Momma was of generous proportions. Any conversation along those lines had to start with Yo-Momma's derrier. It's what

you might call, “generous,” if you’re inclined toward big-assed women. It wasn’t enormous and Yo-Momma was certainly not obese. She did all sorts of chores and repair jobs around the house and on the little pier in our backyard by the lake. This kept her fit.

But she never lost her derrier. It wasn’t what men would call shapely, although it did have its own distinctive shape. It was more like she had bought some oversized jeans and then stuffed a throw pillow, not a large one, but not a small one either, into the seat of her pants. When we went to concerts, Oakland A’s and Raider games, or just the local sports’ field to see our kids play soccer or little league, Yo-Momma did not require a padded seat. She carried one with her at all times.

Oh, how glorious, my memories are of Yo-Momma.

Her skin was fair and her complexion went beyond ruddy to soft pink. She had pale blue eyes, wavy dirty blond hair—in every sense of the word, God Bless her. Her ears were large for listening to me and tending to our children’s needs. And, my, oh my, she had ample breasts.

I would never brag about a woman's breasts. They clearly belonged to her and I respected that. But, let me put it this way. If she were a museum piece, admirers of all things of Romanesque or Grecian would stand in line to admire her.

And what's even better and more fantastic is that her ample breasts formed the perfect ballast to Yo-Momma's derrier. If all she had were the breasts, she would likely have not been able to walk without a cane. If all she had was the large crested pillow-like derrier, she would have fallen over backwards. But, between the two, Ooh La La, her body and her beauty were in perfect balance.

I could feel the wheels of the Lake take hold in the sand and we taxied up onto the beach, engine still running, propeller still spinning. I went a bit further than current conditions would have required, but I couldn't remember what the tide charts said for that evening. Oh, well, I may as well admit it. I didn't read the tide charts for that night. So I wanted to be sure we didn't wake up in the morning and wonder whatever happened to Whiskey Tango after it had floated out to sea.

The sun was setting and its perfectly round fiery-orange disk, contrasted against the horizon, looking like a coin being deposited into an ink-black piggy bank. The grass was wafting all around us, and I could hear the strange men, and women, judging from the mix of voice pitches, carrying on beyond the trees and over a small crest in the middle of the island.

“Houston, we have landed!” I declared in a soft voice, so as not to be overheard.

“No shit, Sherlock,” Punky replied.

“Yes, shit,” I replied and continued, “You know and I know that this island is corrupted by the burning weed. As your commanding officer, I hereby order you to stop breathing until I give you my express permission to resume.”

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N.B. Click on or cut and paste this link [http: vlt.me/punky wattpad](http://vlt.me/punky_wattpad) to read more of this serialized novel on Wattpad. It’s free and completely up to date!