

MINNOW ESCAPE

By David Cranmer

I floored the gas pedal and sped down the main drag, blue lights flashing in the distance of the night sky. Making a quick turn off the highway, I headed for the old beach road and ditched the car behind a hedge row. I grabbed the bag of cash, looking at my partner's body slumped against the passenger door. I figure he won't mind not going halves.

The robbery had been going flawlessly until that paunchy rent-a-cop decided to play hero, ran into the street and drilled our getaway car. He killed Jake and wounded me. My leg burned from the heat of the bullet lodged inside.

Sirens yelping like mechanical bloodhounds drew closer as I staggered to the shore using the twisted trunks of the seagrape trees for cover. I reached the waterfront, planning to steal a boat, but all I found was a beached vessel, a dead ringer for the S.S. Minnow from Gilligan's Island .

I knew the trail of footprints and blood in the sand would lead them right to me, but there was no time to hide my tracks. I made my way to the Minnow and painfully climbed aboard, slouching down along the port side. Tearing the sleeves off my shirt, I began wrapping my leg.

So this is how it'll end—being captured on the Skipper's ship? I'd give anything to be lost on that deserted island right now; and the irony's not lost on me.

I stuck my wounded leg out in front of me awkwardly and laughed to myself. Mary Ann or Ginger? Most men prefer the farm girl. I'm a fan of the movie star.

A fiddler crab eyed me from the boat's wooden rail, did a little sideways jig and dove overboard as the bull horn sounded.

"Throw your weapon over the side and come out with your hands up!"

I clenched my pistol tight and grimaced at my pulsating leg.

Damn, where's the professor when you need him? Farm girl or starlet? Hell, I'd fuck Mrs. Howell at this point.

I smiled, summoned the strength to stand, and began firing.