



Word Count about 67,750

## **The Problem with Sylvestrina**

Chapter 01 A Problem Offshore  
Musical Theme; On the Border by Al Stewart

By Drake Koefoed

Dave turned the Clarissa Marlene, a huge midwater trawler, and went upwind of a capsized sailboat. He got on 16. “Mayday Mayday Mayday.

This is the Clarissa Marlene calling the United States Coast Guard. We are approaching a capsized vessel at location ...” He looked at the GPS and then read off the lat and long.

“Coast Guard helicopter G-9314 underway to that location, ETA 6 minutes. Please inform.”

“Capsized sailboat. We are upwind of her, but unable to do anything to help survivors. We are a midwater trawler.”

“Do not allow any crew member to enter the water. We may need you to get out of the way if it appears your boat will drift down on the wreck. At this time, please take no action.”

“Roger Wilco.”

“Sir, may I have your name?”

“Captain David Cale USMC retired. I spell: Delta Able Victor India  
Delta Charlie Able Lima Echo, Uniform Sierra Mike Charlie.”

“Do you see my bird?”

“I do.”

“Sir, I am Lieutenant Warren Giles, USCG. Are you willing to conform to  
my movements?”

“You are in command Lieutenant. Tell me what to do.”

“I intend to put a swimmer in the water. If you will continue to block the  
wind, that is all I request.”

“Wilco.”

The helicopter came in low, and a man jumped into the sea next to the  
sinking sailboat. He was a Coast Guard swimmer. A true hero. He dove,  
and pulled a survivor out of the sailboat, and put her in his basket. He  
waved it up, and the sailboat slipped under the deep cold sea. The line  
came back down, and he clipped on and rode it up to the helicopter. It  
turned and sped off.

“G-9314 to Captain Cale. We have one survivor. We are underway to the  
hospital at this time with no further requests from your vessel. There is no  
assistance that can be rendered at this time, and we thank the Clarissa

Marlene for her action, which was prompt enough that we may have saved a life.”

“I hope you have, Lieutenant Giles, and you guys are real heroes.”

“Thank you, Captain Cale.”

\* \* \*

Dave took the boat in to the Port of San Francisco, as ordered, bought some stuff at the local grocery, and checked into a motel. His tour was done, and his junkheap car was parked outside. He made a sandwich. He went to sleep.

In the morning, the owners came. Dave was wearing his jeans and T shirt, drinking some coffee from the motel’s ‘continental breakfast’ of a packaged muffin and a biscuit. Perhaps the continent referred to was East Africa.

Probably not; an Ethiopian would have served something better.

Paul and Lori came in.

“This is a terrible time for us to have to tell you this, Dave, but the midwater trawlers have been restricted so much that we can’t afford to put you to sea again.”

“We knew it was coming, Paul.”

“The corporation will have to go bankrupt. I think I have found a way to end you up with a few hundred dollars a month for retirement.”

“It will be nice to have.”

“You have done so much for so little.”

“Well, I have a motel room.”

“Even that may never be paid for.”

“You were an honest businessman, Paul.”

Lori cut in. “I, I’m, I, There is only one thing I can give you, Dave.”

She handed him two rings. “My grandmother’s rings. I want you to have them. I insist that you take them.”

Dave set them on the table. “Lori, the court will probably let you keep these. Or you can just hide them somewhere, nobody will get them. I’m just an old commercial fisherman who had a pretty good run working for some very nice people who bought a lovely boat and got stung by the government. I don’t have anyone to put these rings on and probably never will. You keep them.”

“I want you to have them. Dave, I may lose my money, but I still have the real treasure right here. I want to know that you have those.”

“Dave, have I really met an old school gentleman who does not understand when a gift should be accepted?”

“I don’t think...”

“That is exactly the problem, Dave.”

“I still don’t need them.”

Lori started unbuttoning her blouse.

“If you want to imagine something I won’t do, you found it.”

Dave tried to button Lori’s blouse up while she was unbuttoning it.

“Paul!”

“We had to give you something, Dave. If you would not take the rings, then...”

“OK, I will take the rings!”

Paul pulled out some small glasses from the motel’s stuff, and poured Dave a shot of Bushmills. Dave drank it, and Paul poured another. Dave drank that as well.

“I thought you were serious.”

“You are American, and I am Italian. I am serious, but you don’t understand it.”

They left. Dave went to sleep.

\* \* \*

Someone banged on the door. Dave pulled on his pants, and opened it. A force of nature rushed in. She was close to six feet tall, with curly strawberry blonde hair to her waist. She was slim and sleek, a fashion model build. She seated herself at the little table in the motel room. She wore a short black sweater, with a sky blue nylon mesh body shirt under it. Her skirt was the same material as the sweater. Her stockings were iridescent blue nylon. Her shoes were patent leather, dark blue. Open toed

sling back pumps. You could have dressed her for a little less than the gross national product of Lebanon.

I am Sylvestrina Marciella Denise De La Perez. I generally go by “Sylvie”

Dave laid on the bed. So what brings you here, Sylvestrina, and your very nice outfit?

“I thank you for the compliment. I like gentlemen who understand that ladies like to be complimented on their outfits after they spend all day getting just the right skirt to go with their shoes.”

“In your case, a burlap bag would look good. So let’s cut to the chase.”

“Oh, so Estados Unidencias. I am Argentinian, sir, and we are somewhat less blunt. A gentleman might even ask a lady to eat before asking her business.”

“I could go up to the office and get you a packaged blueberry muffin. In this case, Ma’am, I think it would be reasonable for you to give me some idea of why you are here.”

“Because of your gallantry, Sir.”

“The last time I was gallant was before you were even born. I don’t have money, and I don’t even have a job. So whatever you want, I don’t have it. Please close the door from the outside.”

“That will not do at all. You saved my life.”

“The sailboat in the Bering Sea?”

“That was where it happened.”

“You were saved by the Coast Guard. I didn’t do anything as dangerous as riding in the helicopter.”

“A gentleman would offer a lady something to eat.”

“Would you like to eat, Sylvestrina?”

“I would. If you will put on the best clothes you have in the room, I will take you to somewhere nice.”

She stepped outside, and Dave did a lightning shower and put on some fairly good looking clothes. He put a wallet in one pocket and his car keys in the other. He put a Smith K frame Model 66 chambered for .357 S&W in the back right pocket of his overalls. He came out, and she led him to her car, a chauffer driven Lincoln Town car.

“What I will have to do is follow you in my car, because it is almost check out time, and I don't need this room for another day” He opened the curtains all the way, took his sea bag, and put it in the car. He took a look around the room, and found nothing he needed to keep. He put the sign on the doorknob about please service now, put the key card on the table where the maids could see it through the window.



She took him to a nice Italian place without saying anything about her business.

On their way in, she ran her hand down his back, and it collided with the Smith. Something people who don't know about guns is, they are heavy. Dave's piece weighed a little over 2 pounds. Twice the weight of the head of a real framing hammer. Sylvestrina didn't need to know anything about firearms to know it was not a pair of wire cutters.

“That isn't a wallet in your pocket.”

“I never said it was.”

“What do you need it for?”

“Better to have it and not need it.”

“You're not a criminal.”

“An ex-marine infantry officer and former military policeman, not a criminal. And I have a permit for that .357.”

“It's a .357?”

“If it was a .22 it would be a J frame.”

“I have no idea what you are talking about.”

“I have no idea why we are going to breakfast.”

She put her arm around him but avoided the piece.

She said, “A gun is just a tool.”

“No better and no worse than the man who uses it.”

“I like that book. I might have the movie.”

“You have that many you don’t know?”

“I have a couple thousand. You have not told me a thing about yourself.”

They went into the restaurant, and the host indicated a table, and even pulled out her chair for her.

“You have heard of De La Perez foods?”

“I’ve even heard of Kelloggs.”

“Well, I am *that* De La Perez.”

“Of course you are not.”

“Of course I *am*.”

“What would she have to do with me, even though I know she has nothing to do with me?”

“You saved my life up there in the Bering Sea.”

The waiter came.

‘You want veal cutlet, Dave?’

“No, Sylvestrina. I don’t want to contribute to animal cruelty.”

“Nevertheless, being a predator, you can eat a T bone?”

“Yes.”

“We’ll have them medium rare. Onion rings, and salad with bleu cheese. Am I forgetting anything Dave?”

“Not anything I remember.”

The waiter left.

“The guy who saved the lady in the Bering sea is a Coast Guard swimmer.”

“He has a house in Arizona, but he’s having this funny problem that the mortgagee doesn’t negotiate his checks. Almost like she was shredding them. She keeps crediting his payments, but the checks get lost somehow.”

“Coast guard swimmers could not be overpaid.”

“I think that’s right.”

“Someone came in my hour of need and put the big wing over me.”

“Just doing his job. He was a mariner, and would have done it for anyone. You make friends with someone you know from out there, and buy him dinner, it’s cool. You suggest that a mariner is due some kind of reward for helping another mariner, and he might be offended.”

Their dinners came, and they ate.

“Now, speaking hypothetically.”

“I like speaking hypothetically.”

“Well suppose a mariner met, well, another mariner, and she had dinner with him, and had fun, and wanted to take it a little further?”

“That would be pretty closely laid out by what your first mariner thought. She would be within her rights to use polite persuasion, but at the

same time, being a lady, she would of course avoid being offensive.”

“How would she know where the line was?”

“Ladies usually do. She would act refined and kind of approach the line like an asymptote.”

“If she didn’t know what an asymptote is?”

“Well, she would just kind of ease up on it.”

“Suppose she didn’t know what it was, and didn’t want to, like, get out the math books to find out”

“Well, men jump the line, it’s sexual harassment. But women generally get a pass. Especially if they’re cute.”

“Am I cute enough to get away with it, do you think?”

“You’re so cute you don’t need to worry about it.”

She pushed his chair over and got on him, kissing and caressing. It got pretty far out, but the other patrons were giggling, not offended. The waiter helped Dave up. He gave her a half smile.

“We try to be a little bit discreet in this restaurant.”

“Well, I must have crossed the line some how. I’m sorry.”

She got their dinners put in boxes, and then took him home, and the gentle reader, of course, does not wish to know about the private things that happened at her private home, a princess’ home being her castle.

\* \* \*

At this point, your author will take a time out, and explain what men understand about women. At some time in the distant past, Mother Nature created the mammals. She put mammary glands on the females, something men have sincerely thanked her for many times. Women, apparently, also appreciated this, because there seems to be no shortage of interest by women in these.

Mother Nature also divided labor according to gender. This, perhaps, was not politically correct, but Mother Nature is above such considerations. So she made the male more violent, the female more nurturing, and so on. She used super powerful drugs to enforce her will, the best known of them being testosterone and estrogen. Those are known to influence the male to fight, hunt, and defend territory, and the female to care for the young. Now there are men who say they know all about women, and so on. If you believe that, finish the sentence, dear reader. Your author knows that they are wonderful to have around, that they are smooth and soft and really nice to cuddle with. That they have many virtues that might be estrogen influenced. Your author is amazed that something so nice and pretty would want to have your author hold her, or play with her mammary glands, or anything like that, but it has happened. We can take this moment to laugh or cry about ourselves, because this story is not a ‘thriller’ that has to be ‘paced’. We are here to have fun, and I hope you are having fun.

\* \* \*

Dave made breakfast. He didn't know what Sylvie would like, or if she would even get up to eat it. He made her an omelet, using the bacon and cheese she had. He toasted her bread, and buttered it, then melted a slice of her cheese on each slice. He made her coffee so strong it would make the Navy wish they were Marines. Breakfast in bed made no sense to Dave. If you did that, would it mean you didn't have a bladder?

Assuming you did, and you got up to empty it, why get back to bed unless someone you liked was there thinking about doing a little cuddling?

He got on the bed and kissed her on the face, ears, neck, and on down, opening the blankets at the strategic moments.

“I made you breakfast.”

“I thought that was what you were doing. Would you put it in the oven on warm, and turn the heat up so I can come out with no clothes on and have you pay a little attention to those few parts of my anatomy you have not already attended to?”

He went to do it, and she took a shower. She lay on the bed. “Dave, if you would, I would like you to kiss your way from my bush to my lips, and then enter me gently.”

Dave did those things.

\* \* \*

“Dave, I’m 47 years old.”

“Trying to keep me from thinking I’m robbing the cradle as if I did not know that already. You maybe could be 37. If even.”

“Dave, I’m 47. And I have never had it like this. I didn’t even think it *could* be like this. I’m real serious about you. I had you investigated because rich girls have to do that. You come out as a very well regarded man with a good military record, a very decent guy. I would apologize, but I can’t see being dishonest with a man like you.”

“You don’t want me. You want some image of a man I am not.”

“Not so.”

“I wish that were right.”

“Well, we have a little logic problem here.”

“I can do some pretty good work on those.”

“Yes, professor Cale, you sure can. So address mine. You are aware of the rights of a princess.”

“Yes, we did say something about those.”

“When is a princess wrong?”

“She isn’t.”

“You’re doing well. What is a princess entitled to?”

“Anything she wants.”

“You are so right. That being the case, what does a prince do for his princess?”

“Anything she wants.”

“Would the prince in question have certain hardware provided by the owners of the Clarissa Marlene?”

“He would.”

“And does he know how to install it, understanding that the size has already been checked?”

“He does.”

“So, understanding that churches and courts will not be involved, is the prince prepared to sort of work through it?”

“He is.”

“Well, then, we start with the ring with the big rock on it.”

Dave got them out.

“So now the prince gets on his knee.”

“Will you marry me, Sylvie?”

“I will. Now if you will stand up, do you swear to have and to hold, in sickness and in health, for as long as you both shall live, to love and comfort, to love and cherish, to forsake all others, somewhere in here the princess promises to obey, but princesses are not too real good about that.

Uh, and I guess a lawyer would tell me to throw in that the rest of the



regular stuff is incorporated by reference. So if you do, I so, and there we are. I now pronounce us man and wife. Put that ring on my finger, and then we'll go and do what husbands and wives do.”

Chapter 02 Starting with Dad  
Musical Theme; Feeling the Same Way by Norah Jones

After a suitable time of preparation, Sylvestrina took Dave to her father's office.

“Sylvie, is this the latest man who wants our money?”

“I don't give a damn for money, Mr. De La Perez.”

“This is your son in law, Dad.”

“So you already have her on the dotted line.”

“Actually, no. We married ourselves in a ceremony that means everything to us, and nothing to a court.”

“I have the investigator's report, Captain Cale. What do you want?”

“Nothing.”

“You have my daughter.”

“I wanted her.”

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

