

ABOUT “SUN ON THE ROCKS”:

Welcome to 'SUN ON THE ROCKS', a summer read all year round. 'Sun on the Rocks' is an amusing Adventure Series of Fiction specializing in the trivial pursuit. These linked, pleasant stories with an undertone of humor, follow the adventures of seven women over twenty one years of age, as they seek to become a world-beating synchronised swimming team, 'Sun on the Rocks', led by the incombustible Stevenson Garden Products (SGP) teleoperator Clarity Nice, a woman of resourceful intuition, and acute observer of the laws of human mischief. In **THE MALIBU CASE**, Clarity and her friends, librarian Lanai Thomson, lifeguard Taimi Kendrick, and the well-to-do Malibu resident Cynthia Stevenson, daughter of the SGP Corporation owner, establish a state wide referendum in California on public and workplace nudity, outsmarting Malibu city police Officer Packwood, intent on arresting them for indecent exposure.

In **THE ACAPULCO COCKTAIL**, Clarity Nice is framed in Acapulco, Mexico, for the theft of an aphrodisiac cocktail recipe with a secret ingredient, and must fight to prove her innocence. The main character of 'Sun on the Rocks', Clarity Nice, likes to live a life of leisure, preferably with tropical waters and girlfriends in proximity. There's a fresh, exciting, breezy, hip, sexy energy to these stories created to provide fun and a satisfying, playful read, which steers away from violence and the unpleasant in general. The writing is clear, focused, and professional, and each plot, setting, and situation, progress very briskly from incident to high beat scene. Style is concise, and a sense of atmosphere quickly established, without allowing the prose to pull focus away from the action.

I hope that you will enjoy reading the first two episodes of Sun on the Rocks, a summer light read, every day of the year.

SUN ON THE ROCKS – EPISODE ONE – THE MALIBU CASE

One

Malibu, California, near Surfrider Beach, Seven AM

She counted no cars and one sleepy jogger during her early Monday morning walk to her favorite spot. Clarity Nice raised the volume of her mp3 and listened solemnly to the last notes of Pachelbel's Cannon as she gazed at the peaceful Pacific Ocean before her. The sun was emerging slowly behind the hills and the sensation of serenity was complete. She took off her earphones, reached for the laces of her running shoes and in a couple of swift movements she was walking barefoot, coming face to face with a large wood panel anchored a week earlier by officer Packwood: *Private Beach Area: 1 mile – no shoes and no naked sunbathing or swimming allowed.* She pushed aside a red and white barrier and stepped on the sand, feeling the pleasant sensation of the smooth surface on her soles. The sound of *Dancing in the moonlight* by Toploader on her cell phone alerted her of an incoming message from her colleagues at work: *Happy Quarter Century Clarity!*

She grabbed her long, auburn hair and used a band to turn it into a ponytail. Her flawless five foot seven, slim body was still waking up after a long weekend of dinners, presents and late night slumber parties. She checked her left pocket and noticed the small bulge of her private diary bookmarked by a voucher offered as gift for turning twenty five. She walked a few minutes and reached her favorite spot, a small cove surrounded by large rocks, far from the eye of the onlooker. The ground was made of oval gray and white pebbles, and it made walking uncomfortable for the untrained foot. She climbed one of the

largest rocks and sat down in a lotus position, breathing clean air deeply. She filled the diary entry with a black fountain pen: *You can change your own destiny by changing what happens around you, namely your circumstance. For the next twenty five years, I will work on steering my circumstance and improve other people´s circumstance. Starting point: Find a good shopping circumstance for my hundred dollar birthday voucher.*

She set her eyes on the rock formation across her and noticed a white patch on the otherwise beige surface. She walked closer and immediately recognized the shape of a thong on the rocks and a pair of shorts. Before she could react to such a finding, a sultry voice startled her from behind.

“Hi, I´m Shazaiah, early time to come here.”

Clarity glanced behind her and swallowed in full the body of the beautiful, dark haired woman before her. She must have been in her early thirties, wearing a white tank top which cupped her firm, apple shaped breasts. A small detail made Clarity gasp: She was naked from the navel down.

“He...hello, it is early, I usually come here on my own and don´t find anybody.”

“Would you like to exercise with me, I just completed a new yoga morning routine?”

“Sure, I just hope officer Packwood doesn´t see you, he may not like what you´re wearing, I mean, what you´re not wearing.”

“Oh! I thought I´d jog like this today, tank top on, bottom free. It is enjoyable, healthy for the body, and it doesn´t harm anybody.”

“Ad...admirable,” said Clarity.

“Why is it that you cannot wear shoes on the beach in any case?”

“Apparently, the city gets dirty with sand from the shoes and officer Packwood says keeping shoes clean saves a million dollars in city cleaning expenses within five years...what do you do by the way?”

“I´m a motivational coach, I also do some work as a freelance journalist. Let´s forget about Packwood and exercise,” she continued.

She listened to Shazaiah explaining the difference between Hatha Yoga, based on physical control of gestures, motion and breathing, which was preparation for Raja Yoga, an eight way path towards the mystical enlightenment. The Asanas, or postures, were an easy entry point for the uninitiated like Clarity. The triangle, Trikonasana, was easy, spreading arms and legs in nice, geometric form. Vrksasana was slightly more challenging, right foot bent and placed on the left thigh, arms held up high. Shazaiah followed with five additional asanas and continued the warm up with Upavista Konasana, sitting down, legs spread out, hands reaching for toes. Clarity liked the exercises and the woman so much that she invited Shazaiah to visit her office, leaving her a business card.

“Drop by some time,” said Clarity.

They ended the half hour session with a sitting meditation and Clarity dozed off for twenty minutes after that, tired from all the weekend partying. When she woke up, bathed by the morning sun rays, she had an idea that felt so refreshing, it brought complete sense to all the diary entries she had been keeping for the past three years. She searched for Shazaiah but the woman was gone. She looked up in the distance and saw the woman´s thong on the rocks. Intrigued, she picked up the garment, folded it neatly, and ran to the office less than ten minutes away before the alarm bell of her cellular phone alerted her it was time to work.

Two

“Good morning, Stevenson Garden Products, how may I help you?” said Clarity. She adjusted her microphone and earphones and answered customer number seventy three politely, genuinely, and nicely, as usual.

“Hello, I´d like to buy a nice hose to give a thorough birthday shower to a teleoperator I know.”

“Lanai! It´s you, thanks for calling, listen, I know what we´re going to do for the rest of our lives, it´s absolutely smashing like the British say, it came during a nap as a flash of sudden light without the associated music, absolutely spiritual connection, haven´t felt this ever. I need to tell you in person, come on over, I´ll meet you in ten minutes in our office garden downstairs by the showroom.”

“Ok, I´m done with Library duty in five, will be right over.”

Ten minutes later, Clarity walked down the stairs of the elegant glass building of Stevenson Garden Products overlooking the sea on Malibu Colony Road and crossed the main entrance door after swiping her security card through a ready-made thin slot. A pretty Hawaiian girl in her early twenties with shoulder length black hair and large dark brown eyes, was smiling a few hundred feet from her. Clarity hugged her and they walked out of the sun to a table with comfortable chairs and a sunshade made of canvas.

“You want to do what?” asked Lanai.

“Form a synchronized swimming team, qualify for the world championships, and if possible, win the event.”

“If possible win the event, please explain how exactly we´re going to qualify when we don´t even know how...”

Clarity saw the face of Lanai suddenly change expression when she noticed an attractive woman walk towards them naked, cell phone in one hand, security card in the other, wearing only the latest sports sandals.

“Who is that?” said Lanai, lifting her eyebrows.

“Oh! that ´s our legal counsel, new corporate policy...”

“What policy?”

“Clothing optional policy, today is the first day. All the women are talking about the prospect of seeing Johnny Panzelli without clothes.”

“Who ´s Johnny Panzelli?”

“A local jock, he looks good but he ´s a bit too sure of himself. He tried going out with me a few times. Anyway, that ´s our legal counsel, Ms. Lareya Marquez, I know her well, very inspiring woman, she ´s on page fifty three of my diary. She does look a bit hasty today.”

Clarity guessed correctly that Ms. Marquez would stop in front of them, and she did, cell phone tagged to her ear, as if awaiting an important message.

“Clarity, I need your assistance, can you drive me home, I forgot my pen drive with an important presentation for today, and my new car comes in next week.”

“Sure, Ms. Marquez, my next shift starts at eleven and...” She heard Ms. Marquez cut her off, speaking to her phone.

“He ´s here already, my God, thanks Susan.” She threw a quick glance at Clarity. “We need to leave Clarity, I think I ´m the only one naked here today.” Clarity felt Ms. Marquez ´ hand pull her arm, lift her body, and push her firmly towards the entrance of the building. Clarity turned her head towards Lanai and spoke to her briefly, as the glass doors of the terrace entrance opened before her.

“Meet me at the pool in half an hour, we need to tell Cynthia about all this...and, oh yes, think about a name, we need a name for our new team...”

“I can’t, I have to work until nine tonight.”

“Let’s meet at nine thirty at the entrance then.”

“Ok.”

Clarity delved a hand inside her pocket and reached for her security card. She sensed that Ms. Marquez was apprehensive. When she saw the imposing six foot two silhouette of Officer Packwood turn the corner of the building towards the terrace, she realized why.

“Miss, sorry Miss, please stop and come over here, you can’t come to work naked. Hold it right there, I can see where you are.”

Clarity let Ms. Marquez swipe her card first hastily, while she stopped a few feet from the security area, turning her head. She saw Packwood point at them furiously. With his black uniform, sheriff emblem, cap and shining gun inside his leather holster, Officer Cannister Packwood did seem to be and act like the quintessential Law enforcement agent. Rumor had it that he had applied to be a Navy Seal, a Marine, a CIA agent and an FBI agent more than twenty five years earlier, and only after being rejected by all of those military and investigative bodies, did he become a police officer. Maybe to prove his worth as an agent, he tended to be overzealous in his duty. And he let everybody in the city know that was determined not to let a group of naturists disturb Law and Order in Malibu.

“Big problem?” asked Clarity, swiping her own card.

“It’s a case of our private property rights against the Law of the State, my presentation will explain everything.”

“It could be a good idea to bring some clothing as well, I think.” Ms. Marquez threw Clarity a ferocious look.

“I mean, just in case.”

Clarity led Ms. Marquez to the parking lot and found her twenty one year old pink chevette. They rushed inside and rolled past Packwood’s police car hearing him scream behind them less than a hundred feet away.

“Stop right now, Miss...Miss...naked, I’m going after you.”

They drove through Malibu as frantically as a pink chevette could in fourth gear, all the way to Ms. Marquez’s beach house less than three miles away, followed by the siren of Packwood’s car. Clarity saw Miss Marquez storm into her home, pick up a pen drive, and follow her advice, donning a pair of pants and a blouse.

“Let’s go back to the office now,” said Ms. Marquez confidently.

Three

Packwood walked along the garden alley surrounded by beautiful rows of petunias and gardenias and rang the door bell of Ms. Marquez' house three times. The legal counsel opened the door and shone her best smile at him.

“Looking for me, Officer, I'm just on my way to work.”

Clarity, standing behind Ms. Marquez, saw Packwood hold her stare and gauge the insolence of the woman.

“Finally you come to your senses and put on some clothes, it's better for you, for Stevenson Garden Products, and for the city of Malibu. And you Miss,” he added looking at Clarity, “you're one step away of complicating your life and meddling with the Law...”

“Officer, thank you for escorting us home, if you please, we do have work to do, I have an important appointment at the office,” said Ms. Marquez, stepping past Packwood, who looked astounded at the woman's nerve.

“With whom, if I may ask?”

“One of your friends, the District Attorney,” said Ms. Marquez, looking away from the policeman.

“well, it looks like today may be the end of clothing optional policy at Stevenson,” said the officer rejoicing.

“We'll see about that.”

Clarity threw a neutral look at the policeman and followed the legal counsel to the pink chevette. Less than ten minutes later, they reached the parking lot of SGP, as the company was known throughout the city, and the pink chevette broke down, exhausted from the last few years of travel from beach to beach around California. Clarity called a local body shop and left the car with Charlie, the security guard, for pickup.

“Where is the appointment?” asked Clarity.

“The roof top pool,” answered Ms. Marquez.

Clarity pressed the top floor of the elevator with one hand, carrying the color presentation prepared by Ms. Marquez with the other. She saw Ms. Marquez hovering over her to catch a glimpse of the slides. The elevator rode to the top floor without stopping. The door panels opened and the terrace was in full view. Instead of a heliport, the owner of SGP, Mr. Stevenson, had decided to build a twenty foot long pool with clear blue tiles, diving board and stairs, surrounded by a hedge of evergreens, shrubs, and a single palm tree, a few tables, chairs and sun loungers, which gave the place a slightly tropical air. Clarity waved hello to the lifeguard on duty, her friend Taimi Kendrick, who was busy with a net picking up a few leaves in the pool after having served a piña colada to District Attorney Diane McFarlane.

Standing in front of the pool, Ms. McFarlane, an attractive woman with short brown hair was talking to Cynthia Stevenson, the blond daughter of SGP owner Marcus Stevenson. Clarity quickly stepped out of the elevator and stood beside Ms. Marquez, preparing the slide projector and the screen for the presentation.

“Good morning Ms. McFarlane, apologies for being a little late, last minute changes on attire. Please sit down, I have a presentation which will convince you entirely,” said Ms. Marquez.

“I didn’t come here to listen to a presentation Ms. Marquez, I came to let you know what our viewpoint is and the options your company has.” The initial warmth of Ms. Marquez disappeared immediately from her features.

“Basically,” continued Ms. McFarlane, “we hope that Stevenson Garden Products reconsiders its current clothing optional policy, which is illegal in the

State of California. I have spoken informally with a few of our members, there is absolutely no chance or the slightest possibility whatsoever that you can win this naturist litigation case.”

“And if we don’t reconsider our corporate policy?”

“You can be ready for legal reprisals which may end in the closure of all SGP activities and large layoffs for your company. Officer Packwood will ensure there are no violations of the Law.”

Clarity stood a few feet from the conversation, her index ready to start the presentation by pressing the projector’s ON button. The outlook on seeing Johnny Panzelli naked at work wasn’t good. Diane McFarlane gave her business card to Ms. Marquez and made her way to the elevator without having touched her piña colada.

“Clarity, the situation is more serious than I thought, this case impinges on our individual rights, I’ll be in our office if somebody calls for me. And thanks for the assistance with the presentation.”

Clarity folded the portable screen and placed the slide projector underneath it, as Ms. Marquez left the pool terrace. Cynthia and Taimi came to help her.

“I never thought the D.A. would be so tough on Ms. Marquez,” said Cynthia, “we were carrying a normal conversation and it was going well. It turns out Mcfarlane went to Pepperdine like me and she likes SGP very much.”

“She just doesn’t like people working naked,” added Taimi.

“Listen,” said Clarity, “I had the best idea today, something which can help us express our budding creativity. I told Lanai already.”

“Going on a naked strike to protest the D.A.’s decision,” said Cynthia.

“Better, creating a synchronized swimming team and training for the world championships.”

“I like that,” said Taimi, “nice change of pace from my job as lifeguard, and we have the pool to train already.”

“Not bad,” said Cynthia, “that way, we can all perform naked here. If my father sees us, he’ll kick us right out of our jobs. He’s having trouble as is with this new clothing optional corporate policy. I’m glad he’s on vacation in Palm Springs for another week.” The three girls giggled at the remark.

“Your idea,” added Clarity teasing. “Everybody liked clothing optional day so much, he had to go along with the new policy. Given our proclivity to sunbathe frequently, I have the perfect name for the team.” Cynthia and Taimi looked at her intriguingly.

Four

Clarity said the name of the team without hesitation.

“Sun on the Rocks.” She smiled at Cynthia and Taimi, who smiled back. “I got the idea from a woman I met this morning, her name is Shazaiah, she had this aura that was just so...inspiring, so natural. And she was wearing these earrings which I loved.”

“I like the name,” said Cynthia, “and it moves us closer towards performing in Vegas at the Bellagio as opening number to Cirque du Soleil.” The three girls laughed.

“It’s an alternative to performing at the World Championships. We need swimsuits, though,” said Taimi.

“White with a pink stripe, I was thinking thongs with a matching tank top as the top part of our outfit.” Cynthia and Taimi nodded their approval enthusiastically.

“Lanai is working until nine tonight, I told her we could meet at the entrance at nine thirty.”

“Bring your laptop Cynthia,” said Clarity, “we can look at some clothing gear companies on the web, it’s the perfect way to spend my birthday voucher.”

They watched the sunset together on Surfrider Beach and had a quick dinner together before heading back to SGP to meet Lanai. Clarity asked Charlie, the security guard on duty to give her three additional security cards for their friends, and they all rode together to the top floor on the reflective glass elevator overlooking the Malibu Lagoon State Beach. Clarity enjoyed the night view of the city very much and she often came to SGP after dinner just to take the elevator and have a drink in the terrace with Charlie.

Sitting comfortably on one of the terrace chairs with the other girls, Clarity turned on Cynthia's computer and wrote the words sports wear using several search engines. After several minutes, she convinced the others to buy their performance gear from a high technology clothing company which was offering a discount to the first one hundred customers who bought their flagship product, *Thongstene Ultra Wear for Active Women*. They ordered four white thongs with matching tops and selected the quick delivery option through the only available courier service *Slothtrack Express*, which offered a unique money-back guarantee paying three hundred times the price of the items bought in the event of late delivery.

"We have the pool, we have the team's name but we don't have the equipment, what do we do now?" asked Taimi.

"We need a coach," said Clarity, "the woman I met this morning, Shazaiah, seemed to be very good at gymnastics. I say we look for her and make her our coach. We have to return her thong in any case, and she did give us inspiration for the name of our team." She checked her pocket and felt the fabric of the thong, clean from a wash in Clarity's worn out washing machine.

"Let's train naked in the pool, it's a beautiful night, there's a full moon," suggested Cynthia. The girls looked at each other for several seconds, with a look which reflected both anticipation and slight apprehension.

"I'll do it if you do it," said Clarity, looking at Cynthia.

"I can do it, but I've never done it," said Taimi.

"What if Charlie comes?" asked Lanai. "I really don't like the idea of him finding us here like that. And Taimi can get fired if he finds out."

"We'll all do it together and I'll say it was my idea," said Cynthia. After a few minutes of deliberation, Clarity convinced Lanai that swimming naked at

night was a good experience at that point in her life. They stripped quickly and within minutes, they all dove in naked, swimming and talking and laughing for several minutes. Even Lanai was relaxing.

“This is fun!” said Taimi, “let’s do a cartwheel together.”

“Our first choreography,” added Clarity, “wow! Wait, I want to see how the city looks first.” The girl with the auburn hair stepped out of the pool and let her eyes float in the distance, watching the city lights of Malibu and the moon’s reflection on the sea less than a mile out. She walked towards her pile of clothes and took out a camera.

“Anybody for a posterity shot?” asked Clarity. She saw Cynthia and Taimi raise their hands but before they could answer, she heard a loud bang behind. The emergency door slammed open and Officer Packwood emerged from the shadow of the staircase.

“You’re all under arrest for indecent exposure,” said the officer. Clarity remained speechless for a few seconds, covering her upper body with her hands, looking at Cynthia and Taimi who were also astounded by the officer’s presence. Lanai sped in less than five seconds to her pile, put on a blouse, pants and socks which were wet like her immediately.

“You’re stepping on private property,” said Cynthia, “you can’t arrest us.”

“Stevenson Garden Products has been on police watch since this morning,” said Packwood. “I have an arrest warrant signed by the District Attorney right here, I knew some of the people here would break the Law. Now, put on some clothes and come on over to the Police Station, you will have to do a deposition.”

Five

Clarity threw herself in the back of the police car, her thoughts in complete disarray. She pushed on the back button to open a window but Packwood had blocked all of them to ensure his prisoners didn't fly out of his car unexpectedly. Lanai came in beside her, shivering from the cold breeze, followed by Cynthia and Taimi. They drove without saying a word through Malibu Canyon Road and Las Virgenes Road to the Malibu police station in Agoura Road, between Agoura Hills and Calabasas. Clarity was thinking about what to say in the deposition. She glanced at her watch. It was nearly midnight. Packwood opened the door and they all stepped into the police station, which was empty, less for a balding deputy called Trevory keeping duty at night.

Nobody was going to miss them, since they all lived in different apartments, thought Clarity. She gave a vigorous massage on Lanai's shoulders and arms to keep her warm.

"You're going to stay here in our very own prison for a few days. What can you say in your defense?" asked Packwood.

"We're innocent," said Cynthia, lifting her head up high.

"We didn't harm anybody," said Taimi.

"We're tired," said Lanai. Clarity stepped forward and pointed at Packwood.

"You can write each and every word I'm going to say officer. You know, I didn't think that naturism was that important as early as this morning, but I've noticed it's very important to some people, who consider the right to live and walk unclothed in public as part of their most essential individual liberties. Well, this is us now, we're going to win this fight and instaure naturism in Malibu. In essence, your arrest has only helped us become fierce naturism

advocates. In fact, it is our destiny as of this very moment to bring clothing optional freedom to Malibu.”

“It is?” asked Lanai.

“That won’t happen,” said Packwood, writing every word carefully on a word processor, “it just won’t happen, the Law will prevail as usual.”

Clarity felt her cell phone vibrate just as Cynthia gave another similar speech to Packwood. She brought the phone screen closer to her face. It was a message from the Reputable Dent and Run auto body shop. Her car was ready and they were requesting a place to deliver it. A wild idea entered her mind. She sent a text message with the address of the police station and requested that the body shop send the invoice to her house to postpone payment for replacing a few cables in the engine. She let Cynthia finish her speech and continued with a second deposition to make some time. Half an hour later, she saw the headlights of a tow truck park near the police station. She sent a text message to the other girls to alert them they were about to leave.

“Officer, I’ve left some stuff in the car, could I please go pick it up?”

“What stuff Lady?”

“Intimate wear, Sir, you know girl clothing gear I didn’t have time to put back on from all the haste in the pool.”

“Tregory, go with her to the police car.”

“I need to go with her,” said Cynthia, “I left some stuff as well, a small purse.”

“Me too,” said Taimi, “just to ensure it’s not my purse.”

“M...me too,” said Lanai, “g...girls always go together.”

Clarity led the way to the small police parking lot. She waved at the mechanic driving the tow truck and recognized her pink chevette being lowered

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