

CLARO IN CABO COLONET

We sit on the cliff overlooking the sea and on the cliff cattails dance in the wind. We are down for a few days, Mike to get away from his script writing, me to get away from the whole mess. I'm so used to noise, that as I doze I think I hear music, rock and roll, on the wind.

Two Mexicans walk toward us from the shack down the cliff. A boy has told me that Jose Goats-and-Cheese lives there in the shack.

When the two arrive, one is fifty, the other thirty, with moustache and black hair. The older man looks Chinese, and he says, in Spanish, "How is the fishing here?" I tell him, "Jose says that there are perch." "We are waiting for a boat, to catch some langostino," he says.

"They're going to catch lobster," I translate for Mike.

"My name is Ramon," the older one says, "But they call me Chino. My father is Mexican, my mother was Chinese." He points to his friend. "This is Miguel." Miguel nods.

"This is Miguel, and I'm Rafael," I say.

"The best fishing is at San Antonio Del Mar," Chino says. "I'm a cook there. A lot of people, a lot of drink last night." He motions that his head is big.

"My head isn't big today," I say. "It was big yesterday."

"The best fishing is in the Sea of Cortez," Chino says. "Tutuava."

"Yes, tutuava is good, but they're fishing it out."

"Yes," he says in English. "You don't have a little drink, to clear my head, eh?"

I see what he's been fishing for, and I understand out here thirty miles from the nearest beer bottle.

"No, I'm sorry," I say. "I drank it all last night."

"Well," Chino says, as he nods to Miguel, "let's go."

"Hasta luego," I say.

"See you later," he says, and they walk toward the shack.

"Hard to get a beer around here," Mike says.