Doncia

Written by

I.D. Evans
Clouds had hung over the tiny islet of Goat’s Island. The waves had embraced the shores of the tiny town of Mendocino. You would hear a flock of seagulls from a hundred yards. The fishermen would return home to their families with their rewards.

At the same time, several men had returned from passionate fighting in the Second World War. They returned to tearful families, hugging their children, leaving behind their wounds, and walking safely home to smoke their pipes and read the paper. Thomas Greenhill was a thirty-two-year-old veteran who returned to the States after fighting horrendously on Iwo Jima. He suffered a broken leg in action. He was very pleased to see his wife Sylvia, and their seven-year-old son Charles.

Charles just woke up. His mother shouted ‘breakfast is ready’. He rushed down the stairs, his dog Conrando followed him. His father and mother were both waiting patiently at the kitchen table. Breakfast served was bacon and eggs. He frowned, for he did not want to wake up on a warm Saturday.

Thomas pulled up a chair. “Sit down, son,” he invited.

Charles sat down. He observed his father to a quiet cup of coffee and his mother humming to “O Danny Boy.” Charles, bored as he was, calmly ate his eggs and bacon, and even gave some scraps to Conrando. Now Conrando was a brilliant old retriever. His father gave him Conrado when he was just four. Back then, he was just a young pup, constantly licking and loving his master. Grown up, he and Charles enjoy good times together. Every morning, he and Conrado would go outside and pretend. They sometimes would go outside on the dock, and play pirates. Charles would be the mean old captain, and Conrado would literally be a salty seadog. In the afternoon, they went to town to buy groceries, and sometimes, go to the local
movie theater to see Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman in the latest picture. And in the evenings, they both watched the stars, and thought of the wonderful moments they shared.

It was a good breakfast. Charles had asked his mom to be excused.

“Very well, Charley, but please don’t play any further than the coastline.”

Charles nodded, and he and Conrado ran outside to play. Charles brought along two eye patches for him and his dog. They were going to play a game of pirates together.

While at the beach, he found Bruce Heron and Curtis Mallison. Bruce Heron is the same age as Charles, and they’ve been best friends since first grade. He is a tall blonde kid with bony glasses, and is a math wizard. Curtis Mallison is another friend of Charles. He is a small dirty blonde kid and is three years younger than the other two. He loves his stuffed octopus that his mother gave him for his second birthday.

Charles gave a big wave. “Bruce, Curtis, over here!!”

“Hey Charley,” greeted Bruce.

“What are you doing?” asked Charles.

“We are fishing,” answered Bruce. They were wearing fishing hats and had gear with them.

“Doggone, forgot my fishing pole,” uttered Charles.

“Oh no, you’re fine,” explained Curtis calmly. “We weren’t having luck today.”

Charles calmed down. He couldn’t run back to his cabin to get his grandfather’s fishing pole since the house was several yards away from where he was standing.

“I brought my eye patches,” said Charles.

“Arrgh,” scowled Bruce.

“So you are ready to head to the abandoned ship then.”
And so they did. The abandoned ship was located a few feet from the pier. It was once sailed over two-hundred years ago by Captain Bayardo Anochondo. He and his crew had sailed the waters of the Pacific to find gold on the shores of San Francisco. However, a huge storm tossed the ship aside, and it crashed on Mendocino beach.

The gang played a little game of pirates. Charles was Marten, Bruce was Gato, Curtis was Aro, and Conrado was Severo the Seadog. They used all toys Charles brought everyone. Curtis put on a wooden leg, because Aro was supposed to represent a pirate who injured himself in a cannonball skirmish. Marten wore a captain’s hat and supposed to swing like a monkey. Gato wore an eye patch and supposed to be as cunning as a cat.

“Gato, you take over the crow’s nest,” ordered Marten.

“Aye aye, Captain!” confirmed Gato.

“And Aro, you are on the lookout for enemy ships.”

“Aye aye, sir!” confirmed Aro.

Marten worked alongside his seadog Severo. They walked up to the helm, and Marten played with the wheel. Severo happily barked in the cool sea breeze.

Aro was on the lookout for enemy ships when suddenly, he spotted a large fish flying in the distance. It was something he had never seen before. It was pulchritude for every man and woman to see. The big fish flew and flapped her fins in the clear wind. She was light, silvery and color, and made the spectacular cry of a marine mammal.

Aro could not believe his eyes. He tapped Severo lightly on the shoulder. “Look, matey!”

Severo turned to glance at the beauty. “It’s a dolphin,” he awed.

Marten used his binoculars. He did see the magnificent dolphin flying gracefully.

“Wow!” he awed. He was amazed at the spectacular argentine beauty of the mammal.
The gang hopped off the ship and glanced at the dolphin. The dolphin then spotted them in the distance. It swam towards shore and its head popped up.

Charles gave it a gentle pet on the head. “You are a really still creature, are you?” said Charles.

Bruce and Curtis also got a chance to pet it. It was very experiencing. After everyone met the dolphin, they waved at it, and they all returned home. Charles had told his parents about what he had found at the beach.

“Oh, looks like you boys made a friend today,” said Sylvia.

“You kids today,” Thomas shook his head.

“Well, why not befriend a dolphin. They are so fascinating to look at,” described Charles. Conrado barked in agreement.

Thomas shrugged. “I don’t see how you can befriend someone without the fear of them biting you.”

“Yeah, honey’s right,” said Sylvia.

“It’s gentle as it could be though,” defended Charles.

“You just met it today, right?” asked Thomas.

“I know you’re a hunter pop, but you aren’t a whaler,” criticized Charles defensively, and he took off.

That night, he and Conrado strolled quietly across the beach, thinking about the dispute he had with his parents. He felt guilty about it, but decided the important thing on his mind at the moment was to search for the bottlenose dolphin.

They stopped to rest on the sand. They looked at Goat’s Island straight ahead. No trace of the dolphin. They continued to scan the area. Nothing related to a dolphin. They almost gave up
trying to look for the dolphin. It was as if the dolphin was a sacred deity that is seen only once in a lifetime.

Just then, minutes later, the dolphin flies out of the water and spots both Charles and Conrando. He dives back down underwater and pops his head out above.

Charles then pets her on the head. “Attagirl,” he responds.

“Thank you, Charley,” echoed the dolphin.

“My parents say that you are an unimportant creature.”

“Yes, mankind bears an ignorance to our kind,” echoed the dolphin.

“If my pop had the chance to really observe an animal more closely, then he would have a different outlook on them.”

“I know mankind is not the sincerest of angels, but always respect and honor your master nonetheless. Eventually, he will respect the environment as much as you,” echoed the dolphin.

“You’re right,” said Charles affirmably. “I should grant my mother and father an apology. They’ll understand my life in the long run.”

“In the meantime, respect life and its surroundings. A change will come.”

“You are so sweet,” complimented Charles. “I shall dub you—Doncia.”

“Many gifts and many thanks, Charley. I hope to see you again hence,” thanked Doncia, and she swam away.

Charles looked at Doncia one last time for the evening, and then waved at the dolphin respectfully. Conrando groaned and barked as the dolphin swam away. Meanwhile, as Charles looked at the tranquil, calm sea, someone from behind touched him on the shoulder. It was his father Thomas, calmer as ever.

“Pop, I’m sorry,”
Doncia

Thomas forgivingly smiled.