

# I Spy...

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„I spy with my little eye something beginning... with... W.”

“Water.” Sean didn’t hesitate with his answer, not bothering to open his eyes to check whether he was correct. He knew he was.

“Damn,” Mark cursed under his breath, his eyes shifting rapidly, trying to find a new object. “Okay, okay, let’s see. I spy with my little eye something beginning with... S.” He looked over to where his friend was dozing off. Or trying to, anyway.

“Sea,” grumbled Sean drowsily, only half-listening.

“Correct. Now I spy with my little eye something beginning with...”

“If you say O for ocean, I’m gonna punch you in the face.” Sean sat up and glared at his friend warningly.

“Correct!” Mark laughed, astonished. “How could you possibly know that?”

“Because we are in the middle of one!” Sean tried not to raise his voice, he really did, but he was tired and annoyed. Did his fool of a friend *not* realise the gravity of their situation?!

Mark looked around sheepishly, taking in their surroundings. “Yeah,” he admitted moments later. “Sorry, I forgot.” He shot Sean a small smile, hoping to appease the other man.

But Sean was having none of it.

“Oh, so you forgot?!”

Mark winced at the sheer volume of Sean’s... well, screeching was the only fitting term. “Lo-look, I’m sorry... but look at the positive side,” he began.

“There is a positive side to this?” Incredulity laced Sean’s voice. “Then please, feel free to enlighten me! This is gonna be good!” He rubbed his hands in mock excitement, staring at Mark expectantly.

“You see...” Mark had trouble starting the sentence again, with Sean looking at him like he would strangle him moment he opened his mouth.

“Is it the side where you persuaded me into going on a vacation with you?” Sean stated, fury bubbling away under his cold demeanour.

“Eh...” Mark’s hands started sweating. Why, he wasn’t sure.

“Or the side you chose that God-awful cruise?” Sean stood up, taking a step towards Mark.

“Now, wait a minute, ...” Anger started rising in Mark as well. How dare he?! Sean himself picked the cruise, knowing full well that he, Mark, hated the ocean.

“Or the side where you snuck into one of the lifeboats and got stuck?!” Now they were standing face to face, with almost no space between them.

“You dared me to!” Mark started shouting as well. It was not his fault. Absolutely not!

“That is not an excuse!”

“You didn’t have to jump in there with me! This is your own fault!”

“And what should I have done, then? Leave you on your own? You wouldn’t last a day.”

“You could’ve alert someone! Now we are stuck on this glorified floatie with no one looking for us.”

“Oh, for God’s sake!” Sean threw his hands in the air, stalking off to the other side of the lifeboat, all the four steps it took. “They saw us, you moron! They would have already found us weren’t it for the currents! And anyway,” he kneeled, looking under one of the seats, “there’s this,” he pointed at a strange silver contraption.

“What is it?” Mark kneeled beside him, intrigued. All signs of their previous argument gone as if it had never happened.

“It’s a radar enhancer thingy,” Sean explained. “It helps bigger ships to see you on their radars, or something like that.”

Mark regarded Sean, his eyebrows furrowed. “How the hell do you know that?” He finally asked.

Sean simply shrugged. “You know, survival games. It gets to you.” Sean sat down on the floor of the lifeboat, minding not to unsettle the fragile balance.

“Not to me.” Mark mimicked his friend, sitting down beside him.

“Well I’m sorry, Mr I-Hate-The-Ocean-Get-Me-Out-Of-Here, we are not all landlubbers like you.”

“First of all, I have no idea what that means. And secondly, I’m deeply offended by it.” Mark tried to seem indignant but was betrayed by his own chuckles. Sean’s face split into a big grin in response.

“You know, despite all of this,” Sean began, “it is kind of nice that we are both...”

“Don’t say it,” Mark pleaded.

But Sean was already set on the joke. "...in the same boat here."

Mark groaned, cuffing Sean lightly across the head. "I hate you."

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They stayed put for a long time, talking about everything and nothing, bemoaning the lack of sunscreen ("You don't get it Mark, I'm gonna turn into a baked potato!") and the reasons why was their rescue taking so long ("Are they even looking for us?" "No, I'm sure they said 'Finally!' and threw a party as soon as we went overboard." "Sean..." "I'm kidding."). They were at peace.

For about two hours.

"No."

"But Sean," Mark whined like a child.

"Fine," Sean finally conceded. "But no repetition." He closed his eyes once again, relaxing against the seat.

"Okay!" Mark bounced excitedly. He looked around, trying to spot anything new. The scenery hadn't changed much since their last game. Except one notable difference.

"Sean..." Mark's voice trembled. With disbelief or with joy he wasn't sure.

"Wha-?"

"I spy with my little eye something beginning with... L."

"Landlubber."

"Eh, no?"

"Loser."

"Now that is a bit unfair."

"Looney."

"Do I look like Bugs Bunny to you?"

"Nah, more like Elmer Fudd." Sean smirked to himself.

"I'm struggling to take that as a compliment. Still, wrong." Mark patted Sean on the shoulder. "Open your eyes, man. There's a land."

Sean shot up, rocking the boat a bit. "What, where?"

Mark pointed excitedly at a small spot in the distance. "Right there. We'll just need to make sure to keep on that course."

“Are you sure it’s a land and not just a mirage or something?” Sean asked warily, trying to keep his hope in check.

Mark had no such inhibitions. “It certainly is something. In the worst-case scenario, we’ll discover a whole new island and you know what that means? We get to name it.”

“What would we even name it?” Sean decided to humour Mark. It killed time after all.

“I’m not sure yet. How about Marki-land?”

“Oh, Mr Big-Head much?”

“It sounds much better than Sean-land, you have to admit.”

“Ow, my pride.”

“And Mark-Sean-Land sounds stupid.”

“Why is your name always first?” Sean muttered to himself, feigning annoyance.

“I’ve got it!” Mark exclaimed at that moment, startling Sean. “How about we take the first letters of our names? You can even be the first.” Mark grinned at him widely. He gestured grandiosely at the tiny speck in the distance. “Behold, the SM-Isle.”

Sean snorted loudly. “You are dumb,” he laughed heartily.

“I’m aware,” Mark replied dryly.

Then, a realisation hit Sean. “But you know that SM is also an abbreviation of…” he tried to say but he was cut off by Mark yelling.

“I know, and I don’t care!”