

## THE CRUISE SISTERS SAGA – Part 5

**Previously: Rosemary and Daisy have never got on well. The elder, Rosemary, is anything but protective of her sweet-natured 'little sister'. Relations reach their lowest point when she gets Daisy arrested for fraud on her wedding day. However, Daisy tracks her sister down to Mount Bathos, a Greek Holy Island which bans women where Rosemary is in hiding, disguised as a Monk...**

I could almost feel sorry for R. when I see a troupe of furious Monks chasing her down the rocky path waving clubs and shouting curses, She stumbles when the wind blows her brown robe out behind her so I guess it didn't take them too long to rumble her.

Who will win? R. always claimed she was the best runner in school while the Monks are more accustomed to rope sandals and mortification of the feet. But R. sprints on regardless after she glances behind and sees them picking up rocks. The last I see of her she's standing on a cliff, crouching forward, arms outstretched, lashed by spray from the angry waves. Then she's gone...

Like I say, I could almost feel sorry for R. But however deep the trouble she's in somehow she just turns up again. Are our fates inexplicably entangled? How can that be?

*Uh oh!* But now with no sign of her, some of those monks are looking at me in a funny way too. One of them starts bouncing a rock in his hand then causally tosses it to another Brother. Why should they think I'm one of those detestable females?

But here's my Fiancé arriving in his speedboat just in time... Lucky me!

“Sorry, my love,” he says, once we're speeding well away from Mt Bathos leaving a vast V of wake behind us, “no chance of getting the wedding back on track till September at the earliest. But till then we could always...”

*What? ANOTHER Cruise? I don't believe it! The first was awful awful awful beyond words...*

*But then...*

*It was how we met, my Fiancé and I. The soppy old Romantic! At least R. can't spoil this trip, wherever she might be.*

So here we are on a Cruise down the coasts of France, Portugal and Spain! And this time I am really enjoying it.

A big ship with lots of people on board is like a village. So many folk to say hello to. Or not say hello to. Or change your first impressions about and try again. Everyone is on their best behaviour. Except that Man who livens up the empty Dance Floor with his stupid dancing. I'm not the only one who can't take her eyes off him.

Until I notice Fiancé can't take his eyes off of me not taking my eyes off of...

Well you get the idea... Sorry, Fiancé.

But I'm punished that night. No No, not what you might think. Fiancé is lovely. And loving and... But I have a terrible nightmare.

I know I'm asleep but Someone nearby is saying very clearly: “*Bullfighting is still very popular in many countries. But pressure is building up everywhere to ban it on the grounds of cruelty to Bull, Horse, and Man, (not to mention the occasional Woman.)*”

*“So some say such cruelty is a sin. But others they say, banning an ancient ceremony*

*and sport that is beloved by so many and would deprive promoters, gamblers, an avid public, the media, and many Tourists, of the opportunity to experience profound emotion and appear manly, or even womanly, thereby providing healthy role models for the young, would be a multitude of sins...*

A lot of murmuring and discontent, like in a pub after a football match. (I know, I know, I have been there.) But from a much larger crowd. Then the Speaker, who could be a Man or a Woman, declares:

*AND I AGREE WITH BOTH SIDES! AND I HAVE THE SOLUTION!! I CAN BRING ALL THESE PARTIES TOGETHER IN IN PROFITABLE UNITY AND PEACE.*

*LET ME TELL YOU HOW... BACK IN LONDON THERE IS A HIGHLY-RESPECTED SCIENCE JOURNAL CALLED "U3ASELCWG" WHICH POINTED ME TOWARDS THE ANSWER...*

She doesn't tell the crowd. But she promises to do that once they have signed up to buy a special crypto-currency one-off special-level distribution.

*GO! She says. TELL YOUR FRIENDS, YOUR FAMILIES, YOUR NEIGHBOURS, BANKERS, YOUR UNIONS, AND YOUR CHARITIES. I HAVE SOLVED THE MORAL QUANDARY OF THE AGES. I CAN PLEASE EVERYONE! THE BONES OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY WOULD DIG THEMSELVES UP AND DRAG THEIR CRACKILY WAY TO KNEEL BEFORE ME...*

*I HAVE THE ANSWER!!!*

*I CAN PLEASE EVERYONE!!!!*

*DO YOU BELIEVE ME????*

*[CRIES OF YES! YES! YES!]*

*THEN SING OUR CORPORATE SONG AS YOU SIGN UP TO MY CRYPTO-CURRENCY FUND RIGHT NOW!!!!!!*

*1 2 3 4:*

*Oh Matador – Je t'adore  
You're Super-Rich – I'm simply Poor  
But my full heart of Love I'll pour  
All over you.  
All over you.  
All over you....  
Then think of something else  
To do...  
Que voulez-vous?*

The sound of stamping and cheering wakes me up properly so I turn in the dark to ask Fiancé if he's heard all this rubbish as well? Or was I dreaming?

*"You were dreaming, my love,"* he whispers.

I am so grateful I go to hug him. But he isn't there. Still I smile and go back to sleep.

But in the morning he is still gone and his pillow is as cold as if he'd never been there. Then I realise whose voice it was I heard lead the song.

And whose voice it was that joined in...

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