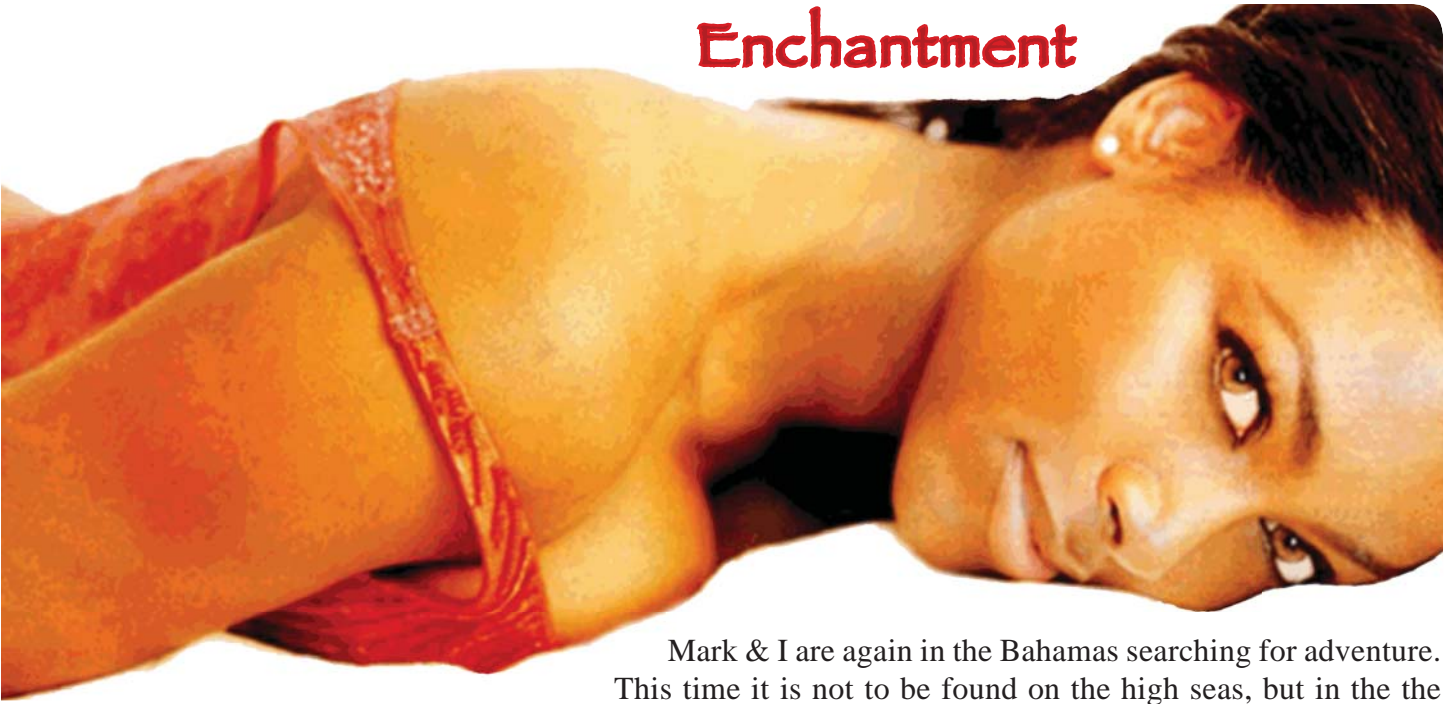


Enchantment



Mark & I are again in the Bahamas searching for adventure. This time it is not to be found on the high seas, but in the the “nether world”. The world of the supernatural. The world of the unexplainable. I will try to narrate this tale that is worthy of the mystics as only can be found in the “Devil’s Triangle”.

We decided to go shopping and look for some jewelry for our girlfriends' or maybe even us. It was another scrumptious December day in the islands. The sun was shining so bright that even our sunglasses blinked. The air was crisp and life was good.

We had money in our pockets, our youth, and a vibrancy that would enchant any woman we met. We wandered into town and spied a local, stand alone, wooden shack that had jewelry in the shaded window. Climbing up the five wooden steps onto the porch, we looked inside the darkened room through the screened door and saw counters of rings, necklaces, and things that make one drool.



We entered the abode. The ceiling fans whirled and produced a soft breeze that filled the perfumed air. The five young black ladies were behind their respective counters and watched as we entered the establishment. Time stopped. We were in another dimension. The women started to make these low, soft sounds. It was like island music or the sounds of the Sirens of mythology that lured ancient mariners to their doom with a smile on their faces. We were captured. The women gathered around us. You could cut the sensuality with a knife. We both felt entranced yet fearful. The force embraced us. We were being smothered but, without a doubt, enraptured.

Both Mark & I slowly backed away from the women. They followed with this sound they all made. A sound that captured men’s souls from time immemorial. The screen door was behind us. There was sunshine through that door. It was like the light at the end of a tunnel. So close, yet so far. We inched backwards, all the while facing these unbelievable women who had this power over us.

We were all alone. The only men in this dimension. Time did not exist. Finally our backs were at the screen door and we proceeded to extricate ourselves from their power. We were on the porch, still walking backwards, slowly, down the steps into the sunlight. All the ladies stood on the porch smiling and waving at us. Mark and I looked at each other, walked away, and never said a word. -- *Drake Regent*