



THE  
SHE  
-HAS-  
STORIES

# SHE-DOO

## MARA WOLFORD PULLS HER WEIGHT

**“It’s gonna kick in tomorrow.** We gotta go get the Seadoo tonight – be straight on it in the morning.”

“Righto. Let’s go.” They jump a motorbike, three on the seat, nothing abnormal in these parts, and jump off at the finger bay 10 kilometers away, where the machine is stored in a shed off the dock of a rich and influential local figure who finds prestige in white folks dumping their shit at his.

They dust it off, drag it out, haul it down and drop it in. He starts the motor.

“What is this piece of shit? A 50cc?” she asks. “125,” he responds.

“Hah hah, ya joker. If only you weren’t joking,” she replies.

He revs the engine to max capacity. Humidity, dust and cobwebs spew from the exhaust pipe. He revs it for a long time, and steam exits the motor.

She kinda giggles as he does so.

She glances towards the mouth of the finger

bay, and that stifles her humour. The tight mouth of the bay is already closing out across itself. The swell has arrived. Maneuvering the exit to the open sea will be fun and games. The swell is knocking in fast, each set seething harder than the last.

“Let’s go before it gets too dark,” he says. She jumps on the back of the seat behind him. They motor the 400m towards the mouth of the bay, the engine coughing and sputtering all the while.

Paused in neutral, revving to keep the engine alive, they spy the sets. He has to time it perfectly, “Gonna have to zig-zag this shit and I don’t know exactly how that will happen,” he says. “Neither do I,” she replies. Neither have life vests. No one has life vests in this place.

A lull in the pounding sets finally arrives, he revs and guns it. They are 200 metres from the point of no return. Three seconds and 50 metres later, the engine sputters and dies. He spins the machine around towards the beach with the

remaining velocity. He swears.

They float in silence in the dusky rainbow sunset in the middle of this bay at the end of the Earth a good moment, both realizing what they just risked, nary a word spoken.

He pops the hatch and diddles around. It’s the masculine thing to do, as if he knew what he was doing. After a spell, he says, “Get in the water.”

“Why?” she asks.

“You’re swimming this bitch back in to the beach, that’s why.”

“Really?”

THEY FLOAT IN SILENCE IN THE DUSKY RAINBOW SUNSET BOTH REALIZING WHAT THEY JUST RISKED, NARY A WORD SPOKEN.

“Yep. Why do you think you’re here right now? Overboard, woman.”

She throws her t-shirt and shorts off and jumps into the purple-grey water. He throws her the

lead rope from the prow and she ties it around her waist. “All your training will finally pay off,” He throws his ankles up on the handle bars, leans back and lights a kretek.

She wishes she had her goggles.

The current is behind her and the machine as she hauls it in back to shore, as the fluorescent twilight fades to glowing silhouettes, before it dims to naught.

She glances back at him from the water as she treads towards the shore. “Fuckler,” she says to the silent black outline against the shimmers upon the

water, stretched out on the seat.

“Hah hah hah,” comes a resounding, husky laugh from the black of the night, “A woman’s work is never done.”