

## **PART UNO LA BICYCLETA**

After a marvelous overnight sail across the Sea of Cortez with Jangada ripping along at 7-10 knots the entire way, all on one long, smooth, easy tack, I'm here in Mazatlan, a big bustling city with lots of fat tourists and old people. It's fun, the energy level is high (Christmas is in full swing) and I'm having some good 'down-time' to work on the boat, read, write, explore, and try to stay out of trouble (yeah right).

So after a few \$8 taxi rides into town, I decide to buy a bike. Not just any bike: I buy a \$50 Mexican 'mountain' bike. I just wanted a simple one-speed cruiser bike to zip around Mazatlan with and then keep on the boat. If it rusted solid or fell over board, who cares.

But remember, this is Mexico where looks are everything; something actually working is not nearly as important. The streets are clogged with 125ccc motorcycles dressed up with silver plastic parts to look like full-dress Harleys; stores are filled with enormous plastic boom boxes that house teeny-tiny speakers and electronics that don't work; old, rusted, junk-yard cars that barely run are adorned with shiny new hubcaps and blinking blue LEDs inside. The theory stands, 'better to rook good than to run good'. Or at all.

So there are a lot of 'good rooking' cars parked along the streets with indescribably loud noise (posing as music) blasting from their radios.

Not to mention that riding a bike around in a crazy Mexican city with potholed streets, insane drivers and no rules is just about the most dangerous thing I can think of to do. Bicycle skydiving. Without a parachute.

So I stumble upon this little bike shop owned by Fernando Kelly (Mexican-Irish? Whoda thunk), this energetic little guy who speaks some English ("Hey, man! How's it going, man? What can I get you, man?") We immediately hit it off and he sells me 'the bike'. It's what you'd expect for \$50. In Mexico. Rooking good, man.

I pay him, spray the thing down liberally with WD-40 and take off down the road for a ride into town. A mile later I turn left to avoid a taxi that is closing in on me at 40mph. Nothing happens. The handle bars steer left, but the front wheel is still going straight. I am going fast. Right into a group of people standing on the corner as I careen straight at them. But this is Mexico and they don't really seem to notice. Or care.

Suddenly the handlebars fall off and I crash. Right in front of the bus. Which veers raggedly a few inches from my head and flies on down the street. Nobody seems to notice. Or care.

I walk the bike back to the shop. "Oh man, big bummer," says Fernando as he inspects the rusted, broken stem bolt. "I'll fix you right up, man."

Soon I'm on my way again, this time heading back to the boat. A mile down the road something feels loose and within a second the left crank arm falls off and I am left peddling with one leg. Hmmm.... imagine that. I return to the fallen part only to find that another rusted bolt had broken. Imagine that. I stick the crank arm on as best I can and limp back to the boat where luckily I have the right size bolt to replace it.

Next morning I take off down the road for an early morning ride. A mile down the road I am confronted with two busses, side-by-side, coming straight at me, black diesel fumes spewing from their ancient exhausts, one passing the other. Not wishing to die, I apply the brakes. There's a scrapping noise and then something pops and the bike stops stopping. I jump off the moving bike and throw it off to the side of the road just as both busses roar past me in a Mexican passing-lane standoff.

I look down at the front brake. One of the rusty bolts attaching the brake to the frame had broken. Imagine that. I am rapidly going through my bolt supply on the boat.

But it's a quick fix and soon I'm on my way again. A mile down the road something seems loose. The rear wheel starts wobbling and within 100 feet it is vibrating wildly. I stop and check: the wheel bearings have all fallen out. The rusted hub spindle had broken. Imagine that. Another long walk into town, pushing my useless bike.

Back at the bike shop my buddy Fernando finds a less rusted one to replace it. "Here man, this is a better one." And I'm on my way again. A mile down the road there is a sudden snap. Then another. And another. Within 50 feet, three of the corroded, rusty (imagine that) spokes had snapped. As I stood there looking at the twisted wheel another one leg go. BANG! I back away from the wheel as if it's a lit stick of dynamite. BANG!

Every day is a great adventure as I walk my bike around town. I've gotten about 5 miles worth of riding so far, or about \$10 a mile. A taxi costs about \$2 a mile. Had I known have a bike was so much work I would have gotten a dog instead. At least they don't rust.

## **PART DUO LA VILLAGE**

So I'm off to the bike shop to once again have a chat with Fernando, the somewhat cherubic, certainly friendly, and occasionally helpful bike shop owner. "Hey man, good to see you!"

"Good to see you too my friend. I'm afraid we still have a problem."

"Really?" He looks at my bike. "Where is the wheel?"

"Well Fernando, that is the problem. The wheel does not work. The axel broke. The bearings fell out. The hub cracked. The rim is bent. And the spokes and nipples are all corroded and they fell apart. Not that there's anything wrong with that, of course."

"Well man, let's take a look!"

He picks up the bag of wheel pieces, looks inside and frowned. "Hey man, this wheel is broken."

"Well yes it is, Fernando. So we need to fix it, you and I. Let's get to work."

After carefully examining the hub (which had a crack clean through it) he decides we needed a new one, which he just happened not to have. "But I know where I can buy one. Just a few blocks away, man."

"How much will it cost?"

"Oh, I don't know man. Maybe 40 pesos."

"Really? Okay, go buy one. I'll stay here and run the store. If anyone comes in I'll give them whatever they want and tell them Merry Christmas from you."

"Ha ha, man. You're funny, man." He walks outside, hesitates for a minute as if he's not really sure he should be doing this, hops on his motorcycle, and disappears. Now here is a trusting guy.

I start taking the old wheel apart to see what parts I can salvage and he is back in five minutes with a new hub.

"Ha man, I got a better one. Aluminum. Same price. Pretty good, man. Did you sell anything while I was gone, man?"

"Well no, but I gave away a couple bikes. Hope you don't mind. The people seemed very happy."

Fernando pulls up a stool to his workbench and starts putting the wheel back together. "I think the rim is bent, Fernano," I say.

He picks it up and looks at the obviously pretzeled rim. "Ya man, you might be right. I can fix it."

"Really?"

"Sure. Man." He grabs a big wooden mallet and walks outside with the rim. Setting it down on a 'flat' section of the parking lot, he begins wailing on it with the mallet as he stands on the opposite side. Round and round he goes like the Tasmanian Devil, occasionally picking it up to admire his handiwork.

Thinking back on it, I'm sure this is exactly how most other things in Mazatlan get fixed. Crumpled car fender? Hit it with a hammer. Warped door frame? Hit it with a hammer. Bent boat stanchion? YOU TOUCH MY BOAT WITH THAT HAMMER I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK!

Sure enough with enough banging and bending and stomping the rim almost takes on the shape of something recognizable (but not on a bike). Fernando seems pleased. "See, man? Good as new."

By now he was sweating profusely so I suggest that I go buy us some beer to help with the task at hand. He agrees and I head down the street.

Sunday in Mexico is a day of worship. Here in Mazatlan they worship Tequila. And beer. They begin their service around noon and by 3 o'clock the worship ceremony is in full swing. Then they all get in their cars and go for a nice drive. Around town. Where ever. Riding a bike in Mazatlan after 3pm on a Sunday is a good way to see God. Up close and personal.

I wondered why I didn't see more people riding bikes in Mazatlan, especially in light of the price of gas these days and the fact that the workers make around \$20 a day. So when I saw a guy hop on his bike and start to peddle off I decided to follow him. After all, there must be some secret to safely navigating the traffic that I just wasn't aware of.

Within seconds he had careened off the curb, right into oncoming traffic, deftly weaving his way amongst the 1975 Datsun trucks, 1974 Toyota sedans, and 1973 Chevy Camaros with stickers all over the sides. Mexican love stickers. I saw one particularly memorable dented old Mustang that didn't have a muffler but it did have several hundred stickers on it proving that it indeed was a bad-ass machine. That the stickers were for bedding, underwear, refrigerator and shoe companies didn't really seem to matter. There was even a big blue and white handicapped sticker on the driver side door. That was certainly reassuring. Where did he get that one anyway?

I realize that the bike rider is absolutely unaware that there is anyone else on the road besides him. Then I realize that the car drivers all had the same affliction. They would pull blindly out into an intersection with not the slightest hesitation or thought that someone might actually be coming in another direction. While I certainly admire this blind trust and seemingly absolute faith in their fellow man, I don't share their approach to boulevard navigation.

The only reason that this vehicular mahem all doesn't lead to massive carnage on a continuous basis is the fact that they are all moving at a speed that is seldom faster than a bicycle. It is all just a giant symphony in slow motion, with all the band members playing a different song, each unaware that there is anyone else playing along.

The bike rider hopped another curb and disappeared down a narrow one-way street, accidentally going the correct way. I followed him to learn his tricks. The street opened up into a small plaza, with several other one-way streets also emptying into it. In fact, ALL the streets that lead into this plaza were one-way. There was NO WAY OUT. But this didn't seem to bother the cars and taxis that were entering on one street and exiting into another. I stuck close behind the bike guy as he flew along the potholed one-way street, this time going the wrong way.

Suddenly a bus appeared, bearing down on him with the driver obviously quite oblivious to our presence in front of him. The biker seemed equally unaware. Now it's pretty hard not to see a bright orange, five-ton, smoke-belching bus with a full-face cattle guard bolted on the front, but it sure seemed to me that that's what was happening. At the last possible moment the biker gave the bus a head fake and slipped by with a few milli-inches to spare (I don't know what that is in fahrenheit).

I, on the other hand, grabbed my bike and plastered both it and myself up against the crumbling concrete wall as the bus roared past. I glanced up to make eye contact with the driver. Wasn't going to happen. He never saw me.

Stop signs in Mazatlan—and indeed in most of Mexico—are just vague suggestions that the driver might want to slow down a bit. Or not. Some of the stop signs say ‘PARE’ and some say ‘ATLO’. I looked up ‘pare’ in my Spanish-English dictionary and couldn’t find it. Maybe they aren’t really stop signs after all. Maybe they’re just gestures of good will by the government, kind of like ‘peace’ or ‘have a nice day’ or ‘come back soon’.

Most curious, I didn’t notice any road rage or frustration or pounding on the horn. I don’t know, maybe they were pounding but the horn didn’t work. They need to hit it with a hammer, I guess. There just seems to be a total lack of comprehension that there are other people here on earth.

Yes, it seems that riding a bicycle here in Mazatlan is a serious business. Another dangerous aspect of riding a bike here is the parking. Not parking the bike—that’s easy. I just leave it leaning up against any wall. Good luck to anyone who steals it. If they get more than a mile away it won’t be without a lot of work.

Since there don’t seem to be enough parking places for cars in the more popular areas of town (they are all taken up by ‘taco’ stands) some drivers just stop (pare) their cars in the middle of the street and walk away. Maybe they have cars like my bike? Several times I found myself flying along with traffic on either side of me and suddenly there is a car parked in the middle of the road right in front of me. Since there are no red tail light showing (as if they would work anyway....) I naturally assume the car is moving. Forward. At a normal speed. Wrong.

But somehow the Mazatlanians seem to have a fifth sense about such things and I never saw a wreck. Of course all those little crosses with big rusty cans filled with flowers and candles along every road every 100’ would certainly give one pause. Or maybe they’re just honoring all those dead vehicles.

So I buy a six-pack of beer and bring it back to Fernando who is now hard at work re-lacing the spokes on my new hub. We talk about work and women and fishing and women and bike riding and women and life—with and without women. He has two daughters, aged 10 and 20, so he is surrounded by.... women. Women are like bicycles, he tells me. No matter how soft the seat, it’s still a bumpy ride. I tell him I preferred riding standing up. Easier to jump off when the riding gets too bumpy. He laughs.

We drink and talk and drink some more while he toils away. “There, man,” he says as he finally hands me the finished wheel. “How’s this?”

I hold the wheel and give it a spin but something looks odd about the dishing of the spokes. They seem... bent. Then I realize that he had laced it wrong. The holes in the rim are offset so that the right side spokes will pull from the right side of the rim and visa versa. But he had put them in the opposite way.

“Well Fernando my friend, I think we need more beer.” And I went out and got another 6-pack while he started over. We drank while he undid his handiwork. It was now 8pm and I was getting hungry. “Hey Fernando, do you want something to eat?”

“Ya sure, man. Whatever you want. I’ll be here drinking. I mean working. Ha ha! Don’t worry, man, I do it right this time.”

The local food in Mazatlan is called the ‘hot dog’. Ha! I bet you thought I was going to say the taco. Well that’s what I would have thought too, but it turns out that this is not the case. Lining the sidewalk along the ocean is a long strip of ‘taco’ stands. The smells emanating from this seemingly endless line of little wagons—each looking absolutely identical to the next one, right down to the mustachioed taco chef—finally got the best of me. I walked up to Taco Stand #14 which had a big yellow sign over the top that listed all sorts of enticing taco delights. I looked up at the ‘menu’ and said, “Taco pescado, por favor.”

The proprietor looked up from his cell phone and replied, “No pescado.”

“Okay,” I frowned. He must have run out of fish. “Pollo.”

“No pollo.”

“No? How about carne?”

“No carne.”

“Cameron?”

“No cameron.”

“Perro?”

“Si.”

“Si???”

“Si. Hot dog. Only hot dog.”

“No taco?”

Si. No taco. Only hot dog.”

I pointed up to the wide array of taco offerings listed on the yellow sign. He shrugged. “Only hot dog.”

“Gracias.” Not really wanting a hot dog, I moved on to the next stand.

“Taco?”

“No.”

“No taco?”

“Si. Only hot dog.”

“Gracias.”

I wandered on down the line and realized that there were no tacos. This was all a gigantic ruse! The taco in Mazatlan is a myth! There are only hot dogs! Probably made from real dogs!!!

There is a half-mile stretch of beach along the north end of town that is known as the 'Costa Oro', the "gold coast". I looked but didn't find any gold. Or maybe the sign is just missing a letter and it is the Oreco Coast. That would make more sense, looking at the size of the average tourist waddling down the beach.

There's one restaurant with a big sign out front proclaiming that they served the biggest shrimp in the world. Or at least in Mazatlan. I never really understood the term 'big shrimp'. The restaurant has a giant inflatable thing out front that is supposed to resemble a giant shrimp, I suppose. It looks more like a giant red finger to me. I ask the restaurant Maitre d'Shrimp if that is the actual size of the shrimp they serve. He smiles and says, "No, no senior. Our shrimp are MUCH bigger than that! Come in my friend, I show you!" Not wanting to confront an angry giant shrimp, I decline his offer.

The technique to attract hungry tourists into the restaurants appears to be to play music as loud as humanly possible. And then really turn it up. Until the speaker cones shatter. Then turn it up more. From across the street my ears hurt; I can only imagine what it would be like while sitting inside. Maybe that's why all these roadside taco hot dog stands are doing so well.

In front of many of the tourist junk shops on the Gold Coast are poor women sitting in a pile of blankets with several small children huddling closely. It is a disheartening sight, especially with all those giant shrimp just a couple blocks away. The mother appoints one of the kids to sell Chicklets to tourists on the street. It's a pretty good business move—send a little kid in dirty, ragged clothes off to sell a piece of gum for a few pennies. Some of the time the tourists feel sorry for the kids and end up giving them more money than they ask for. More likely the tourists just don't know the difference between a peso and dollar.

You remember Chicklets, don't you? Those little white plastic pieces of gum? The ones you accidentally swallowed whole when your aunt gave you one to chew and as you put it in your mouth your uncle gave you a big slap on the back to tell you how much you'd grown?

It would seem to make more sense for the kids to sell sun cream or beer. Or ever Tequila. Especially on Sunday. But they sell Chicklets.

I have found that no matter what time of day it is I can never seem to say the proper greeting. If I say 'buenos tardes' the recipient will automatically look at me with great disdain and reply, 'buenos noches'. And visa versa. And where is the proper time zone split between 'buenos dias' and 'buenos tardes', I'd like to know? You'd think it would be noon, but you'd be wrong. It is sometime between morning and night, and no matter what I say, I'm wrong.

So I've come to do what all the Mexicans do: I just say 'bueno'. That's right, just a good old simple 'bueno'. In simple terms, it translates into "good". This really gets them, I'll tell you, especially because they're the ones who started it. Now I'm pulling it on them and they don't know *what* to do. "Bueno, amigo," the doorman will say to me, just waiting for me to respond with one of the inevitable dia/tardes/noches mistakes that all gringos will make simply because they are gringos and not because they said anything wrong.

"Bueno," I respond with a wink. Get's um every time.

I meander over to 'taco' stand #75. "Bueno." He eyes me suspiciously.

"Bueno," he mumbles.

"Doce hot dog, por favor."

He looks at me suspiciously. "Doce"

"Si."

"Doce?"

Maybe he doesn't understand me. I try a different language. "See."

He still looks at me quizzically. "Doce hot dog? Por usted solo?"

I try a different one. "Sea."

That one works. He shrugs and piles a dozen dogs into a greasy brown bag. I pay my ten bucks and leave.

The first dog recipient was a little black-haired girl with one pink shoe and one yellow one who tugs at my pants and thrusts a box of Chicklets at me as she looks up with big, watery eyes. "Buena vista!" I exclaim. [This is actually the only expression I know in Spanish, so I find it is a good universal greeting. In a recent attempt to speak more of the language I recently added another useful expression to my rapidly expanding vocabulary: 'buena carne'— but I don't think this is appropriate around children and animals.] And I handed her a hot dog.

She held it in her hand and gazed up at me, not knowing what to make of this strange new situation. It was strange and different for me too: someone shorter than me.

"Comida," I said. "Bueno". She looks at me with one of those 'no shit, stupid' expressions that helps me to understand that even though she is only six years old she is in complete control of the situation because this is her country and she can speak the language. Then she smiles.

With her box of Chicklets in one hand and a taco hot dog in the other she trundles back to her mother in the pile of blankets on the sidewalk. I walk over and give them several more dogs, then move on and distribute the rest to other kids.

I stop at a tiny SuperMarcado (how a 300 square foot store selling Doritos, Coke and cigarettes can be called a SuperMarket is something I don't quite understand, but then again I don't understand opera or sponge baths either), buy a box of Oreos and return to the bike shop.

Fernando is sitting on the stool, beer in hand, staring at the wheel. He looks over at me as I walk in. "Is a thing of beauty, hey man? It's all done, man. Is gonna work perfect."

"Looks great Fernando," I tell him as I give the wheel a spin. I toss the cookies on the workbench. "Here's our dinner. Any beer left?"

"Oh yeah sure, man. Right over there." He points to a pile of beer cans thrown in an old box. I feel my way to the bottom and discover one left. Fernando smiles weakly.

We eat the cookies and drink the beers and talk of life and love and bikes and hot dogs. All the important stuff. He wants to know about the women of Brazil and I say I'll only tell him if he introduces me to his 20-year-old daughter. He's torn. We laugh and put my bike back together. It actually looks like a bike.

"Here man, take it for a spin. See if it works now, man."

"No need, Fernando my friend. It looks great and as we both know, it's better to rook good than to ride good. Ha ha! How much do I owe you?"

He looks sheepishly at me. "Well, man, how about 90 pesos".

Now 90 pesos is a little under \$9. The hub costs around \$5 and he's been screwing around with this for at least four hours. Which means two things: first, I now have \$59 invested into my bike. Second, he's working for \$1 an hour. Something's not right here—I have FAR too much invested in this bike!

I pay him and ride into the evening, promising to stop by in a day or so to check in—assuming the bike is still working.

## **PART TRES FISHING AND THE CID**

The marina where Jangada is moored is part of a 5-star luxury resort hotel called El Cid. There is no translation for 'Cid' in my Spanish dictionary but El means 'the'. I had hopped it meant something romantic like 'sea buffalo' or 'naked woman'.

The Cid has a pool and a fancy restaurant and a gift shop in the lobby selling stuff like colorful blankets and straw hats. You can buy this stuff in town for about 1/3 the price but the hotel advises that this can be very dangerous so you are better off buying it in a safe place like the hotel lobby. I'm not sure why it would be dangerous to buy a t-shirt in the city but the hotel staff seems to be doing a good job at advising people of this risk.

There are also tables piled high with other stuff around the pool. Ceramic statues of Jesus and wood carvings of fish and other animals. There are even rocks and shells for sale. Again, while the prices are a bit higher (\$5 for a shell that was picked up 100 yards away on the beach might seem like quite a bit until you truly assess the dangers involved in actually walking on the sand), this is a safe place to shop and many people are taking advantage of this fine opportunity to spend all their savings in one easy place. Just a few steps from their lounge chair. No kids selling Chicklets here, I'll tell you!

I know this because I asked one of the vendors. "Do you have any Chicklets?"

"Senior?"

"Chicklets. El gummo." I make a chewing face.

"Ah, no senior. I have only wood. Is not good for chewing. You want nice wood statue?" He holds up a carving of a dolphin.

"No, gracias."

The wood carvings of things that the artisans are familiar with are actually quite good: fish, horses, tequila bottles. But when they attempt to carve something that they just have a picture of—something that they assume will appeal to the tourists who come from strange places they can only dream of, like Newark or Bismark—the item doesn't come out quite as well. The carvings of snowshoes, for instance, look more like tennis racquets.

There are many 'watchmen' lurking around the hotel sporting walkie-talkies and a big ring of keys on their belt. Since all the locks seem to be rusted shut I'm not sure what they're for but they certainly do look impressive. The walkie-talkies are all turned up to full volume with no squelch; the noise coming from them sounds like a jet taking off. All the time. No one seems to notice.

The watchmen always smile at me, especially after I gave each one a Snickers bar and a Coke. Now I am their best friend, which is important around here in case I get attacked by a kid selling Chicklets or locked out of the gate on my dock. That the lock has long since rusted shut and doesn't work doesn't seem to matter to them. Each time I approach the dock one of them will come running over to 'unlock' the open gate, making quite a ceremony out of finding the right key on their big key-ring. Sometimes when they take too long I just push the gate open and feign surprise: "Aha!" I will say. "Is already open! Fantastic! You are a genioso!" The guard always smiles and nods, thinking yes, he is truly gifted. Or that I am a complete idiot. Or both.

As I said, The Cid is a 5-star hotel. I think this must be on the 15 star system. Or perhaps it fluctuates daily like the currency exchange rate which of course is directly tied to the number of stars a hotel is rated. A 5-star hotel will charge 5% to exchange money while a 2-star hotel will only charge 2%. Why is that Captain Ron? Nobody knows....

While there are all the things you might expect from a 5-star hotel, none of them actually work. The sprinklers come on promptly at 10pm every night. But all the heads have long since rusted off so there is just a big plume of water spraying straight into the open-air lobby each night. No one seems to notice.

I think this has been going on for quite a while since the water running down the stairs has eroded all the cement holding the tiles in place. Of course this cement was actually concocted from twenty parts sand and one part toothpaste, but none-the-less it is now all gone. So while there are stairs, you wouldn't want to walk down them for fear of having the entire walkway collapse into a pile of rubble. Especially if you are the size of many of the people staying here, which is to say large.

Speaking of large, 'sport' fishing seems to be a big part of why people stay at this resort. There is a fleet of ten The Cid fishing boats that fire up their motors and head out every morning at dawn. Most of these boats are the equivalent of the cars only they don't have hubcaps. Many of them return in the afternoon with a big fish on board.

The prize catch seems to be a fish with a long, sharp nose. In fact there are annual tournaments where fishermen pay thousands of dollars to try to catch the biggest fish so that they can win hundreds of dollars if they do. I'm not sure what happens if you catch the wrong kind of fish by mistake but it's probably not a pretty picture. And I bet that the wrong-kind-of-fish is pretty pissed off about it!

Sport fishing is a strange sport. As far as I can discern, the object is to catch a fish that weighs more than the client does. While this might seem fairly easy, especially considering all the high tech gear that these boats use, it is actually very difficult to catch a fish that weighs more than the client. Most of these guys are *really* big. Catching a 300# fish takes a lot of work.

The process works like this: the crew loads the boat with fishing gear, beer and a big bucket to puke in. You eat a big breakfast of eggs ranchero and waddle down to the dock for your day at sea. The boat motors out for a few hours, towing a 100# test fishing line with some sort of tasty plastic item, laden with razor sharp hooks, fastened to the end.

The boat motors round and round with you sitting in the cabin drinking beer. Finally, if you're 'lucky', a giant fish will 'take the bait' and the line will run out from the reel with a wild buzzing sound as all hell breaks loose on the boat. As you run to reach the fishing pole you will step into your puke bucket and fly headlong into the transom where you will be knocked unconscious for the entire time it takes for the crew to reel in 'your' fish.

Arriving back to port the crew will drag the huge beast up to a large hanging gallows where people can come and admire you as you're having your photo taken standing next to the fish. The photographer will have to stand way back to get it all in, especially if the fisherman has turned sideways. Many times the fisherman is as wide as the fish is long. I guess this makes it an even fight, in fishing terms.

Then you tip your guide a hundred dollars so that he won't tell anyone what actually happened. The guides always smile and pat the fishermen on the back like they are old warrior friends that have shared a life-altering experience.

I'm not really sure what happens to the fish. I looked but I've never seen anyone trying to take their fish back home as carry-on. I assume that the boat captain sells the fish to the restaurants in town to be made into fish tacos. But not to the taco hot dog stands.