

9

‘Take on me, take me onnnnnn, I’ll be goooonne, Take on me! Da Da Da...’

‘Chief, keep it down. You’ll wake everyone up.’

‘But this is the most famous band from Norway. Their music gets me in the mood.’

‘You don’t usually need any Norwegian music to get you in the mood,’ Geral said sadly.

‘I know, I know, but you looking so ...’

‘Go on say it.’

‘Um, er, ill?’

‘I feel ill, I feel shit. I look shit.’

Oddbjorn put his arm around Geral’s huge hairy shoulders. The two men were of equal height but Geral was a good deal heavier. They were standing in Oddbjorn’s cabin. Geral was naked and Oddbjorn trouserless and sweaty from dancing to Aha. Geral leaned onto the table and hung his head forward and breathed deeply. His chest wheezed. ‘Don’t you like the smell either?’

Oddbjorn had been politely trying to ignore the aroma coming from Geral. ‘Um, what smell?’

‘God, I put it on specially. Mongolian aftershave, look.’ Geral offered him an armpit.

‘Phew,’ said Oddbjorn, ‘what the fuck is that?’

‘Mutton fat, it’s the best. It’s from my brother’s sheep...’ his voice trailed off as he saw Oddbjorn’s horrified face. He wiped his swollen eyelids, dislodging some dried mucus and smearing it down his cheek. ‘Please Oddbjorn, just try. Fuck me. I don’t know what it is but I can’t help myself I feel so worked up, even like this.’

‘But the sores...doesn’t it hurting?’

‘It hurts like hell, but I don’t care.’

‘I know I am a sexy man, but I’ve never had this effect on anyone before.’

‘Please just try.’

‘I suppose I could just close my eyes.’

‘That’s it, anything will do...’

Geral bent over and Oddbjorn spied those sores again. Oh dear, I’m going to need some help here he reasoned and quickly scanned the room for something, anything.

‘Aha.’

‘No, not again.’

‘No, no not Aha. Van Damme, I have one left I think.’ Oddbjorn inserted the muscles from Brussels into the DVD player. ‘Oh yes, we’re in business now. Brace yourself Geral...’ and the sound of machine gun fire filled the cabin and drifted through the crack in the door, down the corridor and followed Ruby, who had just been innocently making her way to the mess room when she had been distracted by the smell of mutton and had glanced inside the cabin.

Goodness me, she thought, these sailors, they’re at it like rabbits. Now, I really fancy a lamb sandwich.