

High Season

The Learnings of Mohammad Wang

by Chazzy Patel

Synopsis of

High Season: The Learnings of Mohammad Wang

“What was the problem with things just being the same? Someone had recently told me that it might have all been for the best. To live in the now. YOLO. Whatever that meant. Many yogis and people meditating were seeking a blank mind. I now had one. All it took was getting my ass kicked, bottled over the head and not remembering it.”

Mohammad Wang spends his days hanging out with the tourists on the beaches of Isla Mujeres, Mexico, or lounging in Nicky’s Sports Bar. It seems like an idyllic life, except that his friends on the island—Misael, Victoria, and Nicky—tell him his name is really Charles King. He was found beaten and left for dead near Misael’s dive shed and has lost his memory. Charles had been talking about a lost Spanish treasure and a church bell—both parts of an island legend—and there is strong suspicion that the attack was related to something Charles knows . . . and that Mohammad might remember.

Mohammad has brief “film clip” memories of past events, but no reference points for them. His therapist, Dr. Monica Fontana Diaz, encourages him to try to remember his past, but he finds the thought unappealing. His life as Mohammad suits him, and as long as he interacts with strangers who have no past with him, he is quite happy. However, his interactions with his island friends, though few, tell him that they still think of him as Charles King, and they miss the man.

Mohammed has no memory of this Charles King person, but he has Charles’s computer. All the files are protected by passwords, but there are phone contacts for Thea, Charles’s daughter in South Africa, and George, Charles’s best friend in San Francisco. Does he risk calling them and triggering events that will restore his identity as Charles King and perhaps his knowledge of the secret of Isla Mujeres? Or does he continue living as the happy-go-lucky beach bum, Mohammad Wang? His decision is made for him when Charles King begins to penetrate Mohammad’s mind and asks for his help in solving the mystery behind the attack and the lost Spanish gold.

Prologue

1571,
Yucatan Peninsula

The Spaniard's church altar was a rock; strength, steadfast, the foundation of the establishment. Rough on the outer edges, like myself, but smooth, polished, and beautiful on the surface. An image of Jesus Christ was reflected in its surface, watching us from above. It was at this altar where we celebrated the marriage feast of his lambs and where Christ worked, who were his presence in these new lands. They believed they had a right to the indian's bodies, blood, souls, and faith and a right to destroy the majestic pyramids, called Greater Cairo, with a new temple to enslave this new world. They watched me and my men use their precious church as my bedroom. Tears flowed for a few lamb, and angry heated in others; it was fitting to celebrate their holy week with such lavish welcomings.

“Next time, you speak to your silly pope, show him how I fuck and lovely paintings!” I laughed, driving deeper into my delightful Madeline. My brothers decorated the walls of this crooked sanctuary with portraits of sweet Madeline and my cock. His priest and lamb watched me act out my primitive lusts.

The men had ran amok, whipping the ones who refused their oral requests among the lamb chained to their knees. They urinated and defecated inside the building built by the ruthless pope-king and his silly puppets. When the priests' robes and altar cloths were taken, one of my crew members laughed at the embarrassment and at the worthless dignity their pope bestowed upon them. I felt justice.

This was where the great Francisco Cordoba first landed. Leave it to the Catholics to be sentimental. He was a privateer, like few of us, of nobility, as I was. My father, Charles Sanfroy, was a Catholic man and baptized me as Pierre Sanfroy of Saint-Vigor, Normandy. Although I had been raised like a saint, I ate meat on Fridays, read psalms of David before I slept at sea, and mocked the Holy Mass and the sacraments. These were not true sins to my God.

Captain Pierre Chuetot was also a former Catholic, but he had freed himself, as had all the men who sailed the black with us. He and the crew tried to indoctrinate the Indians, as Catholics gathered outside the settlement. It only took half of our 40

marines to take the settlement. My secret mission had been to distract the small population and divide the loot while making sure to occupy the settlement as long as possible. My orders were strict, but fucking sweet Madeline in front of the almighty in his home was a rare pleasure. Had God even come to such a barbaric land?

My discreet employer had given strict instructions. The job didn't betray my brothers. The gold and land promised would be the perfect beginning in this new world. Before the expedition, I had received correspondence from a Catholic captain Forian, who I had served with against the Protestants in France. This mission had become a priority for the New World nobleman, but discretion was needed.

I was also informed that our infamy had reached Valladolid and Juan Gutiérrez Coronel, the town's Alcalde, who organized a posse to welcome and arrest as many of us as possible. Only I knew of their arrival, and my source was trusted. I was to go to battle; it was my destiny.

Outside, I could hear the captain tell the men that confession was useless, that the Pope was a poltronazo, a cad, and a drunkard who alone spoiled his beloved protected Catholics; his Lutheran faith, the new reformed religion, was good and holy. The crew, in turn, told the assembled Indians that they would offer bulls with the power of the Pope, assuring them of their liberty and their freedom to live with which ever religion they wanted.

The crew had done as ordered. Anything of value was moved to our two ships. The majority of loot was transferred to the Nuestra Señoria del Rosario, setting sail back to my beloved France. I wasn't going back just yet. Our galeota was sailing down the coast with the adventurers and hungry who weren't satisfied. I was one of them.

Madeline's deep moans powered my lust for the riches of the new world. It will make us kings!

Chapter Uno

The Third Call

Isla Mujeres, Mexico 2016

“You are fucking with me, right? Mo Wang or Wang Mo? What would you prefer, man?” yapped George over the phone. The wifi signal in Isla Mujeres, Mexico was shitty, the call to San Francisco unclear. What time was it over there? The sun had just set on Playa Norte beach. Why was he joking around? How close of a friend was this person?

He was third on my list to contact. My therapist and I had drawn one up a month after my attack. George was apparently a long-time friend and my producer. I remembered speaking to him in flashes of moments on location in Thailand.

Another flash and we were running from armed Asian men somewhere in a hot, humid jungle. The memories lasted were all short length ranging seconds. Some stuck around becoming clearer and longer, while others memories faded. The space became empty again.

I had obtained his phone number from my recently hacked computer.

“It was the only thing in my wallet with my face and name. Dr. Mohammad Wang in my luggage. Am I not a doctor?” I asked him. For a moment, I considered the pranks I could play on Missile and Victoria, recalling my therapist’s look when I challenged her expert medical opinion with a doctrine in something I don’t remember ever getting. Why did I see myself in military uniform surrounded by medical staff? Were they pranking me?

“Your real name is Charles King. And you are definitely not a doctor, my friend! A lot of fucking things, but not a Doctor.” He laughed, “Wait! Who else have you called as Mo Wang? Please tell me you didn’t call your mother!”

“No sir, I haven’t called her yet. The others were my daughter, Theodora Wang. King. I couldn’t understand her over her crying and this shitty internet. The second

was my lawyer in the U.S. My doctor's visits are mandatory. Do you know if I own a gun? ”

A little bummed, I couldn't yell, "Ha! Told you I was a pinche doc, Monica! Call me Mo M.D!". Maybe Misael and Victoria were right. I was in the arts in some form. Other than a few people on this transient island who remembered who I was, they seemed to know the most about me. I felt connected to them like they were family.

“Damn, she didn't take it well. Where is she?” He asked, “Last I heard, she was in South Africa with that Colin Hanks lookalike. WAIT A GUN! Why did you have a gun? You hate guns.”

“I don't remember. I was attacked by five men next to a sailboat registered to you and a Texan named Miles. Nice guy.” I said. The line went silent. I sat on the beach looking at my phone. wifi signal was still strong. "Hola, Señor George. Dónde estás? Hola?”

“Yes, man! Yeah, still here. I am booking tickets while we speak. Took the day off by text. The fans aren't going to like it. I will do a special for Labor Day...I'll call Thea next. Please continue, Mo Wang, your highness of madness.” He laughed harder than before. Must be an inside joke, but it helped just enough to ease my anxiety with these emails and phone calls. I shouldn't say that. It was only my third call. I had many to go in dealing with these involuntary memories flashes and Monica nagging in our therapy sessions.

“She was very sympathetic. Thea told me to go to London, England. Too cold for me.” I told him.

“She is right. What are you still doing there?”

“I'm suffering a fucking head injury, based on everyone's opinion!”

“Ok. Please think. Do you remember '*The Coin Compass*, or *Atitlan*, or *Boca*'?” He sounded seriously concern. Not a jokester now are you, Señor George! I knew the answer!

Well, I sort of knew it. I hated that question, "Do you remember?" It was usually followed by nostalgia from one side and confusion from mine. People used it often.

“No. I have one file on my MacBook that says *The Coin Compass*, but it won’t open without a password. I don’t remember it. Question. Who’s Thea’s mother?” I didn’t have any images of Thea or a woman who could be her mother on my computer. My head offered small glimpses of her, but I had no emotional. Nothing from there, nor did my emotional memories connected to them. We were still getting there during my therapy sessions. I did feel I could trust Señor George. I wasn’t sure why, but he seemed okay.

I didn’t understand all the files on my computer. They were very organized, all protected by stupid passwords. It took me four days of focusing and the help of my bilingual shrink, Monica Diaz, to get into the fucking thing.

“Let’s not get into that. We will talk about that soon.” He reassured me “You didn’t answer my question. What are you doing in Mexico?”

I wasn’t quite sure I wanted to know at the moment. When I pieced together the clips my mind was now left with, I felt quite happy. A few migraines and night terrors were strange, but my weed guy, the neighbors boyfriend, helped with that. Monica could go fuck her pills.

“This is home! Monica and the doctor back in the U.S. agree that the island is the best place for me.” Travel anxiety sucked balls. I hadn’t told anyone that besides Misael and Vicky. “All my medical care is in Cancun, and that isn’t a very pleasurable place either but I am home. On Isla.”

“Who the fuck is Monica?!” I heard a woman's in the background asking him to get off the phone. “Nevermind. Villy needs me to unload the newest shipment of gear from the non-profit. Even if you get the itch, DO NOT MOVE! Remember the passwords and read your files! DO NOT MOVE!”

He hung up.

Author Bio

Chazzy Patel was born in Crawley, England and mastered not listening to his British parents. True to his nature, he became an American circus runaway in the 90's at the age of 15 for four years working with elephants (mostly influenced by Catcher in the Rye).

In 2004, he finished serving in the U.S Army in the medical field, only to become a professional photographer with a flair for disobedience and talent in fashion. He was also the first person to travel all seven continents by flipping a coin at most transportation hubs for directions to random destinations. Chazzy has also attempted to start the largest backpacker motorcycle gang on the planet named after George Michael's 80s hit Careless Whisper by riding a bike around the world in a year and is enthusiastically excited that he will still do it some day. For the time being, he spends his time split living as an eco-friendly pirate on an island named Isla Mujeres, Mexico, and Denver, CO, where he competes in National Beard Contests and plotting his next colorful attempt to scare the shit out of loved ones. Space and hiking have become his new obsessions.

“Very strange friends, lessons and stories out there in the world! I got some good ones,” he reported on his return from burying a treasure next to an active volcano in Latin America. He has written three outstanding books and two collections of photo essays; a team of experts is presently attempting to grasp their meanings before they're in your hands. “This is going to piss many people off! ” said the chief expert George McKenna.

Chazzy just shrugged: “I piss people off often. Let's publish this baby!”

Chazzy is also a great teller of stories — but not all are true, for instance, many in these books. He has the deepest kindness for those who inspire him to love and write, but in many expert's opinions, they all belong in the same crazy world. His head.