

Jake's Adventures



Part Two: Hawaii or Italy? A difficult choice since Jake prefers to "vacate" his mind, while Patti prefers the "ation" – as in education, stimulation and acculturation. This installment of "Aloha Venezia" takes us to Hawaii where Jake has a surprise for his none-too-tolerant wife.

Aloha Venezia! A Bird's Eye View of the Problem

By Jake Satin-Jacobs

It was with different orientations, needs, visions and budgetary views that Patti and I began planning our most recent vacation.

We were eating dinner when she asked, "Where should we go for our vacation this year?"

I have memories, strong memories of Hawaii. I feel myself floating in clear water or sitting in the shade of a palm tree or eating macadamia nut pancakes and watching the surf break on the shore at Kona.

Most joyfully, I remember taking my wife to Hanauma Bay to snorkel for the first time. We swam out into chest-high water. I led the way, slowly releasing half a bag of frozen peas into the water around her. She was immediately surrounded by thousands of brightly-colored, small tropical fish. Her hands waved through the swarm and she wore a broad smile. She laughed wildly behind her facemask.

As we came up for air, I anticipated her great joy. But the arm waving was apparently an attempt to get the fish away from her and the laughter, it turned out, was not exactly that. It was screaming.

Horrible and heinous crimes

Patti was frantic. She called me names you wouldn't hear on a rap record, accused me of committing horrible and heinous crimes, putting her very life in jeopardy.

"They're just little reef fish," I told her. "They won't hurt you. This is the joy of snorkeling."

She snorted and muttered and spit intermittently. "Don't you ever," she admonished me. "Don't you ever again..."

"What are you talking about?" I asked. "They're little, bitty tropical fish. You can touch them. Look."

I demonstrated for her, scattering a few more peas and brushing my hands through the school of fish that surrounded me. She started once again with the screaming and the accusations and the threats. Frustrated, I opened the bag of peas, scattered the remainder all around her and watched her flail around as though she had been tossed into a pool of piranhas.

It's one of my fondest memories of Hawaii.

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