

Example short story for
**The Dread Pirate's
Summer Beach Bash
2006**

Topics: Pirates, beach, party & fuzzy dice.

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CREATED & PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

An Afternoon of Dreams

It had been a long time in coming. I had not had a vacation in years and then my therapist told me to take a break, get away, have some fun or be committed to a life of stress, Prozac and sleepless nights all to culminate with an early death. I opted to max out the Visa card and follow doctor's orders. The sun was wonderfully warm. The beach sand was pure white and as fine as sugar and the sky was the perfect shade of blue. I laid back on the chase lounge thinking about absolutely nothing, and loved every moment of it. A warm breeze caressed my skin as a gentle lover's hand. I let out the last of my stress, anxiety, and frustration in a long sigh and dozed off.

I was brought out of a wonderful dream by the voice of a woman. I must have been in a deep sleep because her voice came to me from very far away and then got closer, and closer each time she said, "Pardon me, may I ask you a question?" I forced myself out of soft warm slumber to come back to the world of the insistent. I found myself smiling at the thought of opening my eyes only to see a homeless bag lady about to accost me for a few dollars. I really would have much rather stay in my dreams where the women were beautiful, friendly and gave *me* gifts!

I let out a soft moan and tried to open my eyes, the umbrella overhead was keeping the sun off my milk white skin, but the brightness of the islands was overwhelming to my eyes. As my eyes focused, they did not see a bag lady as I expected. A most delightful looking woman was standing next to my chair! She was petite, brunette, and had the prettiest blue eyes I had seen in years. Her skin was perfectly tan and she wore a soft flowing long skirt of sorts and the customary bikini top. Her hair was pulled back into a pony tail and she was holding her Oakley sunglasses in her hands. As I blinked, trying to focus on the perfect beauty standing over me, I also mentally asked myself if I was still dreaming. She realized that she had brought me out of a sound sleep and politely gave me a moment to gather my scattered, still half asleep thoughts. The pretty lady smiled and handed me a tall glass, filled with ice and some sort of orange-red liquid and a little multi-colored umbrella sticking out of the top. I nodded and took a sip. A fruit punch with real mango. I smiled and asked, "Where do I sign?"

She looked at me almost devilishly and smiled the most beautiful pleasant un-fake smile I had even seen in my life. Then she sat down in the chair next to mine. I took another sip of the cool liquid and felt the breeze softly caress my skin. I rubbed my eyes and smiled back at her, "Please excuse me. You woke me out of a sound sleep." She was still smiling and still looking at me with those perfect blue eyes. "You wanted to ask me a question?" She nodded, "Yes, but we have time, no hurry here on the island." Her voice was like something out of a dream I just left. Feminine and yet strong, adult and youthful, fun, and relaxed. I knew I was staring at her but I really did not care. She was beautiful and I liked looking at beauty. If she did not want me to stare at her she should have woken up someone else, I thought as I sat back and noted the floral pattern of her almost see through waist wrap. Her brown legs were also perfect all the way to

her bare toes. I let out a long sigh and grinned like a cat that just ate the canary. If I had to be bothered on my vacation, she would be the perfect distraction.

I closed my eyes and rolled my neck. It was stiff. I looked out over the gently rolling surf and realized there were not many others on the beach yet this morning. I took a long pull from the glass the kind lady had given me and I set it down in the sand next to my chair. "I have forgotten my manners. Thank you for the drink." When I looked back at her she was looking at me. "You are more than welcome. I do apologize for disturbing your nap. Did you sleep out here all night?" I grinned. Hell no, I thought to myself as I recalled making the reservations for the \$500.00 a night room. The room had been very nice and I liked the variety of freshly cut flowers that adorned the open spaces. I did not bother to turn on the big screen TV, but I did open the door wide so I could hear the crashing surf from the ocean front view. The soft over-sized bed smelled of lilac and I slept like a rock until 5am when I woke more refreshed than I had felt in years. "No, I am staying up there." I pointed to the hotel behind me. "Great place." I said as an afterthought. I let the subject drop and decided that I would not want to ruin a perfect moment by saying something ditzy.

The bombshell seemed to relax even more if that were at all possible. If I had ever seen a woman who looked like she belonged on a beach, this lady would have had to be the one. I had no idea what she wanted, so I let the sound of the surf fill my ears. The cry of the gulls made me smile as I watched the perfect beach, the rolling surf, and catamaran skim across the water like a flying fish. The islands were incredible and I had no idea why it had taken me so long to return.

Her voice brought me back, "I was wondering if there was anything I could do for you to make your time here, more memorable?" I looked at her out of the corner of my eye and grinned. This woman was either a dream come true or I was still sound to sleep and dreaming. I could not help myself, it just happened. It bubbled out of me like lava erupting from a volcano. I laughed. I laughed like I had not laughed since I was a carefree child. I laughed until tears flowed freely from my eyes. She probably thought me mad, but I could not help myself. Here was a woman who was an absolute beauty, sitting with me, on a perfect beach, on a perfect island morning, asking *me* if there was anything she could do to make my trip more memorable! I must have died in my sleep on the beach and gone to beach nirvana, I mused.

I looked at the beautiful ocean, the white sand and took a deep breath. What the hell I thought to myself, you only live once. I exhaled and said, "Now that you mention it, there is something that would make my time here more memorable." I glanced at her and caught the twinkle in her eye and the look of anticipation on her face as I continued, "I would very much like to sail this morning on a tall ship. You know the kind the pirates used to sail in these waters. Big white sails and rigging with a bare breasted mermaid figurehead on the bow! It would fly the Jolly Roger proudly and dolphins would play in the bow wake." I glanced at her and the twinkle in her eye turned into a sparkle and her smile was contagious. I smiled and continued, "Yes, a short journey to the best place on the island to surf. I have always wanted to learn to surf on a long board. And from a

real islander and not some California surf-boy wanna-be. I want to ride on a real handmade long board and not one of those prefab kinds. I want to shoot the tube with the Big Kahuna himself or herself as the case may be!" I took a quick deep breath and continued before she could stop me, not that she was trying. "While I am falling off my long board, I want all my friends to get a note saying they are supposed to meet me in the Lagoon for an evening of food, fun and debauchery! After learning how to surf, I want to sail to the Lagoon where we can anchor the fine pirate ship close to shore. Then I want to swim ashore for Lobster, sushi and strawberries! I want to have all my friends there plus people I have never met. Everyone will be sipping champagne and listening to fun island music. Damn I love a steal drum!"

My fantasy had been growing by leaps and bounds and all she did was just sit there calmly, smile and nod her pretty little head in agreement. I figured I would push the envelope and really help her think me a lunatic. I launched into even more elaborate detail. "Just after all the people I know get there, the pirates of the Caribbean show up led by Captain Jack Sparrow. Yep, it will really be Johnny Depp in costume. I can see all the women getting crazy now! Then, every fifteen minutes, as if on cue, another celebrity in pirate costume will appear. You know, Russell Crowe as Captain "Lucky" Jack, from Master and Commander. Captain Barbosa. All the pirates from the movie Swiss Family Robinson. Even the undecided, I am not a pirate but I am a pirate, Wil Turner will show up! Robert Shaw and James Earl Jones from Swashbuckler, Burt Lancaster as the Crimson Pirate. Gina Davis and Matthew Modine as pirates of Cutthroat Island. Robert Newton as Blackbeard!"

I took a swig of my drink to wet my lips and once again I dove into my most memorable trip ever. "Everyone is milling about eating, drinking and meeting new people and having fun. Celebrities are signing cleavage and other things without having to be asked or paid. Then producers, directors and other "cash cow" types start to show up and mingle. They say things like, "That is a great script! I have a few million, let's do it!!" And like all great parties, all kinds of stars start to show up in their finest beach attire and start a game of beach volleyball. Pirates vs. the Gilmore Girls, then pirates vs the Charmed Ones, pirates vs the Brady Bunch, pirates vs. Sex in the City cast, pirates vs. Angelina Jolie!! It's great because the pirates always win and the stars are always gracious about losing."

I steal a glance at my lovely beach companion and she is now looking at me with her perfect lips just slightly open and her head just slightly canted to one side. The look in her eyes is of amazement and pure excitement as if she could not have hoped for more. I continue, "And in the middle of the beach volleyball tournament, the Dread Pirate and Buttercup (think Cary Elwes and Robin Wright) show up with Rob Reiner! The whole time more food is arriving and the beverage is flowing. Beautiful men and women are walking around "gifting" people with real gold pieces of eight, jewelry and fuzzy dice. The movie companies have sent boxes and boxes of pirate movies and memorabilia to give to all the party guests! Everyone gets free booty. There are all kinds of photographers moving around taking pictures of the stars with pirates and pirates with pirates and stars with

pirates and people and people with people and no one cares! Everyone is just having a blast.” I close my eyes and envision the entire scene. “Then exactly at midnight a huge fireworks show begins. I am not talking about your local Fourth of July lame-ass fireworks display of pop and fizzle here and there. No way! I am talking about a perfectly choreographed fireworks-to-music show that would make Walt Disney go back to the drawing board. The show is incredible. It lights up the night and turns it into day with beautiful colors with new types of fireworks never before seen! Yup, even fireworks that would make Gandalf the Gray turn green with envy. After the fireworks end, things start to wind down to more of a personal one-on-one get to know you kitchen-type after-party. Just a lot of people talking, laughing and the normal barriers between people nowhere to be found.”

I take a few seconds to take a deep breath because since this woman has entered my life, all I have done is talk! I finish my drink and look at her and smile. She returns my smile and I wink at her. Her smile grows wider and she winks back. I laugh and continue much to her surprise, “When things are winding down and people do what-ever they do at beach parties at three in the morning. I quietly slip away and head back to my room.” I point with my thumb over my shoulder to the room I stayed in last night. “When I get back to my room, it is full of flowers and thank you cards from everyone letting me know what a great time they had. Mixed in with all the cards and pictures are business cards and personal phone numbers from some incredible people with personal messages on the back. I fall into bed, completely exhausted clutching the DVD of the Dread Pirate Summer Beach Bash 2006 to my chest so...” I find myself staring off to some point far beyond the horizon. I blink only when I feel her hand on my shoulder.

The beautiful lady is now standing next to me and looking out to sea. I look up at her as she looks down at me. I get lost in her eyes and she softly says, “We have a lot to do today. I think we should get started.” She waves her hand like game show assistant on The Price is Right and a four masted sloop rounds the point headed straight for us. She is in full sail and the mermaid figurehead has nary a stitch of clothing...

- END -

NOTE: This example short story will appear, along with all approved entries, in the Dread Pirate Summer Beach Bash Short Story Contest 2006 ebook that will be released after the contest. Submit your story today to have your story included in the ebook and a chance to win some great prizes!

The following information may have been updated since you downloaded this e-document. Please refer to www.dreadpirate.info and click on “Contest” for the latest sponsors and updated rules!

4th Annual Dread Pirate Summer Beach Bash Short Story Contest 2006

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Introducing Moeshaven

Treasure chest contents will grow and expand as more highly motivated sponsors climb aboard this great contest. Make sure to check back as the prizes packages will undoubtedly grow as the Summer Beach Bash grows near!

2006 themes

Pirates, a beach, party & fuzzy dice!

EXAMPLE SHORT STORY by DREAD PIRATE

The Contest

My Summer Beach Bash Short Story Contest has a few rules and guidelines. Most are redundant; please review them carefully before submitting your short story of less than 3000 words. Remember that I will need your full contact information, to include name and mailing address (So when you win, I can send you a treasure chest full of booty!) and your email address. Please make sure to include all the “themes” of 2006 in your short story! This contest is about fun, the joy of writing and imagination. It is NOT about correct sentence structure, grammar, proper spelling and punctuation! Fear not the wrath of the “red pen.” Enter this contest with absolutely no fear of the judge, (me) fussing at you like some antiquated English Professor. Jump in feet first and enjoy writing a story for the Dread Pirate’s Summer Beach Bash Short Story Contest!!!! All entries, with my approval, will be part of the Official Summer Beach Bash 2006 ebook. Not all entries, depending on content, will appear in the official contest ebook. The ebook will be available, after the end of the contest, for all to download in PDF format, free of charge, from this websites PDF Locker. Authors retain full copyright of their work. By entering the contest, you are giving me (DPebooks) express permission to place your short story in the Official Summer Beach Bash 2006 ebook.

Rules and Regulations:

Rule #1, take your time and read all the Rules and Regulations, Contest Submission Guidelines, General Manuscript Guidelines, Submission rules, More rules and End Notes to include “contest ebook”.

This contest is open to all amateur writers, defined as anyone who has not sold a story of any length (from short-short to novel) to a professional publication before

today. Sale of poetry or non-fiction does not count. "Sold to a professional publication" means being paid at least .99 cents per word. Electronic publications meeting these criteria count. However, some electronic publication involves no promise to pay any definite amount by any definite time; this does not count as a professional sale. Meaning, unless your last name is King, Rice, Koontz, Hamilton, etc. you are safe.

Entries must be fiction or fantasy, less than 3,000 words long, and the original work of the person submitting them.

No "fanfiction" or shared-worlds fiction.

All work submitted must be the original work of the submitting author.

Entries must use all the themes of the contest in order to be considered for a prize.

Entries **must** conform to the Contest Submission Guidelines and General Manuscript Submission Guidelines detailed below. The author's name must appear on the manuscript.

The author's name must also be placed on a separate cover sheet along with the author's mailing address, email address and the title of the story.

Any entry that does not conform to these rules will not be entered into the contest, will not be returned, and will not be acknowledged.

The maximum number of stories any one person may submit is 1(ONE).

No person may win more than one prize in this contest.

If you are unable to electronically submit your work, submissions may be sent via snail mail to:

Summer Beach Bash Short Story Contest

DPebooks

PO Box 1224

Locust Grove VA 22508-1224

Entries must be received no later than July 1, 2006.

The results of the contest will be announced on The Imperial Dread Sea Scrolls weblog as well as www.dreadpirate.info and www.dreadpirateradio.com.

Dread Pirate may, at his own discretion, keep archival copies of contest manuscripts, but all other copies may be destroyed. For your own protection, keep a copy of your manuscript. No manuscripts will be returned.

All rights will remain with the authors.

There is no entry fee to enter the contest.

In all cases, the decision of the judge, Dread Pirate, is final.

Contest Submission Guidelines:

A cover sheet on your story must contain your STORY TITLE, NAME, and CONTACT INFORMATION (including e-mail address and mailing address) of the author. This is VERY IMPORTANT. You can't win if I don't know who you are.

On each page of your story, include only the PAGE NUMBER and your STORY TITLE, not your name and contact information.

You must include an electronic copy of your contest submission via email in RTF (Rich Text Format) or TXT (Text format) ONLY. All major word processors will allow you to save a document as an RTF or TXT file.

The author is required to provide, on the bottom of the TITLE PAGE of the short story, his/her own copyright statement clearly stating if the work is copyrighted, creative commons licensed or in the public domain, etc. Submissions not meeting proper submission guidelines may not be included in the contest.

General Manuscript Guidelines:

Proper manuscript format you, as a writer, should use to submit your entry.

In the top left corner of every page, put your name and the name of your story.

In the top right hand corner, put the page number.

Double space your text.

Indent paragraphs by .5".

Margins should be at least 1" all around. (Default word processing margins in Word, etc. are fine.)

Use 12 point type Arial font ONLY.

Plain black text.

No colored inks.

Illustrations are not required.

You must include an electronic copy of your contest submission via email in RTF (Rich Text Format) or TXT (Text format) ONLY. All major word processors will allow you to save a document as an RTF or TXT file. The contest entry deadline

is July 1, 2006. If you have any questions or comments, please send e-mail to dpebooks@att.net. Submissions not meeting proper manuscript format may not be included in the contest.

Submission rules:

Sometimes writers submit their stories and find they are missing text at the end of the document because they have cut and pasted to their mail program from their word processor. Please make sure your entire story appears in your email before clicking "send." I can't be held responsible for partial entries. Send me a text attachment (.txt) or as an .rtf attachment ONLY.

Short stories are due by the deadline, July 1, 2006. All late stories are disqualified. No exceptions.

1. To enter, send your story of a maximum of 3000 words in length via e-mail to dpebooks@att.net with the subject line "Summer Beach Bash Short Story Contest." Your story must be sent as an attached Rich Text Format file (.rtf) or a Text (.txt) file. Be sure to include your name, postal address and email address on your cover sheet of the story.
2. This contest is open to freebooters of all ages **free of charge**.
3. One entry per person.
4. Entries must be received by July 1st, 2006. DPebooks is not responsible for late, lost, stolen, incomplete, illegible or misdirected mail or submissions.
5. Stories will be judged by Dread Pirate at his sole discretion, on the basis of originality, writing style, quality of the work, and adherence to content guidelines. To be eligible to win, a story must feature the contest theme prominently. The decision of Dread will be final.
6. Submissions will not be returned and may or may not be acknowledged. Entry in the contest constitutes permission to use the submitted stories and the name, identity and image of all participants (Image if provided) for promotional purposes on behalf of the author & DPebooks.com. Dread Pirate shall have the right to publish the winning submission(s) in any and all media for a period of six (6) months, and in the Summer Beach Bash Contest ebook. The authors may submit the winning stories for publication elsewhere.
7. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. The name of the winner will be published on The Imperial Dread Sea Scrolls, www.dreadpirateradio.com and this web site.

8. No entry fee is required, and all rights in the story remain the property of the author. All types of science fiction, fantasy are welcome.
9. All entries must be original works, in English. Plagiarism, which includes the use of third-party poetry, song lyrics, characters or another person's universe, without written permission will result in disqualification. Excessive violence or sex, determined by Dread, will result in disqualification.
10. To be eligible, entries must be up to 3,000 words in length. I will consider poetry and works intended for children, but I prefer prose.
11. There shall be three prizes for this contest. Each prize package will be sent via mail to the winners. No guarantee of receipt is expressed or implied thanks to the track record of the US Mail. Prize packages may vary from posted list due to sponsor's choice of prize(s) sent.
12. Each entrant may submit only one short story per contest.
13. All entries are final. No revisions are accepted.
14. Entries will be judged by the Dread Pirate. The decisions of the Dread Pirate are final.
15. This contest is void where prohibited by law.

More rules:

Entrants may be located anywhere in the cosmos. Only single-author stories permitted. No co-authored stories or teams, please. Reprints are not permitted. All entries must be composed within the contest time frame. By entering the contest, you certify that you have read these guidelines in their entirety and that you agree, on winning the contest, to allow DPebooks.com to publish your winning entry on www.xanga.com/dreadpirate (The Imperial Dread Sea Scrolls), www.DreadPirate.info and www.DreadPirateRadio.com websites for an unlimited period of time on a non-exclusive basis. Winning authors retain reprint rights to their work. Authors retain all rights to their work. Team DPe can not be held responsible for any electronic transmission problems. The company's liability will never exceed the cost of the entry fee. Refunds will not be issued. Decisions of the Judge Dread are final. **This is a free contest.** No entry fees will be solicited from you at any time. Should you be contacted by someone claiming to be a representative of DPebooks or the Dread Pirate and attempt to solicit any fees for any reason, plank them!

End Notes:

Contest ebook

Time permitting, all entries will be compiled into a single contest “ebook” and offered to the public at no charge via the Dread Pirate’s PDF Locker. Hardcopy manuscripts mailed to DPebooks will not appear in this contest ebook. Only electronically submitted entries will become part of the ebook. Authors retain all rights to their work in the ebook. Authors consent to have their works published in the contest ebook when they submit their contest entry. Dread Pirate and DPebooks retain the right to refuse to include any submitted entry in the contest ebook for any reason. The contest ebook will be available for free public distribution via the World Wide Web.

Sponsors for contest are welcome at any time. Please contact DPebooks@att.net.

Freebooter feedback is always welcome.

If you would like to make a cash donation toward contest expenses, please contact Dread Pirate and ask how you can become a [contest benefactor!](#)

About the Author

The Dread Pirate is a seafaring fellow that sails the oceans of life. Needing to motivate himself and the Crew, he began to scribe motivational musings years ago. Upon realizing that his nautical writing style and motivating nature afforded shipmates insight to their own lives, he chose to share a little of his experiences, philosophies, and revelations via his motivational Web log, [The Imperial Dread Sea Scrolls](#).

He furthered his efforts by self-publishing *The Imperial Dread Sea Scrolls, Volume I*, *IDSS Volume II*, *Crossing the Line into Motivation and Shore Leave*. Being the Chief Motivational Officer of the *Destiny's Quest* and [DPebooks](#) is a full time billet, but he finds time for star gazing, writing, and fishing.

Visit [Dread Pirate's Secret Cyber Island](#) on the Web for the latest information on the author and his works.

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■ Contact:

The Dread Pirate, author of this short story, may be contacted via the following e-mail address:

[Dread Pirate](#)

■ Additional Resources:

For additional Dread style motivation, please visit the official source for news and information on the Dread Pirate and his works.

Dread Pirate's Secret Cyber-Island
[DreadPirate.info](#)

The Dread Pirates Personal Motivational Web Log
[The Imperial Dread Sea Scrolls](#)

The Authors Site
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