

Chapter Eleven, in which nothing much happens, a hot potato is returned, and human company is sought.

Angie woke up with a start, and for a dreadful moment couldn't remember where she was. She reached for her phone, no use as a phone down here but still a great six-hundred dollar clock, and for another confusing moment couldn't understand the time. 18:50. She had set her clock to twenty-four hour format years ago, but still had to subtract twelve sometimes to get it right. But 6:50? P.M.?

The days events slowly straightened themselves out as the fog lifted and Angie stretched and sat up, hoping it was all just a crazy dream. But there were two cups in the dish rack, the paring knife still on the table, and when she opened the cupboard, there was the package. Shit.

"Oh well, better make a cup of tea and wait for darkness," she thought with a sigh, and then laughed at how well tea would go with her hot coke-tato.

The sun was just beginning to set as Angie put down her empty cup, put on her bikini and slid into the water one more time, narrowly avoiding Taxi's leap, floating the package before her. Hard to be sneaky with a dog, but leaving him aboard seemed worse ... she was simply too nervous not to keep him by her side. They made their way quickly back to the beach, and Angie was struck again by the speed with which the sun seemed to set closer to the equator.

Back home, in **Parry Sound**, Ontario, the sun would seem to hang on the horizon for ages, filling the sky with purples and pinks. Here it was stunningly beautiful, but quick, the sun dropping into the Atlantic like a hot stone. Angie and Taxi watched from the crest of the cay, hoping to see the **green flash** some sailors claimed to have seen just as the sun went down. But no, not this time.

"Today didn't feel like my lucky day, anyway, my smelly friend," she said to Taxi, rubbing his head, and as the sun dropped below the horizon, Angie hurried down the slope, slipping over the ancient coral that formed the island, for some silly reason determined to put the package back exactly where she had found it.

Angie saw Taxi's ears perk up before she and heard the speed boat coming. Immensely grateful that she had waited 'till dark, and giving up instantly on putting the cocaine back where she found it, she tossed it towards the edge of the water, and scrambled up the slope. Down the other side and into the water, flippers on, Angie swam as quietly and as quickly as she could to the houseboat. She and Taxi made it onto the swim platform and both sat panting for a moment, relieved to be safely back aboard.

It was surprisingly dark, which made the searchlight that suddenly played over the boat extremely scary. Angie froze, wondering if it was better to appear to be on the boat or not. Paralysis decided for her, and she sat, soaking and shivering just waiting for the light to stop. It was coming from the beach, but surely they couldn't have seen her. And why would they look over here? They must have found the missing coke by now.

"Probably just covering all their bases," Angie whispered to Taxi as she let herself breathe. "And I am no longer one of them." She waited another ten minutes, though it felt like an eternity, and then stood up stiffly and grabbed a towel.

It was only nine o'clock, and what with finding and losing a body, finding and returning salvaged cocaine, and that discombobulating nap, Angie felt much too awake and jittery to read or sleep. Every creak of the boat made her jump, and she suddenly craved human company. Nothing for it but to get in the kayak and go to Fat Freddie's.

Angie pulled on her old Levis, a favourite old tee, and to ruin the look, a faded old hoodie. No need to look like you are trying to look like you are trying ... or maybe tonight she just wanted to be a person, not a woman.

"Good thing Stacey and Clinton can't see me," Angie sighed, but felt much better, getting creature comfort from the feel of soft worn clothes on her swim-tight skin. She grabbed the boathook and pulled the kayak in close, enticing Taxi in first with a biscuit, and then getting lightly in the stern. Angie untied the painter and placing the boathook in the bottom of the kayak, paddled off just as the moon rose, late by almost an hour, as usual.

