

**Chapter Fifteen, in which a sail is uneventful, a shore trip is not, and Taxi and Moron are ecstatic.**

Dan Farley and his old friend Luke had made short work of outfitting the boat, buying everything they needed at the Key Largo Publix in the Tradewinds Plaza, including beer, wine and a little whiskey. The boat itself had needed little, as Dan, while a tad messy, always kept it shipshape. Leave nothing to chance, and always have a spare. His dad had drilled it into him.

They had decided to cross to Bimini during the day, which meant leaving at three or so in the morning. The weather forecast was terrific for the next three days, and carrying into the following week, with wind coming from the southwest, steady but not too strong. Crossing to Bimini meant crossing the Gulf Stream, one of the world's strongest ocean currents, squeezing itself between the Bahamas and Florida on its long northward journey bringing warm water to Newfoundland and beyond. But when it met a north wind the passage to Bimini became impassable, the wind and the current fighting each other and creating turbulent seas.

But the weather had held true, and Dan and Luke had cleared Bimini customs before sundown on the first day. The shot down to the Exumas was even less eventful, and the week passed quickly, with both Dan and Luke keen on the sail and pushing the boat to perform, and Moron getting a little antsy without enough shore leave. They had arrived at the resort as the sun was setting the night before Angie and Mickey had decided to investigate, and had put off their own investigations until morning. And now morning was upon them, Moron was breathing on them and it was time to see just what Dan had taken on.

"Wow, it sure looks overgrown," said Luke, as they clambered into the dingy, somewhat overfilled with the two of them and the dog. Dan edged Moron into the water, and they made their way to shore.

"Things grow quickly down here, the sand,.." Dan replied weakly. "But the environment doesn't look too disturbed." He peered through the water, and a blue tang shot by. What in the world had he expected he wondered? He would be horrified to see a development here, and he was going to build one. He shook his head and decided

that someone was going to build here, and it would be better if it were him. At least he could stop the dredging. Moron had been leading the way as they walked along the path that led to the main foundations but he suddenly shot off into the bushes, having discovered the scent of a dog, a recent dog, and therefore a potential wrestling partner. Taxi, approaching from the Atlantic side made a similar discovery, and before Angie or Mickey could react, he too had darted in the bushes, heading leeward.

Both parties of humans froze. Neither expected company, but one was here as owner and one was here as trespasser. Dan and Luke thus unfroze more quickly, and hesitating to start calling "Moron" in unfamiliar territory, they set off after him. Angie and Mickey looked at each other and shrugged. Nothing for it but to rescue Taxi regardless of consequence, and they started to stealthily follow along the path he had taken.

The dogs, however, had no such concerns of ownership yet as both were new to the locale, and both had much missed the company of fellow canines, for Taxi did not really consider me'mam's dogs true dogs. This however was a dog, a real dog, and with the sniffing formalities quickly concluded the anticipated wrestling had begun.

As Dan and Luke came on the scene they had a moments worry the dogs were fighting and then just had to laugh as the play went on, both dogs rolling together in a sand pit, chewing on neck fur. Angie and Mickey peered through the bushes too, and Angie's fear evaporated completely as she heard Dan's laugh, and then saw him speak to his friend. She turned to Mickey and for some reason feeling a touch guilty, said "I think we might as well introduce ourselves." He nodded, thinking Dan didn't look like a threatening fellow, but that didn't mean he wasn't a threat.

Angie stood up and walked out of the bushes blushing and said, "I'm afraid that's my Taxi," realizing as the words came out how silly they sounded.

"That's my Moron," said Dan, looking in wonder at this flesh and blood vision that had appeared out of thin air. "And he seems to have found a soulmate."

