

**Chapter One, in which we meet our heroine, some pot is smoked,  
and people swim with the fishes, in more ways than one.**

It was a dark and stormy night; the rain fell in torrents ... and there was no point in doing anything. The houseboat was safely at anchor, there was wine in the rack and purple kush on the coffee table. Our heroine sighed, picked up her grinder, and started to roll another one.

"Thank god ... or Al Gore ... for the internet, and who knows whom for satellites and wifi," she thought as she searched again for any information about Andy Anderson or his company, Sandy Developments Ltd. There was virtually no trace of him on the internet or on the island, and though she loathed him, she was nonetheless afraid he had come to an unpleasant end. It would have to wait until tomorrow.

"Sufficient unto the day are the evils thereof," she said to her dog, Taxi, as she finished her joint, and nestled into the large bed in the aft cabin, which he reluctantly shared with her.

Morning did indeed bring another day, and the sun quickly burned off the rain clouds promising a perfect Bahamian day. A quick cup of coffee, and a not so quick swim off the bow of the boat with Taxi to the nearby beach so he could perform his necessary morning ablutions, which she carefully buried. They swam back leisurely, and as she climbed back up the swim ladder, slightly more elegantly than Taxi, who needed a great deal of lifting and seemed to be made of nothing but paws, she unhooked the mesh bag full of yesterday's dishes, nibbled clean by the obliging neighbourhood fish.

"Nothing but work," Angie thought with a smile as she hung her wet bikini over the rail, weaving the life line through the openings, such as they were, so it couldn't blow away as the wind blew it dry.

"The houseboat should have advertised that it came with a dishwasher and dryer," she laughed as she put on her other bikini. She had a bag full of clothes but she could have almost just as easily brought only bathing suits ... however the occasional foray into town called for shorts at least, and one had to be prepared for whatever the weather might deliver, which lately had been as varied and heart-stopping as Eddie Minnis' Bahamian buffet.

Today, however, had dawned with perfection and it seemed a pity to Angie not to greet it properly ... and really, she was on holiday, or unemployed if you were a stickler, and this was technically a free day as she liked to call them, when she had no real responsibilities. And it was fabulous pot. She walked through the boat to the back deck, after a quick look at the internet as she rolled a fatty. No signs of Andy. Ah well, he had made his bed, and would have to lie in it. She sat down in one of the crappy plastic chairs on the tiny deck, happy as a clam.

"But are clams really happy," she thought, as she smoked in the warm sun, "down there in the cold water or lightly fried in a seasoned batter?"

Angie looked out through the clear water at the sandy bottom only 4 feet from the bottom of the houseboat and wondered if she could tell a happy clam from a sad one. She could see sea cucumbers going about their business; they looked pretty content ... a starfish gamely if not particularly cheerfully hunting sea urchins, and a flip-flop, and a leg ... and she had found Andy Anderson, or at least what was left of him. "Even in death," she thought as she reached for the boathook, "he could really harsh your buzz."



**Chapter Two in which Andy has to wait while our heroine goes for a paddle and Taxi gets a biscuit.**

Oh why would she have to be the one to discover the body! They would never believe her at the police station, not after that episode with Taxi and the tourist from Morocco. Two bodies in one week ...

"It was surely over-kill," Angie laughed out loud, despite herself, as she pondered what to do.

She was becoming convinced that the local police chief was either very inept or extremely corrupt, and she could not decide which. Either way going to him seemed premature, at best, until she had a more coherent story for him, better than just seeming to have a propensity for finding corpses. And she really didn't want to have the police to the boat, not with the kush and all.

Angie poked at the bloated leg and wondered briefly about moving the body ... or the boat. Both such obviously bad ideas if and when the body was discovered. And you can hardly escape in a houseboat in the Caribbean ... just not a seaworthy craft unless the conditions are ideal. And where could you hide a houseboat? Think ...

"A few more hours under water couldn't hurt him now," Angie decided, "and no one knows I found him, yet." She looked around and shivered despite the hot sun, but there really seemed to be no one around. "I'll go to Fat Freddie's."

Angie pulled on a long-sleeved tee to protect her shoulders from the tropical sun, quickly stashed her stash in the hollow she had found behind the galley fridge, and walked over to the kayak bobbing in the water alongside the houseboat. The kayak had come with the rental, and was one of those plastic resort things which had once boasted a 'glass' bottom, now scratched from years of beachings.

Luckily it was a calm day, and the 2 kilometer kayak to Fat Freddie's would be both pleasant and quick, and take her away for the moment from Andy's troublesome remains. She dropped in her towel, and clambered aboard. Bracing the paddle across the gunnels, she prepared for Taxi's ungraceful arrival, and the two of them paddled off down the bay.

Fat Freddie's was run by Mickey Finn, and he would know what to do, or who to call ... same thing often. He knew everybody it seemed, and everybody knew him, despite or because the bar was so hard to get to. You could get there by road, but it was almost impossible especially when it rained, and while it was easier by water, only boats with truly shallow drafts could approach closely. The shoals and tides were such as well that one simply could not approach with speed. Once in, however, there was a very protected harbour, from both weather and surprises, making the risky entrance worth it, as long as one had the time to respect the sea.

Nurse's Harbour, as it was known, had become a peculiar artist's enclave, of which Fat Freddie's was the focal point, acting as their point of contact with the outside world. A world one thought had passed right by, until you noticed the satellite dish and antennae, and realized that there was nowhere really isolated anymore. The big screen behind the bar was a give away too, thankfully off at this hour, with the bar deserted.

Angie walked under the thatched roof of the open air part of the bar, and sat down with an audible sigh. Mickey came out from behind a partition, wiping a beer mug that he carefully put down when he saw her face.

"Did you paddle past the new resort site?" he asked, assuming from her glum look that they had been grinding up the coral reef again to make a 'beach' and that she had seen the calcified remains on her way. "Or take the outside on such a pretty day?"

He had a bartender's knack of drawing people out, and asked seemingly inane questions, but they got the job done. He reached down and scratched Taxi's ear, pulling a biscuit from his apron.

Angie looked over at him and said, "I found Andy."



### **Chapter Three, in which we meet someone who is blinded by temptation, and takes the bait.**

Dan Farley parked the rented Audi in front of the strip mall office of the First Bank of the Exumas, and briefly wondered if it had been worth the extra money to rent the Audi. He wanted to impress these guys ... he stood to make a cool ten million, at least, if he understood the offer, and had a chance to own a resort in the Bahamas as he had often dreamed. And quickly too.

On top of which, this resort had attracted some bad publicity when they **ground up a coral reef** on the back side of the harbour to make a wider entrance for deeper draft boats, and to build up their fake beach with the detritus. He had a chance to stop that action, and make the resort into an eco-retreat, something close to his heart having watched the unrelenting development that had transformed the playground of his youth, the Florida Keys. He craved a simpler time.

What great luck that they had contacted him, Dan thought. The fellow who had called him from the bank had said that he had remembered his name from, of all things, a protest organized the year before, and had said that he thought Dan might be interested in trying to save the development. The previous owners were trying to sell the resort half-finished, as they had somehow over-extended themselves financially with a different project, and wanted out. The bank was willing to finance the deal, and were looking for someone to purchase the property, having financed the current owners.

The investor had noticed Dan's enthusiasm for the area, he had remarked during the introductory call, and had chatted briefly with him about environmental issues, with a seemingly sympathetic ear. Dan did have excellent local knowledge of the cay in the **Exumas** where the property lay, as it happened, having sailed in the Bahamas with his father in the summers, and often during the school year as well, his father valuing sailing over schooling much to the discomfort of his teachers. It seemed incredible that such an opportunity should present itself to him.

"Don't look a gift horse in the mouth," he remarked to himself, even as he wondered about the effectiveness of relying on such ancient wisdom, and just how bad a horse's mouth might have turned out to be. He straightened the tie he was wearing

despite the Miami heat, and walked into the air conditioned office.

"What a dumb name for a team," he muttered to himself. "You just should have a plural. Utah Jazz. Really. What were they thinking?"

The secretary, who was quite the eye-ful, and certainly cupful, Dan couldn't help but notice, stood up when he walked in and glided from behind the desk where she had been seated, eyes glued to a Macbook, and promptly dropped the cellphone she had been twirling.

"Oops, how clumsy of me," she said as she bent to pick it up.

"Not at all," Dan replied, unaware of the irony, as the visual side of his brain was making it a little hard to think clearly.

"Would you like something to drink? Some champagne and Hennessy?" she was asking, he realised.

"I don't normally ..," Dan began, but she was already pouring, and it was quite warm in the room, "... say no to a lady," he gamely finished, as he took the glass, already sweaty with condensation.

"Call me Val," the woman said, as she put the drink tray straight. "And please, take a seat. Frank and Vincent are just with a client. I'll let them know you are here."

With that she left both the room and a starstruck Dan, who gazed around at the slightly decrepit walls of the strip mall unit, and tried to reconcile it with the quality of the leather couch he sank back in, and the weird but delicious drink he slowly sipped. His misgivings melted away as he began to look at the brochures artfully arranged on the coffee table before him, which promised an infinite future filled with infinity pools and beverages just like the one he was already holding.



**Chapter Four, in which we find our compromised hero, having taken the hook and the line, but maybe not the sinker, safely back in bed.**

Later that evening Dan clambered gratefully onboard the sailboat he had lived on for the past five years, anchored currently in Key Largo, one of the more northern of the Florida Keys. He felt safer on water, always had. He scratched Moron's head, having left him aboard to guard what few possessions he had. Moron was a large, miscellaneous dog that Dan had rescued as a puppy, found in a box beside the highway.

The drive back from Miami hadn't taken much more than two hours, what with traffic backed up on the Causeway, and at least one car fire that he had seen, which always caused his claustrophobia to well up. The hurricane evacuation route signs didn't help. Dan shook his head, and helped Moron into the little dingy he used as a tender, and took him ashore to do his evening business.

He often wondered what the Keys had been like before that idiot Flagler built his railway. He had only recently learned that Flagler was a founder of Standard Oil. Undoubtedly a causeway would have been built in this day of the automobile, by someone if not Flagler, and he himself obviously chose to drive. Bribed by convenience he thought.

Approaching the Keys from the water was so different than from the road. A beautiful tangle of mangroves and manatees on one side and dusty porn shops and tourist traps on the other. What havoc those early industrialists, whose hagiographies he had learned in school, had wrought on the landscape. Flagler wasn't the first to see money in the Keys, but he had had a disproportionate environmental impact that even the ravages of nature had been unable to eradicate, as the highway now ran where the defunct railway had, sold in bankruptcy to the Florida government.

Dan squirmed as he fought off the thought that he was no better, just a modern Flagler looking at the Exumas to make him rich. But surely this was different, he tried again to persuade himself. It seemed such a win-win, and he would not be exploiting the environment, surely, if his goal was to run a "green" resort and raise reef, and REEF, awareness. He really would be different he vowed, and he could do so much with fifteen million dollars. Yes, they had really said fifteen.

The resort was valued at forty million, according to the First Bank of Exumas, which did seem rather high, given the state of unfinished construction, but they were willing to lend him sixty-five. That left him with ten million to help pay the interest on the loan over the first few years, and fifteen to use at his own discretion to finish the build. The previous owners would get their money, and **everyone stood to profit**. It was almost too good to be true, but the proof was in the pudding, and they had already deposited a signing bonus in his admittedly drained bank account.

They had done a really good job, explaining to him how it could all work, and the champagne and Hennessy hadn't hurt. He had managed to turn down what was clearly a very open invitation from Val to go for celebratory drinks after the deal had been struck. Not so much his morals as the rental car and long drive home, and Moron, waiting to pee back on his boat. Val had suggested he stay the night, and at that point what was left of his resolve had luckily strengthened, Dan thought with relief as he cast his eye around the familiar cluttered interior of his boat, dried Moron off with a towel as he had chosen to swim back, and rolled a skinny reefer before turning out the light.

Dan lay in the darkness, his mind happily turning to the trip to the Exumas, already spending his new found loan in his head as he thought of how he could outfit his old boat for the trip. He drifted off with his head full of visions of **blue tangs** and beautiful beaches, and balconies covered in **oleanders**.





**Chapter Five, in which some sharks sit by a pool, and discuss the immediate future, but do not eat each other.**

Frank and Vinnie, for Vincent was just for clients, sat back in the lawn chairs by the pool at Frank's house, where Val had joined them for a drink, having been rejected, much to her dismay, by Dan.

"That should hold us for a while," Vinnie said, with a satisfied look on his face.

"We get rid of Andy, with maybe twenty-five, and that leaves us with fifteen. That's a lot of profit for a day's work."

"I'll worry about the money, you worry about actually getting rid of Andy. I have met patsies in my life, but that guy was going to be the death of me. Who wears flip flops and a tank top to a construction site?" Frank groaned, looking more worried than his pal.

But that was par for the course. Frank took care of the books and strategy, with Val's help, he grudgingly acknowledged to himself, while Vinnie took care of anything else. And there was always something else it seemed, which suited Vinnie just fine, being the strong, silent type. Action not thought was his forte.

"And speaking of spending money, I think we need to spend a little of it getting over to the resort and making sure nothing gets Dan thinking too hard," he continued.

"The operation should have been all cleaned out, but you just can't trust those islanders, always have their own schemes afoot. But the salvagers should have removed anything incriminating, and they never talk, especially with the government taking such an interest lately."

"Hey Val," Frank called to her over at the outdoor bar, where she was fixing herself a consolation prize, still smarting from the evening's failed hunt, which had been a blow to her pride. Was she losing it, she thought, showing her thirty some years? She tightened her already taught midriff and walked over to the two men.

"I've been thinking ..," Frank started, as Vinnie chimed in "working without tools," unaware as always of the irony hidden in his oft repeated jokes.

"How about you head on over there too and keep trying to get your hooks into Dan," he paused, and gave her a not very pleasant, lingering glance.

"It looks like you might need to sharpen them a little first though, eh?" he added, fully aware of the disappointment in her eyes and more than a little irritated by it. Did she have to enjoy this so much?

Val sat down in the empty chair beside him and gently poked him with her elbow in the flesh roll that hung over the top of his swim trunks, as if by accident.

"Sure, Frank," she replied smiling up at him and turning on the persona that had gotten her this far, which, she thought to herself looking around, wasn't too shabby given her start in Puerto Rico. But she was an ambitious girl, this was getting big, and if they could just turn it over once or twice more ...

"We can get there tomorrow night, I already checked and [Bahamas Air](#) flies twice on Saturdays from Nassau. Three times if you count eight in the morning," she joked.

"But we will need a boat once there to get to the resort."

"That's no problem," Frank tightened up his gut as he responded, his mood improving as the alcohol dimmed his fears and the plan began to take shape.

"Vinnie can always borrow one."

This poor attempt at humour cracked the three of them up, and they raised their glasses in a toast to money, the one thing they were all sure they wanted.



**Chapter Six, in which we return to the Exumas and find our heroine, our bartender and one dog, perplexed.**

Angie put down the soothing but alarming beverage Mickey Finn had quickly poured for her when he heard about her unfortunate discovery.

"I am not surprised he came to a bad end," the diminutive bartender said. "I have rarely been so irritated by someone on first meeting."

"Trust me, he did not improve with contact. And I hate to blame the victim, but he sure had some unsavoury looking folks with him when it looked like he had bought the resort," Angie replied.

"Or farm," added Mickey wryly. "They did not look like contractors, or at least building contractors. More like someone who would fulfill a contract that had been taken out ...," he finished.

"I know," said Angie. "That is partly why I was worried when I hadn't seen him for a few days. That and curiosity about what they were doing at the resort."

"Let me get me'mam to watch the bar, and we can go back together and decide what to do with the late Andy Anderson," offered Mickey. "I really hate to involve the police ... bad for business. Nobody knows about this but you and me?"

Angie looked up at him carefully, wondering if she were crazy to trust this man she had known for so few weeks. Yes, she thought, she was but she could. Not that you could tell a book by its cover ... well, of course you can, and often do ... the Berenstain Bears were closer with their worm inside a perfect apple metaphor, loathsome children's books that they were. And there was no denying that Mickey was handsome ... had that Irish smile that somehow included you in a conspiracy and made you feel like partners in crime, but in a good way. And there was no denying that he had some way of keeping the authorities at bay, not just through location. But there was an honesty one could sense, and after all, forgetting all logic, she really didn't want to go back to the houseboat alone, and here he was, flesh and blood, willing to help.

Mickey walked along the wooden pathway that led to the little house he lived in with me'mam, for she seemed to have no

other name, and returned shortly with a little chubby woman, the widow of the eponymous Fat Freddie. She came down the walkway with surprising speed, two little dogs at her feet.

"Get yourselves off now, I can give you an hour, no more or my baking will be ruined," she ordered, patting her ludicrous red curls. "Oh, look at this place," she then muttered, and started tidying the surprisingly immaculate bar. "The way you carry on ..."

Me'mam's words were lost to the wind as Mickey and Angie quickly stuttered thanks, reduced to infancy by her powerful presence, and walked out to the beach where Mickey's old **Zodiac** was pulled up next to Angie's kayak. They hefted the kayak into the boat and pushed off the beach, and all three leapt in over the bow, some more gracefully than others. Angie started to paddle to deeper water as Mickey tilted the **twenty horsepower Merc** into the crystal clear waters of the calm ocean.

The trip to the houseboat took mere minutes compared to Angie's paddle, and after skirting the new resort, now apparently deserted despite the occasional light Angie could swear she had seen at night, they approached the bow carefully so as not to disturb the earthly, or waterly, remains of Andy. Angie clambered aboard and tied the **painter** to the railing. Taxi made it with a little help from his friends and they all walked apprehensively through the centre hall of the houseboat to the back deck, where the boathook still leant against the swim slide that graced the stern, looking so innocent in the sunshine.

Mickey picked up the boathook and turned to Angie, who had a moment's doubt about coming back alone with him as he stared at its sharp, hooked end. But she laughed and relaxed as he grinned at her and said, "I hope our chum isn't **chum!**"

She didn't find his next words so funny, but laughed nervously nonetheless.

"I fear our friend has vanished, but this sure looks like his flip-flop," Mickey said, as he waved the hideous object in the air, suspended from the point of the boathook.



**Chapter Seven, in which Mickey and Angie look at each other in confusion, the elephant in the room is not ignored and Angie is unpleasantly reminded of Tolkien.**

Mickey and Angie looked at each other in confusion. He, worried that she had freaked herself out and seen only a flip-flop and imagined the body, hesitated to say anything, not wanting to make her think he didn't trust her, which he did. It just seemed possible she had been mistaken. Angie was thinking almost the same thing. The pot was excellent, she had been worrying ... but she had touched that fleshy leg. Surely she couldn't have merely poked a sea cucumber? She had dragged Mickey all the way here ... embarrassment mingled with doubt.

Finally Angie broke the silence, and offered Mickey a quick cup of coffee before he rushed back to me'mam. He readily accepted, glad to move, and they went into the main cabin of the houseboat where she put the kettle on and sat down at the settee with a sigh. Mickey ground the beans and got the filter down, naturally falling into his bar-tending ways.

"Isn't that just like Andy. 'Wrong place, wrong time, wrong shoes' should be his epitaph," he said, reaching for two souvenir mugs that Angie had bought to augment the tiny ones that had come with the houseboat.

I really don't think I made this up," Angie reluctantly said, addressing the elephant in the room.

"I didn't say you did ..." Mickey started.

"But you were thinking it," Angie finished for him, "and so was I. It can be a little unsettling to be out here alone, and what with that stellar weed you put me on the track of, I suppose I could be getting a bit paranoid."

"I thought Jameson would be able to assist you. He specializes in customer service."

"As do you," Angie politely replied, accepting a steaming hot cup of coffee from him, cream and honey just as she liked it, without asking. It really was hard not to like him a bit too much, Angie thought to herself. But she was just feeling vulnerable, so that made men unfairly attractive she also thought to herself. There were two flare guns on the boat, and she remembered the end of *Dead Calm* all too well.

A chill went through her despite the hot coffee and she realised she could hear the low distant thud of a helicopter. No, a few helicopters. It would be the DEA, the American Drug Enforcement Agency, doing their usual swoop and terrify with their enormous black helicopters.

"Don't you feel safe now?," Mickey joked as he too heard the approaching thud thud. "I really do have to get back to the bar or I am as good as dead. Do you want to come with me while you shake off the creeps?"

"No," Angie slowly replied, as she put down her coffee and started to walk with him to the bow. "I'll be fine. Either it was an hallucination or maybe the tide has taken him," she added hopefully. "You don't suppose he could be getting sucked toward the blue hole? They warned me about snorkelling near it during certain tides and said it can force water right through a hole under the reef that people can get stuck in. Seemed a bit alarmist at the time. There are fabulous fish to see."

"I hope you aren't snorkelling there alone," he looked at her with genuine concern. "It really is dangerous and you should always have a buddy. But you know that," he added jumping into his whaler.

"Yes, of course," Angie lied as she watched him start the motor. The blue hole was close and so full of blue tangs that it was irresistible, and she knew to go at slack tide.

The helicopters had approached so closely now and were flying so low that the windows on the houseboat rattled, and conversation was impossible as they passed overhead, reminding Angie of the Dark Riders from Tolkien,

*like vultures that expect their fill of doomed men's flesh. Out of sight and shot they flew, and yet were ever present, and their deadly voices rent the air. More unbearable they became, not less, at each new cry. At length even the stout-hearted would fling themselves to the ground as the hidden menace passed over them, or they would stand, letting their weapons fall from nerveless hands while into their minds a blackness came, and they thought no more of war, but only of hiding and of crawling, and of death.*



**Chapter Eight: in which Angie gets nostalgic, acts tough,  
and finds trouble.**

Angie shook off the chills and sat back down with her cup of coffee. She looked at the half full cup set down on the other side of the table. Did men feel they needed a woman in their lives to complete the picture? She really liked being alone, but that cup made her nostalgic for an image she retained from her childhood of a simpler time, a **Norman Rockwell time**, that had probably never existed for most people she sternly reminded herself. But being a modern independent woman really sucked sometimes, like now.

She finished her cup and quickly tidied up, finishing Mickey's coffee too, and decided to double check on the flare guns. They were both in a locker that opened from the back deck, and she went back and pulled the unlocked padlock from the rusty latch. The guns themselves were clean, however, and wrapped in a dust cloth, and the flares were up-to-date and dry. The houseboat company had been excellent about equipping the boat ... the rust was unavoidable with the salt water, and nobody locked much of anything around here.

Angie separated the two guns, deciding to put one if not under her pillow, darn close to it. Maybe she should put her pillow under her gun like **Chuck Norris** she thought and laughed out loud. There was really nowhere to hide it in what passed for her bedroom, which was well-named for it contained almost entirely bed, and so Angie popped it under the pillow, wrapped in a tea towel, with two flares in a ziplock baggie beside it.

With that done, Angie began to feel ridiculous. Here she was in paradise, with no one around for miles and miles, acting like a movie tough guy, and all she had to show for it was a used flip-flop. She felt awash with nervous energy, what with the drink at the bar and now the coffee, and the dim haze of the morning joint. The whole morning began to feel like a dream. A swim seemed out, but again, was she just letting things get to her? Why not just start the day all over again, and swim to the beach with poor old Taxi who was panting in the gathering heat.

Dogs should always rule the day, she thought, and grabbing her snorkelling gear she went to the bow with a now excited pooch. She dove in, sun shirt and all, and swam back to get her gear from the deck. Much easier to put on flippers in the water, though it was still a

laborious process. One day she would have to get the courage up to do a backwards roll into the water, but not today. Taxi had jumped in almost on top of her, his form of rescue that was much to be avoided, and it wasn't long before the two of them were splashing through the calm water on the short swim to the beach nearby.

The beach was on the leeward side of the cay that formed the protected harbour in which she was anchored, with the Atlantic Ocean on the other side. The land was made of ancient coral, and was tricky to walk on, but enough people over the centuries had made the trek that there was a hint of a path. Angie took off her snorkel and mask and flippers, leaving them at the side of the beach, and with her swim socks still on, clambered with Taxi to the top of the ridge and they looked together at the vast expanse before them. The wind quickly dried her wet shirt, and warming in the sun she decided to continue down to the rocky Atlantic beach.

Taxi was already there, sniffing his way along, interested mostly in fishy remains, things dropped by the gulls who came and ate their meals here, some apparently consisting of presumably unhappy clams, although their troubles were long over. Angie followed his lead, as she often did, and caught sight of something shiny a few yards up the beach. [Trying to clean the oceans of plastic](#) one piece at a time may be futile, she thought, but one should try and one never knew what one might find. Just the corner of a garbage bag, caught under some driftwood. And then another bit of garbage bag, and then a square pillow package, about the size of a big doughnut box, wrapped in white plastic.

Before Angie could really register what she was seeing, she heard the whine of a speed boat and with instinctive panic, whistled to Taxi. Keeping as low as possible she made a clumsy beeline over the ridge, slicing her calves in the process. She turned and lay low amongst the rocks, holding onto Taxi and willing him to be quiet. The whine got louder and a slick blue boat slowed down a few hundred metres off shore. Angie could just make out a figure leaning over the edge, lifting dripping white packages into the boat, with the sunlight shining off the metal end of his boat hook.





**Chapter Nine: in which the plot thickens, we meet the DEA officers who had so rudely interrupted Angie, and morality is in short supply.**

The DEA helicopter headed up the chain of islands, making its intimidating return trip to Miami surprisingly quickly, and touched down behind the Department of Justice building. There had been little conversation on the ride, but Jeffrey Stewart, the junior of the two officers, finally spoke.

"That was really stupid. Why would you arrange a drop so close to that damned resort? And there is always someone anchored in behind that little cay. I am done with this ..," he trailed off, uncertainly.

"Oh, it's just some chick on a houseboat, I checked with Carmen at immigration. Pretty sure she smokes pot ... I don't think she will want to cause a ruckus." Henry Lafleur looked at his colleague. "And I told you this was the last time. Wait until you are holding your share of the profit ... I told Nick we would meet him at [The Living Room](#) once we were safe and sound. Let's go check in and check out!"

The two men walked across the asphalt towards the office building that housed the Justice Department's [High Intensity Drug Trafficking Area](#)'s regional office.

"It's simple," Henry continued. "The system is all in place, and all we do is pull a lever and drop some cargo. Fifty thousand is a lot of money for a few seconds, and anyhow do you want to say no to our boss?"

Jeffrey said nothing, head down, thinking as he often did that this bore no relation to the career he had imagined as a boy, helping people by stopping bad guys. When had he gone wrong? How could he fix it? Not by acting like he was now, he thought. Play along ... that's how he got here in the first place, but it was also how he was going to get out he dimly saw. Or at least it would keep him alive ... how did life get so complicated?

"Sure, Henry. I was just jumpy. Let's go and finish this up and start drinking. I could really use a cold beer ... or six."

Relieved, Henry pushed on the revolving doors of the building and they entered the cool, polished interior, becoming more officer-like with every step. Upstairs they quickly reported that the trip had been routine and they had seen nothing out of place, refuelling in **Puerto Bolívar**, Columbia as usual. And just to their boss, Christopher Higgins, they mentioned that the trip had also gone *very well*, and they hoped he would join them for drinks after shift at The Living Room.

"That would be great. Let me just make a few calls," he said with a wink, a wink that briefly transformed his usually nondescript face into an evil hawk if anything, certainly not the friendly conspirator he intended.

"Head along and warm up a booth." He dismissed the two men and picked up his phone as they left his office.

He called three people. His sister, Carmen, who still lived in the Bahamas but in Exuma far from **Elbow Cay** where they had been born, and who had checked out Angie for him when she first rented the houseboat. A number in Key West, which did connect to a person, but whom he wished never to know. And his mum who now lived in Nassau because of the hospital.

He was, after all, a family man. A rich family man, he happily thought, and if there were no illegal drug trade, he wouldn't have a job. He laughed to himself about the layered irony, but it never occurred to him to do anything other than profit from it.



**Chapter Ten: in which Angie waits, barely breathing, a package is lost and then found, and a well-earned nap is had.**

Angie waited, barely breathing while holding Taxi to keep him still, hoping the men would not come looking for their missing package. They were looking around in the water and she assumed they knew how many packages had been dropped. She shivered intensely and suddenly had to pee desperately.

"Please leave," she implored the two men silently, to herself, "this is not the package you are looking for."

Much to her amazement one of them looked at his watch and gestured sharply to the other. They took one more quick look around, but then put the motor in gear and took off at high speed. Angie stayed put for what felt to her bladder like hours, and then released Taxi from her panicked hold. The grateful hound ran off and peed under a bush, finding what little shade there was. Angie imitated her clever pooch and then sat down and pondered, while Taxi licked the blood off her right shin, the only scratch that turned out to be bad.

"There is nothing for it," she finally told the dog, "we need to go down there and at least find out what is in that bundle. Dollars to doughnuts, it isn't doughnuts."

Poking her head up over the bush, she looked around and could see the speed boat way off in the distance, just about to round the point near the resort. It seemed safe enough, and she scrambled down, much more carefully than she had ascended, toward the driftwood that had snagged the errant parcel. It was still there, bobbing with each ebbing wave, as the tide was just beginning to turn.

Heart in throat she pulled it out, ripping the garbage bag outer-wrapping that had snagged on a sharp piece of metal, caught up in the driftwood and seaweed. The inner bag was tightly packed and intact, and she stared at it, uncertain of her next move.

"Okay, genius, now what? You cannot take this back to the boat . . ." she began, starting to argue with herself, as she often did. But the argument was over

before it had really begun, as it often was, the answer lying in the denial.

She stood up, holding the package close to her chest, and climbed once more up the jagged coral path and then with much relief down the other side of the cay to the little beach. There was the houseboat, lying serene out of the Atlantic wind and waves, and her flippers and mask on a rock to the side making the whole thing look like a postcard.

Angie and Taxi crashed through the idyllic scene, Angie floating the package before her as she pulled on her flippers in the shallow water, eager to get within the confines of the houseboat. They tied, reaching the swim platform at the stern of the boat at the same time, and Angie helped Taxi up with an undignified push on his backside, having tossed the package as far inside as she could.

She grabbed a big towelling gown, and then stripped naked, wrapping herself with much grateful pleasure in the warm folds, chilled to the bone both physically and mentally. Picking up the package she went into the galley and put it on the table.

"Curiosity was bad for the cat," she thought as she got the sharp paring knife from the drawer. Trying not to cut the string that bound the plastic, she slipped the knife under a fold and made a little slice. A tiny bit of white powder dribbled onto the table. Angie touched some to her lips. Cocaine, not pot. And now she had it on her houseboat. She tipped the package up so it could spill no more, and looked around for something to plug the leak. Angie stuffed in the tiny corner of a garbage bag, and then wrapping the parcel tightly with the rest of the bag, she jammed it under the hot water tank in the utility cupboard, .

"We will have to take it back," she told Taxi, "but we will do it under cover of darkness." And then, despite all the anxieties of the situation, she lay down on her bed and fell sound asleep. Taxi took a quick tour of the boat, and then lay down at the door of her bedroom, deciding he should be on watch, or at least in the way, while his mistress took a well-earned nap.



**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.



**Chapter Twelve, in which Taxi is offended, Mickey is flattered, and the Mounties are dispatched.**

Angie could hear that Fat Freddie's was fairly noisy as she paddled around the shore before turning into the harbour that gave access to the land. You could see where the bar had to be from the ocean side as there was an old fishing boat, about thirty-five feet long, perched high up on the craggy shore, its old faded paint blending in with the rocks but still visible from up close. From the land side this boat actually served as a lookout and sometimes patio, when the wind was down and the weather balmy, as it was tonight, with a deck built all around the base affording an uninterrupted view of the Atlantic. It also served notice that the harbour entrance was about to appear, an entrance that was hard to spot at times.

Angie made quick work of the short paddle up the harbour and pulled the kayak up the beach, stowing the long paddle beside the boathook in the bottom. Thinking of the noise, and still jittery, she untied the painter and quickly jury-rigged a lead for Taxi out of the line. He looked up at her, obviously deeply offended, and she patted his head while explaining that she trusted him, just not other people. Mollified and in complete agreement with her reasoning, he began to sniff around turning his attention to the important task of selecting which of the myriad objects that he could smell needed a little dose of Taxi scent to improve the night air. And as they made their way up the path to the bar, the lights and music and laughter began to lighten both their steps after such a ludicrous day.

Mickey Finn's face brightened as he saw the pair approaching over the boardwalk leading up from the beach, and he flashed his beaming smile at her. She smiled back, and suddenly realised that she was not going to tell him about the cocaine. Not because of lack of trust in him, more in herself. She liked him and what was she going to say? "I found a body and it vanished, and then I found some cocaine, but I gave it back and have no evidence, not even a flip-flop." No, she was going to say, "One ice cold Kalik for me, and a bowl of water for my dog, please, Handsome," and take it from there.

Which she did, and Mickey quickly reached down into a cooler to hide the flash of pleasure her words had caused, coming up composed with a dripping bottle for Angie, having also added a fresh bowl of water to the bowls already out for me'mam's little pooches. The television was on, but muted, that irritating habit that so many restaurants and bars now had, a talking head talking about the latest disaster but the sound track replaced with music and chatter, creating a horrible disconnect.

In this case, however, it was tuned to a game, and Angie had to laugh because it was a Canadian Football League game, the mighty CFL determined to show Americans how football is played: in the snow, on a longer field, with only three downs, one for each of the fans in the stadium. She had explained the difference in rules between the CFL and the NFL to Mickey, who being of Irish decent had glazed over immediately, once he remembered that the ball wasn't round and you weren't allowed to kick it much, despite it still being called football. But he must have been a little curious, Angie thought, because there it was on the big screen, and Angie felt a warm glow as she sat down and drank in the ambience.

The game was coming up on half-time, and the coverage turned briefly into a mini newscast, a brief taster of the delayed Canadian national news to come, the CBC's Newshour. Words began to appear across the bottom of the screen, and suddenly there was Andy's face. "Larger than life," Angie thought with a guilty gasp as she read:

"SEARCH CONTINUES FOR ANDREW ANDERSON, SON OF TORONTO REAL ESTATE DEVELOPER MAGNUS ANDERSON. RCMP TO SEND SMALL DETACHMENT TO MIAMI AND EXUMA, BAHAMAS, WHERE HE WAS LAST SEEN. AGAINST POLICE WISHES, MAGNUS IS OFFERING A REWARD OF \$10,000 DOLLARS FOR ANY INFORMATION ABOUT HIS SON'S WHEREABOUTS."

"Ten thousand dollars! Cheap bastard ... poor Andy, even in death his dad just had to insult him one more time. No wonder he grew up to be so irritating," Angie said to Mickey after explaining what she had read.

"Oh, Andy, you came and you took without giving," Mickey sang with a grin as he handed her another beer. "And now the Mounties are coming ... and they always get their man, or Mandy as the case may be," he finished as Angie laughed and he watched, happy to see her happy.



**Chapter 13, in which we re-meet our old friend Dan Farley,  
Dan calls upon an old friend, Luke McNaughton, and a  
weather window is sought for a return to another old  
friend, the Exumas.**

The sun rose clear and hot the next morning, waking Dan Farley as the panting of his dog slowly resolved out of the tangled dream he was having, where blue tangs swam amongst oleanders, and he was being chased, or chasing something through a bog ... but the foul miasma was real and he reached out and ruffled Moron's head.

Dan got up and pulled on his shorts ... he would soon be swimming with blue tangs and smelling the oleanders but first he had some work to do. It was almost a year since he had actually had the boat at sail, it having turned into more his house than his boat over the past five years. Dan had been working in construction since finishing his Master's degree at the University of Miami's Biscayne Campus, which housed The School of Environment, Arts and Society (SEAS) program.

That had been a full-time endeavour but luckily he had been able to live aboard his boat during his studies, moored at the Coconut Grove. But it had been wonderful to trade the dust of academia for the dust of construction, and the bustle of Miami for the relatively laid back charm of Key Largo. And now maybe these two interests would come together in Exuma, but finally working for himself he thought. He started visualizing his eco-resort, happily day-dreaming while conveniently forgetting that the First Bank of the Exumas actually owned the whole thing, he just had the debt, having somehow also been leant the money to finance it.

After a quick trip ashore with Moron, and breakfast in a local diner, Dan sat down and pulled out his old charts and fired up his laptop, feeling a twinge, caught between two worlds and not sure how they would collide, the speed of the new versus the calmer pace of the past. But retrospection and reflection would have to wait. Plenty of time on the sail to the Exumas which would take at least a week and that was counting on favourable winds. Possible to solo it, but much better with company, not merely canine, he thought, scratching the dog's head amiably.

He had never had much luck with the female of the species, he sighed to himself, wishing, as he had more and more frequently of late, that he had a first mate. Double entendre intended, a joke his parents used to make. He sighed again and picked up the phone, calling his old friend and sometimes boat-mate, Luke McNaughton, hoping to catch him between jobs and ready for an all-paid adventure to the Bahamas.

Luke had agreed almost immediately, wanting a break from his peculiar but fascinating job constructing water parks all around the world, **the most recent one in Beijing**. He had always been a talented carpenter, really an artist, and despite a difficult family life, which had led to an alarming relationship with drugs, his ability to make everyday objects beautifully out of wood had kept him well-employed and had eventually led to this bizarre opportunity. But he was back in Miami, he had said, with no commitments for at least a month, and would high-tail it to Key Largo without delay.

A crew mate assured, and the best of the best, even if he would make a terrible wife ... Dan grinned at the thought of an enormous Scots wife, red-haired and possibly clutching a **claymore** ... and started to search for wind conditions over the next few days, hoping to see a weather window for the crossing to Bimini. There they could clear **Bahamian customs** and get their cruising permit, good for 90 days, and once in he could work on the logistics of getting an extended visitors permit. And then a long shot south to the tip of the Exumas, **Highbourne Cay**, and then to what would be his new home he really hoped, in the same islands that he had sailed in as a young boy with his parents.



**Chapter Fourteen, in which a relationship is not consummated but a delicious breakfast is consumed.**

Angie woke the next morning on the screened-in sunporch of Mickey and me'mam's cottage, for it was more cottage than house, and stretched happily. Taxi was sprawled at her feet, me'mam's dogs were at his feet, and she and Mickey had let friendship triumph over lust. Of course there was me'mam's presence to help keep a lid on things, but both of them secretly knew that there was no consummating this flirtatious relationship if there was any hope of its lasting, at least not in the near future. Falling in lust was easy to do, but awfully messy.

Angie quickly snuck her bra back on, in *that magic way girls have* without removing her t-shirt, and slipped on her jeans. Letting herself and the dogs out for a morning pee, the facilities not being attached to the house, she smoothed her hair and composed herself for the onslaught of me'mam's presence and Irish breakfast. But a hearty breakfast was just what was called for, as she and Mickey, actively suppressing other urges, had planned to kayak around the entire cay this morning and have a peak at the resort from both sides and just generally nose around.

Breakfast did not disappoint, sausages and eggs and potatoes and cheese all magically turned out in one pan but perfectly cooked. And a little spicy, like a memory of Fat Freddie remained in her cooking. Mickey had appeared silently, clean like a schoolboy in for inspection, and had apparently *passed muster* for he got a kiss on the head. He grinned at Angie and said "I'm almost eight!" and me'mam cuffed him lightly but lovingly, and said "That makes me twenty-eight." "Twenty-four, Mam, but whose counting," he said, ducking swiftly.

Mickey and Angie tried to clean up but it was a bust, and they were quickly shoed out of the kitchen, with assurances that me'mam could hold the fort down, bar and all, at least until four that afternoon. Grabbing some water bottles and a couple of beers from the bar's coolers they made their way to the waterfront and clambered into the kayak, which floated surprisingly well, once they were all aboard, with Taxi lying on on the glass bottom and keeping still. Tying the beverages in lest they dump the

kayak, they set out back down the Atlantic side of the cay that Angie had paddled the night before. Me'mam's figure could just be made out on the balcony around the old boat up on the shore, and they waved cheerfully in the morning sun.

It was a stunning morning, and the water was crystal clear, the Atlantic strangely calm. But the weather report was clear and the radar had looked clear too, just one of those lucky mornings. They paddled silently, soaking in the joy of mechanical advantage as the boat slid smoothly forward, and then laughing when they caught a paddle full, inadvertently, and sometimes vertently, soaking the other.

The cove and beach of the currently abandoned resort grew larger and larger, the beach augmented with ground up coral looking like a scar on the landscape. They stayed fairly far out, trying to see if there was anyone moving about while pretending not to. It looked clear, and they decided to paddle up a bit further to a little natural beach around the next point, where they could pull up the kayak and do a little poking around, but make a discreet exit if necessary, with Angie pulling the curious tourist routine.

It was amazing how quickly the remains of the resort were being reclaimed by the island, not to mention the islanders. The salvagers had removed almost every piece of metal, rope and wood that was loose and not too heavy, and sand and vines were working on the foundations. You could still see where everything had been ... a cooking area with fire pits and a huge old propane tank, an outdoor amphitheatre, with enormous sea buoys painted green and red in the jungle to guide the erstwhile tourists, the foundations of the rental cottages and main hotel building.

"Someone's dream," Angie said, in a whisper as if not to disturb it.

"Someone's nightmare," Mickey whispered back, and they both stood in awe at the vanity of man.



**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 into 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 moment's worry that 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."



**Chapter Sixteen, in which nothing much happens, but we see where people stand, literally and figuratively, and Angie has a slight attitude adjustment, which she almost fails to notice.**

Angie didn't need to play the dumb tourist, as she had intended if they ran into anyone, as the act seemed to be coming naturally. Dan was similarly afflicted, so Mickey, shaking his head comically at Luke and rolling his eyes, stepped forward.

"Good thing we're not dogs," he said affably, sticking out his hand. "Mickey Finn, I run a little bar down at the end of the island."

"Luke, Luke McNaughton, and that's my friend, Dan," he said correcting Dan who had just introduced himself to Angie as Nad.

Luke and Mickey sized each other up, both secretly wishing they were more like dogs, not the sniffing part so much as the **figuring out who could take who, by going at it in a sand pit** part. They were both clearly of the sheep-dog persuasion and by the looks of their two charges, they were going to need to be on their guard.

Dan and Angie were also watching the dogs, and looked as if they might find the sand pit a little too **convivial**. Perhaps Luke and Mickey could get along without a preliminary wrestle they silently agreed with some sort of secret man signal as they instinctively accepted their roles as second fiddles, a role they were both a little **too familiar** with.

And as the four of them stood there, surrounded by the encroaching undergrowth, they felt a kind of natural bond, as if they too were foreign objects getting bound to the island and each other by invisible tendrils. Explanations were quickly made, and honestly, which saved much time. Dan was eager for information and Mickey was a fount of local knowledge, and the four of them sat down on the **benches of the remains of the outdoor amphitheatre** letting the dogs play to their hearts' content.

Dan's excitement at getting to actually stand on land he had only dreamed of owning, and then meeting Angie, had him more forth-coming about his plans than he normally would have been and it wasn't long before the conflict between what he intended to do and how it would impact where he was standing and where Angie and Mickey were living began to make conversation awkward. Mickey was particularly conflicted. Development would undoubtedly be good for business, but things had been just fine as they were. Local employment was always good, but strangers brought strangers' problems. And he felt protective of Angie.

Dan sighed and stood up, stretching to cover his discomfort. "Well, I really must walk the property, and see what the salvagers have left me. And this afternoon I want to have a look at the reef and the dredging. No matter what happens, at least I have been able to stop that."

"They hadn't been able to get very far, until recently when the lawsuit against the previous owners was thrown out," said Angie who had been following the case closely. "It isn't too late ..."

"I know, I hope," replied Dan, "I have been watching it too. That's kind of how this whole strange situation came up. When the bankers contacted me they knew about my involvement with REEF. That's partly why it seemed to make sense. But the reality of it, standing here ... do you see how maybe a resort could be done gently?" he added wistfully.

Angie looked over and was about to say something flippant, struck by his saying the bankers had contacted him first, but stopped when she saw the look on his face as his eyes swept over the trees and sand. He liked it just the way it was. You could tell. Instead she stood quietly by his side, looking through the trees towards the ocean and wondered how she could help him.

