

Chapter Nineteen in which the RCMP and Coast Guard take an aeroplane and a taxi to a boat and drink beer.

While Val was exploring her options and trying to pretend she wasn't already well versed in black jack, having been a **croupier** in an earlier life, and Frank and Vinnie were exploring Magnus' suitcase and room, the two RCMP officers, Bob Greene and Doug Henderson, and the Coast Guard officer, André Ladoucer, were boarding their Bahamas Air flight to Exuma.

They had arranged to **rent a houseboat while in the Exumas**, an idea Andre had put forward after he had explained about his daughter's already being on site. The freedom and privacy a boat provided was essential compared to the hustle and bustle of a hotel, where the staff had access to your room while you were gone.

Their chosen cover, a scuba holiday, was perfect for nosing around and Andre explained Bob and Doug that he had managed to get in touch with Angie before leaving and he was sure she would be able to keep his cover. She had let him know of two ideal anchorages they could select tomorrow when they left the rental dock. The simple plan was to strike up a natural friendship between fellow houseboat renters and divers.

They were all looking forward to the experience now that they had met and found each other agreeable. None was a zealot, which was a huge relief to all three, and they settled into their seats eager to finally get to their destination. They planned to sleep at the dock that night and not attempt to move the boat in the gathering darkness and happily accepted a beer from the stewardess, delighted she could rally and serve the 30 or so passengers on the **Dash 8**, a very popular plane in the Caribbean. The beer was **Kalik Gold**, and the forty minute flight was over almost before it had begun and the three found their bags and went outside the **tiny airport** and arranged for a ride to the houseboat offices.

"Have you made any dinner plans?" the driver asked, clearly intent on sending them to a relative's

establishment and hoping to adopt them during their stay, a common practice on the islands. He had introduced himself as Thomas and had produced a card should they need future rides on the island.

"No, but we are mighty hungry," Doug replied, looking at the others and getting nods of agreement.

They needed to get a feel for the island, and a night out was part of the plan. Going undercover was going to be interesting and they must watch themselves, but they needed to work their way into the social scene. He asked Thomas where they should go, knowing that their options were limited. They had cased the island over the internet and through discussions with the Miami Coast Guard but had to remember that they were meant to be first time tourists.

Thomas recommended the [Chat 'N' Chill](#), and they were delighted to agree having hoped that would be his suggestion. He offered to come and pick them up after they had checked in to their houseboat and they told him to wait as they were starving. The boat was just able to accommodate the three large men and their scuba gear but they quickly got everything stowed to their satisfaction and reunited with Charlie for their night out.

