

## Chapter Twenty-One in which connections are made, in a number of ways.

Luke and Mickey came back with the beer and sandwich fixings and two bones for the dogs, and while Angie and Dan dried off with the towels Mickey had brought from the kayak, they laid out a spread. The four bipeds ate in silence, the quadrupeds not so much, but after the beer the chatter began again, and Angie told them about the strange lights she had seen at the abandoned resort at night, and about thinking she had found Andy's body.

Mickey, who had heard her story before, or had been there, was idly scratching Moron's head when he suddenly sat up and said, "Why didn't you tell me! Holy Mother of God, I could strangle you."

Angie, in telling the story again and in the present company, found she was describing finding the package of cocaine and putting it back. Something she had not told Micky, fearing looking like a fool after the missing corpse episode. Her story was coming out chronologically, and Mickey's shock was not so much from her omission but from realising that she had found the package shortly after they had heard the DEA helicopters. Sure, it could be a coincidence, but he didn't think so.

"There has been a real change lately in the drug world ..," Mickey paused as Dan and Luke gave him rather intense looks of interest. "It's the bar and village where I live ... you get to know everyone and everything," he explained vaguely.

Angie interjected. "Mickey was able to point me towards some excellent weed, but he just knows who to talk to. His mum is far too terrifying to have anything illegal take place anywhere near their bar," she added, grinning at Mickey.

"Once you meet her, you'll understand," Mickey continued taking the teasing in stride. "She is more force of nature than human. But really there has been more cocaine on the island lately, good clean cocaine and the question of where it was coming from has been on my mind. But even cynical old me didn't think of the DEA. I don't

see why not. They run the drugs, then they run the swat teams. Without the drugs they have nothing to swat."

"I was thinking Andy, maybe," he continued. "Rich disaffected son, from a big urban centre. And the real estate trade has always made me a little upset with the emphasis on new and improved, so I was biased."

"So he really was trying to find some coke that night in the bar when he was so obnoxious? He wasn't kidding. He was so drunk by the end of it that nothing he said made much sense. Did he sleep all night in the dinghy on the beach?" Angie asked Mickey.

"Yes. I threw an old blanket over him and got a boat cushion wedged behind him so he was stuck on his side. He must have slunk off in the morning but I'll bet he was still drunk. I should have hidden his keys better but the drive out will have sobered him. No, he left here alive or at least in his own vehicle ... I suppose he needn't have been alive if he had an assistant .. but I heard the motor start and me'mam's dogs started too, yapping like mad. It was early and I let them out but didn't check outside, the car was already gone."

"Whoa, whoa.," chimed in Dan, aware that he wasn't meant to know anything about this yet because Angie's confidence in him was paramount, "are you saying you think the DEA is running drugs through Exuma? Someone or something is haunting my resort at night? There is an extraneous corpse around? And you can get us amazing pot?"

Luke looked over at Dan. "And you said this wasn't going to be a vacation."

