

## Outerbridge Sound

### Chapter 7 – The Major

**“Kate Russo was a summer resident on Jannsen, there were a growing number of them. Her full-time home had been Chicago, but she’d reached an age where the winters seemed to make every joint ache for three or four months of the year.”**

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Denise Scott had learned to be cautious with money. SHP had been through a dry patch once. Two shows in a row hadn’t brought in the expected viewer numbers and like everyone else in the entertainment industry, the public’s adoration made you, or broke you. Not Sam’s fault, the content had looked good, as solid and sensational as their past work. What had been Sam’s fault was keeping staff on the payroll they couldn’t afford, purely because he felt sorry for them. Worst of all, he’d lied to her about sacking them. That meant when the final wave of redundancy notices had been given out, the London office had ended up with just her and the cleaner coming in every day. Some of her best researchers had been lost to competitors, though one or two had agreed to work from home on a case-by-case basis. Deep down somewhere, Denise knew she still harboured a grudge about those dark days at SHP.

“Good morning, Izzy.” Said Denise. “Did Pru get back to you about the Major ?”

“Yes, let me pull up the right screen.....”

The back office had been empty for a while, the desks ready for the day they were needed again. Old computers, though those using them weren’t going to be power users. Word processing, emails and the occasional search on the web. The hardware was quite capable of doing all that. A good clean and a quick check by their external IT guy and the back office was back in business again. Izzy had been a recommendation from a friend and so far, she’d turned out to be a real find. The data on the Major filled a screen, so Denise pulled over a chair to sit on.

“Here we are.....The Major told you he’d been in the United States army, which isn’t true.” Said Izzy.

“He bought a company called Major’s Quality Automobiles and named himself after the company, rather than the other way around. His real name is Arthur Mullen.”

“Does he even live in Texas ?” Asked Denise.

“No, born, raised and currently lives in Miami. No criminal record to speak of, but he definitely never served in anyone’s army.”

“A real pity, I’d hoped to make him a large part of the early episodes. Vince went on about him being the Major though and other passengers on the glass bottomed boat mentioned it. Use him now and we’re in danger of looking like fools. I think Arthur is going to end up as a mystery military guy we never actually meet.”

“Do you want me to send him a polite we’ll call you email ?” Asked Izzy.

“No, I need to talk to Sam, he might have a work round for Arthur being a bit of a fraud. I’ll contact Arthur when we’ve made up our minds.”

“Do you have all his contact info ?”

“Oh yes, including his Facebook and Twitter accounts.” Said Denise. “He’d made sure I had his Instagram account too, and at least three email accounts.”

“He sounds a bit pushy.”

“Well.....He does sell cars for a living.” Said Denise.

Izzy didn't know the half of it. The Major, AKA Arthur Mullen, had called the office when he'd realised his experience in the glass bottomed boat might have a dollar value. He'd offered to pay for his own air fare and accommodation to Janssen, for him and his wife. With the agreement that he used his own words and had two chances to mention his car dealership, complete with contact details. That had been the point when Denise had decided to get the Major checked out.

“Anything interesting from this morning's calls ?” Asked Denise.

“Not really, but the Americans aren't usually up and about until after about three pm, our time. Some new contacts late last night saying they'd seen the Landry kids, or the two dead tourists. Everyone just saying how nice they seemed.....The usual stuff.”

The trouble was that the usual stuff made boring TV shows. Endless lines of people saying the Landry kids were polite and nice weren't of any use, though they might get onto the SHP website at some point. An obituary page, very tastefully put together. Denise filed that away in her mental Rotadex, as something that deserved to be considered.

“Any problems, you know where I am.” Said Denise.

The back office had come back to life, the constant murmur beating the sound proofing partitions. Denise loved the noise of a busy office and there were still two desks to be filled. She found herself humming Christmas carols as she sat at her desk, something she associated with happy times. She sent a quicky email to Nicki Outerbridge.

‘Nicki – The Major isn't going to work out as we'd hoped. I need to discuss options with Sam. Please ask him to call me at his earliest. You know the drill....And thanks for being our email go between - Denise.’

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Sam had asked Nicki to use her Jeep, as the black SUV was new on Janssen. It would be noticed and he wanted them to be part of the background. No decent broadcast quality camera either, just a small hand-held digital home movie camera, the kind lots of cruise ship passengers carried.

“They can't really think Vince killed those tourists.” Said Nicki. “He's a little strange, but he wouldn't hurt anyone.”

“We're just here to offer sympathy Nicki.” Said Sam. “No rocking the boat. Your brother was the one who set this in motion. Park over there, we'll wait for the police to arrive.”

It had been something he'd agreed with J Outerbridge, agreed as a necessity for SHP being given full access to anyone on Janssen. More importantly it meant that any requests put through the local government system would be quickly rubber stamped. No more wondering if vehicles and equipment would be allowed in. Nicki knew of course, she'd heard every word of his late-night meeting with her brother. For some reason she'd chosen that moment to give him a hard time about it.

“You're not exactly investigative journalists.” J had told him that night. “I've seen a few of your shows and they were good fun. Just use a few pieces of the interview with Vince, the one where he admits to driving the tourists off the road. Put them on Twitter, that's all I ask.....Oh, and stop looking into how often passports are checked in The Donder Isles.”

It had all been so easy to agree to, it wasn't as if they hadn't worked with foreign governments before. A little quid pro quo to help oil the gears, was almost standard practise. There had been the addition of a politician's niece in South East Asia, a pretty girl desperate for a few moments of screen time. Besides, a little demographic research had shown serial killers actually increased tourism to a given location. On the other hand, a young child being dragged off and devoured by some kind of

unknown predator....The cruise ships were already muttering about lower passenger numbers wanting to go ashore at Janssen.

“So, you’re really going to use Vince’s interview to help hang him ?” Snapped Nicki.

“You know he was interviewed by the police. He told them he wasn’t sure if he’d hurt the tourists or not. There will be admissibility issues with a lot of recordings, but by the time the FBI are finished with him.....Vince is going to be found guilty, we both know it.”

“I know, they’ll probably blame the dead Landry kid on him too.”

They were only there to film the official arrest of Vince, because Thomas Outerbridge had given them a date and time. Another favour, information passed on by Nicki. Now for some reason she was looking at him as though he was a monster.

“You’re just like my brothers.” Yelled Nicki. “A bastard, you’re a complete bastard.”

She ran away from him, but she did wait outside of the house where Vince lived with June, his mum. Poor June had thought her boy was going to earn a small fortune working as a runner for SHP. Now the cops had arrived to arrest Vince and he was likely to be extradited to America, the poor bastard. He was likely to be tried in the Landry’s home state and Louisiana still had the death penalty. Sam stood next to Nicki as she nodded at the two policemen who banged on the front door.

“We’ve both got a pretty good idea what killed those tourists.” Said Nicki. “And it wasn’t Vince.”

“Can you use the camera while I talk to June ?” He asked. “Please....It’s important.”

“Alright, though this conversation isn’t over.”

“I know.”

No use telling her that the research involved in the show might well prove Vince was innocent, she was obviously in no mood to listen to him. As June opened the door for the police, Nicki followed them in and Sam followed her.

“Come on Vince, you knew we’d probably be coming back.” Said one of the police.

No official words, no official caution. Vince panicked and tried to get out of the kitchen window, only to be grabbed by the taller of the two police officers. June began yelling at the cops, Vince began yelling for his mum. None of it was the quiet and dignified arrest Sam had expected. Sam couldn’t see if Nicki was glaring at him, she had the camera up in front of her face.

“Come on lad, you know me. Think of your mum.... Come quietly.”

No handcuffs and the two police officers seemed remarkably calm. They held Vince as he yelled for his mum. As they got Vince to the door, he was crying.

“I didn’t do it mum.....I didn’t hurt anyone.”

It wasn’t the right moment; it was never going to be the right moment. Had had to do it though, he had to offer June something, anything.

“I’m so sorry about your boy.....If I can help in any way. I know money must be.....”

“Get out !” Shouted June. “You’re to blame for this, you and your damn money. Get out of my house.”

Sam went, and watched as Nicki filmed Vince being pushed into the back of a police car, still crying and yelling for his mum.

“I just shouted at them.....I never hurt anyone.....Mum.”

The boy’s screams could be heard until the car reached the junction for the main road to the Police Station in Tilburg. Sam made it halfway to the Jeep, before he had to vomit. He leant on a tree, his legs and arms trembling, his forehead covered in sweat. For a few seconds he thought he was going to die, he was sure he was going to die. Nicki held his arm and tried to comfort him as he puked.

“There might be hope for you yet Sam.” She muttered.

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Gary had used one of the Humvees to get out to the boat yard. Simon was with him of course and the script guy, Jeffrey Gravenor. Having a script guy with them was rare, Gary couldn't ever remember it happening before. Being part of the show was rare too, that again had never happened to him.

"No actors, I'd like you and Simon to be part of the show." Sam had said. "I want you to work with Jeffrey, to agree on a script for you both. Jeffrey will have the final word though."

A script writer indeed, Gary didn't know whether to be pleased or upset. There would be more pay of course, a speaking part added another zeros to his usual fee.

"I thought the insurance company were still arguing." Said Jeffrey.

"No, they decided to repair The Dolphin, rather than calling it a write off." Said Gary. "We're just here to work out the best way to light the place. Paris will be here tomorrow to do a few pieces into camera."

The road into the boatyard was fairly rough, plenty of shallow holes. The Humvee handled it well though and Gary was pleased the beast on wheels was his until shooting finished. He pulled up as close to where The Dolphin was being worked on as he could.

"We....Actually Ilaria told the boat yard guy we'd be here." Said Gary. "Not sure who else might be around."

Two men were working in the yard, neither of them the owner. It seemed Michael Chavez, the owner of Chavez Boat Repairs, would be there a little later. At least he'd left instruction for his two men to make themselves useful. Simon immediately set them to work, carrying all their equipment from the Humvee.

"Oh....Lots of natural light." Said Gary. "Hate it, never met a lighting guy who doesn't. We can put up a few screens Simon.....The two palms are in about the right place."

As long as her close ups looked good, Paris wouldn't care how he did it. The script guy followed him around, though Gary had warned him that lighting scenes correctly had to take priority. Jeffrey hadn't just a need to know what was said, he wanted to know how he'd felt at the time.

"If I know your emotions at the time, I can improve the script."

To be honest, he was becoming a bit of a nuisance. As instructed, the boat yard people had left the wrecked glass bottom leaning against the side of a shed.

"Perfect, it's in the shade here." Said Gary. "I can bring out the tooth marks perfectly."

"Tooth marks?" Asked Jeffrey.

"Yes, look.....I saw them in Ilaria's pictures, but they're clearer now. Look at the large crack in the glass, those grooves. Teeth did that, huge teeth. I can light those tooth marks.....Perfectly."

"Crap, now you've mentioned it, those are bites." Said Jeffrey. "I wouldn't like to meet whatever made those."

There was a bit of a ruckus coming from where Simon was trying to turn the two boat repair guys into labourers and general carriers of heavy equipment.

"Ahhh, Simon means well." Muttered Gary. "But I think he needs saving from himself."

The two workers looked to be in their mid-twenties. One black, one white, both with the same local accent that did weird things to certain vowels. In Gary's experience the elderly or the young tended to believe in bogey men and superstitions, but rarely those in their twenties. Whether through wisdom, or simply because they hadn't seen enough of life? Gary was unsure, but the two boat repairers had been spooked by something.

“They told me I can’t run the generator cable out into the undergrowth.” Said Simon. “One even threatened me.”

“Why ? What’s going on ?” Asked Gary.

“They say I was disturbing the grey creatures.” Said Simon.

“It’s true, they’re back.....Leave them alone and stay out of the woods. You’ll be left alone if you leave them alone, my grandmother told me that.”

“My grandmother told me too and she’d been told by her grandmother.” Said the other man. “They knew about them in her day. Don’t start disturbing the woods.”

“Would you repeat that so I can record it on my phone ?” Asked Jeffrey. “I can arrange for you to be paid for your trouble.”

“Mr Chavez doesn’t like talk about the old times. Just stay out of the woods, especially at night.” Which was the last thing the two men would say, no matter how much money Jeffrey promised them.

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Dom Trecca had picked up the rumours. He doubled as a location scout, but his real expertise was in visual effects, he’d even won awards for it. The rumour was that Sam was about to begin shooting for real, not just the usual bits of preproduction teasers. There wasn’t room for the entire cast and crew in the villa, which was how the rumours had begun. Ilaria had overheard Sam talking to Nicki about renting another property on Janssen. There was only one reason SHP would need more space. The rumours made sense, Sam would want everyone there and up to speed before the Royal Navy frigate arrived.

“Be nice to do my proper job.” He muttered.

Dom had grabbed the keys to one of the SUVs, they were in a drawer in the villa’s kitchen. In theory he should have written a reason and destination on a clipboard, but everyone just scribbled their name and took the keys.

He was currently parked near Rum Runners, at the edge of the field where the local kids came to drink beer and meet the opposite sex. He had no idea of the time in London, his head was too full of noise. Jane had left a message asking him to call and she never did that, or at least she hadn’t, not for a couple of years. Did she know he was sleeping with Ilaria ? Had someone told a friend, who knew someone.....

“It’ll just be one of the kids catching rubella or something.” He mumbled.

Supposing it wasn’t though ? Worse than his extra-marital shenanigans being discovered, was the idea that his wife was serious about whoever she was seeing. The thought of her wanting to divorce him, or agree on a separation.....It filled him with dread. The connection on his phone was good, the mysterious little bars were at maximum. He dialled his number, his home in London.

“Hello, 5090.”

She’d always done that, given the final four digits of their number, as though it might actually mean something to anyone. He’d teased her about it when they’d first moved in together.

“Hi, I got your message. Are the kids alright ?”

“They’re fine, still far too much energy. I’m calling.....Look, this is awkward. Kitty heard through someone that you might not be sleeping alone. Ilaria I was told, I remember meeting her a few times, very pretty. Is it serious ?”

“Would you mind if it was ?” He asked.

Oh, why did so many of their conversations go that way ? Throwing back questions to answer questions and then long awkward silence. When they’d first started dating, they’d often talked all

night, about anything and everything. He had to fill the silence; she might well hang up without replying. That had happened once before.

"I only.....You were seen." He said. "Leaving a restaurant arm in arm with someone. There was even a kiss, a passionate kiss."

"You were in Honduras for over a year Dom."

"Is it serious ?" He asked.

"Would it bother you if it was ?"

They were in the same horrific cycle again that had cursed so many awkward conversations. From her not wanting him to spend so much time overseas, to him not wanting their kids to go to a religious faith-based school. There had never been an agreed consensus, just long awkward silences.

"Jane.....This may sound absurd. Can we move all this onto the back burner and discuss it properly when I get home ? He asked.

"Yes...I don't want our marriage to end."

"Neither do I.....And not just because of the kids."

There was no mutual I love you as the call ended, but it had ended better than other awkward calls.

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Sam really wanted to get a burger at Rum Runners and drown his sorrows with a few measures of decent whisky. He hadn't intended to drop Vince in it quite so thoroughly, but as he told everyone, the show had to come first, second, third and maybe even fourth some days. A lot of people were relying on the pay cheques SHP would be paying, often people with an extended family to feed. It didn't justify throwing Vince to the wolves, but it made him feel a bit better.

"Are you sure you don't want a drink ?" Asked Nicki. "Purely medicinal of course."

"No, though this burger is pretty good."

"Made by the chief of police no less." Said Nicki. "I managed to find a property by the way, one just about walking distance from the villa. It's a bit less des-res, but there is a pool and.....I always judge places by would I be happy to live there. I'd definitely live at Bredon House."

"Are there enough bedrooms for the rest of my crew ?"

"More than enough.....Are you pressing the big button marked go ?" Asked Nicki.

She didn't just mean about renting the property, he was aware of that. Until the Landry boy had died, eight year old Luke; he'd been thinking about delaying filming for a while. With Vince being arrested, there was a good chance of grudges building up against SHP on Janssen, maybe even some hostility. It was time to begin filming and putting a few dollars in local pockets.

"Yes, I am, though I haven't told Denise yet, so don't tell anyone else. Rent Bredon House for me and I'll send for the rest of the usual crew. Does Bredon House have a phone ?"

"Yes, two lines. The power is on, and it comes fully furnished. A real home from home for your guys and gals."

"Good.....Erm.....Do you have the keys on you ?"

"Yes, do you want to see it ? I can show you around."

He tried to let her know his intentions with a smile, a certain type of smile. The grin Nicki gave him, told him she understood perfectly.

"Just let me finish my lunch." She said.

Rum Runners was fairly empty, so he took the opportunity to hold her hand for a second, as he kissed her cheek.

"I forgot to ask with so much going on." He said. "You saw the pictures Mark Coulier took with his phone. Have you seen anything like that ball of worms before ? Is it a regular thing on Janssen ?"

“No, it definitely isn’t. What did your science guy say ?”

“Bryan is as mystified as everyone else. We can spruce up the recording a bit, I’ve already sent the contents of the lap top hard drives to London. Denise knows a post-production company that can do wonder, they’ve worked on a few Hollywood creature features. I might get them to be.....A little creative. What can we assume the monster of Outerbridge Sound really looks like ? You know the sort of thing.”

“Isn’t that cheating ?” She asked.

“The public expects TV and movies to cheat a little, maybe even cheat quite a lot. How would you rather spend an afternoon, looking at dusty dinosaur bones in a museum, or watching Jurassic Park ?”

“Well.....I’ve finished my lunch.....So I was hoping to spend the afternoon at Bredon House. Enjoying ourselves in a manner that suits our respective genders.”

It was easy to tell her parent’s money on a Canadian finishing school hadn’t been wasted. That had to be the coolest invitation to get hot and sweaty, he had ever received. On the way outside to the SUV, he remembered the information Denise had sent him about HMS Sheffield.

“By the way, I have the full MOD spec on the visiting frigate.” He said.

“The Sheffield...Yes, London sent our government people an itinerary and a few details about the vessel.”

“I bet you didn’t get the full vetting report for the senior crew, including who looks most likely to sell out queen and country for a handful of silver.”

“No we didn’t, how did you get that ?” She asked.

“Denise has her sources, all guaranteed to be reliable. You can see it all, just so long as you don’t pass it on to your brother.”

“Which brother ?”

“Either of them.”

“Alright, I promise.”

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Denise didn’t have to make the call, but what could and couldn’t be offered had the potential to be complicated. Just a quick conversation with Sam had confirmed he was still interested in having The Major as part of the show, but within strict limitations. Izzy wasn’t stupid, but she didn’t know SHP that well and Denise knew how flexible Sam could be, when he wanted something.

Late of course, once again she was the last person in the office. At least the cleaner had finally got rid of the cobwebs above her office door. She dialled the Miami number for Major’s Quality Automobiles.

“Hello.....Could I talk to The Major please ? I’m Denise Scott and yes.....He is expecting my call.”

There was a short period with the almost obligatory dreadful on hold music, which seemed deliberately written to be both irritating and boring.

“Hi Denise.....I was just about to buy the airline tickets. I take it your partner said yes to my proposal ?”

“Not exactly Arthur, can I call you Arthur ? We always carry out a background check on people we’re thinking of using on the show. Don’t get me wrong, we’re not looking for saints to be on the show, but it does change things.”

“You’ve had me investigated.....Surely that’s illegal ?”

Arthur developed an edge to his voice, an angry edge. Denise had confronted a few people where their own version of their life, didn't match reality. Always over the phone of course, because their first reaction was invariably anger.

"All publicly available information." Said Denise. "Using an investigation company just means the results arrive quicker. We'd still like to use you on the show, your wife too. And of course, there will be a fee paid, a substantial fee."

"How large a fee?" Asked Arthur Mullen.

"I'll come back to that. We'll arrange your transport to Janssen, probably on a cruise ship as there's no international airport on Janssen. Once there, you'll work with our script writer and use that script for everything said in the show. There will be no advertising your business, that will not be happening. We can however say that you own and run Major's Quality Automobiles, on the end credits. Now Arthur, is that all acceptable to you?"

"I suppose so.....You mentioned a fee?"

"I'll send you a contract which will mention remuneration. To be honest Arthur, I think you'll be pleasantly surprised by how much we're offering. Get a solicitor to look over the contract and if there are no problems, sign it and send it back to me here in London."

"Lawyers Denise, we have lawyers. Only you Brits call them solicitors. I'll get my guys to look over the contract when it arrives."

"Thank you."

Arthur was going to be awkward, but he had a good voice. Kept under control and strictly to the agreed script, and he'd be really good. Every show needed a genuine character the viewing public looked forward to seeing every episode. Few would identify with Arthur, though there was that voice.....No wonder everyone on the glass bottomed boat remembered him so well.

"I think he'll be perfect." She mumbled to herself.

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Kate Russo was a summer resident on Janssen, there were a growing number of them. Her full-time home had been Chicago, but she'd reached an age where the winters seemed to make every joint ache for three or four months of the year. Not old, barely middled aged at forty two, she'd have gone for the throat of anyone who might call her old. Her doctor had told her that not everyone had a body made for Chicago winters.

"It's why people dream of retiring to Hawaii." He'd told her.

Kate had chosen Janssen and all those bad hip winter days, had vanished. Her husband still had a business to run back home, though he did join her a few times a month. The man she was with wasn't her husband, which didn't seem that rare on Janssen. Hot weather with people who tended to drink too much and wear very little a lot of the time. Extra-marital affairs seemed to be almost compulsory.

"This looks a good fishing spot." Said Gary South. "I'll drop the anchor."

She was there with Gary South, who owned the boat they were using for their fishing trip, where no actual fish were in danger of being caught. Her best friend on the island was there too, Debbie Hindle and she too was with someone who wasn't her husband. Giles Day was her fishing partner for the night, though he was new and Debbie had mentioned he might not last.

"There's just this way he looks at me.....During sex." Debbie had told her.

They were all about the same age, somewhere in their early to mid-forties. The new middle aged, if you honestly believed everyone was going to live into their nineties. Kate was a little wary of Giles,



he had touched her once and pretended it was an accident. Not that she was going to mention that to Debbie. It would break the sacred code of fishing nights, or something like that.

Why all the trouble of heading south three miles on a boat, when none of them were ever going to so much as threaten a fish? Privacy was the answer. The wide, open ocean was the only place you could just about guarantee not seeing someone you knew. Population density was low on Jannsen, but it was a small place. There was too much risk of running into someone who knew her, or knew Gary.

“Who fancies burgers?” Yelled Gary.

“Oh yes, with cheese and all the trimmings.” Said Debbie.

It was going the way the fishing trips usually went, wine would follow, sometimes some beer too. Then sex, though always in separate rooms. Gary had never suggested all four of them sharing a bed, though Debbie had once. Kate had ignored her friend’s phone calls for weeks after that. She was as adventurous as the next person, but not that adventurous.

“Wow, look at that sky.....A perfect night.” Said Giles.

Giles looked older than the rest of them, mainly due to what Debbie put down to premature baldness. Kate suspected he was also shaving a few years off his true age. Still, if Debbie liked him....And there were those sacred rules of their fishing club. Number one was not dissing your best friend’s choice of fuck buddy.

“All those little dots are stars, every single one.....Makes you think.” Said Kate.

She’d never seen the milky way in Chicago, the sky was just too bright from all the lights of the city, not to mention the pollution. One night during her first year on Jannsen, she’d laid down on the grass at the back of their house and simply watched the sky, adoring it, almost worshipping all.....That. She’d actually fallen asleep there, which had set off her dodgy hip for a while.

“There has to be someone out there, we can’t be alone.” Said Giles.

“No, we’re not.” Said Kate. “Here is Gary with our burgers.”

It was such a nice night, that Kate didn’t take much notice of their boat moving about, straining against the anchor on a calm, almost windless night.

“I think I picked a spot with a strong current.” Said Gary.

“Please don’t say we have to move the boat.” Said Kate. “I’ve just got comfortable.”

The frothing of the ocean had everyone up and looking over the side of the boat. All around them the ocean water looked to be full of green bubbles, rising up from below. There was a smell of decay too and although it might have been in her mind, after all the reports by the company filming on Jannsen; Kate was sure she could smell sulphur.

“Stuff shifts about down there, gas gets released.” Said Debbie.

“Yeah, there a name for it, but I don’t remember it.” Added Giles.

Not only did the gas smell bad, it was having an effect on her, almost like being intoxicated. Kate’s hands felt tingly and her eyes.....She was finding it very difficult to focus. When the flash of fire occurred, she couldn’t work out if it was in the ocean next to the boat, or right there, among them. Something must have ignited the gas, there was a bright flash and for the merest fraction of a second, Kate felt engulfed by it. She screamed, but by then the flames had gone, as had the bubbles in the surrounding ocean.

“We need to get away from here.” Said Kate. “Take me home Gary, please take us in.”

“Yes, I’ll raise the anchor.”

The waters to the north of Jannsen were fairly shallow for miles. To the south though, there was a deep drop quite near where they were. From there the underwater cliffs and valleys led down to

some of the deepest parts of the North Atlantic. Kate suddenly felt worried about what might be down there, hiding miles beneath the surface.

"It is such a nice night though....It'd be a pity to spoil it." Said Giles.

"Yes, we are all fine." Added Debbie. "We could move the boat....Maybe go in closer to shore."

Everyone was looking at her, hoping she'd say the party wasn't about to end. They all looked forward to the fishing trips, even if they always went home with no fish. Kate didn't remember a sacred rule about not ruining the vibe, but there had to be one. It was just that she had a feeling they'd all barely avoided something really bad, maybe even being killed.

"Your choice Kate." Said Gary. "If you say we go in, we go in."

Dear Gary, he really was a bit of a gentleman. Plus, her own libido had begun to step up a couple of gears, as her mind assumed the night was going to end with sex, a lot of really good sex.

"Alright, we'll put it down to one of those things." She said. "The boat needs to be moved though and not just a few feet. We need to be at least a mile from here before I'll relax."

"Yes, we can do that." Said Gary. "The party carries on people."

"Yay." Yelled Debbie.

It was dark, almost completely dark, with Gary moving the boat purely by his own memories of being there so many times during the day. Maybe the darkness made the glow below the surface of the ocean easier to see. As Kate looked back to where they'd been, she was sure there was a glow deep down, a very faint green glow.

"Everything alright?" Asked Debbie.

"Yes.....It was just that....No, I'm imagining things." Said Kate.

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