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SEA SCORN

By

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ISBN 1-58909-320-8

Printed in the United States of America

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INTRODUCTION

This is a story of sibling rivalry. The Dumont family was a typical Maine lobstering family. It is important to remember the time line of this story. A 1938 automobile does not compare with one built today.

The father had a heart attack in 1938. The oldest son, Greg, had to take over as the captain of the family lobster boat. His younger brother, Jack, had to leave school to take Greg's job as sternman (helper).

Greg was bullheaded and a bull at work. Jack was easygoing and had his head in the clouds much of the time. Considering the constant threat that fishing the North Atlantic presented the combination of Greg and Jack was an added risk, as they confronted Nature on a daily basis.

Ultimately, it was Nature that humbled Greg and made it possible for Jack to return to school. It was the wisdom of the town drunk that saved the Dumont family from total disaster.

CHAPTER I

A TRAIL IN THE WATER

A dozen lobstermen stood on the dock in front of the row of bait houses. One of the heaviest fogs anyone had ever seen closed in during the previous night, reducing the visibility to less than a hundred yards. Ordinarily the boats would have gone out regardless of fog, but today it was impossible to see from one buoy to the next.

The only boat moored at the dock was the *Miss Behave*. Jack Dumont was busy packing the propeller shaft's stuffing box. His brother, Greg, was on the dock hoping for the fog to lift enough for him to be able to put out to sea.

It was then that the sound of a boat was heard coming down the bay toward the channel leading to the outer harbor. When the boat reached a point opposite the docks, it continued down the channel. The fog hid everything but its sound and direction.

The men looked at each other. They knew only a poacher would be heading to sea on a day like this, only someone who was prepared to haul any trap he came across and who didn't have to worry about following a string of his own buoys.

Greg Dumont jumped aboard the *Miss Behave*. "Hurry up and button up that job," he snapped at his brother. "Cast those lines off," he then shouted to the men on the dock.

"What are you doing?" his brother, Jack, asked.

"Just shut up and do as you're told," Greg ordered as he started the engine.

With the docking lines free, Greg put the *Miss Behave* in reverse and backed away from the dock.

Now he had the *Miss Behave* in the center of the channel with the throttle wide-open. Jack moved forward from the rear of the cockpit.

"You're going to run us aground at this rate," warned Jack.

"I told you to shut up. Get up on the bow, and if you so much as see a glimpse of that boat, you signal me to back off."

For an instant Jack looked at his brother. He felt rage and frustration eating at his belly. Then he dropped his head, stepped up on the gunnel and went forward to follow Greg's order.

Jack had a good idea that the boat they were following was the *Dolly*. She had a different sound than the rest of the boats because she had a six-cylinder, used-truck engine for a power plant, instead of a marine engine. Jack could tell by the wake they were following that they were gaining on the boat ahead. He signaled Greg to ease off. He looked aft toward Greg, trying to

understand what Greg was thinking. Greg looked forward shaking his hand, ordering Jack to look sharp.

The propeller wash from the other boat left a smooth grayish trail in the water, as easy to follow as the yellow line painted in the center of a highway.

Except for the wake they were following, the sea was flat calm. The forward motion of the *Miss Behave* caused the only movement of air Jack felt. Even with the sound of the engine, everything was unusually quiet. The fog swallowed up sound, just as it engulfed the channel markers and landmarks. For Jack and Greg, at that particular moment, the world was a gray patch of water that was a hundred yards across with the *Miss Behave* as an island in its center. Their eyes could not prove anything else existed except the wake they were following.

Suddenly Jack saw the wake ahead, break off. He turned and signaled frantically to Greg to back down.

Greg motioned to Jack to return to the cockpit. Jack insisted on knowing what Greg was going to do.

“Just shut up and listen,” Greg demanded.

The *Miss Behave* stood motionless and quiet with her engine shut down. Greg listened intently. “Hear that? He’s hauling.”

“So,” Jack whispered.

“You know who that is out there?”

“I’ve got a pretty good idea. It’s probably Stink,” Jack answered.

“Well then you know those tramps don’t have traps out here.”

“How do you know that?”

“Because I know, that’s how.”

“Okay, so what are we going to do about it?”

“You just watch,” Greg advised. “Those bums have been getting away with hauling other people’s traps for years. With any kind of luck, I’m going to end it right here and now.”

“So what are you going to do, have them pinched?”

Greg gritted his teeth. His lips twisted into a grotesque smile. “Oh, I’m going to pinch them alright. Oh, boy! Am I ever going to pinch them.”

Jack looked at his brother anxiously. He felt a chill. He was more concerned than ever to know what his brother was planning. He wanted to protest, but he didn’t know what he would be protesting. He knew there was no point in asking him again. He also knew one thing for sure, someone was going to get hurt. Greg was the most determined person Jack had ever known. He was like a bulldog -- only unconsciousness or death could force it to release its prey.

“There! They’re moving again,” Greg said.

“Maybe they’re pulling out.”

“Don’t be stupid. They’re moving up to another buoy.” After a moment he said, “Okay....” Greg said the word slowly from between clenched teeth and grinning lips. “I guess it’s time for me to take a look and see what our little friends are doing out here.” He reached down, turned the switch, and the engine came back to life. He put her in gear and cracked the throttle slightly. The *Miss Behave* began to move slowly and quietly toward the last sound that Greg had heard.

In another instant the stern of the *Dolly* came into view. Greg grunted with satisfaction at the realization his suspicions were correct.

Greg opened the throttle a little wider. The *Miss Behave* picked up speed. In the next few seconds the

Miss Behave was passing within inches of the *Dolly's* port side.

Greg left the helm and jumped up on the *Miss Behave's* starboard gunnel. He now could see all of the *Dolly's* cockpit deck. Then he saw it! One of his own buoys was setting on the *Dolly's* deck!

The two men aboard the *Dolly* stood frozen to the deck, a foot apart, next to the port gunnel. The sudden appearance of the *Miss Behave* startled them. They were so rigid at their stations that they looked more like models than live men.

The instant Greg saw that the *Dolly* was hauling gear that belonged to the *Miss Behave*, he jumped off the gunnel and grabbed the helm. He jammed the throttle wide-open. The stern of the *Miss Behave* settled in the water under the force of full power.

Jack was thrown off balance by the sudden surge of power. He steadied himself against the wash rail. Like the men aboard the *Dolly*, Jack was fixed to his station, confused by Greg's actions.

Greg cut the helm to port. The *Miss Behave* began to turn even as she picked up speed. With the *Dolly* nearly hidden by the fog again, Greg brought the *Miss Behave* about and headed her, bow first, for the *Dolly's* midship!

Finally Jack knew what Greg was going to do! At the same instant the men on the *Dolly* realized their plight! One of them grabbed the helm of the *Dolly*. Jack saw the water boil at the *Dolly's* stern as her screw bit into the sea. As the *Dolly* began to move forward, Greg moved the helm slightly to port, keeping the bow of the *Miss Behave* pointed at the *Dolly's* midship. It was too late for the *Dolly*. Before she reached headway speed, the *Miss Behave* was on her. The impact threw Jack

against the forward bulkhead. As the bow of the *Miss Behave* cut through the side of the *Dolly*, the sound was barely audible. The sea below and the fog above swallowed the sound of the *Dolly's* fatal wound.

In another instant the *Miss Behave* became motionless with her bow protruding halfway into the *Dolly's* cockpit. The impact forced the *Dolly* 45 degrees over on her starboard side.

Greg threw the gear into reverse and opened the throttle. As the *Miss Behave* backed off, the *Dolly* was righted. As she broke free, water rushed through the smashed side of the *Dolly*. In less than a minute, the *Dolly* began to sink below the calm gray surface of the sea.

Greg moved the shifting lever into forward and began to move the *Miss Behave* from the scene.

"My God! Aren't you even going to pick them up?" Jack yelled.

"No."

"They'll drown!"

"They knew the risk of poaching. Besides, we're not that far from Stage Island. At low tide they can walk home over the muscle bar."

"And how are they going to find it in this fog?"

"The same way we're going to find our way back to the harbor. Now shut up while I listen for the foghorn, and see if you can hear the bell buoy."

"But there aren't any waves, so the bell buoy isn't going to ring," Jack argued.

Greg shut the engine down. "Will you just shut the hell up and do like you're told. How many times do you have to be told, anyway?" Greg turned from Jack and looked in the direction of the foghorn he had heard in the distance. He looked down into the water and studied

it carefully for motion. After a minute he restarted the engine, brought the bow around a few degrees and headed for what he believed to be the harbor at half-throttle. "Okay, now get back up on the bow and keep your ears and eyes open. If we get into shallow water, I want to know it before we go aground."

Jack took his position on the forward deck. He tried to keep his mind on the task assigned to him, but too many things had happened to him in the past few days.

Up until today his whole world had been high school and football. His team won the State Championship. He played tackle on offense and defense! For the first time in his life he felt equal to anybody.

But now his father was in the hospital recovering from a heart attack, and he was compelled to take his father's place on the family lobster boat. He was a football hero one day, and a high school dropout, the next. His battered ego suffered another crippling blow, driving his gaze further toward the deck.

In a way, he sympathized with Greg's actions. It was obvious that the poachers were stealing from them. The family could not afford the loss, especially now. But even so, the violence of Greg's actions was too much for him. The panic-stricken faces of the men on the *Dolly* kept flashing into his mind. His body shook at the horror of finding himself in the same predicament -- in the water far from shore with no sure way of knowing in which direction to find safety; or, if safety could be reached, which way to go!

And what about the Coast Guard? What would happen to us if the Coast Guard discovered what we had done? But then, poachers had been sunk before, and nothing was ever done about it.

Suddenly his eyes caught sight of a patch of seaweed! He spun around and faced Greg, running his finger across his throat in a sign to Greg to back down. He looked back into the water, looking for rocks. Then he saw that the seaweed was floating on the water and was not attached to anything. He motioned Greg to move ahead slowly. He stared into the water, trying to pierce its murky gray caused by the fog. There was no sign of the bottom. The seaweed proved to be a false alarm. He signaled Greg to resume his speed.

It wasn't long before his mind began to wonder, again. It wasn't his having to work instead of going to school that bothered him. In fact he liked lobstering, especially in the summer time when he used the dory and fished alone. No, the worst part of everything was his having to work with Greg. He had pictured hell in his mind as a place where Greg was his boss, and now it came to pass. Greg was his boss!

Everything about Greg smothered him. Every time he tried to do something, Greg was there to criticize. If Jack did it, Greg could do it faster. If they got into an argument and Jack tried to reason with him, Greg overpowered him with a barrage of nonsense that in five minutes strayed so far from what they originally began to talk about, Greg had no idea where the discussion had begun. Even so, Greg would become smug and victorious while Jack got sick with frustration.

In the village of Appledoor Pool the measure of a man was his capacity for work. As a teenager, Jack could work as hard as any man could. Greg worked with the energy of two men. All the family saw was that Jack got only half as much done as Greg.

As Jack sat there on the bow of the *Miss Behave* as she felt her way through the fog, his head and

shoulders drooped as the weight of his problems bore down on him. This was his first time out with Greg. Jack saw the results of his brother's fury. He knew that as fall broke into winter and winter into spring that he would suffer the brunt of Greg's fierceness.

Jack was startled by something breaking out of the fog. It took a moment for him to realize it was Basket Buoy #9. He shouted to Greg to veer off to starboard. Greg corrected the course by 15 Degrees. It was now an easy matter to pilot the boat into the inner harbor. Within the next few minutes they were gliding by the other boats at their moorings. In the next moment Jack gaffed the mooring line for the *Miss Behave*.

As they got into the skiff, Greg told Jack that when they got onshore he was to keep his mouth shut. "If anybody asks any questions, I'll do the talking."

"What about the bow? It's pretty badly scarred."

"You can get some paint and putty and touch it up later; and don't forget to do it on the mooring. With this fog, nobody can see what's going on.

Greg rowed the short distance to the dock. There were now twice as many men waiting for the return of the *Miss Behave*. As Greg and Jack climbed out of the skiff, one of the men asked, "Well, who was it?"

"Don't know," Greg replied

"Didn't you see them?"

"Nope, lost them in the fog." Turning to Jack, Greg said, "Come on. It's time we got home for dinner."

"Wait a minute," one of the men insisted. "You mean to say you never saw them?"

Greg continued to walk away. "That's right. Never saw hide nor hair of 'em."

"They don't believe you," Jack said.

“I don’t care what they believe,” Greg replied defiantly. “Just get out there and fix the gashes on her bow before some of them go snooping around our boat.”

CHAPTER II

I WOULDN'T NAME HER THAT!

Greg continued to walk away from the dock, ignoring the questions of the fishermen. As he and Jack approached the lobster pound across the street from the docks, Mr. Crawford was standing in the doorway. "Who was it, Greg?" he called out.

"Don't know," Greg replied.

"Now, boy, you were out there for an hour and a half and found your way back to the mooring with no trouble. Don't try and tell me you couldn't follow a wake."

Greg stopped walking and stood in front of Mr. Crawford. He hesitated for a moment, then told Mr. Crawford, "Nobody has to worry about those poachers in the future. There's no need to say anymore than that, now is there?"

"Nope, there ain't," Mr. Crawford agreed. "You did right, and that's for certain sure."

Mr. Crawford didn't have to ask any more questions. He knew by Greg's simple reply as to what had happened, and he approved. Jack frowned.

Mr. Crawford was a small, wiry man, but he was a big man in the eyes of the villagers. He was the man the fishermen sold their lobsters to. Through the years he built a reputation for fairness and honesty. He was Appledoor Pool's most-respected citizen, and he approved of Greg's actions! Jack doubted his own judgement. Two men are most likely wallowing on the ocean's bottom like water-soaked logs because they were caught stealing lobsters. How could such a severe penalty be fair?

Then Jack pictured a thief sneaking onto the family property. In his mind he saw the thief take every precaution to keep from being seen or heard by neighbors or passing vehicles.

Then he pictured a poacher hauling traps of other fishermen. All he had to do is stay far enough away from other boats to make it impossible for the fishermen to distinguish the colors on the buoys he was hauling. The traps were unprotected property, he realized. It was next to impossible to catch the thieves. Like parasites, the poachers lived off someone else's energy. Jack knew the only reason Greg caught the crew of the *Dolly* was because they were poaching in the fog.

Jack understood the hardship the poachers caused the fishermen. To steal the lobsters in their traps was worse than stealing their money, he realized. It was expensive to rig a boat and a string of traps for lobstering and then have someone else get the benefit of their work. Sure, Jack understood how they felt about poachers, but to sink them at sea!

He pictured himself floundering in the water, miles from anywhere. His body shook violently.

“What’s the matter with you?” Greg demanded. Greg always demanded. He never asked or said, “please” or “thank you”; with Greg it was always a demand or an order.

Jack was surprised at the sound of Greg’s voice. “Huh, Oh! Nothing, nothing is the matter. Just got a chill, I guess.”

“Chill, huh? You were daydreaming, again. That’s what you were doing. Now that you’re going to be working for me, you keep your mind on what is going on around you, instead of being off on a cloud somewhere.”

Jack’s head snapped around to face his brother. “I’m going to be working with you, not for you,” he protested.

By now they were standing at the foot of the driveway to their home. “You’re going to be working for me, and don’t you ever forget it. Now get in the house. You’ve got five minutes to grab something to eat. Then you get out to the boat and fix the bow. I want you to check the stem, planks, and ribs to make sure they’re not cracked or leaking. I’m going to get what you need and put it in a sack so nobody will know what you’re up to.”

“Yes, sir,” Jack replied despondently.

Jack went inside and got himself something to eat. Before he finished, Greg walked into the kitchen and set a burlap bag next to his feet. Without saying a word, Jack got up from the table with his half-eaten sandwich, picked up the bag, and headed out the door.

When he arrived at the dock, one of the men started to question him. Jack insisted Greg had answered their questions. He was sorry, but he had work to do. He

boarded the skiff and rowed out to the *Miss Behave*. It took him the rest of the afternoon to hide the gashes on her bow and to disguise the fresh paint to match the older finish.

Shortly after daybreak the next morning, Jack bolted out of bed. He was supposed to be up before daybreak for the first day of lobstering with his brother. An instant later his senses cleared and he realized it was storming. He looked out of his bedroom window and saw the rain coming down and the wind blowing out of the southeast.

Further out across the Neck Road he saw the breakers breaking onto the beach. No wonder nobody got him up. No boat would leave its mooring in a southeaster, he knew.

Jack dressed and hurried downstairs, not sure of what to expect. He was surprised to find that he was the only one up. After seeing how early it was, he decided to have a quick bite. Then on the excuse of having to check the *Miss Behave*, he hurried out into the storm.

There was always a sense of excitement and suspense in the village whenever there was a bad blow. Boats could be ripped from their moorings. There was the threat of flooding by tides that could run as much as eight feet above normal. There was the anxiety of the damage being done to lobster traps that were being pounded by huge seas. The surf crashing onto the rocks in front of the Coast Guard station and along the beach that ran the length of the Neck Road was a sight that always awed Jack.

Jack left the Dumont house well protected from the storm by his sou'wester and oilskins. As he hurried down the hill to the docks, he passed the post office that

was next door to his home, then the general store, the woodworking shop and gas station. Across the street from the lobster pound was the ships' supply house and the boat yard. Then came the yacht club dock, the Coast Guard wharf, and the docks used by the fishermen with their rows of bait houses and piles of fishing gear.

He stood on the dock looking out over the harbor. He saw the *Miss Behave* riding high at her mooring with her waterline clearly visible now that the storm had blown the fog away. He smiled with satisfaction. He knew that by the way she set in the water, all was well aboard the *Miss Behave*. He walked the few steps to the bait house and picked up the oars for the skiff. As he walked back across the dock toward the water's edge, he saw that the bow of the skiff had gotten hung up on a piling spike. It was held there several feet underwater. By using one of the oars, he released it. The wooden skiff floated to the surface. By pulling up on the bowline, most of the water ran out over the stern. He then got into the skiff and finished bailing it with a gallon bleach jug that had been cut for that purpose.

With the chore done, he rowed out to the *Miss Behave* through the choppy water. He climbed aboard and made his way forward to the bow. He checked the mooring line carefully and went back to the cockpit. He lifted the hatch and checked the bilge for water. Seeing a few inches of water, he started the engine and pumped her dry. Then he sat on the engine box and looked out over the harbor.

He studied the lines of Cliff Dell's *Molly D*. She was a Jonesport and named after his daughter. The newest boat in the harbor was the *Mary Ann*. Next to her was the biggest, *Tam-E*. Then there was the *Little Nan*, and moored closest to the *Miss Behave* was the *Kathy-F*.

Forward of the *Kathy-F* were *My Christina*, the *Cynthia*, and the *First Penny*. Penni was Judd Hake's wife's name. Judd boasted that he called his boat *First Penny* because his wife was his first and only love, other than his boat! All of the boats, except the *Miss Behave*, were named after wives, daughters, or sweethearts. These are good names, as he looked at the *Anne Irene* and the *Mary-G*.

Jack never liked the name, *Miss Behave*. It was Greg who convinced his father to call the boat *Miss Behave* because things were always going wrong with her. But Jack didn't go along with their belief that she was a jinxed boat. It was Greg's abuse of the boat that caused all of her problems. Jack was intimate with the *Miss Behave* because it was his job to keep her in repair. For the past two years Greg saw to it, because of his abuse, that there was always something in need of work. As he thought of the constant repairs he had to make, it brought images of school, friends, and football to his mind. Most of the year his after-school hours and weekends were occupied with working on the boat. The thought of football lifted his spirits. He decided to go ashore and sea how high the breakers were on the ocean side of the village.

After getting back to the dock, it took fifteen minutes to walk to the beach. He stood on the northeast end of the beach where the shore turned 90 degrees out to sea. At this point the shore became a series of ledges that encircled Appledoor Pool.

The ocean boiled with white water as far as Jack could see. Twelve-to-fourteen-foot waves broke and thundered onto the beach and ledges. The near-gale-force winds ripped the tops off the breakers, whipping spray, heavier than the rain, inland.

As always, the gulls fascinated Jack. Some swam in the turbulent water. As one of the breakers was about to engulf them, they spread their wings at the last instant and casually floated on the high wind for the few seconds it took the breaker to pass under them -- all of the time their wings were motionless. Then they lazily dropped into the trough of the waves, looking unconcerned by the threat of the next breaker charging at them. It has to be some kind of game they are playing, Jack believed.

Now he looked up to observe the gulls that were in the air. The angle of the cliffs created a strong updraft. The flying gulls took advantage of the updraft to do some high-speed gliding. At the end of each pass over the beach and ledges, the gulls shot skyward, hung motionless for a moment, did a wing-over, and came down in a graceful arch along the beach to repeat the performance at the other end of their flight pattern. The only movement of their wings was from the buffeting by the high wind.

Suddenly, the realization of the passing time snapped Jack's attention away from the power of Nature's demonstration. He realized he had better get home in a hurry. He walked briskly in spite of the anxiety of having to face his brother's wrath. With the wind pushing him along, he was home in ten minutes.

As he walked into the house, he was met by Greg's demand to know where he had been. "I went to pump the boat out and checked the mooring. Then I went down to see if any gear had washed up on the beach," Jack said apologetically.

"You don't go anywhere without telling me first," Greg shouted.

"It's not even eight o'clock yet. Don't I get any time to call my own?"

“I’ll tell you when you’re on you’re own time. Until then, you make sure I know where you are and what you’re doing.”

“Now just a minute, Greg,” their mother interrupted. “Sit down, Jack. It’s time we had a good talk.”

Jack sat down at the opposite end of the table from Greg. Mrs. Dumont sat down at the side of the table between the brothers.

She looked at Greg. “This family is in trouble. You both know your father will never be able to go lobstering again. Now there’s no law that says Jack has to leave school to help out, just as there is no law that says you’ve got to help out, either. It’s because you are both good, loving and responsible sons that you work to keep the family together. You’ve taken on the responsibilities of men. You’re not boys anymore.” She reached out with her left hand and took Greg’s hand. Then with her right hand, she took Jack’s. She looked at Greg for a moment, then at Jack. A trickle of a tear formed in the corner of her eye. “What you both have to learn is to be patient with each other. I’ll never understand how the two of you turned out so different. You’re both my sons, and yet you’re completely different.

“Greg, you’re a worker. Lord knows you’re the best worker in this village. You’re ambitious. You’re determined to get somewhere. And you, Jack, you’re a dreamer. You love the snow of winter and the warm breezes of summer. But these are hard times, Jack, with the Depression and no jobs and your father in the hospital. You’re just going to have to keep your mind down to earth.” Now she turned her gaze toward Greg. “And you, Greg, you’re going to have to understand that

your brother is different than you are. Because he takes time to think, he's very clever about fixing things. Jack is good at some things, and you're good at others. If you'll be fair with each other, there's no reason why you shouldn't make one of the best teams around here."

Greg nodded his head slowly. His mouth tightened like he had bit into something sour. "Okay, Mom, I'll try, but I don't give it much hope."

She smiled at Greg. "Please try real hard, Greg." Then she turned and smiled at Jack.

"Me, too, Mom, I'll give it my best." The lump in Jack's throat caused the words to stumble from his mouth.

Greg got up from the chair. "Okay, little brother, I want you to take the truck and drive over to Thompson's Mill at Cape Seal and pick up my order of trap stock. Then I've got a real good job for you. You can spend the rest of the day cleaning out the bait house - - bait barrels and all...now! I want the place to be as sweet as a flower shop when you get done!"

Jack got up from the table, kissed his mother, went out into the driveway and started the truck. It was an hour's drive to the mill. He was at the mill for another hour picking up his load and admiring the machines that pre-cut the oak for the traps. All that was needed to build traps was a hammer, some three-penny galvanized nails, and the knowledge of where each part fit.

Jack started his drive back to Appledoor Pool. The road wound through miles of woods and when it reached the Neck Road, it suddenly broke out of the woods, exposing a view that extended for miles in three directions.

The Neck Road that Jack was on was built on a sandbar that was three hundred yards wide. Without the mile-and-a-half-long sandbar, Appledoor Pool would be an island. As he drove down the road, the Atlantic Ocean was on his right. On his left was the Back Bay. Straight-ahead was the village with the channel and harbor slightly to his left. The boats at their moorings dominated the scene. Because of the southeast winds, they all pointed to the Neck Road like weather vanes.

Jack unloaded the pickup, went inside, had some lunch, and then walked down to the dock to clean the bait house. The storm was now easing. It took him until supertime to finish his work in the bait house and to clean around it.

Having returned home, he walked into the kitchen where supper was already on the table.

“After you eat I want you to load ten traps on the truck and take them down to the dock. I’m going out to get the boat so we can load them and get ready for an early start tomorrow,” Greg ordered.

Jack’s first reaction was to protest that he had done enough for one day. Then he thought for a moment -- he’s pushing. That’s what he’s doing. He’s pushing me to see if he can get a rise out of me. Well go ahead and push big brother. You’ll not get a rise out of me today. Jack looked into his brother’s eyes, smiled and said, “Sure, whatever you say, Greg.”