

Fairy Ringer

By Jane Tesh

"That's the one."

Enna followed her companion's gaze across the Georgetown Institute campus quad to the man coming out of the large stone building. He was surrounded by a group of students. A teacher? She frowned at Jil.

"Why him?"

Jil raised a delicate eyebrow as if to say, are you blind? "Well, look," she said.

Enna looked again. The man was tall and handsome with long tousled hair and a distinctive profile. "All right, I suppose," she said, trying not to sound uneasy. She didn't want to admit this job might be out of her league.

"He's perfect and you know it," said Jil. "He's cheerful, generous, very neat. I did all the hard work, finding one for you. This day and age, you know how difficult that is. Do you want in or not?"

"Yes, of course," Enna said, "if you think this one will be good enough to suit her."

Jil laughed. "Of course he is! Now, are you absolutely certain you know what to do?"

It was Enna's turn to look scornful. "I may not be a member yet, but I'm not new at this! I've snatched humans before." She took another look at the man. Well, not humans like this. Little humans. Baby humans. This fellow looked like quite a challenge. She felt a strange emotion she couldn't describe, almost as if she wanted to call out a warning to him. Yet she so longed to be a part of the group, to be trusted within the circle. Summer was coming, and she had to have a home. If that meant snaring a human companion for the queen, then that's what she'd do.

"Come on," said Jil. "You have until midnight. Better get started."

Enna gave the man one last look. Yes, he was very good-looking. If he didn't suit her majesty, perhaps she could keep him for herself.

"Hey, look, Jack, a fairy ring." Jonathan MacKensie had to do a little dance step to avoid stepping on the fat white mushrooms poking up from the grass in the center of the campus quad. His partner, Edgar Benedek, grinned.

"Haven't been seeing a little elf behind my back, now have you?"

Jonathan sighed. It had been such a quiet pleasant morning. And now Benedek appearing, like the unwanted toadstools, marring the expanse of calm grass. "It's just an outgrowth of spores, for heaven's sake. It doesn't mean anything."

"And I suppose you didn't see the ring around the moon last night?" Benny said, his gaze straying from mushrooms to attractive coeds lounging on the grass, taking in a little of the late spring sunshine. "Something's in the air. I can feel it."

"Unlike some people, I was working last night," said Jonathan. "Final exams are just around the corner, but of course, this is of no interest to you whatsoever."

Benny's grin never wavered. "So you wouldn't be interested in a little cruise to the Bermuda Triangle?"

"No, thank you," said Jonathan, "but you go right ahead."

"It's not the same without you, Jon," said Benny.

"Send me a postcard."

Unfazed, Benny trotted along beside him. "Warm breezes, tropical nights, grateful World War II pilots, maybe even a glimpse of Atlantis."

"I'm sure you can get lost without me. In fact, I wish you would."

"Not today, buds," said Benny.

Jonathan stopped. "Yes," he said firmly. "Today. Now. I have a meeting."

"You always have a meeting. I'll wait."

Jonathan was determined not to let Benedek provoke him. It had been several weeks since the man had gotten him involved in anything, and he was going to keep it that way. "Suit yourself," he said and continued toward the administrative building. He had a last glimpse of Benny stretching out in the warm grass under a tree. Feeling a tinge of envy, he entered the dark building and walked down the long hallway to the conference room.

Benny idled in the grass, enjoying the break from his frantic lifestyle. He had been awfully busy lately, chasing runaway pookas and finding a friend's lost crystal ball. Of course, he thrived on constant paranormal excitement. His restless fingers found a four-leafed clover in the deep grass, and he chuckled, pleased with his luck. Now, if he'd just have as much luck convincing Jonathan to come along on this little journey.

The sun was warm, and the soft hum of traffic and snatches of conversation from passing students soon faded, and Benny dozed off. When he woke, he glanced at his watch and realized he'd been napping for two hours. Jon's meeting had to be over by now. Had MacKensie ducked out on him?

Probably.

He got up, dusted off his pants, and strolled into the administration building. Yep. Nobody home.

I'll catch him at his place, Benny decided. He won't get away that easily.

"Now what?" said Enna.

"Just watch," said Jil. She took the man's face in her hands and kissed his mouth. "Like that. Try it."

She backed away from the silken couch and let Enna take her place.

Enna recalled the human babies she'd spirited away. They were much easier to handle, and she'd never felt the urge to kiss any of them. She glanced at the sleeping man. It had been so easy to enchant him. She'd just wandered up, pretending to be a student. A few brief whispered words in his ear, and here he was. So now she was supposed to kiss him.

She cut a glance at Jil, standing with hands on hips and a superior expression. How long was she going to have to follow her orders?

"Well, go on," said Jil. "Have you never kissed a mortal before?"

"More times than I can count," she retorted. She cautiously leaned over and kissed the man's lips. It was pleasant enough to merit a second try. This time, however, there was a return pressure on her lips. His arms went around her waist, pulling her tightly to him, snagging her wings. Enna tried to pull free, but his kiss became more insistent, and his other hand caught the back of her head.

Enna fought between her sudden fear and a fierce thrill of new pleasure. Who did he think she was? What was he going to do? With little effort, she slipped from his embrace.

He blinked up at her sleepily. Enna looked around for Jil, but her companion had disappeared with a chuckle.

Jonathan gazed at the young woman, perplexed. He'd been having the most spectacular dream, he and Loren alone on a sunset beach. He looked at the slim young woman's large eyes and bright cheeks and his own face flamed with color. She'd met him in the hallway after the meeting. She'd said something about exams – that's all he remembered. Had he taken advantage of this young woman? She was Randy's age!

"I--" He began. "Excuse me, I didn't mean – I was dreaming and you--" He paused. He must still be dreaming because this slender young lady had antenna and wings. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. She was still there, hovering like some spectacular butterfly. She did not look embarrassed. She looked as if she'd like to throw herself back into his arms.

"I kissed you when you were asleep," she said pertly.

Oh, now I get it, he thought. He smiled at the lovely apparition. "That's all right," he said.

He'd managed to startle her. "It is?" she said.

"I like having dreams like this," he said. "What's your name?"

"Enna," she said.

"I'm Jonathan," he said. "I'm going to wake up any minute now, so it's been nice meeting you."

"This isn't a dream," she said. "This is the Meeting Hall of Queen Mab, and she's going to make you her consort."

"That sounds very nice, and I'd love to stay," said Jonathan, "but I'm waking up now."

The fairy hovered, waiting. Jonathan waited, too, willing himself to wake, but nothing happened. Enna shrugged.

I'm not dreaming, Jonathan thought with a sinking heart. Good lord, what have I gotten into this time?

Okay, Jonathan, this isn't funny, Benny thought as he continued to wait on MacKensie's doorstep. You can run, but you can't hide. You didn't give me a fair shot at wearing you down or guilting you into going along with me, and I ain't giving up till I do.

After waiting unsuccessfully most of the night for Jonathan to come home, Benny camped out at a hotel and hit the campus the first thing in the morning. He bounded into Jonathan's office and stopped short at the sight of the short bald man behind the desk. The man gave him a look over the top of his glasses, a look at once menacing and familiar.

"Yes? Can I help you?"

"I'm looking for Dr. MacKensie," said Benny.

"I'm Dr. MacKensie," said the man.

In your dreams, pal, Benny thought. "I'm looking for Jonathan MacKensie, professor of anthropology."

"I am Jonathan MacKensie," said the man testily. "What do you want?"

Whoa. Benny backed up and checked the name on the door. Yes, this was the right office. There was Jon's recliner, his certificates, his awards, his little fragments of bones and pottery, and photos. Only now the photos had this guy in Jon's place, shaking hands with prominent scientists, posing with groups of students on digs, smiling with Dr. Moorhouse at a faculty dinner. The fake Dr. MacKensie glared at him.

"What seems to be the problem?"

"Mind if I ask you a few questions?" said Benny. "Like, what's your father's name?"

"Leonard, if it's any of your business."

"You been teaching here long?"

"About five years," said the man. "Look, what is all this? I have a lot of work to do."

"No problem, pal," said Benny as he edged out of the office. You sound like him, anyway, he thought, as he hurried down the hallway.

He wasn't sure how Dr. Moorhouse would react to the news. He wasn't sure there would be a Dr. Moorhouse, but yes, here she was, the same as ever, seated behind her desk, a less than welcoming expression on her stern face.

"What is it, Benedek?" she said.

Benny put a hand to his heart. "Whew! At least you know me," he said in relief. "Dr. M, I hate to tell you, but something really screwy has happened to Jonathan."

"Jonathan?" she said. "Which Jonathan do you mean? There are several on staff."

"Jonathan MacKensie," he said, feeling himself sink. "He's not himself. I mean, there's this guy in his office, pretending to be him, and I haven't seen the real MacKensie since yesterday afternoon."

"What nonsense!" she said.

"Come on, I'll show you," he said. He started out when Dr. Moorhouse said, "Dr. MacKensie, please come in. We were just talking about you."

The short bald man came in, glaring at Benny. "Is this man bothering you, Dr. Moorhouse? I should call campus security at once if I were you."

"He was just leaving," she said. "Unless there was something else, Benedek?"

Benny tried to explain. "But this isn't Jonathan MacKensie! He's a fake, a ringer! I don't know what's going on."

"I do," she said, propelling him to the door. "You are trying to be funny, and it isn't working. Go back to the [National Register](#) and tell that editor of yours to give up this ridiculous notion of a partnership between his rag and this institution."

With that, she closed the door on his spluttering protests. Disheartened, Benny wandered across the quad and stopped when he reached the fairy ring.

Uh-oh. I think I've got it now. Jonathan would have made an attractive package for the little people. So they snatch him and leave Old Professor Dry Bones in his place. A changeling. Damn! That's exactly what he is! Only nobody but me seems to notice. How to get rid of him and get Jon back?

I need help, he decided. Fortunately, I have a few friends in this town, a few highly placed friends, at that.

Senator Franklin Boles gave Benny a strong handshake and said in his mellow voice, "I'm glad you came to me, Benny. I owe you one, as I recall. Wouldn't do for my constituents to learn my political prowess comes from a little fairy magic, now would it?"

"I dunno, Frank," said Benny. "Might make you more popular in some circles." He grinned at the senator's square rugged face and carefully sculptured hair. Franklin Boles was Hollywood's idea of a politician, but beneath all that polish was a truly dedicated man. "Even if I told about your adventures, people wouldn't believe me," he said. "Besides, you aren't doing that much damage to the country."

Boles indicated a leather chair for Benny and took his own seat behind a large uncluttered mahogany desk. "I do my best," he said. His eyes gazed beyond Benny for a moment, and when he spoke, his voice was wistful. "That was a long time ago, Benny, when I wandered into that fairy ring, but I still remember the eerie beauty, the music."

"I hope you remember a lot of things," said Benny. "I've got a pal in trouble, and I'm a bit rusty on my fairy lore."

Boles became all business. "So your friend was snatched? How old is he?"

"Thirty-five and no slouch in the looks department."

"Then he's wanted for a lover, queen's consort, maybe. The fairies snatch human babies, women for nursemaids and brides, and men to add new blood to the tribe. They're a lot more dependent on us than they like."

"So how do I get him back?" Benny asked. "They hate salt, right, like vampires?"

Boles ticked off a list on his fingers. "Salt, iron, rowan, ash, dry bread, holy water, scissors, crosses."

"Okay, great," said Benny. "That gives me plenty of ammo."

"You can also threaten to burn the thorns on the fairy hill," said Boles.

"Nope. No thorns. No hill," said Benny. "Can I just go in and get him out, or are there more rules and regulations?"

"Just hope he hasn't eaten anything," said the senator. "One taste of fairy food or drink, and he's stuck for good."

"Jon knows better than that," said Benny. "He always knows the odd useful stuff." He should know, he thought. Although he's probably curled into a fetal ball at this point.

Boles nodded. "Then you should be able to get him out." His gaze went off into space once more. "Even after all these years, I still feel the currents of fairy time, Benny," he said, his voice more serious. "You'd better get him quickly. It's almost time for the teind, or tithe. Every seven years, the devil sends for fairy souls, and they'd just as soon keep theirs and send mortal souls. Your friend will be truly lost if that happens."

Benny sighed. Might have known there'd be a catch. A big catch. "Anything else I oughta know?"

"Try to time your escape just before dawn," said Boles. "And turn your clothes inside out. That always helps."

"What about this phony they've put in Jon's place?"

"When your friend returns, the changeling will disappear."

Benny shook the man's hand again. "Thanks, Frank. I'll tell all my buds to vote for you."

"Be careful, Benny," he said. "The fairy realm is tempting. Don't accept any gifts. Don't make any promises." His expression was full of longing. "I'd go with you, but I'm afraid I'd want to stay."

"That good, huh?" said Benny worriedly. Suppose Jonathan liked the place and didn't want to come back to reality? Well, he'd lugged MacKensie out of worse places.

Senator Boles nodded. "That good," he said.

Jonathan was entranced by the ever-shifting colors and shapes of the creatures around him. Just when he thought he'd focused on a face, it shimmered into something else: a leaf, a flower, an insect. All around, the faint music of bells echoed, chiming softly. It was very peaceful

to sit here among the flowers and not think of anything, although he had a vague feeling of unease, as if he'd forgotten something important. When the lovely fairy named Enna brought him a sugary-looking cake, he'd set it aside, odd memories of his father reading Peter Pan and Arthur Rackham's fairy tales surfacing. Hadn't there been a poisonous cake somewhere?

I'd better not eat anything, just to be on the safe side, he thought. Benedek would know all this. Benedek. Wasn't I supposed to meet him somewhere? He was talking about the Bermuda Triangle. . .

"You look puzzled," said Enna as she slid up beside him.

Jonathan gazed at her perfect little features. "I'm still trying to decide if this is a dream," he said. "If it is, it's an awfully long one."

"No dream," she said. "It's almost midnight. That's when Queen Mab and her court arrive."

"What happens then?" he asked.

"I'm sure the queen will be pleased with you," said Enna. "You will become one of us."

"What if I choose not to?" Jonathan asked as politely as possible.

She looked surprised. "But it is a great honor! I myself am hoping to be chosen as one of the queen's maids, like Jil."

"This affords you a certain status?" Jonathan asked, trying to understand.

"We tend to the queen's every need," she said, "including finding suitable consorts, such as yourself. We bring her food and drink, we create her finest clothes, we walk in her train, we do whatever she asks."

"Sounds like a lot of work," he said. "Is that what you really want to do?"

"Me?" she said. She looked as if she'd never thought of such a thing. "What I want to do?"

"Enna!" came a sharp voice. The other fairy, the one named Jil, flew up, eyes narrowed. "Come help me prepare the queen's robe."

Jonathan didn't miss the glare Enna cut Jil's way. So, things weren't all sweetness and light in Fairyland?

"Hurry!" Jil snapped. "You waste far too much time with this mortal, and he isn't even yours."

Jonathan saw Enna deliberately take her time. "Good-by. Jonathan," she said sweetly. "When I see you next, it will be to introduce you to the queen."

"Come!" said Jil.

Enna slowly followed the other fairy, pausing to blow him a kiss.

This dream is getting far too complicated, Jonathan thought.

Almost midnight. In the full moonlight, the campus took on an eerie glow. Benny took a deep breath, checked his pockets for his supplies, and stepped into the fairy ring. As the surrounding buildings gradually slid out of focus, Benny knew he was in the quad and yet not in the quad. Time and space shifted to the fairy realm. The ring around him expanded like a ripple in a pond, shimmering until it was a wide meadow. He heard the tinkling of bells and odd hooting cries. His fingers closed around his pocket knife and the salt shaker he'd taken from the hotel coffee shop.

He'd expected a whole troop of fairies, but only one approached him, a slim female form, all in green. Her features shifted like whorls of smoke before settling on a pert female face with wide eyes and a pouting mouth. She was taller than he'd imagined, but Benny recalled fairies could change shape and size; not all of them were the teeny things depicted in children's books.

Well, time to find out if Frank knew his stuff.

He waited until the fairy was close enough and then reached out.

Enna had been curious about this stranger and forgot to be careful. Before she knew it, the man snagged her arm. "Hold on, miss," he said, a steely determination behind the cheerful blue eyes. "You know where Jonathan MacKensie is, don't you?"

Enna tried to answer, but words caught in her throat. The man had iron with him; she could feel its cold heat.

"Just show me," the man said, still grinning. "I'll get him out of your way."

She shook her head, frightened. The man's grip tightened.

"Miss," he said, "I'm not going to let go, not until you tell me, is he all right? What's goin' on here?"

The concern in his voice was so genuine, Enna had to reply. "He's all right," she said.

"Take me to him."

"I can't," she said.

"Geez," said the man, "what kind of fairy are you? You need a big bowl of milk or a newborn or something?"

Enna gasped and tried to pull free, but the iron held her fast. "You know what I am?"

"Sure," he said. "You're a bit large for a fairy, but I guess it takes all kinds. So what do you want with Jonathan? No, let me guess. He just looked too good to pass up."

"I took him," she said. "If the queen chooses him for her consort, I'll become a member of the court."

"I'd say you had a sure thing," he said, "only Jonathan's going back with me."

"No!" she said fiercely.

"Come on," he said. "You can find somebody else."

"It's too late," she said. "The queen will be here any minute. I must join this court. It's my only chance."

This man had an answer for everything. "Who says you have to join this court, anyway?" he said. "Haven't you ever heard of Women's Lib? Be independent. Go your own way. Do your own thing. Start your own court. What's your name, kid?"

"Enna," she said.

"Enna, I'm Edgar Benedek, but I'll tell you my secret name," he said. "You can call me Benny. I'm tellin' you this so you'll trust me. What do you get out of this deal? So you join the court. In another year, you'll have to find another consort and then another. You're just a glorified dating service for this queen of yours."

"I'm sure she'll like Jonathan," said Enna. "She won't want another mortal lover for a long time."

"Oh, yeah?" said the man. "What about the teind?"

She shuddered. "What do you know about that?"

“Plenty, sister. Enough to know I don’t want to be here when Old Scratch comes for the downpayment, and I don’t want Jonathan here, either. Whadda ya say we all clear out while we can?”

Enna looked around, feeling trapped not only by the presence of iron, but by her own indecision. Faint music and silvery glow told her the queen and her entourage were approaching. Jonathan had put doubts into her mind, and now this man, Benny, underlined them. Did she really want to be the queen’s servant the rest of her life, fetching and carrying, ordered about by Jil and the others?

Benny saw the debate in the fairy’s large green eyes and pressed his advantage. “America’s a mighty big country, cutie. You can find other fairies to hang around with. I hear there’s a big colony of them out in California that have gone modern. You might like that.”

She rippled and disappeared.

Damn! Benny thought. Now what?

Just as suddenly, she reappeared, and Jonathan was with her.

“Hurry!” she said. “To the edge of the ring!”

Benny paused only long enough to sprinkle a generous amount of salt and bread crumbs in a line behind them. Just to be on the safe side, he opened his pocketknife and left it on the line. Then he sprinted after Jonathan and Enna, hearing cries of dismay and anger from the pulsing shimmering group.

“Jonathan!” he called as he pulled off his shirt. “Turn your jacket inside out!”

To his credit, Jonathan didn’t stop or argue. Still running, he took off his jacket and yanked it back on, wrongside out. Where the hell was the ring? Benny thought. He’d lost track of time, but wasn’t the sky lighter up ahead? Could that be dawn? He risked a glance back and saw a mass of furious beautiful faces, smoke-like bodies writhing ineffectually against his barrier of bread, salt, and iron.

“We’ve got ‘em now!” he called triumphantly. And there was the ring, at last. “Whoo-ee, jump it, Jonny!”

Jonathan gave a leap over the mushrooms that cleared him from the enchanted circle. Benny followed, and they both looked back for Enna.

Her hand was out, entreating. Her other hand was snared by an extremely pissed-looking fairy.

“Traitor!” this fairy snarled. “You will come face your punishment!”

“I want to go with them!” Enna said.

“How’d you get past the barrier?” Benny asked the other fairy.

“I was on this side, gathering flowers for the queen’s bouquet,” she said, “if it’s any of your business, you puny mortal! You have corrupted Enna! She belongs here!”

“Not if you’re going to punish her for wanting to go her own way,” said Benny. “Let her come with us. We’ll take her off your hands.”

“Jil, please!” said Enna.

The fairy named Jil shook her head, her eyes hard and cold. “You have destroyed the ceremony and taken the queen’s consort. You will be punished!”

“Benedek,” Jonathan said anxiously. “Do something.”

Benny slapped his pockets in a desperate search for something to use against the fairy. “I can’t, Jack,” he said. “I’ve used up all my ammo.”

Jil laughed. "It takes more than a few earthly items to stop us, mortal man."

Benny's searching fingers found something in his pants pocket, and he pulled it out carefully. "You're right," he said. "It does take more than that. It takes a little luck."

At the sight of the crumpled but whole four-leafed clover, but fairies shrieked, but Jonathan managed to grab Enna and pull her out of the rig as Jil recoiled. Benny threw the clover at Jil and grinned in satisfaction as her shrieks grew louder.

"That's one Frank forgot to mention," he said to a bewildered Jonathan, who was holding Enna in his arms.

"Frank?" said Jonathan.

"Never mind, pal," said Benny. He looked around. The fairy ring was now a small circle of white mushrooms, harmless in the faint morning light. "So, how are you doing?"

"Fine," he said, "but this, ah, young lady--?"

"Well, she'll probably have to stay with you for a few days," said Benny.

"With me?" he said in horror. "Why not with you?"

"Just until she decides where to go. You're telling me you'd kick her out? She saved your life."

"That's not what I mean, and you know it," Jonathan said, annoyed. "Of course I wouldn't desert--" he paused and looked around. "Where is she?"

In the morning light, the fairy had disappeared like the fine mist now evaporating from the grass.

"See?" said Benny. "Problem solved. Come on, let's go get some pancakes and you can tell me all about your adventure. It'll make a great story for the Register. 'Real Life Fairy Tale!' 'Daring Rescue By Ace Reporter'! Stuff like that."

Jonathan was gazing off into space, and for a moment, Benny was afraid the fairies' spell was too strong, that the lure of fairy magic might be beyond salt and iron and a few bread crumbs. Then MacKensie shook his head as if to clear it and said in a normal annoyed tone, "Stuff is right. I'd like to know how I got out here like this." He pulled off his jacket and turned it rightside out. "Then again, maybe I don't want to know."

Benny clapped him on the shoulder. "Tell you over breakfast, Dr. Jon."

The next morning, Benny cautiously poked his head into Jonathan's office. To his relief, Jonathan was there, head bent over a stack of papers.

"The real MacKensie," Benny said cheerfully. "That's what I like to see."

Jonathan looked up and over his glasses. "What on earth are you talking about now?"

"The changeling, remember? I told you there was an old creep in here in your place." Benny propped himself on one corner of the desk. "He had your moves, but not your charm."

"Of course," Jonathan said. "Whatever you say. Whatever it takes to get you out of here."

Sheesh, Benny thought. The easy part was getting him back! What does it take to make him believe anything these days?

"So you're going to ignore everything I told you yesterday?" he said.

"As usual," said Jonathan, his eyes on his work again.

"You don't remember anything?" Benny persisted. "Fairyland, great looking fairy gals, nice music, then dashing like mad for freedom?"

"I had a very vivid dream," Jonathan said.

Benny opened his mouth to give it another shot when he was interrupted by the roar of a motorcycle. Jonathan turned to look out his window.

"What on earth--?" He began and then he gaped.

Coming to look over his shoulder, Benny gaped, too, and then recovered with a laugh. Sitting behind a silvery haired young man on the sleek black motorcycle was a slim young woman in a green jumpsuit. "That's her, Jack." He waved. "Enna!"

Enna floated over to the window. "You were right about California, Benny," she said with a big smile. "Much more progressive. I just came by to let Jonathan know I'm doing quite well on my own."

Jonathan closed his mouth and managed a weak smile.

"You were both right," said Enna. "Why should I spend my life in antiquated ceremonies when I could be cruising the Pacific Coast Highway with Tib?" She blew a kiss to the silvery haired young man, and he gave her a salute. Enna lowered her voice. "There are simply dozens of really good-looking elves out there," she confided to Benny. "They have ways of interacting with humans that you would not believe."

"Maybe I'll give it a try some day," said Benny. "Glad you declared your independence."

"I don't think I would've had the courage if you two hadn't pushed me," she said, "so I've come to say thank you and good-by." She gave Benny a kiss. "Thank you, Benny." She came to Jonathan and kissed him. "Thank you, Jonathan."

He caught her hands. "You're real, aren't you?" he said in a wondering voice. "And everything that happened. . ."

She nodded. "You're lucky you have a friend like Benny. Otherwise, we'd both be stuck there." She flowed back to Tib and his motorcycle, hopped on, and waved good-by. The motorcycle roared away.

"Ah, yes," said Benny. "So lucky to have a friend like me."

Jonathan watched until the motorcycle was gone, and then he turned with a resigned sigh. "Don't tell me. The Bermuda Triangle."

Benny snapped his fingers. "Pack your sunscreen, Jack! We are sailing to adventure!"