

some time for The Holyoaks to embrace how unlivable Chuck had made The Island.

My Aunt Sara especially just hates the guy. “He’s just filthy,” she once told me. We were swimming and she said, “He’s just disgusting, just a gross, gross man. We were there for one day and then I was like, ‘I’ve had enough,’ and we went and stayed in Port Angeles.”

I try to be honest with these relations, just to see how they take it and I said, “I kind of like that he just, you know, took over The Island.” I waited for a second and she just shrugged, which wasn’t a bad thing for her to do and very understandable given her age, so I said, “I just think it’s remarkable that you have this island, which is like the crown jewel of The Whole Holyoak Plan for Things and here it is, it’s this guy who somehow is in control of it.”

My Aunt Sara shuddered. “See, that just makes me want to kick the guy out of there. Huh, the crown jewel. You really think it’s the crown jewel?”

And I was there when my Uncle Jeff ranted, “I don’t know how he’s still alive. When I was last out there, all he had was honey! Honey, man, yeah, just honey! I looked through the whole house and the only thing I could find was a single little bear of honey. We had to go over to Friday Harbor.”

“Wow, living on honey and locusts,” I said and Uncle Jeff laughed like I really understood, but honestly I really thought fondly of Uncle Chuck eating his honey and locusts, not in the crazy sense by any stretch. In an admirable, historical sense. I’ve always wondered if there was something to that diet. It seems like they go together; like you would dip locusts into honey and have as a snack. Like ants on a log.

So, yeah, Chuck was like, “Girl at the store: come check out my island.” And, “Hey, guy at the bus stop: come see my island.” (At least, that’s how my uncles paint him.) There is a rumor in the family that he had signs out in Poulsbo, just permanent marker taped to a stop sign, something about real estate by phone, one-hundred-thirty grand a year, and a phone number that we all recognized.

So Old Georgie, our faithful little UNIX box, has spent all of his days in the fight for Peanut, I mean Finger, Island. And you can usually count on him carrying the load of an e-mail blast for at least one major battle, but sometimes two if we’re lucky, each year, and it almost always comes down in the winter time, when stasis is